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- ¶ Advertisements should not, any more than individuals, obtrude.
- ¶ Obtrusion is more likely to meet with rebuff than cordial reception.
- ¶ The advertisement in a trade newspaper never obtrudes, because the medium which carries it does not obtrude.
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- ¶ They look to the advertising columns of the trade newspaper for hints on what to buy, and where to buy, just as much as they look to the reading columns for market information, trade news, and business-getting ideas.
- ¶ What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? This and nothing else: Those who wish to maintain their standing in the trade or those who wish to improve their standing in the trade should continuously use the advertising columns of a good trade newspaper.

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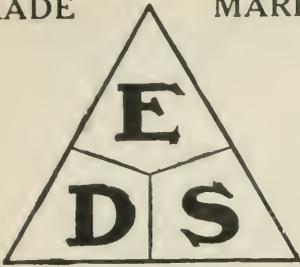
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PUBLICATION OFFICE, 10 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO,

Entered as second-class matter March 24th, 1908, at the Post Office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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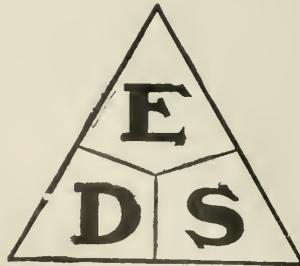
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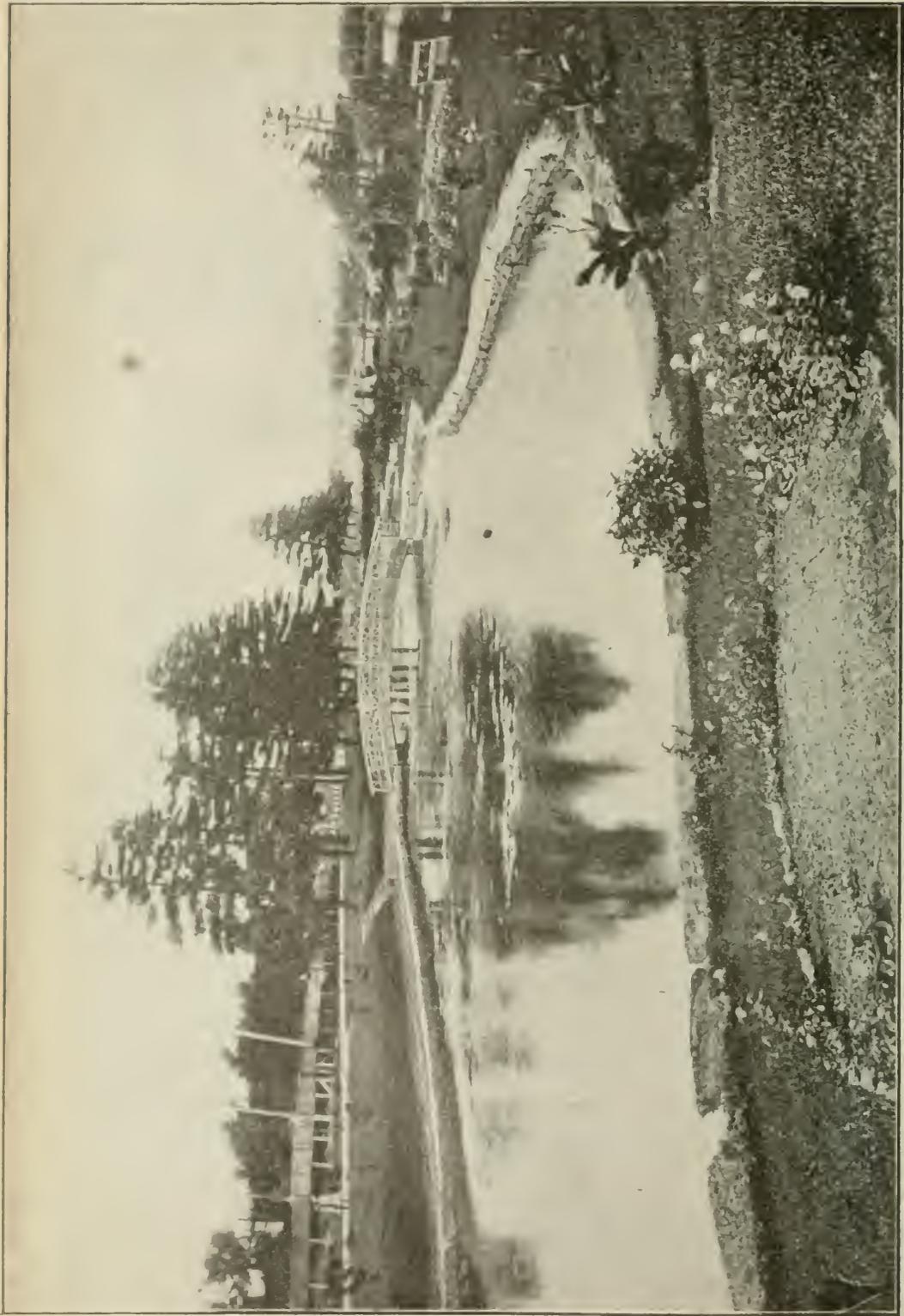
ATABEK, London.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 10 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO,

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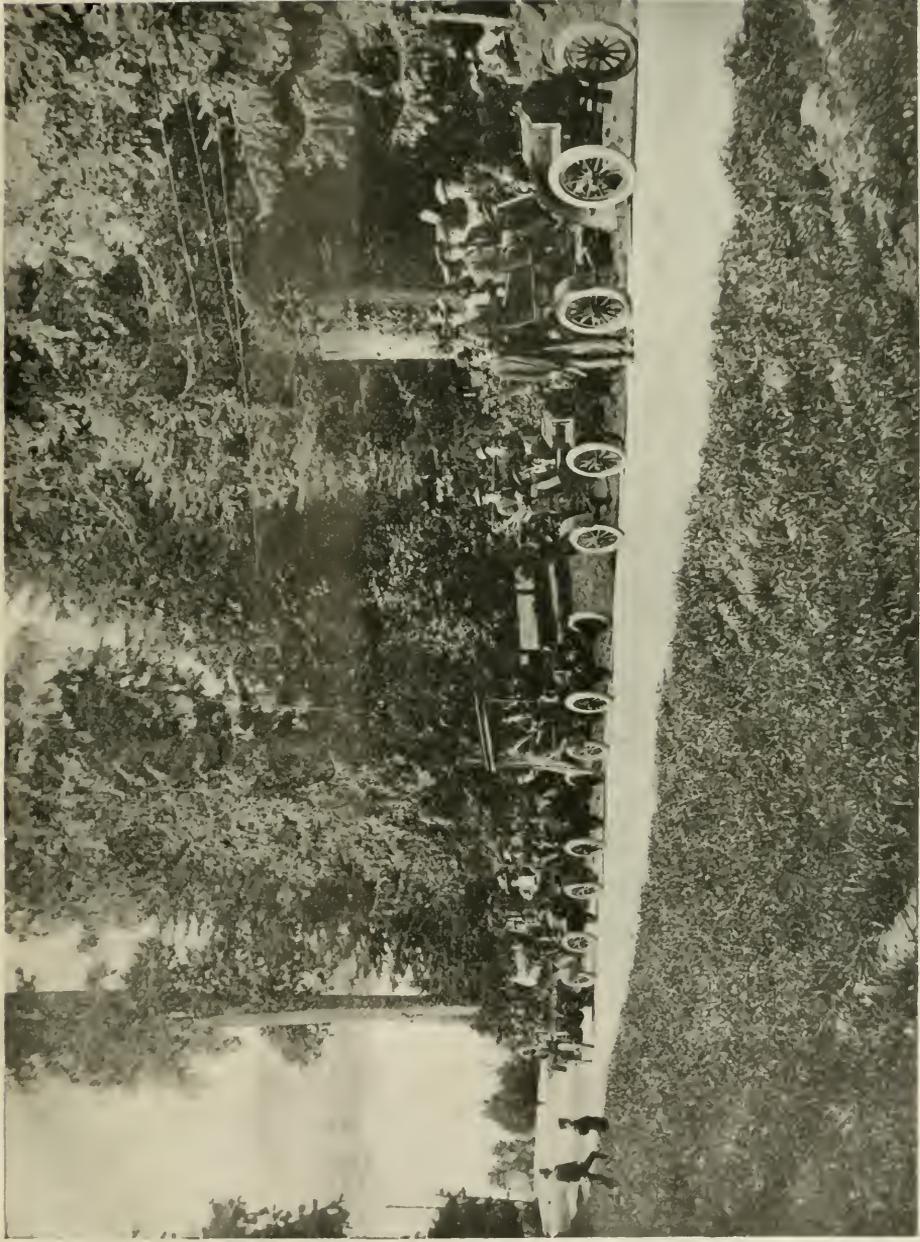
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Exterior of the Offices of High Commissioner in London.

Located in Victoria Street, looking North-East. The Office of Lord Strathcona is entered by the Second Door shown in the Right Foreground. It is flanked by the Offices of Several other Colonial Governments. Victoria Street leads into Broad Sanctuary, where stands Westminster Abbey, whose Towers are seen in the Distance. The Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament is also visible.



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The new Prime Minister of Great Britain who is said to be the Coldest Mannered Man in Public Life To-day.

The new driver of the coach of State in Great Britain is the Right Honorable Herbert H. Asquith, who recently succeeded Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith, who relinquishes the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer to take a step higher, is followed in the latter position by Hon. David Lloyd-George, a smiling young Welshman, with the art of clearing away impeding obstacles by an abundance of tact and good temper.

Mr. Premier Asquith is regarded as a man who is thoroughly safe, and sane in all his methods. Cold and reserved in manner, he possesses no personal magnetism. He has no gift to sway men by the charm of his oratory or the spell of his presence. In "sunny ways" he is entirely lacking. Wanting in sentiment and emotion as he apparently is, never acting on the impulse of the moment or the spur of the occasion, he, nevertheless, possesses a warm heart, is undeniably clever, has a solid, substantial make-up and is a thorough master of any matter in hand. He has a deep, abiding conviction on all important subjects, is a close student, a shrewd financier and a man of pre-eminent ability. His wife is his direct antithesis in temperament and general characteristics. She is vivacious, witty, brilliant and magnetic.

Mr. Asquith is said to be utterly indifferent in the matter of personal appearance, notwithstanding the constant efforts of his wife to keep him strictly presentable in a habilimentary sense. A self-made man, his career has, indeed, been a decidedly interesting one.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol ~~XV~~ 16

MAY 1908

No 7



The New Chairman of the Railway Commission

The Appointment of Mr. Justice Mabee Affords a Notable Instance of Where the Position Sought the Man — He will Prove a Worthy Successor to His Illustrious Predecessors as the Head of Canada's Most Important Judicial Body.

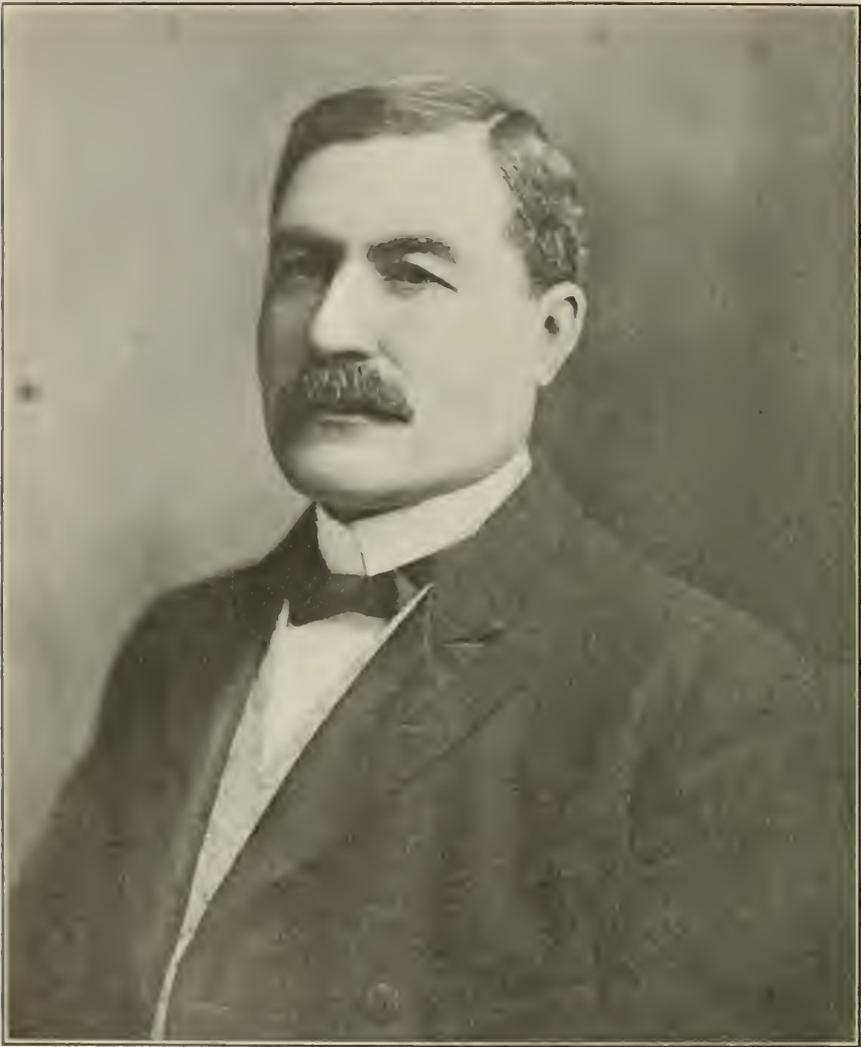
A JUMP from practicing at the Bar in one of the smaller Canadian cities to the exalted position of Chairman of the Railway Commission of Canada, within a period of four years, may be deemed somewhat sudden, but it must be remembered that we are living in an appreciative age, a period when recognition of worth and merit is swift.

It is not many years ago that men of ability and genius frequently had to wait for dead men's shoes in order to receive well deserved promotion, and, did this conception of things still prevail, Mr. Justice Mabee might yet be a hustling, industrious lawyer in Stratford, Ont., instead of head of the most important judicial body in the Dominion. His recent appointment is a distinct instance of where the office sought the man, rather than the man the office, as too many times is the case in public positions of grave responsibility and importance. Mr. Mabee's unanimous selection by the Federal Government to the Chairmanship, came as a decided surprise to him, although not to his many admirers, who have watched with ever increasing interest and satisfaction

his career since his elevation to the Bench some three years ago.

A close observer of the new Chairman, could not fail to note that he has a distinct individuality—a striking personality that sooner or later was destined to bring him to the forefront in any sphere of life. In his youth Mr. Justice Mabee was devoted to athletics, and his interest in legitimate sport has never waned. He is a man of splendid physique; every move is alert, indicating firmness, poise and balance. A physiognomist might say, first of all, that his face denoted determination and positiveness, and, if asked to describe it further, would attribute to him qualities of the studious type. His eye is clear and steady, his speech full and decisive, yet both bear evidence of no small sense of humor. His walk, quick and firm, bears out the general characteristics of the man and seems to be a part of his personality.

Mr. Justice Mabee was a bright ornament in the legal profession in Stratford, and some four years ago removed to Toronto, where he became identified with a leading firm, being engaged almost entirely in coun-



MR. JUSTICE MABEE.

sel work. Shortly afterwards he was elevated to the High Court Bench, and, within a comparatively short time, attracted wide attention by the marked fairness of his interpretation of the law. He brought to bear on his work, a mind well balanced and an experience which, though somewhat varied in character, was nevertheless an invaluable adjunct in the discharge of his judicial duties. While in the Classic City, Mr. Mabee's services as a lawyer were in wide demand, fully half of his large prac-

tice consisting in conducting cases outside of Perth County. At the last Dominion election he was the Liberal candidate in North Perth, but was defeated by Mr. A. F. MacLaren, the Canadian Cheese King. One cause, that no doubt contributed to his defeat, was, that having been engaged in nearly every action of importance in the riding for many years, and in thwarting the claims of numerous residents, he had been instrumental in arousing in them a feeling of unpleasantness which upon occasion

THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE RAILWAY COMMISSION

could manifest itself into one of hostility or resentment. It was freely prophesied that if elected, Mr. Mabce would not be long in receiving Cabinet honors.

A rather strange coincidence is that two barristers who a few years ago were opponents in most important suits tried in Stratford, should be raised to the Bench within a comparatively short time of each other. Mr. John Idington and Mr. James P. Mabce were lively disputants in many a legal bout. Mr. Idington was elevated to a seat in the High Court, and later to the Supreme Court of Canada, and Mr. Mabce was made a judge of the High Court of Ontario. Undoubtedly they were two of the ablest lawyers in Canada. It was a rare treat to listen to their conduct of a case, which invariably resulted in a battle royal of argumentative power and splendid acumen. If Mr. Mabce could be said to excel in any one respect more than in another it was in his plea before a jury. Usually he adopted the conversational rather than the oratorical style, seeming to take the jurors into his confidence, by discussing the point at issue as man to man. When he wished, however, he could rise to the occasion and at such times his forensic eloquence was of a type to be long remembered.

Another characteristic of Judge Mabce is that he always appears to have a great deal of force in reserve—in fact, this seems to be an evidence in all really great men. Judge Mabce has held several offices, being President of the Canadian Section of the International Waterways Commission some years ago. He is an admirer of the trotting horse, and for eight or ten years held the office of President of the Stratford Turf Association. Finding much pleasure in the company of his friends he is a delightful companion and most agreeable associate.

That his selection as Chairman of the Railway Commission of Canada will give general satisfaction is a foregone conclusion. He possesses the necessary qualities to follow well and worthily in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors, the late Mr. Justice Killam and the late Hon. A. G. Blair. Under his guidance and direction the public, as well as railway, telephone and telegraph companies can have every assurance that their respective interests, which may appear widely divergent at times, will be accorded firm, fair and careful treatment, that each decision will be based strictly on the merits of the case and judgment rendered in every instance without delay, partiality or prejudice.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

The Biggest Lieutenant-Governor in Canada

Hon. D. C. Fraser, of Nova Scotia, Although Occupying an Honorary Position is a Democrat to the Hilt — A Man not Only Large in Stature but in Voice, in Intellect and in Administrative Ability.

IF it ever requires physical force to uphold vested authority in Nova Scotia, the Lieutenant-Governor of that province, Hon. Duncan Cameron Fraser, is particularly well qualified for the post. A veritable Hercules in brawn and build, he is typical Acadian. Had he lived in the eighteenth century in the days when "Dean Swift" wrote his religious sa-



HON. D. C. FRASER.

tire, "Gulliver's Travels," he would have been styled a brobdingnagian.

Not alone in a structural sense is His Honor a big man. He is big in voice, in intellect, in executive ability and in administrative capacity. The little province down by the sea has given to Canada many men, eminent in various lines of usefulness and endeavor. One has only to mention such names as Howe, Haliburton, Tupper, Grant, Gordon, Rand, Tory, Falconer, Borden, Fielding, and a host of others who have shed lustre on the pages of history, or are to-day making for themselves ever widening spheres of activity and accomplishment. Nova Scotia has been aptly styled "the mother of statesmen and university presidents."

The present occupant of the gubernatorial chair sat for several terms as a representative in the House of Commons and was familiarly known as the "Giant of Guysboro." He bulked large, not only from an avoirdupois viewpoint, but in the councils of his party. His utterances on the floor of the Chamber always attracted attention, as Mr. Fraser is a fluent speaker with a fine command of language and a mind well stored with political lore and historical data. He was an ardent Liberal, and previous to entering the Federal arena, in 1891, he served with fidelity and acceptance in several lesser roles. He was twice Mayor of his native town, New Glasgow, and later was a member of both the Legislative and Executive Councils, being

the leader of the government in the former body. A barrister by profession, and a distinguished graduate of Dalhousie University, he has always taken great concern in the cause of education, having been Commissioner of Public Schools for Pictou County, and President of the Alumni Association of his Alma Mater. A most approachable man, thoroughly democratic in dress and manner, and a genial companion, he can tell a good story and enjoys hearing one told.

A thoroughly representative Blue-nose is the Governor of Nova Scotia. It is said, after his appointment to that position a few years ago, a sense of extreme loneliness came over the late Thomas Mackie, the widely-known lumberman and former representative of North Renfrew in the Commons. The late Mr. Mackie and Mr. Fraser were warm personal friends, and the former was almost as large in limb and long in body as the latter. They were conspicuous and commanding custodians of the public interest, certainly surpassing fellow members in girth, altitude and outlook.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia is an admirable executive officer. He evinces a deep interest in the affairs of his native land, and is one of her most honored sons. That he may live to enjoy many more years of public life is the sincere wish of his numerous friends, not only away down east, but in all sections of the broad Dominion.

A man's worst enemy is his selfishness. It narrows and poisons his existence and transforms him into a slave of himself. Love is the free, vast horizon where the soul can spread its wings.

—Charles Wagner.

A Close Student of Canadian Labor Problems

Professor Adam Shortt's Services are Frequently Called into Requisition in Adjusting Industrial Troubles — An Eminently Practical Man who has Created a Decidedly Favorable Impression in the Great World of Labor.

IN Canada to-day no man is looked upon as a fairer and truer friend of both capital and labor, with their frequently conflicting and clashing interests, than Professor Adam

Shortt. Under the provisions of the Lemieux Act, and at the request of the government or large corporations, he has on several occasions been called upon to act in the capacity of arbi-



PROFESSOR SHORTT.

trator in the adjustment of industrial differences.

His success in investigating labor troubles and settling strikes has made his name widely known, not only at home, but in the land of the South. Professor Shortt has certainly become an important factor and authority on Canadian labor problems. Of a modest, and somewhat retiring disposition, he, nevertheless, impresses all those who meet him as a man of action, strong will power and assertive character.

Professor Shortt, while thoroughly competent to conduct investigations, is also a master of detail—a rare combination in many men of a scientific or philosophic turn of mind. The impartiality, candor and wisdom of his decisions and his broad-minded, public-spirited services have placed many under a debt of gratitude to the man who has not infrequently been described as “Canada’s leading political economist.” Professor Shortt is a born peacemaker; he has made economic and industrial problems a life study. He is no amateur theorist, apostle of empty visions or exponent of mere abstract ideas. Eminently practical in all things he possesses clear judgment, shrewd sense and ripe experience.

For fifteen years he has been Professor of Political Science in Queen’s

University, Kingston, of which institution he is an illustrious graduate. He is of Scotch parentage, and believes in keeping young in thought and spirit. According to his estimate of years, age is largely a matter of mental ossification, and he, who keeps up to the times, need not grow old in the commonly accepted interpretation of the term.

Professor Shortt is a thoughtful and instructive speaker, as well as a gifted and vigorous writer, having contributed many articles on social and economic subjects, in leading Canadian and American journals. He is in frequent demand, not only in the settlement of labor difficulties, but as one who is always heard with pleasure and profit when addressing Canadian clubs and other representative bodies. He has devoted much time and research to the important question of immigration and firmly believes that heredity is a strong, determining and conclusive factor in the character of the manhood and citizenship of any country.

Professor Shortt’s name has frequently been mentioned as a gentleman qualified in every way—in temperament, talent, education, training and public spirit—to become a member of the Railway Commission of Canada.

Love

In peace, Love tunes the Shepherd’s reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior’s steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above ;
 For love is heaven and heaven is love.

—Scott.

A New Figure in the Galaxy of Premiers

Hon. F. L. Haszard, of Prince Edward Island, is a Gentleman who Believes that Anything Worth Doing is Worth Doing Well— A Thorough Master of Detail, He Possesses Rare Intellectual and Executive Ability— Some Problems He Will Seek to Solve.

WHEN Hon. Frederick Peters, Premier of Prince Edward Island, passed away a few weeks ago, the provincial government did not have to seek very long or look very far to find a worthy successor to the talented gentleman, who had so successfully administered the affairs of the sea girt island. The choice naturally fell on Honorable Francis Longworth Haszard, K.C., who has for many years been a leader at the Bar of his native land, and one of its most conspicuous figures in civic, professional and judicial life. He has devoted a vast amount of time and attention, not only to the calling in which he is such a commanding figure, but to agriculture, fruit grow-

ing, horticulture, stock-raising, education, transportation, the fisheries question, winter communication and equalization of revenue and expenditure.

The new Premier is a man of fine parts. From youth he has been a firm believer in the principle of doing with all his might whatever his hand finds to do. Once having taken hold of the plow, there is with him no turning back. A master of detail, he possesses an unlimited capacity for ceaseless, unremitting toil. Much will be demanded of him in his new position, but his host of friends are confident that he will meet every issue, every situation, fairly and fearlessly.

The valiant chief is a former law partner of Sir Louis H. Davies, an ex-Premier of the Island, but now one of the Canadian Supreme Court judges. From 1893 to 1900 he was Stipendiary Magistrate and Recorder of the City of Charlottetown. The latter position he still retains, but he resigned his stipendiaryship seven years ago. In 1904, Mr. Haszard was finally prevailed upon to enter political life, and was elected for the fourth district of Queen's County, which he now represents. Becoming a member of the Executive Council upon the reorganization of the government, he soon won his way to the front, his splendid oratorical abilities and keen insight into public affairs, stamping him as a leader among men. Strength of character, steadfastness of purpose and a conscientious conception of duty constitute strong attributes in the personality of the new Premier. He is regarded at



HON. F. L. HASZARD

home and abroad as one worthy of the highest trust, and thoroughly qualified to give the Province economical, progressive and prudent legislation. He possesses courage, combined with coolness, and is aggressive, though not radical in his undertakings, having due regard for the rights and privileges of all classes.

Socially, Mr. Haszard is a genial

gentleman, a charming companion, who wins the friendship and esteem of men, and, moreover, retains it. The more intimately you know him, the more you prize him for his sterling honesty, his high ideals, his generous nature, and untiring zeal for the welfare and advancement of his people in civic, educational, agricultural and industrial pursuits.

Young Men are Occupying the Front Seats

Filling Important and Responsible Posts in all Walks of Life — In the Canadian Civil Service they are being Rapidly Promoted to Positions where Grey Hairs and Bewhiskered Face were once Considered Indispensable.

ESSENTIALLY this is a young man's age. They are forging to the front in all walks of life—in politics, in law, in medicine, in the pulpit, in the great world of commerce, in the teaching profession, in literature, in art and in the administrative branches of government.

One frequently hears the maxim, "Youth for action, old age for wisdom," but the young man of to-day with an experienced hand, a trained mind and a clear head presents a sound and ready combination of both "action and wisdom." Nowhere during the past decade is youth noticed in the vanguard more than in the ranks of the Civil Service at Ottawa. It was an accepted idea—not so many years ago, either—that a man must possess a beard and have his head liberally thatched with grey before he was competent to fit into a portfolio, a deputy ministership, or chief clerkship. Of late this illusion has been ruthlessly dispelled. In the Cabinet seats are occupied by young men who have deservedly won them, while others, by their zeal, industry and perseverance, have been created deputy ministers. It was only a few months ago that a young man from Woodstock, Mr. James Hunter, after serving faithfully and energetically several years' apprenticeship, succeed-

ed Mr. A. Gobeil as deputy minister of Public Works. And now another young man has been honored with a promotion, in every way deserved and honestly earned. He is Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, who is a native of Chatham, Ontario. He is the new deputy minister of Trade and Commerce, succeeding Mr. W. G. Parmelee, who was recently superannuated.

Mr. O'Hara is a young man who infuses life, spirit and enterprise in



MR. F. C. T. O'HARA

anything that he undertakes. He has developed the initiative faculty to a remarkable degree. For several years after leaving school, he was engaged in banking; he then entered newspaper life, where he did some excellent work and has not a few good "scoops" chalked up to his credit. He had a number of thrilling experiences—one of which he will never forget. He was on board the United States cruiser Philadelphia during a sham fight when a big gun exploded and several seamen were killed.

Twelve years ago, when the Laurier government came into power, he relinquished journalism to take the position of private secretary to Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce. He was no mere figurehead. His career had been active and aggressive, and he had ideas and theories to which he proceeded to give effect. He made the department a strong factor in the extension and development of trade. He organized the Commercial Agencies Service, and was later made superintendent of this department. Under his direction trade inquiries began to arrive from nearly every country in the world, the number last year reaching over 1,800, while the trade addresses supplied grew so rapidly that in 1907 they reached nearly 10,000. Each one represented a connection between a foreign buyer and a Canadian seller, or a foreign seller and a Canadian purchaser. Mr. O'Hara also wrote letters to the English press pointing out the advisability and urgency of Great Britain having commercial

agencies in Canada. London journals editorially endorsed the proposition, and the British Board of Trade sent Mr. Richard Grigg to Canada as an official representative. This is only a comparatively small portion of the service which Mr. O'Hara so thoughtfully inaugurated and carried out.

In his present sphere of enlarged usefulness he will be afforded even wider opportunities of devoting his talent and industry in the expansion of Canadian trade.

Mr. O'Hara is personally a very likeable young man, being genial, courteous and obliging. He is a member of several clubs in the Capital, an officer in the Governor-General's Foot Guards, and honorary secretary of Earl Grey's Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition. He wields a facile pen, possesses an appetite for good literature, is an inimitable story teller and an enthusiastic sportsman. In a word—the new deputy minister of Trade and Commerce is a young man of many gifts. He has always brought to bear in the discharge of his duties as a civil servant, intelligence, originality, rare executive ability, unflagging energy, and a high purpose.

He is in his 38th year, and is a son of the late Robert O'Hara, master-in-chancery of Chatham, Ont., and a grandson of the late Col. Walter O'Hara, K.T.S.P., of Toronto, who served in the British Army throughout the Peninsula campaign, and took part in all the great battles against Napoleon, being knighted by the Portuguese government.

Many a man has been kept from a disgraceful criminal act by the very thought that somebody loved him, that somebody believed in him, that somebody trusted him.

A Man Who is too Big for His Business

G. B. Ryan Owns and Manages Three of the Best Stores in Ontario, but Still has Time to Make Money for Guelph Through the Street Railway and Waterworks System.

A DRY goods business, with stocks aggregating in value nearly \$200,000, in three of the live Western Ontario towns, and representing the best type of retail merchandizing in those three towns, is not big enough to engage the activities of G. B. Ryan, the executive head of the firm of G. B. Ryan & Co., of Guelph, Berlin and Owen Sound.

In addition to directing the management of these stores, and doing it so well that they are doing a constantly growing trade, Mr. Ryan finds time to interest himself in the affairs of his home city, Guelph. He has brought the street railway system from a losing proposition, to a revenue producer for the city, and in a year has made the profit of the waterworks more than equal the total receipts of the year before.

The application of business methods to the operation of public utilities was, Mr. Ryan believed, as essential to their success as to that of private business enterprises. They were applied, to the two branches mentioned, with the result as stated.

Starting in business 30 years ago with a cash capital of \$9,000, the man who has demonstrated the practicability of public ownership to the people of the Royal City introduced some novel ideas in retail merchandizing into his calling (one which he believes men are born to, like poets), with a degree of success which may be imagined from statements already made here.

I asked him a few days ago what he attributed his success to, and he said: "Back of all the successful business enterprises in the world are

hard work and study. No man ever reaches the stage that he knows the whole story. Honesty and the square deal in every particular is my business policy, and I consider the confidence of the public the most valuable asset I can possibly possess. A man would be a business fool who would betray it; even from the low standpoint of policy. There should be a higher motive, of course. I never fool the public."

This is what he says has made him a successful dry goods man, and no one will say that the goal can be reached by one who will not work and who is dishonest.

There are other considerations, however, and Mr. Ryan has not neglected them, for later on, he summarized his principles into a concrete sentence. To be successful, a man must be honest; he must like his business; must know it and must push it.

Few, if any, dry goods stores in Canada are as highly organized as that of G. B. Ryan & Co., and it is this organization which makes it possible for the head of the concern to give the time to his city in connection with the waterworks and street railway systems. To his store he devotes all the time that it needs.

The organization which Mr. Ryan has built up is of such a character that, as he himself put it, "the cost of each clerk for every dollar's worth of goods he or she sends out of the front door is known." Every morning at 10 o'clock a statement is laid on his desk, showing the sales in each department the day before, and a comparison with the corresponding day



MR. G. B. RYAN.

of the preceding year. By this means he is able to keep his hand on the pulse of the store, and if any one department shows an inclination to lag, he knows it at once, and a remedy is sought and applied. Weekly reports giving equally complete information concerning the progress of the branch stores are also received each week.

His day's work, however, is by no means ended when the store closes at 6 o'clock. His evenings are devoted to a study of his business: how it may be extended and made more successful.

His firm appreciates the value of publicity as a factor in the store's

business, and in this connection an interesting happening is worth recording. A few years ago a number of painted signs, with the store motto, "A Square Deal for Every Man," and the firm name, G. B. Ryan & Co., were put up in conspicuous locations in and near the city. Just at that time there was pretty keen rivalry between this firm and Macdonald Bros., the other big dry goods merchants in Guelph, and to secure some good advertising the latter firm had signs painted with the words, "And Woman, Too, Macdonald Bros.," placing them directly under the Ryan signs. The laugh was on Ryan's, but not for long. The next

A MAN TOO BIG FOR HIS BUSINESS

day on a location where everyone entering the city would see it, and near the Macdonald Institute, containing a couple of hundred young lady students, the "Square Deal" sign was replaced by one which read, "Pants for Every Man, G. B. Ryan & Co." The one below read, "And Woman, Too, Macdonald Bros." The latter was soon removed. Fortunately, the heads of the two firms are sensible men, and are very friendly, and both enjoyed the joke.

INTERESTED IN CIVIC PROGRESS.

Mr. Ryan has long taken a deep interest in the welfare of his city. He served some years as an alderman, and while in the council was able to carry into effect a project which for some time he had in contemplation; the management of the waterworks department by a commission elected by the people and responsible to them. Twice within a year the proposal was submitted to a popular vote; the first time it was defeated, but, after an educational campaign had been carried on it was approved by a majority of over 700.

Results proved the wisdom of that decision, for, whereas in 1906 the total receipts of the department were \$19,000, in the following year, under a commission, the profits equalled that amount. Mr. Ryan was elected to the commission and was later made its chairman by his fellow-commissioners. This remarkable increase in revenue was not effected by an increase in the water rates; they were the same as in the preceding year, but an inspector who was appointed discovered some rather startling facts. He found that there were over one hundred water-takers who were not paying anything for the service; others were paying only a fraction of what they should pay. These discriminations were not allowed to continue. Every water user was put on the same basis.

The people showed their confidence in the commission by voting \$125,000, which will be used in improving the system. Now the water is taken from the Grand River, and the health de-

partment, to say the most, is not very enthusiastic over its purity. It will soon be brought from an artesian well, several miles from the city.

This branch of the civic service does not, however, claim a monopoly of Mr. Ryan's attention. He is the treasurer of the municipally owned and operated street railway. This had for years been a losing concern, the deficit one year reaching \$5,000. By the application of the same business judgment which has made a success of his private business and the waterworks system, the railway has been placed upon a paying basis, a deficit of \$5,000 having been turned into profits of \$4,800, representing a dividend of 4½ per cent. on the entire capitalization of the road. In addition to serving the city in these two public capacities, Mr. Ryan is a member of the Hospital Board.

It is a fact not without significance that these services are given the city without remuneration. The commissioners were offered a salary, but Mr. Ryan refused to accept it.

BELIEVES IN CO-OPERATION.

In Western Ontario this merchant is in demand at meetings of retailers, and frequently delivers addresses in which he advises harmonious co-operation among merchants. I asked him as to his views on this question, and he said: "Editors scrap, but they don't cut the price of space; lawyers scrap, but their bills provide for a large amount of brotherly love; bankers scrap, but raise the interest account; doctors scrap, but few ever get a reduced bill from them; merchants scrap and cut prices. This everlasting price-cutting among merchants plays havoc with profits, and should be eliminated."

In the management of his stores at Guelph and at Berlin, Mr. Ryan has the assistance of his sons, Harold being in the Guelph store with his father, while Norman has charge of the business in Berlin. In Owen Sound the store is conducted under the name of Ryan Bros., a brother of Mr. Ryan managing it.

Some Men Who Are in the Public Eye

ONE of the most pleasing, resonant and captivating speakers in the Quebec Legislature is Hon. Adelard Turgeon, Minister of Lands and Forests. He is an orator of the front rank; his utterances always enlist rapt attention. Recently, Mr. Turgeon was appointed the representative from the Quebec Government on the Royal Commission, which has in charge the ter-centenary celebration of the founding of Quebec on the Plains of Abraham. The other members of the commission are Sir George Drummond, Montreal; Lieut.-Colonel George T. Denison, Toronto; Mayor J. E. Garneau, Quebec City, and Mr. Byron E. Walker, Toronto. Mr. Turgeon is a young man of pleasing presence, and for over twenty years has practiced at the Bar in his native province. He has always taken a deep interest in politics, in this respect be-

ing like most of the members of his profession in the Lower Province. He is an enthusiastic Liberal, and has long been one of the keenest debaters and ablest ministers that Quebec has ever known.

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A distinguished Canadian scholar is Professor William Henry Schofield, who has brought honor to his native land, and made his name known and recognized in all the great centres of culture. He has recently returned from the University of Berlin, where he delivered during the last year fifty lectures on old English Literature. It will be remembered that last May this eminent educator and literateur was chosen to be visiting professor at the University of Berlin. For some time he has been in full charge of the new department of Comparative Literature in Harvard University. At the conclusion of his lectures abroad, Dr. Brandl, Director of the English Seminary at the University of Berlin, presented Professor Schofield with a collection of beautifully bound books in return for the professor's gift of a rare edition of Chaucer to the university. At his course of lectures, Prof. Schofield had a daily attendance of one hundred and fifty, including some of the most advanced students at the English Seminary.

Professor Schofield is on the sunny side of forty, yet he has climbed high the steeps of knowledge and honor. The son of an Episcopalian clergyman, he attended the Peterborough Collegiate Institute, and the University of Toronto, from which institution he was graduated in 1889. He later pursued a post-graduate course at Harvard, and was there appointed



HON. ADELARD TURGEON



PROFESSOR SCHOFIELD

to a traveling Fellowship. He spent some years in Europe, studying in France, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Germany, the sources and stems of our English language. Dr. Schofield was for some years Modern Language master in the Collegiate Institute, of Hamilton, Ont. Not only is he an illustrious educator, a brilliant instructor, a distinguished exponent of literature, but he is also an author of considerable note, some of his principal works being, "History of English Literature, from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer," "Articles on Harvard Studies," and various contributions to French, Danish and American reviews. A few years ago Dr. Schofield had the honor of addressing the International Congress of Arts and Sciences, in St. Louis on the "Relations of Belles-Lettres." He resides in Cambridge, Mass., and his many Canadian friends have no doubt that still higher distinction will be accorded him in the intellectual and literary world of which he is such a bright, shining factor.

If there is one man in Canada who is doing a nobler or more patriotic work in proclaiming the splendid resources and unsurpassed richness of Canada's unexplored northland than Mr. R. E. Young, Superintendent of Railway and Swamplands, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, he has not yet been located. Mr. Young is an enthusiast. He speaks with such intense earnestness and feeling that he carries conviction with every word. Of the unsettled and unsettled portions to the north he furnishes many startling facts. He is thoroughly in love with his work and finds his greatest pleasure in his daily duties. As he descants upon the fertility and productive power of the land in the hyperborean regions of the Dominion, one is led to a fuller knowledge and a larger appreciation of the treasures that lie in store up yonder. A statement of importance, which he recently made before the Canadian Club in Toronto, was that as much good land remained for settlement up North as had been taken up from Manitoba west. At points some four hundred miles due north of Edmonton, splendid crops of wheat, barley, oats and peas have been regularly raised for a score of years, while potatoes and other vegetables have been satisfactorily cultivated at Fort Good Hope



MR. R. E. YOUNG

on the Mackenzie River, about fourteen miles from the Arctic Circle. The area of those portions of Alberta and Saskatchewan alone lying north of the Saskatchewan water shed, is about two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. What vast possibilities and potentialities exist in the hinterland, which now appears on the eve of exploitation !

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A man of pre-eminent ability is Sir Alexander Lacoste. In judicial and political life, he has played a most important part. A former Chief Justice of Quebec, he always discharged his duties with dignity, reserve and calmness. Possessing an active mind, a massive head, and a cast of countenance that indicates great strength of will, he would be a striking figure in any assemblage. He has always been an ardent advocate of temperance, and unreservedly upholds purity in elections. He favors aggressive, practical methods to stamp out all fraud and corruption. Sir Alexander has the happy faculty of getting at the root of things, and, as a leader in any sphere of activity, he evidences sound judgment, abundant common sense, and excellent foresight. The ex-Chief Justice of Quebec is a staunch Con-

servative, and at present is at the head of the Conservative Executive Committee for his native province. In every way he is a strong character, a genius for healing breaches, straightening out tangles and impressing upon all the virtue and value of cohesion—in fact, as one to put a house speedily in order after there has been a bit of a racket, so to speak, Sir Alexander Lacoste is the man.

• • •

Mr. Walter Cassels, who was recently made a member of the Bench, succeeding the late Judge Burbidge on the Exchequer Court of Canada, has been commissioned by the Federal government to make a complete and thorough investigation of the disclosures of dishonesty in the Marine and Fisheries Department. The Civil Service Commission, in its recent report, made serious statements and grave reflections upon this branch of the public service. It was felt that a Royal Commission was by all means the speediest and most satisfactory method of getting at the true state of affairs in Hon. L. P. Brodeur's department. The selection of Judge Cassels for such an important and responsible task is a tribute to the fair-mindedness, ability and judgment of the new appointee to the Exchequer Court and to the implicit confidence reposed in him. Previous to his recent advancement, Mr. Cassels was a leading and honored member of the legal profession in Ontario. He was called to the Bar two years after Confederation, and in 1883 was created a Q.C. No appointment to the Bench has met with happier references or met with more general approval than the elevation of Mr. Cassels, who is one of Toronto's most estimable citizens. He is a gentleman who stands deservedly high in both social and professional life, and for whom every one has a kindly appreciative word. He possesses a disposition that wins friends on all sides, and will prove an ornament and tower of strength to the Judiciary of the Dominion.



SIR ALEXANDER LACOSTE

English as She is Recognized Elsewhere

How Some of the Quaint Slang Expressions of the Present Day Originated, Terms in Daily Use, What They Mean and How They are Applied. Peculiar Words Interwoven in the National Web by Reason of Immigration.

By Agnes Deans Cameron in the Pacific Monthly Magazine

"Phrases such as camps may teach, Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech."

—Bret Harte.

THE representatives of so many different nationalities landing in America in hordes vaster than those of the barbarians who from the north crossed the Alps into Italy, have accepted the Anglo-Saxon with a celerity and avidity which makes almost a complete reversal of the confusion of tongues. And incidentally every immigrant has tended to influence the language of the country of his adoption, and peculiar strains are thus daily being interwoven with the national web.

It is not without hesitation that I have ventured to explore for only a little way this Dark Continent of the World of Words, for there are no unmistakable ear-marks which mark off and separate from respectable English the vagrant words of slang this vast and motley crowd of heterodox words and phrases. Of a verity the borderland between slang and the King's English is an ill-defined territory, a terra incognita.

In traversing the prairies "for which the speech of England has no name," one finds in the language permanent footprints of Spaniard, Mexican, Indian-Cree and French-Canadian. And they are beautiful words. The Spanish mesa is a high plain or tableland, and a mulada is a drove of mules—then happens along the irreverent American and hails the driver of the mulada as "Hi, there, you blamed mule-skinner!"

A muskeg is Northwest for a marsh or swamp.

A coulee is a dried-up creek or ravine, in the West; in Mexico and California it is an arroyo; Hawaiians call it the perilous pali, and in Arabia it is a wady. A motte is the Texan term for a clump of trees in a prairie, really an island of trees; while to the clusters of scrub-oak in the poor soil of the prairies is given the suggestive term, oak-barrens.

A cargador is the man who has charge of a pack-team, sometimes he is the patron.

A pipe among the voyageurs means two leagues, i.e., the time to smoke one pipeful of tobacco—and this is no pipe-dream.

In urban usage a pointer is a valuable hint; in the language of the plains, the pointer is the herdsman who rides at the head of a straggling herd of cattle on the march, a sort of Cowboy John the Baptist. He has to be as pop-eyed as a lightning-bug, keep himself well-posted and put on no curleycues.

The pointer is a proper-looking man, he can hug the pigskin for twenty-four hours and chirk-up and buck-up bright and sassy the first bar he comes to. "Wot'll you hev?" says the bar-keep. "The quick and the dead," sez he, "an' give us more of the quick and less of the dead." (Brandy and Apollinaris.) He takes one sockdolager after the other and goes on a rip-roarin' time. 'Bout ten o'clock he's pizen-full and spittin' fire. He's in charge of the town, Mustang-Willie. Hear him roar: "I'm your hootin' hyena of the hills, and your

patent old he-hair lifter of the peraries, I'm your rip-roarin' raccoon of the mountains, yer Sitting Bully boy with the glass-eye, and your gold-durned and double-fisted son of an Injun—I'm the high-pressure, iron-jawed, pneumatic-tired, double-back-action, twin-screw terror of the trail—you hear my horn!" When he has a bun on, Mustang don't give a whoop for any coyote on the range. He's a swift lay-out.

A lay-out be it known is the Western edition of old Lindley Murray's common noun, "the name of any person, animal, place or thing." It is also any proposed enterprise from organizing a state to digging out a prairie-dog.

Pretty Pete showed up from 'Frisco last Friday. He says, "'Twas mortal hot in the cattle-car, we sweated to that degree that we laid dust." He must be pretty considerable, tolerable, passable well-heeled, for he was able to plank down the spondulix for the stagger-juice all right, all right. He sez he's a payin'-guest in a Broadway boardin'-house. Wouldn't that jar your slats! Pete a payin'-guest! He's tried more grafts. Pete—he used to put in his best licks pawing ivory in a down-town dive; then he was an oyster-shucker at a Dago nasin-joint, and a roper-in-down to Finnegan's faro-game. He was a plug-ugly piker of Coney Island red-hots and he's sold sea-gull tamales to the best families of Tacoma. Then Pete ran a shyster shell-game in East Portland, but had to skin out in short-metre. That summer Pete experienced religion and was a slang-whanger in the Salvation Army for pretty-nigh two weeks. Soon he got back to the good old Seattle water-front sellin' oysters, clams and all salt-water vegetables. But he must have struck a streak in 'Frisco relief-funds all right, all right, for the sucker's sloshing round here in a shad-bellied spike-tailed coat with slathers of money. Good old Pete!

Down on the water-front an anchor is a mud-hook, and a water-dredging machine become a mud-scoop, and say, did you ever eat planked-shad?

It's fit for an epicure—food for the gods, if done to a turn; it is just shad fastened to a plank and roasted. I tell you it's a socker of a fish is planked-shad, it goes down as slick as ile, it knocks the daylight out of all yer Queen Anne spoon-victuals. But the gentle sock-eye salmon is the king fish, the top-sawyer in these waters, he's a bute—the Columbia River fishermen stay out in their boats all day and all night in salmon-time—they just sleep in spots. If he pulls a good haul he comes in feeling as big as what hogs dream of when they're too fat to snore. If a blamed Jap gets the wind of him and cuts his net he's cheaper than bull-beef at a cent a pound. No man who has been raised civilized wants to be cut out by a sanguinary Jap. Sometimes the sock-eyes and the Metlakahltla hump-backs are as scarce as hen's teeth and then every boat in the river is thrashing round like a short-tailed bull in fly-time.

Jack-screws are very much in evidence in Seattle these days. They are no relation to Tom-cods or Jim Jams or Smart Alecks, nor even to Sam Hill or Long-Tom.

Long-Tom be it known is an apparatus used in placers for washing gold. In pay-dirt any day of the year the prospector is apt to make a ten-strike. Pay-dirt in mining phraseology is earth which makes it worth while to the prospector. Similarly we have poor-dirt, rich-dirt, top-dirt. Hence, "on top of dirt" is this side of the grave, and "below dirt" is the miner's last resting-place.

From the rural press of a Jay-town we gather that a mess of milk is the quantity obtained at a single milking, that murphies, Irish apples or whop-patoes are apt to be mighty scurse this time next year.

Jim's mighty picayunish with his pennies, and a pernickety pesky kind of critter if you come agin him slantendicularly. He's an authority on the peanut politics of his precinct—and jaw? Why Jim'd jaw the leg off'n an iron pot; he's no great shakes on his think-tank, but he's a Molly-cotton-tail to talk; he knows every plank of

the President's platform. By the way, this use of the word plank to designate one of the principles of which a political platform is constructed antedates the history of Americanisms. It has no less an authority than Lord Bacon, who speaks forcefully of "the Exemplar or Platform of God."

In a town boasting so many "ladies and gentlemen" as does Seattle, it is fitting that there should be parlors enough to go round, and so we have manicures' parlors and spiritualists' parlors and candy parlors and photographic parlors and shaving parlors (where they give you a free neck shave!—the only free thing I've found in Seattle, and that I couldn't take advantage of, because it wasn't transferable). Even the Chinamen rise to the standard and advertise The Palace Laundry and the High Laundry—one John rejoices in the name of One Lung, surely an incipient consumptive.

One Lung is not necessarily a one-horse Chink, though we read daily of a one-horse church or bank or town or lecture. The popularity of one-horse" led to the coinage of "team" and "whole-team" to describe anything satisfactory or magnificent. The New York Herald at the time of the first candidacy of General Grant for the Presidency said, "Let us have no one-horse candidate. General Grant is the man. He is the whole team and a horse extra and a dog under the wagon."

In the language of America "right here" means now. "If we wanted money," says Mr. Moody, "we would say so right here, but we are after your souls."

Jennie and Rastus has rid all the way from Steilacoom; they jest had one mule-critter, so it was a case of ride-and-tie. "I'm reel glad to see ye, Rastus; rench your mouth out, Jennie, with this cup, o' root-beer. Come in to Seattle to see the elephant, did ye? Jest had a whole raft of folks in here cuttin' up didoes, a perfic shindig—it would have done you a sight o' good to see Nathin dance a hoe-down—you know Nate, why his ma and me was raised in Olympia be-

fore the woods wuz burnt. Have some sass and riz-bread, Rastus, I made it myself. My, but you're spreadin' yourself, Jennie, with your store-teeth and store-clothes and your hair all done in that Sikie-knot so-fashion, you're puttin' on more airs than you can shake a stick at, and your ma and your ma's ma before her all shoutin' Methodists. Why Rastus, reach out, your appetite don't amount to shucks. Did you know that Hiram Hollis has been bound over for shovin' the queer? Why, yes, and Tom Petrie, who's on this beat wanted me to give evidence agin Hiram—I don't know when I was so plumb-bank disgusted with any man as I wuz with Tom. I sez to him sez I, 'Skin your own skunk. Tom Petrie, I tell you. Mary Ann Butterworth is not doin' your dirty work, no siree, Bob!" "Well, I don't know, Aunt Mary Ann, I never took no stock in Tom Petrie nohow, he's as rough as the back of a hedgehog, Tom is, and as foul as Zebedee's hen that laid three rotten eggs to a good one; how they ever come to make a pleeceman out 'n sech punk as that I can't see." "Wot's that you're lookin' at, Rastus?" "Why, down to the Rat's Killer they got a reg'lar Billy-fare of fashionable drinks, they serve them by the clock, and you get a degree if ye go the whole hog. I copied down the procession—I'm going to show it to the Jintown Agricultural Society and the Young People's Society of the Solid Citizens of the State of Washington, when I get home:

- 6 A.M.—Olympia Eye-Opener.
- 7 A.M.—Absinthe Appetizer.
- 8 A.M.—Daisy Digester.
- 9 A.M.—Seattle Zephyr.
- 10 A.M.—Sherry Possum Trot.
- 11 A.M.—Speak Easy.
- 12 Noon—Ante Lunch.
- 1 P.M.—Settler.
- 2 P.M.—Tacoma Steal Away.
- 3 P.M.—Santa Cruz Sour.
- 4 P.M.—Queen Anne Bug Juice.
- 5 P.M.—Texas Tickler.
- 6 P.M.—Solid Straight.
- 7 P.M.—White Horse Whisper.
- 8 P.M.—Fancy Smile.
- 9 P.M.—Bellingham Brandy Breeze.

10 P.M.—Steilacoom Shandy Gaff.

11 P.M.—Columbia Columbine.

12 midnight—Night Cap.

In the realm of the flower-world the slang term or folk-lore word is sweeter and infinitely to be preferred to the stiff, pedantic and coldly scientific though correct form of the botanist. And with good reason; the first is the intimate name given to a familiar flower by a child who loves it, the second is the learned term of those who analyze flowers, pull them to pieces petal by petal and stretch their dead bodies on a blotting-pad.

The botanist shows you the ghastly skeleton of the *Arisoema triphyllum*, and tells you that it is commonly known as "the Indian turnip." Indian turnip, forsooth! Ask the little chap in the back alley what it is. Give him a bunch of them in his little hot hands, and see his whole face light up, "Oh, Jack-in-the-pulpit! I didn't know they were out yet. Where did you get 'em?" If he has had a teacher who loved them, too, perhaps he will quote to you,

"Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches to-day
Under the green trees just over the
way,
Squirrel and song-sparrow, high on
their perch
Hear the sweet lily-bells ringing to
church."

Long may he love them! He has found the secret that perchance the learned Latinist missed. Fill his arms with "Black-eyed Susans," and "Heart's Ease," and "Love-lies-bleeding," and the pretty little "Wake-Robin," and old-fashioned "Sweet-William." They have a message for him all their own.

The purists, conservators of English undefiled, try their best to keep out of the language of literature and polite society "the low-lived words of slang." With praiseworthy sternness they elbow back these linguistic pariahs when they come up from their native gutter or camp or mine and knock at what Mulvaney calls "the doorstep of decent folks." Yet some of these low-bred intruders are strong

enough to hold their own; here, as elsewhere, it is the survival of the fittest.

The town of Everett, Washington, last Fourth of July displayed flaming posters advertising three purely American forms of merry-making—"Great Callathumpian Parade! Monster Barbecue!! Grand Glorious Clam-Bake!!!" The Callathumpian Parade was a grotesque marshaling of misshapen followers of the old Lord of Misrule. The Barbecue was an ox roasted whole in the sight of those who afterwards ate it, but the Clam-Bake was interesting in that it pointed to the custom of the aboriginal Indians. An enormous dish of clams was baked on the beach in an impromptu stove of stones, the clams being wrapped in a bedding of seaweed, while drift-wood served for fuel. That it was good is proved by the fact that the whole caboodle was eaten up; not a clam remained. It was the straight-goods, there was nothing bogus about it.

Further applications of the fertile get and go are seen in such expressions as these: "I can't get the hang of my joggafy-lesson," "He's a goner," "There may be a few blunders on the go-off or the cut-loose, but leave him alone and he'll get there with both feet." "To go it bald-headed" is to act on the spur of the moment, i.e., with the impetuosity with which one would rush out without his hat.

What a world of satiric philosophy there is in "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come; go on with the procession; shine on, pale moon, don't mind me." The man who can think thus will never lose his grip.

A very forceful word is blatherskite, a boastful disputatious swaggerer. The New York Herald says: "Every blatherskite Republican spouter is filled to the brim and spouting high protection." The Independent is responsible for a word pointing to the strenuous life, "But I must close this hurrygraph, which I have no time to review."

A rural school trustee speaks of the new teacher, "I'm dod-blasted if I can

ENGLISH AS SHE IS RECOGNIZED ELSEWHERE

read his hand-write, but I guess he can handle boys all right."

A daisy, a pippin, and a peach are interchangeable words of highest approval. They may apply equally to a dog, a drunkard or a divine, provided individually they measure up to the required standard of excellence.

"The ghost walked to-day, let me know what the damage is, and I'll pony up." This may be freely translated, "This is pay-day, let me know my indebtedness, and I'll settle." The speaker was well-heeled, if he did belong to a period of chromo-civilization: no doubt he was dressed to kill, and if he wasn't giving us guff, he had a great plenty.

A little girl aged six found no plate before her at the family board and exclaimed scornfully to her mother, "You're a hot one to set a table you are." The mother apologized profusely for her neglect and got a two-bit wiggle on her quick and flashed the plate. The little-girl says, "It's hard work bringing up a mother."

Boodle is a peculiarly American institution, and it dates back to the first families, being easily traced to the buidel or pocket of the New York Dutch; if you are not in cahoots, you are not in on it. Perhaps you are not built that way, if so you will never cut it fat and it's no use getting your Irish up.

"He belongs to the bow-and-arrow aristocracy" is the Western equivalent for he has a "touch of tar-brush"; if you don't want to be so all-fired polite, you can just call him a breed. A squaw-man defines itself as that degraded character who hangs round Indian reservations. He is the mean white of the South. An Indian doctor is a delate hias medicine man, and his ceremony of initiation is a medicine dance. A potiatch is a feast where presents are distributed, so potlatch or cultus potlatch all over the West stands for a free gift or the act of giving.

Papoose is an Indian child and pickaninny is his negro cousin to the South—papoose and pickaninny are the rouge et noir of babydom.

A Chinook wind, or briefly, a

Chinook, is a term adopted from the Indians of the Columbia, it is the wind that comes from the land of the Chinooks—a balmy wind from the Kuro Suvo or Japan Current, cool in summer, warm in winter, setting the icy rivers free, and, like Sandalphon, the angel of prayer, bearing healing in its wings.

The compounded terms are all succinct. Garden-truck or market-truck is any and all kinds of vegetables which a hay-seed, a jay, or a Rube brings into town to sell. He wears a hand-me-down and has a straw-lid over his idea-pot. These are his glad rags; a green-goods man or a gold-brick man is apt to give him the glad-hand and first thing he knows he'll be up against a brace-game. It would be better for Rube to keep to the cookie-shines and bean-feasts of his own verdant village—a dish of plum-muss at home is better than a Tom-and-Jerry in the tents of the wicked; and this is no hot-air.

The woes of Rube will be related next day by a local pencil-shover, who will pile on the agony, treating poor Rube's woes as a scoop or a daisy beat. That is the way with an ink-slinger, he always looks upon Rube as a meaty person to furnish good copy. Indeed, if you cut out the Rube jokes and the patent outsides and boiler-plate insides of some of the local papers, and blue-pencil the guff of the puff-worker who writes up the down-town leg-dramas, there won't be much left.

In the meantime our friend Rube has realized that Seattle booze and dope are too rich for his blood; he has cut them both out and got back to meetin'-seed. Perhaps you don't know meetin'-seed. It is simple, seductive, first principles caraway seed used to drive away drowsiness in church.

"She munched a spring of meetin'-seed
And read her spelling book."

While we're talking about compounds, it might be well to mention that a blue-stocking has necessarily

no connection with a black-leg. When the President went forth to kill, a mighty hunter, every paper in the land heralded that glad news that "Teddy shot a bob-cat." A buck-saw is the saw that you use with a saw-buck. A cant-hook is a hook attached to a lumberman's peavy, a strong iron-bound lever of wood used to break jams in the river; a cant-hook is not a mooley-cow, as one small boy suggested. A buck-party or stag-party is the opposite to a hen-party, and either of them may be cheered by canned song (from a graphophone).

The jumping-off place is the confines of civilization, the ever-shifting terminus of a railroad being thus for a while typically known; it is the Ultima Thule of the Ancients.

A debater in the schools is a logic-chopper, a kitchen scullion is a pot-wrestler, a woman who engages in stock speculation is a mud-hen, and a widow is a man-trap, this last evidently from the elder Weller who warned Sam to "bevere" of them. An interpreter is a linguister, and then there are those two fearful abortions, an old residenter and a landscapist. May someone put the everlasting kybosh on all such terms!

Tender inquiry for the health of a man's wife will bring forth such responses as these: "Oh, she's middlin' well, or middlin' smart, nothin' alarmin' but jest so and so, tolerable but so as to be round, not over and above well, but comin' along nicely." If she's right-down sick, why she looks like the breaking-up of hard winter or the latter end of a misspent life; or, graphically, she looks like the last of pea-pickin', i.e., passe, faded, sickly—this term is most apt when we call to mind how unsatisfactory and tired the last peas on the vine look at the end of the season.

Soak is an elastic term. If you drink too much you are an old soak, becoming hard-up you put your watch in soak, and being on the down-grade the chucker-out and everybody else soaks it to you and bully-rags you till you're all broke up. Then the jig is up and you may as well keel over,

it is the end of Old Man Smith, or Old Woman Abrams.

But we always come back for refreshment to the out-door terms; these come as a clean breath from God's all-out-doors:

A bull-whacker insidiously pokes his gad into the sad-eyed ox and tells him to "Come, now, goll-darn you, emigrate, I say." The Klondike term for it is "Mush!" and the Indian says "Klatawa!" And they all mean to make yourself scarce. When you get tired of anything and back out or try to, you have got cold feet. To take a leg-stretchin' is to take a drink, to walk up to the refreshment counter—this harks back to the old stage-coaching days.

Line-riding is a plainsman's term for patrolling in winter time the outlying lines or beats within which the cattle are stationed. When a cowboy is on duty or off duty he is on herd or off herd, when he makes tracks he changes his quarters with the connotation of getting away in a hurry—he doesn't mosey along for he is no narrow-gauge mule. Sometimes he takes active part in a necktie sociable, that is a Vigilance Committee's execution, or a Judge Lynch's tea-party. Pilgrims is a cattleman's term for cattle on the march; a maverick is an unbranded yearling steer which escapes from the herd, and when the whole bunch stampede it's up to your mustang or bronco or cayuse. This hardy native pony is a vital factor of Western life, sparing in diet, inured to all weathers, capable of untiring work, he is as adapted to the prairies as the camel is to the desert.

In the language of the plains a revolver or rifle becomes meat-in-the-pot, a peace-maker, a pill-bottle, a one-eyed scribe, or Mr. Speaker, against whose ruling there is no appeal.

He made a miss-lick is the Western backwoods term for a blow wide of the mark; mountain-lamb is deer killed out of season, and a moon-shiner is a maker of illicit whiskey—it is made in the middle of the night, by the struggling moonbeam's misty light and the lantern dimly burning.

A little misunderstanding about a mule is a brutally facetious explanation in the West of the sudden disappearance of a citizen from his daily walks and haunts.

Moon-glade is a silvery line of light cast by the moon's rays on water—the most rigid purist could scarcely take exception to this. And by the way, a sailor calls a large hard-tack a moon—"three moons and a hunk o' sow-belly."

In the North, moose congregate in a family of from fifteen to twenty members and the encampment thus formed is called a moose-yard. The moose-bird is the Canada jay or Whiskey-Jack.

An article on Americanisms would be incomplete without some reference

to the colored brethren. At a recent congress of negro societies the following fraternities were represented—the names are from the official record. I have nothing extenuated nor set down aught in malice: The First National Phoenix, The Loving Sons of Daniel, The Janissaries of Light, The First Star of Jacob, The Rising Sons of the Vineyard, The Independent National Blues, The Young Rising Sons of Ham, The Lord's Delight, The Teamsters' Benevolent Stars of the West, The United Sons of Love, The Christian Sons of Peace, The Golden Gilt Dramatic Association of Annapolis, The Benevolent Society of the Young Shining Army, The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.



MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Fair American (hearing the dinner gong): "Guess Popp, you'd better jump into a boiled shirt. There goes the hash hammer!"—Punch.

A Man of No Imagination

A Thrilling Tale of the Relentless Pursuit of
Canadian Justice After a Daring Criminal.

By Owen Johnson in Everybody's Magazine.

INSPECTOR FRAWLEY, of the Canadian Secret Service, stood at attention, waiting until the scratch of a pen should cease throughout the dim, spacious office and the Honorable Secretary of Justice should acquaint him with his desires.

"Well, Inspector, you returned this morning?" said the Secretary.

"An hour ago, sir."

"A creditable bit of work, Inspector Frawley—the department is pleased."

"Thank you, indeed, sir."

"Does the case need you any more?"

"I should say not, sir—no, sir."

"You are ready to report for duty?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How soon?"

"I think I'm ready now, sir—yes, sir."

"Glad to hear it, Inspector, very glad. You're the one man I wanted." As though the civilities had been sufficiently observed, the Secretary stiffened in his chair and continued rapidly: "It's that Toronto affair; you've read the details. The government lost \$350,000. We caught four of the gang, but the ringleader got away with the money. Have you studied it? What did you make of it. Sit down."

Frawley took action stiffly, hanging his hat between his knees and considering.

"It did look like work from the States," he said thoughtfully. "I beg pardon, did you say they'd caught some of the gang?"

"Four—this morning. The telegram's just in."

The Honorable Secretary, a little

strange yet to the routine of the office, looked at Frawley with a sudden desire to test his memory.

"Do you know the work?" he asked; "could you recognize the ringleader?"

"That might not be so hard, sir," said Frawley, with a nod; "we know pretty well, of course, who's able to handle such jobs as that. Would you have a description anywhere?"

The Honorable Secretary rose, took from his desk a paper, and began to read. In his seat Inspector Frawley crossed his legs carefully, drew his fists up under his chin, and stared at the reader, but without focusing his glance on him. Once during the recital he started at some item of description, but immediately relaxed. The report finished, the Secretary let it drop into his lap and waited, impressed, despite himself, at the thought of the immense galleries of crime through which the Inspector was seeking his victim. All at once into the unseeing stare there flickered a light of understanding. Frawley returned to the room, saw the Secretary, and nodded.

"It's Bucky," he said tentatively. A moment his glance went reflectively to a far corner, then he nodded slowly, looked at the Secretary, and said with conviction: "It looks very much, sir, like Bucky Greenfield."

"It is Greenfield," replied the Secretary, without attempting to conceal his astonishment.

"I would like to observe," said Frawley thoughtfully, without noticing his surprise, "that there is a bit of an error in that description, sir. It's the left ear that's broken. Fur-

thermore, he don't toe out—excepting when he does it on a purpose. So it's Bucky Greenfield I'm to bring back, sir?"

The Secretary nodded, penciling Frawley's correction on the paper.

"Bucky—well, now, that is odd!" said Frawley musingly. He rose and took a step to the desk. "Very odd." Mechanically he saw the straggling papers on the top and arranged them into orderly piles. "Well, he can't say I didn't warn him!"

"What!" broke in the Secretary in quick astonishment, "you know that fellow?"

"Indeed, yes, sir," said Frawley, with a nod. "We know most of the crooks in the States. We're good friends, too—so long as they stay over the line. It's useful, you know. So I'm to go after Bucky?"

The Secretary, judging the moment had arrived to be impressive, said solemnly:

"Inspector Frawley, if you have to stick to it until he dies of old age, you're never to let up until you get Bucky Greenfield! While the British Empire holds together, no man shall rob His Majesty of a farthing and sleep in security. You understand the situation?"

"I do, sir."

The Honorable Secretary, only half satisfied, continued:

"Your credit is unlimited—there'll be no question of that. If you need to buy up a whole South American government—buy it! By the way, he will make for South America, will he not?"

"Probably—yes, sir. Chile or the Argentine—there's no extradition treaty there."

"But even then," broke in the Secretary with a nervous frown—"there are ways—other ways?"

"Oh, yes." Frawley, picking up a paper-cutter, stood by the mantel tapping his palm. "Oh, yes—there are other ways! So it's Bucky—well, I warned him!"

"Now, Inspector, to settle the matter," interrupted the Secretary, anx-

ous to return to his routine, "when can you go on the case?"

"If the papers are ready, sir——"

"They are—everything. The Home Office has been cabled. To-morrow every British official throughout the world will be notified to render you assistance and honor your drafts."

Inspector Frawley heard with approval and consulted his watch.

"There's an express for New York leaves at noon," he said reflectively—then, with a glance at the clock, "thirty-five minutes; I can make that, sir."

"Good, very good."

"If I might suggest, sir—if the Inspector who has had the case in hand could go a short distance with me?"

"Inspector Keech shall join you at the station."

"Thank you, sir. Is there anything further?"

The Secretary shook his head, and springing up, held out his hand enthusiastically.

"Good luck to you, Inspector—you have a big thing ahead of you, a very big thing."

"Thank you, sir."

"By the way—you're not married?"

"No, sir."

"This is pretty short notice. How long have you been on this other case?"

"A trifle over six months, sir."

"Don't you want a couple of days to rest up? I can let you have that very easily."

"It really makes no difference—I think I'll leave to-day, sir."

"Oh, a moment more, Inspector——"

Frawley halted.

"How long do you think this ought to take you?"

Frawley considered, and answered carefully:

"It'll be long, I think. You see, there are several circumstances that are unusual about the case."

"How so?"

"Well, Buck is clever—there's no gain-saying that—quite at the top of the profession. Then, he's expecting me."

"You?"

"They're a queer lot," Frawley explained with a touch of pride. "Crooks are full of little vanities. You see, Bucky knows I've never dropped a trail, and I think it's rather gotten on his nerves. I think he wasn't satisfied until he dared me. He's very odd—very odd indeed. It's a little personal. I doubt, sir, if I bring him back alive."

"Inspector Frawley," said the new Secretary, "I hope I have sufficiently impressed upon you the importance of your mission."

Frawley stared at his chief in surprise.

"I'm to stick to him until I get him," he said in wonder; "that's all, isn't it, sir?"

The Secretary, annoyed by his lack of imagination, essayed a final phrase. "Inspector, this is my last work," he said with a frown; "remember that you represent His Majesty's government—you are His Majesty's government! I have confidence in you."

"Thank you, sir."

Frawley moved slowly to the door and with his hand on the knob hesitated. The Secretary saw in the movement a reluctance to take the decisive step that must open before him the wide stretches of the world.

"After all, he must have a speck of imagination," he thought reassured.

"I beg pardon, sir."

Frawley had turned in embarrassment.

"Well, Inspector, what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir," said Frawley, "I was just thinking—after all, it has been a bit of a while since I've been home—indeed, I should like it very much if I could take a good English mutton-chop and a musty ale at old Nell's, sir. I can still get the two o'clock express."

"Granted!"

"If you'd prefer not, sir," said Frawley, surprised at the vexation in his answer.

"Not at all—take the two o'clock—good day, good day!"

Inspector Frawley, sorely puzzled,

shifted his balance, opened his mouth, then with a bob of his head answered hastily:

"A—good day, sir!"

II.

"SAM GREENFIELD, known as 'Bucky,' age about 42, height about 5 feet 10 inches, weight between 145 and 150. Hair mouse-colored, thinning out over forehead, parted in middle, showing scalp beneath; mustache would be lighter than hair—if not dyed; usually clipped to about an inch. Waxy complexion, light blue eyes a little close together, thin nose, a prominent dimple on left cheek—may wear whiskers. Laughs in low key. Left ear lobe broken. Slightly bow-legged. While in conversation strokes chin. When standing at a counter or bar goes through motions, as if jerking himself together, crowding his elbows slowly to his side for a moment, then, throwing back his head, jumps up from his heels. When dreaming, attempts to bite mustache with lower lip. When he sits in a chair places himself sidewise and hangs both arms over back. In walking strikes back part of heel first, and is apt to waver from time to time. Dresses neatly, carries hands in side-pockets only—plays piano constantly, composing as he goes along. During day smokes twenty to thirty cigarettes, cutting them in half for cigarette-holder and throwing them away after three or four whiffs. After dinner invariably smokes one cigar. Cut is good likeness. Cut of signature is facsimile of his original writing."

With this overwhelming indictment against the liberty of the fugitive, to escape which Greenfield would have to change his temperament as well as his physical aspect, Inspector Frawley took the first steamer from New York to the Isthmus of Panama.

He had slight doubt of Greenfield's final destination, for the flight of the criminal is a blind instinct for the south as though a frantic return to barbarism. At this time Chile and the Argentine had not yet accepted the principle of extradition, and re-

mained the Mecca of the law-breakers of the world.

Yet though Frawley felt certain of Greenfield's objective, he did not at once strike for the Argentine. The Honorable Secretary of Justice had eliminated the necessity for considering time. Frawley had no need to guess, nor to risk. He had simply to become a wheel in the machinery of the law, to grind slowly, tirelessly, and inexorably. This idea suited admirably his temperament and his desires.

He arrived at Colon, took train for Panama across the laborious path where a thousand little men were scratching endlessly, and on the brink of the Pacific began his search. No one had heard of Greenfield.

At the end of a week's waiting he boarded a steamer and crawled down the western coast of South America, investigating every port, braving the yellow fever at Guayaquil, Ecuador, and facing a riot at Callao, Peru, before he found at Lima the trail of the fugitive. Greenfield had passed the day there and left for Chile. Dragging each intermediate port with the same caution, Frawley followed the trail to Valparaiso. Greenfield had stayed a week and again departed.

Frawley at once took steamer for the Argentine, passed down the tongue of South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and arrived at length in the harbor of Buenos Ayres.

An hour later, as he took his place at a table in the Criterion Gardens, a hand fell on his shoulder and some one at his back said:

"Well, Bub!"

He turned. A thin man of medium height, with blue eyes and yellow complexion, was laughing in expectation of his discomfiture. Frawley laid down the menu carefully, raised his head, and answered quietly:

"Why, how d'ye do, Bucky?"

III.

"We shake, of course," said Greenfield, holding out his hand.

"Why not? Sit down."

The fugitive slid into a chair and

hung his arms over the back, asking immediately:

"What took you so long? You're after me, of course?"

"Am I?" Frawley answered, looking at him steadily. Greenfield, with a twitch of his shoulders, returned to his question:

"What took you so long? Didn't you guess I'd come direct?"

"I'm not guessing," said Frawley.

"What do you say to dining on me?" said Greenfield, with a malicious smile. "I owe you that. I clipped your vacation pretty short. Besides—guess you know it yourself—you can't touch me here. Why not talk things over frankly? Say, Bub, shall it be on me?"

"I'm willing."

A waiter sidled up and took the order that Greenfield gave without hesitation.

"You see, even the dinner was ready for you," he said with a wink; "see how you like it." With a gesture of impatience he pushed aside the menu, squared his arms on the table, and looked suddenly at his pursuer with the devilry of a schoolboy glistening in his eyes. "Well, Bub, I went into your all-fired Canady."

"So you did—why?"

"Well," said Greenfield, drawing lines with his knife-point on the map, "one reason was I wanted to see if His Majesty's shop has such an all-fired long arm——"

"And the other reason was I warn-ed you to keep over the line."

"Why, Bub, you are a bright boy!"

"It ain't me, Bucky," Frawley answered, with a shake of his head; "it's the all-fired government that's after you."

"Good—first rate—then we'll have a little excitement!"

"You'll have plenty of that. Bucky!"

"Maybe, Bub, maybe. Well, I made a neat job of it, didn't I?"

"You did," admitted Frawley with an appreciative nod. "But you were wrong—you were wrong—you should have kept off. The Canadian Government ain't like your bloomin' democracy. It don't forgive—it don't for-

get. Tack that up, Bucky. It's a principle we've got at stake with you!"

"Don't I know it?" cried Greenfield, striking the table. "What else do you think I did it for?"

Frawley gazed at him, then said slowly: "I told them it was a personal matter."

"Sure it was! Do you think I could keep out after you served notice on me? D—— your English pride and your English justice! I'm a good enough Yank to see if your dinky police is such an all-fired cute little bunch of wonder-workers as you say! Bub—you think you're going to get Mr. Greenfield—don't you?"

"I'm not thinking, Bucky——"

"Eh?"

"I'm simply sticking to you."

"Sticking to me!" cried Greenfield with a roar of disgust. "Why, you unimaginative, lumbering, beef-eating Canuck, you can't get me that way! Why in tarnation didn't you strike plump for here—instead of rubbin' yourself down the whole coast of South Ameriky?"

"Bucky, you don't understand the situation properly," objected Frawley, without varying the level tone of his voice. "Supposing it had been a bloomin' corporation had sent me—that's what I'd have done. But it's the government this time—His Majesty's government! Time ain't no consideration. I'd have raked down the whole continent if I'd had to—though I knew where you were."

"Well, and now what? You can't touch me, Bub," he added earnestly. "I like straight talk, man to man. Now, what's you game?"

"Business."

"All right then," said Greenfield, with a frown, "but you can't touch me—now. There's an extradition treaty coming, but then there'd have to be a retroactive clause to do you any good." He paused, studying the expression on the Inspector's face. "There's enough of the likes of me here to see that don't occur. Say, Bub?"

"Well?"

"You deal a square pack, don't you?"

"That's my reputation, Bucky."

"Give me your word you'll play me square."

Inspector Frawley, leaning forward, helped himself busily. Greenfield, with pursed lips, studied every movement.

"No kidnapping tricks?"

Without lifting his eyes Frawley sharpened his knife vigorously against his fork and fell to eating.

"Well, Bub?"

"What?"

"No fancy kidnapping?"

"I'm promising nothing, Bucky."

There was a blank moment while Greenfield considered. Suddenly he shot out his hand, saying with a nod: "You're a white man, Bub, and I never heard a word against that." He filled a glass and shoved it toward Frawley. "We might as well clink on it. For I rather opinionate before we get through this little business—there'll be something worth talking about."

"Here's to you then, Bucky," said Frawley, nodding.

"Remember what I tell you," said Greenfield, looking over his glass, "there's going to be something to live for."

"I say, Bucky," said Frawley with a lazy interest, "would they serve you five-o'clock tea here, I wonder?"

Greenfield, drawing back, laughed a superior laugh.

"Bub, I'm sorry for you—'pon my word I am."

"How so, Bucky?"

"Why, you plodding little English lamb, you don't have the slightest suspicion what you're gettin' into!"

"What am I getting into, Bucky?"

Greenfield threw back his head with a chuckle.

"If you get me, it'll be the last job you ever pull off."

"Maybe, maybe."

"Since things are aboveboard—listen here," said Greenfield with sudden seriousness. "Bub, you'll not get me alive. Nothing personal, you understand, but it'll have to be your life

or mine. If it comes to the pinch, look out for yourself——”

“Oh, yes,” said Frawley, with a matter-of-fact nod, “I understand.”

“I ain’t tried to bribe you,” said Greenfield, rising. “Thank me for that—though another man might have been set up for life.”

“Thanks,” Frawley said with a drawl. “And you’ll notice I haven’t advised you to come back and face the music. Seems to me we understand each other.”

“Here’s my address,” said Greenfield, handing him a card; “may save you some trouble. I’m here every night.” He held out his hand. “Turn up and meet the profesh. They’re a clever lot here. They’d appreciate meeting you, too.”

“Perhaps I will.”

“Ta-ta, then.”

Greenfield took a few steps, halted, and lounged back with a smile full of mischief.

“By the way, Bub—how long has His Majesty’s dinkies given you?”

“It’s a life appointment, Bucky.”

“Really—bless me—then your bloomin’ government has some sense after all.”

The two men saluted gravely, with a parting exchange.

“Now Bub—keep fit.”

“Same to you, Bucky.”

IV.

The view of Greenfield sauntering lightly away among the noisy tables, bravado in his manner, deviltry in his heart, was the last glimpse Inspector Frawley was destined to have of him in many months. True, Greenfield had not lied; the address was genuine, but the man was gone. For days Frawley had the city scoured without gaining a clue. No steamer had left the harbor, not even a tramp. If Greenfield was not in hiding, he must have buried himself in the interior.

It was a week before Frawley found the track. Greenfield had walked thirty miles into the country and taken the train for Rio Mendoza on the route across the Andes to Valparaiso.

Frawley followed the same day,

somewhat mystified at this sudden change of base. In the train the thermometer stood at 116 degrees. The heat made of everything a solitude. Frawley, lifeless, stifling, and numbed, glued himself to the air-holes with eyes fastened on the horizon, while the train sped across the naked, singeing back of the plains like the welt that springs to meet the fall of the lash. For two nights he watched the distended sun, exhausted by its own madness, drop back into the heated void, and the tortured stars rise over the stricken desert. At the end of thirty-six hours of agony he arrived at Rio Mendoza. Thence he reached Punta de Vacas, procured mules and a guide, and prepared for the ascent over the mountains.

At two o’clock the next morning he began the climb out of hell. The tortured plains settled below him. A divine freshness breathed upon him with a new hope of life. He left the burning conflict of summer and passed into the aroma of spring.

Then the air grew intense, a new suffocation pressed about his temples—the suffocation of too much life. In an hour he had run the gamut of the seasons. The cold of everlasting winter descended and stung his senses. Up and up and up they went—then suddenly down, with the half-breed guide and the tireless mule always at the same distance before him; and again began the insistent mechanical toiling upward. He grew listless and indifferent, acquiescent in these steep efforts that the next moment must throw away. The horror of immense distance rose about him. From time to time a stone dislodged by their passage rushed from under him, struck the brink, and spun into the void, to fall endlessly. The face of the earth grew confused and dropped in a mist from before his eyes.

Then as they toiled still upward, a gale as though sent in anger rushed down upon them, sweeping up whirlwinds of snow, raging and shrieking, dragging them to the brink, and threatening to blot them out.

Frawley clutched the saddle, then flung his arms about the neck of his

mule. His head was reeling, the indignant blood rushed to his nostrils and his ears, his lungs no longer could master the divine air. Then suddenly the mules stopped, exhausted. Through the maelstrom the guide shrieked to him not to use the spur. Frawley felt himself in danger of dying, and had no resentment.

For a day they affronted the immense wilds until they had forced themselves thousands of feet above the race of men. Then they began to descend.

Below them the clouds lapped and rolled like the elements before the creation. Still they descended, and the moist oblivion closed about them, like the curse of a world without color. The bleak mists separated and began to roll up above them, a cloud split asunder, and through the slit the earth jumped up, and the solid land spread before them as when at the dawn it obeyed the will of the Creator. They saw the hills and the mountains grow, and the rivers trickle toward the sea. The masses of brown and green began to be splashed with red and yellow as the fields became fertile and fructified; and the insect race of men began to crawl to and fro.

The half-breed, who saw the scene for the hundredth time, bent his head in awe. Frawley straightened in his saddle, stretched the stiffness out of his limbs, patted his mule solicitously, glanced at the guide, and stopped in perplexity at the mute, reverential attitude.

"What's he starin' at now?" he muttered in astonishment; then, with a glance at his watch, he added anxiously, "I say, Sammy, when do we get a bit to eat?"

V.

In Valparaiso he readily found the track of Greenfield. Up to the time of his departure, two boats had sailed: one for the north, and one by the Straits of Magellan to Buenos Ayres. Greenfield had bought a ticket for each, after effecting the withdrawal of his account at a local bank. Frawley was in perplexity: for

Greenfield to flee north was to run into the jaws of the law. The withdrawal of the account decided him. He returned to Buenos Ayres by the route he had come, arriving the day before the steamer. To his discomfiture Greenfield was not on board. By ridiculously casting away his protection he had thrown the detective off the track and gained three weeks. Without more concern than he might have shown in taking a trip from Toronto to New York, Frawley a third time crossed the Andes and set himself to correcting his first error.

He traced Greenfield laboriously up the coast back to Panama and there lost the trail. At the end of two months he learned that Greenfield had shipped as a common sailor on a freighter that touched at Hawaii. From here he followed him to Yokohama, Singapore, Ceylon and Bombay.

Thence Greenfield, suddenly abandoning the water route, had proceeded by land to Bagdad, and across the Turkish Empire to Constantinople. Without a pause, Frawley traced him next into the Balkans, through Bulgaria, Roumania, amid massacre and revolution to Budapest, back to Odessa, and across the back of Russia by Moscow and Riga to Stockholm. A year had elapsed.

Several times he might have gained on the fugitive had he trusted to his instinct; but he bided his time, renouncing a stroke of genius, in order to be certain of committing no error, awaiting the moment when Greenfield would pause and he might overtake him. But the fugitive, as though stung by a gad-fly, continued to plunge madly over sea and continent. Four months, five months behind, Frawley continued the tireless pursuit.

From Stockholm the chase led to Copenhagen, to Christiansand, down the North Sea to Rotterdam. From thence Greenfield had rushed by rail to Lisbon and taken steamer to Africa, touching at Gibraltar, Portuguese and French Guinea, Sierra Leone, and proceeding thence into the Congo. For a month all traces disap-

A MAN OF NO IMAGINATION

peared in the veldt, until by chance, rather than by his own merits, Frawley found the trail anew in Madagascar, whither Greenfield had come after a desperate attempt to bury his trail on the immense plains of Southern Africa.

From Madagascar, Frawley followed him to Aden in Arabia, and by steamer to Melbourne. Again for weeks he sought the confused track vainly through Australia, up through Sydney, down again to Tasmania and New Zealand on a false clue, back to Queensland, where at last in Cooktown he learned anew of the passing of his man.

The third year began without appreciable gain. Greenfield still was three months in advance, never pausing, scurrying from continent to continent, as though instinctively aware of the progress of his pursuer.

In this year Frawley visited Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, stopped at Manila, jumped immediately to Korea, and hurried on to Vladivostok, where he found that Greenfield had procured passage on a sealer bound for Auckland. There he had taken the steamer by the Straits of Magellan back to Buenos Ayres.

There, within the first hour, he heard a report that his man had gone on to Rio Janeiro, caught the cholera, and died there. Undaunted by the epidemic, Frawley took the next boat and entered the stricken city by swimming ashore. For a week he searched the hospitals and the cemeteries. Greenfield had indeed been stricken, but, escaping with his life, had left for the northern part of Brazil. The delay resulted in a gain of three months for Frawley, but without heat or excitement he began anew the pursuit, passing up the coast to Para and the mouth of the Amazon, by Bogota and Panama into Mexico, on up toward the border of Texas. The months between him and Greenfield shortened to weeks, then to days without troubling his equanimity. At El Paso he arrived a few hours after Greenfield had left, going toward the Salt Basin and the Guadalupe Mountains. Frawley took horses and a guide and

followed to the edge of the desert. At three o'clock in the afternoon a horseman grew out of the horizon, a figure that remained stationary and attentive, studying his approach through a spy-glass. Suddenly, as though satisfied, the stranger took off his hat and waved it above his head in challenge, and digging his heels into his horse disappeared into the desert.

Frawley understood the challenge—the end was to be in the desert. Failing to move his guide by threat or promise, he left him clamoring frantically on the edge of the desert and rode on toward where the figure of Greenfield had disappeared on the horizon in a puff of dust.

For three days they went their way grimly into the parched sands, husbanding every particle of strength, within plain sight of each other, always at the same unvarying walk. At night they slept by fits and starts, with an ear trained for the slightest hostile sound. Then they cast aside their saddles, their rifles, and superfluous clothing, in a vain effort to save their mounts.

The horses, heaving and staggering, crawled over the yielding sands like silhouettes drawn by a thread. In the sky not a cloud appeared; below, the yellow monotony extended as flat as a dish. Above them a lazy buzzard, wheeling in languid circles, followed with patient conviction.

On the fourth morning Frawley's horse stopped, shuddered, and went down in a heap. Greenfield halted and surveyed his discomfiture grimly, without a sign of elation.

"That's bad, very bad," Frawley said judicially. "I ought to have sent word to the department. Still, it's not over yet—his horse won't last long. Well, I mustn't carry much."

He abandoned his revolver, a knife, \$200 in gold, and continued on foot, preserving only the water-bag with its precious mouthful. Greenfield, who had waited immovably, allowed him to approach within a quarter of a mile before putting his horse in motion.

"He's going to make sure I stay

here," said Frawley to himself, seeing that Greenfield made no attempt to increase the lead. "Well, we'll see."

Twelve hours later Greenfield's horse gave out. Frawley uttered a cry of joy, but the handicap of half a day was a serious one; he was exhausted, famished, and in the bag there remained only sufficient water to moisten his lips.

The fifth day broke with an angry sun and no sign on the horizon to relieve the eternal monotony. Only the buzzard at the same distance aloft bided his time. Hunter and hunted, united perforce by their common suffering, plodded on with the weary, hopeless straining of human beings harnessed to a plow, covering scarcely a mile an hour. From time to time, by common consent, they sat down, gaunt, exhausted figures, eying each other with the instinct of beasts, their elbows on their bony knees. Whether from a fear of losing energy, whether under the spell of the frightful stillness, neither had uttered a word.

Frawley was afire with thirst. The desert entered his body with its dry mortal heat, and ran its consuming dryness through his veins; his eyes started from his face as the sun above him hung out of the parched sky. He began to talk to himself, to sing. Under his feet the sand sifted like the soft protest of autumn leaves. He imagined himself back in the forest, marking the rustle of leafy branches and the intermittent dropping of acorns and twigs. All at once his legs refused to move. He stood still, his gaze concentrated on the figure of Greenfield a long moment, then his body crumpled under him and he sank without volition to the ground.

Greenfield stopped, sat down, and waited. After half an hour he drew himself to his feet, moved on, then stopped, returned, approached, and listened to the crooning of the delirious man. Suddenly satisfied, he flung both arms into the air in frenzied triumph, turned, staggered, and reeled away, while back over the desert came

the grotesque, hideous refrain, in maddened victory:

"Yankee Doodle Dandy oh!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Frawley watched him go, then with a sigh of relief turned his glance to the black revolving form in the air—at least that remained to break the horror of the solitude. Then he lost consciousness.

The beat of wings across his face aroused him with a start and a cry of agony. The great bird of carrion, startled in its inspection, flew clumsily off and settled fearlessly on the ground, blinking at him.

An immense revolt, a furious anger brought with it new strength. He rose and rushed at the bird with clenched fist, cursing it as it lumbered awkwardly away. Then he began desperately to struggle on, following the tracks in the sand.

At the end of an hour specks appeared on the horizon. He looked at them in his delirium and began to laugh uneasily.

"I must be out of my head," he said to himself seriously. "It's a mirage. Well, I suppose it is the end. Who'll they put on the case now? Keech, I suppose; yes, Keech; he's a good man. Of course it's a mirage."

As he continued to stumble forward, the dots assumed the shape of trees and hills. He laughed contemptuously and began to remonstrate with himself, repeating:

"It's a mirage, or I'm out of my head" He began to be worried, saying over and over: "That's a bad sign, very bad. I mustn't lose control of myself. I must stick to him—stick to him until he dies of old age. Bucky Greenfield! Well, he won't get out of this either. If the department could only know!"

The nearer he drew to life, the more indignant he became. He arrived thus at the edge of trees and green things.

"Why don't they go?" he said angrily. "They ought to, now. Come, I think I'm keeping my head remarkably well."

All at once a magnificent idea came to him—he would walk through the mirage and end it. He advanced furiously against an imaginary tree, struck his forehead, and toppled over insensible.

VII.

Frawley returned to consciousness to find himself in the hut of a half-breed Indian, who was forcing a soup of herbs between his lips.

Two days later he regained his strength sufficiently to reach a ranch owned by Englishmen. Fitted out by them, he started at once to return to El Paso; to take up the unending search anew.

In the late afternoon, tired and thirsty, he arrived at a shanty where a handful of Mexican children were lolling in the cool of the wall. At the sound of his approach a woman came running to the door, shrieking for assistance in a Mexican gibberish. He ran hastily to the house, his hand on his pistol. The woman, without stopping her chatter, huddled in the doorway, pointing to the dim corner opposite. Frawley, following her glance, saw the figure of a man stretched on a hasty bed of leaves. He took a few quick steps and recognized Greenfield.

At the same moment the bundle shot to a sitting position with a cry:

"Who's that?"

Frawley, with a quick motion, covered him with his revolver, crying:

"Hands up. It's me, Bucky, and I've got you now!"

"Frawley!"

"That's it, Bucky—Hands up!"

Greenfield, without obeying, stared at him wildly.

"God, it is Frawley!" he cried, and fell back in a heap.

Inspector Frawley, advancing a step, repeated his command with no uncertain ring:

"Hands up! Quick!"

On the bed the distorted body contracted suddenly into a ball.

"Easy, Bub," Greenfield said between his teeth. "Easy; don't get excited. I'm dying."

"You?"

Frawley approached cautiously, suspiciously.

"Fact. I'm cashin' in."

"What's the matter?"

"Bug. Plain bug—the desert did the rest."

"A what?"

"Tarantula bite—don't laugh, Bub."

Frawley, at his side, needed but a glance to see that it was true. He ran his hand over Greenfield's belt and removed the pistol.

"Sorry," he said curtly, standing up.

"Quite keerect, Bub!"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Nope."

Suddenly, without warning, Greenfield raised himself, glared at him, stretched out his hands, and fell into a passionate fit of weeping. Frawley's English reserve was outraged.

"What's the matter?" he said angrily. "You're not going to show the white feather now, are you?"

With an oath Greenfield sat bolt upright, silent and flushed.

"D—— you, Bub—show some imagination," he said after a pause. "Do you think I mind dying—me? That's a good one. It ain't that—no—it's ending, ending like this. After all I've been through, to be put out of business by a bug—an onery little bug."

Then Frawley comprehended his mistake.

"I say, Bucky, I'll take that back," he said awkwardly.

"No imagination, no imagination," Greenfield muttered, sinking back. "Why, man, if I'd chased you three times around the world and got you, I'd fall on you and beat you to a pulp or—I'd hug you like a long-lost brother."

"I asked your pardon," said Frawley again.

"All right, Bub—all right," Greenfield answered with a short laugh. Then after a pause he added seriously: "So you've come—well, I'm glad it's over. Bub," he continued, raising himself excitedly on his elbow, "here's something strange, only you won't understand it. Do you know, the whole time I knew just where you

were—I had a feeling somewhere in the back of my neck. At first you were 'way off, over the horizon; then you got to be a spot coming over the hill. Then I began to feel that spot growin' bigger and bigger—after Rio Janeiro, crawling up, creeping up, Gospel truth, I felt you sneaking up on my back. It got on my nerves. I dreamed about it, and that morning on the trail when you was just a speck on any old hoss—I knew! You—you don't understand such things, Bub, do you?"

Frawley made an effort, failed, and answered helplessly:

"No, Bucky, no, I can't say I do understand."

"Why do you think I ran you into Rio Janeiro?" said Greenfield, twisting on the leaves. "Into the cholery? What do you think made me lay for this desert? Bub, you were on my back, clinging like a catamount. I was bound to shake you off. I was desperate. It had to end one way or t'other. That's why I stuck to you until I thought it was over with you."

"Why didn't you make sure of it?" said Frawley with curiosity; "you could have done for me there."

Greenfield looked at him hard and nodded.

"Keerect, Bub; quite so!"

"Why didn't you?"

"Why!" cried Greenfield, angrily. "Ain't you ever had any imagination? Did I want to shoot you down like a common ordinary pickpocket after taking you three times around the world? That was no ending! God, what a chase it was!"

"It was long, Bucky," Frawley admitted. "It was a good one!"

"Can't you understand anything?" Greenfield cried querulously. "Where's anything bigger, more than what we've done? And to have it end like this—to have a bug—a miserable, squashy bug beat you after all!"

For a long moment there was no sound, while Greenfield lay, twisting, his head averted, buried in the leaves.

"It's not right, Bucky," said Frawley at last, with an effort at sympathy. "It oughtn't to have ended this way."

"It was worth it!" Greenfield cried. "Three years! There ain't much dirt we haven't kicked up! Asia, Africa—a regular Cook's tour through Europe, North and South Ameriky. And what seas, Bub!" His voice faltered. The drops of sweat stood thickly on his forehead; but he pulled himself together gamely. "Do you remember the Sea of Japan, with its funny little toy junks? Man, we've beaten out Columbus, Joois Verne, and the rest of them—hollow, Bub!"

"I say, what did you do it for?"

"You are a run'un," said Greenfield with a broken laugh. The words began to come shorter and with effort. "Excitement, Bub! Deviltry and cussedness!"

"How do you feel, Bucky?" asked Frawley.

"Half in hell already—stewing for my sins—but it's not that—it's——"

"What, Bucky?"

"That bug! Me, Bucky Greenfield—to go down and out on account of a bug—a little squirmy bug! But I swear even he couldn't have done it if the desert hadn't put me out of business first! No, by God! I'm not downed so easy as that!"

Frawley, in a lame attempt to show his sympathy, went closer to the dying man:

"I say, Bucky."

"Shout away."

"Wouldn't you like to go out, standing, on your feet—with your boots on?"

Greenfield laughed, a contented laugh.

"What's the matter, pal?" said Frawley, pausing in surprise.

"You darned old Englishman," said Greenfield affectionately. "Say, Bub."

"Yes, Bucky."

"The dinkies are all right—but—but a Yank, a real Yank, would 'a' got me in six months."

"All right, Bucky. Shall I raise you up?"

"H'ist away."

"Would you like the feeling of a gun in your hand again?" said Frawley, raising him up.

This time Greenfield did not laugh,

but his hand closed convulsively over the butt, and he gave a savage sigh of delight. His limbs contracted violently, his head bore heavily on the shoulder of Frawley, who heard him whisper again:

"A bug—a little——"

Then he stopped and appeared to listen. Outside, the evening was soft and stirring. Through the door the children appeared, tumbling over one another, in grotesque attitudes.

Suddenly, as though in the breeze he had caught the sound of a step, Greenfield jerked almost free of Frawley's arms, shuddered, and fell back rigid. The pistol, flung into the air, twirled, pitched on the floor, and remained quiet.

Frawley placed the body back on the bed of leaves, listened a moment, and rose satisfied. He threw a

blanket over the face, picked up the revolver, searched a moment for his hat, and went out to arrange with the Mexican for the night. In a moment he returned and took a seat in the corner, and began carefully to jot down the details on a piece of paper. Presently he paused and looked reflectively at the bed of leaves.

"It's been a good three years," he said reflectively. He considered a moment, rapping the pencil against his teeth, and repeated: "A good three years. I think when I get home I'll ask 'for a week or so to stretch myself.'" Then he remembered with anxiety how Greenfield had railed at his lack of imagination and pondered a moment seriously. Suddenly, as though satisfied, he said with a nod of conviction:

"Well, now, we did jog about a bit!"

THOSE WHO WORK HARD

The nervous breakdown of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman from overwork has started an inquiry by the newspapers of London as to the number of hours people of various vocations and positions find it necessary to labor.

As a result of the enquiry it was learned that the British Premier was accustomed to work fifteen hours a day. Cabinet members enjoy less leisure than any other class; physicians and newspapermen come next in the scale of industry. The average clergyman likewise has very little time to call his own.

The extensive enquiry was not necessary to show that intellectual workers are compelled to labor longer than those who work only with their hands. Eight to ten hours a day is the average for the manual laborer. It is quite common for the intellectual classes to keep at their tasks for twelve to fourteen hours daily.

The facts brought out by the papers tell their own story to all who look at prominent men everywhere, and who wonder how prominence was obtained. The poor generally envy the rich; the obscure long for the eminence of the great; the ignorant conspire against the success of the brilliant.

Those below do not always realize what struggles were made by the ones above. They do not remember that while hard work is one of the severest employers it is the most liberal of paymasters.

The prime ministers, the cabinet ministers, the presidents, managers, founders and financiers of large affairs are the ones who, though in highest positions, work long hours. The persons who fill humble roles, find the labor of from eight to ten hours too long.

The Young Man and His Problem

A Decided Difference Between Fame and Notoriety — The Youth who has a Kind Word for Everybody will Always have a Kind Word from Everybody—The Value of Honor and Uprightness and a Manly Spirit.

By James L. Gordon in Western Home Monthly Magazine

KIND men are always popular. Thoughtful men are always appreciated. Considerate men are always welcome. The man who has a kind word for everybody will always have a kind word from everybody. Even a dog knows who its friends are. We are justly afraid of the man who is cynical, snarling and sarcastic. May we all grow in sweetness as did the venerable John Wesley who once remarked to a friend: "The longer I live, the larger allowances I make for human infirmities. I exact more from myself, and less from others." There is nothing so royal as kindness.

There is a difference between fame and notoriety. Lincoln was famous. Booth, his murderer, was notorious. Any man can attract universal attention if he so desires, but he may do so and not be famous. The fiend who set on fire the Temple of Diana will be known as long as the fame of the great edifice shall endure, but he will never be spoken of as "famous." A recent writer makes the following remark concerning Michael Angelo: "When a young rival, in a moment of jealousy and anger, struck Michael Angelo in the face with such force that, as the young man himself expressed it later to Cellini, he felt bones and cartilage crush under his fist like a biscuit, Michael Angelo retorted with the statement, 'You will be remembered only as the man who broke my nose.'"

A gentleman is a gentle man; one who is gentle, kind, thoughtful and

considerate. He may not be cultured. He may not be fully informed concerning the rules of the "best society." He may not have a soft hand or a complexion milk white in purity. He may not be clad in garments "made to order," or walk in shoes whose exterior is bright enough to reflect the universe—but he knows how to be kind. He is sensitive enough to know that other people have nerves. Even great men—men great and good, sometimes forget themselves: O. W. Holmes, aged nearly eighty, after a visit to Tennyson, gently complained to a friend, "He did not realize, I think, that I am an old man, and accustomed to being treated kindly."

Don't worry! Don't worry about your health. Eat, sleep, exercise—and laugh. Don't worry about your future. Work, plan, plod, save and—believe. Don't worry about your reputation. Fear God, do right, think sweet thoughts and love everybody. Don't worry about your soul. Do right, keep straight, look up, keep tender and live an unselfish life. I quote the following from a recent publication. It is worth reading:

"Dr. R. W. Dale, the distinguished pastor of Birmingham, was very busy in civic reform, and worked happily with Christians of other churches, having special fellowship with a Roman Catholic priest. After a busy day his friend said to Dr. Dale, 'Dr. Dale, when are you going to retire from this busy work, and attend to the salvation of your soul?' 'I left that long ago,' said the Doctor, 'to

the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have no doubt He has attended to it fully.' ”

Many a young man's religion is wrapped up in one word—Home. The chains which link him to purity and righteousness all centre in the home-memories of home, regard for mother, concern for his sister, respect for his father, and—ever and always—a vivid picture hanging on the walls of his imagination breathing forth tender thoughts concerning his youthful days. The boy who is true to the memories of a Christian fire-side will never go far astray. Here is a word picture by Thomas Carlyle. “At midnight I rode into my native town. The clouds were thick on the horizon, but there was a star in the sky. The moonlight fell on the little kirk; hard by was the grave of my mother and my sister—and, above all, God, in His sky.”

You will have your photograph “taken” to-day. When you are least thinking of it, the camera will be turned upon you. Ten years from the present time somebody will ask you the question, “Do you not remember that remark which you made one afternoon in—such a place?” You will not remember it. Of course no. The idea may seem to be entirely new. You have not the faintest recollection of ever having expressed the thought. But you did. The memory of your friend will furnish you with a perfect cylinder-record. Here is how Dr. Wayland Hoyt photographed Disraeli:

“I was passing once through the corridor of the British Houses of Parliament, that which connects the House of Lords on the one hand and the House of Commons on the other. Just as I entered, Mr. Disraeli was walking through. I had a chance for a good close look at him. I seized the chance. I can never forget what a thorough Jew he seemed. The marks of his Jewish ancestry were as plain and distinguishing as was the masterful man himself.”

The most intense moment in human experience must be when the soul approaches the border line between the seen and the unseen. When the soul hangs, as if by a thread, between two worlds and with a clear brain and unclouded mind seeks to penetrate the future—this must be enough to arouse every faculty and to quicken every sense of spiritual perception. Even the man who is foolish enough, in some hour of morbid fancy, to plan his own destruction must have a keen vision of life's failure as viewed from the approaching shores of the eternal world. How sad and pathetic the following:

The mutilated body of a man was found a few years ago on the railway near Redhill Junction. This is the written confession he left behind:

“I have broken every law of God and man, and can only hope that my memory will not linger in the minds of those who knew me. Drink has brought me to this fearful end. I am dying—hopeless, friendless, penniless, and I am outcast; and it might have been so different!”

Charles I. needed money. The only source of supply must be through an angry and unyielding Parliament. If men could not be persuaded to pass measures satisfactory to the king they must be brought under the influence of a firm but kindly coercion. In other words, they must be “bought.” So the king tried to bribe the opposing members of his parliament. For this purpose the Lord Treasurer called on Andrew Marvell, the scholar, poet and patriot. Marvell was living in a garret and the Lord Treasurer, after a friendly visit placed a check for one thousand pounds in his hands!

“Come back, my lord,” exclaimed the haughty commoner. He then called his servant boy and said to him,

“Jack, what had I for dinner yesterday?”

“A shoulder of mutton, sir, that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market.”

“Jack, what have I for dinner to-day?”

"You told me, sir, to lay by the blade-bone to boil for soup to-day."

"My lord," said Marvell, turning to the Lord Treasurer, "you see that my dinner is provided for. Take back your paper."

"A million dollars' worth of wedding presents"—that's what the newspapers say. Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, who was married to Count Szechenyi about three weeks ago, received more than a million dollars of wedding presents. Together they stepped aboard an ocean steamer with their pyramid of presents and their pile of yellow gold. Happy? Perhaps so. Time will tell. Money is no enemy of happiness. But happiness cannot be purchased like a mansion on Broadway. And if the angel of Happiness does not enter the home of the newly married couple, the title of "Count" may seem to be a ghastly thing by and by. Nothing can take the place of genuine affection. Disraeli in writing to his wife says: "I live in a rage of enthusiasm; even my opponents promise to vote for me next time. The fatigue is awful. Two long speeches to-day and nine hours canvass on foot in a blaze of repartee. I am quite exhausted, and can scarcely see to write. My letters are shorter than Napoleon's, but I love you more than he did Josephine." That's worth a hundred wedding presents.

Rum has blasted more homes than war. Whiskey has drowned more souls than the seas have robbed men of life. Wine has caused more misery than all the loose pivoted tongues in the realm of hoary-headed slander. Beer has rotted more brains than the

germs and microbes of contagious diseases have slain human bodies. Rum is the arch enemy of the race. It is the one great obstacle in the pathway of human progress to-day. Under its dark shadow gambling, impurity and vice of every form seek concealment and protection. There is no man of forty years of age who has not had a friend slain by strong drink. This was what made Horace Greeley such an enemy of the liquor traffic. A friend said to him: "Mr. Greeley, why are you more eloquent on the subject of temperance than any other subject?" He replied, "I have seen so many of my best friends in journalism go down under intemperance."

Are you cut out for a hero? Can you endure in silence? Can you work without praise? Can you sing without a compliment? Can you write in spite of criticism? Can you build without encouragement? Can you preach without hoary heads nodding their approval? Can you protest against an evil in the face of society's frown? Can you stand without support? Can you walk without leaning on your neighbor's arm? Are you cut out for a hero? Senator Beveridge in his book, "The Young Man and the World," remarks:

"The wife of one of the most effective of American speakers is reported to have said to him: "I wish you would deliver a speech which no one can possibly applaud." Of course what she meant was that she would like to see him devote himself to getting the truth before the people without resorting to any of the tricks of oratory."

Truth for truth's sake should be the orator's motto.

A good capital to levy upon for success in life if found in a happy heart, a smiling face and a courteous manner.

Current History In Caricature



MR. BRYAN'S COURTSHIP DAYS.

He feels reasonably certain he will be the choice of Miss Democracy.
—Washington Star.



HOW ENGLAND AMUSES ITSELF

At least this is one view obtaining in France.
—Rire (Paris).



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

First Toper (discussing Mr. Asquith's licensing bill): "Does he want to stop our beer?"
Second Toper: "Not likely. If he do, 'ow's 'e goin' to get the money for our old-age pensions?"
—London Punch.



A STRAIGHT TALK TO "JAWN D."

A British view of Roosevelt's veiled references to Rockefeller.
—London Morning Leader.

The Keen Competition in Business

How Two Rival Merchants Watched Each Other with Jealous Eye and in a Malignant Spirit—The Race for Supremacy and the Way it Resulted — Both Men Lost all that They Possessed.

By Thomas H. Curry

SPRINGDALE was a small but happy village. It had no electric cars or gas lamps and cabs were but dreams. It had but one street which entered the village and switched off into the open country.

When, one day, Erastus Smith, by some strange accident or other, fell into Springdale, he liked the look of the place. There were no shops of any consequence, and that made Mr. Smith like it all the better. Business, thought Mr. Smith, would be good there if properly worked up. And possibly some day the place might be discovered by the public, and, if so, what might not come of it?

So it happened that, not many weeks later, the villagers found to their astonishment that a new store had been opened in their midst, over the door being a large sign bearing the name of Erastus Smith. To them it was a wonderful store. Everything imaginable could be bought there, providing you had the price.

Springdale found its mind and understanding dazzled by the new venture. It also found a few other things as well: for instance, that the world contained more things than it was accustomed to want, previous to Mr. Smith's arrival. It found fresh uses for its capital. The result was that Mr. Smith discovered he had done nothing foolish in wooing its economic side.

Behold, there came a day when Ezekiah Brown, by another extraordinary accident tumbled into that peaceful bower. Figuratively speaking, Mr. Brown got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and stared.

"Just what I'm looking for," said Mr. Brown. "Business enough here for two stores, and there's only one," soliloquized Mr. Brown. "I'll think the matter over." And he did.

Springdale was not used to surprises. One every few years was quite enough for it. The opening of Mr. Smith's store had taken a lot out of it, and it was now slowly recovering from the shock. But what a thrill and tremor passed over it when it beheld a bran-new store ready for business just opposite Mr. Smith's, with the name of "Ezekiah Brown" glaring down at every person from over the door. Mr. Brown had been thinking and this was the result of his thoughts.

The appearance of a rival, or competitor, on the scene was viewed by Mr. Smith in no uncertain fashion. At first he could scarcely believe his eyes, though they were a trusty pair. But when a man sees a store staring at him from across the street, and containing the self-same goods as he has in his own, he is quite sure to look upon the thing as a fact. Mr. Smith soon worked himself into wrath and perspiration over it.

Mr. Brown, however, kept cool. He made a study of Mr. Smith's customers and began to find out their particular wants. His stock was as similar to Mr. Smith's as could be. He soon felt he was making an impression. The people came to him out of mere curiosity—to see what himself and store were like. They saw that he was giving as good values as the other. Mr. Smith was aware that every customer who entered Mr.

Brown's store was a loss to him. Mr. Brown saw that every new client might possibly become, with care and attention, a regular patron. Such are the varied standpoints of merchants.

Now, Springdale was under no particular obligation to either. Both were absolutely strangers. Neither had any social or commercial connection with the neighborhood. Mr. Smith was a bachelor, but he was on the shady side of fifty. Mr. Brown was also a bachelor, a year or so removed from the half-century, and innocent of hair. Springdale was fickle. The better man would eventually win.

Erastus Smith realized that, and so did Ezekiah Brown. And from that day forward ensued a bitter and prolonged commercial warfare between the competitors!

SMITH MAKES FIRST MOVE.

Heretofore they had been nodding acquaintances. When, each morning, they stood for the first time in their respective doors they were accustomed to formally bow to each other. And one Sunday morning, when leaving church they raised hats to each other in sight of all.

But now all such diplomatic acknowledgments were a thing of the past. They spoke to each other no more. Every attention was given to business and they forgot they were human.

The first to draw blood was Mr. Smith. That is to say, he was the first to make any improvements to his store. He had the front of his store considerably enlarged and a fine plate-glass window fitted in. This looked like setting the pace. When the work was completed Springdale walked in and congratulated him. The wags of the village anticipated a great deal of fun out of the rivalry. They told Mr. Smith he was knocking fits out of Brown with his new window. Mr. Smith felt highly delighted with his master stroke. At evening prior to closing hour he would go out into the street and gaze with a great deal of pride at his glorious

new store front. He was aware that Mr. Brown was watching him from across the way and that brought him unspeakable consolation.

Mr. Brown was thunder-struck at Smith's innovation. Now his rival's window was large and handsome enough to attract any person to enter and buy. To make matters worse the wags flocked in to tell him that Smith was crowing loudly over his victory. With such innocent remarks he was goaded almost to desperation. For a few days he had to lie down tamely under his defeat. But now that his blood was up he would make the people of Springdale see how fast and fierce Ezekiah Brown could force the pace, after once he set his mind to it.

The two stores as well as every dwelling in Springdale, consisted of a single storey. Soon Mr. Brown summoned skilled workmen from the city, who pounced upon his store, crept into its recesses, leaned out of its windows, and scraped and nailed, and hammered for a whole month. Smith was agog with excitement. The curiosity of Springdale was never in its history at such a dizzy height. Brown said nothing. His workmen could not be bribed into disclosing what they were about. Brown knew that Smith was eyeing him through his window and at frequent intervals he would stroll up and down in front of the dismantled dwelling, with a horribly irritating smile.

In due time the work was finished, the workmen loosed themselves from the building and returned to town. Their labors had completely revolutionized Mr. Brown's store. Now it was an elaborate and magnificent structure. The window even excelled Smith's. His name was painted in huge and striking letters of blue and caught the eye forcibly at the end of the village. Above all, the one-storey dwelling had disappeared, and in its place was a building of two storeys, which completely towered over Smith's across the way.

Springdale unanimously declared that Brown had won vengeance this time. Poor Smith felt awful when-

ever his eyes fell reluctantly on the splendid edifice across the street. It was quite evident that Brown was beginning already to do a roaring trade. The wags, too, filled up his cup of misery by narrating alleged yarns which Brown was supposed to be telling all as to what he intended to do in the near future. Smith had to resort to taking powders during these days to help his insomnia.

When he partially recovered, some friends debated with him as to what he intended doing in the face of Brown's brilliant success.

"I don't see nothin' to do," replied Mr. Smith, with a sigh, "but build another storey. That's the only way out of it."

Accordingly, Mr. Smith summoned the workmen thither, and a rapid transformation took place. Smith was somewhat more cute than he was generally reputed to be. He made no secret of his intentions, though one fact he kept very much in the dark.

"I'm simply adding another storey," he said. Before it was finished the idea was severely criticized.

"After all, what's he doing but imitatin' me?" remarked to a knot of inquirers who had entered his store for the laudable purpose of endeavoring to foment as much disturbance as they could. "Let him add his storey," went on Brown. "Soon it's done wot'll we see? Why, just that Smith is equal, not superior. He's a copying my idea—that's all."

But it was even more. When the work was complete, there, sure enough was the additional storey. Both stores now had a similar number of storeys. But Smith's second one was so high that his store was fully three feet taller than Brown's.

Poor Brown was beaten again.

BROWN'S NEXT MOVE.

Springdale was so keen on the issue that it allowed itself to be influenced by it in a practical way. The moment Smith's store was finished it sealed his triumph by turning in a body into Smith's. Brown was practically deserted. He saw everything depended on his next move.

Great was the excitement one morning when it was discovered that Brown had shut his store and gone to the city. Was he giving up the struggles? Smith walked forth in the presence of a growing crowd of the villagers and stood in front of Brown's store.

"He's cut and run for it," said Smith, dramatically. "You'll never see him here again, boys, or I'll eat my hat!"

But Smith was hopelessly in the wrong. The next day Brown was at business as usual. Those who entered his store came back with a remarkable story, which impelled others to go in and see for themselves. Brown had brought back with him a real, live assistant! He was already at work tending the customers, while Brown stood in the door, his thumbs deep in his arm-pits, and that aggravating smile again playing about his unlovely mouth.

Harry MacDonald was the assistant's name. A good-looking, trim, cheery young fellow, Harry was. His head was well shaped, crowned with brown curls, and a sweet moustache that was already playing havoc. Everyone was charmed with him. He was so genial and so coaxing and so bustling. He was scarcely twenty-four hours in Springdale when every girl within a radius of a mile suddenly found that she wanted something very badly at Brown's.

Smith did not fulfil his pledge about eating his hat, but soon began to witness a strange phenomenon. All his customers quickly became confined to the male sex. The girls were already raving about Harry. Naturally, of course, none of them would admit it! Oh, goodness, no. They merely wanted just what Mr. Brown happened to have. That was all. In numbers the girls went into Brown's. When they bought the article for which they alleged they came they went looking for something else to buy. They would have expended any amount to be able to stay in the store to chat with Harry.

Day by day the smile on Brown's face was expanding. Harry was

such a worker that Brown found it desirable to leave off work altogether. He understood clearly what the attraction was and did not wish to intrude himself between the attraction and the public. Furthermore, it was so delicious to loiter about the street with your pipe in your mouth, knowing that business was all the better for your absence!

In course of time when Harry got better known the men thought it pleasanter to go to Brown's. Harry was always so jolly, and had such a nice wit! Again Brown kept away from the place. It was simply Smith versus Harry. And Harry was unquestionably winning at a canter.

But Smith was not yet conquered. A rattling good idea seized hold of him, and he determined to act on it.

To the city went Smith one day. The cause of his going became the raging topic. Nobody could guess. Back came Smith that very night. The moment he opened his door in the morning it was besieged with customers dying with curiosity. Smith had followed his rival's example. He, too, had a new assistant. But it was not a young man he had brought. No indeed, but a remarkably pretty young lady.

WHAT THE ASSISTANTS DID.

Mary Miles was the name of the pretty new assistant in Smith's. She was scarcely a day in the place when everybody had taken care to go and have a look at her. This meant that people who had not been in Smith's for weeks suddenly became customers again.

A charming little body Mary was unanimously voted to be. She was so pretty, and so gentle and so sweet-mannered that she won all hearts without delay. Brown was very anxious to see her. He talked to Harry MacDonald so often about her that the young man looked decidedly bored.

Mary had not been in Springdale a week before she was a favorite of the first order. Smith was not long in seeing that he had done the right thing by securing her services. Al-

ready he noticed the depleted till grow heavy once more. All the men were flocking to see Mary and left Brown and Harry severely alone.

It was Smith's turn now to be idle. He strolled up and down the single street of the village the whole day long with his briar pipe in his mouth and hands in his pockets—the very picture of happiness and ease. Mary was a first-class business girl. She was lively and quick to a degree. The youths of Springdale bought up all Smith's stock of stationery in one week to pen notes and verses to Mary.

Brown's state of mind was far from being idle. Cash receipts were falling fast; his female customers after a temporary disloyalty brought about by their desire to see Mary, thronged back again to him. But he knew well that where a woman in such a case spent a penny, a man would not stop at a sovereign. Day by day he could not help but observe that trade was fast failing. Harry's efforts were in vain. Poor Brown, by day and by night had real and fanciful nightmares.

The singular part of the whole affair was that Harry MacDonald did not appear to be the least affected by the presence of Mary in Springdale. That was strange, seeing that her success had naturally compromised his own position. His friends asked him had he met her? Harry said no. He hardly ever saw her, indeed, he further averred. The few youths who came into Brown's were always talking about her. The girls who came in hundreds to Harry were just the same. So that in Brown's as well as in Smith's the sole topic was Mary.

So time went on for some months. Brown hardly ever went out, he was so much ashamed. There was some curiosity awakened by extensive alterations going on in a house right in the centre of the village, but, as Smith and Brown stoutly denied all knowledge of it, the curiosity abated.

One evening Smith strolled in to his tea in the height of good humor. When passing through the shop, which was empty, Mary called him.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Smith," said Mary, shyly, "but I——"

"Ah, you wish to speak to me, my dear Miss Miles," said Smith with his best smile.

"Yes, sir; I wish to—to—give you a—a——"

"Give me what, my dear?" interrupted Smith, gallantly endeavoring to allay her confusion.

"A—month's notice, Mr. Smith!" Mary hung her head as she spoke. Smith shook at the knees.

"W-what, Miss Miles?" he gasped with a wild look.

"A month's notice, sir," went on Mary. "I'm sorry to leave you, Mr. Smith, as you have been so kind and good to me, but—I—I am going to be married!"

"Married?" yelled Smith, perspiring freely.

"Yes, sir."

"To whom?" Smith was hardly able to stand.

"To Harry MacDonald, sir, who works for Mr. Brown."

"Heavens! To MacDonald at Browns?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mary. "Harry and I are old friends."

Smith ran into the street to cool himself. He walked along a bit. Looking across, he saw Brown beckoning excitedly to him. Forgetting the past, Smith went forward, his brain in a whirl.

"Have you heard the news, Smith?" cried Brown, who was evidently feeling pretty bad himself.

"What is it, Brown?" said Smith, knowing by instinct what was coming.

"These young people of ours are gettin' spliced, that's all. An' see here Smith. Ye know that house where the alterations were a-goin' on?"

"Y-yes."

"They're a-goin' to set up shop against us two in that very house!"

"Brown!"

"Well, Smith?"

"Why didn't we leave things as they were?"

• "Lor', Smith, why didn't we?"

And Springdale agreed with them. To-day Springdale knows not Smith or Brown. Harry and Mrs. MacDonald are doing all the business.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities; it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—Carlyle.

The Adoption of Automobiles in Business

For Long Distances and Uphill Work they are Superior to Haulage by Horses. The Auto-Truck Would Become General for Commercial Use if so Many Roads and Streets were not in a Deplorable Condition.

By G. C. Keith.

THE past year has seen the adoption of the automobile to commercial uses to a very large extent, and, no doubt, there will be a larger use of these trucks during the coming year.

The only drawback to their general adoption is the poor roads usually found in Eastern Canada, which necessitate a great deal more repairs than are usually called for in the Western districts, and this, to a large extent, makes them a little more costly than they would be under more favorable conditions, but does not in any way detract from the fact that, when used in conjunction with teams, they have proved for uphill work and long distances, much superior to the former. Their more general usage would do away with the inhuman practice of flogging horses up hills with loads that the animals can hardly draw on the level.

An enterprising concern in Paterson, N.J., run eight five-ton motor cars to New York, daily, and are doing a large trade carting supplies from New York to the Paterson mills and taking the finished product to New York. It is found for short haulage that the auto-truck is cheap and reliable. The heavy gasoline trucks are gaining in popularity and manufacturers of iron work, dealers in factory supplies, wholesale firms, millers and other handlers of merchandise, are beginning to recognize their advantages. Canadian business men are beginning to recognize the utility and economy of the auto-truck.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.,

Montreal, have a three-ton Knox of the air-cooled cylinder type, and it is found to be faster than the horse and takes the hills very easily. The horsepower in the commercial truck is not any greater than the touring car, but it is lower geared, thus giving increased power on the hills.

The speed gear runs on ball bearings, and the best makes now use ball-bearings throughout, with pressed steel frames. A five-ton car is usually equipped with a 60 h.p. motor, and roller bearings, in the wheel journals and weighs approximately 6,500 pounds. The wheels are heavier than on a touring car, and are of a good diameter and width.

The double cylinder is used for light commercial purposes up to three tons, and a double chain drive is most common. In higher powers, four cylinders are considered essential. In most American makes of auto-truck planetary transmission is used, while the European cars adopt the sliding gear transmission. American pleasure cars are also generally equipped with sliding gear transmission.

The steering gear of the trucks has the machine under complete control. The truck is controlled by the wheel for steering, and one lever which engages the high speed (or direct drive) in the forward position, and the emergency brake in the rear position so that there is no chance of a man engaging brakes when the power is on. Low speed and reverse are both engaged by foot pedals, a third pedal being used for transmission brake. The control of the motor is generally operated by spark and throttle control

levers immediately below the steering wheel or mounted on a quadrant above the wheel.

The whole construction of the truck is necessarily heavier than the pleasure auto and special attention is given the springs. While the touring car speeds up to 50 miles an hour, the commercial truck rarely exceeds 15 miles and the larger sizes seldom over ten, as it is not economical to run such heavy vehicles fast. The weight of a one-ton car is 2,400 lbs., a three-ton, 4,800, and a five-ton truck 8,000 lbs.

The commercial truck effects a large saving for a machinery manufacturer. The Jones and Lamson Machine Co., Springfield, Vt., bought an auto-truck for conveying their machinery to the freight depot, and effected a saving because they could take a man out of their works to run the motor when any freight was to be

taken to the depot. Later, when erecting their new plant they used an auto-truck continuously. The Dominion Bridge Co., Montreal, use an Argyll car of 30 h.p. and 4 cylinders for moving girders and other iron work to buildings under erection.

It is now a common sight in the cities of the United States and Canada to see large auto-trucks used in the commercial interests. The electric auto was most popular for a time, but with the improvements in the gasoline motor these have gained in favor, and heavy loads are now transported on gasoline auto-trucks. These loads, which include cement, boilers, fire-brick, machine tools, etc., are handled much more easily and conveniently than with horses, and were it not for so many bad streets and roads, and severe winters in Canada, the auto-truck would in a large measure supplant haulage by horses in this country.

OH! JUST TO BE YOUNG

By HELEN A. SAXON

Oh! just to be young in the springtime—
 What wealth can surpass it?
 One's joy in wild blossoming things—
 The flight of soft fluttering wings—
 Each little new blade as it springs,
 Unspoken but tacit!

Oh, just to be happy and vagrant
 When maple buds thicken!
 To share in the fullness—be part
 Of beauty and life as they start—
 And feel the old leap of the heart
 When violets quicken!

Oh, just for youth's heart in the springtime
 When life overflows it
 With rapture that cannot be told—
 With rapture no other years hold—
 Alas that one has to grow old
 Or ever he knows it!

A Greater Sense of Our Responsibility

Is What from a Business Standpoint Our School System Should Teach. Duty of the Nation to Its Youth is to Awaken their Powers and Direct Their Minds into Proper Channels.

By George R. Welton.

I HAVE come to the conclusion after some years in the teaching profession and since in business, both as employed and employer, also from some study of the matter as written upon by others and much consultation with business men and practical educators, that the admitted fault of our modern educational system from the business man's standpoint is not in the material used nor in the system employed, though here is where all reforms have begun and ended.

The fault is really something indefinable. It is seen in the results rather than in the operation of the educational system. The complaint made is that the graduates of schools cannot spell, figure or write; nor, in fact, do any practical work to satisfaction. Now the graduates of the schools prove their inability, not because they cannot spell or add, but because they do not see the necessity for absolute accuracy nor the inevitable connection between good work and good compensation—in which compensation the greatest factor is satisfaction to the worker. They can spell well enough, add accurately, and write legibly if they would only obey orders and persevere in distasteful details. Any business man could make an invaluable helper of the average school-boy if, with a mere knowledge of the rudimentary processes, he had the faculty for being trained.

The purpose of education from a business standpoint is two-fold. It should fit the educated for service to others and fit him for service to himself.

The material used should be such

rudiments as give power to find and interpret the results of the centuries of civilized thought and apply them to the problems of life, detailed and general, that arise. To expect that a child shall have done in miniature every "sum" of life and have a ready-made solution is absurd; but to expect him to have the materials with which to make a solution is quite just. (To give him ability is beyond human power.) Upon this foundation may be built such further structure as can be afforded by the individual.

The system used should imbue the pupil with a sense of the necessity for absolute accuracy, order, legibility in work, attention to the following of orders, initiative within the scope given by position or limitations (which is obedience to discipline of others), perseverance under stress of weariness or dislike to occupation (which is obedience to discipline of self.)

In its operation the system should instil principles that will guide into right channels the forces aroused, and turn the given weapon or instrument into useful channels. To teach an individual to read may place in his hands a weapon dangerous to society and to himself, unless such tendencies are developed as will insure as far as possible that the individual will use this power for good and not for evil. The material and the system should show moral character as an asset of first value in service to the public, as well as to self. The present day demands an honest measure and a just weight as first requisites for success. The system of education should teach

the pupil to compete with self and neither be jealous or disdainful of others; and herein the past and even the present system have erred most seriously; the bitterness and strife and envy of mature life too often result from grounding and instilling of these despicable characteristics in the striving for class honors in the schools. The successful teacher of the future day will punish "successful dishonesty" and be more harsh with slothful or disorderly genius than with faithful stupidity. Personal character in a teacher is already considered of great worth, because of the indelible imprint it places upon the plastic characters of those under the teacher's control; supplemented by a system that in its operation exhibits the highest type of government (namely—that which places the governed in a position to no longer require govern-

ment) it would correct all the faults of present day education.

It is not a heaping on of material nor a perfecting of systems of teaching that is needed from a business standpoint—these are really under good guidance—what is required is a thorough teaching of rudiments under a system the operation of which will arouse the practical sense of responsibility to others and to self, awake the powers and give them tools with which to work, while turning their activities into proper channels. To assist the pupils further is a work that should not be imposed on the State: it may be pursued with profit (perhaps) and pleasure by those whose time and money permit. But such education as is outlined above is the duty of the nation to every one of its youth.

GENIUS.

That power that dazzles mortal eyes
Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
Continued effort of itself implies
In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.

'Twillt failure and success, the point's so fine,
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line,
Just when the pearl was waiting one more plunge,
How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge.

No real fall as long as one still tries,
For seeming setbacks make the strong man rise.
There's no defeat in truth, save from within,
Unless you're beaten there you're bound to win.

—Henry Austin.

Who Stole the Organizer's Handbag ?

How an Innocent Scribe was an Object of Suspicion for Several Months During a Fierce Political Campaign and Barely Escaped the Clutches of the Law.

By F. H. Dobbin, Illustrated by W. F. Ralph

IT was that delicious half-hour after the paper had gone to press. The news staff lounged around in easy attitudes. To-day's paper was a thing of the past and to-morrow a long way off. The knife-hacked table was littered with a debris of proofs, clippings and discarded copy which no one offered to clear away. The hump, hump of the duplex press came through the building with a subdued shudder as the cylinders took the impression. The ruck and clamor of the route and newsboys had ceased, and through the open window came the tinkling of a hammer as the tinsmith across the alley rounded up the rim of a boiler. It was good to be there, resting where the strenuous work of the day was shut out of sight and merged in a recollection of many days similar.

The sporting man was making one more search in his private drawer for a cherished Harry K. Thaw cigar, a gift from a city friend. The sporting man had been saving it as a souvenir but some fiend, lacking soul and sentiment, had swiped it. At the recollection of such perversion of friendship and greed of opportunity the s.m. grumbled afresh, nor was he mollified when told that precedent and practice both admonished that a cigar should be smoked on the spot and not hoarded. Scoops for the paper had been noted, scoops against ignored, and as the fire of jocular recrimination ran low the voice of the city editor broke in.

"You fellows made a close squeak of it in that under suspicion article.

We'll have to be careful. Just now the law is being pulled over with the object of protecting the great public against the papers. Papers up west had to buck up a cool five thousand to settle the alleged damages after the gentle defendant got free."

"But this," said the police reporter, "is a sure thing. It was taken from the blotter at the police office. The chief wrote it himself. If we are wrong, so are the police."

"That's just your innocence, sonny," was the reply. "If the police were held accountable for everything they do that is not exactly verified, then we would not have policemen, for no man would take the risks at the salary. The law protects the policeman, even if he does make a mistake, but it doesn't the paper that prints the mistake after the policeman perpetrates it. The law says we have no blamed business, until the case, whatever it may be, is proved, to print anything. Once proved we have the facts. All else is only suspicion or surmise except in some case where the offender is taken red-handed, so to speak.

"Suspicion is suspicion only and utterly useless as a foundation for an action and risky for an arrest. I was under suspicion myself for about four months and came mighty near being arrested and jugged. Only my well-known probity and general austerity and the fact that my clothes weren't too good for the walk in life to which I had been called kept the claws of the law off,"

and the city editor, who was one of the most genial of men, smiled. The staff guffawed in chorus.

"Think I'll tell you of it, as an object lesson, and ever since I have been slow in jumping to conclusions. Sort of keeps the brake on a man's inclination to take things as they seem.

Along in '85 or '86, I forget which, I was doing time on a country weekly, decent paper, put up a good sheet. I had been working at the press end of the business and cultivated reporting on the side. Presently I was picked up to manage the concern in getting out the work, looking after orders and writing local stuff on off days, a fair enough contract with no time to spare. I made a lot of friends in the place and stood well with business men, though I was a Tory working on a Grit sheet. That didn't count as I had nothing to do with the political stuff for the paper or the iniquities of the blamed party. Some of the hottest Reformers always looked on me as a sort of wolf in sheep's clothing, and didn't like it.

In the fall of the year, about November, we began to get ready for an election, for the local house, if I remember right. The boss was a whale at elections and just laid into it, column after column, in great shape. As usual, in these country places, he was the lock, stock and barrel of the party gun. Little went on that he was not consulted about. His political belief seemed to him a sort of religion. That's where what happened struck him hard.

The campaign was in full swing and the paper was getting in some great licks—we referred to the opposition candidate as a respectable ironmonger, he being in the hardware business, and were dishing up pretty hot stuff, when about the end of the month (polling day was fixed for first week in December) a caucus of the faithful was held at the office and a stranger turned up and

joined the conclave. All along I'd kept as close as an oyster, minding my own business and doing no talking, though the whole printing business of that side of the campaign was going through my hands. I learned that the new comer was the organizer for the Grit party, a sort of political John the Baptist, with a dispensation and a wad. His name was Hilton, and he carried a bag, fairly big and corpulent. The conference over, he left early in the afternoon, drove to a village at the other side of the riding, where he stayed all night.

The next day was Thursday. On Thursday night we went to press, and being a weekly and wanting to get in the latest stuff, we worked to all hours before through. Just as the boss and I were going off to tea the organizer drove up to the door and said he was on his way to the station to catch the evening train for Toronto, due to go through at 6.15. The boss persuaded him to wait, to go and have supper and to stay all night, making the city next morning. So Hilton got out of the sleigh to walk home with the boss. He was reaching for the black hand bag when the boss suggested that it might as well be expressed on to the city at once, instead of lugging it about. Grabbing an office tag he addressed it to the organizer's city address, tied it to the satchel and told me to see that it went forward on the jump. I hunted up one of the boys, packed him off with the grip, went home, came back and ran off the paper, as usual.

Next day the boss got a telegram that made him sit up and take notice. "Where's my handbag. Not here," it said. As the bag had been left in my care I was expected to make good. I then learned, for the first time, that the bag held a whopping lot of political thunder, all the organizer's papers and a lot of stuff that if it fell into the hands of the enemy would be nuts for the Tories and compromise the party to which it belonged. The boy was called

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and put through his facings. He vowed that he had taken the bag to the express office and left it on the counter. Said he saw no one at the time but thought a man was at back of the shop firing up a stove. Couldn't say who it was. That and nothing more. Clearly the boy could not help me out.

The express people filed a blank. Had no record. Never saw the blamed bag. Knew nothing of it. Scouted the idea of any responsibility. Had no entry or way bill. Good as said I was a "liar." Would have said so in fact and taken steps to prove it only it happened that the agent of the company, who did some insurance on the side, had in his hands an application which he had fished out of me, for some insurance and didn't wish to lose it.

Early in the evening along came another wire as hot as they make them. "Get that grip here. No fooling," was the song. Things getting serious. The organizer was crippled wanting his ammunition and papers, and before the telegraph office closed down we had a couple more, one of which, I afterwards learned, demanded my arrest and prosecution for larceny or theft, whichever was the worst and carried with it the heaviest penalty. A hurried meeting of the leaders of the party was called for the next morning and the thing talked over. Some of the hottest demanded for me transportation for life, only stipulating that the shipment be early and the destination as remote as possible. Others said that the thing to do was to shake me until my boots fell off and I disgorged the plunder. However, a couple of friends of mine appeared, said they felt that even if the bag had disappeared, I was not guilty. They were promptly sat on and told that they were weaker vessels and accomplices. All this I found out afterwards but had no inkling of it at the time.

The boss, to his credit, had stood my friend, but even he began to wobble. I could see that he was

slightly worried and bothered with the jangling that he was getting from his political allies. He and I talked the thing over until we were tired and ready to fight, he ready to sack me and I ready to go. But we stopped short of that. In the



"A stranger turned up."

afternoon a delegation of three came to the office. The boss went out and the triumvirate put me through the fifth degree. They begged me to own up, to call the thing a joke and to bring out the bag. By Jove! I wished I could. Of course I couldn't produce the thing,

and said so. Then they threatened, and at that I fired up and got good and mad. By George, there are some things a fellow won't stand for, and I told them there was a special Gehenna for such as they, and consigned the three to the place. I defied either to make a move to have me arrested, and I sent the office boy for a friend of mine, a Tory lawyer, and shoved him into the fuss. He affecting to be righteously indignant, gave them a corker of a roast. Gee, it was great. First bit of satisfaction I'd had for three days. The net results of the conference was five pretty mad men, of which I was one. My lawyer friend lost his temper and said a whole raft of things about the enemy that stung and they were almost ready to lick him.

Next day the organizer came back. Wasn't he mad. He gave the boss a piece of his mind and then got ready to wire into me, but by that time I was getting used to the situation and wasn't so abjectly on the apologetic as I had been. I had my lawyer come in, before the organizer got started to flay me alive, which he evidently wished to do. The lawyer wouldn't let me say anything, which was quite to my taste, and pulling out a formidable looking document served notice on Hilton that he had plunged himself into the delights of a suit for slander, that there were witnesses that he was barking up the wrong tree and a whole lot of hot talk, besides.

Do you know, I did not blame Hilton very much. He and his friends firmly believed that I had swiped the bag, and sent it to the city to the headquarters for the Tory party, and, when they looked into the papers each day they expected to find in print such stuff as the bag contained, and which I judged by this time must have been of some considerable importance. He stayed around the rest of the day, saw the political friends, held some conferences, but no one would

take the responsibility of going so far as to have me charged with the theft of the bag, for fear that, if the case failed of proof, I might come back on the layer of the charge for damages, and of course, the committee, not being incorporated, could not lay the charge as a whole.

Gradually the excitement simmered down, but I could see that I was the object of a thundering lot of suspicion and distrust. Gee, but I was uncomfortable. Didn't go to church, missed many a game at the curling rink, shirked lodge and was looked on as a black sheep generally. Even the Tories, while on the whole, the party might profit by the general racket, were disposed to consider me a sneak and a traducer in the house of my friends.

Polling day came, and as if in just retribution, the Tories were whaled out of their boots. This seemed as if in just return for my pusillanimous conduct, so the Grits affirmed, and that settled it. They said that such dastardly practices—inherent in Tories—would do no good, and faith they had the result to blow about. Clearly my cake was dough. I felt that I would better get out—and leave the mystery—for it was so to me—unsolved and to remain one of those things no fellow can understand. The boss objected. I was useful, and he said that the only bit of business comfort he had in his business life was, while I was with him, but the whole blamed town was suspicious and about a brigade of them resentful. Even the women took a hand and made remarks that set a fellow's teeth on edge.

About the middle of the following month we had one of those congenial January thaws, culminating in heavy rain, falling at its worst just as we were shutting up shop. The boss and I lived along the same street and generally went home together. I had an umbrella, he nothing but a light overcoat. As he had

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the farthest to go I offered him the parasol but he declined. I told him that on the safe in his room—the editorial room—was a waterproof that belonged to the canvasser, Gardiner, left there some time before, and that he might as well wear the garment and bring it back in the morning. The boss stepped in to get the coat, lifted it up to put it on and there in the corner, on the top of the safe, under the waterproof, was the organizer's bag, locked and all its political thunder mute and still. The boss let a yell and we both whistled. Talk of puzzles. Here was tangible evidence of a lack of housecleaning and tidiness, for the coat had lain on top of the safe, to my knowledge, for nearly six weeks. Of course, we could not surmise how the grip came there, but called in the canvasser and put him through his facings. Was the coat his? Certainly. When did he put it there? He couldn't say, prob-

Thought he did, was not sure, but didn't remember. Anyway, he was not going to be lugged into the thing, if he knew himself, and he



"The boss went out and the triumvirate put me through the third degree."



"I hunted up one of the boys and packed him off with the grip."

ably some weeks ago. He left it there, knew it was there but didn't need it. Did he see the grip there when he slammed down the coat? thought he did. Nothing definite in all this, and the general impression was that I had brought back the bag, put it where it was found and covered it up. So help me, Jeff Davis, I had not done so.

Now, if you fellows will dig back into such minds as you have you may recollect of some transaction that failed of explanation at the time but afterwards was cleared up on a perfectly reasonable basis. I'm no Sherlock Holmes, and I haven't the gift of divination, and I didn't make heroic efforts to unravel the tangle, but it unravelled itself. Most things come to those who wait—if they wait in the right place and long enough. It was six months before the thing cleared itself, and in so simple a way that we all laughed consumedly. And here is the story:

I told you of the express office. All along I felt sure that the trouble began in that confounded shack, for there the bag was left and there it disappeared. Well, among the clerks or hands at this office was a young chap named Sanders. He'd been there for a couple of years and

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about the time of the concussion he made application for an express run, preferring that to office work. He got it, and he got me into trouble. Sure thing I haven't forgiven him. Not being thoroughly weaned to staying away he would drop off to run over to the house to see the folks, between trains.

On the fateful evening that he left the train, he called at the express office to pass a word with the old hands, but found no one there. Seeing the bag on the counter, and getting a glimpse of the newspaper's name on the tag, (the Toronto address was written on the blank side) he grabbed the confounded thing and, seeing from where he stood that the printing office was lit up, he walked over with the bag in his hand. Being Thursday night the front door was open. No one was there. He walked in, threw the bag in the corner on top of the safe and went off home. He passed out

of the place on the next train and was in a distant part of the country during the fuss, and in fact, did not get back until the late spring. Now look at the oddity of the situation. In comes the canvasser, getting off the 6.15 train, goes to the office to report, finds it empty, sheds his waterproof, slams it on top of the bag on top of the safe and leaves the limits. It froze up the next morning, and he did not, as he had said, require the garment, and let it stay where it was.

In justice to myself we printed a paragraph, but it wasn't received with applause. To-day there are those who firmly believe that I was a knave and a villain of rare accomplishment and that I should, at least, have been hanged, drawn and quartered.

So don't be too ready to do things on the strength of suspicion. I've had my lesson and I don't forget.

Let us go and eat.



In the corner on top of the safe, under waterproof, was the organizer's bag locked and all its thunder mute and still."

A Police Force That is a Credit to Canada

The Part Which the Royal North West Mounted Constables Play in Preserving Law and Order in the West. Early History, Duties and Qualifications of This Splendid Body of Trained Men.

IT is a wonderful fact that throughout the vast prairie lands of Canada and throughout the length and breadth of the unorganized Territories that stretch from the shores of Hudson's Bay to the boundary of Alaska, life and property are as safe as in any city of the realm, and law and order just as efficiently enforced. This fact is one that is universally recognized. It is a part of the good name that has grown up with the Dominion, part of a prestige of immeasurable value attaching to the country. Nobody ever thinks of associating lawlessness and crime with any district in Canada.

Sportsmen, prospectors, surveyors, explorers—none of these men ever give a second thought to the possibility of molestation when on a journey in the wilds of Canada. Settlers on the prairies, be they ever so far from town or railway, know themselves to be as safe as in any part of the civilized world. Newcomers ask all sorts of questions and make all sorts of investigations before settling down to homesteading in new and lonely districts on the prairie, and one of the most serious of all the questions that weigh with them is how far they will be from a doctor. The men is not mind. It is the women. They hate to be many miles from a doctor, and so serious a factor is this in settling, people on the land that the Canadian Pacific Railway at one time had a whole series of subsidized doctors dotted about in the homesteading regions of Western Canada.

Such points as these the majority of settlers are very particular about, but nobody ever thinks of asking: "Is it quite safe to go so far away from

the organized communities?" People regard perfect safety in these regions as a matter of course, and their confidence is never misplaced.

How is it that a good name of such magnificent moral influence attaches to Canada?

It is because throughout the immense regions of the Northwest law and order and justice are enforced for white and red man alike, by what, without exaggeration, has been described as "the finest organized mounted body devoted to police duty in existence"—the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Often has the prowess of the Mounted Police been related in story and song, but not a tithe has been told of what these men have done in blazing the trail for civilization, and in inspiring fear and respect for authority in that part of the world in which they hold sway. Long ago the Indians learned, through these men, the iron power of British justice; long ago the lawless elements among whites and half-breeds learned through the same medium its relentlessness. Their scarlet tunics have become the symbol of the Empire's might; so greatly to be feared and respected that a single member of the force has been known in the early days to go into a band of bloodthirsty Indians, fresh from the warpath, or into a company of white or half-breed thieves and murderers, and place the leader of the band under arrest. And what is more, he has marched him to where two horses were standing, and ridden off with him to the nearest post of the Mounted Police, perhaps one hundred miles away, without a hand being raised in attempted rescue

or in attack upon the representative of England's King or Queen, as the case might be, for, as the saying went in those remote places: "If you shoot or stick a knife into a member of the Northwest Mounted Police, you are doing the same thing to the entire British nation and the English will follow you to the ends of the earth and punish you."

The origin of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police dates back to 1873. Three years prior to that the Province of Manitoba had been established by the Wolseley Expedition, and a garrison was then located at the spot then called Fort Garry, but now known as Winnipeg. Beyond this fort on the Red River the country was practically unknown. Over the plains roamed Indians to the number of 40,000 or 50,000, and the buffalo by the hundreds of thousands, while such white men and half-breeds as were in the country were mostly of a desperate character, and a law unto themselves. When, therefore, the Wolseley forces were withdrawn, the Dominion found itself in need of a body of regular troops to keep possession of the country acquired, and it was this need which resulted in the formation of the Mounted Police Force.

NUCLEUS OF THE FORCE.

The nucleus of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police was gathered in Manitoba in the fall of 1873, under command of Lieut.-Colonel French, of the Royal Artillery, who had shown much aptitude and done splendid work for Canada in the organization of its artillery schools, and who arrived in Canada fresh from Australia, where he had won distinction and had been retired from the Imperial Army as a major-general. The remainder of the newly-organized force was recruited in Toronto, the entire force at that time numbering only 300. The force proceeded by railway to Fargo in June, 1874, and made a march to Dufferin of 170 miles as a foretaste of their work.

Then the force immediately started on a bold expedition through the

heart of a hostile country, inhabited by Indians and many white desperadoes. With two field pieces and two mortars, and relying solely on their own transport train for supplies, they marched 800 miles westward through an unknown country, until they reached the Rocky Mountains. Here Fort Macleod was established, in the very heart of the Blackfeet country, where no white man's life was safe. Another force was sent northward to Edmonton, among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. The main body turned back, crossing the plains to Fort Pelly, and then to Dufferin. The thermometer, which had stood at 100 degrees in the shade, when they left Dufferin, marked 30 degrees below zero on their return. In four months to a day the force had travelled 1,959 miles.

This expedition had two great objects in view. One was to stop the sale to Indians of the liquor which kept them in a chronic state of devilry. The other was to establish friendly relations with the Indians. In both of these objects the expedition was most successful. Though not entirely stopped, the sale of liquor to the Indians was greatly diminished, while the Indians became convinced that these men in scarlet coats meant what they said when they declared they were friends, and would see that other Indians and white men also gave them justice. As one Indian chief said to Col. Macleod, of the expedition: "Before you came the Indian crept along; now he is not afraid to walk erect."

The Indians were given a general idea of the laws, told that these were for white man and Indian alike, and that they need fear no punishment except when they had done wrong. They were assured that their lands would not be taken from them, and that treaties would be made, which would be respected, which promises, faithfully kept, have saved Canada from many costly wars in which hundreds of white persons would have lost their lives.

For a long time the chief work of the force consisted in managing the

Indians, in acting for them as arbiters and protectors, in reconciling them to the coming of the whites, and in protecting the surveyors who had already begun to parcel out the country and to explore routes for railways.

When the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was begun, the duties of the force took on a wider scope. There came an influx of camp followers, gamblers, thieves, and other scum of the Western border into the country. The police were not only compelled to administer justice and keep this dangerous element in order, but also to maintain law among the thousands of laborers who were employed in the construction of the railway. Good work was also done in preventing strikes.

Then, with the rapid influx of settlers, the Police became responsible for the lives and property scattered over 375,000 square miles. Trading posts developed into towns and new centres of population came into existence, while cattlemen established themselves with their herds along the base of the mountains. The buffalo began to disappear with the coming of the white settlers, and the Indians, deprived of their chief source of food, became dissatisfied and unruly, thus adding to the cares of the police. Attacks were made by Indians on other tribes and on white men, but in each instance, the police, small though the force was, perhaps only one or two men being at some of the minor posts, did not hesitate to arrest the offender, no matter if he was in his own camp and surrounded by dozens, hundreds or thousands of his tribe, and take him away to the nearest post where a commanding officer of the police was located, for the purpose of having his guilt or innocence established, for the officers of the police sat as magistrates and dispensed justice. Many a brave policeman, or "constable," as they are usually termed, has lost his life in the performance of duty, for while he could have killed his assailant had he decided not to "take chances," yet the rules of the force requiring every effort to be exhaust-

ed before a resort to force was made stayed his hand until too late.

By 1882 such progress had been made in the settlement of the country through the entry of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that it became necessary to enlarge the force to 500. Permanent headquarters were established at Regina, substantial barracks, instead of the log cabins and stockades which existed at other posts, being erected. The Riel Rebellion gave the police plenty of work, twelve men being killed and an equal number wounded in the first engagement with the rebels at Duck Lake. Immediately after the outbreak the force was increased to 1,000. A few years after it was again increased, this time to 1,100, which marks the greatest strength it has ever attained.

PRESENT STRENGTH.

At the present time the strength of the Mounted Police is about 640, of whom 236 are stationed in Alberta, 277 in Saskatchewan, 32 in the Northwest Territories, and between 90 and 100 in the Yukon Territory. There are no Mounted Police in that vast unorganized territory in Eastern Canada known as Ungava, but the question of extending the jurisdiction of the force over that region is already being seriously considered, and it is not improbable that in the near future a detachment of the force will be stationed there.

The headquarters of the force are now at Regina, and there are also large barracks in other places, notably at Calgary, where they form one of the sights of the place. Posts are scattered all over the region under jurisdiction, some of them as at Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, being 700 miles from any other post, while in other cases, as on the road from White Horse to Dawson, they are not more than twenty miles apart. In some places these consist only of a couple of loghuts, from which the policeman patrols his district, visiting settlers, obtaining information of every kind that may seem to be of value to the Government, such as the condition of the crops, cattle, etc.:

news of any violation of the law, either by theft, assault, the sale of liquor without authority, etc. Where crime is committed the police never rest until they have caught the guilty party, and many a time have they followed the trail of a criminal for months. On such criminal hunts they have covered thousands of miles, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes by portage and canoe, and sometimes on snowshoes, with dog teams to carry provisions. Such excursions into the wilds have meant the greatest hardships, but whatever be the demands on their pluck and endurance, the police never dream of giving up the chase until they have the handcuffs on the guilty party.

"I might here observe," says Commissioner Perry, in a report only made a few weeks ago, "that whether in bringing relief to isolated settlers in bitter cold and over the deep snow of the open plains, carrying mail to distant Hudson's Bay posts, to the Arctic seas or to detachments interned in Northern British Columbia, or hurrying to the relief of unfortunate persons in remote parts, our men do not fail us. They undertake the work with cheerfulness, and carry it out indifferent to difficulties and hardships."

PIONEER ROAD MAKERS.

The police are, too, the pioneers in road-making, their latest work in this respect being the construction of a trail from Edmonton to Dawson, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, through the Peace River country. This section is indescribably rough and difficult of access, it having been necessary to cut a path through the primeval forest, ford deep and swift-moving rivers, scale steep mountain sides, and make their way through heavy grass and weeds and across lakes where at times it seemed impossible to get through or across. The difficulty of constructing this trail may be understood when it is said that three years has been occupied in making it.

Its importance lies in the fact that it is the only overland route between Central Canada and the Yukon Territory. As such it is not only of immense value to trappers and traders, miners and others, but it is a great military asset inasmuch as it gives connection with Dawson without passing through United States territory.

It will thus be seen that the duties of the police are not confined to criminal matters. They take a great part in preserving game, and they often give assistance to struggling settlers in out-of-the-way places, either in the sowing of grain, the erection of a log cabin, the search for missing horses or cattle, or aiding in whatever way may be possible those who are seeking to help in the building up and general prosperity of the country.

Not long ago the duties of sailors were added to the many calls upon the police, a detachment being sent to patrol Hudson's Bay in steamboats and assert the authority of the Dominion over the whaling fleets. As a result of this new duty, a division is now quartered at Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, where the men have, with their own hands, erected a comfortable post, consisting of officers' quarters, men's quarters, guard room and storehouse. The logs that were used were cut at a considerable distance from the post, part being floated down the Churchill River, in the summer, and part being hauled in by dog teams during the winter months.

In the eye of the law, the force is a purely civil body, its officers under the law being magistrates, and the non-commissioned officers and privates, constables. Its internal economy and drill, however, is that of a mounted infantry regiment, so far as circumstances will allow.

SPLENDID MEN ENGAGED.

From the very first a high prestige has attached to the force, and its success has been due in a large measure to the splendid quality of the men engaged. The standard was set by such as Major-General Sir George French, K.C.M.G., under whom the force was organized; Major Walsh, who estab-

lished a reputation for great courage and firmness in his dealings with the Indians, and more especially in his treatment of the Sioux Chief, "Sitting Bull," and Colonel S. B. Steele, C.B., who joined the force at the start and accompanied it on its march to the Rocky Mountains. To Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, who became Prime Minister of Canada in the same year, in which the nucleus of the force was gathered, and who took the keenest interest in its subsequent organization, is due no small measure of its success. His Government authorized the Mounted Police before they set out to take possession of the Northwest, to put into force a law for the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic and never was a law more abundantly justified by results than was that one.

Major-General French subsequently had a brilliant military career in England and Australia, and he retired on full pay in September, 1902. Col. Steele did distinguished service with the Mounted Police until 1899, when, as commander of Lord Strathcona's corps, he went to South Africa and served in the Boer War. He was there given command of a regiment, and subsequently the command of the "B" Division of the South African Constabulary, a force modelled on the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. He now commands the Military District No. 11 in Canada.

The affairs of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are managed by a distinct department of the Government at Ottawa, the permanent civil subordinate head being the Hon. Frederick White, whose official title is Controller of the Force, and who, as secretary of Sir John Macdonald more than thirty-five years ago, was one of the chief movers in the establishment of the force. The executive command is held by Commissioner A. B. Perry, who holds the rank of Major and whose headquarters are at Regina. To assist him there is

an assistant commissioner, ten superintendents, thirty-five inspectors, six surgeons and a veterinary surgeon.

The rank and file have to pass the most rigid examinations as to their physical and mental fitness. Recruits must be between the ages of 22 and 40, of sound constitution, and must produce a certificate of exemplary character. They must be able either to read and write the English or French language and be able to ride well. Married men are not enlisted. The minimum height for recruits is 5 feet 8 inches, the minimum chest measurement 35 inches, and the maximum weight 175 pounds. The enlistment is for five years. The punishment for violations of the rules of the force are exceedingly severe. For instance, for the infraction of any of the following rules a sentence of one month's pay as a fine and one year's imprisonment at hard labor may be imposed. For oppressive or tyrannical conduct toward any inferior; intoxication, however slight; directly or indirectly receiving any gratuity without the commissioner's sanction, or any bribe; wearing any political emblem or otherwise manifesting political partisanship; divulging anything which should be kept secret; communicating anything to the press respecting the force, either directly or indirectly, without the commissioner's permission; using any cruel, harsh or unnecessary violence to a prisoner or other person.

As pay, the Controller receives \$4,000 a year; the commissioner, \$2,400; assistant commissioner, \$1,600; superintendents and surgeons \$1,400; and inspectors, \$1,000, with quarters, rations, fuel, etc. A staff sergeant's pay is from \$1.50 to \$2 per day; corporals, \$1.10 to \$1.25 per day, and privates 60 cents per day for the first year's service, with an increase of five cents per day until the ninth year is reached.

Principle of Profit Sharing in Business

Early History of the Movement and its Development. A Skillful Formula in the New Code of Social Economy. Its Application as a Solution to Problem of Labor vs. Capital. Method of Operation

By Fred C. Lariviere

FROM time almost immemorial, the social question of Capital and Labor has been the subject of deep thought in the commercial and industrial world. Governments have attempted to pass legislation in hope of effecting its satisfactory solution. Religious authorities have also become greatly interested in the conflict and, from time to time, the pulpit and the press have offered most commendable advice.

Canada has not remained behind time in the study of this subject; and as early as in 1889 Sir J. A. Chapleau, then Secretary of State, delegated Mr. Jules Helbronner to the Paris Exhibition, with instructions to study and report the work of a royal commission then and there instituted for the purpose of investigating this social question.

In 1879, Traders and Manufacturers, in France, had organized themselves into an association. One of the main objects of this society was to study the practical workings of "Profit-sharing" between employers and employees in the commercial and industrial enterprises.

The result of this investigation (published in various of their reports) proved to be so much in favor of profit-sharing that in order to spread the knowledge of its great advantages, and extend its use, this French society undertook the immense work and went to the great expense of organizing two international conventions: in 1889, pre-

sided by Mr. Chas. Robert; and in 1900, presided by Mr. Paul Delombre, the present head of the Society.

Every three months, the French Association publishes "The Bulletin of Profit-sharing," a journal containing the names of those who have adopted the principle, the different forms of its application, and full report of their meetings.

For the purpose of development, I propose to divide this subject into five parts, viz., Origin and development of profit sharing; Its objects and purposes; contradictory opinions upon the subject; Various methods of distributing profits; Practical results and conclusions.

Profit-sharing between employer and employe is not an innovation. It is recognized that success in many cases depends upon the good will, work and judgment of employes and that in most of them they have received, directly or indirectly, a share in the gain. In a work entitled "Profit-sharing of Labor," from the pen of a well-known French economist, Mr. Chas. Robert, it is related that a writing dated 1671 and entitled "Judgment of Orleon, Usages and Customs of the Sea," by Cleivac, "Seamen received their salary part in money and part in the profits."

Cabmen, not proprietors of their hacks, receive generally one-third of their daily earnings. Advertising agents, if I mistake not, receive also a salary and a certain percentage for their work. It is easy to

conclude that managers of large establishments as well as proprietors of same have no real opposition to profit-sharing. They are simply indifferent. To interest them, we need now but to prove through examples all its merits and advantages.

If we consider profit-sharing from an historical point of view, leaving aside farming and sea-fishing, we notice that it was founded in France in 1842, and during the following years by Edm. Jean Leclair, in Paris. He was soon followed by Edmund Laroche Joubert at Angouleme, and by Francois Bartholomy in the Orleans Railway. This reform appeared to take a new impetus at the time of the French Revolution, when it was established by Messrs. Laurent & Duberny, in their type foundry, then in the General Insurance Co., in 1850, and in the Union Insurance towards 1854.

A brief biographical sketch of Jean Leclair, the originator of profit-sharing, would, no doubt, interest your readers. Born in 1801, when 17 years of age started in life as an apprentice in a paint shop. He was a master painter at 20. Two years later he began to undertake large contracts in his line of work. In 1838 he organized a benevolent and savings society amongst his workmen and brought profit-sharing into practice in 1842. A fact worthy of note is that Jean Leclair's humanist career was somewhat checked by the representatives of law and order in France. The Parisian police authorities even refused him the privilege of calling meetings of his own workmen for the purpose of discussing how the profits realized from his own enterprises should be divided between himself and his employes. The workmen themselves, misled by a journal called "L'Atelier," accused him of scheming for the purpose of lowering salaries. Mistrusting his straightforward intentions, they expressed their doubts as to the good

faith of the proposed payment of their shares of profits.

Jean Leclair overcame these difficulties in a masterly way. It was in 1842. Having finished his inventory in 1841, he got his workmen together and throwing a bag of gold upon the table he proceeded to give each one his share of profits, the total of which amounted to \$2,377. In spite of opposition from the State and even from his own workmen, Jean Leclair originated profit-sharing or industrial co-partnership. Great benevolent enterprises, like great thoughts, come from the heart of man. The Leclair House has done for profit-sharing in France, what the "Equitable Pioneers" of Rochdale did for the Consumers' Co-operative Association in England. From that time this Capital and Labor reform grew into practice, notably in the period raging from 1864 to 1870. In 1865 it was used by the Bord Piano Factory. After the events of 1870-71 a number of French industrial and commercial houses adopted it, notably, the "Chaix Printing" establishment and the "Bon Marche Store." From France, it went into Switzerland where it was inaugurated by Messrs. Billeon & Isaac. Profit-sharing next found its way in the coal mining districts of England, where it succeeded for a time and then had a sensational check in its career. In this case the failure was due to three main causes:

1. The influence brought to bear against it by trades unions.

2. The inability of workmen to understand (through lack of education, instruction and sufficient preparation) the full meaning of profit-sharing, its advantages and their own interests.

3. Some administrative measures more or less opportune or justifiable brought to bear by the Mining Co., of which Messrs. Briggs were the managers.

Mr. Leclair, more prudent than Messrs. Briggs, had always avoided great publicity. He foresaw that

if a strong wind would precipitate a conflagration, so would a breath extinguish the spark.

A few years afterwards Mr. Sedley Taylor, by his writings and by his lectures, brought about a reaction against the Briggs' failure. The great success of profit-sharing in France and Mr. Taylor's efforts brought back faith in the method. To-day industrial partnership is strong and flourishing in many English enterprises, particularly at the "Carleton Iron Works," "Blundell, Spence Co." of London, "N. Thompson & Sons," Huddersfield, "Columbo Iron Works," London, "Hepburn Co." Collompton.

The writings of Sedley Taylor have carried in England and in the United States the true facts, the combinations, the regulations and the statutes of profit-sharing which have been received and used by a number of American houses. The first, "Houghton & Co.," in 1872; the second, "Peace, Dale Co.," in 1878; the third, "Rand McNally & Co.," of Chicago, and then by thirty others, among them being "Stats Zeitung," New York, "Ara Crushman Co.," Auburn, "W. E. Fette," Boston, "N. O. Nelson," St. Louis, Missouri, "Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.," Stamford.

As to its extension in other countries we have the following dates: Alsace, 1847; Mecklemburg, 1847; Prussia, 1854; Russia, 1862; Bavaria, 1866; Hesse, 1866; Switzerland, 1867; Saxe, 1869; Denmark, 1870; Belgium, 1872; Italy, 1873; Holland, 1880; Austria-Hungaria, 1881; Portugal, 1888.

Profit-sharing is not a universal and infallible remedy for all evils. It is not the "opus operatum," having a miraculous or magical effect such as we often notice in "patent medicines" advertisements. It is a skilful formula in the new code of social economy. The fruitful action, very often, depends on the condition of the patient, of his good will and of the professional ability of the doctor.

The disease to be cured is the precarious situation of the modern workman, the passion which sometimes excites him into a feverish frenzy. The doctor is very often the employer, and among them we find a variety of opinions as to the value of the medicine or the opportunity of applying it.

Some of those who at first rejected profit-sharing as a useless innovation now adopt it as the only solution of the problem. Others, who glorified in having first introduced it into practice even in a small way, but who were forced to give it up through unforeseen or unavoidable circumstances, now show the cool indifference of reformers having lost their illusions.

The same condition of things exists, to some extent, amongst the patients. Some laborers listening to the ill-advice of agitators refuse to wait for the yearly dividend; then with the madness of their inflamed imagination see nothing but strikes, boycotting, rest and fight. Others not having patience enough to wait for a yearly dividend risk everything in the hope of immediate gain. Such difficulties have already occurred and will continue to take place until such a time as the laboring classes are sufficiently posted as to the full meaning of profit-sharing. Wherever this commendable reform has met with disfavor, the causes of its failure should be investigated.

Profit-sharing is meant to maintain together two principles apparently much opposed to each other. They are:

1. Suitable security for the workman's interests.
2. Proper authority in the hands of the employers.

Many captains of industry have spent nearly every day of their lives in trying to solve this difficult problem. Profit-sharing should not stand on purely philosophical grounds, but on sound, co-operative principles which would give workmen a real interest in the enterprise.

The increase of salary desired, claimed, and sometimes clamorously demanded, would naturally bring about a proportionate increase in the cost of goods which may cause a reduction in the demand, a loss of trade, and prepare the final ruin of the enterprise.

If, on the other hand, laborers could be induced not to expect the desired increase as the maximum sum required for immediate daily wants or for such savings as they propose to make, industrial and commercial enterprises would be protected against unexpected rises in the cost of goods, competition could be more easily met, and in consequence, an increase of business would fully guarantee the workman's share of profits, as the fruit of success won by their own wise conduct.

Well understood and properly applied profit-sharing could bring into play all the latent energy concentrated in the human will. Otherwise such valuable forces are to a great extent undeveloped and unused for the want of a proper stimulant. Human will, so important in manufacturing industry, is a still larger factor in agriculture where the carelessness and mistakes of one man may cause the waste of enormous quantities of natural energy. For instance, in a shop, a mechanic commanding 15,000 to 20,000 h.p., is in a position to do harm. It is evident, therefore, in such a field of labor success is only possible by the use of sound theory and vigilant practice, and by a combination of the financial interest of both capital and labor. We must not forget that all does not depend on labor, properly speaking, but also in the active good will of the workmen, prompted by sobriety, perseverance, regularity, vigilance and respect for the employer. In fact, we must rely on the full amount of activity given by each man as if the enterprise were his own.

In order to expect good results from profit-sharing the employer's

offer must be sincere, without any thoughts of retaining even a part of what he promised, through false stock-taking or tricky settlement. It is a poor policy to offer much and give very little. Such a case would be disastrous, particularly after a first labor conflict; because poor treaties of peace prepare new wars.

Instead of wasting time in trying to pay employes in premiums, with a fixed price for their personal labor, and in that way prevent them from knowing the general profits obtained either through the commercial part of the enterprise, the ability of the directors, and the good management of the capital, a share of all these advantages should be divided amongst all employes if it is expected that they should all give their individual attention to the success of the house.

On the other hand, employes should accept with carefulness all fair offers coming from their masters. If an employer should abstain from such an offer, he should be informed if his employes are prepared to receive it. All employes should strive by their own good conduct to search the good of profit-sharing. They should gradually gain the confidence and heart of the employer. Too much pressure on their part is of poor policy and may appear to him as an act of intimidation. Let us remember: "We obtain more by kindness than by violence." We can expect a great deal from mutual confidence and satisfaction; at the same time we must take it for granted that the master should know the wishes of his helps, but in principle such a reform should come from the chief who would naturally like to have to his credit the merit of such ideas. Frequent intercourse and meetings between employer and employes are most useful. They tend to destroy prejudice and prevent the gathering of clouds and storms. Profit-sharing is entering two wide fields of action. In one it will remain a permanent and most useful insti-

tution and the other, offering more difficulties and perhaps more glory, is the road leading to the temple of co-operation.

Further contributions on this interesting topic will appear in future issues of the Busy Man's Magazine,

in which the writer will discuss the subject of "Profit-sharing" from the standpoint of "Methods of Distribution," "Contradictory Arguments Against Profit-sharing," "Some of Its Practical Results," and "Arguments for and Against the System."

Common House Fly Disseminates Disease

Far Surpasses the Mosquito in Spreading Germs, and is One of the Greatest Enemies of Mankind. Amount of Danger That he Can Create is Simply Amazing.

THE common house fly is one of the greatest foes of man.

It is a solemn, scientifically ascertained fact that he is. He is one of the worst disseminators of disease known. In spreading evil he so far surpasses the mosquito as to render the needle-beaked insect a negligible quantity by comparison. He thrives where the mosquito would die of inanition. He is omnipresent, and the amount of danger that he can spread over a city absolutely staggers the imagination. With one kick of a hind leg, for instance, he can distribute among men, women, and children one hundred thousand disease-laden germs.

That these amazing facts are true is vouched for by J. Pierpont Morgan, Dr. Albert Vander Veer, Colonel John Y. Culyer, Dr. Daniel D. Jackson, former Health Officer of the State of New York, and Edward Hatch, Jr., who, as chairman of a committee of which the other gentlemen named are members, some time ago submitted a report to Governor Hughes, in which the results of experiments conducted in relation to the house fly are fully set forth.

"We have caught him with the goods on. He is the great common carrier," said Mr. Hatch, when speaking of the fly.

It is so simple, so comprehen-

sive, so logical that the important conclusions which the committee have reached will undoubtedly raise a stir in sanitary and medical circles. This is how the fly was unmasked:

"Under the direction of Dr. Daniel D. Jackson fly traps were placed this summer on piers, under piers, one block from the river, and so on, around the water front in the various boroughs. Inspectors were detailed to gather the captive flies, which were taken to the laboratory, and the material on the body, mouth and legs of the insects examined. . . . To prove by experiment, captured flies were thoroughly cleaned and then allowed to walk over infected material. They were again examined and the material which they carried was analyzed. In one instance, a fly captured on South Street this summer was found to be carrying 100,000 fecal bacteria, showing the affinity to dangerous germs of this active medium of dissemination."

Dr. Jackson, who made most of the experiments, declares, solemnly that the flies are responsible for 5,000 of the 7,000 deaths annually in New York from typhoid and other intestinal diseases.

The report urges the Governor to insist upon the enforcement of the laws against pollution, by which means alone the evil can be stamped out.

The Windfall of the Governess

How a Bequest of 500 Pounds Enabled the Lonely
Recipient to Enjoy Life for One Whole Year.

By Gertrude M. Foxe, in the Pall Mall Magazine.

I.

AMABEL sat with her chin on her hand, wondering if it was a dream. Only last night it had all been so different. She had sat down to her lonely tea in her usual apathetic mood; she had read the newspaper, propped up against the teapot, from cover to cover; and then her glance had fallen on the agony column; and she had read, with overwhelming surprise, "If Amabel, daughter of the late Edmond Royce, of Saxhampton, will communicate with the undersigned, she may hear of something to her advantage.—Newell & Yorke, Solicitors, Chancery Lane."

Could they mean her? And if so, who could possibly know anything to her advantage? The only living relations she knew of were an aunt and cousin who wrote to her regularly at Christmas, Easter, and on her birthday, and then in the spirit of having piously fulfilled a duty. Obviously this advertisement was not connected with them.

Being governess to the daughters of a rich man, she was unwillingly obliged to postpone her visit to the solicitors until late in the afternoon of the following day; and now she had come home bewildered by the strangeness of the news she had received. A schoolfellow of her father had died abroad, and remembering rather late in the day that the daughter of his old friend had been left practically alone in the world, had bequeathed to her five hundred pounds. A small amount, but a fortune in the eyes of Amabel.

She sat far into the night thinking out her plans. Invested, the money would bring in at the most £25 a year, an amount which would make very little difference to her; and she was resolved to have a good time for once in her life—to be young, to enjoy herself, to buy what she fancied, to treat her jaded eye to new scenes, to taste the sweetness of continual change, to surfeit herself with plays and new novels, and perhaps—too wonderful to dwell on except in passing—to go to balls! She was determined to make up, to the best of her ability, for those bleak years which lay behind her, during which, in order to keep herself alive, she had been obliged to cut herself off from all that makes it worth while to be alive. She had never yet been able to experience the joy of living, and after all she would not be losing her chances as a teacher. She had her certificates and testimonials; in a year's time she could return to her old life. She was too excited at the prospect of leaving it to imagine what the return would be like.

The next day was Saturday, and it was a strange coincidence which caused her aunt, Mrs. Pettifer, and her cousin, Muriel, to call upon her in the afternoon. It was a thing they had never done before.

As they entered it struck Amabel that her room was poky and her furniture faded: such is the effect of contrast. She also suddenly remembered that she was verging on thirty.

The age of thirty is always a bugbear to an unmarried woman. Why, has never been explained, since she should then be at the zenith of her

looks and her wisdom. But looks and wisdom don't always mature simultaneously. If they did, men would be in far more danger from feminine wiles.

"We had to come to a wedding near, so we thought we'd run in and see you, dear," explained Muriel, kissing Amabel with her eyes on the looking-glass. "The carriage could not come so far. That wretched cab has knocked me all to bits."

She proceeded to turn up her veil and rearrange her hat; after which she produced a diminutive powder-puff from her purse-bag and artistically powdered her face.

Meanwhile Mrs. Pettifer had launched into a description of the bride's dress and an account of their adventures on the way.

Amabel hardly listened to her. Everything seemed blurred and indistinct to-day. At last she managed to insert her news between two items of information relating to the exorbitance and insolence of cabmen.

"Five hundred pounds!" repeated Mrs. Pettifer, making it sound like so many halfpennies. "How very nice! Quite a little nest-egg! So comforting to know you have that to fall back upon when you are beyond work!"

The prospect did not appeal to Amabel in the least. "I am going to live on it," she faltered.

"Live on it!" repeated Mrs. Pettifer incredulously. "Whatever put such a foolish idea into your head? I never heard of such a thing! Live on it? Why, it will be gone in no time!"

"I daresay it will last a year," said Amabel, failing in her effort to speak carelessly. "I am going to enjoy myself for a year, and after that—I don't care what happens!" There was quavering defiance in her tones.

Muriel, finding that the looking-glass was placed at a very unbecoming angle, had begun to listen to the conversation, and to observe Amabel with the attention she would have bestowed on the furniture if it had been worth noticing.

"I have never had any pleasure like other girls," went on Amabel, pale,

but desperately determined. "I've had all the spirit crushed out of me by work and worry. I am going to give myself a good time with this money."

"I should not think of allowing you to throw it away in this manner," said Mrs. Pettifer. "The improvidence of poor people is shocking!"

"You can't prevent me," replied Amabel, gathering courage as she went. "You never interfered with me when I had no money, and you're not going to meddle now."

"This is gratitude!" exclaimed Mrs. Pettifer dramatically, waving a fan with a tempestuous movement. "Muriel! will you try and instil some sense into your cousin's mind?"

But Muriel, after the manner of petted daughters, basely deserted her mother at this crisis.

"I don't see why Amabel shouldn't enjoy herself if she wants to, mother. It's her own money!" she said. "As she says, she has had a very dull time up to now. What's the good of saving up so that she can have a decent funeral?"

Muriel was a young lady who appreciated the joy of living to its fullest extent; and she had not the slightest objection to seeing other people enjoy themselves so long as they did not interfere with her.

"Don't be silly, Muriel!" said her mother. "It is not a laughing matter."

"I was quite serious," protested Muriel. "Why can't she come and stay with us for a time? We can introduce her to heaps of people, and she can have a ripping time. She can come abroad with us, too. She pays her own expenses. Wouldn't you like to come, Amabel?" Perhaps Amabel's pinched, pale face and dowdy dress had found, and touched, a heart under Muriel's cloak of egoism; perhaps she thought it would be an interesting experiment to try the effect of happiness on this starved and stunted nature.

"I should like it very much," replied Amabel, understanding quite well that to start "on her own" without introductions would be to waste

much precious time. "If aunt doesn't mind."

"If you are determined to carry out your mad scheme," returned Mrs. Pettifer, "I have nothing more to say. Of course we shall be very pleased to have you with us. That goes without saying."

Amabel reflected swiftly that they had never asked her to stay with them before; but she only smiled.

"Isn't she weird?" laughed Muriel on the way home. "But I do feel rather sorry for the poor thing. I'll do my best for her. It's just possible that we may get her married by the end of the year, and what a good thing that would be! Some middle-aged men prefer meekness even to good looks or youth."

II.

Stanbrook could not get near her, but he could look at her, and mentally compare her with what she had been a year ago.

He remembered Muriel's answer to his question on the day of their first meeting. "My cousin! Didn't I introduce you? So sorry! I want you to be kind to her. She has had a very hard time, and mother and I want to make up for it all we can."

Her words implied that they were also bearing the pecuniary burden of their kindness.

It was from Amabel herself that Stanbrook learned the truth. She was not afraid of him. His manner invited confidence. She told him the whole story. "Do you think I have been wrong?" she concluded wistfully.

He looked at her thoughtfully, and saw in her possibilities which stirred his heart. A distaste for Muriel, whom he had been courting for the last two months, grew up in his mind at the same moment. "No; I think you were quite right," he assured her. "Human nature cannot develop properly without some sunshine."

Since then he had watched her development. It was so rapid, and so surprising, that Muriel did not want to talk about it. Her thin cheeks and attenuated figure had filled out, her face had taken the delicate color of

a blossom, her eyes had grown bright. She rivalled her cousin in her capacity for enjoyment. She seemed like a girl in her teens. Muriel began to feel that she had cherished a viper. Not that Amabel would have willingly or consciously hurt her; but she had her own reasons.

It was Amabel's last dance. After to-night she must go back to dreary drudgery, for she had arrived at the end of her five hundred pounds. So different was she from the old Amabel, that she laughed and joked about it to her aunt and cousin. But as she sat, a long way from Stanbrook, but within sight of him, listening to the inane remarks of a youth who had suggested sitting out the dance, her thoughts ran thus: "To-morrow I must turn my back on brightness and joy for ever. (No, thank you; I've had four ices this evening.) Well, I must not complain. It is what I chose myself. I had no idea the contrast would be so bitter. (Yes, I always like this music.) Yet, what a lovely time I have had! Looking back, it seems a year of perfect happiness. (Were you hurt? Men are so fond of dangerous games, aren't they?) And every one has been so good to me—even Muriel. I hate myself for feeling a sort of irritability towards her. (No, I don't think women are so venturesome as men.) Perhaps it is because she is so sure of herself—even of her complexion, which can't last for ever. (More endurance certainly. They need it!) I wonder if it is because of what she said this morning—am I jealous? (No; of course I don't hate men! What a ridiculous idea!) I can't get her words out of my head: 'When everything is settled between Mr. Stanbrook and me.' She spoke as if they were almost engaged! But of course she knew him first. He has only been kind to me. (I shouldn't mind an ice now if you were to offer me one.) Anything to get rid of that persistent cackle! And I must say good-bye to him—for ever! He's coming across to me! He mustn't guess that I—regret."

She managed to meet Stanbrook's

eyes with a smile. "Why aren't you dancing?" she asked gaily.

"Because you haven't a dance to spare," he replied.

"The next is ours," she reminded him.

"Where's Morris?" he asked.

"Gone to fetch me an ice."

"He can give it to some other girl. Come with me. I want to talk to you."

She raised some objection, but at length she gave in.

"Muriel tells me you are going away to-morrow," he said abruptly, when they were alone.

"Yes," she laughed. "My experiment has been a success. I have lived—and learned."

"You have learned to be insincere!" he said.

For a second she was confused. Then she said lightly, "It is one of the lessons one must learn."

He stared at her as if he were trying to find words.

"I have had a lovely time," she went on confusedly. "I shall never forget—nor regret it."

"Have you spent all that five hundred pounds?" he asked suddenly.

"I—— Oh—why?" she faltered.

"Because I've been waiting for that

—to ask you to marry me," he said, not troubling to wait for her answer, but taking the role of an accepted lover without giving her time to breathe.

"I haven't spent all," she told him demurely, when she found a chance of speaking; "I've got nineteen and fourpence left."

"Well!" exclaimed Muriel, "this is the last time I put myself out to be kind to any one! I suppose she was playing up for this all the time! As to Mr. Stanbrook, I consider he has behaved shamefully. I little thought, when I introduced them and tried to get him to take an interest in her, how I was going to be repaid."

"My dear Muriel," said her mother, "you acted against my advice from the first. Please don't forget that. And we mustn't let people suspect that you are put out about it."

"I'm not quite an imbecile!" retorted the young lady. "Of course I have told everybody that I am perfectly delighted, and that we had seen how things were going for some time. I suppose I ought not to grudge the poor girl the chance—for she must be thirty, if she's a day!"

It is because men are prone to be partial towards those they love, unjust towards those they hate, servile towards those above them, arrogant towards those below them, and either harsh or over indulgent to those in poverty and distress, that it is so difficult to find anyone capable of exercising sound judgment with respect to the qualities of others. Therefore, it is the part of wisdom to withhold judgment and immerse ourselves in our own affairs in order that others may attend to theirs.—Confucius.

Canadian Banking System is the Best in World

While that of Uncle Sam is the Worst on the Civilized Globe. American System Should be Based upon Gold Instead of Government Bonds, Which are Liable to Fluctuations Under Exceptional Conditions.

By Andrew Carnegie

AMERICANS have many advantages upon which we may plume ourselves as being in advance of other nations, but we have at least one humiliation to lessen self-glorification. Our banking system is the worst in the civilized world.

The statesmen of 1860 did not have a clean slate to begin with. Government credit was then precarious and needed support, and the temptation to use banking for this purpose proved irresistible. Sound banking was sacrificed to sustain the National credit when it was resolved that the currency should be placed upon Government bonds, which, in the opinion of Mr. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, resulted in giving a marketable value to these twenty per cent. higher than they would have otherwise reached.

The result is that our banking capital is diverted to the extent of \$1,250,000,000 invested in Government bonds by the banks, because currency issued must be based upon an equal amount of these bonds deposited in the Treasury. A reserve of twenty-five per cent. against deposits must be kept in cash and a reserve of five per cent. against circulation kept in Washington for note redemption. Mr. Fowler, the able Chairman of the Finance Committee in the House, states that the loss caused by this reaches \$150,000,000 annually. Banking capital in France, Germany, England, Scotland, Canada, etc., escapes this loss, because their currency is based up-

on the assets of the banks. None of their capital is locked up in bonds as security for notes. Banks keep the reserves which experience proves to be necessary.

This, then, is clear—that banks in other countries start with a great advantage over ours, which are heavily handicapped.

There is another important advantage which these banks possess over ours. Currency based upon the assets of banks rests chiefly upon trade bills. In the nature of things, the bank is called upon to issue or redeem notes just as business requires; that is, as business increases or decreases, currency required is less or more. Business brisk, more notes are needed, and they remain in circulation; business dull, less notes needed, and some are promptly returned to the banks for redemption. All is elastic and automatic.

The law in European nations does not restrict the issue of currency equal to the resources of the banks, except that when the Bank of England was reorganized in 1844 the Government owed it eleven millions of pounds, and it was agreed that the Bank might issue uncovered notes to this amount, but any issued beyond this should be covered by gold. The practice in emergencies is for the Government to allow the Bank to disregard this and to issue additional currency uncovered, but the Bank must at all times redeem notes in gold upon presentation. In ordinary times the amount of notes

issued by the banks does not exceed much, if any, one-half the amount issuable. Canada's average is fifty-four per cent., Scotland's is less.

We hear the reply, "All this would be a great improvement upon our system, except that our bank notes have the bonds of the Government behind them, the best of all securities. Our people would never agree to accept bank notes without this. Other nations have not this undoubted security."

Let us look into this. Take Canada as an example, which has a proper manner of banking modeled after the Scotch system. Canadian banks issue notes based upon assets. These are secured in the following manner:

First. They are a first lien upon all the resources of the bank.

Second. Every stockholder is liable to an amount equal to the par value of his stock to meet the debts of the bank—upon this the notes have also a first lien.

Third. The Government taxed the banks five per cent. of their average circulation until a fund was obtained, the proceeds of which are ample to pay any reasonable loss upon the notes, and this fund the Government now holds. If it should ever be found insufficient, the tax is promptly to be increased. This special fund, however, has never yet been called upon for a dollar. The interest upon it is now returned to the banks as superfluous security.

No bank note in Canada or in any of the other countries possessed of proper banking has ever failed to be paid upon demand.

Compare this with the security we have for our currency from Government bonds which have been sold in gold for a shade over one-third their face value (greenbacks fell to thirty-six cents), and they may sell so again should we be drawn into a serious war. They are at a fictitious price to-day equal to twenty per cent. It is not true, therefore, that these are the best security.

The Government secures the legal

tender notes by keeping in Washington a reserve of nearly fifty per cent. in gold (150 as against 346 millions), but the only redemption fund against our currency is five per cent. in legal tender paper money, which the banks are required to maintain in Washington against their circulation.

There is only one substance in the world which cannot fall in value, because it is in itself the world's standard of value, and that is gold, which the banks of civilized nations have as their reserve.

There never was a time, and there never can be a time, as far as we can see, when a million dollars' worth of gold will not redeem a million dollars' worth of debt. Hence the currency of European nations is absolutely secure, being based on gold, while the currency of our country is not. A serious war would affect it, because our bonds would fall in value. Other nations go through wars, their bank notes never affected, because the reserves held in their own vaults are in gold. Their business world goes on much as usual. Ours would be in constant danger of collapse.

Men have railed against gold as if it had received some adventitious advantage over other articles. Not so; gold has made itself the standard of value for the same reason that the North Star is made the North Star—it is the nearest star to the true north, around which the solar system revolves. It wanders less from, and remains nearer to, the centre than any other object. It changes its position less. To object to gold as the standard of value, therefore, is as if we were to refuse to call the star nearest of all stars to the true north, the North Star. Man found that gold possessed many advantages as a metal and was the one that fluctuated least in value; therefore its merits have made it the standard of value. That is all. If another metal appears that keeps truer to uniform value, it will displace gold and make itself

the standard, as the star Lyra, under present conditions, will finally displace the present North Star.

Some men high in authority these days seem to be haunted and affrighted by the dread specter of war, and clamor for four battle ships this year when last year the President announced to the world that no increase of our navy was required, but only one battleship per year to keep the present navy effective. Those thus afflicted should ponder upon the consequences that would befall our whole financial fabric if, under the strain of war, its basis crumbled even in a small degree compared with that which occurred during the Civil War. France, when overcome, the enemy besieging her capital, moved on in all peaceful business departments in perfect serenity. Gold commanded one per cent. premium for a few days, owing to the disorder reigning in Paris, which rendered it difficult for people to attend to business needs. With this exception all went on as before from start to finish. As a war measure, the President should not delay asking Congress before it adjourns to lay the foundation—the only possible foundation—for a safe and perfect banking system, by separating the banks from the Government and requiring them to keep reserves in gold coin as European banks do. A beginning might be made by enacting that after a certain date banks should keep increasing amounts of their reserves against deposits and circulating notes in coin; as this increased, the bonds now held for security being released. This is practically the Indianapolis plan, which has won wide acceptance. Gold coin can easily be obtained. There is twelve hundred millions of dollars of it in the country to-day with power to increase this, since our exports exceed our imports. Details should be left to the future, whether the European plan of one central bank or the Canadian plan of establishing a point of redemp-

tion in each district be adopted, or an organization of all National banks be made to co-ordinate the system and have authority in emergency to authorize an extension of note issue as central European banks have under Government authority, all our banks to be responsible pro rata for such additional issues. All these and other secondary questions are not now in order. To-day's duty is simply to make a beginning toward basing our banking system upon gold, instead of Government bonds liable to fluctuation under exceptional conditions.

To reach proper banking we need no revolution. We should make haste slowly. All our progress should be tentative, avoiding anything like shock to our present system, so fraught with danger, and rapidly assuming proportions that threaten recurrent disasters.

We only need to turn our faces and keep them in the right direction by beginning to inject more gold directly into our present system little by little, until in the fullness of time, we can establish a banking system complete in itself, such as that which the leading nations and even Canada now so happily possess.

When we at last become fully prepared for the substitution of asset for bond secured currency, this can easily be accomplished without causing even a ripple of disturbance, thus relieving the Government from all part in our banking, as other Governments are relieved under their systems which work so admirably.

Our present plan is primarily an instrument designed to strengthen public credit, and scarcely deserves to rank as a banking system at all. Public credit no longer needs this support. Let us therefore, gradually not hastily, but slowly, very slowly, frightening neither the most ignorant nor the most timid, transform it into the instrument which the country so imperatively needs, if it is to be se-

cure, as other countries are, against financial cataclysms, either in peace or war.

Men in public life who keep before them this important task will live long in the grateful memories of their future countrymen, for our present plan is one of the greatest of mistakes, pardonable only because made under the pressing conditions surrounding the Republic after the Civil War.

We read that in the Senate recently Senator Lodge, one of its

leading members, declared that "bank circulation based upon gold reserves and a complete extinction of all government credit are at this moment counsels of perfection." This is true indeed. Senator Lodge has all the leading authorities upon banking affairs known to the writer in agreement with him. The statesmen of to-day, when dealing with the subject, will have no excuse to offer if they fail to turn the country in the direction of this perfection. There is but one right path.

The Value of Time is the Thing That Counts

"THE many fail, the one succeeds," says Tennyson. Sir John Lubbock, in the "Pleasures of Life," takes an opposite view. All succeed who deserve, he says, though not perhaps as they hoped. An honorable defeat is better than a mean victory, and no one is really the worse for being beaten unless he loses heart.

Though we may not be able to attain, that is no reason why we should not aspire. Morris says, "How far high failure overleaps the bound of low successes," and Bacon assures us that "If a man look sharp and attentively, he shall see fortune, for though she is blind she is not invisible."

To give ourselves, continues Lubbock, a reasonable prospect of success, we must realize what we hope to achieve, and then make the most of our opportunities. Of these the use of time is one of the most important. "What have we to do with time," asks Oliver Wendell Holmes, "but to fill it up with labor?"

"At the battle of Montibello," said Napoleon, "I ordered Kellerman to attack with eight hundred horses, and with these he separated

the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry.

"This cavalry was half a league off and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action. I have observed that it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

These eminent authorities placed much value on time and effort. Each of them knew what he was aiming at, and when he had counted the cost and set his face to the front there was no turning back. In our day certain fundamental principles remain the same.

No youth should "set his face sternly to the front" with the intention or desire of becoming famous. He is apt to bring up with a jolt in the crowd and find himself ridiculous. He should perpetually remember the value of time, the necessity of doing all things even to the minutest detail, as absolutely perfect as they can be done, and keep pushing on regardless of trials and obstacles toward that goal he has set for himself. The reward cannot elude him.—Success Magazine.

Strive to Cultivate the Habit of Good Will

How Little we Realize When we Hurl Thunderbolts of Hate Toward Another That These Terrible Thought Shafts Always Come back and Wound the Sender — A Kindly Feeling is One of the Very Best Assets of Life.

By Orison Swett Marden, in *Success Magazine*.

THE habit of holding the good will, kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it enriches and enlarges the whole life. Wherever we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, greater interest in them if we have formed the good will habit. We feel that if we only had the opportunity of knowing them, we should like them.

In other words, the kindly habit, the good will habit makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling, others will reflect it back to us.

On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interests, our own comforts, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and marbleize the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic, and uninteresting.

Try this year to hold the kindly, good will attitude toward everybody. If your nature is hard you will be surprised to see how it will soften under the new influence. You will become more sympathetic, more charitable toward others' weaknesses and failings, and you will grow more magnanimous and wholesouled. The good will atti-

tude will make us more lovable, interesting, and helpful. Others will look upon us in the same way in which we regard them. The cold, crabbed, unsocial, selfish person finds the same qualities reflected from others.

How much better it is to go through life with a warm heart, with kindly feelings toward everybody, radiating good will and good cheer wherever we go! Life is short at most, and what a satisfaction it is to feel that we have scattered flowers instead of thorns, that we have tried to be helpful and kind instead of selfish and churlish.

The trouble with many of us is that we think too meanly of ourselves. Our sordid aims, and material, selfish ambitions, have so lowered our standards that we think downwards instead of upwards, we grovel instead of soaring.

Our lives are materialistic, selfish, greedy, because we live in the base of our brains, down among the brute faculties. We have never explored to any great extent the upper regions of our brain, never developed our higher intelligence.

Many people cannot understand why an all-powerful Creator did not start the world with a highly developed civilization—why we could not just as well have been provided with all of the facilities and improvements which we now have, without the struggling with poverty, and the straining to overcome our ignorance, without paying all the penalties of our lack of know-

ledge. They cannot understand why an all-loving and all-powerful Creator could not have spared us all this dreary drudgery, saved us the necessity of spending the most of our lives in doing disagreeable work, in preparing to live.

But getting a living was intended to be a mere incident, instead of the principal occupation of our lives. There are numberless indications in our make-up that we were intended for a much finer, diviner, purpose than the most of us appreciate. There is every indication in our constitution that we were intended for something infinitely superior to anything which human beings have yet attained.

Our very possession of the sense of nobility, our aspiring, reaching up instinct, our unlimited capacity for everything beautiful and grand, are indications that there was a superb purpose, a divine plan in the Creator's human design.

We all know people whose particular occupation seems to be to squeeze the sour out of everything. They never see anything sweet. Everything is bitter to them.

They cannot enjoy a friend because of his faults. His mistakes and weaknesses loom up so large that they cannot appreciate the good in him. They cannot see the man God intended, perfect and immortal; they see only the deformed, diseased, crippled, handicapped man who, in their opinion, will never come to any good.

Nor do they see the world that God made. The beauty that looks out of the landscape, from the trees that rustle in the wind, that is wrapped in the flower, is lost to them. They only see the floods, the fire, the earthquakes, the lightnings, the wrecks which destroy. They are blind to beauty. It is all covered up in the ugly, the forbidding. They do not hear the infinite harmonies that entrance the ear that is in tune with the infinite. This is all lost to them in the discord of their thoughts.

These people are habitual fretters, borrowers of trouble. They have never learned to enjoy God's medicine—mirth and joy. To them, the joy of the dance is lost in the possible sin. They have never learned the joy of living, the exulting pleasure that comes from the unspeakable privilege of being. They take life too seriously. They never learn the secret of the laughter cure, or the tonic of joy.

These people seem to have a genius for anticipating evil. The weather looks bad, the season is too wet or too dry, and the crops are likely to be poor. It is going to be a bad year for business; money will be hard or tight. They can always see a storm coming on the horizon. Their imaginations are wonderfully prolific in all sorts of gloomy predictions.

People who are always seeing disaster in the future, who are afraid that their families or their friends are going to be killed in railroad wrecks, or burned up, or wrecked in steamships, who predict hard times and poor crops and poverty, never amount to much, because their pessimism strangles their possibilities. The mind becomes a magnet and attracts the realities of the very thoughts and sentiments that prevail there and dominate it.

These people do not realize what a great part hope plays in success and happiness. They do not understand that people who always see good things coming, who believe the best of everybody, who believe that there are great and good things in store for them, who think abundance and good times, are likely to realize what they expect, for they put themselves in a success and happiness attitude. Their minds look in the right direction, and thus they attract the things which they long for.

The world builds its monuments to the unselfish, the helpful, and if these monuments are not in marble or bronze, they are in the hearts

STRIVE TO CULTIVATE THE HABIT OF GOOD WILL

of those whom their inspirers have cheered, encouraged, and helped.

All of us, no matter how poor we may be, whether we have succeeded or failed in our vocations, can be great successes in helpfulness, in radiating good will, good cheer, and encouragement.

Everybody can be a success in the good will business, and it is infinitely better to fail in our vocation and to succeed in this, than to accumulate great wealth and be a failure in helpfulness, in a kindly, sympathetic attitude toward others.

The habit of wishing everybody well, of feeling like giving everybody a Godspeed, ennobles and beautifies the character wonderfully, magnifies our ability, and multiplies our mental power.

We were planned on lines of nobility; we were intended to be something grand; not mean and stingy, but large and generous; we were made in God's image that we might be God-like.

Selfishness and greed dwarf our natures and make us mere apologies of the men and women God intended us to be. The way to get back to our own, to regain our lost birthright, is to form a habit of holding the kindly, helpful, sympathetic, good will attitude toward everybody.

How little we realize when we hurl thunderbolts of hatred toward another that these terrible thought shafts always come back and wound the sender, that all the hateful, revengeful, bitter thoughts intended for another are great javelins hurled at ourselves!

How many people go through life lacerated and bleeding from these thrusts which were intended for others!

Think of what people who refuse to speak to another, because of some fancied grievance or wrong, are really doing to themselves! How this venom intended for another poisons their own minds and cripples their efficiency!

A kindly feeling, a feeling of good

will toward another, is our best protection against bitter hatred or injurious thoughts of any kind. Nothing can penetrate the love shield, the good will shield. We are unharmed behind that.

It does not matter what feelings of revenge and jealousy a person may have toward us, if we hold the love thought, the charitable thought, towards him his javelins of hate will glance from us, fly back and wound only himself.

How easily, beautifully, and sweetly some people go through life, with very little to jar them or to disturb their equanimity. They have no discord in their lives because their natures are harmonious. They seem to love everybody, and everybody loves them. They have no enemies, hence little suffering or trouble.

Others, with ugly, crabbed, cross-grained dispositions, are always in hot water. They are always misunderstood. People are constantly hurting them. They generate discord because they are discordant themselves.

The human race is still in its infancy. Up to the present moment, with a few grand exceptions, man has lived mostly an animal existence. The brute is only partially educated out of him. He has not yet evolved that superb character, that diviner man, foreshadowed in the beast.

How few people ever get anything more than a mere glimpse of the true glory of life! Few of us see any real sentiment in life or anything above the real animal existence and animal pleasures. Most of us look upon our occupation as a disagreeable necessity that somehow or other ought to have been, and might have been avoided.

Nothing has power to attract things unlike itself. Like attracts like. Everything radiates its own quality, and attracts things which are akin. If a man wants to be wealthy and happy, he must think the happy thought; he must hold

the abundance thought and not limit himself. He who has a mortal dread and fear of poverty generally gets it.

The young man who starts out with a determination to make himself comfortable, to surround himself with abundance, who builds his foundation as though he expected a large, generous superstructure, is much more likely to succeed than the man who does not prepare for much, who does not believe there is anything great in store for him.

Stop thinking trouble if you want to attract its opposite. Stop thinking poverty if you want to attract wealth. Do not have anything to do with the things you have been rearing. They are fatal enemies of your advancement. Cut them off. Expel them from your mind. Think the opposite thoughts just as persistently as you can, and you will be surprised to see how soon you will become a magnet to attract the very things you long for.

It is astonishing how a poor boy with no chance, even in the midst of an iron environment, begins to attract success to himself by constantly and persistently holding to his ambition, dreaming of the future he longs for, thinking of it, struggling toward it. He increases his power of attraction more and more by the longing and the struggling and working toward the desired goal, even when he cannot see the light.

A fatal penalty awaits those who always look on the dark side of everything, who are always predicting evil and failure, who see only the seamy, disagreeable side of life; they draw upon themselves what they see, what they look for.

The plants of prosperity and happiness will not thrive in such an atmosphere. They will never bear fruit when blighted and chilled by the winds of pessimism. The conditions must be congenial, or there will be no flowering or fruitage.

The Bible

Never forget that the Bible is an embodiment of pretty nearly all that is good in literature. In some form, directly or indirectly, all that is good and righteous can be traced to the Bible. Men have unconsciously done great things and then turned to the Bible to find their parallel. Go where you will and do what you may, there will always be found its antecedent in the great Book.

The Story of a Shattered Affinity

An Instance Wherein One, Who Rigidly Lived up
to What he Preached, Lost a Valuable Prize.

By Thomas L. Masson, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

"I AM going to a horrible place," she said.

Now we both belonged to that stratum of life known as the mildly rich. The mildly rich are people who have nothing much to do, and so many and so various are the places to which they may be condemned that I shudder for her at once.

"Go on," I said, holding her hand as convulsively and sympathetically as I could. "Tell me the worst. Where are you going?"

"To a winter resort."

I changed my shuddering from the retail to the wholesale plan, for it was even worse than I feared.

"Of course, darling," I replied, endeavoring by the soothing and determined way I was massaging her hand to show her that even under these trying circumstances, I still loved her, "this is all on account of dear papa and dear mama."

"Dear" papa and "dear" mama were two average people who had reached the high altitudes of life without any mental provision for the future. Papa had spent his time in making money and mamma in making friends. Consequently, they had no resources of their own. They had paid cash for everything they had received, and were therefore mentally bankrupt.

They were the kind of people who go through European art galleries and check off the names in the catalogue with a pencil for fear they might miss something.

"Yes, dear," she replied. "They enjoy it, you know, and I feel that I must go with them."

I could imagine nothing worse than

that condition where it is possible to enjoy a winter resort. But I am a firm believer in a proper reverence for parental authority. Besides, I could never forget that these two lonesome and resourceless old people were responsible for the loveliest person in the world. They were entitled to a lasting respect for that.

"You are quite right, darling," I said. "And just to show you that I truly love you"—I gazed at her with the eye of a dignified and determined martyr—"I will go there with you."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I cannot ask you to make this sacrifice! It is too much."

"Say no more about it," I replied in my grand manner. "I choose to do it."

And so it happened that a week later I followed up the broad trail they had made and registered myself among the "guests" of the hotel.

Now a winter resort is a place composed largely of pine-trees, spot cash and mediocrity. It also has a sandy soil. No winter resort could lift up its head and proudly count its victims by the hundred unless it had a genuine bona fide sandy soil.

At a winter resort the old men sit in twos and threes, smoke cigars and talk about business and stocks. The middle-aged men talk business, stocks and women. The young men smoke cigarettes and talk tennis, golf and women.

As for the ladies of a winter resort, the old ones eat, sleep, snore gently, and play bridge. The middle-aged ones eat, sleep, agitate little scandals, make afghans, and play bridge. The young ones play golf and flirt. All of

them, being American, belong more or less to the family of diamond bearers.

Papa and mamma were both delighted.

Papa said the table was "fine." Mamma said the people were "so nice." What more, indeed, could be desired?

Into this eight-dollar-a-day atmosphere I projected myself, determined to rescue her as soon as possible (and forevermore) from its clutches.

But so full was it of that curse of American life, namely, publicity, that it was not until the evening of the third day I was able to see her alone—in a shadow of the piazza. Even then she appeared to me to have a haunted look, as if she were doing something reprehensible.

"At last!" I whispered, trying to take her hand.

But she withdrew it. There were tears in her eyes. It was evident that she was possessed of a vulgar emotion.

"I know you will think it horrid of me," she said, "but——"

She paused fearfully. Now I had never pressed her into a formal engagement. I felt there was time enough for that. But there had been a sort of understanding between us.

"Go on," I said, with an unnatural calmness.

"I'm afraid it is all over between us," she blurted out. "Indeed, in fact—that is—I am going to marry that young fellow I have been playing tennis with. He told me I must tell you at once."

I remembered him very well. Not because he was unusual—for Heaven knows they are all very much alike—but because he had been with her so much.

"I congratulate you," I said dryly. Then I felt myself suddenly growing angry, an unusual proceeding with me, but natural, perhaps, under the circumstances. For the injustice of the whole affair got on my nerves.

"Of course, my dear girl," I went on, looking at her calmly, "that is a matter for you to determine. As long as you have arrived at this conclusion

it is probably best for both of us. Anything else would be a mistake. I must say, however, that I felt very differently about you. To me the average person is an impossible sort of creature, and an awful bore. To cultivate one's mind in the right sort of exclusive way is really a necessity to save us from this sort of thing."

I waved my arm about in a semi-circle to take in the hotel and all its occupants.

"It is all cheap," I said, "and tawdry. The really important beautiful things of life these people never see. All this, and more, as you know, is the way I feel. And when I met you, became alive to your charming personality, gave you my views and discovered that you agreed with me, I felt that I had indeed met my affinity. I came down here to rescue you from this frightful maelstrom of artificiality, and now—I discover you are like the rest."

"Nevertheless," I said, rising, "permit me to congratulate you."

She rose with me. It was evident that I had aroused her anger, although I had not meant to, my whole idea being solely to let her know the truth of the matter.

"Don't trouble yourself to do that," she replied. "But as long as you assume so much, I will simply say this: That since you have been here you have shown yourself in your true light, however fine you talk. For nobody likes you. You are a crank. Why, you have held yourself aloof from everyone."

"You thought them very true, once," I suggested mildly.

"Perhaps they are, in the abstract, but——"

A sudden form loomed up before us in the darkness. It was the young fellow. He tossed away his cigarette.

"Beg your pardon!" he said cheerily. "Didn't mean to interrupt you."

"Don't mention it," I replied.

"Will you excuse us for a moment?" I said to her, as I opened one of the French doors into the dancing room.

"I would like to have a word with you," I said to him.

"Certainly."

"I have a curiosity which I hope you will pardon," I said, "but I would really like to know how you did it."

"Did what?"

"Got that girl away from me. I infer she has told you all about me."

"Yes," he said, "she has."

"Is it her fault," I said, "or yours?"

"Well," he said, "I should say, judging from what I have heard of your views, peculiar as they seem to be, that you and I both agree in the main. The average human being is a bore, and a place like this is nothing but an aggregation of them. People, take them all in all, are uninteresting

and commonplace. And, between you and me"—he grabbed me by the arm and lowered his voice—"dear papa and mamma are a couple of bounders, and the average man is in the same category. But —" and here he paused again—"the difference between us is immense. For while we both agree about these things, you practise what you preach, but I——"

"Well," I said, for the strength of his position was beginning to dawn upon me in spite of the fact that, in a certain sense, I knew I was right, "what about you?"

"I," he replied blatantly, "would rather have the girl."

Youth Should be Taught Habit of Saving

How Penny Banks in Several Canadian Schools Impress upon the Young Numerous Useful Lessons. Children Learn Economy, Thrift and Contentment. Expending Money to Good Purposes is Outcome of the System.

THE Penny Bank is an institution which has come to stay.

It has safely passed the probationary period in all the schools where it has been tried. The results have demonstrated that it is a step in the right direction; a move that should be warmly supported and encouraged by parents and trustees.

The salutary effect upon the plastic mind and easily formed habits of youth is almost beyond comprehension in its power and influence for good. Children are taught one of the most beneficial of all things and that is self-reliance, along with a knowledge of how to aid themselves. They are anxious to earn money and learn that dollars do not grow on trees or by the roadside as many suppose. From the effort they put forth in acquiring dimes, quarters and larger coins, there comes a certain satisfaction, realized solely by those who earn what they get and get only what they earn. The old

saying that cash secured easily goes easily is alas too true; that which represents energy, exertion, thought and will power, is inclined to stick and, when expended, will be put to a useful purpose and spent in a careful and judicious manner.

Two great and unmistakable lessons are daily being learned and these are:

Extravagance leads to waste, want and recklessness; it breeds dissatisfaction, produces bitter disappointment and engenders socialistic and other dangerous principles.

Frugality, on the other hand, creates contentment, ensures happiness and impresses, particularly on the minds of the young, system, thrift, morality and other useful lessons.

When the Penny Savings Bank was inaugurated in Toronto public schools some years ago there were many evil forebodings. Predictions were freely made that the system would take up too much time of

the teachers; that it would tend to make the children miserly in spirit, grasping in disposition and narrow in their views; that it would arouse enmity and jealousy between the poor and the rich—in short, create the impression that money gathering—the hoarding of wealth—was the chief aim in life.

But what a different story was told. How directly opposite the picture presented at the second annual banquet recently held in Toronto under the auspices and directors of the Penny Bank.

Teachers from the various schools, some of whom had serious misgivings as to the success of the system when instituted, all bore testimony to the splendid outcome of the work, and the good results achieved. Instance after instance was furnished, showing conclusively that the Penny Bank had taught the children economy and thrift; had encouraged in them a sincere desire to earn money for good purposes, and caused them to give up many harmful habits. Numerous stories were told in illustration of the fact that a spirit of generosity rather than that of meanness had grown up in the children; that some have assisted parents who, during the recent stringency, have felt the pinch of poverty, and have used their savings in various commendable ways, such as buying clothing for themselves or helping in a practical manner those nearest and dearest to them.

Not a speaker offered any unfavorable criticism, but, on the contrary, all bore convincing evidence as to the broadening and elevating effect that the Savings Bank had fostered in the pupils, and proclaimed their admiration and enthusiasm for the system.

The bank was opened in Toronto

early in April, 1905, with \$19,208.03 on deposit; to-day this sum has increased to \$67,694.69. This is an amount larger than that in any Penny Bank in America, with the exception of New York and Pittsburg. Toronto stands third on the list, this gratifying announcement being made by Chief Inspector, Mr. James L. Hughes. The deposits during January and February for the present year, amounted to \$5,255. The weekly savings of the children in the various Toronto schools total from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars and the number of depositors is yearly increasing.

There are several branches in Ontario and all are progressing in an encouraging manner. The Penny Bank is evidently destined to greatly expand in its ever widening sphere of usefulness and thrift.

La Patrie, an influential French journal, of Montreal, quotes with approval the success of the savings bank system introduced into the public schools in Toronto. In fact, so impressed is it with the desirability of introducing the same system in Quebec that it does not hesitate to recommend it strongly. When the plan was first broached in Toronto it was thought far-fetched, although it had proved a success in the U.S. In Toronto it has literally worked wonders. One boy bought a piece of land, another started his father in business again, a third paid for his sister's tuition at College, and a girl bought her trousseau. All these things mean the development of thrift and common sense at an early age as usually children waste as speedily as possible whatever money is given them. That the scheme is both feasible and desirable the experiences of Toronto alone would prove, as pointed out by La Patrie.

Wealth and Power of India's Native Princes

If Britain's Strong Hand Were Withdrawn Anarchy in India
Would at once Ensur and the Rival Princes Would Soon
Betake Themselves to Internecine Wars, so it is Claimed.

By Dr. A. V. W. Jackson in *Munsey's Magazine*

JEWELS, wealth, luxury, pomp and regal state—such is the picture we are prone to frame of India's native rulers. Yet this is not by any means a complete representation. The Indian raja who wears the gem-decked turban of sovereignty bears no light burden if he wears it conscientiously. The ancient Sanskrit law-code of Manu, which has been handed down since ages before the Christian era, has a special division dealing with the duties of kings, and drawing, for future rulers, a portrait of the ideal monarch. Fear of God and devotion to the Brahman priests are the first obligations of the sovereign, but it is also prescribed that his life must be one of unceasing toil in behalf of his faithful subjects.

The same section of this ancient code enumerates the virtues that a king should possess and cultivate, and it describes in due order the eighteen cardinal vices which he should avoid. Even if not lived up to, then or now—adays, some of the elements in this early "Mirror of Princes," if I may so term that part of the Manava-dharma-castra, can never become antiquated, because of the high standard they established. In like manner the Hindu youth is still taught to look back upon Prince Rama, the beau-ideal of kings in the days of India's legendary lore, as the prototype of all that is noble and exalted; and it is from the Solar Dynasty founded by that perfect prince that the present Maharaja of Udaipur proudly traces his descent.

So much may be said, by way of introduction, with regard to the an-

cient standards and examples prescribed for the guidance of Indian potentates. Nor can it be charged that these lofty precepts have never been put into practise. The Buddhist King Osoka, in the third century B.C., and the enlightened monarch Akbar, who founded the Mogul empire in the sixteenth century A.D., were princes of the blood to whom the title "great" rightfully belongs.

THE NIZAM OF HAIDARABAD.

Chief among the native rulers of to-day, with respect to the number of subjects that he governs and the extent of territory that he controls, is the Nizam of Haidarabad, in southern India. His kingdom, which is twice as large as Ohio or Kentucky, and has eleven million inhabitants, first became conspicuous two centuries ago, at the time when the Mogul Empire crumbled; and this Moselm ruler is acknowledged to-day to be the most powerful of the feudatory lords of Hindustan. Great Britain recognized his dignity by investing him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, when he came to Delhi, in 1903, to attend the durbar and swear allegiance to Edward VII., the newly-crowned Emperor of India.

Probably the most enlightened of all the rulers of the native states is the renowned Gaiwar of Baroda, the Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao. The beneficent rule of this sovereign has done more than that of any other raja of Hindustan to promote education and to further the welfare of his people. It needs but a few minutes with this progressive prince to discover



A Room in the Palace of the Maharana of Udaipur, with Chairs and Table of Cut Glass. Udaipur is one of the Rajputana States, and its ruler proudly claims descent from the great Buddha himself.

that one is in the presence of a remarkable man. His searching glance but kindly eye, his quick, incisive speech, his frank and open manner, his logical, clear-cut thought, the eagerness that he displays in seeking new ideas, and the wise judgment that he shows in his estimate of men and matters, are in keeping with the restless energy that springs from his high spirit.

The Gaikwar was the first native prince to introduce free and compulsory education throughout his domain, and his lead is now being followed in other states. So impatient is he to further the public good that he seems, at times, to chafe under the obstacles that impede the progress of his well-devised measures. And yet, with all his busy life, he has found time not only to govern his kingdom admirably, but also to travel in foreign countries in search of broader views. Two years ago he even visit-

ed America. Some leisure has likewise been reserved for writing scholarly essays, among which is a short critical treatise on "The Education of Indian Princes." One of his young sons is at present studying in the United States, while a brother of the Gaikwar has emulated Western examples by founding a public library in the capital city of Baroda.

THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

By the side of the Gaikwar and the Nizam of Haidarabad stands the young Maharaja of Mysore, descended from a line of kings that have ruled since time immemorial in this rich province of southwestern India. Because of a rebellion in 1831, the British government deprived Mysore of its privileges as an autonomous state for fifty years; but in 1881 its rights were restored, and it is now one of the best-administered feudatory governments in the whole Indian



THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR

Ruler of a small native State in Northern India. This Prince, who is of the Pathan race, also possesses pearls

Empire. As a mark of his honor and dignity, the Maharaja of Mysore, like his two compeers already mentioned, is entitled to the full military salute of twenty-one guns on state occasions. The Maharajas of Gwalior, of Indore, of Jammu and Kashmir, of Kolhapur, of Udaipur, and of Travancore are among those whose approach is heralded by nineteen pieces of ordnance; while other princes are honored by corresponding salutes on

a decreasing scale down to eleven guns.

THE RULER OF KASHMIR.

Impressive among the figures at the grand durbar of 1903 was that of the Maharaja of Kashmir, in whose veins flows the blood of the Hindu Rajputs. He rules over a state almost as large as the Nizam's, the jewel of his realm being the beautiful Vale of Kashmir, whence came the

rich draperies and antique Kashmir shawls that decorated the snowy tents of his temporary encampment near Delhi. A transport of three hundred horses and a hundred wagons, together with eight elephants and as many camels, conveyed his retinue of fourteen hundred attendants from the mountains of the north to the plains around the historic city of the Mogul emperors.

The opulence and splendor of India's native royalty was also well represented by the chieftains of Rajputana, and by the sumptuous retinue that followed in the train of the Maharaja of Gwalior, with his score of superb elephants and nearly three hundred horsemen. The garden that was laid out with fountains and palm-trees to be the centre of his royal encampment almost rivaled the beauty of the palace-courts of his own ancestral capital.

The grandeur and magnificence of the palaces of the Indian rajas is generally on a par with their wealth. In some of the petty principalities no great ostentation is to be expected; but in the royal abodes of the greater native rulers are to be found the art and luxury of East and West, combining to lend perfection in appointments and decoration, and to recall the bygone glories of the Grand Moguls. Retinues of servants stand ready at command, and troops of richly caparisoned horses await the royal summons at any moment. On festival occasions ponderous elephants, gaily painted and laden with heavily embossed trappings that are only less resplendent than their gorgeous howdahs, march forth in solemn state. At other times, these huge creatures are pitted against one another in savage combat, to the delight of some royal gathering—a barbaric sport that was the favorite pastime of the Mogul emperor Jahangir, three hundred years ago.

A RAJA ON HIS TRAVELS.

A good example of Indian magnificence was furnished by the Raja of Jaipur when he visited England in 1902, to be present at King Edward's

coronation. The raja chartered a special steamer to convey him and his large suite of followers and attendants. The ship was especially fitted up with six different kitchens. It contained a temple paved with marble for the family idol, and carried a plentiful supply of water from the holy river Ganges, so that the Hindu prince might receive no contamination from partaking of the waters of Europe. The expense of the entire undertaking is said to have been more than thirty lakhs of rupees, or a million dollars; but the raja's prodigality was mingled as well with princely generosity, for he gave more than twenty lakhs of rupees in donations to charity as an incident of his royal journey. The Raja of Jaipur's capital city is modern, as cities go in India. Its first building was erected less than two centuries ago, and it is laid out in the checkerboard fashion of Chicago and Philadelphia. Kipling calls it "a pink city, to see and puzzle over."

THE TRAINING OF AN INDIAN PRINCE

The education of the young native princes is an important and serious problem, as will become clear from a perusal of the tractate written by the Gaikwar of Baroda, mention of which has already been made. Some of these youths are trained at home by special tutors, some are sent to England for instruction, and some are educated in the schools and colleges of India, like the institutions established at Ajmir, Rajkot, and Indore, expressly to give a fitting education to scions of the royal stock. In each of the three methods of procedure there are advantages and disadvantages, as the Gaikwar specifically states; and he does not hesitate to criticize the curriculum of the specially founded colleges as not sufficiently high in standard for the purpose they have in view, and as inadequate for the training that might best fit young princes for their future duties. But progress will be made with time.

There can be no question that education in athletic exercises and physical culture is not neglected in India. I



THE JEWELS OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

The Maharaja of Patiala wearing a Scarlet Velvet Cloak, embroidered with Pearls valued at more than a Million Dollars, besides several costly Necklaces and a Turban decorated with ropes of large diamonds.



THE NAWAB OF BAHAWALPUR

In his State Dress, which is Richly Decorated with Pearls and Diamonds. Bahawalpur is the largest of the native States of the Punjab, and its ruling dynasty is Mohammedan.

remember, for instance, seeing a young prince, a lad of about six years of age, going through his morning's regime at daylight, as I was on my way to Bodh-Gaya to visit a scene made sacred by Buddha's memory. When the little prince had completed his matin devotions under the direction of the Brahman priest, who was his spiritual preceptor, he was handed

over to his gymnastic teacher, who put him through a course of vigorous exercises. It reminded me of the daily routine that formed part of the training of the youthful Prince Sid-dartha—afterward the Buddha—in Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."

The effect, moreover, of outdoor sports, as cultivated by young Hindu nobles, is exemplified by the renown

won by Prince Ranjit Singh, now ruler of the little state of Nawanagar, who for several years played with the Sussex county cricket team, and proved himself one of the very best batsmen in England.

A welcome opening in a somewhat kindred field of activity for the sturdier sons of chiefs and kings has in recent years been made by the creation of an Imperial Cadet Corps to serve as a bodyguard of honor for the viceroy. The establishment of this corps has met with general favor, and the fine appearance made by the princely troop, mounted on curveting steeds, and attired in handsome uniforms of white and sky-blue, capped off by turbans crested with a rich aigret, was one of the noticeable features of the durbar of 1903.

ENGLAND AND THE NATIVE PRINCES.

In conclusion, it may be said that England's treatment of the native princes and principalities has been marked, as a rule, by wise judgment, just liberality, and diplomatic skill. Her control, which is largely exercised through example, influence, and guidance, but sometimes by restraint, has its severe critics, but the preponderating opinion is that it has been a beneficent one.

To preserve at least a partial oversight over the affairs of each feudatory state, the British government maintains a resident, or political agent, whose duty is to represent the British crown, and to exercise a gen-

eral advisory control over the course of the local authorities. In "The Naulakha," Rudyard Kipling has given a curious picture of the manner in which a native prince of the lower type chafes under the restraining hand of the resident.

Through these British functionaries, or ultimately through the viceroy, the principalities must deal with one another and with the imperial government; nor may they engage in war or conclude terms of peace, or enter into any negotiations with a foreign power, or even have a foreigner employed in their service, unless it be with the sanction of the power behind their thrones. On the other hand, and by way of return, their ancestral rights are supported by Great Britain's rule; and they enjoy the justice, safety, and protection that are guaranteed them by her dominion.

The assertion is commonly made that if Britain's strong hand were withdrawn, anarchy in India would at once ensue, and that the rival princes would soon betake themselves to internecine wars. Many of the more enlightened natives, however, strongly combat this view; and as the world knows, a vigorous movement is now afoot to secure, if not independence, at least a greater measure of self-rule for the three hundred million inhabitants of the great Asiatic subcontinent. Any discussion of the prospects and probable results of such a movement belongs to others than the student of Sanskrit.

Our daily opportunities present themselves with open door, and when we pass along looking the other way the door is shut, and that door never opens again. Other doors of opportunity may open, but that door never.—George Hodges.



Just Landing after a Long Hard Paddle on the Otonabee River.

Canadians Should Indulge in More Boating

As a Health-Giving Pastime and Exercise it Takes the Lead. Many Points Where Jaunts by Canoe or Skiff may be Enjoyed. The Scenic Charms of Stream, River, Lake and Bay Call Loudly to All.

By N. A. Howard-Moore.

THE merry month of May has arrived. What joys its advent brings, what memories are aroused, what associations are revived! A long while in coming, it is here at last, and like every fixed celebration, anniversary or mile post in due course of time it is reached.

Navigation on Canadian lakes and rivers, bays and gulfs does not properly open until May, and when one sees steamers again plying on regular routes, thoughts of the camp fire, the canvas, the canoe, the skiff are awakened. We think of the many delightful jaunts that we will take during the coming summer, the picturesque places that we will visit and the glorious evenings that we will spend upon the bosom of the water. All these bright hopes, glowing pictures, and fond dreams will be realized if we faithfully carry out our intentions.

Canadians do not fully appreciate the splendid natural blessings bestowed upon them. They do not indulge in nearly as much boating as they should considering the unexcelled facilities and charming invitations that mother nature presents on every side. Looking over what we possess, how meagrely we value it; anything, therefore, that may tend to lead us to a more complete realization of that which lies close at hand, will assuredly be timely and helpful. Let us learn to prize the splendid gifts of nature that lie at our own door.

As a health giving exercise and pastime, boating—and when I say boating I mean canoeing as well—there is nothing superior or more beneficial. Every muscle is brought into play, whether you use the American quick stroke or the long and slow stroke of the Motherland.

CANADIANS SHOULD INDULGE IN MORE BOATING

The result is the same in each case, the muscles being hardened and loosened at the same time. No amount of gymnasium work can develop the sinews of the arms and back muscles of the body in the way that boating can. No matter how weary one may feel from a long row at night, he or she will rise the next day ready to take up the "ash-breeze" and sail away to scenes as refreshing as the "breeze" is fatiguing.

Many changes have taken place in the styles and makes of boats and canoes during the last half century, but nearly all have been for the better. The most comfortable boat a man can have, the one out of which he can take the most pleasure and experience that satisfaction which will give him delightful physical exercise, as well as speed, is a clipper built St. Lawrence skiff. The reason this particular make is specified, is because this model of a skiff was first built on the St. Lawrence and is now made throughout Canada, in design being more or less in accordance with the original model. The canoe is alright in quiet waters, where storms are not frequent, and where one using it is accustomed to the old Indian mode of locomotion, but for a pleasure party, a family picnic or outing, or the best results from a physical point of view, the steady skiff is the best for those whose bank account is not large. Where a long trip by a party of young men accustomed to the vigorous work of paddling hour after hour and a portage or two has to be made, the canoe is as good as the skiff, and better in the case of long portages when no wheeled conveyance is at hand.

To dilate upon the development of the skiff and the canoe would be uninteresting except from a technical standpoint, but a reference or two may not be amiss. Of the two, the canoe has made greater progress in comfort and beauty. Its advancement toward perfection during the

last few years has been marvelous when we consider the graceful beautiful "works of art" which are turned out of canoe factories, and contrast them with the birch bark made by the Indian, and the dug-out, scooped out of a log, and shaped at the bow and stern to suit the maker. With the skiff the French bateau of high bow, flat bottom and narrow build, has developed into our beautiful clipper built specimens of to-day.



One of the Portages.

The use of either the canoe or skiff for a holiday, along with a camping outfit, affords health as nothing else does, gives us an intimate knowledge of our beautiful Dominion as no excursion by steamer or train or any amount of reading can, and provides us with something to think over and talk about for many months. To our numerous lakes, bays and rivers, attractive and artistic as any in the world, our neighbors to the south flock by tens of thousands every

year, and admire what we have at our very doors, yet seemingly do not appreciate. Our scenic heritage is certainly a grand one; all



An Inviting Spot on the St. Lawrence.

Canada is picturesque to a marked degree. Water routes, sailing routes, canoe routes, we possess in almost endless numbers. Many scenes are unsurpassed in their splendid and fascinating landscape effects; no amount of artificial aid can improve them. American millionaires have tried time and again to add to the natural beauty of their holdings among the Canadian Thousand Islands and Ontario's chain of lakes, but they have signally failed. They only mar, instead of adding to the handiwork of the Creator.

Canadians are somewhat dilatory as a rule in taking advantage of the healthful pastime of boating, with so many paradises of hill and dale, woodland and open stretch, cosy nook and inviting stream, sparkling brook and illimitable sea, on all sides. There is not a province in the Dominion that does not abound in many pretty lakes and rivers, and

no section but is liberally dowered with many gracious gifts from the Divine gardener. Full of innumerable beauty spots are the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario. All these are so favorably known and have been so widely advertised by navigation and railway companies that a detailed reference would only tire the reader and add nothing to what we are already familiar with. In the great West if a few attractions are mentioned a very brief description will be pardoned as, in the newer portions of this fertile land, the enchantments of nature are not as extensively known as in the older parts. The scenery in the region around Winnipeg, among the many lakes of Manitoba, will well repay a good long holiday trip in the "silent steed of many waters." Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, Winnipegosis, and in North-western Ontario, the Lake-of-the-Woods, form what one writer has described as "a string of lakelets and lacustrine rivers, that extend vast distances to the West." The Lake-of-the-Woods has been long



A Camp Scene Incidental to a Canoe Trip Down the Rideau River.

famed for its beauty. It is so filled with islands, that, to the canoeist, it appears a wonderously beautiful river. Land and forest are near and

around him all the time. Gliding over the unruffled waters, the eye gets fairly cloyed with picture after picture of a somewhat monotonous type of sylvan beauty. Part of the way down the Winnipeg River portages have to be made, but a trip down with an Indian guide will reveal scenes of inconceivable loveliness.

Anyone desiring a long trip, can be delighted with a voyage up through Lake Winnipeg into Cedar Lake and on into the Saskatchewan River and as far west almost as the Rockies, or by the Southern branch of the Saskatchewan to near the boundary line.

In British Columbia, most of the rivers are deep and swift, and are

confined in a gorge, rather than a valley. The pleasures of boating and canoeing are not so much enjoyed in the Pacific Coast Province, as it is in the east. In 1876 Lord Dufferin described a trip by steamer in these words, "Day after day for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an unterminal labyrinth of watery lakes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories and peninsulas, for thousands of miles unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn, an ever shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty."

Things Worth Crying About

By Mary Moss in Lippincott's Magazine

WHY do we so dread a book or a play "that ends badly"? Are we really so genuinely sensitive that we cannot bear a touch of sadness? Are our feelings so tremendous that we are afraid of them?

A hundred years ago, seventy-five, fifty even, nobody felt in the least ashamed to cry over a fine book, even if some one was looking! A great man like Lord Macaulay wept freely over "Clarissa Harlowe," and did not care who knew it. But then he remembered a truth which we are in danger of forgetting: it is that noble, big things often have a very sad side. Consequently, in letting ourselves be scared, in protecting our imaginations from all possible contact with unhappiness, we too often lose the inspiring effect of contact with real vibrations of heroism and nobility.

Hedging ourselves about from those feelings—painful and pleasant—which give birth to generous emotion, to enthusiasm, to the impulse towards noble, disinterested action, we run a great risk of doing ourselves permanent damage. In every-day ex-

istence the deeper feelings may only be brought out now and then in the course of a whole lifetime, and, like every other faculty, the capacity for emotion will wither and dry up with disuse.

A typical American was lately reading aloud those wise, beautiful words of an American patriot, the letters of the young soldier Charles Russell Lowell to his betrothed.

Suddenly the impending tragedy grew too much for the reader (thirteen horses were shot under him before his heroic end). She threw down the book with "I can't go on! In a minute I shall be crying."

In a minute, however, she thought better of it. "After all," she said, "some things are worth crying about."

And that is the point. If the book and the play are trashy, cheap, untrue to nature, our emotions will be untouched; but if there be reality and fineness enough to move us—whether in fiction or in an Associated Press despatch—why should we grudge a few tears as the price of keeping alive our imaginations, our sympathies?

How Those Who Fall Are Given Another Chance

The Good Results Brought About by the Parole System in Canada. Very Small Percentage of Prisoners, Released Before Expiration of their Sentence, go back to Life of Crime.

OF 1,643 prisoners in Canadian penal institutions, who have been released in the past eight years under the parole system, only thirty-three have gone back to a life of crime.

This is, indeed, a very small percentage and has proved most conclusively the wisdom of instituting such a system. It is a convincing argument in favor of the gospel of another chance.

The success or failure of the parole system must be judged by its results. These have certainly demonstrated that many a fallen or sorely tempted one, who is not a criminal at heart, but has yielded to too strong an impulse or stepped just over the border line of right and wrong under the strain or stress of certain circumstances, is willing, yea, anxious to reform if only a favorable opportunity is presented. The parole system has been tried and has not been found wanting. It gives the person who has been convicted a chance to begin life over again and has resulted in the reformation and reclamation of hundreds, who are now good, useful citizens, leading upright, industrious lives. Few, if any, abuses have crept into its administration.

At the last federal census the prisoners in Canadian penal institutions numbered only 1,433 and there has, according to Mr. W. P. Archibald, of Ottawa, Dominion Parole Officer, been no alarming increase in the inmates of our gaols and penitentiaries during the past five or six years. Proportionate to popula-

tion these figures, when compared with those of other countries, are most encouraging, and speak volumes for the morality, sobriety and honesty of the Canadian people.

The parole system in Canada has been in operation eight years. After a person has served a portion of his or her sentence, usually between one-half and two-thirds of it, he or she can write to the Department of Justice and request to be let out on parole. Each case is then carefully investigated. The convicting magistrate or judge is written to and his opinion secured as well as that of the sheriff or warden of the prison. The parole officer then goes into the matter very fully and if he finds the conditions warrant it he will release the person who has made application, first making every arrangement to see that the prisoner is not left to the world's mercy when he leaves the prison. Friends are looked up, a situation secured and everything done to help the released one lead an honorable and industrious life. The person on parole has to report to the police at certain periods and if his or her conduct is good the person is allowed freedom. If the prisoner on parole does not report the matter is investigated, and no valid reason existing for him or her not reporting, the person is sent back to serve out the remainder of the sentence. Of late years in the matter of prison improvements many progressive changes have been carried into effect.

Mr. Archibald refutes the theory that a criminal can be picked out

by his or her looks. There is no shape of head or lines in the face that indicate criminality or can be taken as guide. There are thousands outside the prisons with similarly shaped heads and similarly shaped lines on their faces as those behind the bars. There are, of course, some persons who seem predestined to become malefactors, no matter how much consideration is shown them, how leniently they are treated, or how many opportunities to reform are presented. Happily, such a class is very small. In Mr. Archibald's opinion, there is not much use trying to do anything with such people except to keep them in prison. They seem determined to lead a life of crime and it is an almost utter impossibility to cure them. Mr. Archibald thinks it is too bad that they have to be released from prison when their sentences expire. He says there is another undesirable class in the professional beggars—the person who will not work and whose palm is ever extended in search of alms. Frequently they are not deserving, and promiscuous charity often does more harm than real good. Mr. Archibald does not believe any child is born a criminal, but rather that it is the lack of parental control, the environment of early years, the neglect of moral teaching that causes many juveniles to follow the path of evil. Thus the germs of criminality are frequently implanted in children, and youthful influences for bad are decidedly difficult to counteract.

"Our country," declares Mr. Archibald, "should be known not for its gold, its great agricultural wealth, its rich mines, its busy manufacturing industries and its unlimited possibilities for development, so much as for its men and its women, who are the grandest assets that any land can command or possess."

Instead of merely punishing those convicted, every effort is made to correct and prepare them for an-



W. P. ARCHIBALD
Dominion Parole Officer.

other start in the world. The best instructors in the various trades are secured to teach those committed to prison. If a young man comes to the prison without a trade he is taught one, so that he will be prepared, when liberated, to take up the battle of life. Labor has a beneficial effect upon the prisoner. There is some hope for the inmate who goes about the daily task set before him with diligence.

"Work is the law of all human existence," says the Dominion Parole Officer. "Man is known by what he does; there is no shame in honest toil. Let us give credit to the man who carries the hod, cleans the street or digs in the sewer. They all honor their manhood and their Creator by being busy. No man should ever be a criminal in Canada with all its opportunities; no one should fall when there is so much to live for, such splendid possibilities and such excellent chances presented to everyone who is willing to labor."

How Silver Bullet Brought Death to Mad Wolf

Exciting Chase after Vicious Brute which Aroused the Superstitious Residents and Killed Many Domestic Animals. Terrified People Uttered Weird Incantations and Drew Mystic Circles Around Their Cattle Pens.

By Maude Benson.

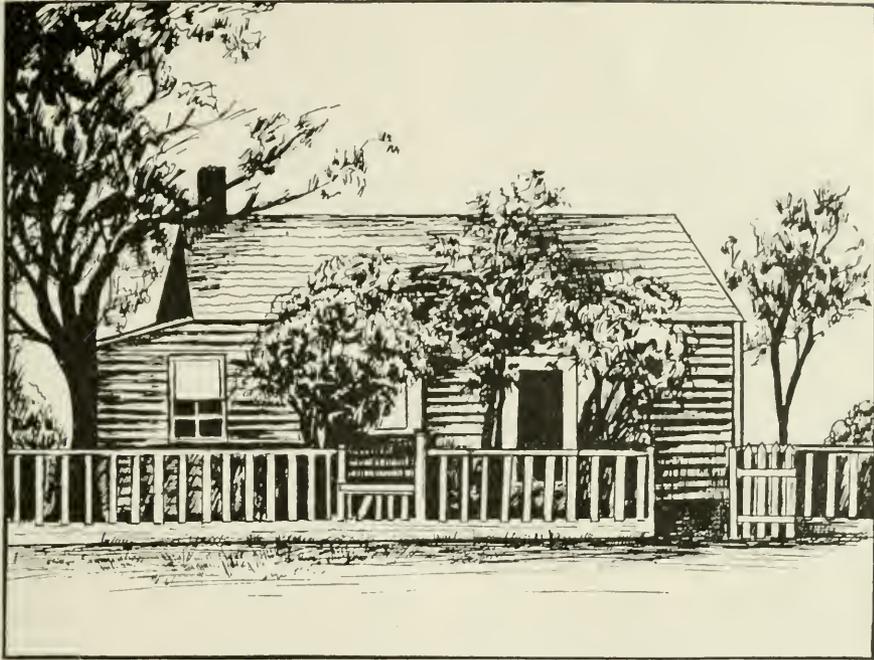
FOR months during the year 1810 the people of the Long Reach Settlement in Prince Edward County had been harassed by the ravages of a vicious wolf. Sheep, cattle and even dogs fell the prey of its rapacity. Some called it mad, and mad it must have been, for everything bitten by it, that succeeded in escaping with life, was seized with a sort of hydrophobia.

But the older people shook their heads and whispered ominously. When before had a wolf ever been known to leave the pack and venture out alone in daylight? Besides it

was summer now, instead of winter, and the wolves could find their prey in the great forest surrounding the tiny settlement. Then they talked, in an undertone of witches and wizards entering into the bodies of animals, and what animal more likely to be chosen than a wolf? Who had not heard of a wehr-wolf? And was not this one? They hinted darkly of the doings of old Sal Murphy, the witch, of her meetings with the devil on the brow of the high hill, overlooking Grassy Point. They made mystic circles around their cattle pens. They mumbled charms and intoned weird incantations, for they were all superstitious, and who can wonder that such was the case? Buried alive, one might say, in the depth of a dense forest, with no schools, and possessing few books, their minds craved mental food, and sought in a blind way for gratification. The human mind bewildered is ever superstitious, and so these poor exiles listened to the voices of Nature and attempted to interpret them. They studied the flights of birds. To them the white blur in a candle or the ticking of an innocent spider in a wall, were messages of warning from the great beyond, that enwraps the visible universe. Belief in ghosts, spooks, and witches was general, and in the Long Reach Settlement many were the stories told in awed voices, around blazing fires of the "deviltry" of old Sal Murphy, a poor, wizened old creature who lived on the outskirts of the clearance. Hence, when the



The Wood Which Afforded a Safe Hiding Place for the Rapacious Wolf.



House of Benjamin Leavens, Hallowell Township, Prince Edward County, Erected 125 Years Ago and Still Occupied.

wolf appeared on the scene speculation was rife, but notwithstanding all their charms the ravages continued. The younger men banded themselves together and scoured the woods, but the beast seemed to bear a charmed life, and their efforts were in vain. No bullets touched it and finally the best shots in the settlement were obliged to acknowledge themselves baffled. Then the murmurs against Sal Murphy grew louder and more vehement.

"She'd ought to have her cussed old neck wrung," said Nathan Walters, the carpenter of the Long Reach, as he charged his musket.

"Be careful, Nathe, or she'll witch you," laughed Tom Norton, the cobbler. "Peggy Harper saw her looking at little Gyp t'other day, and last night the poor little thing was carried off. Peggy's sure it's Sal. I tell her I don't believe it, but it seems mighty strange we can't shoot the thing."

"Shoot it!" exclaimed John Walters, the pioneer, as he entered the workshop. "I've told you boys time

and ag'in, you can't kill a witch with lead, you've got to have a silver bullet."

Nathan put his hand in his pocket. "Silver it is then. The thing's got to die," he said. "I haven't much money but here's a few shillings. Take 'em and melt 'em up." Joyfully John went to work, but the shillings proved as stubborn as old King George himself, whose impress they bore. The long June day dragged on. Slowly it crept toward evening but still John bent over his task. Presently, however, he called the boys in from their work and proudly turned out of his bullet mould for their inspection a shining silver sphere.

The young men turned the ball over in their hands like connoisseurs and commented on its smoothness and perfect shape.

"Haven't cast a better bullet in years," said John gleefully, as he handed it to his son.

Nathan was the "crack shot" in the Settlement and if a silver bullet was the one thing needed, the wolf

would do well to seek another field for its nefarious business.

Nathan slid the bullet down the muzzle of his musket. "Guess that'll pay Sal's way to the place where she belongs," he laughed.

Tom's face straightened.

"Nathe, do you believe old Sal's in that wolf?" he asked.

"Why, yes. Course I do."

"Well, then, won't it seem like murder, your killin' it?"

Nathan laughed.

"Why, I dun'no, I never thought of that," he said.

Meanwhile John Walters was making curious passes through the air with his hands, and muttering to himself.

"What you doin' father?" exclaimed Nathan, now laughing heartily.

"Why it's a charm I learned from the old Dutch doctor. It'll bring the wolf out in short order."

"What fools we are," said Nathan.

But by strange coincidence, as he spoke a ferocious howl sounded near

the workshop. "The wehr-wolf!" "The wolf," cried the boys, their hunters' blood instantly rising to boiling point, as seizing their muskets they started on a run.

Jane Walters stood in the door with her hands clasped together.

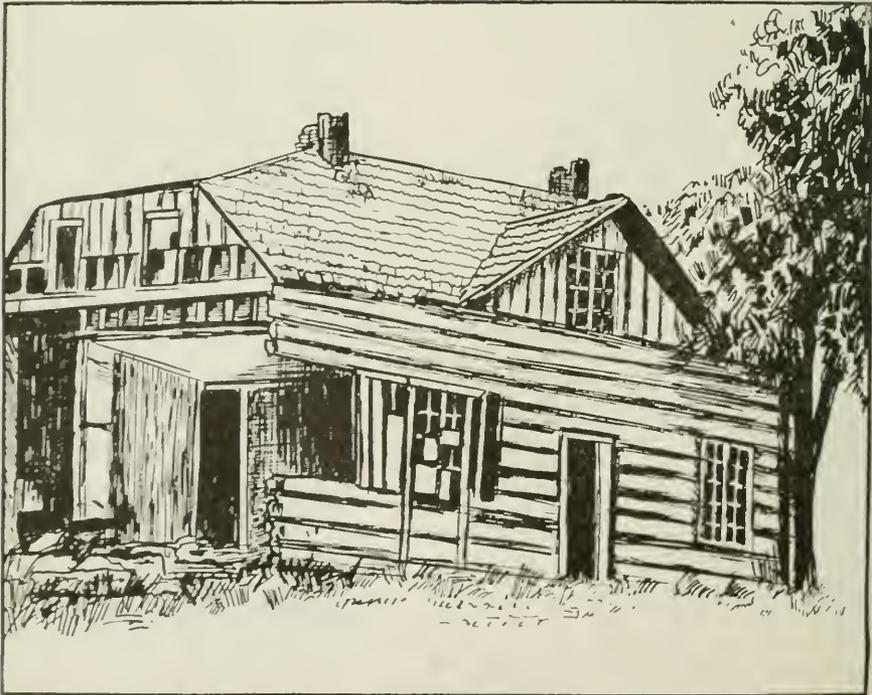
"If they only had the horses!" she cried. "Land o' livin'! they're headin' down the shore! They'll meet the girls! Oh! they'll meet the girls!"

The Walters' girls had rode on horseback that afternoon to visit a neighbor, and as they had promised to return home before sunset, Jane was anxiously watching for them.

"That silver bullet'll do its work before the girls show up. Look look, mother, how those boys run! Land sakes, it makes me feel young again to see 'em."

John shaded his eyes with his hand and watched them eagerly. His face was shining when he turned to Jane the second time.

"Mother, I could beat 'em, I believe, when I was young," he cried



Colonel McDonnell's House at Prinyer, Prince Edward County, Built in 1784.

HOW SILVER BULLET BROUGHT DEATH TO MAD WOLF.

enthusiastically. "They run well but Lord, how we ran when we charged the Yankee rebels at Brandywine. Just look at them go! See that, now."

But Jane was wringing her hands together and moaning, "Oh! dear heaven, the girls! And the wolf so far ahead!"

The boys flew along like the wind. They vaulted over stump fences; they dashed through underbrush and clearings; they stooped; they dodged fallen branches; they cleared fallen trees at a bound; they laughed; they shouted; they panted; they beat all previous records made on General Training Day; but ever ahead bounded the gaunt, grey beast. Its eyes flashed fire, its tongue lolled from its hot, red mouth and greenish-yellow foam flecked its ugly jaws and lay in great blotches over its body. Tom Norton's eyes danced.

"Run, Sal, run!" he shouted.

"See her leg it for home! The old vixen!" called out Nathan.

At each shout from her pursuers the wolf turned her head toward them, and her sharp fangs gleamed like polished ivory in the sunshine; but still she sped on, and still they followed after. She ran through a cleared field and they gained on her. She cut through to the blazed road and they gained still more. Nearer, nearer, they strained every muscle to its utmost.

The chase was getting more exciting each moment. On, on they went, every instant gaining ground. Once they forged near enough that Tom Norton, who was a few paces ahead of Nathan, raised his musket and fired. The ball struck the bounding, grey side, a tiny red stream colored the foam about the ugly jaws, but that was all.

Tom stood still an instant, looking after Nathan and the wolf, still skimming along over the rough road. He rubbed his brow in a dazed way, then with a joyful shout of "The silver bullet, Nathe! The silver bullet is the only thing that will

fix her, but be mighty careful," he set out on a run again.

Nathan was gaining now, with straining muscles he swept along. He saw not the road he was traveling. His feet instinctively seemed to find the right places in which to tread, for his eyes were ever on the wolf, watching a chance at a vital spot. He had but one silver bullet and no risks were to be taken.

The long, level rays of the setting sun gilded the sparkling waters of the Long Reach, and touched with loving fingers the mighty woods on the low-lying shore across the strip of water. Softly the evening breeze stirred the tender leaves of June above the heads of the struggling young men, but only one bounding, grey foam-flicked body was seen by them. The whole universe for that one instant was centred in that one object; the next instant all was changed.

"My God! the girls."

Nathan had been husbanding his breath, but the words came from him in a sharp, agonizing cry. Sure enough a short distance ahead they were coming, cantering along, and guiding their steeds with that grace and horsemanship, for which our early settlers' daughters have ever since been famous. They heard the cry and looked up.

Just a few rods ahead of them bounded the ugly brute.

"Shoot, Nathe, shoot and save the horses!" shouted Tom. "They're done for if she bites 'em."

The horses stopped stock still with braced feet and snorts of terror.

The girls sat frozen with horror. Nathan raised his musket. His face was grey and expressionless. His bronzed hands gleamed white over the knuckles, so tense was his grip on the musket.

Such a moment comes but once in a life-time—the supreme test of our self-control.

Nathan never flinched.

Bang! The silver bullet hissed through the air. The wolf leaped madly. Its front paws clawed and

beat wildly about. A horrible, gurgling, unearthly growl issued from its hot throat. A moment—and it rolled over at the feet of the horses.

Nathan sat down on a log and wiped his brow with his sleeve. He was shaking now like the leaves above his head. His nerves tingled like hot wires.

Tom Norton clapped him on the shoulder. "Well done, old boy! Well done!" he cried, his eyes glistening.

"Not bad," said Nathan, dryly. A few seconds after he arose and walked to the dead beast, while Tom reassured the girls.

"Pretty lean for all its carried off

so much," said Nathan, as he turned the wolf over with his foot. "I s'pose Sal's run it most to death though," he added meditatively.

He stood looking at it for some time, then raising his head: "Lyd, jump off your horse. Tom, you take the beast home, it's worth the bounty, anyhow. I'm goin' down to Murphy's to tell old Jim what I've done."

Ruth Walters looked up, and her sweet lips quivered as she said: "There's no need, brother, go home and make a coffin. Poor old Sal died early this morning. Jim told me, and he is broken-hearted. Ah! she was no more witch than I am."

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
 Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I."
 Note, closely as in other men you note.
 The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat.
 Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
 And strive to make your estimate ring true.
 Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
 Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
 You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
 Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
 You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
 Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
 You note of falseness in you anywhere.
 Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
 Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
 To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
 Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
 With tolerance for all who dwell below.
 The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
 Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
 When you, with "he" as substitute for "I,"
 Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

A Merchant Prince of the Canadian Metropolis

One of the Foremost Figures in the Commercial Life of the Dominion is Mr. Robert Meighen, of Montreal — A Man of Strong Personality, who Believes in Canada First, Last and All the Time — Some Stirring Incidents in his Career.

By C. D. Cliffe.

“THE master is the man who has worked wisely and intelligently and through habit has come to believe in himself.” The two cardinal requisites of the master in business success are ability and opportunity. “Village Hampdens” and “Mute, inglorious Miltons” are thick as leaves in Vallambrosa’s Wood. Some men of rare ability fail because of lack of opportunity. Once place supreme ability in the calcium light of publicity and another chapter is written in “Biographies of Great Men.” A new Industrial King ascends the

throne. Capital comes, cap in hand, to beg for a chance to enlist under your commercial banner.

This, then, is to introduce one of Montreal’s merchant princes and able business men, Mr. Robert Meighen, whose success in combining ability and opportunity, has been great. He was intimately associated with the illustrious Lord Mount Stephen, his brother-in-law, who, with Lord Strathcona and others, constructed Canada’s great railway, the C.P.R.

Mr. Meighen has risen from the obscurity of small beginnings as a mer-



THE HOME OF MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN, MONTREAL.

This is one of the few Canadian residences on which the Royal Standard has floated. The occasion was when the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Albany were the guests of Lord Mount Stephen brother-in-law of Mr. Meighen.



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN

chant in a country town, to the distinction of being president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world; a director of one of Canada's leading and soundest banks; also of many other financial institutions; president of the New Brunswick Railway Company, and one of Montreal's foremost and honored citizens. He is immensely wealthy, and was distinguished, socially, by marrying the sister of Lord Mount Stephen. Yet all these honors have not turned his head one degree.

Mr. Meighen is an Irishman, being born near Londonderry at Dunevan, Ireland, and possesses much of the native wit of his race. His father died when he was very young and the family came to Canada, settling at Perth, Ont., where the children were educated. It was there the Meighen boys established themselves in business as wholesale and retail general merchants. The firm of Arthur Meighen & Bros. became widely known for its probity and enterprise, in fact, one of the largest doing business in the old Bathurst District. In 1882 greater things were looming up

for Mr. Robert Meighen, and he removed to Montreal, where he became associated in business with Sir George Stephen, now Lord Mount Stephen, and whom he afterwards succeeded as president of the New Brunswick Railway Company, which now forms part of the Canadian Pacific Eastern Lines. This position Mr. Meighen still holds.

Sir George Stephen, himself a master mind, saw in his brother-in-law that rarest of gifts, common sense, coupled with sound judgment, poise, thrift and unparalleled honesty of purpose. It was a natural sequence that their efforts should centre in the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Meighen had previously invested in the Portage Milling Company, at Portage La Prairie. There, was formed the nucleus of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., which to-day is shipping flour to the four corners of the globe. The immense growth of this company since its inception has been due in no small degree to the foresight and judgment exercised by Mr. Meighen, not only in his own personal efforts, but in securing heads of departments capable of carrying on this extensive business with marked success. It is nearly twenty years since he was chosen president of the company.

Mr. Meighen is a man of strong personality. His methods are his own. He is known for his peculiarities from the Atlantic to the Pacific; in fact, in many parts of the Old World. In Montreal his familiar presence "on 'Change" is looked for every day. When exciting and critical corners turn up in the grain and flour markets the brokers stand around and frequently exclaim, "Where is Meighen? Let's hear what he has got to say." The cause for such remarks are twofold. First, Mr. Meighen is keen and thoroughly posted on the probabilities of the market. He makes it his business to be well informed always, and his anticipations of changes are based upon a judgment ripened in the severe school of hard earned experience. Second, he has a faculty of seeing through any scheme like a searchlight, and the

A MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE METROPOLIS

slightest attempt at "rigging" the market will be scented by him in a trice. The grain brokers know well that they need never try to "put up a job" on Mr. Meighen. Sometimes his fondness for some particular policy, political or commercial, upon which he has very definite opinions, causes him to be argumentative. It is usually the custom for those who know him to jokingly gloss over any excited words with the remark, "You have studied that subject too much for me, Mr. Meighen." These arguments sometimes hinge on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, sometimes on politics, sometimes on grain prices. Whatever it may be, Mr. Meighen is usually very positive about his information, and the man who measures swords with him must be sure of his facts or he will be floored in the first round.

It is now many years since Mr. Meighen advocated the policy of Imperial Preference of Trade. His confident belief in it has been instrumental in educating Canadians in many parts upon this question. His clear-cut, original expressions, his quick decisions in business, and with all pleasant aggressiveness at all times, make him a business man easy to remember. He has stamped his character on the extensive business of which he is the head, and his individuality runs through all the important ramifications. His original expressions are notable; for instance, he is reported to have said when asked about purity in politics: "Don't paint the pump if you want clear water; clean out the well." He is a lover of reading and his model of a newspaper is thoroughly ideal. He is intimate with one or two newspaper writers in Montreal and they are favored with his keen judgment on many difficult questions. His magnificent library is never idle and he believes that books are valuable only as they corroborate what you know, reading being self-revelation. Some further test of the man's idealism may be gathered from his belief that the problem facing the press of Canada to-day (given very privately to a

newspaper friend), is to be a newspaper without being a purveyor of the moral garbage of diseased society, and to be a leader of public opinion, without yielding to the pressure of the capitalists or corporations on the one hand, or to the clamor of the stampeded crowd on the other. Optimistic Mr. Meighen! What a fine creed for any newspaper! This shows his pure motives for public good. His private office is adorned with handsome oil paintings. Glancing at the names of the artists with curious insistence one is sure to find those of some clever local workers in whom Mr. Meighen believed, and whom he wished to help, so he bought the pictures, even though his palatial home at 140 Drummond Street, Montreal, is massed with masterpieces of art from the Old and New World. His home is his hobby and those who are his guests are fortunate, indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Meighen are both types of that all too rare old school of home lovers and home builders.



LIEUT.-COL. FRANK MEIGHEN.

Son of Mr. Robert Meighen and Commanding officer of one battalion of the 5th Royal Scots, Montreal.



LORD MOUNT STEPHEN
Brother-in-law of Mr. Meighen.

Their gardens of flowers and other rare products are said to be unsurpassed in the whole Dominion, and are among the sights of Montreal, being kept, however, as privately as an Old Country castle. Their homestead was formerly the Canadian residence of Lord Mount Stephen. This distinguished peer of the realm made a unique distribution of his many millions of money in the form of a will while he is still living. All his relatives have been apportioned their respective shares and are enabled to enjoy life in common with himself while the donor lives to rejoice in the superlative happiness of giving.

To know Mr. Meighen, would be a first-class guarantee for investing money in the business over which he had control. In the natural course of events he has been chosen to fill important positions in the world of finance. He is a director of the Bank of Toronto (one of the strongest financial institutions in Canada), the Northwest Land Co., the Dominion Transport Co., and many others. As a member of the Montreal Board of Trade and the Corn Exchange Asso-

ciation, he is always active and progressive and was a delegate to the Fifth Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire.

In his public utterances Mr. Meighen is famous for his common sense—one of the rarest of gifts. He can translate moods and manners of merchants, intricate financial problems, and complexities of all kinds, into the simplest and plainest of English, which all tells in an incisive, convincing manner exactly what he is getting at. It was such a speech as this that he made at that Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire. That vast audience, comprising the master commercial minds of the British Empire, listened appreciatively to the hard sense of his expression. So attractive was that public address that it was afterward published in pamphlet form and widely circulated.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of calls upon him in business he has found time to become the author of another pamphlet on the fiscal question which he had especially addressed to the farmers of Canada. A strong principle in Mr. Meighen's creed is that he believes in Canada, first, last and all the time. He has great belief in the young men of the country and his open-handed generosity to the energetic and capable young men in different walks of life is known only to the donor himself and those whom he helps. He and Mrs. Meighen are devoted to charity and organized hospital work. They belong to one of the most wealthy congregations in Montreal, St. Paul's Presbyterian, of which church Mr. Meighen is trustee.

His clubs are the Mt. Royal, St. James and Canadian, as well as several in Great Britain and the Continent. Mr. Meighen has achieved his personal success, aside from any of the wealth of his family, by his adherence to the principles of prudence, hard work and the neglect of nothing. He has frequently been asked to take part in public life, but he believes that his duties run in the lines of business more than in the ac-

tive arena of publicity. He has two sons who are in business in Montreal, and they are models of dignified behavior and capability. Lieut.-Col. Meighen, the eldest son, commands one battalion of the 5th Royal Scots, Montreal's crack Scottish Regiment; and he is also one of the best known polo players in the East. Mr. Meighen has one daughter, who is the wife of Mr. R. W. Reford, son of Mr. Robert Reford, the head of Reford Shipping Co., of Montreal.

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN.

A brother-in-law and former partner of Mr. Robert Meighen is Lord Mount Stephen, one of the founders of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In company with others, he undertook in 1880 a stupendous task, in which he

never lost faith or faltered, that of building a line of steel across the continent. In recognition of his eminent services, he was in 1886 created a Baronet of the United Kingdom, and five years later Her Majesty Queen Victoria was further pleased to raise him to the peerage with the title of Lord Mount Stephen, he being so named from a high peak in the Rocky Mountains on the route of the C.P.R., which peak was called after him (Mr. George Stephen), as president of the company. His Lordship retired from the presidency of the road in 1888, and for the last twenty years has made his home in England. He is a Scotchman by birth, and came to Canada in 1850. He is in the 79th year of his age.

What Financial Prosperity Costs

The Bohemian Magazine.

ONCE upon a time a young man and a girl loved each other fondly. He was poor, but bright, energetic and persevering. She was pretty, cheerful and amiable. They married. Their friends thought they might have waited until their prospects were better, but they laughed prudently to scorn, and this is what happened.

Two years after the marriage the wife met one of her friends.

"How are you getting along?" asked the friend.

"Very nicely," said the wife beaming. "My husband is so good and I have such a lovely baby. And, just think, we have a thousand dollars in the bank and we don't owe a cent to anybody!"

Five years later the friend met her again.

"I hear you are doing very well," she said. "Some one told me your husband had ten thousand dollars invested in real estate."

"Why, yes," said the wife, "but it's such a worry. There are repairs and taxes and interest on mortgages and one of the tenants has just moved out

owing us a whole month's rent. Isn't it a shame?"

Five years later. Another meeting.

"From what I hear your husband will soon be a millionaire."

"Oh, I don't know," said the wife. "He hasn't more than half a million yet. And it is so tied up in all sorts of investments—one never knows how they will turn out. I just wish we had enough to put the money in government bonds, so that we wouldn't have to worry. But, of course, the income from half a million in government bonds wouldn't be enough to make both ends meet. And yet, do you know, some people have such absurd notions about the amount of money we have? One crank has even sent a letter to my husband threatening to shoot him just because he is rich. I declare, sometimes I'm so worried I don't know what to do."

It would be pleasant to give this story a happy ending, but that isn't the kind it had. This lady's wealth continued to increase as long as she lived and she never ceased to be uneasy except in those brief intervals when she forgot all about it.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Who Will Pay His Second Visit to Canada in July Next, to Participate in the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration.

In mid-summer, 1608, the intrepid French explorer and navigator, Samuel de Champlain, founded at Quebec the first permanent settlement in Canada. The three hundredth anniversary of this historic episode, which will be observed in July next, will be signally honored by the presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Nearly seven years ago, the Prince—then the Duke of Cornwall and York—in company with the Princess, paid a visit to the Dominion, traversing from ocean to ocean this broad, fertile portion of the great American continent. Everywhere the Royal guests were accorded a spontaneous and most enthusiastic reception. On the occasion of his coming visit, the Prince will not be accompanied by any member of the Royal family. The Ancient Capital will be the only point where he will spend his time while in Canada, although pressing invitations have been forwarded to have him extend his tour to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and other cities. His stay will be limited to one week.

Prince George, as he is popularly known, is in the forty-second year of his age, being born on June 3rd, 1865. When twenty-eight years old, he was married to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. He is the father of six happy children, the eldest being Prince Edward Albert, a bright lad of fourteen summers.

The programme of the Quebec Tercentenary is in brief as follows:—The Prince will arrive on the morning of July 22nd, and will be received by the Governor-General and presented with an address of welcome from the Dominion Parliament. On July 23rd, the scene of the landing of Champlain will be reconstituted; 24th, dedication of battlefield of Plains of Abraham, followed by military and naval review; 25th, review of the assembled fleets; 26th, special thanksgiving services; 27th, naval display ashore, followed by bombardment of Quebec; 28th, children's day; 29th, Prince leaves the port on return trip home.

The World's Greatest Plow Manufacturer

Mr. James Oliver, Who Recently Passed Away in Indiana, Was a Scotchman by Birth, and Rose From Dire Poverty to be One of North America's Foremost Captains of Industry—Brief History of Man Whose Career Reads More Like a Dream Than a Stern Life Struggle.

By G. W. Brock.

"Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes."

AT his palatial home in South Bend, Indiana, there recently passed away the greatest manufacturer of plows that the world has ever known. His name was James Oliver, and he had reached the advanced age of 84 years.

With no advantages in his youth, in the face of vicissitudes almost innumerable and difficulties which to another of weaker will and determination, would have proved insuperable, he rose to be one of the greatest captains of industry on the North American continent.

A Scotchman by birth he was the rugged product of his native soil. His nature found its component parts in the rock ribbed highlands of his beloved Scotland. It was built of native granite, strong, enduring and immovable, but the sunshine that bathed the hillsides of the land of his birth warmed the solid substance into the glowing colors of affection and sentiment. Beneath the rugged exterior pulsed a strong and fervent soul, intense in its purposes, responsive to the touch of love, of sympathy, of friendship and the ills of his fellow men.

He was the son of a shepherd, like he who said: "On Grampion hills my father feeds his flocks," and while he tended the sheep he learned to love the hills and vales, the brooks and trees, the birds and flowers, and above all the truth was implanted in his heart that

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that."

His parent's home was in Roxburghshire, Scotland. There James Oliver was born August 28th, 1823. When he came to America with other members of the family he was twelve years old. He was a bright, stout lad with not a lazy bone in his body. In New York State, near Geneva, he secured employment on a farm at 50 cents a week and board, and that he saved his money is shown by the statement that in 11 weeks he had accumulated five dollars, but about that time one of his brothers was taken sick and his little hoard was quickly dissipated. The year after their arrival in America, in 1836, the family moved west, locating in LaGrange County, Indiana, where they lived for a short time on a farm before moving to Mishawaka. A small log house served as their habitation in Mishawaka, and while occupying it the father died in 1837. James found employment on a farm at better wages than he had received in the east. He was paid \$6 a month and his board, and to the emigrant boy this really seemed like getting on in the world. From farm work he drifted into manual labor of all kinds, whatever he could find to do that would pay the best, and eventually found himself working in a grist mill for Lee Brothers. That was in 1840, when he was 17 years old, and to show his thrift it may be stated that while thus engaged he purchased and paid for a house and lot costing \$775, on which he made an advance payment of \$75. This left an indebtedness of \$700, which he eventually worked out and thereby laid the foundation for the fortune he leaves to his children. Another thing that contributed to his prosperity was his marriage in 1844 to Susan Doty, a young woman of such good com-

mon sense and great helpfulness that she proved an invaluable helpmeet during the 58 years of hardships, trials, success, prosperity and always happiness that elapsed before she was called away. This foundation of Mr. Oliver's fortune was laid, not in the small property he had gained, but in his demonstrated ability to work, manage and accumulate. After his marriage he learned the molder's trade. He was steady, reliable and industrious, in every respect a model employe, but he was not content with working for wages. He had aspirations beyond the wage plane of endeavor, and confidence, as well as ambition, in his ability to rise above it. He took to himself the advice given by his much loved poet and countryman, Robert Burns, to a young friend, who he enjoined to

"Gather gear by every wile
That's justify'd by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

So, having accumulated a little money he decided to engage in the manufacture of plows. He was still close to the soil. The needs of the farmers appealed to him directly and strongly, for he knew that a good plow was the most important implement on the farm. He had studied these needs along this special line and believed he could make as good if not a better plow than was then on the market. But nothing good comes except through sacrifice. In the very outset of his career as a plow manufacturer he met with misfortune that swept away much of his savings and seriously hampered his business, and then, as misfortunes never come singly, the dam in the river washed out and his foundry was flooded. Hindered, delayed and crippled, but not defeated or discouraged, he began again in a smaller way and laboring under many difficulties. After making a few plows he would go out among the farmers and sell them, and this he repeated, making gains all the time. He began business in South Bend, Indiana, in 1855, with a small foundry equipment and a cash capital of \$100, in a little shop. The

business steadily grew until he was obliged to devote all of his time to the work of the shop and office and entrust the selling of the plows to agents. Then the need of more capital for the purpose of extending the field of operations presented itself and a stock company was organized under the name of the South Bend Iron Works. Subsequently the company was reincorporated under the name of the Oliver Chilled Plow Works, and thus the enterprise expanded from the strivings of one young man, poor and unaided, until it became the largest industry of its kind in the world, with branch houses in many of the large cities of the United States and agencies in nearly every country in the civilized world.

EVOLUTION OF THE CHILLED PLOW.

On returning from a trip to the Southern and Southwestern States, the late Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, in a speech delivered in his home city, Terre Haute, Ind., referred to the Oliver chilled plow as an "agent of civilization." He had witnessed with wonder and patriotic pleasure the marvelous development of the section he had visited, and in it he recognized the potent influence of the plow. Again, in a case before the United States Senate Committee on Patents in which the Birdsell Manufacturing Company was defending its clover huller patents, it developed from the evidence that the Oliver chilled plow had saved the farmers of the country \$30,000,000 a year in facility and economy of operation. The chilled plow is a product of evolution, the result of years of study and experiment, and by the highest authorities it is recognized that James Oliver gave it to the world. The invention and perfection of this plow is classified by the Encyclopedia Americana as one of the great mechanical inventions of the age, ranking with the sewing machine and the cotton gin, and even more widely important than the latter.

The principle had been experimented with for a long time before Mr. Oliver began to give it any attention, but it was not until he perfected his chilled mold board that the principle was sufficiently developed to make it available. This was accom-

plished between the years 1867 and 1871, after many failures and disappointments. This discovery practically revolutionized the plow trade of the world. Here is what it meant. Up to the time the chilled mold board was perfected the farmer had to use either a plow made of ordinary cast iron that would neither scour nor wear well, or a steel plow that was high priced and unsuitable for certain kinds of soil. Chilling the mold board means hardening it to a degree that causes it to scour well in almost any soil and resist the wear. The surface of a chilled plow is almost impervious to a drill and yet not easily broken. With this accomplished the remainder of Mr. Oliver's life was devoted to improving the quality and broadening the usefulness of his plow.

WORKED EARLY AND LATE.

It was Mr. Oliver's habit to be at the factory by 7 o'clock in the morning or earlier and this practice was continued until within the past few months. He was utterly devoted to the business. His whole life was bound up in it, and every day when not ill or out of the city he visited every part of the great establishment. He gave no attention to the office business, leaving that entirely to his son, and he never endangered his chosen business by engaging in outside investments. After he accumulated a surplus over and above the amount of capital needed for the conduct of the business he invested money in other ways. These investments were also managed by his son. There was nothing speculative in his nature. He preferred to pursue the even tenor of his way and was satisfied with the results.

Mr. Oliver was an advocate of the simple life and practiced what he preached. He did not abhor society, but he preferred to be at home with his family, to retire and rise early, to eat plain food. He was fond of the good old Scotch dish on which he was bred, oat meal porridge, as he called it, and he believed in fresh air and lots of it. Every night, whether stormy or fair, the window



THE LATE JAMES OLIVER

of his chamber was open. With his own employes he was on the most intimate terms. He mingled freely with the men in the various departments of the works and even in late years when the number had grown to be a thousand or two knew many of them by name and was acquainted with their personal history. His attitude toward all was always kindly and considerate. He was approachable and thoughtful of their comfort and welfare, and all of them held him in the highest respect. The older employes frequently consulted him regarding their personal affairs. Mr. Oliver was always disposed to pay good wages, believing that a man should receive every cent he earned. Mr. Oliver leaves two children—Joseph D., who became the financial manager of the business, and a daughter, the wife of ex-Congressman George Ford, of the 13th Indiana district. The late Mr. Oliver was the wealthiest man in Indiana and a widely known public benefactor. His vast fortune amounted to \$63,000,000 and the will has just been filed for probate.



DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE

The Eminent French-Canadian Poet and Author who is thoroughly conversant with the folk lore of his people.

A man who helps us to a better understanding or to a fuller appreciation of our fellowmen, is certainly worthy of honor. He is justly entitled to a place in our affections for he is performing a noble work. Dr. Louis Frechette is a talented Canadian, who has taught us that there is much worth copying in the simple, honest, warm-hearted life, quaint ways, and historical customs of the French-Canadian habitant.

In both prose and poetic productions, he has given us a pleasant, wholesome glimpse, a true, vivid picture, and a wider grasp of the inhabitants of Lower Canada. He has brought prominently to the front the trust, humor, hospitality, faith, devotion, and deeply religious nature of Jean Baptiste, his wife and family. With French-Canadian folk-lore, Dr. Frechette is thoroughly conversant; his works are full of interest and incident, the writer drawing upon his wealth of knowledge for their healthful and hopeful tone.

"The Bard of French-Canada," as Dr. Frechette has been termed, is a native of Quebec City. He is in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and during his literary career has had many laurels bestowed upon him. In 1835 two of his books of poetry were crowned with the French Academy of Paris and he himself was elected an officer of the Academy, and a Knight of the Legion of Honor. A quarter of a century ago the Honorary Degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by several leading universities, and in the year of the Diamond Jubilee, 1877, he was created a C.M.G. by Her Majesty. Dr. Frechette is a past president of the Royal Society of Canada, a member of the Imperial Institute of London, and other well-known organizations.

The late Principal Grant styled him as "our greatest poet," while another eminent critic remarks, "He has made the history of the France beyond the seas live again in poetry."

Where Beauty Spots Flourish

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company Which has Been for Many Years the All Red Route Between the Mother Country and Australia and the British Possessions in the Far East is Making a Flower Path of its Road Across the Continent, Thus in a Double Sense Making it Pre-eminently an All Red Route.

By N. O. K.

THE average railway station is not the most picturesque spot in the world. Beauty and business are seldom side partners, and a network of rails, long trains of freight cars, piles of lumber and coal, with unsightly sheds and not too aesthetically designed water tanks, combine to make a predominant air of something or other which is not exactly akin to culture and the love of the beautiful.

But that is the dingy picture that could be drawn of many a railway station in Canada and the United States to-day. It may not always be so. In fact, at several hundred stations along the lines of the Canadian Pacific already is shown a perceptible change from the ugliness of old. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company—while not indulging altogether in the sentimental, and still attending strictly to business—is paying a great deal of attention to beautifying the stations along its lines. It has a floral department, completely established, and extending its sphere of usefulness with each succeeding season. It spends several thousand dollars yearly in the good work, and it is reaping the reward of its exertions by the improved surroundings of its buildings and in the pleasure that the fragrance and the beauty of its well kept gardens give. There are those who highly appreciate the desire of the company to make its line a veritable "Road of Roses"—a singularly appropriate name for this All Red Route. The broadcast sowing of carnations, petunias, poppies, verbenas,

asters, zinnias, nasturtiums, godetias, and the floral emblems of Old England will further establish the company's right to a well-won title which others are attempting to appropriate.

Of this department many kind words have been said in letters from employes and in the press. For instance, a New Brunswick paper, the St. Andrew's Beacon, says:

"A big corporation like the C.P.R. that can spare time from its pursuit of wealth to cultivate a love for the beautiful in nature on the part of



MR. N. S. DUNLOP

Who Supervises the General Work of Beautifying the Surroundings of the Various C.P.R. Stations.



A picturesque spot adjoining the C. P. R. Station at Minnedosa, Man.

those in its employ, or those who come within its sphere of influence, can scarcely be termed a "soulless corporation." Somewhere about it there is a soul and heart as well as a great big brain, otherwise it would not have created a department especially for the development of the aesthetic sense. The floral department of the C.P.R. is unique. Its primary objects were to brighten up the station grounds

along its system between the Atlantic and the Pacific; to make the waste places to blossom; to give a touch of color to monotonous environments; to furnish station agents in remote places with a pleasant diversion, and, incidentally, to supply a restful change for the eye of the traveler on the road.

Packages of flowers of different varieties are yearly sent to those employes—agents, foremen, section men and others—who express a wish for them, with instructions as to their planting. This spring two thousand parcels were sent out, each containing twenty-nine smaller packages, or an aggregate of 58,000 packages, which, with the bulbs distributed last fall, should brighten many a garden spot in the long stretch between St. John and Vancouver.

At the head of the department is Mr. N. S. Dunlop, who, notwithstanding his other duties as tax and insurance commissioner and claims adjuster, finds plenty of time to manage the details. Great satisfaction has been the outcome of his self-imposed task in the splendid results



An Attractive Flower Garden in Front of the C. P. R. Station at Tunnel, B.C.

which have followed the inception of this most laudable scheme. With him it is a labor of love; with the agents, the workmen, their wives and daughters, it is a work of pleasure.

The scheme, although it has been in operation for eleven years, is as yet in its infancy, but already its influence is appreciable, and there is the promise of even more gratifying results in the years to come. Flower culture is evidently contagious, for the example set by the employes of the Canadian Pacific is being followed by others living in the vicinity of its gardens, and whole neighborhoods

look the better for it. And so it may be that another generation or two will know not of the dull, dreary and ill-conditioned surroundings of the railway station that in places now exist, but will then see, in the radiancy and glorious brightness with which God's own flowers adorn and enrich the humblest of spots, a vast change from the things that once were.

The Canadian Pacific is teaching a useful lesson in blending its business with the embellishment of its grounds and teaching the world that when properly planned, Beauty and Business may advantageously go hand in hand.

How I Sassed the Boss

By Walter Havens in the Chicago Tribune

THE snatches of conversation that one hears in the highways and byways would seem to indicate that the workers of the city, particularly the young ones, are more interested in what they didn't do than in what they did do. For instance, one frequently hears choice bits like this: "Yes, the boss he comes in to me and says: 'Perkins, you enter up the cash items to-day, please.' And I says, says I: 'Not on your life. I wasn't hired to do that work. I don't do anything like that.'"

Then his callow friend admiringly answers: "You bet. That's right. Don't let 'em trample on you. That's the only thing to do."

Whether Perkins really made any such answer is doubtful. Probably in answer to the boss' request he said: "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." But in any case it shows the wrong spirit in Perkins to boast of his impudence and unwillingness to undertake extra work.

Sometimes one hears a worker telling a story wherein he hides behind the rules of a union.

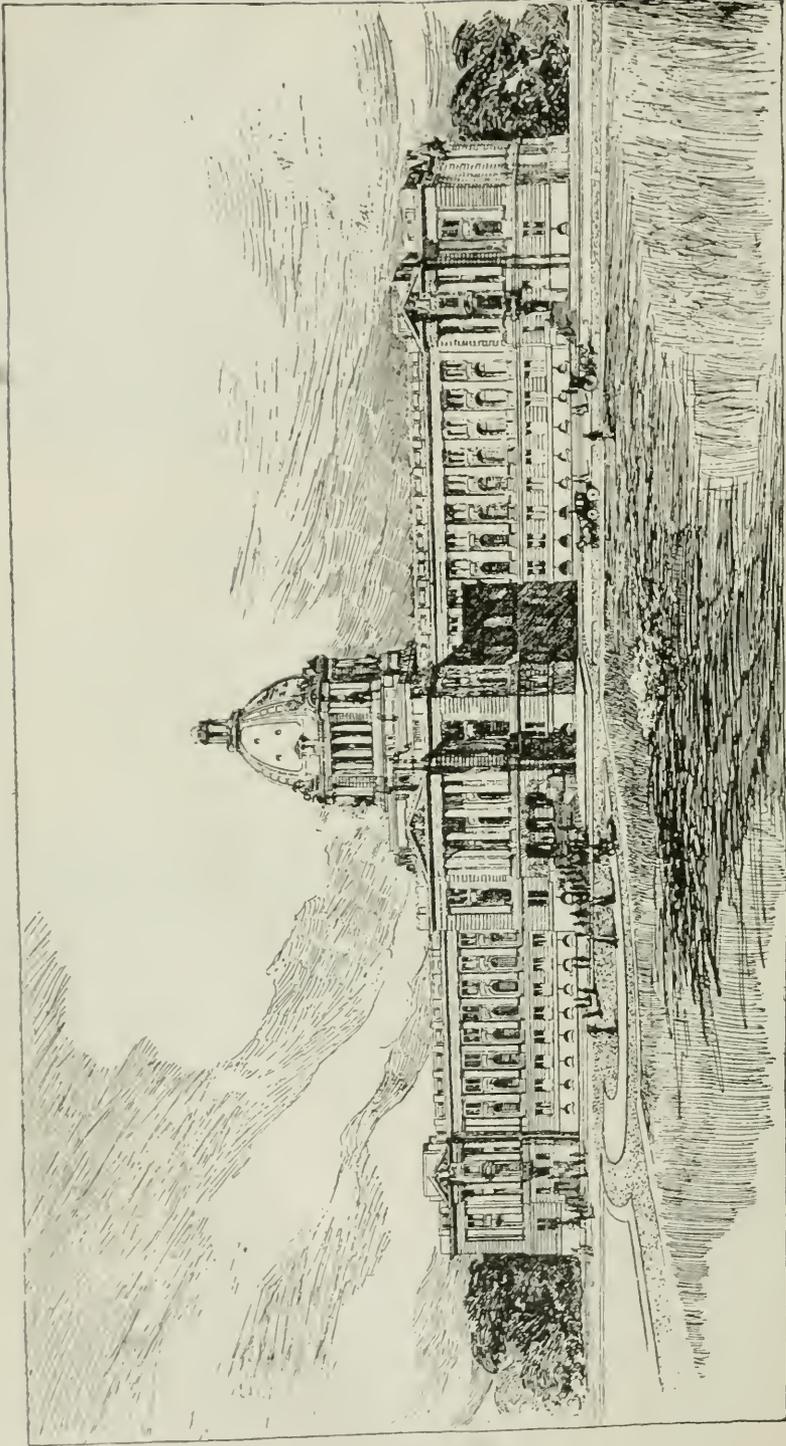
"No, sir," says I to the boss. "I don't work overtime, even if you will lose money by my not doing it. What

do I care about your contract? That's up to you. As for me—I'm a good union man. The union tells me how long I shall work and I work them hours—no more. See?"

One sometimes hears a fresh youth grumbling about the extra work he has to do, what he would like to tell the boss, and what he will tell him when he quits, but such a worker is not the hero in the eyes of his friend that the imprudent worker is.

"Yes, that old grouch, Jenkins, tells me to finish up the job if it takes me all night, and do you know, I had to work until 11 o'clock, and me with a date to take Pearl to the vaudeville. Why, I felt like telling him where to back in at. Yes, of course, I should have been up on my work, but what difference did that make? Next day would have done just as well. But I'll get even with that old skinflint. Just wait until I quit; I'll tell him things he never heard before."

One hears many such snatches of talk; in fact, many are much worse, but one rarely hears any worker telling in a respectful way how he had cheerfully attended to his own work and helped other fellow workers or even helped his boss at a pinch.



SASKATCHEWAN'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

Which will be erected this summer at Regina. It is expected the handsome structure will cost about \$2,000,000 before completion. The exterior is a fine adaptation of English Renaissance work. The stately edifice will be of red brick and pale buff stone which blend particularly well.

Some Deductions on the Average Man

How an Authority Sizes Him up in the Matter of Whiskers, Hockey, Golf and General Citizenship—Statistics, That Reduced to Concrete Form Create Amusement and Cause Consternation.

By "One Who Knows"—Illustrated by Gladeis Ronan.

RECENTLY a distinguished linguist made the statement that the average man could transact business or carry on the details of his occupation on a vocabulary of about five hundred words; that on an average the reasonably well informed man did not make use of more than thirteen hundred words and only those who ascended to the higher flights of eloquence and expression required so many as three thousand. And he was careful to state that he was taking men and their requirements on an average.

It is a queer thing how recklessly we make us of this word, average. It is a lazy man's definition. It saves the expression, in concrete form of an idea. We speak of the average man, the average citizen, average householder and other miscellaneous averages. And we think we know that which we mean to convey and we suppose the other fellow knows equally well, when in fact, he does not. Of the average citizen, for instance, we have a rather vague idea. We conceive of a personality answering to our thoughts, but the average man, in face, form and feature in attribute and address is as unlike as possible to the creature we conjure up.

For instance: Take a batch of fifty men, selected from the community at large. Stand them up in a row and strike an average and the line of demarcation will not be in the middle of the line but about two-thirds of the way down. For

men do not average as well as we would expect, for there are not citizens enough above the average to bring the general result to the fifty per cent. line. Could we shake our corps of fifty up in a bag, tumble out the contents, divide it into fifty equal parts the result would be a surprise. Take the matter of whisk-



"Just an average man after all."

ers. Shreds and patches would be found because there would not be enough to go decently around. Nearly all would be more or less bald, for hair on the heads would be at a premium, except in the case of the commercial article. Like a composite picture all individuality would be lost and merged in a dead level of mediocrity.

Following this line of thought into material issues we find that the law of averages will work out into some queer relations. The wages of a workman may be high per week, and low on an average. The fees of the professional man, those we hear of as being paid for valuable services, come in lumps but scale down when we consider the days

petuation of the industry and work up results for an average, and give the benefit of this average to our fifty years' veteran and see how he ranks on the roll of honor, to say nothing of how near he is to insolvency and a cripple for life. Here we have a tangible average, an array of emoluments, successes, and mishaps. The gifts of the rolling years have handed him the following:

Broke 3 of his arms; had the grip, 19 times; scrapped, 47 times; got the best of the scrap, 18 times; sent to the fence, 2,280 times; stayed on the fence, 3 times; ruled off the ice, 79 times; went off the ice, 23 times; licked the umpire, 14 times; was licked, 5 times. Resigned from the



"He was ruled off the ice seventy-nine times."

of non-professional success. And, while these reflections are all right as a matter of speculation, let us follow a theory to a practical conclusion, by selecting some condition that will supply an average not to be sneezed at. The national game of hockey will do as well as any other to fit our theory on and pick of the fruits of contemplation.

Suppose an average boy began to play hockey persistently, fervently, if you like, at the age of fifteen and devoted the seasons as they successively came around to an earnest exposition of the game until he reached the age of sixty-five years. Fifty years of hockey. Fifty seasons of sport, fifty winters of joyous activity and scrapping. Let us take the successes and failures of a local team, devoted to the per-

team twice each season. Resignations never accepted. Received 17 votes of thanks and 32 complimentary resolutions, shared in 24 banquets, gained 13 gold rings, 9 sets of sleeve buttons and a large china dog. Also gained one gentleman's companion. The companion stayed with him through life.

Having set out to prove our case to make assurance sure more evidence is needed. Investigation and results in one form of sport will not convince the incredulous. Pile up a few more, and nail down the lid. Golf is a popular pastime. Its devotees whack the elusive sphere all over the arable land of the province and hunt for lost balls in the suburban vegetable gardens. Clearly a gentleman's game, a sport of the sunny hours and daylight. No man

SOME DEDUCTIONS ON THE AVERAGE MAN

in a hurry may play at golf and achieve such successes as the sport affords. So let us use the records of the Whack-em-up Club for five seasons, as recorded by the genial secretary and making an average among players and happenings we deduce the following, premising that our exponent of the sport became infatuated at the age of twenty and kept at it until sixty-five years of age. Forty-five seasons of clubs and bunkers. Here for the averages:

Met 478 eminent people; asked to take something 478 times; took something 465 times. (Clearly a waste of opportunity 13 times); won out 117 times; lost 874 times. Personal expenses, \$1,650. Club expenses, \$584. Results: Gained in weight, 84 pounds; acquired 17 sets of clubs. Lost 311 balls. Struck with rheumatism, 21 times; played in 991 games; won 13 medals, 11 pairs of skates, 9 boquets and attended 43 luncheons and 7 banquets.

Turning from the arena of such joyous effort we may consider the case of the average citizen, who

should be heard. And rightly so because there is such a thundering lot of him. Take the public records, for instance, and divide the schedules up allotting to the average citizen his share and we have funny results. Strike an average of personal expense and one wonders where the money comes from for it goes flying up the spout. So we strike an average on behalf of our fellow man, and tell him that he is to do his duty in that state of life to which his father left him. The results run into decimals. Here is the score, based on a span of life of sixty-five years:

Licked, twice; in police court, 7-13 times; average fine, 14 3-5 cents; promised to marry, 4 1-7 girls; married, one; had 3 4-5 children; paid for dog tags, \$19.28; value of dogs, \$2.15; spent on plug tobacco, \$29.25; smoked cigars to the tune of \$472.18; burned out, 14-22 times; joined 2 1-5 churches; joined 3 1-10 societies; voted, 156 times; lost his vote, 152 times; salary raised, 4 times; shovelled snow, 167 times.

And so endeth the second lesson.



"He meets many eminent people on the golf links who ask him 'to take something.'"



THE CANADIAN COLLEGE IN ROME

The First Steam Heated Building in Rome

Was the Canadian College, the Twentieth Anniversary of Which Will be Observed This Year — The School is a Splendid Structure and was Inaugurated for the Education of Young Priests—Some Precious Relics in the Institution.

By Monsignor Satutto, in the Dundas Banner.

THIS year, a most interesting anniversary for Canadian Catholics, will be celebrated, that of the foundation of the Canadian College in Rome, which is the most important institution of the Dominion, indeed, the only one, in the Eternal City, and of which there is no member of the clergy at home who has not very pleasant recollections, either as student or visitor. Canada is the last corner of the world to be represented in Rome with a College for the education of young priests.

In the British world England occupies the first place, as her College boasts of being a continuation of the School and Hostel for the English people visiting Rome, which legend says, was founded by Ina, King of Wessex, in 727. St. Thomas of Canterbury, is supposed to have resided there, under Henry VIII.

Several Englishmen took refuge there, and when the Catholic Bishops were driven from their Sees, at the accession of Elizabeth, Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, was also given hospitality. By 1647 the English College could count among those who had been educated there, 40 priests who had suffered martyrdom in England, giving occasion to St. Philip Neri to salute the students with the words, "Salvete flores martyrum!" (Hail, ye flowers of the martyrs).

The Scotch also possess in Rome a Church and a Hostel of the time of Henry VIII., which Mary Stuart put on a sound footing, but the Scotch College, as it now stands, was founded by Clement VIII. in 1600. In 1616 it was made over, by Paul V. (Borghese) to the Jesuits, who had the management of it down to their suppression in 1773. Pius

VII. revived it in 1820, and placed it under the charge of a Scotch secular priest, as Rector. Gregory XIII., who, as we saw, was practically the founder of the English College, intended to have one also for the Irish, but as at that time they were persecuted he thought it better to devote the money to assisting them. The College was, instead founded by his nephew, Cardinal Ludovico, in 1628, with the celebrated Irish Franciscan historian, Father Luke Wadding, as first rector, the College starting with six students, and a donation of fifty dollars per month. This College also remained under the Jesuits until their suppression. Leo XII. restored it in 1826, and Cardinal Cappelari, afterwards Gregory XVI., conceived a singular affection for this Irish community and loaded it with favors. In 1836 he paid a formal visit to the College while Paul Cullen afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, was Rector, and in the same year he gave the College the Church and Sant' Agata dei Goti (St. Agatha of the Goths), which has now a great interest for the Irish people, as it contains the heart of the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, who left it to them as a legacy, and is enclosed in a monument to him.

Canada, which was known to Rome only through her pilgrims, and her Zouaves, who fought bravely whenever called upon, owes to the Sulpicians, and more especially to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, of Montreal, the foundation of her College, which is the most comfortable and the handsomest in Rome.

The negotiations for this new institution began in 1885, and on the 24th August of that year Lord Salisbury, then British Premier, and Minister of Foreign Affairs, telegraphed to Lord Lumley, Ambassador in Rome, entrusting to his good offices the erection of the Canadian College in the Eternal City. The corner stone of the building was laid on February 23, 1887, in the presence of Father Icard, Superior General

of St. Sulpice, while Cardinal Howard, Protector of the new institution, conducted the ceremony, assisted by Cardinals Taschereau and Gibbons, who were both in Rome to take their red hats, having been raised to the purple by Leo XIII. shortly before, in the same Consistory. Another prelate, present at that interesting function, was Monsignor John J. Keane, then Bishop of Richmond, and now Archbishop of Dubuque, Iowa.

The inauguration of the College took place on November 11, 1888, with magnificent weather, one of those golden Roman days, in which sun, sky and air, seem to combine for the delight of man. The ceremony was conducted by Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar of Rome, who was then supposed to be the most probable successor to Leo XIII., but who instead died several years before that great Pope. A glance at the notabilities present makes, at 20 years distance, curious and interesting reading. The Seminary of St. Sulpice, of Montreal, had sent its Superior, Father Colin, who had done so much towards the erection of the new College, and the diocese was represented by the Archbishop, Monsignor Fabre, who died eight years later. He had brought with him, as his secretary, a young Abbe, Father Bruchési, who was to succeed him in his high position. Of those who meanwhile have died I will recall the good Monsignor Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinth, who passed away a little over two years later. Other prelates, instead, still occupy the same position as then, such as Monsignor Duhamel, the venerable Archbishop of Ottawa, Mgr. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, and Mgr. Maes, Bishop of Covington, Ky. The Canadian Bishops present assisted Cardinal Parocchi in the blessing of the College, which was performed in the presence also of Mr. Kennedy, British Charge d'Affaires, representing the English Government.

Three days later Cardinal Sime-

oni, Prefect of Propaganda, presented to Leo XIII, the staff of the College, and all the Canadian Bishops and prelates who were in Rome for the occasion. The audience took place in the Hall of the Throne, and the Archbishop of Montreal, speaking in the name of Canada, said that the College was a gift of the Dominion for the Papal Jubilee of that year. The Pontiff answered that he considered it was the handsomest and most useful present which could be offered to him, and expressed the hope of seeing the new College march along the same way as the other Institution of St. Sulpice. Father Colin, whom the Pope especially complimented, said "Holy Father, this Canadian College is the Benjamin of the family, and desires to receive the benediction of the Patriarch." "I bless it with all my heart," replied the Pope. "How many students have you got to begin with?" "Twelve, as in the Apostolic College of the Apostles." "Well they must become 20, 25, 30 . . ." ended the Pope, and this prophecy has been realized, as there are 30 students this year. As is known they are already priests or clerics, who, having finished their elementary theological studies, desire to take academic degrees, and therefore come to Rome to frequent the schools of Propaganda for philosophy and theology, and those of the Appollinare for other branches. Each student pays \$150 a year while at the College, and wears in the ordinary ecclesiastical black gown, with black sash, which is most dignified and serious, while, for instance, their fellow students at the German College, in their scarlet robes, are so conspicuous as to be one of the "sights."

The first Rector of the College was Abbe Palin d'Abouville, the second, Father L. W. Leclair, and the third and present one, Father Georges Camille Clapin, of St. Hyacinthe, who has occupied this post for eight years, and whose abil-

ity, tact, and learning, has won him an enviable position at the Vatican, he being one of the most influential ecclesiastics there. It may be well to add here that the Rector receives no payment for his services.

The inauguration of the Canadian College marked an epoch in Rome, not, however, a religious one, but an epoch of comfort, as it was the first building here in which steam heating, or central heating as they call it here, was applied. Anyone who was in Rome 15 years or so ago will remember the awful chill of the big palaces and institutions, full of suites of immense rooms, with no visible means of heating them. No fire-places, nothing but a brass brazier filled with charcoal ashes, very picturesque and delightful to read about, but fearful to have to do with. Even the huge Vatican, with its 11,000 rooms, had no other heating, until in the last years of Leo XIII.'s pontificate, his doctor insisted on steam heating, so that he might always be in an atmosphere of equal temperature. The Pontiff fought hard, saying that he did live in an equal temperature of cold, but the doctor had his way, and Pius X. is reaping the benefit also, although in the beginning he disliked it somewhat, but not wholly, as he had been accustomed to great porcelain stoves in Venice.

The Patron Saint of the College, is St. Joseph, who is kept fresh in the minds of the students by a magnificent bas-relief over the great door, a work of art, by the well-known sculptor, Bartelini. It represents St. Joseph at work in his shop, with the Divine Infant, a delicious interior, which teaches that work is the least of the sacrifices.

The building itself is most graceful, the architect, Signor Corinnini, having been inspired by Bramante, indeed, the College recalls the celebrated palace of the Cancelleria.

Nor is this typical Canadian institution entirely without precious relics. On January 21, 1891, Leo XIII. sent a silver reliquary, handsomely

worked, containing some bones of the seven Saints who founded the order of the Servites, and who were Canonized by him during his great Jubilee year, as a present to the College, and in the same year and month, a noble family of Rome of-

fered to sell a reliquary, containing an authentic bit of the True Cross, to the Rector. The price seemed beyond his means, when the Princess de Broglie came forward, bought it, and gave it to the College as an offering to St. Joseph.

Declares Men Are Worse Gossips Than Women

By Beatrix Fairfax.

MEN are gossips.

Did you know that?

Half the scandals we hear of are hatched in men's clubs.

When you pass a men's club and see half a dozen men gazing out of the windows and talking together, the chances are that they are talking about the scandalous manner in which Jones flirts with Smith's wife, or some equally choice morsel of gossip.

Of course they have a right to express their opinions; but to hear the average man talk, one would think that he was a perfect miracle of discretion and that woman was responsible for all the gossip going.

Neither is man so wonderful at keeping a secret as he would have you believe.

This may all sound rather abusive, but think of the endless criticism of this kind that man has aimed at woman! Ever since time began he has accused her of gossiping and being unable to hold her tongue.

Man, perhaps, does not indulge in so much little tittle-tattle as woman does, but in the big things he gossips quite as eagerly as any woman.

His gossip is more dangerous than woman's, for the reason that hers is generally taken with a grain of salt, while his is believed implicitly.

He has established the reputation of being above such things as gossip, but to poor woman it is supposed to come as naturally as breathing.

There is yet another deficiency we might touch on, and that is man's density.

Have you ever tried to shut a man up by giving him a gentle push or kick when you saw he was putting his foot in it, only to have him turn to you blandly and say, "What are you kicking me for?"

Isn't it maddening?

He has no more intuition than a baby, and the pathetic part of it is that he considers himself past master in the art of diplomacy and far-sightedness.

And now I think we have said enough about man and his failings.

There is not one woman in the world who does not find some one man very lovable, in spite of his deficiencies.

Thank goodness, very few men have all the bad qualities we have discussed. Things would be pretty bad if that were so, wouldn't they, girls? The world would be full of old maids and divorced wives.

As it is, in spite of all his faults man is on the whole a very satisfactory person.

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- THE PAGEANT OF THE SHIPS. D. S. Jordan.—Pacific Monthly.
- THE BATTLE OF DORKING. Maj.-Gen. T. McA. Anderson.—Pacific Monthly.
- IF WAR SHOULD COME. Capt. R. P. Hobson.—Cosmopolitan.
- THE GREAT NAVAL CRUISE OF MODERN TIMES. W. L. Marvin.—American Review of Reviews.
- THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MERCHANT SERVICE.—Chambers's Journal.
- THE REAL ARMY AND THE SHAM.—Saturday Rev. (March 21).
- REDUCTION V. SAFETY.—Sat. Rev., (March 7).
- EDUCATION FROM A MILITARY VIEW-POINT. Col. C. W. Larned.—North Am. Rev.
- GERMANY'S NAVAL EXPANSION.—Living Age (April 11).
- THE GIANTS OF MODERN WARFARE. Geo. Gregory.—Metropolitan.
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- CAN SCIENCE ABOLISH WAR? Col. F. N. Maude.—Cont. Rev.
- ARMY COUNCIL OR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—Sat. Rev. (April 4).
- AMERICAN SOLDIERS WILL FLY. R. C. Black.—Technical World.
- OUR NAVY'S NEW SUBMARINES. J. W. Moultrie.—Technical World.
- THE NATIONAL NOTE IN AMERICAN ART. Boyesen.—Putnam's.

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- The Art Season in New York. E. Knauff.—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
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- The Art of Sir Noel Paton. F. V. Conolly.—English Illustrated.
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- On Some Modern Music. A. Symons.—Sat. Rev. (March 7).
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- The Art of Horatio Walker. M. Winthrop.—Craftsman.
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- The Hudson Tunnels. Louis E. Van Norman.—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
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- The Erie Barge Canal. Jas. C. Mills.—Cassiers.
- Copper in Electrical Industry. H. M. Hobart.—Cassiers.
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- Canada's Bid for Paper Manufacturers.—Am. Business Man.
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- Steam: Its Profitable Utilization. Geo. H. Gibson.—Book-Keeper.
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- Some Pointers for Bookkeepers.—Book-Keeper.
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 To Cut One-Third from the World's Fuel Bill. R. Franklin.—Technical World.

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 Must Your Child Lie? G. S. Hall.—Appleton's.

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 Cross and Crescent. F. Banfield, M.A.—English Illustrated.
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- Pals. Jack London.—London.
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- The Ace of Clubs. R. G. Hales.—London.
- The Escape of Hooker. James Barr.—Royal.
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- Happy Hawkins and the Chinese Question. R. A. Wason.—Metropolitan.
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 G. B. Ryan, of Guelph, Ont. Dry Goods Rev.
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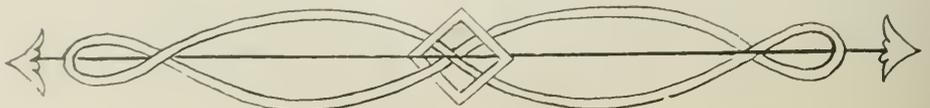
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 When a Girl Travels Alone. L. A. Smith.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 How to Make Vegetables go Farthest. Mrs. S. T. Rorer.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 The Shopper as Seen by the Salesgirl.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 Six Weeks in Europe with One Suitcase. E. Kelley.—Ladies' Home Journal.
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 My Lady's Tantrums. M. Tindal.—Royal.
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 Prison Experiences of a Suffragette. W. Mayo.—Idler.
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 Your Boy and His Girl.—Circle.
 Feminization in School and Home. G. S. Hall.—World's Work.
 The American Wife. A. F. Corbia.—Appleton's.



The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Best Selling Books.

The best selling books during the past month were :—

In Canada.

Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
Three Weeks. By Elinor Glyn.
Songs of a Sourdough. By R. W. Service.
Red Year. By Louis Tracy.

In England.

Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
Ancient Law. By E. Glasgow.
Come and Find Me. By E. Robins.
Wheels of Anarchy. By Max Pemberton.
Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia. By P. Weale.
Leaves From a Life. (Anonymous).

In United States.

Black Bag. By L. J. Vance.
Ancient Law. By E. Glasgow.
Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
Lady of the Decoration. By F. Little.
Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.

Good Things From New Books.

The wound that has no outlet is apt to canker.

If there is one type more than another that I dislike, it is the catlike, smooth woman, who never gets into an honest rage, but who pursues her purpose with the skill and patience of a Red Indian.

What else is there worth living for but "Wine, Woman and Song" when one is young? All other things are but the makeshifts of old age.

A man and a nation deteriorate when they lower their standard of right and wrong, when they sacrifice their principles to expediency.

It is like your accursed Scotch verdict of "Not proven," which the world reads as "Guilty, but cannot be proved."

I don't know that it is so good to be alive. The older you get the more you doubt it. I suppose that is why they say that those whom the gods love die young. They go out at high tide, before they have lost a hope or an illusion.

It seems a pity that there is nothing between the professional photographer who turns

you into a picture that none of your friends recognize and the amateur that turns you into a caricature.—From "The Secret Door," by Derek Vane.

* * *

Nothing would induce me to marry a man with such a thing as a loose fad about him, or a bottle of tabloids, or a liver pill.

I am not interested in matrimony. For I have never entered that holy state. Why holy, by the way? I know lots of unholy states of matrimony.

If one lived in the Highlands one would develop a perpetual sniff. One is always dreading that some scent may be passing that one has not really taken in fully.

Virtue and money have done more harm in the world than any other two factors.

I've seen so many crimes on the stage that I know exactly how they are managed. You hide yourself in a conspicuous place, and soliloquise away as loud as you can, and then the victim comes and stuffs his head into your very jaws; and it is all over in a moment.

The man who knows how to keep himself in hand may not, after all, be stronger than the one who rides pell-mell over other people's wishes and desires.—From "The Imbeciles," by J. Lockhart Lang.

* * *

I told her that the modern husband liked gravity . . . and marriage is no laughing matter.

Husbands are booming to-day; they are almost as dear as Kaffirs.

It's all very well to be up with the lark; but a man who keeps such hours should be in bed with the fowls.

Half the things we own in this world give us pleasure because we may show them to others and ask for admiration when so doing.

Don't grow old on any account. It is an unpardonable sin.

Never trust an after-dinner judgment, especially one concerning women.

I am always in purgatory when I see a pretty woman, and have not the honor of her acquaintance.—From "The Wheels of Anarchy," by Max Pemberton.

* * *

New women will always pay to a man the extravagant compliment which no ordinary woman ever pays him, that of listening while he is talking.

The poet delights in disorder only. If it were

not so, the most poetical thing in the world would be the Underground Railway.

It is always the humble man who talks too much; the proud man watches himself too closely.

I should think very little of the man who didn't keep something in the background of his life that was more serious than all his talking—something more serious, whether it was religion or only drink.—From "The Man Who Was Thursday," by G. K. Chesterton.

• • •

Every opportunity is also the time of test.

Life has many shadows, but the sunshine makes them all.

Happy the man who realizes his own limitations, for he is spared the sour disappointment of unachievement.

Waiters open cafes of their own out of what they make by flattering people's vanities.—From "Eve's Apple," by Fisher Unwin.

• • •

Among the many delusions under which the world labors may be mentioned the generally accepted theory that man's chief interest in life centres round woman, and woman's round man. Whatever it may be on the Continent, in England at any rate man is primarily interested in himself, while since time immemorial nothing has interested woman more than the study of herself.

Even in society, which is more or less a protest against monotony, the woman who dares to be original is still looked upon with a certain suspicion. She has her friends, of course; she may even be surrounded by a clique engaged in feebly endeavoring to imitate her originality, but she will never really be popular.

Englishmen do not like originality in a

woman; they prefer their female belongings to be turned out all on the same pattern, like puddings out of a mold.—From "Unforegone Conclusions," by Lady Grove.

Moody Mr. Meredith.

Mr. George Meredith, whose name has been so prominent in connection with his eightieth birthday, is a very brilliant talker in private life. He has his serious moods, however. A lady who sat next to him at a picnic party had been looking forward for days to the occasion, expecting pearls of epigram and wisdom from his lips. Herself an excellent talker, she had burnished up her wits for the event. In vain! The solitary sentence which passed the lips of the prophet throughout the whole of the meal was—on reaching slightly across her for the salt—"Excuse the picnic stretch!"

Mr. Meredith holds unusual views on the institution of marriage. He believes that no man or woman should be inexorably united. He disapproves entirely of the present system, which he describes as "unbearable." He would have marriage made by the State, not by the Church. The man would have to give an account of himself to the properly-constituted authority. He would have to state his means and prospects, and produce a medical certificate, giving an account of the state of his health. In a word, he would have to prove his fitness for marriage financially and physically. If, after ten years, the wife for any cause cannot get on with the husband, or the husband with the wife, they should part, the father taking the older children, the mother the younger.

Mr. Meredith has been twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, the English humorist. She was a



GEORGE MEREDITH ON HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY.

The world's leading living novelist taking the air in his donkey chaise, at his [Boxhill] home, in Surrey.

singularly witty and brilliant woman, and her death, after twelve years of unhappy married life, closed a tragic chapter of the famous novelist's life, which he has never willingly opened to anyone to read. Mr. Meredith almost immediately remarried, but within a few months his second wife died, leaving him bereft of a most satisfying love. His son, Mr. William Meredith, is a publisher, associated with the firm of Archibald Constable. Mrs. William Meredith, who had a play produced at the Court theatre, entitled "The Pilgrim's Way," often stays with the novelist at Box Hill, and has been a source of great comfort to him in his illness.

The story of Mr. Meredith's attempt to live with Rossetti, in the pre-Raphaelite solitude of Chelsea, is a comic one. He arrived at the Cheyne Walk house at mid-day. Rossetti was not up. "On the breakfast-table rested five slabs of bacon, upon which five eggs had slowly bled to death." Then Rossetti, poet and painter of beautiful women, appeared in a dressing-gown, and "devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." Mr. Meredith fled from the house, and gave up the idea of living in it for ever.

Some New Books Worth Reading

- The Shareholders' and Directors' Manual.—By J. D. Warde.
 Leaves from a Life.—Anon.
 How to be Happy.—By Grace Gold.
 The Making of the Millennium.—By Frank Rosewater.
 Do It Now.—By Peter Keary.
 The World's Awakening.—By "Navarchus."
 Diary.—By Isabel Lady Burton.
 The Soul of a Priest.—By Duke Littia.
 The Old Peabody Pew.—By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 The Money Grabbers.—By Hester Stanhope.
 Our Coast Defence Organizations.—By Captain A. E. C. Meyers.
 In the Service of the Queen.—By Dick Donovan.
 A Devil's Bargain.—By Florence Warden.
 Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways.—By J. G. Millar.
 The Castles and Keeps of Scotland.—By Frank Roy Fraprie.
 The Measure of the Rule.—By Robert Barr.
 Modern Egypt.—By Lord Cromer.
 The Heart of a Child.—By Frank Danby.
 The Making of Personality.—By Bliss Carman.
 Sowing Seeds in Danny.—By Mrs. R. W. McClung.
 The Iron Heel.—By Jack London.
 Christian Science; Its Faith and Its Founder.—By Rev. Lyman P. Powell.
 The Secret Agent.—By Joseph Conrad.
 The Red Year.—By Louis Tracy.
 Janet of the Dunes.—By Harriet T. Comstock.
 The Hemlock Avenue Mystery.—By Roman Doubleday.
 Woodhull.—By Pliny Berthier Seymour.



MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER

Editor of The London Sphere, and a notable figure in the literature of criticism.

General Notes of Interest

A volume of poems has recently been published by Arthur Stringer, called, "The Woman in the Rain, and Other Poems."

* * *

It is probable that at an early date Lord Roberts will undertake the work of writing his life, commencing at the point where his former work, "Forty-One Years in India," left off. For some time past Lord Roberts has had this scheme in mind, and has been gradually collecting the necessary material.

* * *

Everyone who remembers "An American Girl in London," will welcome the announcement that Mrs. Everard Cotes has written another story on a theme not altogether different, "A Canadian Girl in London."

* * *

In view of the forthcoming Quebec celebrations, a most interesting work is in preparation, entitled, "The First English Conquest of Canada," with some account of the earliest settlements in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, by Henry Kirke, M.A., B.C.L., F.R.G.S. This gentleman is a descendant of the Captain Kirke, whose name is so intimately associated with the early conquest of Canada.

* * *

A further interesting addition to the literature of the Ancient Capital of Canada is promised. Mr. Byron Nicholson will publish a volume entitled, "In Old Quebec, and Other Canadian Sketches." The book will refer to various parts of Canada.

Humor in the Magazines

THERE is a proprietor of a shop in New Haven, a man of most excitable temperament, who is forever scolding his clerks for their indifference in the matter of possible sales.

One day, hearing a clerk say to a customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," the proprietor, unable to countenance such an admission, began to work himself into the usual rage. Fixing a glassy eye on his clerk, he said to the customer:

"We have plenty in reserve, ma'am; plenty downstairs."

Whereupon the customer looked dazed, and then, to the amazement of the proprietor, burst into hysterical laughter and quit the shop.

"What did she say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk.

"We haven't had any rain lately."

* * *

The little girl was very fond of pleasant days and at the close of a heavy rainstorm petitioned in her prayer for fine weather; when, the next morning, the sun shone bright and clear, she became jubilant and told her prayer to her grandmother, who said: "Well, dear; why can't you pray to-night that it may be warmer to-morrow, so grandma's rheumatism will be better?" "All right, I will," was the quick response; and that night, as she knelt, she made this request in her prayers, "Oh, God, please make it hot for grandma."

* * *

He was a big, bold man and he came into the gas office with blood in his eye.

"I have come in here," he announced in large tones, "to file a complaint."

"Well, sir," replied the clerk, as he reached under the counter and brought forth a huge rasp. "here is the file. Now, go 'way off to some quiet corner and file it, and when you are through toss the complaint into the waste basket and return the file. Good morning, sir."

And the big, bold man walked out of the office feeling as wilted as a linen collar on a July afternoon.

* * *

A Scotchman who is a prominent member of a church in Glasgow one Sunday recently put by mistake into the collection plate a piece of silver instead of a penny. On returning home he discovered the serious blunder. He spent

the afternoon in considering the matter and in talking it over with his wife.

"Ye see," he said to her in explanation of his loss. "I might stay awa' for twenty-nine Sawbaths to mak' it up, but then I wad be payin' seat rent an' gettin' nawthin' for't. I'm thinkin', lassie, this maun be what the meenister ca's a reelegious deeficulty."

* * *

Aunt—Now, Willie, never try to deceive anyone. You would not like to be two-faced would you?

Willie—Gracious, no! One face is enough to wash these cold mornings.

* * *

Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, illustrated a story with a reference to the alertness of an Aurora bridegroom. "You know how bridegrooms, setting off on the honeymoon, forget their brides and buy tickets only for themselves? Well, that is what this bridegroom did in Aurora, and when his wife said to him, 'Why, you only bought one ticket, dear!' he answered, 'By Jove! I never thought of myself.'"

* * *

A certain scientist is said to be a hard taskmaster, and a bit of a domestic tyrant. Being detailed to accompany an expedition round the world, the scientist unbent a trifle towards the servant who would be his personal attendant.

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the man.

"We do," replied his master.

"We lose a day going that way, I believe, sir."

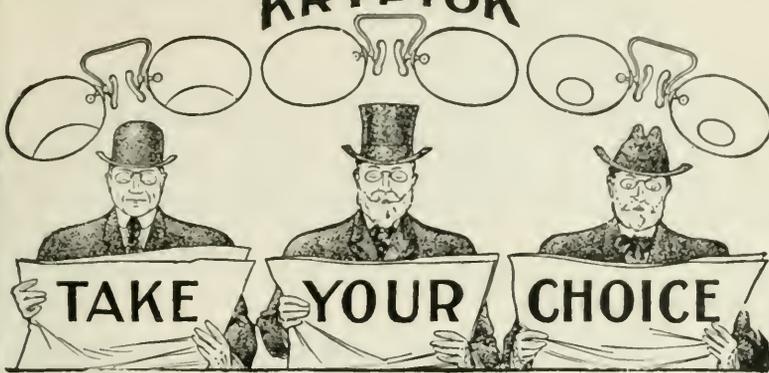
"Yes, we lose a day."

"Then, sir, I should like to go. It would give me a day off."

* * *

There is a clerk in the employ of a Philadelphia business man, who, while a fair worker, is yet an individual of pronounced eccentricity. One day a wire basket fell off the top of the clerk's desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court plaster at hand, he slapped on three two-cent stamps and continued his work. A few minutes later he had occasion to take some paper to his employer's private office. When he entered, the "old man," observing the postage stamps on his cheek, fixed him with an astonished stare. "Look here, Jenkins," he exclaimed, "you are carrying too much postage for second-class matter!"

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No Lines, No Cement, No Uneven Surfaces, No Annoyance or Unsightly Appearance. Young-Looking and Altogether Satisfactory. Made for Canada by

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The machine that makes the money.

The Man Who Owns a Mechanical Cleaning Wagon Makes Money

\$3000.00 CAN BE MADE

This year, next year, and the years thereafter, cleaning houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men, with a capital of \$2,000 and upwards. Over 400 operators in as many towns in the United States. We make the most efficient stationary systems for residences, hotels, office buildings, etc. We own the patents and are prosecuting all infringers. Write for Catalog.

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACHINERY COMPANY
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Building a House?

What about the Mantels?

For really

Artistic Mantels

nothing can equal

MILTON PRESSED BRICK

They are clean cut, hard and uniform in size
Made in several beautiful, permanent
—and they will last almost forever.

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MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., Limited

Largest Manufacturers of Pressed Brick in Canada

Head Office, MILTON, ONT.

Toronto Office, 75 YONGE ST.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention Busy Man's Magazine.

The following story is told by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in P. T. O.: "At a dinner party one evening, after my marriage, the conversation, which was general, took a literary turn, and a gentleman sitting next to me, who did not know the identity of Mrs. Felkin with Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, began to descant on the way young authors spoil themselves with tricks. To emphasize his point he said, 'What can be more horrible than Miss Fowler's trick of saying, "Everybody Laughed"?' There was a dead pause. He evidently expected me to make a remark, for when I did not speak he turned and said, 'Oh, don't you know Miss Fowler's books? Haven't you read any of them?' 'I wrote them,' I replied, and then, indeed, 'everybody laughed.'"

"Were you ever done in oil?" ventured the wandering portrait painter.

The old farmer almost leaped out of his boots.

"Was I ever done in oil?" he roared, "Well, I should say so. A long-legged, fox-eared individual that looked something like you came past here last week and sold me a bottle of what was supposed to be genuine olive oil to eat on lettuce. When I poured it on the lettuce it turned out to be sewing-machine oil, and, by heck! if I thought that you—"

But the wandering artist was gone—gone in a cloud of dust.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the inventor of pre-digested hay, "a man has lived four days in a mine on nothing but oil and wood."

"Well, what's that to shout about?"

"Plenty. You're stupid. It gives me a new idea for a breakfast food."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Elderly Aunt—I suppose you wondered, dear little Hans, why I left you so abruptly in the lane. I saw a man, and oh, how I ran!

Hans—Did you get him?—Fliegende Blaetter (Munich).

Sir Ewin Ray Lankester once received a visit from a woman who carried a basket in her hand and appeared to be in a state of great mental excitement.

"I've got them," she remarked; "two of them!"

"Two what?" asked the professor, beginning to be interested.

"Two 'awk's eggs," answered the woman, opening the basket as she spoke. "I'm told they're worth a lot of money."

The professor carefully examined the treasures, but the scrutiny was not satisfactory. "These are not auk's eggs," he said, much to his visitor's surprise.

"They are 'awk's eggs," she insisted. "My son found them." Suddenly the professor understood.

"The kind of eggs which are so valuable," he said kindly, "are the eggs of a now extinct bird called the auk—a-u-k." The woman was

greatly disappointed and went away vowing vengeance on the person who had told her "it was 'awk's eggs as was wanted."

A one-time Bishop of London entered an East End church at even song. Standing in a back seat, he joined in the singing of a hymn. Next to him a workingman stood singing lustily in tune. The Bishop sang lustily too, but, alas! not in tune. The workingman endured the discord as long as he could, when, without turning round, and nudging the Bishop with his elbow, he said: "Stop it, mister; you're spoiling the show."

"Dad," he began, "you know that Wilkins case you've been trying for the last ten years?" The solicitor nodded.

"Well," said the young man, "I've settled it!"

"Settled it!" ejaculated his father. "Settled it! Why, my boy, I gave you that case as an annuity!"

Some years ago there lived in Perth, Scotland, a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked the acquaintance in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Aye, it's me," replied Jamie, in a tone of complete resignation. "Have you fa'en doon the stairs?" was the next question. "Aye! I fell doon; but I was comin' doon, whether or no."

Mr. Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian, has met with great success on the other side of the Atlantic. On one occasion he sang three songs at a fashionable club, and received a cheque for £200.

When quite lads, Harry and his younger brother were enjoying a "smoke"—a forbidden treat. Harry first produced his pipe, and Mat, not to be outdone, asked for a puff. He got one, with disastrous results.

"Noo," said Harry, "if ye tell on me, I'll tell on you."

Mat's only reply was to wail:

"Tak me hame! I'll no' tell a word!"

"Ye'd better no," retorted the older lad, "an' I'll tell mither we've been sweemin', and you swallowed a lot o' saut watter."

And his ruse was successful.

Stockson—"One day last week old man Gotrox bought a lot of those 'Do it now' signs and hung 'em around the office."

Bond—"How did the staff take it?"

Stockson—"Almost unanimously. The cashier skipped with \$30,000, the head bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase of salary, and the office-boy lit out to become a highwayman and got as far west as Pittsburg before he was caught and disarmed."



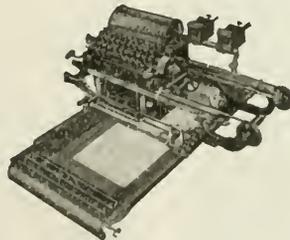
Elliott-Fisher

ADDING TYPEWRITER

Combining the ability to write, figure and add on either bound books or loose leaves—to manifold any set of business forms with unerring accuracy

ALL IN ONE OPERATION

Factory, Order, Billing and Bookkeeping work is simplified, economized and safeguarded through Elliott-Fisher one operation ideas.



Elliott-Fisher, Limited

129 BAY STREET

TORONTO

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Improvements in Office Devices

For Two-Column Work

THE PIKE ADDING MACHINE CO. have recently brought out an attachment for their machine that automatically shifts the carriage for two-column work. A number of a check or draft may be written on the left-hand up to eight figures without being added, then the machine automatically shifts, and the full adding capacity of the machine ten columns can be utilized in the right-hand column.

Typewriter Brush

From Germany the other day was received what is called "Fix," a very serviceable typewriter brush. It is entirely new to typewriter users.

The brush is six inches long, slightly curved and consists of ordinary bristle and soft brass wire. It is apparent at once that the wire is intended to supplant or do away with benzine as a cleaner or any other acid. The bristle being soft yields to the wire at once, which digs down into the type and thoroughly cleanses it.

There has been considerable dissatisfaction with the present "brush and benzine" as a cleaner; because it leaves an oily effect on the type that continually gathers up and clogs the type, particularly those letters of small space.

Self-Indexing Ledger

In both bound and loose leaf form is the Kirtley self-indexing Ledger, and the system is said to be entirely new. These ledgers, which are made by the Hugh, Stephens Printing Co., of Jefferson City, Mo., are useful. In the loose leaf a perfect index is preserved, not only in the current, but also in the transfer accounts. The great difficulty in all loose leaf systems, so the makers claim, has been to keep the transfer sheets in such order that old accounts could be readily located. The Kirtley loose leaf makes it possible to find any desired account with two turns and without thumbing leaves in either the Current or the Transfer.

Eyelet Plier

There has been placed upon the market the "Solidhead" eyelet plier, a simple, easy and quick punch and eyelet set for punching holes and eyeletting cards, papers, samples, etc. The

plier, which is made by the Hawkes-Jackson Co., of New York, is operated by punching a hole and allowing the instrument to open; then, without removing punch, hold an eyelet between the thumb and second finger, place it with small end down on top of punch and close.

New Telephone Desk

The sound of the telephone bell is often a signal for a wild scramble for something to write on. The Monarch telephone desk gets rid of all this fuss. It can easily be attached to the wall or stand on a desk or counter beside the telephone. It has a typewriter paper feed,



all parts being interchangeable and no paper wasted. The telephone desk, which is made by the Thorp & Martin Company, of Boston, is equipped with a continuous supply of paper.

A Perplexing Problem Solved

One of the most perplexing problems which confronts the man who has adopted the vertical system of letter filing is to devise a method of handling the transferred correspondence in such a way as will permit of ready reference, no matter how far back the desired letters may have been filed. While the large transfer cases which are made to hold the entire contents of one vertical file drawer are undoubtedly the cheapest and most practical form of storage, their bulky proportions and heavy weight when laden with 5,000 letters, are serious objections and consequently the smaller case, holding only a few hundred letters, has come into general use. Fortunately, however, these objections have at last been overcome in a simple, inexpensive manner by the introduction of the "Macey" transfer rack sections, which are noth-

THE "GERHARD HEINTZMAN" PIANO

Nearly Half a Century THE MODEL
for all Canadian Piano Makers

A singing tone of the utmost refinement, and action that responds fluently to every variety of touch, and all parts built and finished both for beauty and durability—these are the excellencies that have earned for the "Gerhard Heintzman" the title—

"THE MOST ARTISTIC PIANO IN CANADA"

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED

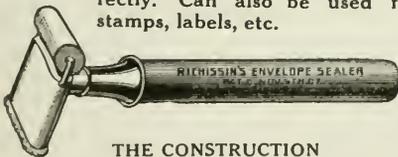
97 Yonge Street, Toronto

127 King St. East, Hamilton

(86)

"SEALS—as Well as Moistens"

any size envelope, quickly, neatly and perfectly. Can also be used for stamps, labels, etc.



THE CONSTRUCTION

The Barrel is made of hard rubber, and unscrews at the joint to be filled with water. The Metal Damper is made of solid brass so it cannot rust; the Roller of hard rubber. The Moistener is filled with felt, which absorbs the water and keeps it just wet enough for immediate use.

One filling of the barrel will last several weeks. You pass the felt over flap of the envelope, turn flap down and roll lightly over it, which seals to stay.

Every office needs one, or more, of these useful, sanitary and inexpensive devices for moistening and sealing anything. You will notice by the illustration that "It SEALS—As Well As Moistens," a feature which similar articles (selling at a low price) do not possess. The Rubber Roller enables the user to seal the envelope perfectly, without the fingers (which are sometimes dirty) coming in contact with the envelope. It does the work neatly. It saves you that unpleasant taste.

YOU NEED ONE. WHY NOT ORDER IT TO-DAY?

Money back—if not entirely satisfied.

PRICE, \$1.00 POSTPAID. AGENTS WANTED

HOMER T. SMITH

1436 Williamson Bldg. CLEVELAND, O., U.S.A.

THE CANADIAN
OFFICE & SCHOOL
FURNITURE CO. LIMITED
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ONTARIO

MANUFACTURERS
OF HIGH GRADE BANK & OFFICE
FIXTURES; SCHOOL LIBRARY &
COMMERCIAL FURNITURE, OPERA
& ASSEMBLY CHAIRS & INTERIOR
HARDWOOD FINISH GENERALLY.

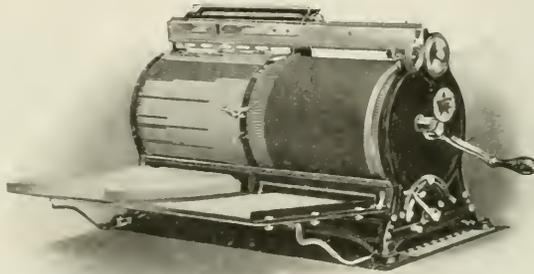
ing more or less than skeleton racks—built to hold two of these large cases each, and capable of unlimited expansion by merely adding more sections. When the box is withdrawn from the rack for reference, the cover remains stationary, being retained by hooks at the back of the section and the box suspends itself when partially withdrawn, leaving both hands free to consult the contents. These racks and boxes also make a capital low-priced vertical file for use in shipping rooms, etc., where appearance is not the important consideration. This new line may be seen at the warerooms of the Adams Furniture Company, Limited.

* * *

The Multigraph

The great quantity of circular typewriting matter which reaches the waste basket of the prospective buyer is the best evidence so far as "fooling the public" is concerned, the common "duplicating" or "fac-simile" methods fall far short of the ideal.

The problem has been really solved by let-



THE MULTIGRAPH

ters typewritten on the Gammeter multigraph, a multiple typewriter manufactured by the American Multigraph Sales Co., of Cleveland, Ohio. The multigraph operated by an office boy or girl really typewrites letters individually, but does it at a speed of 2,000 letters per hour. It uses typewriter type, (automatically composed), typewriter ribbon and typewriter platen, the result being a letter which is actual typewriting. The post office authorities in a number of cases, have refused to accept multigraph letters at circular rates, until an inspector had seen for himself a multigraph grinding out the letters at a speed beyond the capacity even of the printing press.

* * *

Hand Metal Punch

An instrument for general repair or outside construction work, which is very useful is the Whitney hand metal punch. It is a labor-saving tool and can be operated to full capacity held across the knees, it not being necessary

to hold in a vise. The punch is simple of design, possesses drop forged parts and is strongly proportioned where the strain comes. Operating upon two extra hardened inclined roller surface bearings, assisted by teeth, or cogs, the combination formed is a powerful leverage applied to mechanical tools. The punch, which is turned out by the Whitney Manufacturing Company, Rockford, Ill., can be instantly changed by throwing over the upper lever, which movement requires no tools. No bolts or nuts have to be removed.

* * *

New Order Book

A new triplicate order book has been placed on the market by the Simple Account Sales-book Company, of Freemont, Ohio. Under the old system the traveler has to use a loose sheet carbon order book, which necessitates the handling of the carbon twice before an order is completed. The Navan order book has a stationary carbon sheet and in it the carbon is never handled. There are fully duplicate or triplicate orders to a book. Each pad has two

carbons, which accounts for the good quality of the carbon copies.

* * *

Business Cards Little Used

The use of business cards as a means of introducing one's self is being resorted to less and less. There is no poorer introduction than a business card. Simply send in your name. When you succeed in gaining an interview you can explain whom you are representing and the object of your visit. You will find that you will be better remembered by using this method than if you had handed out business cards.

Don't be easily discouraged!

Don't talk for the purpose of talking!

Don't procrastinate!

Don't boast!

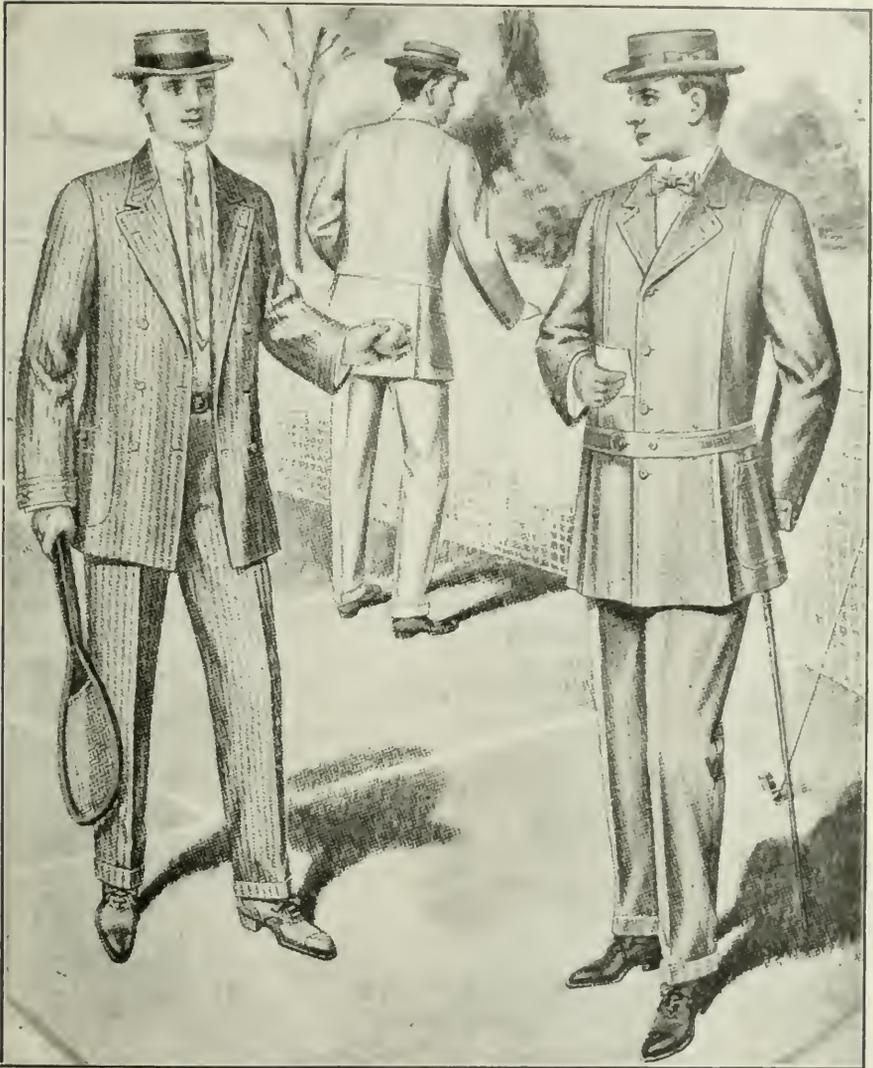
But—

"Stick to the job!"

Make friends wherever you can!

Be courteous to those you come in contact with!

Remember, the man who is clerking to-day may be the buyer the next time you call.



By courtesy of J. J. Mitchel Co., New York.

SUMMER TOGGERY FOR BUSY MEN.

In head-gear the straw hat will be worn a great deal this summer, with the ever-popular colored band. The range of patterns is varied, and almost every conceivable hue and combination is employed. In straws the smaller size in crown and brim are leading. Various shades of brown derbys are also in demand, as well as the natty shapes in college telescopes.

In summer neckwear, mercerized fabrics in colors are the vogue. Wash goods are in pressing demand for outing purposes. Knitted ties in silk, most of them with cross stripes are being worn; louder colors in patterns promise to be the feature for the fall, with the predominating tendency to purple.

The fancy vest is no longer a novelty, but a staple article of man's attire for summer. White holds sway, but there is an abundance with stripes and small figures. Second in popularity to whites are tans and grays are equally favored. The three-buttoned vest is most popular, though those with one more are not considered lacking in style. Flap pockets are seen in the majority of vests, adding to the dressy appearance of the garment.

In suits, stripes are being strongly worked. For fall wear brown in a variety of shades promises to develop unexpected strength. For the summer greys are the favorite, as brown is not considered a good color for warm weather. The ultra fashionable coat will be a single breasted, two buttons and long roll lapel: another novelty will be the coat with three buttons set closely together with very deep cut in front and cut away effect at the bottom. The most worn, however, will be the three button sack with fairly wide lapel.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

Who Evinces Much Interest in Canada and Warmly Commends the Forthcoming Tercentenary Celebration in Quebec.—(See page 24).

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XVI

JUNE 1908

No 2



How Sir Thomas Shaughnessy Reached the Top

Some Outstanding Characteristics in the Career of a Railway Man Who is Head of the Largest Transportation Corporation in the World—Methods of One Who Commands an Industrial Army of 35,000 and Whose Gospel is Work.

By C. D. Cliffe.

"If you want work well done, select a busy man. The other kind have no time."

THIS then gives preface to explaining Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, President of the greatest railway and shipping corporation in the world, the C.P.R. He is not only one of the business men who does his work superbly, but all accounts go to show that from very childhood, Sir Thomas was singularly direct and true. From the time he began railway work in a junior post at the age of sixteen, up to the supreme distinction he holds to-day, he has added to his work a touch of personality, through great zeal, patience and persistence, making it always peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgettable—in short, he is a railroad genius.

Genius, however, is never defined twice alike, nor put in the alembic

and resolved into its constituent parts—so let it go at that.

Born in Milwaukee, Wis., October 6, 1853, in a house still standing, and which should be marked with a bronze plate, but it is not, young Shaughnessy took on many of the traits of the alert, fervent, daring Western neighbors. His ancestry were purely Irish, and the sterling qualities of the race were always his, even to sturdiness of body and mind, which early marked him as a leader among his fellows. In one of the large public schools of Milwaukee, schoolmates recall the rugged sharpness of the young man who in classes and debates at the literary society was a dominant figure. What marked him always was the thoroughness, absoluteness in all work, and then that indefinable touch of judgment, which made him notable for buying the things he ought to



Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the C.P.R.

have bought and for never leaving unsold the things he ought to have worked off. At the early age of sixteen, having graduated from a business college, he was employed in the purchasing department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The restlessness of coming manhood made the active young mind impatient and promotion after promotion followed until in January, 1879, he was appointed general storekeeper of the road—a most responsible and trying position for one so young. Education is a matter of desire, and the young man early acquired the study habit. He constantly read works of the masters on economic questions, and his mind was full of epigrams and maxims which he sprinkled through his

diary. He organized intellectual clubs in the city, where coteries of brainy young men discussed economics and politics. It was sophomoric, of course, but these young men defended their studies in essays and orations which were right out on the highway which leads to superiority. Sir Thomas worked and read, and early acquired the power to do independent thinking and to speak so directly and convincingly that, as Mr. Dooley says, "Twas a speech ye cud waltz to." Steadily he was getting his education—getting it as all great men have got theirs—by doing.

Little did he dream that he was being watched in all his work by an official of the same railway, then plain William Van Horne, who had former-



Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's Residence, 905 Dorchester St. West, Montreal.

ly been a telegraph operator, and who had been chosen recently manager of the newly-built Canadian transcontinental line, the C.P.R. Scarcely had Sir William Van Horne taken over the task of management of the C.P.R. than he saw the need of a strong man in the purchasing department, and in October, 1882, Sir Thomas was selected for the position. He was then under thirty years of age, which serves as a vital illustration to all young men of what may be accomplished by concentrating effort and working wisely and intelligently.

It would be impossible to tell the value of the new purchasing agent to the C.P.R. in the days when grafters were hovering around and when pinchbeck patriots and politicians wished to share rake-offs for orders, and were turned down rigidly on all sides, and were completely silenced by his open-handed honesty and bold, stern insistence of clear cut, sterling worth. Sir William Van Horne was

known to have praised his "find" abundantly, and soon noticed that the irrepressible brain of the future president called for greater things. In his 31st year, young Shaughnessy was appointed to the onerous and exacting position of assistant to the general manager, which he held from January, 1884, to September, 1885, when he was given the full position of assistant general manager of the road. This he held until September, 1889, when his qualifications and prominence were greatly accentuated by his being chosen assistant to the President. In this work, he proved his worth in a thousand ways, and it was a cumulative consequence to find him two years less than forty years old, in June, 1891, elected a director of the company and made Vice-President. In 1899—June 12th—when Sir Wm. Van Horne retired from the Presidency, the opportunity of his life, the supreme climax of his ambition, came

to Mr. Shaughnessy when he was made President—the kindly autocrat of the C.P.R.

There he was, less than 45 years of age, a time when many men are just beginning to discover themselves, commanding an army of employes numbering 35,000, and controlling a railway which occupied a front rank amongst the greatest transportation corporations of the age. All this speaks eloquently of his ability. But that was ten years ago. Listen to the progress made in this last decade. The staff has risen to over 70,000; the earnings have advanced from less than \$30,000,000 to over \$72,000,000, in 1907. Not only has the mileage increased from 9,816 to over 13,000, but an Atlantic fleet of fifteen modern steamships, including the two splendid *Empresses*, has been inaugurated; the Pacific fleet has been enlarged, the Pacific Coast service greatly improved, the Upper Lake service augmented by two magnificent Clyde-built steamships, and the equipment of the rail system—locomotives, passenger, sleeping, dining and freight cars—more than doubled, the latter now numbering over 40,000. New lines have been built and extensions made since Sir Thomas came into office, so that now Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and the West are fairly well grid-ironed. The chain of hotels has also been lengthened, and now extends from St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, on the Bay of Fundy, to Victoria, on the Pacific Coast, where the new *Empress* is the welcome meeting place of the East and West.

Probably this development is best told in a reference taken from a newspaper report of the annual meeting of shareholders held last October:

"The most interesting feature of the meeting was the annual address of the President, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, which was unusually full, and contained a good deal of picturesque information that made it quite different from the ordinary cut and dried presentation of balance sheet facts. Indeed, Sir Thomas was so impressed with his subject that he, at one time, almost became guilty of adjecti-

val eloquence, when discussing what had been done by the C.P.R. irrigation works in the West, which, he said, were converting a land that had been 'bleak and uncultivated territory, into a pleasing and productive district.'

"This touch of poetic fancy made the shareholders sit up and look for more, but they were disappointed. The President at once relapsed into facts and figures to show how the system had advanced during the past year, and how it was to be still further advanced during the years to come. The prospect pleased the shareholders, and a hearty burst of applause greeted the close of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's speech.

"The address was remarkable in many ways, not the least of which was the evidence given by Sir Thomas of the manner in which the Canadian Pacific dominates the general outlook of the Dominion, and the reason why the railway invariably identifies itself with the progress of the country, on the principle that what is good for Canada must be good for the C.P.R. Sir Thomas presented figures to show that about one-twelfth of the people of Canada are directly or indirectly dependent upon the Canadian Pacific for their living. In addition to this, Sir Thomas stated that there were about fifteen thousand shareholders of the C.P.R. in America and Europe, whose holdings amounted to fifty or less shares, indicating the world-wide confidence of the small investor in the concern."

It was just two years ago on May 19th that the Board of Trade of the City of Quebec tendered a banquet to Sir Thomas in honor of the inauguration of new *Empress* steamships, which made their Canadian terminal the Ancient Capital. Many notable speeches were made, that of the guest being prophetic and optimistic regarding the Dominion. The teaching of the address at that time was that there should be no rivalry between the trade interests of the country, but that, on the contrary, all should unite at once for profit and patriotism, to do their part in the de-



President's Office in Windsor Street Station, Montreal.

velopment of the nation, whose future was now assured. He said, in part:

"We have done much to improve the St. Lawrence route, but much remains to be done. The United States spends many millions a year in deepening the harbors of New York, Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Galveston, New Orleans, etc., and millions more on its harbors on the Great Lakes. If we are not to be rendered dependent on American ports, we must do our utmost, regardless of expense, I might almost say, to improve the St. Lawrence route. The well-being of the whole of the Canadian people is involved; so is

the political future of the country. It is by all odds the most important question of the day.

"Unless we complete a thorough system of improvements, based on scientific principles, we cannot hope to retain the rapidly growing traffic of the Northwest within Canadian channels. Much of it now finds its way to American ports; much more will go that way unless we bestir ourselves."

Thus it will be seen that the restless prophetic brain of the President is imaginative, and as one writer aptly puts it, "not for building poems, but steamboats; not expressed in verbal

delicacy, but in steel rails and Mogul engines."

What then is there that strikes the observer as the cardinal reason for his unbounded success?

The answer must be—genius, or that infinite capacity for taking pains. There is a special tone about the regime of this railway king; the elements are an atmosphere, a language, a character, memories and traditions all its own, and these combined give the tone. It is different from the pioneer end of the great railway, bigger, broader, in fact, is the lengthened shadow of one man—Sir Thomas. It is said, too, that Sir Thomas feels that difference, with a pardonable pride. In the early struggles there was a tinge of doubt; in his regime, devouring eagerness is the keynote of certainty and "No finality."

"No finality" is a by-word of the President's when he speaks of the possibilities of the C.P.R. corporation. He has used it when measuring swords with magnates such as J. J. Hill and others.

In 1901 his parents at home in Milwaukee were awakened one night by a telegram. It is said the father broke the envelope with quivering hand, fearing lest anything should have happened ill to his illustrious son in Canada. To his delight and astonishment he read these words: "You may be gratified to know that His Majesty has conferred on me the honor of knighthood. One owes a great deal to a good father and mother."

In 1907, six years after being made a Knight Bachelor, Sir Thomas was accorded the further distinction of Knight Commander of the Victorian Order—an order established in 1896 and designed as a recognition of personal services to Queen Victoria, but retained by King Edward under the nomenclature adopted by his mother.

In Montreal his offices are located on the second floor of the spacious Windsor Street building. He usually sits at the end of the large room being about fifty feet away from the entrance. Without any of the cheap

airs of the "would be," there is that mysterious something about Sir Thomas that always accompanies greatness. Yet he is one of the easiest men in the world to see; that is if you have anything to see him about.

A glance at the man would see a face stern, yet shaded with humorous, sympathetic features, eyes small and penetrating, being scarcely discernible, owing to the line of the low hanging upperlids being sharply defined, which indicate impulsiveness, impatience and command. His broad, well-shaped head, covered with bright sandy hair, is carried always conspicuously erect. Forty years of strenuous work towards higher aims have stamped the brow with reflectiveness, but kept its serenity. The rest of the face might be taken for a lad of twenty, being fair and rosy as if its owner had never lost a night's sleep or a day's enjoyment. Yet there is the iron lower jaw, wearing on the chin the bright Imperial; the firm, straight mouth hidden by a heavy blonde moustache, coupled with an aquiline, dominant, almost Roman nose, giving a striking soldier-like appearance, not easily forgotten. Add to this, his fine figure, above medium height, broad-shouldered and straight, always immaculately dressed in quiet, good taste, and Sir Thomas is printed on the retina of the eye as a striking personality.

He believes that men can be changed by changing their environment and that all the paraphernalia of learning cannot educate a man; they can but help him to educate himself. Here you may get the tools; but they will be useful only to him who can use them.

His gospel is work. He inspires work everywhere throughout the system of the road. This is noticeable in the head offices where by some occult knowledge everyone on the staff seems to know whether he is in or out. His presence means judgment and the law of sympathetic relations is in force, always with such a personality. He is as accurate in his habits as the finest mechanism. He reaches his office at exactly the time

HOW SIR THOS. SHAUGHNESSY REACHED THE TOP

he says. He frequently walks down town to the Bank of Montreal to attend the Board meetings, being a director, and during his stroll along St. James Street he is a much looked-at figure. Rigid in the domain of duty he is the very antithesis in social life where his bright native wit and well-stored mind always lend attractiveness. He and Lady Shaughnessy and their handsome daughter, the very image of her father in many features, may be seen at the finest musical functions, grand opera, etc., this being about the only known fad that has caught the President.

faithful employes who have met with misfortune, but of which the world knows not, and many a sufferer has found his burden lightened and his life brightened by his kindly action. Not one of his doings receives cheap splash notices in the papers. Even the slightest praise in the press is not liked by Sir Thomas. Facts of public interest he is glad to give, but woe be to the newspaper writer who blunders or makes a boisterous show of incompetency. Some men say they do not like undue publicity. Sir Thomas means it.

He was the initiator of the fine pen-



Windsor Street Station of C.P.R., Montreal.

He knows the trade of Canada accurately, so much so, in fact, that it is described by those who know him as almost witchcraft the way he can define the situations. He has found time in the multiplicity of calls to deliver informal addresses before the Canadian Club and other gatherings. Any man to whom prosperity has not uncovered a shining face can appeal to the President. He is generous to the deserving, and he never questions if he believes he can do good by giving his money or his assistance personally in a word here or a suggestion there. Instances there are in plenty of his practical sympathy with

sion system now perfected by which no retired employe of the road will receive less than five dollars a week.

That he believes in education for railway men is proven by his hearty support of a project in McGill University, of a transportation department in connection with the science faculty—a department in which students will receive in a four years' course a good general education as well as a practical knowledge of rail-roading.

The newest development of the C.P.R. is the opening of the new Sudbury branch which will bring Toronto within thirty-six hours of Winnipeg.

Will There be Another Canadian Cardinal?

Archbishop Begin of Quebec and Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal
Prominently Mentioned for the Exalted Station — His Holiness
Possesses a Warm Affection for Canada and Says the Roman
Catholic Church Enjoys Greater Liberty Here Than Elsewhere.

By J. R. Trudeau.

IN the ecclesiastical history of the Dominion there has been only one native Canadian created a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, and that was over 22 years ago, when Monsignor Taschereau was elevated to the Sacred College. He retired from the administration of the archdiocese of Quebec in 1894, and passed away in the Ancient Capital in 1898. Since the death of His Eminence no one in Canada has received from the hands of the Holy Father the red chapeau, but at the next consistory in the Eternal City, it will not create surprise if the Pope then raises another ecclesiastical dignitary of the Dominion to the Cardinalate. The names most prominently mentioned for this exalted station are those of Archbishop Begin, of Quebec, and Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal. At present there is only one Prince of the Church on the American continent entitled to wear the scarlet head dress, and he is Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore.

There are many excellent grounds for the belief—and the information comes from well authenticated sources—that another Canadian Cardinal will be created at no distant date. His Holiness is particularly friendly to Canada, as is evidenced by the Papal decree which was read recently in the Roman Catholic Churches of Quebec, in which the tercentenary celebration in July next were most eulogistically endorsed. The encyclical, which was addressed

to Archbishop Begin, and the other Archbishops and Bishops of the Church in Canada, emphasized the wisdom and propriety of celebrating at proper intervals the immortal events or great deeds of those who had departed. It referred in most generous terms of appreciation to the piety, zeal, and intrepid spirit of Samuel de Champlain, the renowned explorer and navigator, who founded at Quebec the first permanent settlement in Canada, 300 years ago, and also to the devoted prelate, courageous missionary, and splendid hero of Roman Catholicism, Monseigneur De Laval. The tercentenary of the founding of Quebec, in addition, marks the two hundredth anniversary of Monseigneur de Montgomery-Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec. The Papal Father declares, therefore, that the Canadian nation has every cause to honor, by special demonstrations, the historic events which the coming fete signifies and impresses. The Pope enjoins the duty of thankfulness to God for the prosperity which has been bestowed upon Canada and invokes special blessing upon the coming celebration. A warm tribute is paid by His Holiness to the fidelity, earnestness, and sanctity of the Bishops, priests and Roman Catholics generally, while the decree says that the Church in Canada enjoys a greater liberty than, perhaps, anywhere else in the world for which the just and impartial influence of British rule is paid a most sincere tribute. Not only



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BEGIN.

the kindly expressions in the encyclical, but many other causes apparently indicate the conferring of a Cardinalship on another Canadian prelate at an early date. This is further confirmed by a letter in an Ontario weekly newspaper which seems to have a correspondent in Rome who is very close to the powers that be.

The consecration of Archbishop Begin was celebrated in the Basilica at Quebec in 1888, when he was created Bishop of Chicoutimi. In 1891

he was appointed Coadjutor to Cardinal Taschereau, with the title of Archbishop of Cyrene. Three years later he was elected by the Cardinal Administrator of the Archdiocese of Quebec, His Eminence retiring. Archbishop Bruchesi succeeded the late Monseigneur Fabre as Archbishop of Montreal eleven years ago. Previous to that he was Vicar of St. Bridget's and St. Joseph's Churches, in that city. For several years he was a professor in Laval University.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI.

He has always been deeply interested in educational work.

Both Archbishops are honored and devoted servants of the Church, to which they have dedicated their splendid talents, ripe scholarship and administrative ability. Each possesses marked individuality, differing materially in many characteristics, but steadfastness of purpose, adherence to principle and conscientious conception of duty have stamped both as distinctive and illuminative national

figures—forceful, influential, magnetic.

In their respective cities each is beloved by all classes. Their work has bespoken their inestimable worth and the pronounced stand they have always assumed in the interest of the sobriety, morality and spirituality of the great French-Canadian people have made their names household words and strong living forces in the creation and development of Canadian manhood and citizenship.

The Passing of the Macphersons

By the Departure of Lady Kirkpatrick to Reside in England, the Last Surviving Link of an Old Family is Severed—Career of Her Father, the Late Sir David Macpherson Recalled by Her Removal—A Man who Played a Prominent Part in the Earlier History of Canada.

By A. R. Glennis.

WITH the departure last month of Lady Kirkpatrick to make her permanent abode in England was severed almost the last link that bound one of the most distinguished families of the past century to Canada. No family has been more closely associated with the business, social and political history of early Canada than the Macphersons.

It is nearly a century ago that a big Highlander, named Macpherson, arrived in Canada from near Inverness and established himself in Montreal. Being a man of much shrewdness and foresight, his business soon extended. There were no railroads in those days, and as the country was being opened by settlers, there was a great demand for transportation of men and wares. Macpherson & Crane became great common carriers. As has been said, "their wagons were to be found on all the principal highways and their vessels were seen in every lake, harbor and important river from Montreal to the Niagara and up the Ottawa as far as "Bytown." Their commercial reputation was of the highest and their credit for all practical purposes was as good as the Bank of England." About a quarter of a century later, another Macpherson, a young brother named David, arrived at Montreal and began to make his way. He was a very handsome and much of a society man, and it was not long before he secured one of the matrimonial prizes of the period—a

daughter of the founder of the Molsons Bank. His own personality, and the great financial influence of his brother and father-in-law, gave him a commanding position few men of his age ever attained in the country. Histories of the period show him, though a young man, to have been seventh on the list of 325 of the prominent Canadians who signed a petition favoring annexation to the United States—an act he afterwards much regretted.

At first in association with Sir A.



MR. WILLIAM MOLSON MACPHERSON



THE LATE SIR D. L. MACPHERSON .

T. Galt, he built the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Kingston, and with Sir Casimir Gzowski, from Toronto westward. It is said the profits alone on the Guelph section were a fortune in themselves. This firm was referred to by Charles Dent in a none too friendly article, written nearly 30 years ago: "Their name was synonymous of wealth, enterprise and success." They each built mansions surrounded by stock farms outside Toronto, believing that some day the land would be valuable. It has so proved, for on both properties now stand hundreds of houses, and they are in the central part of the city.

Mr. Macpherson was induced to become a candidate for the Legislative Council for the great district of which the County of Grey is now the centre. It is said he could have carried it without trouble, but always thorough in everything he did, he spent, it is said, more money than was ever distributed in any constituency during an election, and got the seat by an enormous majority. He became as prominent in the political world as he had always been elsewhere, and was soon knighted for his service.

Lady Kirkpatrick was the youngest of Sir David's family. All are living, excepting a son, Mr. David H. Macpherson, who passed away in England some years ago. All the sisters, Mrs. R. R. Dobell, Mrs. Thomas Beckett, Mrs. M. Bankes, and Mrs. P. F. Ridout, now living abroad, and Lady Kirkpatrick's only son, Eric Reginald Kirkpatrick, a lieutenant in the King's Own, now stationed in England, are, no doubt, the causes which have induced her to change her residence. For some years her nearest ties and those dearest to her have lived on the other side of the sea. The family, who have made their home in Canada since 1835, have now only a temporary representative in the Dominion, Mr. William Molson Macpherson, president of the Molsons Bank, who has a residence in Quebec City, but spends the greater part of his time abroad.

Comparatively few Canadian women are interested in public or national affairs; this is perhaps a weakness on their part. The Macpherson girls were not only deeply concerned in matters of a political, business or military character, but they could discuss these questions freely and appreciatively. All the daughters were handsome, charming and fascinating members of society in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and other cities. For forty years their home, Chestnut Park, Toronto, was the scene of much hospitality and many distinguished visitors to Canada, from King Edward down, were entertained there.



LADY KIRKPATRICK

Lady Kirkpatrick was married in 1883 to the late Sir George A. Kirkpatrick, a former Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and also a former

Speaker of the House of Commons. She has long been known as a lady possessing most captivating manners, tact and judgment.

“The Young Napoleon of the West”

Two Characteristics Which Have Given Hon. Clifford Sifton This Title are His Individuality and Adaptability—His Marked Success in Grasping a Question and Accurately Sizing up a Situation Stamp Him as a Prudent, Far-Seeing and Shrewd Statesman.

By Robert Russell.

FEW, if any, of the prominent men of Canada have had a more brilliant career in so short a time as the Hon. Clifford Sifton. It is little more than one short decade since Mr. Sifton came to the forefront in the political arena of his country and attracted the widest public attention. To gain and maintain this prominence there must necessarily have been a reason.

To those who know Mr. Sifton either by close personal friendship or by business contact, the reasons for his success are obvious. As one who can grasp a question in its entirety or size up a situation at a glance, it may safely be said that Clifford Sifton has few peers. In Parliament he is looked upon as a debater rather than an orator and is not given to verbosity or tiresome harangue. Whenever it is announced that he is to speak it is an assurance of filled galleries and of rapt attention from both sides of the House. His recent speech in the Commons is conceded by even the most partisan sections of press and public to have been the feature of the present session. It had the ring of true patriotism and sincerity and bore the hall-mark of the statesman rather than the politician. In his remarks he unhesitatingly declared that civil service reform was one of the greatest needs in Canada today. He also emphasized the necessity for a reorganization of the

Trade and Commerce departments the construction of the Hudson Bay railway and other matters of tremendous importance to the Dominion.

Hon. Clifford Sifton is of Irish descent, being a son of John W. Sifton, formerly Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba. He was born in the county of Middlesex, March 10th, 1861, educated at London high school and Victoria University, becoming a barrister and later a K.C. In 1884 he was married to Elizabeth Arma daughter of H. T. Burrows, and his wife, Sarah Sparks, of Ottawa.

He first came into prominence in 1888 by reclaiming the seat of North Brandon for the Liberals in the Manitoba Legislature, against almost insuperable odds. In 1891 he was appointed attorney-general of Manitoba, which office he held in connection with portfolio of minister of education until 1896.

While occupying that office he introduced and carried through the act of abolishing divisions between law and equity procedure in the Court of King's Bench and codifying and simplifying civil procedure. He had charge on behalf of the Province of Manitoba of constitutional litigation relating to Manitoba school law and negotiations with the Federal Government arising out of the same. With Hon. J. D. Cameron, Provincial Secretary



HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON.

of Manitoba he met the Commissioners of the Federal Government in 1896 to debate the settlement of the same question.

Mr. Sifton was called to the Federal Cabinet, November, 1896, being elected by acclamation for Brandon. He occupied the office of Minister of the Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, specially charged with matters relating to the Government of the Northwest Territory and Yukon territory and all unorganized and out-lying territories of the Dominion.

As Minister of the Interior there devolved on him the onerous duties of reorganizing the various branches of the two departments to conform with the newly-inaugurated policy of the Liberal Government.

In 1898 he introduced and carried through legislation, giving responsible government to the Northwest Territories. He had expressed the opinion that immediate settlement of the Canadian Northwest is the most important national duty of Canada, and accordingly he devoted special attention to the question of

immigration. In 1896 the number of immigrants was 16,835 and in 1905, the year that he resigned, the figure stood at 146,266. His work in this branch alone stamped him as a far-seeing, optimistic statesman.

He was recommended by the Canadian Government and appointed by the British Government to act as British agent before the Alaska Boundary Tribunal under the treaty of January, 1903. He spent several months in London in 1903 superintending the preparation and presentation of the British case.

He was re-elected to the House of Commons for Brandon at the general elections of 1900 and 1904 and resigned from the Government on February 27th, 1905, on account of the differences of opinion over educational clauses of the Northwest Territories Autonomy Bill. His speech explaining his attitude on this occasion was characteristic of his strict adherence to principle and left a most favorable impression on the minds of the Canadian public.

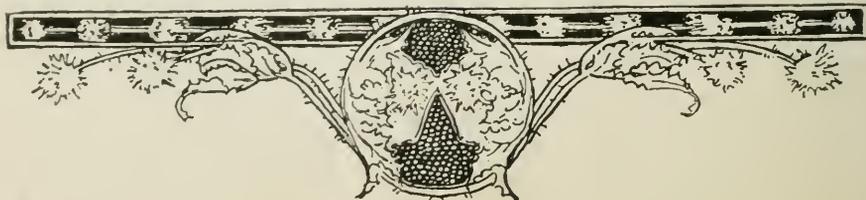
The two characteristics, which have given him the title of "Young Napoleon of the West" are his individuality and adaptability. These qualities have been prominent in his whole career, and, combined with a love of perfect system, have been mainly instrumental in his unparalleled success. Plans that older men have formed, after perhaps weeks of careful consideration, have been abandoned merely at an indication of disapproval from him. No matter what contingency might arise he could adapt himself to the conditions attached thereto, regardless of any criticism or opposition his action might evoke.

Personally, Mr. Sifton is known as a quiet, unassuming and retiring but absolutely frank, out-spoken and once aroused on a matter of principle is quite fearless in his manner of expression. He is a recognized leader in parliamentary debate. He has always eschewed the personal side of politics and has dealt simply with the merits of public questions and public policies and taken the consequences. He has made enviable friends and frenzied enemies.

In the role of Federal Cabinet Minister he has always appeared as the champion of Newer Canada and his constructive policy of administration of Western Canadian lands met with general approval from the Great Lakes to the Coast. The magnitude of the task may be estimated by stating what it included, immigration, lands, mines, timber, administration of the Yukon and the administration of Indian affairs.

His optimistic temperament and his profound belief in the resources and capabilities of Canada, together with his extraordinary capacity for large undertakings, have marked him as one of the leaders of the Liberal party.

His recent speech on the budget clearly demonstrated that his mind is essentially constructive and that he has courage and resource. He goes to the heart of the question, reasons out his conclusions and appeals to the intelligence rather than to the prejudices of his hearers. The ease and competency with which he so exhaustively discussed these ponderous questions of international importance indicated his ability and easily declared him one of the first statesmen of the British Empire.



There is Not Money Enough in the World

To Do the World's Work—The Legitimate Demand for Cash is Enormous—As the Human Race Develops it Takes More Money to Finance It—Greater Requirements of the People Owing to Citizenship Rising to Higher Levels.

By Frank A. Munsey in *Munsey's Magazine*.

AS far back as the early part of last summer I scheduled an article on this subject for *Munsey's Magazine*, and I intended writing it then, while the thought was fresh in my mind. It was suggested by the excessive price of money, the smash that had already taken place in the security market, and the tremendous onrush of our industries and commercial affairs. Indeed, no one could view the situation thoughtfully at that time without feeling assured of the truth of this contention, that there wasn't money enough in the world to do the world's work as we were then doing it—money enough to keep up the pace at which we were then going, a pace that was all the while accelerating itself.

With all the necessary things that fell to me to do, it was difficult to get started on this extra piece of work, and so the weeks went by, mid-summer came, and then I went to Europe for a rest, promising myself that I would write the article while away on my vacation. But work and vacations do not mix happily. They are antagonistic to each other. The time to do things, to create things, is when one is busiest, when his brain is at white heat. And so, too, the time to play is when one is playing. It is surprising how indolent, how idle, one can become, how repellent and impossible work is to him, until he really gets back in the harness.

I wish very much that I had discussed this theme at the time I first

scheduled it, for I should now be on record as having foreseen the panic that followed in October, and having set forth the causes that were leading up to it. But with the befogged ideas that now prevail so widely concerning the conditions that caused the panic, it is perhaps quite as timely and important to discuss the subject now as it was several months before it actually happened.

A RIGHT DIAGNOSIS.

The first thing a physician does, when he is called in to see a patient, is to find out what is wrong. He studies the symptoms and all conditions underlying these symptoms—the work, the worry, the exposure, the unusual strain to which the patient has been subjected. And with the facts before him, together with what he can learn of the man's temperament, his tendencies, his vital forces, the physician forms his diagnosis. Until he has done this he can make no intelligent move looking toward the relief of the sick man. A diagnosis of the case is the basic move with a physician, and the success of his treatment depends upon the accuracy of the diagnosis. In the very nature of the case, a false conclusion would lead him to administer treatment that would work injury to the patient.

And it is equally important with us, when we have suffered a serious financial and business setback, to get a correct diagnosis of the trouble.

With this knowledge we can make intelligent progress; without it we move forward gropingly.

AS USUAL, WALL STREET IS
ILLOGICAL.

Wall Street and the followers of Wall Street assert with bitterness that President Roosevelt is responsible for the panic. I don't believe there is one little bit of truth in this assertion. I don't believe that an accurate analysis of the facts and the conditions obtaining prior to the crash will sustain any such conclusion. Mr. Roosevelt had just about as much to do with it as any one of you had, or as I had. The crash was inevitable. It was two years overdue when it came, and it would have come the same whether Mr. Roosevelt had been in the White House, or any one else had been there. Mr. Roosevelt didn't make our prosperity, neither did he take it away from us. The break came through natural causes. No human power could have averted it.

In the panic of 1902 Mr. Morgan was the scapegoat. Wall Street held him responsible, and damned him as insanely and as viciously as it now damns the President, and the wail of Wall Street has swept well over the whole country.

The break in securities in the spring of last year was a thing apart from the money panic of last fall. I want to emphasize this fact, as it has an important bearing on the present discussion. It was the money panic that closed down our factories and so seriously palsied our business activities—not the March crash in Wall Street. The latter was merely the first shock of the earthquake. The second, which completed the work of disaster, came in October. If we had had a larger volume of money, or could have drawn it from other countries—a sufficient amount of money with which to carry on our work—we should have had no break in securities last spring, and no panic last fall. Both were primarily due to the lack of money.

The legitimate demand for money was enormous—that is, for money to

be used in our commercial affairs, in our factories, on our farms, in business, in the building trade and the thousand and one other trades, as well as the vast sums called for by our railroads and steamship lines. And all this was supplemented by a fabulous demand on the part of the speculative world—a demand that was in itself positively astounding.

Wages were going up as the prices of stocks went up. And the prices of the commodities of the farm, and the shop, and the factory, kept pace with this upward swing. Everything was getting on a new basis, and everybody had money. The fever for speculation seized everybody, and everybody bought securities of one kind and another, some good, some bad, some hopelessly worthless, but all alike fortune-winners. And as these purchasers came into the market they helped the gamblers and the financiers to bid up still further the prices of stocks.

Factories all over the land were running on full time, and overtime, and running night and day, and still the orders could not be filled. And factories everywhere were enlarged, the majority doubled, quadrupled. All this rebuilding took money—vast sums of money. The whole country was being reorganized and rebuilt on bigger and broader lines. In every phase of industry, from the farm up, new methods were put in force, and old machinery and old buildings were being swept away, only to be replaced by bigger and bigger creations.

THE WHOLE WORLD WANTED
MONEY.

We could get no help from Europe, for Europe itself wanted money. England wanted money; France wanted money; Russia wanted money; Italy wanted money; Belgium wanted money, and Germany, most of all, wanted money. And so, too, the Far East wanted money, the Philippines, Japan, and China wanted money. And they all needed money, needed it as we needed it, because with them, as with us, the process of reorganiza-

THERE IS NOT MONEY ENOUGH IN THE WORLD

tion, the work of rebuilding the world, had set in in very fact.

But there wasn't money enough to carry on this reorganizing, rebuilding process. The world hadn't money enough to do its work as we were then doing it. As the human race develops it takes more money to finance it, just as it takes more money to finance a hundred-million-dollar business than it does a ten-million-dollar business. As our citizenship rises to higher levels, our people require better homes, more comforts, better dress, better foods, shorter hours, more play, greater luxuries, and bigger wages. And as they earn more money, and spend more money, and live bigger and fuller lives, the country must have a larger circulating medium. Replace the dimes of former days with dollars, in the pockets of the eighty millions, and we at once call for a fabulous expansion of our circulating medium.

MONEY AT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

As far back as two or two and a half years ago, money in Wall Street reached the deadly price of one hundred and twenty-five per cent. on call—that is, money borrowed from day to day. It was even higher at that time, and on many occasions meanwhile, than during the panic of last fall, with the exception of a single day. Time and time again, during the two years before the crash, call money rose to twenty, thirty, and fifty per cent., sometimes going to eighty and one hundred per cent. and upward. And time money—that is, money hired for a specific period, say two months, three months, six months—was likewise at the danger-point. But the higher it went, and the higher call money went, the higher the gamblers and manipulators of the market forced up securities.

And the strange thing about it all was that prices were maintained in the very roar of the oncoming disaster, and run up higher, and higher, as money bounded skyward. The world has never seen such nerve and daring as was exhibited by the men

responsible for this condition. It was a kind of optimism that challenged admiration—an exhibition of gambling so audacious as to turn men's heads and verily make them believe that there was no such thing possible as a break in prices. Every one pointed to the magic growth of our industries, and every one said it meant bigger dividends, and higher, and higher, and still higher prices for securities. And every one saw millions in the air, was hypnotized and paralyzed by the display of wealth and the stories of fortune-building in a day.

A NATION OF MILLIONAIRES.

What mattered it if we were paying an average of fifteen or twenty per cent. for money with which to carry our stocks? It would be only a few days, or a few weeks at most, before we should get an advance of five, ten or perhaps twenty points. The very thought of interest was petty, small, silly. These advances meant thousands, hundreds of thousands—meant millionaires, automobiles, steam yachts, a racing stable, a box at the opera, a palace on the avenue—meant all this and a thousand things more that dazzle the fancy and set the imagination on fire.

And so the plunging went on, and in the mad frenzy of intoxication stocks were again and again marked up—marked up to a price that made their dividends yield only two or three per cent., with money costing ten, fifteen, and twenty per cent. The greed for fortune-building and the general surrender to the gambling instinct swept men clear from the moorings of common sense. The cry of success was contagious. Few escaped its influence. The protests of wise old heads were drowned by the mighty chorus of prosperity that filled the world with song and laughter. These were merry days, with never a thought of the onrushing storm that brought disaster and desolation and despair.

If sanity instead of insanity had obtained, the prices of securities would have fallen in corresponding ratio with the advance in the price of

money. Stocks should pay a larger return in dividends than money brings in the market. That is, if money at any given period is worth five per cent., stocks ought to yield six per cent. The normal ratio may not be exactly this, but the illustration serves to make clear my thought. Of course, the prospective advance or decline of securities has a vital bearing on their value, regardless of the immediate income they bring. But generally speaking, securities running on an even keel—that is, with no special probability of either decline or advance, should yield a bigger income than the interest to be had for money. This is true for the reason that money is money, it is always worth one hundred cents on a dollar, whereas with securities there is at best an element of risk in holding them.

THE MARCH PANIC.

I particularly want to make this clear to emphasize the madness that possessed Wall Street and all speculative centres two years ago, and all the way up to the time when the break came in the price of securities in March, 1907.

If, with the advance in the interest rates of money, securities had gradually fallen in price, we should have escaped the disaster that culminated at that time. This break was the beginning of the end of high prices. It was a slaughter of both the innocents and the professionals. Hundreds of millions of dollars, almost billions, went crashing down the abyss, dragging with them the mangled bodies of thousands and tens of thousands of security-holders. Among them were an army of men who had been holding on to their stocks, hoping at first for a fortune, then for a good turn, and finally for a chance to get out without loss. But the crash blasted their hopes and left many of them in bankruptcy, or on its very verge.

It was called a rich man's panic, because it felled so many rich men. All grades of men, however, were caught, from clerks to multimillionaires. A desperate effort was made

to regain the lost ground, but it was unavailing. There was no concerted action, no heart in the movement. Bankers, capitalists and speculators alike saw the hand-writing on the wall. This March crash was merely a break in the price of securities. It had no immediate effect in the channels of business. In manufactures and in commerce men laughed at Wall Street, secure as they saw themselves in their own strongholds of prosperity. And all the spring and summer through, and, in fact, until within a few days of the panic itself, there wasn't a cloud in the sky of the business and industrial world.

But the very thing happened that has always happened under like conditions. The March shake-up was only the precursor of a like disaster in general business. The gambling in Wall Street and on other exchanges was no more marked, no more irrational, no more desperate than was the gamble in the so-called legitimate lines of business.

The same insane spirit was everywhere and in all phases of activity. It permeated the whole community—the home as well as the factory and the counting-room. The whole world had become one glorified rainbow of radiant tints—a world in which all trails led upward to yet more alluring heights.

And with this surcharged optimism inspiring a people of ninety millions, one vast ocean of people, on and on to greater activities, our circulating medium, our money, was strained to the breaking point.

PASSING THE SAFETY LIMIT.

Wall Street, and I use Wall Street as a synonym for all speculating centres, has claimed that it is not so much a question of the amount of money we have in circulation as it is of confidence.

Assuming that this is true, isn't there a limit to the extent to which the theory can be operative? For example, if one million of dollars will do the work of five millions, amply sustained by confidence, and if five millions represents the limit of safety,

what happens when it is put to the strain of twenty millions—nineteen millions of credit to one of gold?

Well, it was something like this that did happen. There wasn't money enough in the world to finance our railroads and the other great corporations, to finance our factories, and shops, and merchandizing establishments, to rebuild our cities with modern sky-scrapers, and to keep up the high-pressure pace generally of white-hot production and matchless extravagance.

In New York alone, the average annual expenditure for new buildings and alterations and decorations, during the last two years, was approximately two hundred and fifty million dollars—and this is but a single city. The same thing is going on over the entire country.

Another hundred million dollars went into bridges of one kind and another, last year, in the United States. And the railroads of the country, including street railways, put into new construction and rolling-stock, in 1907, an amount well over half a billion of dollars, and perhaps as much as three-quarters of a billion.

These three or four items merely suggest the terrific rate at which we were burning up capital, and all were legitimate expenditures in the natural development of the country.

TOO MUCH PROSPERITY.

Traffic was so heavy and business so enormous that the railroads were hopelessly inadequate to meet the demands upon them. They were literally groaning under the burdens of prosperity. They couldn't handle the business of the country. It was only a year ago last winter that in the Dakotas the people found themselves in danger of freezing to death for want of coal, which the railroads could not haul, congested as they were with the mountains of freight hurled at them. So great was this congestion that many shopkeepers in the extreme Northwest did not get their Christmas goods until long after the holidays were over—not until late in January or February.

James J. Hill, the Napoleon of railroading, about that time pointed out the critical dangers of the situation, and the hopeless incapacity of our transportation system to keep pace with the growth of our industries and the output of the soil. He urged that money should be found somewhere with which to double both the track-age and the equipment of all our railroads. But where and how to raise this money was a problem that staggered him. It meant billions and billions of dollars.

Hundreds of millions in new stock, and hundreds and hundreds of millions in bonds, had been issued and cashed in. This money had already gone into extensions and new rolling stock, but it hardly made a dent in the situation. The increased demands of shippers all the while exceeded the increased capacity of the railroads.

THE RAILROADS "UP AGAINST IT."

With the March break in stocks, the money markets of the world closed their doors to our railroads and other corporations. So long as the prices of their securities were kept up, and were all the while advancing, railroads could sell bonds and place new issues of stock. But with the crash all this changed, and railroads have been "up against it" ever since. They have been unable to float their securities in Europe, and have had to pay excessive rates of interest here at home, and on short-time notes at that, to meet maturing obligations. It was do this, pay whatever price the banks demanded for money, or go into bankruptcy, as some roads have done, and done wisely, I fancy.

This embarrassment of the railroads was at once charged up to President Roosevelt by Wall Street, and by railroad managements, and is still charged to him. Their wail is that he discredited our securities both at home and abroad. But do the facts in the case justify this charge? If I reason correctly, they do not, emphatically do not. I repeat that the wholesale borrowing capacity of railroads came to an end with the March crash. That was what shook confi-

dence, or destroyed confidence—not any act or utterance of Mr. Roosevelt.

Prior to the March crash there had been no talk about the President destroying confidence in our securities. This panic came about because there wasn't money enough to keep up the pace—came about because securities had been forced up to a point at which they could not be maintained. When this condition occurs it is inevitable that prices must get back to bed-rock. And they rarely come down gradually. They come down as they did in March, with a crash and a bang—swinging as far below their value as they had swung above it.

I am not discussing this theme for the purpose of defending President Roosevelt. I am discussing it to get at the truth of the situation, as an accurate knowledge of the causes of the panic is both desirable and necessary in the reawakening, the revivifying of our business activities. If the facts acquit the President, he is entitled to the acquittal.

THE OCTOBER PANIC.

The second upheaval, the money panic of October, was a result of the first crash and the conditions that followed. I have discussed the subject at length, in order to make clear the conditions leading up to the March slump.

And now something about the money panic itself. The latter first cropped out in the Mercantile National Bank and the National Bank of North America, two institutions that formed part of the so-called Morse chain of banks. This was the beginning of Morse's troubles, and it gave the public a glimpse of the gymnastics in high finance that he, and Heinze, and the Thomases, and Barney of the Knickerbocker Trust Company had been performing. The difficulties that developed in these two banks resulted in Morse and his associates resigning from their management, and also brought about Morse's resignation from the New Amsterdam and several other banks that he had controlled. His action was fol-

lowed almost immediately by Barney's sudden resignation of the presidency of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the announcement of which was accompanied by the statement that this great financial institution was in trouble.

The news was a shock to the nerves of every one. The Knickerbocker had been looked upon as one of the great trust companies of the country, and Barney had been regarded by the public as a genius in finance. Few outside of the banking fraternity had ever suspected him capable of getting his institution into financial difficulties. The Knickerbocker had the confidence of the people, and had the largest line of individual depositors of all the trust companies of the city, probably the largest of any banking institution in the country, with the exception of savings banks.

HOW THE PANIC BEGAN.

The report in the newspapers that something was wrong with the Knickerbocker, and that Barney had been forced to resign as president, caused an immediate run on the bank. It withstood the pressure for half a day, and then closed its doors. And the closing of the Knickerbocker's doors spread distrust broadcast and threw the community into a panic. Runs began immediately on other trust companies, and began also on all, or nearly all, of the chain of Morse banks and other banks that were either weak in themselves or were without strong connections. Some of these banks withstood the siege, and others were pushed to the wall.

Thus the money panic started here in New York, and thus it spread from one institution to another in New York. And it leaped the boundaries of the city and swept like a cyclone over the whole country. The handling of the Knickerbocker on the part of our bankers was scarcely less than criminal in its shortsightedness. Had they kept Barney at the head of the institution and kept all knowledge of the bank's difficulties from the public, it is possible, perhaps even prob-

THERE IS NOT MONEY ENOUGH IN THE WORLD

able, that the panic of last October would never have materialized.

But overextended as Morse and his associates were, having "pyramided" as they had—that is, using the securities of one institution to control another, and those of another to control another, and those of still another to control another, and so on, and on, and on, until a dozen or more concerns were involved—they were in no condition to withstand the financial strain to which they were put in the awful stringency of the money market last fall. Something had to give way.

MORSE THE STORM-CENTRE.

There was more, however, than appeared on the surface in this matter. Morse had never been a welcome factor in the banking community of New York. He was brilliant, dashing, courageous, and the entrenched bankers looked upon him with distrust. He was not one of them. His methods were not their methods. He was clever and daring—a disturbing and disquieting element in the banking circles of the metropolis. Beginning with a single bank, he added to his holdings until he had under his control, directly or indirectly, well-nigh a dozen financial institutions. The bankers had been gunning for him. But he had been alert, elusive, resourceful, and all their efforts to eliminate him from the banking business of New York had failed ignominiously until last October.

When the elimination came, it came with a crash that shook up the whole financial world. Morse and his associates were not the only men who were overextended. There were thousands of them—yes, tens of thousands—all over the country. But Morse in particular was hit hardest. He at once became the storm-centre of the cyclone.

Crashing as he did, he and his associates were primarily responsible for the panic. Through them Barney had tied up himself and his bank, and because of this fact followed the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Company.

I have recounted this phase of the situation, too, at some length, with the view to making clear the causes of the money panic—the things that set it going. Once started, a panic, and especially a money panic, sweeps from ocean to ocean. There is no stopping it until it has run its course.

WE MUST HAVE MORE MONEY.

The trend of this discussion has been to show that there wasn't money enough in circulation to prevent the panic, but in strict accordance with my subject I want to say that there isn't money enough in the world today to do the world's work.

For the minute, yes, money enough, money piled up in our banks, hoarded there because bankers are afraid to let it out. Start up our industries and our commerce again as they will start up, and we shall soon find ourselves in the same straits we were in before. In a word, we must have more money with which to carry on our work and to continue our development, or we must keep the wheels of progress slowed down. The money isn't coming out of the ground fast enough to meet the new conditions of life, notwithstanding the fact that our per capita amount is larger than ever before. Our requirements have much more than kept pace with this per capita increase.

My argument in this discussion is not for cheap money. I stand for no such thing. We must have as good money as there is in the world—standard money. And it ought to be in the genius of our people so to enlarge our circulating medium as to meet the rational requirements of the times. It should be large enough to help our development instead of cramping and dwarfing it. The Aldrich Bill, now before Congress, will, if it becomes a law, furnish a measure of relief. But it is at best little more than a start in financial thinking and financial legislation that should evolve something bigger and broader and better suited to the twentieth century than our present monetary system.

And I am not advocating a wider circulating medium as a plea for the

speculators. It matters not whether we have much money or little money, we shall always have speculation, and its activity will, as a rule, be proportionate to the activity of general business. The buying and selling of securities—stocks and bonds—is the same thing as speculating in cotton and corn and wheat and cattle and farms and city real estate. So long as there is buying and selling in the world, just so long there will be speculation. To control speculation by wisely framed laws is the desirable thing—so to control it that it will not work injury to our legitimate interests and general welfare. As a matter of fact, every move in life carries with it an element of risk—is in very truth a speculation.

THE FORWARD SWEEP OF THE TIMES.

But back of the last three or four years of overstrained business and overstrained speculation, we had such an aggregate amount of high finance—much of it colossal stealing—as would well-nigh bankrupt a nation. All this played its part, and a very big part, in our present depression. A new order of things has come about, however. The grand dukes of finance and the grand dukes of politics are no longer in the saddle. And the credit for routing these forces belongs in large measure to Mr. Roosevelt, who has had the courage to make red-hot war on dishonesty and corrupt methods and corrupt practises wherever he has found them.

There has never before been a time when we were sweeping on as we are now. Everything is changing, our theories, our conceptions and our business methods. To hold to the dead past is to be dead; to keep step with the inevitable changes is to live. Let us make ourselves a part of the new ideals and help to fashion them into practical things—so to fashion them that they will give an uplift to our whole civilization. Roosevelt's radicalism of to-day will have crystallized into conservatism five years from to-day, and the men who are now criticizing him so bitterly will then deny their criticisms.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S GREATEST WORK.

Mr. Roosevelt better interprets the thoughts and wishes of all the people than any other man we have had in public life in a hundred years. And in the fight he has made for humanity and for honesty and the square deal for all—for rich and poor alike—he has advanced this country in whatever makes for better government and better ideals and greater safety to capital and to investors—has advanced it half a century.

That he has not punished criminals is because the scope of the law falls short of reaching them. In high finance every move on the chess-board has been made under the guidance of men most skilled in the law. And since all punishment must come through the law—this same law of which the manipulators have made use to protect themselves—what chance is there of apprehending and convicting them?

But after all, a dozen convictions, more or less, are of little importance as compared with the far-reaching effect of focusing public attention at white-heat on honest methods, right methods. In this Mr. Roosevelt has done his greatest work—has done a work that no one of less courage, less impetuosity, and less fighting qualities could have done.

A mild-mannered gentleman would have suited the grand dukes of finance and of politics, but he would not have fitted the times. Mr. Roosevelt has fitted the times. He is the best living example of the new idea in politics—a President of the people and for the people—a man of fibre and grit and gristle and nerve—and, withal, a man of intellect and breadth of vision and rock-ribbed honesty to match well the fight there is in him.

If Mr. Roosevelt is all this and has done all these things, and if my analysis of the financial crash is sound, wouldn't we do well to hold fast to him until he has finished the job he has undertaken—until he has concreted into the laws of the land the principles for which he stands so strenuously? Complete these reforms, and

our railroads and other corporations will be in a stronger and safer position than ever before. Their stocks and bonds will be the soundest and best in the world.

Has any other man the courage and the firmness and the ability to carry out this work? Possibly, but why take chances, why experiment when we have a leader who leads, a man who does things?

And no man has a right to say he won't serve the people as their President when they demand it—no right to refuse so long as he has the health to stand up under the work. The biggest business organization under God's blue sky is the United States government. Beside it, in its enormous scope, in the utter vastness of its responsibilities, every other corporation in America is but a pebble to a mountain—a mere speck on the face of the earth—as it not only covers the affairs of the government itself, but embraces as well the entire activities and interests of the whole country. That we need a big man to head such an organization is too apparent for discussion.

THE NEED OF A REAL LEADER.

I have no sympathy with the protests we so often hear against the President influencing legislation. With a Senate of ninety men and a House of three hundred and eighty-six members, and all fighting for local interests and local graft, as well as political prestige, there would be mighty little first-rate national legislation forced through Congress if there were no leader outside of Congress. The original scheme of the independence of the executive and legislative branches of the government, if such was really intended by the framers of the Constitution, was all well enough for our little country of three millions of people and thirteen States. Then we had twenty-six Senators and sixty-five Representatives—bodies so small that concentration of purpose was not difficult.

Moreover, the country was compact. It had but a fraction of its area of to-day, and but a fraction of its

present vast variety of interest. Then we were a domestic organization; to-day we are a world-power. Then we were poor and struggling; to-day our resources well-nigh match half the wealth of all the world. I repeat, therefore, that we need a leader at the head of such an organization, the best man, the biggest man of all the men of the nation. It is not a question of what his politics is, but of what he is—what he can do.

FEW MEN OF THE FIRST GRADE IN THE WORLD.

There are never many very big men in the world at any one time. In statesmanship, considered apart from crowned heads, there isn't a man in all Europe to-day who measures up to the stature of the great figures of history. There are many strong men, sound men, able men, but no great leaders, no great rugged types of over-powering and compelling genius.

In literature, we have Kipling, one solitary figure moving along the trail blazed by those of the first rank. In portraiture another solitary figure, John S. Sargent. Like Kipling, he treads the rugged steep alone. It is too far a cry from his altitude to reach the human ear on the lower stretches.

And in other fields of art the top-most slope reveals no evidence of the fresh footprints of man. In banking we have Morgan, the plumed knight of finance. There is but one Morgan in America, and Europe has no one in his class. He stands out alone among all the thousands of bankers of the two continents. But Morgan is more than a banker. He is a constructive genius.

In business even, that vast arena in which tens of thousands measure their strength, we have less than half a dozen men of towering ability. Among these are John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and J. J. Hill, all men of commanding figure and matchless ability in the upbuilding of properties. What a pitiable percentage out of the great army in this field! To get a Kipling and a Sargent out of the relatively small number en-

gaged in literature and art means an overwhelming percentage when compared with the few geniuses of the very first grade we find in the business world.

Among rulers the old world has but one genius, one man who as both ruler and statesman stands conspicuously above all others of the present

time—William of Germany. In innate force, in marvelous vision, in courage and constructive leadership, he measures up to the stature of a really great king. The only other ruler in his class to-day in all the world is on this side of the Atlantic—our own President, Theodore Roosevelt.

The Enlistment of the Long Reach Men

A Memorable Incident in a Canadian Settlement Just Prior to the War of 1812-13—Fighting Blood That Flowed in the Veins of Those of Loyalist Stock Ever Ready to Defend the Flag of the Mother Country.

By Maude Benson.

LATE in the winter of 1811, Tom Norton returned to his humble home in the Long Reach Settlement from Adolphustown, at which place he had been employed during the fall and early winter months.

Very pleasant it seemed to the little cobbler to be at home again! He stirred the fire on his lonely hearth until it threw out great rays of light and waves of heat, then with a bit of work on his knees, luxuriated in the glow and warmth. But he was very restless. A look of deep anxiety lurked in his usually laughing eyes, and his sunny face was sad.

Presently he arose and paced the shanty floor back and forth, time and again.

"I'd better do it to-night," he murmured to himself.

"The boys 'll all be down to Nathe's, and I can see 'em there. I hate to tell 'em though, for I know every man jack of 'em, and I feel 'so sorry for the poor women."

He walked to the door, flung it open, and stood looking out over the snowy landscape. Perturbed as he was in mind, even he could not resist the quiet beauty of the night, and he

stood and looked long and thoughtfully.

"It's a fair land," he communed with himself. "Life has been hard here, but God knows we love our country, and we'll never give it up, never! Just a minute ago I was pitying the women, but there's not one among 'em, I know, but will feel just as I do, so here goes for Nathe's!"

It was a clear, cold Canadian night. The moon hung a tiny golden bow in the heavens, and countless stars glittered and sparkled. The great spruce trees skirting the high bank of the Long Reach, bowed their tasseled heads and moaned beneath their burden of snow, the dark green of their foliage standing out in bold relief against the pearly whiteness. Here and there silvery moonbeams turned banks of snow into masses of sparkling diamonds, while across the northern sky flashed, like some giant searchlight thrown over the world, the aurora borealis. Through the night tramped, as Tom Norton had surmised, many of the men and boys of the settlement to Nathan Walters' carpenter shop, for this shop was to them, what the corner store or smithy is to-day to a country village—the

THE ENLISTMENT OF THE LONG REACH MEN

clubhouse where many a man gets whatever of social life his small amount of leisure time affords him. But Nathan's shop was a more important place in its day than any store or smithy that followed in its wake, inasmuch as it supplied the place of newspaper, music hall, lecture room and council chamber. Here on stormy days the men and boys assembled to tell stories, sing songs, discuss any event of interest, talk over plans for the future, and to enjoy themselves as best they could. In fact, without the shop, social intercourse, so far as the masculine members of the community were concerned, would have been something of a dead letter.

However, it was nothing of a social nature that brought the men and boys of the settlement together on this particular night. War's dark cloud was hanging threateningly over their young country—a country that had as yet scarcely learned to walk.

Their wilderness home was to be invaded, and with England's powers taxed to the utmost in her war against Napoleon, what were they to expect? They knew full well that Canada had done nothing to bring on a war, and their Loyalist blood boiled as they recalled how they and their fathers had suffered at the hands of this same party, that now proposed to invade their country.

One by one they entered the shop, and leaned their muskets, which they always carried when traveling through the woods, against the wall. Their faces were grim, stern and anxious as on block, stool or workbench they seated themselves, and gazed moodily into the fire. The resinous pine knots blazing on the hearth threw out gleams of light that touched fitfully objects here and there, now bringing into full view a bronzed face, a linsey-woolsey hunting shirt, a moccasined foot, or a dash of color in someone's costume. Again it glinted across a saw, an adze, or flashed back from a polished musket barrel.

Tom Norton coming into the shop paused a moment with latch-string in

hand, as he caught a gleam from the muskets.

"Look's like war over there," he said, pointing to the row against the wall.

Instantly he was surrounded. "What's the news?" "When did you get back?" "Come and sit down here," and numerous other exclamations greeted his ears.

Nathan Walters looked up from the ox-yoke he was fashioning, and a subtle gleam of good fellowship and mutual understanding shot from his dark eyes to the blue eyes of the newcomer, and it was Nathan's question that Tom answered first of all.

"It's war, boys, war, and God knows some of us here know all too well what that means!"

All eyes went back to the fire, and in its glowing heart, perhaps, some caught the blurred outlines of the common grave they were to share in the trenches of Lundy's Lane.

But Tom was speaking. "England has her hands full, and it looks as though we'll get little help from her, but, boys, we'll never give up, will we?"

"Never! Never!" came the emphatic reply, "we'll fight to the last man."

Tom smiled grimly. "Yes, and to the last woman," he added. "I got the last copy of the Kingston Gazette over to the fourth town. Thought perhaps you'd all like to hear what's goin' on," and seating himself where the firelight was brightest he pulled the primitive little paper from his pocket while the others drew closer around him.

Tom was the best reader among them, and even though he stopped to spell many of the words on the printed page, his audience always considered it a treat to have him read to them, and on this occasion they listened breathlessly.

No cable, or wireless message had made an appearance in the newspaper world of their day. The news Tom Norton read to them was many months old, but what mattered that? Here in the wilderness all was startlingly new, and they looked upon the

tiny journal, which was no larger than a sheet of foolscap, as the outcome of a marvelous enterprise—and in reality it was.

Down one fourteen-inch column Tom read laboriously, while the men about him hung on every word he uttered. Eagerly they listened to England's gains, and sorrowfully to her reverses, while more than one man present cursed Bonaparte under his breath. When all had been read Tom folded the paper and looked up. "Now, boys," he said, "you see the fix England's in, are we goin' t' let them Yankees come over here and take all our skelps?"

"Not by the great horn spoon!" cried John Black, excitedly, while others added the chorus: "Let 'em come; we'll give 'em another kind of a Boston tea party!" "We'll show 'em what kind o' stuff we're made of!"

"Yes, indeed," said Nathan Walters, "they drove our fathers out, and they'd better beware of the sons!"

"They're all enlisted over to Adolphustown," said Tom Norton, "and Col. McDonnell's drillin' the Fifth Town men. I saw Col. Valleau today and he asked me to find out how many here 'ud be willin' to volunteer."

Every man present sprang to his feet, but Tom shook his head. "We can't all go," he said, "but we can all take the drill, and get to work at once for we'll need something more thorough than we get on trainin' day."

The fourth of June, the anniversary of the birth of King George III., was, for many years, the day set apart for the annual training of the militia. This was known as "general training day," and ten days or so prior to the fourth, the men belonging to the various battalions were "warned" to appear at a certain place in the district to take part in the military drill. Grassy Point, on the Long Reach, was the training ground for all living in that vicinity, but as this place afforded many opportunities for various sports, their training had grown less and less strenuous, so that now the

men fully realized the work before them.

Training day had been a red-letter day in their lives, but now war's red harvest was to be garnered, and in blood was the history of the days of 1812, '13 and '14 to be written.

A horrible, fratricidal war, was staring these men, and the men of all Canada, in the face; a cruel, ruthless war between two nations of kindred blood, between relatives and warm friends? Whosoever was in the fault or whosoever in the right, God grant that no such calamity ever occurs in future! May Canada and her sister nation live in peace and harmony!

Far from being harmonious, though, were the thoughts and feelings that swayed the Long Reach men as Tom Norton drew from his pocket a slip of paper on which he was to write the names of the volunteers. To a man they stood before him; not even the youngest boy among them but clamored to have his name entered in the list. Tom Norton shook his head, but his eyes glowed like the coals on the hearth.

"Boys, boys," he said, "some must stay at home. There's the women and children to be thought of, besides the wheat must be sown and harvested in order that we don't starve. Now who'll volunteer to stay home?"

But a mighty shout went up from the men.

"We'll go, the women can 'tend the grain!"

"The women can fight!"

But still Tom shook his head. Slowly he wrote the names of some of the younger men. Sadly, perhaps, for he, as well as the others, knew the meaning of war.

As the quill pen glided over the paper the shop door was opened and John Walters and Jane, his wife, entered. They had heard the shout, had seen Tom Norton pass the house, and knowing he had but recently returned from Adolphustown, had decided that he brought news of an invasion.

"What is it, Nathan?" John demanded of his son, and in a few words the story was told.

"Now, John," said Tom Norton,

THE ENLISTMENT OF THE LONG REACH MEN

when the facts had all been stated, "some must stay at home, don't you think so?"

"Of course they must," said John, then waving his hand to silence the dissenting voices that greeted this, he said: "Don't you know boys, at a time like this, it takes more real courage t' stay behind than t' go?"

"You all want t' go and that's right, but somebody's got t' stay. Let Tom here do the choosin'."

Faster now Tom's pen moved over the paper. Looking over the men he singled them out and wrote them down. Not a sound was audible, save the crackling of the fire and the scratch, scratch of the pen.

When the list was finished Tom Norton drew a long breath, but the tension remained unrelaxed among the men until he commenced reading the names. Down the list he went as slowly as he had written, and each man whose name was called gave a short gasp of relief as he instinctively stepped beside the others so favored.

To the bottom of the list he went, and his "That's all" held them spell-bound an instant. The next a fierce clamor arose from those left out, but again John Walters silenced them. He was the oldest man present, and they listened to him, as they would to none other.

"It's right, boys! Abide by it. I know what war means, and God knows you may have your chance yet before it's all over. We're but a handful, you know, but a handful!"

After a moment's pause he said: "Just let me see that list Tom." He

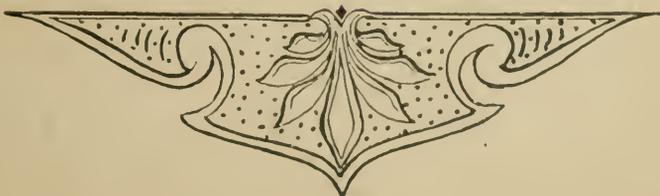
looked it over then taking pen, dipped it deep into the ink-horn and wrote another name at the bottom.

Tom Norton looked at the paper quizzically as he received it back, then for the first time that night the old, merry light flashed in his eyes as he said: "But, John, you've written your own name here." John Walters straightened his stooped shoulders, and his heels clicked together as he stood "at attention."

"And why not?" he demanded. "I took my training when you were a child. I fought with the King's Royal Rangers through the Yankee Revolution. I lost home and friends, and all I possessed but life, for my King and old England. My arm is still strong. It belongs to my King. My blood for the glory of the old flag, boys! You can't keep me home! I tell you you shan't keep me home!"

Such another shout as re-echoed over the Long Reach! Even Tom Norton shouted and threw up his cap, then espying Jane weeping silently, he pointed to her and said: "What about Jane?"

But Jane Walters was the daughter of a Loyalist. With tears still wet on her cheeks, she went to the side of her husband and taking his hand and Nathan's in hers, she said: "John is right. He must go, Nathan must go. Boys, you must all go, and——" and here the great soul of her faltered as she reached the limitation of her sex, and her voice trembled as she cried like one in pain, "Would to God that I could go, too, that every woman in the settlement could go and fight for our homes and our country."



West of To-day Building for West of To-morrow

Conditions are Undergoing Rapid Change and the Idea of Permanency is Now More in Evidence—New Parliament Buildings at Regina Will be Splendidly Appointed and Most Attractive in Appearance.

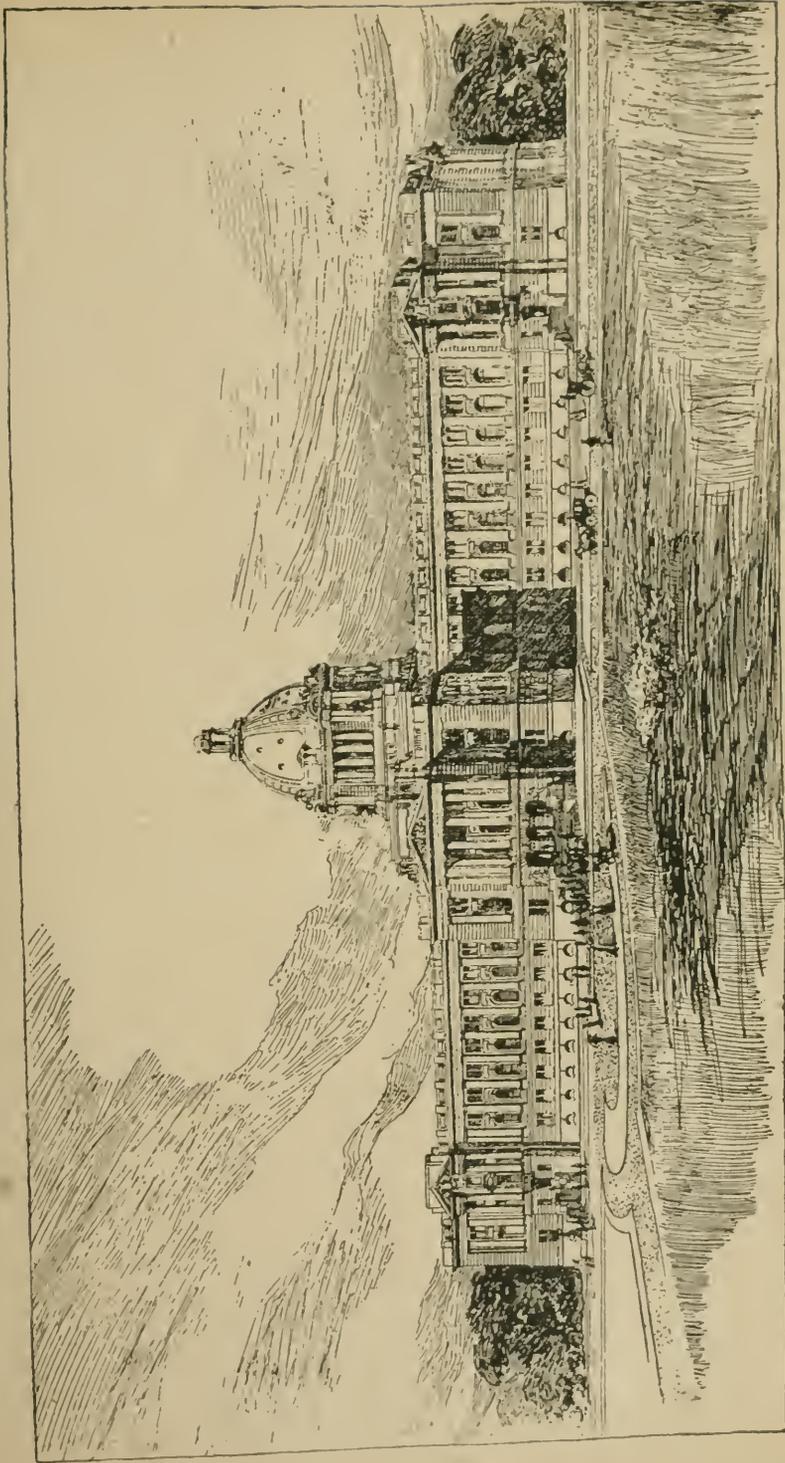
By Walter McInnis.

THE Province of Saskatchewan, which three years ago threw off the swaddling Territorial clothes and assumed status on a level with other Provinces of this fair Dominion, is undergoing a great change this season, and, as might be expected, the change is for the better. The West does things in a hurry, and during late years the idea of permanency has not been very firmly attached to anything that has been accomplished in this country. But the old way is changing, and the West to-day is building for the West of to-morrow. The Government sets the pace in this respect and in the Capital buildings being erected at Regina, the Saskatchewan administration is erecting a pile which, in the language of the Premier, "will be a credit to the Province, not only to-day, but for many years to come." Out in this country the people are naturally optimistic, and ideas are prone to exaggeration. Some say the Parliament Buildings to be erected will be the best in Canada, but, without going to that extent, one is safe in saying that they will rank with the best in the Dominion and will be buildings of which the people of this Province may well be proud.

Plans have already been prepared and the work of erecting the magnificent buildings has commenced. All winter long hundreds of teams have hauled gravel a distance of nine miles to the site of the building, and with this the concrete for the walls will be made. No contract has as yet been

let, and as no estimate has gone through to date, it is difficult to state what the buildings will cost. The specifications of the limited competition called for a building to cost a million and a quarter dollars, but the architects here think they will cost two million dollars before being completed. Now, for two million dollars the people of this country should get something worth while, and doubtless they will.

The site for the new Parliament Buildings is quite ideal. Its location is over a mile from the centre of the city, and it is directly across the Wascana Lake. "Pile o' Bones Creek" is what we used to call it in the olden days, for it was then a stream across which a man could jump. Since Regina became a city and Saskatchewan a Province, a more dignified name had to be secured. The old earthen dam which held back the waters of the creek is being done away with and the "reservoir"—another term applied to this body of water—for a season passes out of existence. Now, however, a concrete bridge and dam is being erected and the new name is generally adopted. So the old timers have been forced to forego the name which they bestowed in the days when the buffalo roamed the prairie where now stands the City of Regina, and the up-to-date citizen tries to forget that Wascana Lake was once the insignificant "Pile o' Bones Creek." The resourceful real estate agent has had maps drawn and upon the surface of the lake one may



SASKATCHEWAN'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

see depicted pleasure boats flitting here and there and steam launches in interminable number. Out in the West we laugh at this, but it has caught with the people of the East, for nearly all the property—"city lots" they call it—within a radius of two miles of the new Parliament Buildings and the Wascana Lake, has been bought up.

That is the site of the new home of the Saskatchewan Legislature, and it will be made a beauty spot of the Province. Gravelled driveways are to approach the buildings off the Albert Street Bridge, and between the lake shore and the main entrance of the buildings there will be a network of roads laid between lines of trees and flowered grounds.

The first impression of the building on the approach from the north and west will naturally be the solemnity and impressiveness of the expanse of dignity in the exterior design where English Renaissance work has been freely adopted.

The building will be constructed of a combination of pale buff stone and red brick, which proves particularly happy when used with discretion in the style adopted. The facades of the building are the result of a careful study of massing, fenestration, outline and detail, and throughout the building it is noted that there has been an adherence to dignity, simplicity and purity of style, combined with a treatment of English architecture, with a view to providing the best building for the purpose intended.

The interior of the building will be on a grand scale and can only be adequately described by the word "magnificent." Triple doorways form the main entrance and upon passing these a spacious vestibule is reached. Directly in front there is a "staircase of honor" up which will ascend the future Premiers and Cabinet Ministers of Saskatchewan, while on either side will be staircases for the use of the public. Three elevators are also

provided that those having business with the public offices in the building may be hoisted quickly to the desired floors.

The legislative room itself is directly at the head of the "staircase of honor." Beneath the lofty, spacious and unique dome of the building stands the ante-room of the Legislative Chamber, a room where importance second only to that of the Legislative Chamber itself has been assigned. The height of the dome, from which the ante-room is lighted, permits of monumental treatment and the presence of large, vertical and horizontal vistas.

Within the Legislative Chamber the feature most impressive is the fact that from every seat in the building the Speaker's rostrum is visible. A main entrance and two side entrances provide ample exit in the case of a crowded session, and the planning of this room throughout has been done after making a careful study of rooms of a similar character throughout the country. Three galleries are provided for the public spectators, and additional galleries are there for the private use of the Speaker and for the press. In designing these galleries the architects seem to have struck a happy solution of the acoustic and other difficulties which present themselves in such buildings. The galleries are not designed to overhang the chamber and obstruct view or deaden sound, but are placed each one in a recess specially provided for in the outline of the building.

Accommodation in the way of rooms for the members, the Speaker and the Ministers, is most complete, and all seem to be closely connected with the Legislative Chamber, the room for which the building is primarily erected. Committee rooms are ample and in the whole layout of the building there is always in view the possibility of future extensions and the admissibility of this without injuring the general design of the structure.

The Righteousness of Doctors' Bills

Professional Services Cannot be Measured by Ordinary
Every-day Standards — Men May Yet Possess the
Power to Cause Every Infectious Disease to
Disappear Entirely From the Face of the Earth.

By George C. Lawrence, in *Appleton's Magazine*.

IF one were talking in fables this might be called the fable of the Physician, the Lawyer, and the Business Man. But as fables are more or less out-of-date and generally interpreted according to individual taste, it will serve better to recite the True Story of a Certain Mrs. Suburbs.

This particular Mrs. Suburbs wasn't of the class to be commiserated, who want to live in the city but can't afford it. She lived in the country from choice, in a big red brick house, surrounded by a wide green lawn, and her share of the world's goods was very much more than most of us ever get. Among her other possessions were a husband and several children.

Now it so happened, which is not surprising, that one of the daughters fell ill and that it became necessary in order to save her life, to perform a very delicate and dangerous operation—the kind which a physician masters only after many years. So, because Mr. and Mrs. Suburbs didn't want to take any unnecessary risks, a big man was brought from the city, a man by the way, more than fifty years old. He came. He operated and was successful. He returned many times to see his patient. The girl was made whole and Mrs. Suburbs was filled with undying gratitude—up to a certain point.

The certain point had come that morning in the shape of a bill for

\$800. Mrs. Suburbs opened it with trepidation, viewed it with alarm which turned to resentment, and with the piece of news waited to hand it on to Mr. Suburbs.

Presently, subsequent to his naturally expected delays as a commuter, entered Mr. Suburbs. "JOHN," exclaimed his wife, before he had even removed his coat, "what do you think!"

Experience had taught Mr. Suburbs that he was not at such a juncture expected to utilize his mental faculties. He merely waited.

"JOHN, Dr. Cutler's bill came today and how much do you think it is?" Then rushing to a breathless climax: "E-I-G-H-T hundred dollars, what do you think of that?"

"Um," was the noncommittal reply of John as he removed his coat. Being a professional man himself, though in a far less exacting calling, he perhaps remembered the early and empty years through which Dr. Cutler had struggled while acquiring the skill by which the daughter's life had been saved. He even sighed a little as he thought of the difficulty of professional fees.

"I got a check from Rankin today," John remarked.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Suburbs, immediately interested. "The man you wouldn't let the horrid judge send to jail for a year?" (Jail to her was a generic term including all places of involuntary incarceration.)

"He's very well off, isn't he? How much was it?"

"About as well as we are. Fifteen hundred dollars," replied John, answering the questions in order. "He was very glad to pay it. Thought it ought to have been more. Said he would have paid ten times as much rather than go to jail. Said it would be worth that to him. . . . I wonder what a child's life is worth?"

Here the subject dropped, for Mrs. Suburbs had a premonition that John was preaching at her. Dinner was hardly over before neighbor Business Man dropped in.

"Did a bully stroke of work today, Johnny, my boy," he exclaimed, slapping him on the back. "Sold that property to the traction company for \$96,000. Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Pretty good," echoed John, and then: "Let's see, what did it cost you? Sixteen thousand three years ago, wasn't it?"

"Correct," replied neighbor Business Man.

And then John, without any intention of being rude, fell into a brown study. He knew what the education of his brother, a struggling physician in a western town, had cost. He knew what his own had cost, too. It was more than \$16,000 in each case. But even on that basis, what legitimate expectation had either of them of retiring at an age worth considering, with a net profit at the end, of \$80,000? He put the thought from him with a sigh. And the years—here was Business Man at thirty-one cleaning up enough to last him the rest of his life if wisely invested. And here was he—Suburbs—at, well at quite a few years more than thirty-one—at which age he had been barely self-supporting on the meagerest basis, and not yet able to charge off on his mental books the cost of his education. He had much, to be sure, but he lived up to his income. To stop his work meant to stop that income. He had no investment in

land or bonds. His investment was in his education. And then again he thought of Cutler's bill and grinned. "Well," he remarked to himself, "we're a whole lot better off than the medicos."

Now, this in all its essential points is a true story, and, as they say in story books, it teaches us—well, among other things, it teaches that the value of professional service can't be measured by the same standard as the value of a house, or a pair of shoes, or a loaf of bread. And most of all this applies to the medical profession—the question of physicians' fees—the returns of that service of which 2,500 years ago Hippocrates said, "Medicine of all arts is the most noble."

To get as nearly as possible at the heart of this question of the righteousness of doctors' fees, more than six thousand printed forms, containing questions pertinent or impertinent, as one may view them, have been sent to doctors of all classes in all parts of the country. They were questions frankly asked, questions as to figures and time and income and ethics of the profession. And they were as frankly answered. Much in the answers can be tabulated in an effort to analyze the doctor's fee on a commercial basis. But much also, for the most part the human, cannot be tabulated. One must read between the lines.

It is a curious fact, almost startling in its significance, that while the value of all those physical things which enter into our lives may be and is determined on a purely commercial basis of cost of production, the value of that life itself cannot, except in comparative terms, ever be expressed. How much, for instance, is the value to you of the life of, say, a son? More than all you possess. Judged on this basis, then, is the physician's fee exorbitant, or is it, as a commercial service, immeasurably small?

Eternally, by the very nature of his calling, the physician is working for his own elimination. The

accomplishment of the prediction of Pasteur, that it is within the power of man to cause to disappear from the face of the earth every infectious disease, is not an idle dream. Already under the advance of medical, surgical, and sanitary science, the physician sees, rejoicing as he sees it, a diminution of that demand upon which he and his wife and children are dependent for their daily bread like any other mortals. On the authority of a physician in that city, the improvements in scientific sanitation in Chicago in the last twelve years coupled with the advances in medical science, have decreased the field of medical practice twenty per cent. Even as he works, whether in the laboratory, the field of experiment, the slums, the city, or the village, the physician is of necessity undermining his own livelihood, measuring his success by the increasing lack of need for his services.

"Into whatever house I enter, I will go for the benefit of the sick. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my art." So ran the oath administered by Hippocrates to his students almost five centuries before Christ, and so still stands to-day the physician's ideal. Medicine then partook of a character of holiness, for the student, too, swore "to reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to look upon his offspring on the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this art if they shall wish it without fee or stipulation."

Can anyone to-day with an inkling of the life of the disciple of medicine doubt that the spirit of this ancient oath is rigidly observed in its practice? Or that as Hippocrates dictated twenty-five hundred years ago, "Whatever in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge as reckoning all that should be kept secret."

Investigation and knowledge, experience and association, can only make more apparent that commercialism and medical practice are as far apart as the poles. For the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, whom else you will, success may be measured—though happily it need not be—in dollars and cents. For the physician it is measured in the alleviation of pain and suffering, in appreciation and gratitude and friendships, but last of all in the number or size of his fees on which he depends for his ability to carry on his work.

Says a physician writing from a small city in the West, into which he, after his years of study and training, has disappeared to carry on his work, "not all of medicine is bad. There are many pleasant things, gratitude, friendships, and the opportunity to be a force for good, for right living and right thinking."

"My boys," said an old doctor to his graduating class in a famous medical school (and his students were always in a sense to him boys, as were his patients' children), "I want you always to believe in the human race and have hope. You will see the darkest side of life; you will learn what I have learned, and you will have pain and suffering for your bedside companions, and you will be poorly paid for what you are giving. But always remember the frailty of flesh, the holiness of your calling, and always have hope."

While there are those who know the work of the physician in whatever field, there are those innumerable greater who do not, and who wonder with a commercial cynicism at the charge of the family physician, or specialist, or surgeon. To such, the experience, commercial if you will, collected from hundreds of doctors in all parts of the country may furnish a basis for belief in the primary importance of the Hippocratic oath, "Into whatever house I enter, I will go for the benefit of the sick."

What seems to me the most significant statement echoed by many others was given me in the course of a casual conversation with one of New York's greatest specialists.

"I doubt if there are to-day in this whole city 100 doctors who could retire and not starve to death within a year. Our expenses increase with our own income, and while the average business man can hope to retire some day, the average medical man retires when he dies."

Now, as to the matter in more detail. The average physician graduates from his medical school four years after the college man who elects a commercial career has begun to earn a living wage or even to lay by money, and from ten to twelve years after the class from which our wealthiest and most prominent men come, begins to be productive, and in the sense of not being a financial burden on some one else, independent. His preliminary college education up to that time, including the acquirement of a degree of A.B. now demanded by the best medical school, has cost the physician on an average \$4,429.63. (These and subsequent figures are averaged from all replies received.) This figure is not the cost of the best medical education calculated to best fit the physician at some remote day to be self-supporting or even—vague hope—to marry. Nor does it take into account the loss through unproductive years when the man who elects to "go into business" is earning.

A conservative estimate, taking these factors into consideration, places the amount which the graduating physician, the proud possessor of an M.D. has been called upon to spend, at \$11,000. And then he has only begun. He cannot immediately begin to practice, for the moral obligation, so binding yet so little understood by the laity, demands that he shall spend from one to two years in a hospital. Indeed, figures from the largest and most prominent medical school in the country show

that more than four-fifths of the graduating class enter hospitals, where more often than not in deep debt, they receive board and lodging, but, of course, no fees. It is a conservative estimate which places the age of the young physician, ready and equipped to take the plunge for himself (and incidentally encumbered with an appalling debt, as more than forty per cent. are) at twenty-nine or thirty—an age in the present commercial race already comparatively old.

Standing on the threshold of financial and far greater moral responsibility, what does the young doctor see before him? He is the belated producer, looking to benefit society and yet with no means of livelihood. Shall he go to the country town with its lessened chances for progress and achievement? Even there the time before he begins to pay current expenses is, if he is fairly fortunate, something like two years, and the expense during that lean period something like \$1,000 annually. Shall he stay in the large city where his chances of service and prominence—in bald terms his prospects for a last quiet few years, if he ever attain to them—are bigger, and so a more hazardous problem? For in the big city his expenses are proportionately greater, and his term of unremunerative service proportionately longer, so that from five to eight years and from \$7,500 to \$15,000 more may be required before he sees where his bread and butter are coming from.

And here I should like to quote, though in abbreviated form, the figures compiled by an able and rising young physician (not yet thirty-six) in New York, partly because of long acquaintance, but chiefly because of a personal knowledge of the conscientiousness with which they were prepared and the struggle which, to those who know him, their size only emphasizes.

The value in time and money spent in acquiring a medical education during ten years he places at

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF DOCTORS' BILLS

\$29,400, the time value being figured on a statistical earning table of men in commercial pursuits. "The average doctor may expect to be self-supporting," says he, "after the end of the third year. (That is, self-supporting at thirty-two or thirty-three, but with his investment still unpaid.) The figure at which he places the cost of the first year of independent practice is \$3,500; for the succeeding two years a little less because of the large initial investment necessary.

These figures may seem large, yet when I have referred to other physicians concerning them they do not find them so. Of course had this man gone to a country village his expenses would have been much less, just as would his hopes for ultimate income. But the average young doctor still retaining his ideals wants to locate where opportunities for study, for advancement, and for hospital work are greatest—that is, in a big city.

And here, perhaps, may best be answered a rather vulgar criticism made of doctors, "Oh, yes, he's rich; he comes around in an automobile," for to certain persons an automobile stands as the chief indication of wealth. Well, this particular doctor from whom I obtained the foregoing figures keeps an automobile. He is nearly thirty-six and can't afford to marry, though he wants to.

"I can't afford an auto either," he said, "but I have to have it. With it I can make twice as many calls, and although it postpones my time of independence I hope it may pay financially in the long run. Medically, it is my duty to have it, as it is my duty to get to places where I am needed and get there quickly."

There, briefly, is the dollars and cents side, in itself terrifying. But far above that there is the sense of service, the moral obligation which binds even the novitiate during his period of service. From the beginning of his medical course the student comes in contact with condi-

tions calculated to make men weep. To him is to be opened the problem of life and death, of physical frailty and moral degeneracy. And if he shirks he is lost.

And after this: the debts, the work, the suffering and the struggle to maintain ideals; the youth, no longer a youth, stands on the threshold of financial responsibility at an age at which other men are already successful and fathers.

It is not to be wondered therefore that the writer himself, acquainted with men in whose future he was interested, should query, "How do you expect to make money' from a company of men about to receive their medical degrees. Nor to those who judge by any but a commercial standard is the reply any more wonderful, "We have not studied medicine to make money, it is something more than that." Of the twenty-four men present at the time, twenty-one were already in debt and would be still more so before they could begin to pay current expenses. And yet money was farthest from their thought.

Specialists, to the lay mind, are notoriously high-priced. Yet here is the record of one of New York's best known men of this class. When he started in to practice after several years of vicissitude which hardly left soul and body together, he was, for his education, still \$5,000 in debt. And he was then thirty years old. The marriage for which he had hoped for years, was still as vaguely distant as ever. He had for less than a living wage been working seventeen hours a day for five years, and then, taking the bull by the horns, he started for himself. During three of those five years he had slept on an operating table with no mattress, and because of his indebtedness had eaten only two meals in his long day.

He started in a poor locality where a large majority of his patients were charity patients. Now it is a peculiarity that while charity

patients will go any distance to be treated by a good man, "pay" patients will go none at all. Year after year he found himself treating more people for nothing, and running farther and farther behind financially.

So at last he decided to take the plunge. He moved to a good locality, still many thousands in debt, though getting on toward thirty-five, and took an office, the cheapest he could find, which cost him \$1,500 a year. Immediately, because of his location, he began to make money, until to-day he has what is for a doctor a large income, though for a man of his ability extremely small.

He showed me his book running through months, and more than two-thirds of his patients were those to whom he charged nothing. To talk with him, a man who had struggled always and married late in life, was a revelation. One day typical of all will do. He showed me his ledger, calling off the names and explaining, almost apologizing, for his charity.

There was a school teacher: "Well, you know how school teachers are paid in New York—she would have died without an operation. So I operated. But" (apologetically), "I couldn't send her a bill." There was a seamstress—and so on and so on, and out of the nineteen patients he had spent his day on, he had charged but six, and of them to two a reduced bill. And yet he called it a "good day," at nearly fifty years of age.

I cannot resist one more story of this man, both because of his prominence as a so-called "high-charging physician," and the inner side I have come to see.

"A few years ago," said he, "when I was still in debt for my education" (he was then almost forty and charged what he does to-day) "a man came to me to arrange for an operation to be performed on his wife. It was a long and difficult operation, necessitating many weeks

of frequent calls and when she was well I sent a bill for \$500. Shortly after I received a note from her husband asking if he could see me, and when I talked to him I discovered that he was a poor man. He would not accept charity, so I sent him a bill for \$100 which he is paying off at the rate of \$25 a year. Yet the time and services expended were worth to me more than \$2,000."

And here in itself is a curious and interesting point. Suppose you were going to buy a house, or a ring, or a set of books. Would you not naturally inquire the price? Yet the average person calling upon a physician for his services, in the great majority of cases, never makes any inquiry at all. And then when the bill comes in, ignorant of the struggle and the sacrifices which made the service possible, it is regarded, let us say mildly, as exorbitant. Yet no doctor, worthy of the name, ever refused his services because of the inability on the part of the patient to pay the full fee.

"How does the doctor reconcile his fees?" Flatly, he does not. There is no need of reconciliation. The doctor of whatever class first goes "for the benefit of the sick." Subsequently he has a living to make in order that he may still continue to benefit the sick, and so, naturally enough, rises the question of charges. For the same operation which for a poor person costs nothing the wealthy person may be charged \$1,000.

To those who would put the matter of a physician's fee on a commercial basis, it can only be said, "What is health worth?" Were any physician to charge in keeping with your own valuation of this "commodity," would your valuation of his services be greater or less?

In the end, having had even a small insight into the physician's life, one naturally returns to this question, "Well, how about big fees charged to wealthy patients?" It is an involved question this, difficult of answer after much investigation.

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There is no commercial basis for the answer, for the service is something apart. If you are paying for any of the commodities which come within commercial limits there is a practical basis for figuring, whether that commodity be beef, or clothes, or stocks.

But let us suppose that your child lies dying. Let us suppose that all that is dearest in the world is menaced with the final obligation of life—what would you be willing to pay to escape that obligation—to have saved the life of the child, the wife, or the mother? And is it wide of the mark to say that the life in jeopardy is dearer to you than all else that you possess? Yet what physician ever made such a charge—even though it might be worth on a commercial basis of value received, all that be asked? But if one still persist in the idea that the doctor's bill should be measured in dollars and cents of worth received, and forgets, with the price of that same doctor's livelihood staring him in the face, the time and the labor and the sacrifices and the pain (for no man can rub shoulders with Old Mortality as does the physician and not suffer pain) which he gives freely and gladly, why then let us see, so far as the uncommercial standpoint applies, how this all works out.

Some years ago a famous doctor from abroad came to this country, and for a famous fee treated successfully the child of very wealthy parents. That fee in its size became a subject of much discussion—abstractly. But practically no one seemed to remember that the famous surgeon had passed far beyond the age where many men can retire before he became successful, and even fewer remember now that for that one fee he left his practice—that is, his means of living—and while in this country gave without price and freely to the poor and afflicted the same service for which in the case in question he had received a large fee.

A famous operator recently recited to me the history of a certain case. Said he, "I was called upon by a physician in a certain city to operate on a case where success meant escape from blindness. The patient came to New York and all arrangements were made. On the day appointed she came to the hospital. She came in her own automobile, and the furs which she wore could not have been worth less than \$10,000. She had with her two maids and two private nurses. I operated. It was a delicate and a dangerous operation. It was successful, although for weeks afterwards she demanded and received one quarter of my time. At the end she was cured, her eyesight was saved.

"When I sent in my bill (and it was for \$2,700) I received a curt note saying that she would pay \$700 and no more. During the time in which I attended her I had given, based on a minimum fee, more than \$6,000 of service to persons from whom I shall never ask a cent. You can think what you please. I have to live. I wrote to her that if she considered my services worth only \$700 I should be glad to consider the matter closed. I almost wonder how doctors live and hope and believe. I am almost sixty. My best days are gone. It is my duty to give way to younger men. Yet I charge no more to-day than twenty years ago, and if I should stop I would starve. I must die in harness. We all must. All that I have to give—when giving is called for—and yet at sixty-two I cannot see a few quiet years free from financial worry. I have never known a physician yet worthy of the name who considered money. You laymen don't know."

The big fee charged to the rich person—there is the crux of the question. But the matter appears in a very different light when one stops to consider that it is big not in proportion to the service rendered, but only in comparison to the fee of nothing at all for which the phy-

sician renders the same service to those unable to pay, but usually infinitely more thankful.

A certain famous surgeon, whom I know, wore for three winters, to the wonderment of his friends and until they were nothing but tatters, a pair of knitted mittens. They were the Christmas gift of a poor woman whose son's life he had saved through a long siege of gladly rendered attendance free of cost. They came to him with a note on Christmas Day when I happened to be with him, and I doubt if in his long life of service he was ever more deeply touched.

"Dear Doctor—" ran the penciled note, "I know you have to go out much in winter in the cold. I hope that these mittens may keep your hands warm. It is all I have to give."

Well as I knew him, I think he was never more moved. He tossed me the note while he held the mittens and said, "There are compensations. These mittens mean more to that mother than an automobile to you or me." And almost in the same hour he showed me with an entirely different sort of a smile a letter from a multi-millionaire protesting against the charge for saving his son's leg.

"Let him keep the fee," he cried, almost savagely, as he looked at the mittens. "If he thinks I reckon life on the same basis that he reckons beef, let him keep it."

Incidentally it is interesting to note, in this effort to commercialize a non-commercial spirit, that the multi-millionaire, graced perhaps by the light of understanding, sent to the physician a check for ten times the amount of the original bill, and that the physician as promptly turned it over to the hospital.

The fee of the rich man is undoubtedly larger than that of the poor man—and why? Barring the ministry, medicine is the only trade which takes into consideration the purchaser's need. Let the poor man—even though he be starving—try to purchase a loaf of bread and he finds that the price to him poor is just what it would be to him wealthy. And the same is true of everything that goes

to make up his physical life, with one exception, the service which keeps that life going. If the patient has means to let him pay, or if he has not, the same service is given without price. Were we all wealthy there would be an easily determinable value for the doctor's service, based on his cost of education, the worth of the service which he performs, the lateness at which he begins to earn and the quickness with which he is forced to retire.

The greatest railroad in the country sets seventy years as the age at which a man must quit. Its employes, on that basis, have fifty earning years ahead of them when they start at the average age of twenty. But the doctor starts at thirty, and if he be fortunate has twenty-five years of productive practice ahead of him. Many with whom I have talked or corresponded place the limit of the physician's, and, particularly, the surgeon's remunerative life, at twenty years.

The average medical practitioner must be entirely absolved of the charge of commercialism. Stop and think when next you receive your doctor's bill, at which you may feel some surprise, that the doctor, when he is ready to practice, has spent some twenty-five thousand dollars at a conservative estimate in time and money in acquiring the education which may mean the saving of your life; that at thirty years of age, when the majority of his friends have married and are laying by a competence, he stands on the threshold of a financial struggle which he knows will probably never be largely remunerative; that when he starts he is more often than not heavily in debt; that during his early years he has had long hours and has been inevitably brought in his daily life into close touch with suffering, and pain, and debt, and want, and vice, and sorrow, and need, to an extent which would lead you or me to doubt the very purpose of life; that for far more than half of his services he can never expect more than thanks, and that at the age when the average business man is at his zenith he loses those delicate senses and powers on

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF DOCTORS' BILLS

which his practice rests, and, finally, that his work is first and always a service of humanity and secondarily a service for return.

After all, the physician is not a commercial proposition. He gives what is asked, receives what he may, and, in the end, having seen many births, much suffering, and many deaths, he joins the innumerable caravan—leaving what? Under ordinary conditions a dependent family and a few friends who truly understood him; under abnormal conditions a name, a long-delayed appreciation of services rendered, and a dependent family. Come, let us reason together. Can anyone of you point to a physician wealthy, that is, wealthy in proportion to his services, or wealthy in proportion to his ability had it been applied in any other field? Judged on an honest basis—not one in ten thousand.

Says one man (and it should be understood that all these comments were obtained under the assurance of confidence, since, like all lovers of good, the physician is little inclined to talk of his work), "no physician is ever paid proportionately to the work he is called upon to perform. Practically no physician (except the most fortunate, an extremely small proportion of the whole body) leaves anything but life insurance and uncollectable bills to his family."

And another physician, writing from a western city in answer to the query as to the advisability of post-graduate work, "the work is necessary, but ninety-nine per cent. are financially unable to afford it."

Fifty per cent of a doctor's working life, at least, he gives to charity, and here is a note of sadness for those who wonder at their charges. In the words of a Western physician who writes in answer as to what he gives in time and money annually, "half of my time," and then as to money, "I have never had any to give." Half his time, the earnings time of his life, and this physician, noted for his sincerity, has "never had money to give." Commercialism or non-commercialism?

And the doctor, aside from an earning standpoint, is short-lived. One, indeed, when asked how long they lived, replied with a note of cynicism, remarkable for its uncommonness, "about twice as long as they ought to."

But seriously considered in the light of their irregular hours, their exposure to contagion and the mental strain which the constant grappling and compromise with inevitable if ultimate death produces on the physician, he is as a class short-lived. The men who do the work are, as a rule, not more than middle-aged.

Always the physician feels in his heart the absolute uncommerciality of his profession which can be summed up in no better manner than in the answer of a well-known physician of Boston in answer to the question, "How much does a doctor contribute in charitable works in time?" The answer was: "He never refuses." It is an answer that smacks of nobility even though it be nameless. And when that bill, by which, after all, we are prone to judge the physician, greets you at the breakfast table or the office, it is worth while, as it is honorable, to consider it, remembering that the service for which he charges you or me "he never refuses" to those who need and lack, even while the bill is not so large as it would be on a commercial basis.

There is, after all, for those who question the righteousness of the physician's fee, a final test. The cost of living of late years has advanced at an almost prohibitive rate. Naturally this might be expected to increase the cost of any commercial service. Yet more than six thousand inquiries sent to physicians throughout the country asking what effect this same increased cost of living had on doctors' fees brought the practically unanimous answer—almost pathetic in its non-commerciality, "none." Just three physicians made any other answer, and their replies were that fees had advanced during their practice only in small proportion to the cost of life's necessities.

Long years of study, short years of usefulness, long hours of association with pain and suffering and death, poor pay, one-half his working life given and given gladly to charity, old age or rather comparatively old age without a competence ("we must all die in harness or starve"), facing him, always a depressing knowledge of human frailty, and with death always for an opponent—that is the part of the average physician.

Let us pay the tribute long overdue, not in money, but in appreciation. We who ring the telephone at two o'clock on a snowy morning to summon the doctor, who, for aught we know, has been working since day-

light, let us remember the words of that old doctor who gave to his departing disciples the message, "Always remember the frailty of flesh, the holiness of your calling, and always have hope." And if we stop to think, there is a holiness and an absolute freedom from commerciality in the calling of him who has for his opponent not a rival manufacturer, not a rival financier, but the inevitably victorious Death. Consider the sacrifices, the needs, and the gifts of the physician, measure to yourself the value of even a day more of life, and then judge, so far as it is given to us to judge, the righteousness of the physician's fee.

The Head of the House Economizes

By Leighton Osmun in *Bohemian Magazine*

THE Head of the House perched herself on my knee.

"Jim, dear, may I have a new coat? I saw the dearest one downtown to-day."

I considered that this would be a good time to put into effect a little financial scheme which I had hatched some time before.

"I have something to tell you, sweetheart," I said in a sepulchral tone. "I have lost a large sum of money in Wall Street. We are very poor now. I hardly know how to make both ends meet."

The Head of the House squirmed around, and looked into my face with a wealth of sympathy in her brown eyes.

"Oh, you poor dear!" she cried. "How I wish I could help you."

"You can," I replied, "by economizing."

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "that is such a horrid way. If I could only earn some money somehow, it would be so much nicer."

"The expense account is a great item," I commented.

"I know what I'll do!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I know just the loveliest way to help you, and it will be such fun, too."

"How?" I asked.

"I will discharge Mary and Agnes, and do all the housework myself, and that will save you all that money every month. Won't it be splendid?"

"But I do not want you to do that," I objected. "You can help enough by not buying so many hats and dresses and things."

"Now, Jim," she protested in a hurt tone, "it is real mean of you to talk like that—just as if I were extravagant. Why, that old rag of a dress I have now, I have worn for perfect ages, and that hat—I have had only two since Christmas."

"Three," I corrected.

"Oh, yes, counting that little rainy-day hat, but that did not cost anything at all."

"Renwick & Co. seemed to think so," I replied dryly. "At least, they sent me a fair-sized bill for it. If they made a mistake——"

"Don't be horrid, Jim," she interrupted severely. "Anyway, I am going to do what I said. We can have awfully nice things to eat, too. I know lots of perfectly delicious things to have—things that an ordinary cook would never think of."

My scheme was getting me in pretty deep water, but I decided not to retract, for, after all, it might do The Head of the House good to have some domestic duties for a while; and, while I had misrepresented the financial situation to her, I was not saving the amount of money I should, considering my income.

I went home that night to find The Head of the House in full control of the kitchen. She had paid the servants their full month's wages, although it was only the fifth of the month, and had started in to run the house herself. She looked very bewitching in her white, frilled apron, with her dimpled arms bare to the elbows, and her face rosy with excitement, and the happiness inspired by honest labor shining in her eyes.

"Oh, Jim," she greeted me, throwing her arms around my neck, "I am having the loveliest time! And just see all the pretty things I have bought."

She proudly pointed out a choice line of fancy cooking utensils. Remembering some bills I had been called upon to pay in the past for even the ordinary kind of that line of goods, I groaned inwardly, but I was not brute enough to dampen her enthusiasm. I admired them to the best of my ability.

"And just see here," she went on, "I bought this lovely matting at Van Tyng's. It was made in Japan. They sent a man right up to lay it. Doesn't it look sweet? And I have the loveliest dinner for you. We are going to have some of the dearest little birds. The butcher told me

about them because I said I wanted something especially nice. He had to send downtown to a big market for them because they are out of season or something, and I bought some nice hot-house vegetables because you always say you get so tired of eating canned ones, and—and—now don't you think I am a helpful wife?"

I put my arms around her, and evaded. "You are a dear little girl," I said truthfully.

"I hope you don't think I was extravagant to buy all those things for the kitchen," she said with a trace of uneasiness in her voice. "You see, I wouldn't have done it, only I like to cook so much that I am never going to let any one else do it again. And then, you see, I will be in the kitchen so much that I think it ought to be nice, don't you?"

I was game. "Yes," I answered.

The dinner was certainly good. Whatever The Head of the House does, she does well, and with a lavish hand; but it would have been cheaper dining at a hotel.

For a week The Head of the House acted as chef of our establishment, and when the bills came in I realized that a month of her catering would bankrupt me in earnest. Therefore, I cast about for a way out of the difficulty. I had fibbed myself into an untenable position, now it devolved upon me to fib myself out of it.

So the next night I came home with an expression of happiness on my face, which even the sight of the day's additional purchases for the kitchen could not remove.

"I guess the financial crisis has passed," I said cheerfully. "With your help I have pulled through, and we are on our feet again. So you will not have to do the housework any more."

The Head of the House was delighted. "Oh, isn't that splendid!" I agreed that it was.

"I really am getting a little tired of cooking," she confessed. "Besides, now I can get that new coat."

On the Tyranny of Clothes

How the Clothes Mania Affects the Actor and Influences the Modern Drama — The American Stage Suffers More Than Any Other From the Sartorial Obsession.

By Alan Dale in The Cosmopolitan Magazine

THOSE who saw Mme. Alla Nazimova in "The Comet" at the Bijou Theatre noticed that she wore around her neck, as a collar, what looked like a pair of "straight-front" corsets. I am assured, on unimpeachable feminine authority, that this circlet resembled corsets much more than it suggested a collar—and I trust you will excuse this masculine audacity of trespass. With her neck—the delicate column through which inspiration and expiration are effected—thus rigidly held, Madame Nazimova went through the emotional episodes of the play. One incident, I recall, showed her as ineffably tired, utterly weary, craving sleep, and actually taking forty winks on the stage before our very eyes, with that girdle of horror round her neck!

Now if a great artist like Madame Nazimova suffers—as she must have suffered—from the slavery of clothes and the ugly dominion of raiment, what havoc must this tyranny play with the average first-rate, second-rate, and third-rate actresses! I assert that it is responsible for more than half of the stupid, unnatural behavior—we call it "staginess"—that mars so many plays, and makes of human beings a series of hopeless automata, swaddled to death in the exaggerated "rags" of a gaudy, semi-barbaric civilization.

Nor is this sartorial obsession restricted to the feminine gender. It

is alarmingly masculine. Men are by no means superior to its dominant importance. The handsome "star," a victim to the creases in his trousers, a martyr to the foot-destroying agony of "patent leathers," apprehensive of the crackle of his shirt-front, conscious of the intrusion of his cuffs, and dramatically unable to dispose of the listless lengths that are believed to be arms, is a very usual figure in our drama. He has rehearsed everything but his clothes. These, left for the "dress" rehearsal, are not considered of moral importance. You note the grotesqueness of his manner. He is playing the part of a "dook," and "dooks," as you know, are popularly presumed to "dress for dinner" every night. The actor, of course, in private life eats his quantum of Irish stew in any old garb. Therefore, when he goes to the theatre, and is asked to feel at his ease in the latest evening-dress monstrosity, he is totally lost. He reminds you of a tailor's advertisement. He is little more than a walking illustration of the most recent effects in clothes.

Watch his embarrassed demeanor as he clasps the fair young ingenue to his hundred-dollar coat. He cannot see what the audience sees—because he is afraid of rumpling his unemotional shirt-front. Therefore, he cannot see that the fair young ingenue leaves dabs of powder on the beautiful coat, and that wherever she leans her mark remains. She

ON THE TYRANNY OF CLOTHES

releases herself from his embrace, and he turns to her with impassioned words. But the pallor of her face and neck is daubed all over his coat, and the result is fatal.

The tyranny of clothes has become one of the gravest of dramatic questions. The handsome woman who has spent all day in a wrapper, enjoying the perfect freedom of her arms and—may I be allowed to add?—legs (I am not one of those who believe that legs are immoral), finds herself at night tightly encased in a shimmering creation that cramps her every movement. Wherever she turns she is confronted with the barbarism of her clothes. She is conscious—how could she be otherwise?—of the obstacle. Perhaps the very dressmaker who made those things is sitting down in front, carefully noting the way in which her "creation" is adapting itself to the emotional efforts of the playwright.

The poor puppet on the stage may have to portray the very poignancy of acute emotion, with her breathing-apparatus asphyxiated by the stringency of her costume, and the simple forces of her nature rendered comatose by the suffocating tightness of her corset. The scene rehearsed so well! At rehearsal, she felt at home in her unconsidered every-day, and she was able to inject real life into her work.

She suffers, as most actresses suffer, from the fact that there is no dressmaker clever enough to invent picturesque clothes, fitted to the enactment of emotional roles. Each heroine must be a fashion-plate. She is asked to love, and hate, and kiss and be kissed in the very style of clothes that Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue affects, when all that lady has to do in 'em is to sit at a bridge table and play cards. Mrs. Snooks is the model. Or quite frequently the stage dressmaker—avid harpy—invents novelties that she tries on her poor actress for the sake of Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue, whose patronage she hopes to secure.

Sarah Bernhardt is perhaps the

only actress on record who invented a style for herself that permitted the full sway of her emotionalism. You may have observed that she, even in her heyday, never owned a "figure." Her curves were those of a billiard-table. Bernhardt did not repine. Great people are not seriously annoyed by their own peculiarities. Rather are they disposed to regard them as the marks of genius. Bernhardt asked no dressmaker to build her a figure. She was never guilty of one of those perfect figures into which you can stick pins without drawing blood. She reveled in her figurelessness. She devised a series of gowns that were worn loosely, and girdled below the waist line.

It was perhaps the most daring thing that an actress has ever done. In the costumes of "La Tosca" and "Fedora" and "Gismonda" and "Theodora" and "Cleopatre" these gowns might have escaped comment; but in "Camille" and "Frou Frou" and plays of modern fabricants she never budged. There was no tyranny of clothes to hamper Sarah Bernhardt. She made such a barbaric question as mere physical adornment subservient to her. Sarah dominated clothes. Clothes never dominated Sarah.

Yet how exquisitely gowned Sarah Bernhardt has always been, in her clinging draperies and her misty, mysterious, sartorial effects. I've seen her play "Camille" in clothes that must have cost a fortune, clothes the like of which have never been seen in this clothes-ridden country; but they were made to coincide with her physical peculiarities. To have imitated Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue, or to have worn gowns that Mrs. Snooks of Fifth Avenue could run away and copy, would have been very far from the Bernhardt idea.

In New York, where a play contains more clothes than art, and where the actress's object is to make herself an object of envy to the poor, illiterate, little shop-girl,

simplicity is eschewed. The dramatic farmer's daughter may be compelled, much against her will, to avoid silks and satins.' She gets even in the "make" of her cashmere gown. It fits like a glove. It is delightfully fashioned. It is worn over a thirty-dollar pair of corsets. If she lifts the hem of her gown, you note that the simple farmer's daughter wears silk petticoats and lingerie of the most costly fabric. You get a fleeting glimpse of silk stockings that would have to be explained to the real farmer's daughter. And when she tells you that she is going to milk the cows, she trots off the stage in a pair of French high-heeled shoes that would supply the average cow with a very strong incentive to toss her. She is making the best of a bad joke. If she had her own way she would be milking the cows in an Empire dress of white satin, cut low, with a jeweled tiara in her hair, and white satin dancing-slippers. This is not an exaggeration. Ask any stage-manager. He will tell you racy stories of the clothes-mania that mars the logical perception of the average actress.

Instead of clothes being of secondary importance to art, art is usually of secondary importance to clothes. The illiteracy of the audience is taken for granted. The general excuse is that women like to see fine gowns. It is asserted that many of them go to the theatre with no other object in view. That this is untrue is evidenced by the vogue of the Ibsen plays, in which the heroines are mostly gowned like paupers. That a certain class of women may clamor to see fashion-plates posing as actresses is probably true. It is not this class that should be permitted to dictate to the drama.

There is little ingenuity and there are no artistic effects in the garbing of the New York drama to-day. In fact, if you put all the clothes on the stage without the actors and actresses supposed to wear them, I

could build you up your play. Long experience in theatregoing has shown me the exact thing that is worn in every dramatic situation.

See that low-necked, black-velvet gown with the train. That is the dress of the dowager in the third act, when she has to sit on a gold chair at a gold table, and snub the dear little thing who has been asked to be the wife of her son. There is nothing so snubby on the stage as black velvet. It is always used to suggest the supercilious and the imperious.

Do you note that simple gown of white mousseline-de-soie (at four dollars a yard) trimmed with silver (at fifteen dollars a yard) with a baby-blue silk sash (imported from Paris and exceedingly precious)? That is the wrapping of the heroine, who comes amazed and reluctant into the baronial drawing-room of Foppington Towers. She hasn't a penny to bless herself with—little love!—and in fact has been a governess in a purse-proud family. But she is the "fion-sy" of the heir of Foppington Towers, and she has splendid scenes with all the parvenus in that drawing-room. She comes there in her poor poverty-stricken finery that cost five hundred dollars, net.

Observe that gown of blood-red tulle. That is for a naughty girl. You will see the wearer of that gown sit on the edge of a table and smoke a cigarette! She will say most cynical things, and relegate all the virtues to the back shelf. She is the mistress of the villain, and she has no qualms. Now, if you were to put that gown on the heroine. I honestly believe that the actress playing that part would forget her lines. She couldn't be a simple, nice little thing, if she wore red!

Look at that evening-dress outfit. Isn't it the hero? Couldn't it get up, without any man inside it, and play the part quite satisfactorily? I am sure it could. It is so completely the hero. Notice the

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shoes, with the blackened soles. Who but a stage-hero ever owns shoes that are blackened in the sole? And the white pique waistcoat with the uncomfortable flyaway effect; and the unbreakable shirt-front, and the unspeakable cuffs, and the "set of pearls" for the aforesaid front! Yes, that suit of clothes loves the dear little girl. That suit of clothes will marry her in spite of all. That suit of clothes will live happily ever afterward.

Sometimes one could almost write the dialogue from a mere inspection of the clothes. I don't say you could do this in the case of a clever playwright, but how many clever playwrights are there? The average play impresses you with the idea that it has been written for and around the clothes.

You cannot get away from that notion. In the play that is above the average, you merely see the unfortunate actress tussling with all the emotions in gowns that throttle her before they are born, and luckless actors trying to pose as good fellows in suits that squelch their very souls.

A sensible woman would go to an artist—and by an artist I mean a

person who has a proper conception of the morality of form and color—and consult with that artist as to the particular effect that would coincide with her physical make-up. She would avoid the usual fashion-plate dressmaker, who has no ideas in her noddle except those that she has gleaned from the books imported from Paris. A sensible man would do the same thing with his tailor. The clothes-monger would then cease to use the actor and actress as advertisements. The cruel obsession of clothes would be relieved.

Our stage suffers, more than any other, from this obsession. This is a young country. The object of most people here seems to be to hang as many clothes as possible on the poor human figure, to convey the idea of inordinate wealth and—let me add—excessive bad taste, by a circus of expensive gowns and jewels. It is the cost that counts. There is no limit to sartorial extravagance. Art is asphyxiated. Stunned by clothes is the impression received by most audiences, and until we decide that to be "knocked silly" by display is not the aim of real art, the drama will not emerge from its stifling mass of fine feathers.



Men

1.

A gentleman is always born one, they
say;
Indeed it is true, and a part no one
can play.

2.

A snob may affect it in manner and
dress,
But, oh! what a lacking, if put to the
test.

3.

There is such a difference in men that
you meet;
There are some, that would willingly
kneel at your feet.

4.

But the man that's most worthy is the
one that will say;
I'm your friend now, and will be for-
ever and aye.

6.

A fellow sometimes is quite on his
"uppers",
But he does not crave for "pink teas"
and late suppers.

5.

A dude thinks of nothing, but how he
can look,
But he never would bother reading
any good book.

7.

No doubt he's a man through and
through just the same,
Whether he's in it, or out of the
game.

8.

But if it came to battle, I wonder
which would go;
Why! the man upon his "uppers" as
the dude would be too slow.

9.

He could better "jolly" women, and
they might let him too;
But the brother on his "uppers" has
him beaten through and
through.

10.

Not in looks, and not in money, but in
honor which is best;
If you want to solve the problem put
the brothers to the test.
AUGUSTA H. GILLIES.



"Carey Castle," the official residence of Hon. James Dunsmuir.

The Richest Coal Baron in the Dominion

Hon. James Dunsmuir is the Best and at the Same Time the Least Known Public Man on the Pacific Coast—Not a Conspicuous Success as a Premier or Politician, He is now the Much Criticized Occupant of the Gubernatorial Chair.

By A. E. Greenwood.

THE best-known, and paradoxical as it may seem, the least-known man in British Columbia is Honorable James Dunsmuir, Lieutenant-Governor of the Pacific Coast Province.

Everyone in the West knows that he has been a resident of the Province for fifty-six years, was Premier for two years, while for nearly two years he has been the much criticized occupant of the highest office in the Province. But few know that he is Canada's richest coal baron, and that he was born in the United States.

His long residence, the pioneer family name he bears, his office and his wealth, make him the best-known man in the Province, while his retiring disposition, his habitual absence from the public platform and his now self-imposed imprisonment in the

library of his gubernatorial castle make him the least-known of public men on this summerland, evergreen Slope.

You may live for weeks in Victoria and never see Dunsmuir once in the street. It follows that the Hon. James does not make a vulgar display of his great wealth. And that is the best thing you can say of the last of the pioneer Dunsmuir family.

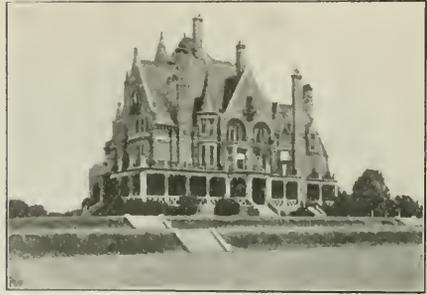
The chief romance of his early adventurous and later prosaic career, lies in the fact that forty-six years ago, at the age of ten, he was attending a log house school in the Vancouver Island coal town of Nanaimo, the eldest of two sons of a humble miner and employe of the Hudson's Bay Co., while to-day he occupies, in characteristic gubernatorial silence, the office of the Chief Magistrate of

the Province. And the last is as much the work of his father as the first. Moreover, it was all due to an accident, his father's discovery of the great Wellington Coal Mines, while strolling through a ravine, bringing immediate fortune and later fame to the Dunsmuir family.

To put two generations in an hour glass, it was in the days of the California gold rush that the good sailing ship Mary Dare, of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s fleet, after a four months' voyage from the Clyde around the Horn, twenty years before Confederation, stranded at the outlet of the Columbia River just below what is now Portland, Oregon.

Lured by the golden underworld of California, the sailors deserted the ship leaving the passengers to the hospitality of what was then the Fort, now the town, of Vancouver, Oregon, which Vancouver, B.C., says never should have been so named. Among the passengers was the family of Robert Dunsmuir, en route from Scotland to Vancouver Island, to work for his uncle, Boyd Gilmour, in assisting to develop coal measures which the Hudson's Bay Co. had discovered.

In a little log house at Fort Van-



Residence of Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir, mother of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

couver James was born. He was six weeks old when the voyage to Vancouver Island was continued. When greater coal measures were discovered at what is now Nanaimo, by Indians from Camoson, now Victoria, thither Gilmour and Dunsmuir, uncle and nephew, followed, Gilmour later returning to Scotland and Dunsmuir succeeding to the management of these then comparatively small mines which the Hudson's Bay Co. later sold to an English syndicate.

Robert Dunsmuir then opened the Harewood Mines, near Nanaimo, and later, strolling through the ravine near what is now the coal mining Town of Wellington, discovered the great Wellington veins, becoming the first Western Canadian and Pacific coal baron, and later railway and trade promoter, laying the foundation of the Dunsmuir millions and making possible the political and social distinction of which the elder and only surviving son, James, is the sole successor.

In his great discovery Robert had interested officers of the Royal Navy, later buying them out, Lieut. Diggle in 1884 being the last for whose interest Robert paid three-quarters of a million cash.

Then he built the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway, while in the trade which he established with San Francisco he became associated with the then Big Four of the California capital, Crocker, Huntington, Stanford and Hopkins. The railway obtained a two-million acre land grant with the coal rights. Three years ago the



HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR

THE RICHEST COAL BARON IN THE DOMINION

Hon. James sold the railway and the land rights to the C.P.R.

After building the railway, Robert laid the political foundations for his elder son entering the British Columbia Legislature and rising to the then and still honorary office of President of the Council.

Leaving the log house school of Nanaimo, James and Alexander, the younger son, entered the university of the world, James becoming not only a practical machinist, but a practical miner. The father, moving to Victoria on the completion of the E. & N., James took charge of the shipping from Departure Bay to San Francisco, while Alexander went to California to manage that end of the growing trade.

On the death of his father, James removed to Victoria, and on the death of his brother, Alexander, who married the mother of the actress, Edna Wallace Hopper, James, five years ago, became the sole owner of the mines, the railway, the shipping, trade and other interests.

James' political career began ten years ago when he was returned to the Legislature by the miners of his own Comox, Vancouver Island, mines as a supporter of the Government then led by Premier Turner, now British Columbia's Agent-General in London.

In the election of 1900, which followed the two months' reign of Joseph Martin as Premier, James was returned by the miners and citizens

of his boyhood town of Nanaimo. Being then regarded as the most acceptable of those opposed to the Martin Administration, he was called upon to form a Government, becoming and remaining Premier for two years. This was in the latter part of 1902, just before the days of party lines successfully drawn and still tightly held by Hon. Richard McBride, popularly known as "The People's Dick," and "The Boy Statesman."

The Hon. James would, perhaps, be the first to admit that he was not a conspicuous success as a ruling politician, particularly at that period for those were indeed strenuous days in the political history of the Province.

One phrase of his during the Western & Columbian Railway Provincial land grant is still recalled as illustrating his character. The Opposition whispered: "There is something wrong," whereupon Dunsmuir immediately checked the conveyance of the grants and ordered an investigation, declaring: "I will have no monkey business so long as I am Premier."

But the Opposition of to-day does not hesitate to say that in his higher office of Lieutenant-Governor the Hon. James permitted something that transcended "monkey business" in the famous Natal Bill of last year, when, with a private contract in his inside pocket, for the importation, direct from the Flowery Kingdom, of 500 Japanese miners for his Wellington colliery, he withheld his assent to that unanimously passed bill, although assenting to a similar bill a few weeks ago with the prevailing conditions of the time unaltered.

This was the subject and the cause of several remarkable scenes in the session recently closed, which, however, failed to reveal the secret, why he withheld that assent. His friends will have it that that contract was not the reason for the non-assent, for the Canadian Nippon Co., of Vancouver, the Immigration and Employment Agents, had at that time, April, of last year, three months after the contract had been signed, failed to deliver more than one-fifth of the



A group on board Mr. Dunsmuir's yacht, "The Thistle," on her way from Ladysmith down the Strait of Georgia. Reading from left to right the members are Mr. Wm. Whyte, Mr. John Mara, Mr. Dunsmuir and Mr. J. S. Dennis.

Brownies, and the contract had been virtually cancelled.

They declare that the real reason for the non-assent was that given in Dunsmuir's despatch to the Secretary of State, the danger of international complications in view of the treaty ratified three weeks before the contract had been signed and three months before the Natal Bill had been passed. The Provincial Liberals answer to this is the assent of His Honor to the Natal Bill of this session in the face of the treaty. But the local Liberals confound confusion by having unanimously voted for that same bill.

So while it is still a secret, the reason why the Hon. James did not assent to last year's bill, for which action the Liberals in vain recently sought his official head, and also in vain sought to oust the Government on a motion of censure, their own reason for "swallowing themselves" on the same measure of which they openly disapproved is plain. It was twofold, political self preservation—for it would be political suicide for a member of the Legislature of British Columbia to vote against a Natal Bill—and, secondly, to catch Federal votes in the next campaign.

When James was attending the Wesleyan College at Dundas, Ontario, the future Mrs. Dunsmuir, then Laura Smiles, daughter of a North Carolina planter, was attending the Ladies' College in Hamilton. To-day there are eight daughters and two sons. The latter are Robin and James, jr., the daughters are Mrs. Bromley, who resides in England, and Mrs. Andain, whose husband, Major Andain, who served many years in India, is now His Honor's private secretary. The other daughters are Eleanor, Kathleen, Muriel, Marion, Bessie and Dora.

It may be added that recently Mr. Dunsmuir added to his already large estate near Calgary a tract of 235 acres, which adjoins and will be incorporated with Hatley Park, the whole forming a huge natural park and game preserve. Negotiations have been in progress for some time, and a few weeks ago the whole of Belmont Park, with the exception of fifteen acres on the south side of the Metchesen Road, passed into the possession of Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir. The tract acquired consists of 235 acres, and in conjunction with Hatley Park gives the Lieutenant-Governor an estate of over 500 acres.



LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.



MR. FRANK SANDERSON, M.A., F.F.A.

President of the Actuaries Club, Toronto, and the Only Canadian Who is a Member of the Faculty of Actuaries of Scotland.

A person skilled in mathematical calculations, more especially calculations which deal with the expectancy of life, is known by the rather dignified title of an actuary. Canada to-day has some clever men in this profession, but it was not so many years ago that the number was limited. This was when the life insurance business was young, the period before it had attained its present high status and wide-spread recognition. There is, however, no Actuarial Society in Canada, but the day may soon come when such an organization will be an important adjunct of the life insurance business in the Dominion. For several years now there has been established at the Provincial University, a special department for the training of men in actuarial science.

Among the leading actuaries of America is Mr. Frank Sanderson, who has made a life study of the work and is recognized as an authority on this important subject, not only at home, but abroad. Mr. Sanderson's career has been a singularly successful one; he is a Canadian who has forged to the forefront in his chosen profession. An honor graduate in mathematics of Toronto University, he is not only past president of the Insurance Institute of Toronto, but also President of the Actuaries Club, Toronto. He is an examiner of the Actuarial Society of America, and a member of the governing council of that body, of which he is a Fellow. He is likewise a Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries of Scotland, being the only Canadian member of that society. He holds the degree of associate member of the British Institute of Actuaries and in addition is a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of England.

It may be mentioned that Mr. Sanderson who has for nearly a score of years been prominently identified with the Canada Life Assurance Company, being chief actuary since 1899, was, at a recent meeting of the board, made joint general manager, an advancement which he has well and worthily won.



"Peace River," the Hudson Bay Company's steamer, on the Peace River.

The Fertility of the Great Hinterland

Wheat and Other Grains Successfully Grown in Canada 750 Miles North of the United States Boundary—The Hinterland a Heritage that Surpasses the Dreams of the Older and More Thickly Settled Portions of the Dominion.

By A. S. Wilson.

TO make the boundless wealth and splendid resources of Canada more extensively known, to lead Canadians to a fuller and larger appreciation of the fertility and productiveness of their vast territorial possession, covering, roughly speaking, 3,500 miles from east to west, and 1,400 miles from south to north, is assuredly a laudable, public-spirited and patriotic undertaking.

Canada to-day is no longer recognized as a fringe or frill bordering on the 49th parallel of latitude, the boundary line between the Dominion and the republic to the south of us. It has depth as well as breadth, and that depth is increasing year by year as exploration, survey and settlement go steadily on.

Wheat is grown 750 miles north of the United States boundary, while potatoes and other vegetables are suc-

cessfully cultivated within fourteen miles of the Arctic Circle. For over a score of years in 58.3 degrees and even in 62.3 degrees, north latitude, wheat, barley, oats and peas have been raised with excellent results. At Fort Vermilion, Fort Providence, Fort Simpson and other places in the great Peace River district cereals have flourished, and although the cultivation of them has not been extensive, their growth is no longer a mere experiment. That stage has long ago been passed.

Further evidence of the depth of Canada and what is possible in the territory hitherto regarded as the hinterland, or hyperborean district, is that the Hudson Bay Company operate a roller process flour mill at Vermilion, 700 miles by trail north of Edmonton, or 400 miles in a direct line, and the mill is kept busy at all

THE FERTILITY OF THE GREAT HINTERLAND

seasons of the year. These concrete facts along with the knowledge that potatoes, onions and other hardy varieties of roots and vegetables have for years been successfully cultivated at Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie River, furnish abundant evidence and afford ample conception, of not only the illimitable vastness of our arable land, but also of its great potentialities.

A few months ago there was issued from the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa, under the direction of Mr. R. E. Young, Superintendent of Railway Lands in Canada, a most instructive and interesting publication entitled "Canada's Fertile Northland." The work, which is an excellent and comprehensive compilation of evidence heard before a committee of the Senate of Canada, during the last Parliamentary session, and the report passed thereon, has been ably edited by Captain E. J. Chambers, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. A volume of about 150 pages, with bright illustrations, a most readable contribution on the immensity, resources and wealth of the Dominion, and will well repay perusal on the part of any Canadian who feels that he is a citizen of no mean country and that he cannot possess too much knowledge or intimate acquaintance with this fair land with its unrivalled agricultural, forestry, fishery and mineral heritage. A copy of the publication may be secured by communicating with Mr. Young, Department of the Interior, Ottawa. Facts are set forth which should be in the hands of thousands of Canadians. After a study of its pages, one may exclaim in the words of the Queen of Sheba, after her visit to King Solomon, and witnessing the



Potato Digging on Great Slave Lake.



At Fort Providence on the Mackenzie River, North of Great Slave Lake; potatoes in fore-ground, wheat in rear.

pomp and magnificence of his court, "the half has never been told."

As much land to-day remains for settlement up North as has been taken up from Manitoba west. This statement may appear, at first, rather startling, but its accuracy is attested by the evidence of those who have traveled over the great unsettled districts of which the older and more populous portions of the Dominion know, as yet, too little. One can scarcely conceive, after reading all the evidence, of the latent possibilities of this immeasurable territory as an agricultural and industrial country. A study of the geographical and physical features of these expansive regions cannot prove other than helpful and timely, since Canada is now bulking so large in the eyes of the world, and attracting immigrants to her shores at the rate of nearly a thousand a day.

The stream of settlement is flowing stronger than ever this year. We have room for all who will settle on the soil and build up homes for themselves in this great commonwealth. The vast hinterland of Canada is as yet practically unexplored.

Ere long it is hoped that a line of railway will be built connecting existing roads with Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, which will open up not only a great tract of land for settlement, but will provide an additional outlet for several months of the year for the enormous product of the West by way of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. Although much evidence was given before the Special Committee

of the Senate as to the extent of the wheat-bearing belt, in the Peace and Mackenzie River basins, much more remains to be secured by exploration, discovery and survey.

Some facts taken from the evidence may serve to tell a story that will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Hardisty, late Chief Factor, in charge of Fort Simpson, north latitude 61.8, informed Professor Macoun, that barley has ripened at this point and that wheat was a sure crop four seasons out of five. Samples of Ladoga wheat, 62 pounds to the bushel, and pronounced by experts as very good, can to-day be seen at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa. At Fort Providence, latitude 61.4, 550 miles north of Edmonton, Mr. Elihu Stewart reported that he saw a garden which contained peas fit for use, potatoes in flower, besides tomatoes, rhubarb, beets, turnips, cabbages, onions and strawberries. But most surprising of all was a small field of wheat in the milk, the grain being fully formed. This was said to have been sown on May 20th and harvested before July 28th. In 1902, Mr. H. A. Conroy also saw at Fort Providence beautiful crops of wheat, oats, barley and peas. He left there on July 28th, when barley was being cut, while wheat and oats were harvested a couple of days later, and were not frost bitten. Very fine strawberries were seen, also raspberries, blueberries and cranberries.

At Fort Liard, latitude 60.25, Chief Trader McDougall reported that all kinds of grain and garden stuff al-



F. S. Lawrence's farm near Fort Vermilion, Peace River, Alberta, 700 miles by trail from Edmonton.

ways came to maturity, and that wheat was a reliable crop in nearly every instance. Mr. Stewart, speaking of Fort Vermilion, declared that in 1906, 25,000 bushels of wheat were raised in that vicinity, while the flour mill located at this point was in daily operation, its capacity being 35 barrels per day.

From Fort Chipewyan, latitude 58.7; Fort Murray, latitude 56.7; Lesser Slave Lake, latitude 55.6; Dunvegan, latitude 55.9, and Fort St. John, latitude 56.25, glowing reports were presented that wheat thrives as well as barley, oats and other grains, and that bountiful crops in several cases had been gathered.

From Hudson's Hope, Stanley Mission, Cumberland House, Norway House, Cross Lake, Nelson House and other places in latitudes 54, 55 and 56, evidence was also given that wheat had been successfully raised at all these points. Some fine specimens were produced. Oats, peas and barley also do well.

It has thus been demonstrated to a degree that the great Northland is one possessing value and possibilities beyond the most sanguine dream of the average Canadian, and that a large and as yet comparatively unknown area, is available for settlement and profitable farming. Who can predict with a reasonable measure of accuracy what the population, wealth and productive power of the Dominion will be a generation hence?



Flour Mill at Vermilion, Peace River, 700 miles from Edmonton by trail; some 400 miles due North.

The Man Behind Agriculture in the Schools

The Father of the Teaching of this Important Science in the High Schools is Mr. C. C. James, Whose Public Spirited Interest has Resulted in the Work Being so Systematized That the Agriculture of Ontario is Being Extended and Intensified Throughout the Whole Province.

THERE is no more public-spirited champion of the great agricultural interests of Ontario, or of Canada than Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture—the man, on whose recommendation, presented to the head of his department some two years ago, resulted in the establishment of this important branch of study in several leading centres of Ontario.

No less than six High Schools now have agricultural classes, and it is expected that within a few weeks three more branch schools will be established. The appropriation for this work for the coming twelve months is \$17,300, whereas the original sum set aside was only \$5,800. This demonstrates in a convincing manner the increasing importance of this most interesting subject.

Mr. James is accomplishing a great work. By means of branch schools, agriculture is being extended and intensified in every county and district. Through his efforts, personally, and the work of the schools, there has been a concentration of purpose and a steadfast working out along practical, definite lines. The schools already established are at Perth, Morrisburg and Lindsay, in Eastern Ontario, and Galt, Collingwood and Essex, in Western Ontario. So satisfactory has been the undertaking, so enthusiastically has the scheme been received, and so widespread the interest created, that the day is not many years distant before agriculture will be taught in every High School in the Province and form as import-

ant a branch of study as bookkeeping, history or arithmetic. In the great work of pushing all this forward, the Departments of Education and Agriculture have co-operated. In Ontario there are 350,000 young men and women dependent upon agriculture for a living, and only about 1,200 annually are reached directly by the Ontario Agricultural College.

The instruction in these schools is given by a departmental officer, and in connection with each building is a plot of ground for experimental work. The teacher inspects the special needs of each district, and through him all departmental requirements are directed. Thus has the operation of the Department of Agriculture been greatly extended and materially improved. A splendid beginning has been made, and with a man of the energetic stamp of Mr. James directing the movement there is no telling how widespread will be the ultimate influence upon the agricultural life and condition of the Province. By this means has the confidence of the farmers been secured, and their interest quickened. They are heartily endorsing the work done in these High Schools where agricultural knowledge is imparted.

No proposition of recent years has done so much to prevent the stampede of farmers' sons to the overcrowded professions, to instil in them a love for the soil and its products—in short, to keep the boys on the farm as has this one so successfully fostered and launched by Mr. James. The reason of young men from the country drift-

ing into law, medicine, dentistry, and pharmacy, has been largely because there has been no one at hand to direct and instruct them along much-needed and practical everyday work. After several spasmodic attempts, agriculture is now being regularly taught in the schools by men qualified in every way to teach the great science of successful farming. The instructors are graduates of the Ontario Agricultural College, and thus establish a direct link in the chain of interest between the schools and the

parent institution. The High Schools are becoming training centres for agricultural life, and farmers' sons attending them are being turned toward the Provincial institution at Guelph, who would otherwise go into professional or business life, simply because there is someone at hand to give them the bent in the right direction.

It is interesting to note that recently Mr. James' name was strongly favored as a thoroughly competent man to fill the responsible position of



MR. C. C. JAMES

THE MAN BEHIND AGRICULTURE IN THE SCHOOLS

Parks Commissioner in Toronto, but the Ontario Government, on learning of his likely selection, promptly increased his salary in order to retain his services. A man of the vim of Mr. James, who has such pronounced initiative and executive ability, and has rendered such public-spirited service in the great affairs of agricultural life, is worth to this Province at least \$10,000 a year, which is over three times the amount he has been receiving; and the Government would be justified in paying him the figure mentioned, as his work and worth stand out pre-eminently.

The Deputy Minister of Agriculture is of United Empire Loyalist stock. He is a son of the Province, for whose material and educational

interests he has done so much. A brilliant graduate of Victoria University, he devoted some time to teaching in the Cobourg Collegiate, before he was appointed a Professor of Chemistry at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. He was promoted to his present office in 1891, and in passing, it is of interest to recall that Hon. Nelson Monteith, the present widely-known Minister of Agriculture, was a pupil of Mr. James at the O.A.C. a few years ago.

Mr. James is a man of big ideas, animated by a high purpose. His disposition is cheerful, his energy unflagging, and his services public-spirited in the fullest and best meaning that this term implies.



MR. REX E. BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier."



A glimpse in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

Building a Busy Business City

How the Pressing Demands Upon the Commercial Machinery of Winnipeg Have Been Met at a Critical Period is a Revelation in Civic Government—The Fairy Wand of Energy and Ambition Still Beckons.

By Charles F. Roland.

THE story of the Canadian West was the fairy tale of the nineteenth century. Till within the last decade of that period of time, the name simply brought to the mind uncertain suggestions of semi-wildness and incompleteness, of Indians, rebellions, and real estate booms—of blizzards in winter and scorching heat in summer, through which a few struggling settlers lived in some mysterious and lonely manner.

Then it was touched by the fairy wand of energy and ambition, and lo! all is changed. To-day, it is the loadstone of humanity. Its prairies have awakened from their slumber and form the granary of the world, new life throngs the trails, and resounds through the air, trains radiate everywhere, towns and cities have sprung to life and all is the scene of activity, progress and development.

In five years the population has

more than doubled, agricultural production has doubled, and commerce in all its branches has seen a similar increase. Its villages have grown into towns, the towns into cities, and its cities to greater magnitude. On all sides can be heard, and seen, and felt, the evidences of a prosperity based upon lands rich in productive qualities and a people possessed of high ideals of nationhood.

The City of Winnipeg stands as the commercial centre of all this whirl of rapid development. It is literally the gateway! Through it, all immigrants must pass, as well as all freight for similar destinations, and back again in time comes the produce of the lands they have tilled, bringing with it increased demands upon the commercial machinery of the city. It is the point where the largest wholesale firms in the Old and New World have their branch houses, taking ad-

BUILDING A BUSY BUSINESS CITY

vantage of its natural location to make it the distributing centre for the West. It is only when considered from these points of view that the rapid growth of the city in all directions can be correctly estimated. It has simply shared in the country's development, and this fact is the greatest guarantee of its permanence. Its population has increased from 48,000 in 1902, to 112,000 in 1907, and during that time the value of assessable property has grown from \$28,615,810 to \$106,188,833. It is difficult to appreciate what this tremendous growth has meant in the management of the city's business. To say the least it has meant a strain upon the municipal credit to finance the absolutely necessary improvements to meet the constantly increasing demands of its development, and a tax upon the commercial ingenuity of those in charge of its affairs. It is also a matter of which the city may be well proud, as they look back over the past era of growth, that the civic records have never yet been marred by scandal in the transacting of their business or the handling of their finances. There are few cities on the continent of America, to whom have come the experience of such rapid expansion, that have such reason to feel a pride in the record of the most critical period of their history.

The municipal government of Winnipeg, like the rest of its commercial life, has a distinctly Western flavor,

and there is no city where a more genuine interest is taken by the citizens in their municipal politics. Like all business, it reflects its appearance largely from the personalities which control it. One of the most interesting figures in the West, is the one at present occupying the Mayor's chair, Mr. J. H. Ashdown. Mr. Ashdown has lived in the Red River settlement since 1868, coming here in comparatively poor circumstances. He has by his conscientious attention to business built up one of the largest commercial houses in Canada.

The government of the city is carried on under the power of a charter from the Provincial Legislature. The Council is composed of a Mayor; four Controllers, forming the Board of Control; and fourteen aldermen. The Mayor and Controllers are elected from each of the seven wards, and hold office for a term of two years. The election is held on the second Tuesday in December.

The Board of Control is the Executive body, and as such deals with all financial matters, regulates and supervises expenditures, revenues and investments, directs and controls all departments, and reports to the Council upon all municipal works being carried on or in progress in the city—and generally administers the affairs of the city.

At the last elections, in December, 1907, the chief question was one of finances, coupled with the develop-



At the Beach, Lake Winnipeg.



CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.

ment of municipal power. It had the effect of bringing into the arena of municipal politics some new faces. Among these were such men as Mr. R. T. Riley, elected as alderman, and Mr. W. Sanford Evans as Controller. Mr. Riley has been in the city parliament before, but it was years ago, before his other interests in the city had reached the extent they are at present. The name of W. Sanford Evans is also familiar in public circles, both in Eastern and Western Canada, and to find such men willing to devote their time and abilities to the affairs of their home city is not only a credit to Winnipeg, but also the greatest possible guarantee that its business will be conducted wisely.

In addition to cheap power, the city

offers all manufacturers a fixed valuation assessment for twelve years. Up to the present 146 factories of various kind have located in the city, and the opportunities for others are numerous. There are not many manufacturing points outside of Winnipeg in all the boundless West, and every year millions of dollars of raw material of one kind and another is destroyed. The farmers destroy all their wheat and flax straw, and import all strawboard, cordage and linens. The wonder is that this opportunity has not been already grasped, but like dozens of others, it is waiting for the enterprise and capital to develop it. Many districts are growing, and many more are capable of growing, high-grade sugar beets, and the West im-

BUILDING A BUSY BUSINESS CITY

ports more than a million dollars' worth of sugar annually. Tanneries, furniture factories, glove and footwear factories, and many more are required to meet the needs of a rapidly developing country.

The possibilities, the absolute certainties of manufacture and trade which must follow in the track of development of the resources of the last and the greatest West, are too manifold and too marvelous to be even approximated by calculations made now.

Certain it is, though, that many towns and cities must be made, hundreds of factories and shops spring up and flourish, miles upon miles of railroads built, and the whole land

made populous with millions of busy and prosperous people when less than a third of the wheat-growing resources of Western Canada shall have been turned to account, and of this wonderful country, Winnipeg is the gateway through which practically all of the great traffic will pass and from which, as is now the case, the greater part of the trade of the country radiates, and will, in the very nature of things, continue to centre and reach forth over all the wide expanse of fertile and as yet comparatively fresh and undeveloped Western Canada.

The city is a firm believer in municipal ownership of all public utilities.



UNION BANK, WINNIPEG.

It owns and operates its own water-works plant, street lighting system, stone quarry, fire alarm system and asphalt plant, and a by-law has also been passed by the electors authorizing the expenditure of \$600,000 in the construction or acquirement of a municipal gas plant. The rate of taxation is 16 mills plus business tax, and the cost of lighting and heating does not exceed that prevailing in other cities.

As altitude enlarges the horizon, so the advancement of Winnipeg not only marks its rapid progress, but reveals ever farther reaching possibilities for the future. Winnipeg is inseparable, commercially, politically and geographically, from the country to the west of it, and, therefore, its progress must be in direct ratio to the country in which it is the principal metropolis.

In the three Provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, there are 357,016,778 acres of land, and of this land at least one-half or 178,508,389 acres is good for farming. Of all this vast quantity of productive soil the comparatively insignificant area of 8,327,970 acres, or less than one-twentieth, has been brought under cultivation, an amount so small, beside that which remains for the work

of the farmer to convert into broad fields of growing grain, and pastures where herds of cattle and sheep shall outline and make rich the country in which they live, that a diagram showing the cultivated land of these three Provinces of Western Canada, in comparison with that which is spread invitingly before the newly arrived settler, makes the area already under cultivation look absurdly small; and so will the Canada of to-day look absurdly small beside the vast empire of rich farms, thriving towns and big cities, which will in a few years possess these sparsely settled districts. This means more to Winnipeg than any other one city in the country.

The story of the past will be repeated with ever increasing magnitude, while the last and final conquest of greater Canada progresses, and never was a city in a better position to meet it. The past year, with its world wide financial stringency, may have served to solidify its expansion, but has in no way shaken it. To-day the ablest minds are guiding its affairs, and with the eye of experience, ability and enterprise, molding the future of the Chicago of the Canadian West, the gateway to the land of "sunshine and of wheat."



The Milliner: A Monologue

It is Not the Actual Material one Pays for in the Hat, but the Inspiration, the Soul, the Temperament.

By Marie Manning, in Good Housekeeping Magazine.

SHE wears a black silk princesse gown, which fits her as a pin-cushion fits its cover. Her hair, crimped by the Marcel Hair Waving Trust, is arranged over front and side "rats" and held in place by a number of ornamental pins. She has a great deal of manner and her accent is modified East Side, giving place at more impassioned moments to something she fondly imagines to be French.

To a Lady bearing traces of recent economies, but grimly determined to get a smart hat at any price.

"Something in hats? Reasonable in price? All our hats are reasonable, madam. It is the exclusive model that you pay for. Here's a little everyday hat—\$37.50. You don't care for it? Well, of course, it is simple—you couldn't expect much at that price—now could you? You've had very good hats at less? (Patronizingly.) Yes, there may be places where you can get cheaper hats, but we don't cater to that class of trade. You expect more than a bow of ribbon and a quill for \$37.50? It is not the actual materials one pays for in a hat, but the inspiration—what our forelady in the workroom calls 'the soul of the hat.' You ought to hear her talk to our artists! It is as cultivating as a lecture with slides. 'Put meaning in your hats,' she says—'soul—esprit! Make them stand for something.' She is French, you know, and the French have so much temperament.

"Here's a little model—just the natural straw tint, and those two cut-jet

pins. Let me try it on for you—it's an awful stylish little hat there! (With the air of an emperor conferring a decoration.) Looks so well on the head—perfect, isn't it? The price? Only \$58.50.

"You never heard of such a thing? But that's just it, madam. It's the style you're paying for—not what's on the hat, but what's off it—the restraint. We have hats with three times as much on them for less, and they don't compare to this in style. It just talks French—now don't it? There ain't anyone on this side that could do a hat like that. Like it on you?—Oh, perfect! I may send it? Yes, you will get it this afternoon in plenty of time for the matinee. Yes, thank you—glad to wait on you at any time."

Enter Middle-Aged Lady wearing mourning veil and bonnet with widow's ruche. Looks about vaguely.

Voice, hollow and respectful: "A black bonnet like the one you have on? You must have it just as deep mourning? (Soothingly.) Isn't that a little heavy for this season of the year? (Sympathetically.) You've got to consider your own health, you know, and crepe is so dangerous—so much sugar of lead in the making of it. A great many of our patrons have had to give it up, on the doctor's strict command. The second year? No, madam, crepe is very seldom worn the second year by a lady of your age. It's entirely too old for you. It isn't as if it could do any good to them that's gone. They

wouldn't want you to injure your health—now would they? We have an elegant assortment in the dull, lustreless silk. They're just as deep mourning, I assure you, madam, but nothing like so dangerous to the health. Here's a little hat in liberty. Yes, there are a few flowers, but in the dull black. The centres yellow? Yes, but that doesn't interfere with the deep mourning effect. It's just a little touch to make them true to nature—the imported flowers are always so true to nature! Well, no madam—I can't say I ever heard of black poppies growing in France—but the shape of the poppy is very natural; now isn't it?

"That hat was made for you, madam—it's perfect! The lines just melt into your profile! No one that hadn't a perfect profile could wear that hat. You won't consider it—it's entirely too gay? Oh, no, madam—never in this world. It would be on my conscience if I sold a lady at your time of life one of those middle-aged bonnets. Yes, of course, you have to wear it for the first year—everyone does—but after that—

"Yes, of course, madam, we have black crepe bonnets in stock, but they're entirely too old for you. (Tries one on.) You don't like it—it's not becoming? No, it's not suitable. I'd hate to see you wear it—indeed, I'd rather lose the sale. If you are going to get one of those old lady's bonnets, loaded down with crepe, I'd sooner you got it somewhere else. They say milliners have no consciences, but (with great archness) mine wouldn't let me do that.

"Just let me try this one on you, with a touch of violet—for the shape only. No, I know you won't have a speck of color (soothingly)—it's just for the shape. There, now, did you ever see anything so perfect? That violet brings out the pink in your cheeks so wonderfully! Yes, solid black is so trying to even very young girls. Well, you know, violet is mourning—indeed, I think it is a real sad looking little hat. Oh, no, there's nothing gay looking about that at all. No, really, there isn't. You ought to

see some of the hats we sell for deep mourning! Well, you've got to leave off your deep black sometime, haven't you? How much is it? I'm just ashamed to tell you the price—you'll lose all respect for the hat. It's only \$45! Just a trifle! I can send it—yes. Put it in your automobile? Thank you so much. Glad to have you remember me when you want to be waited on again."

Enter Lady nervous in manner. Looks about vaguely.

"You think you'd like something in a green and blue hat? Here's a little green and blue hat for \$56. You couldn't think of it at that price? Yes, there may be places on Fourteenth Street and the East Side where one can get cheap hats, but we haven't that class of trade. Our customers are almost exclusively represented by the Four Hundred, and, of course, we have to be very careful in dealing with such patrons. It would be almost a liberty to offer a lady of that set a hat for less than \$50. She would very naturally resent the affront.

"Yes, I recognized you as a society leader immediately. I've seen your picture in the papers, I'm sure." (Almost perceptible drawing up of the eyelid to fellow-milliner displaying hats at adjoining mirror.) "It isn't the price you care about; it's the principle." (Soothingly.) "Yes, I understand. One of the Astorbilt ladies feels precisely the same way. You society ladies are so kind-hearted and give so much to charity.

"I may show you some of our imported hats? Yes, I knew you'd come to them. I said to myself the moment you came in, 'Nothing but the best would suit you.' It's always that way with the born aristocrats. They glance at the simple little hats, but they soon recognize that cheap models are out of the question for them. Pardon me for being so personal, but the inexpensive hat doesn't go with your type—it's like having a beautiful hand with an imitation ring on it.

"Here, Mamie (to a little errand-girl, sotto voce), go to the workroom

THE MILLINER: A MONOLOGUE

and get Miss Bresnahan to give you five or six hats for a 'dead-easy.'

"Here's a little Paris model—very chic, don't you think? Yes, it's very stylish and I knew you'd come to it. At first glance it does seem a little plain, but, as I said, it's just that perfect simplicity that makes the hat. No, it's not an expensive model—\$58.50—let me try it on you—do! It's perfectly sweet on you—looks so well on the head. Has anyone remarked your very strong likeness to the Duchess of Quarrelborough? It's remarkable! When she was here two years ago, visiting her family, I sold her a hat almost exactly like that. It's wonderful how this hat brings out the likeness. I may send it? Thank you. The address, please. No. 998? East Three Hundred and Seventeenth Street? Thank you. No, I don't wonder at your living so far out—so many of our society ladies go in for fresh-air cures. I suppose you'll be going to Newport soon. Could I show you a little automobile hat with one of the new veils? You're not using your automobile now—nervous on account of all the accidents? You'll get over that. You wouldn't care to see the automobile hat? Thank you—thank you very much."

To a Lady representing the Modern School of Grandmotherhood. Dressed as a debutante.

"I was thinking of you a little while ago. We got in a case of Paris hats this morning — such little loves of hats! There are two or three of them just made for you." (Becoming very Frenchy in her manner and accent.) "One little chapeau—just a nest of pale pink rosebuds, with an enormous chou of tulle! Here it is—let me try it! Oh, ravissant! Tres joli! It's a poem! Here's a hand glass—just look for yourself at the way those

roses rest on the crest of your marcel. It takes that pure, baby-gold hair like yours to wear roses of that shade. One of my customers—she was in here just before you—begged for that hat. She wanted it at any price—but I told her she couldn't have it. Her hair was a dull, puttyish brown, and it would have been a crime to sell that hat to anyone but a pure blonde.

(Elderly lady regarding with great complacency the rather Princetonian effect of her hair, which is yellow to within an inch of the roots, when it suddenly becomes black.) "Do I think a band of black velvet under the brim too old? Nothing, my dear lady, is too old for a youthful face. With your color you could wear solid black and look perfectly grand in it—twenty-five years from now you might ask me if you can wear black velvet next to your face, and perhaps I might give you a different answer, but this morning (with a shrug)—jamais!

"Here is a little motif in forget-me-nots and canaries! Oh, yes, indeed, all our most fashionable customers are wearing birds on their hats now. There was some talk of two or three society leaders giving them up, but the anti-bird ladies wore such frightful hats that it practically killed the movement. Why, I sold a hat the other day to a lady—a great swell—that had eight humming birds on it! Said she was thinking of belonging to the Audubon society, but she'd give up being kind-hearted until next spring—the hat took her so. It was a little dream of a hat! You will try this with the canaries? It's just lovely on you—only \$56. You'll take 'em both—yes? Well, I'm sure you'll like them. Thank you very much. Shall I have 'em put in the carriage? Yes, ma'am—good morning—yes"



The British Trader in Canada

An Interesting Presentation of an English-Canadian View—Expansion of British Trade in the Dominion Will in the Long Run be Commensurate With the Growth of Canada's Volume of Business—Development of Canadian Manufactures Not to be Retarded Out of Deference to British Interests.

By Arthur Hawkes in the *Nineteenth Century and After Magazine*.

IF the Commercial Intelligence Committee of the Board of Trade follows up the report of its Special Commissioner on the conditions and prospects of British trade in Canada, it may accomplish more than the cloud of publicists who discourse about Imperial relations upon an abundant lack of first-hand knowledge of the business relations out of which political changes are evolved. For Mr. Grigg's report to the Board of Trade tells of the things he has seen and handled, and blazes the way to action that may amount to something. He is a good Britisher, and almost as good a Canadian. The men who really understand both British and Canadian points of view are so scarce that the most should be made of them. If this work is allowed to be interned in a Blue-book the Board of Trade will belie that newness of life which has begun to distinguish its latter-day career.

In fine, there is not much to say about the report, which speaks for itself. It is what those who met the Commissioner in Canada expected it would be, and even more. It has plenty of body, blood and brains. It is what it professes to be. A reporter to a Government department cannot declare the whole gospel that is in him. He can only be half an evangelist. Mr. Grigg could not say whether his investigations illuminated for him the issue between Tariff Reform and Free Trade. Nothing could have saved him from deadly criticism, if

he had approached two steps nearer to an exposition of whatever views he may have gathered on the relation of British and Canadian ledgers to British and Canadian statute books. You could not have a case presented by an investigator, with the politician intervening. Grigg, politician, may not exist; and, anyway, the whole truth lies with politicians as seldom as politicians lie with the whole truth.

The extent of knowledge of the subject and soundness of judgment exhibited in this report should lead to the writer being given opportunities of opening his mouth in the United Kingdom, where other than official ears can hear him. Some years ago the Foreign Office appointed trade representatives in Europe and the United States. After two years they were brought to Britain to give business men the benefit of their experience. The officer who had the United States and Canada for his parish had not journeyed outside Chicago. When he came to Manchester he had so little to say, of his own volition, that two old-established morning papers and the evening journals each devoted only about a sixth of a column to a repetition of what he had to say.

Happily, we have traveled considerably since then. When the Board of Trade's standing Commissioner in Canada is at work, he must have a habit of turning up in unlikely places, at unlikely times—in Britain, as well as in Canada. For there is much to learn and much to teach. What is

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said here is by one who was neither a Free Trader nor a Tariff Reformer in England, and is neither a Liberal nor a Conservative in Canada. Which is another way of saying that, with regard to Canada and her place in the Imperial housekeeping, it is not safe to dogmatise, and it is very necessary to inquire, to observe, to sift, and to make sure of one thing at a time.

Mr. Grigg is a safe guide for the student of the British-Canadian trade situation. His implied criticisms of British methods are not novel. But they are terribly pertinent. They apply to British trade everywhere. They could be amplified without limit. Canadian methods are not perfect. We export chiefly food that Britain must have. We buy many things which Britain may supply; but which are also made by a seller next door to us, whose effort to cut out the original firm is tremendously advantaged by geography, and by similarity of social and commercial tendencies. Criticisms due to us are rather associated with our painful approximation to the nobler aspects of public life in Britain. But, even in this, the chances of our improvement depend rather on our ability to admonish ourselves than on the vigor of the criticisms of our relatives from overseas—an exercise in which they are often uncommonly efficient, and are occasionally useful.

PERFECT AGENTS ARE SCARCE.

In one particular only does it seem necessary to try to readjust the point of view of the report. In advising British manufacturers to acquire first-hand knowledge of Canada—this cannot be urged too often—it says they have relied too much on merchants and agents on the spot. That is only partially true. To judge by one's own experience, some British firms employ agents chiefly for the purpose of telling them that they know nothing about the conditions in which they operate. The perfect agent is as scarce as the perfect principal. But the best agent is made to be less than the least of a principal's servants if he is treated like a disagreeable encumbrance. Some firms must depend

on agents, if they are to do any business. If they cannot trust their agents they should not employ them. The difficulty applies, of course, to firms' own representatives. It seems a part of the English make-up to act towards our countrymen who have widened their English experience by experience overseas, as though they had contracted their wisdom when they expanded their knowledge. There are whole Downing Streets of head offices of business houses in London and Liverpool and Manchester. In truth, the burden of Mr. Grigg's appeal to the British trader is only a variant of the official intimations, of a political sort, which in a thousand different forms have been sent to Downing Street from all the corners of the Empire. * * * In the long run, the expansion of British trade in Canada will be commensurate with the expansion of Canada's trade. Even if it were not so, the development of Canadian manufactures would not be retarded out of deference to British interests. The most affectionate preference could never suppress an ambition to become a manufacturing nation. "Canada first" is the immutable foundation on which every Canadian, by birth and adoption, stands. So that, with the increasing competition of the United States and of Canada, the British manufacturer must always have in view the possibility of becoming, to some extent, a Canadian manufacturer also. He would prefer, of course, to remain as he is. But he may not do that and prosper. Increase of British trade with the Dominion follows increase in emigration. There must inevitably be emigration of commercial mechanisms, as well as of human material. The firms that succeed do not wait till they are compelled to decentralize. Half the instinct of the great business man is in recognizing the inevitable before its puts its nose round the corner. * * * Keeping pace with Canadian evolutions means keeping pace with United States evolutions. Though Canada is not, and is not likely to be, as Americanized as some

sections of the peerage, the impingement of United States practices upon ours must, from every cause, be considerable; even if there were not the remarkably heavy investments in branch factories to which attention is called. The proposed correspondents of the Board of Trade are very necessary. No pigeonholing genius in Whitehall must be permitted to nullify their work, as passed upon by a competent live man on the spot, for whom it will be vitally necessary to keep in close touch with American plans for retaining pre-eminence in this market.

COURAGE AND INITIATIVE REQUIRED.

But that is not all. Nothing can replace the initiative, courage, and innovation that should belong to every British firm that means to become notable in Imperial trade. And, when intelligence and action have been secured, only a beginning will have been made in the re-creation of mutual appreciation that will make this country a primary factor in a readjustment of inter-Imperial relations, and in the destiny of the English-speaking race. Mr. Grigg, in his spirited letter transmitting his report to Mr. Lloyd George, laughs at and reprobates the notion that mercantile houses can serve their interests when they send a son or nephew, not long from school, on a trip to Canada which is designed to combine pleasure, education and business, which is admirable as far as the first two objects are concerned, and useless, or worse than that, as regards business. As in politics, as in business—the flying trip; the conversation in a Toronto club, the application of Canadian statements to the pre-conceived ideas which the visitor brought across the Atlantic; the happy certitude with which one diagnosis after another, reached by the most delightfully empirical methods, is set forth in imperishable type—these things are part of our summer hospitality, our autumn ponderings, and our winter expectations for next holiday time.

Blessed is the man who seems to see, to hear, to understand. Most

blessed is he who, knowing much, knows there is still much to learn. It is delightful to be in Canada in summer, to meet the eminent men in the large cities, to cross the continent in a private car, and more delightful still to feel that now you have found the abiding ground for your Imperial faith. There cannot be too much interchange of ideas, too much coming and going. But the intersection of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, is no more Canada than Piccadilly Circus is England. Of course, the eminent man in the metropolitan city is of capital importance in sizing up natural conditions, especially if, like most of our eminent men, he was a practical agriculturalist in his boyhood. But the real extent of this country's interest in the Empire is the extent to which it is realized by the man in the sweaty shirt who saws lumber, and stocks wheat, and drills the everlasting rock. Or, if you want to see the average man (the supreme elector), you will do well to haunt the smoke-room of the Pullman; and becoming, for the moment, as un-English as a glorious heredity will permit, listen to the talk of drummers who travel twenty thousand miles a year in a country which the newly arrived immigrant, who, until now, has never been outside his native country, describes as "belonging to us."

In time, you will be struck by what will seem like an ungodly indifference to things at "home." If you have been in Australia and South Africa, the sound of that incomparable word will have been a continual refreshment to you. I remember, on the parched karoo, spending a day with Olive Schreiner, on whose political temperament the war had laid a grievous hand; but who still, native of that land as she was, and of German parentage, spoke of England as "home." In Canada it is not so. Sometimes you will hear an intelligent-looking man, who should know better, declare that the Englishman is no good. Now, all this is distressing, until it becomes amusing, and you call to mind the amazement excited in

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a Wiltshire village by the incursion of a youth from Tyneside. And then you conceive that these light afflictions of apparent indifference are but for a moment, and you think of loyalty, and the South African contingent, and the splendid optimism of the Governor-General, and the brilliant speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But the feeling of puzzlement comes back. It will recur for years; because geography is geography, and Canadians do not breathe an English air.

NO SECOND-FIDDLE ENGLAND HERE.

The Englishman nowhere feels himself a stranger on unfamiliar ground. They are all "oot o' step but oor Jock." He looks for a second-fiddle England in Canada, and does not find it. A member of the Saskatchewan Legislature—perhaps the most original thinker in the House—who is a thorough Westerner, albeit his utterance is always reminiscent of a London postal district, confesses that he was eight years learning that the mental meridian of the Saskatchewan Valley is essentially different from that of Hampstead. After sixteen years he loves the old land as much as ever; but he loves Saskatchewan more. Sometimes he speaks of "home," but it is only because his dead are there. For all living things he is Canadian—Western Canadian; for the East, except as it is reflected in the qualities of the Easterners in the West, is unknown to him. If he had returned to England ten years ago, his discourse of Canada would have been pitched in a totally different key from that in which he talks this day. He is one of many. He has proved that in citizenship a man may love his mother, and his spouse also.

If that is what befalls a typical Britisher of the brainier sort, what about the scores of thousands of immigrants for whom the Upper Canada Bible Society has printed the Scriptures in fifty different languages? To them the Government is an ever-present entity that has given them fertile land, without obligation to call any man lord. But the House

of Commons at Ottawa is merely an abstraction to them, the House of Commons in London scarcely a curiosity. On the Pacific Coast there is the perilous yellow conundrum which the East, served by a few scattered Chinese washermen, only dimly appreciates. You leave the busy street in Vancouver, where knickerbockers and gaiters are as congenial as they are singular in Montreal, and in five minutes can be inside a Chinese theatre watching the most pathetic movements and hearing the most distressing elocution that Anglican man can endure. In Eastern Ontario the Lord's Day Alliance make of Sunday a Sabbath indeed. In a Toronto hotel a guest cannot buy fermented liquors with his Sunday dinner. In the Caribou every day is regarded alike. Sunday is on the almanack, and that is all. The French are two millions in Quebec; the last literal observers, in this hemisphere, of the injunction to increase and multiply. To the miraculous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beau-pre thousands of the halt and blind repair, and leave crutches, sticks, and other paraphernalia of infirmity piled before the sanctuary door. In a thousand villages the cure is the managing director of half the business of the parish. The oldest French settlements of the New World are in Nova Scotia. There are fishermen along the South Shore of that province whose names are inherited from grandees of whom Richelieu would have been proud to be an ally. Further east, on the same coast, are Canadians of the sixth generation whose mother speech is Gaelic, and who have never seen a locomotive. Lunenburg is a German town, and the oxen used everywhere in the peninsula are yoked as their forefathers were by the Germans who came to Nova Scotia as the result of immigration literature distributed in Hanover before Wolfe stormed Quebec. Everywhere the American tourist spreads himself and his money, during the summer, rejoicing in the last right of every man—to obtain what he is willing to pay for.

There must be nothing casual in the

study of a market compounded of such a variety of elements. We have passed the season of muddling through crises in trade and Imperial politics. Lord Rosebery once said the Continental peoples disliked England because the Englishman treads Europe as if it were his quarter-deck. Obviously, there is something else for the Englishman to do than to perambulate Canada as if it were his backyard. That is true of trade. It is true of politics. As soon as due heed is given to the kindly, searching admonitions of Mr. Grigg about trade, fruit will begin to ripen in the more sensitive field.

EVOLVING A POLITICAL INDIVIDUALITY.

The ripening will be as distinctive as the climate in which it takes place. The multitude of racial and social elements that are unconsciously working out their own salvation are evolving a political individuality as easily recognizable from that of the United States as it is from that of the British Isles, even if there were not the same basic predisposition towards the British idea in government that impels Australasia and South Africa. The extent of what the eloquent French Postmaster-General has called the intellectual preference is differently estimated by different people. The editor of the only Canadian journal which calls itself a national weekly has been much impressed by the demand for information about British men and affairs. The dozen of native journalists told the British pressmen who toured the country last summer that their newspapers were greatly superior to ours. The interest in British things is growing, without any tinge of subservience. But let an interesting fact be noted. Although hundreds of thousands of Britishers have come to Canada within the last seven years, and are entitled to vote much sooner than a man who has changed his abode from Kent to Lancashire can recover his franchise, you never hear a word about the British vote. It does not exist. There is no sign that it ever will ex-

ist. The Barr colonists, who made the spring of 1903 memorable by their tragically comic trailing from Saskatoon to Lloydminster, started out with the invincible determination to be British in thought and word and deed. Their adventures made them weep then. They make them laugh now. Lloydminster, which, from being 160 miles from a railway, has been over two years an important station on the Canadian Northern system, is still predominantly British with a New Brunswick mayor. The first observation made to a Sheffield journalist who passed that way last year, by a veteran who had not seen England since 1865, was, "I want you to tell Yorkshire to brace up, or they won't get back the championship." The colonists who have survived their picturesque ignorance of, and superiority to, prairie conditions, are living examples of what can be achieved by enforced resourcefulness, independence of overlordship in which they were bred, and the satisfaction of the land hunger that never really leaves the race. Here on the border line of Saskatchewan and Alberta there is space, outlook, encouragement to become somebody. The man who knew nothing but bricks and mortar becomes transformed. The farm laborer who knew nothing but land and little wages, and who saw nothing before him but dependent toil, may speak with the old accent; but he thinks with a new mind. When he looks behind he wonders why he didn't move sooner. He does not philosophize on the Imperial aspect of his change. But he knows that, somehow, he has become a renovated creature. Those who have succeeded press on to a higher mark of prosperity. Those who have failed did not count in public affairs in the old country; and they have, therefore, no civic root to transplant to the new.

There is a trade aspect of the metamorphosis of the progressive immigrant, which does not seem to have been noticed. He has changed his clothes as well as ideas. If the vital spirit of colonization were as well understood as it might be by British

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firms who look for business in Canada, they could make money by outfitting settlers as they will be outfitted when they have been three years in Canada. It is bad enough for the discerning immigrant to find that his disdain for the letter "h" gives him a curious distinction in any Canadian company he joins. It is worse, sometimes, to feel that his appearance from head to foot is singular and unseasonable. Thousands of families come to Canada plentifully supplied with clothes, boots, and other things, which, in England, they were sure would be splendid assets in the new life. But they learn that Canadian experience has evolved little tricks in clothes that make all the difference between discomfort and efficiency. Apparently, nobody in England has thought it worth while to make things for the settler as they are made in Canada. The point may seem small to those who have not been through the mill. But it perfectly illustrates and enforces the main instruction which this report proffers British manufacturers. It may annoy British men of culture, who are accustomed to dealing with large affairs, to be told that if they desire Canadian business they will be compelled to adapt themselves to Canadian ideas, and that they may only hope for a remote approximation of Canadian ideas to British standards with regard to Imperial questions upon which the colonies affect a rather high and mighty independence. But the choice is inescapable in trade, and the future is a little ominous in politics. The seller must study the buyer, where there is competition. The elder must warily regard the younger where interdependent States are in concert. There are no styles and designs in No. 1 hard wheat; and in apple packing and bacon curing there is no traditional supremacy to maintain; and no hoary precedent in staves and hams to guard as though it were the ark of the covenant.

HAS ABOUNDING POTENTIALITIES.

It may be, as Mr. Grigg suggests, that relatively the Canadian market is

too small for the manufacturer accustomed to supplying forty millions of people living nearer to his factory than Quebec is to Hamilton. For such, the friendly offices of the Tariff Reform League might be invoked. For the rest, it is axiomatic that if a market is worth cultivating at all, it is worth cultivating for all it is worth; not so much because of its immediate value, as for its abounding potentialities. So copious have been the outpourings about the development of Canada that one refrains from pursuing a tempting theme in the manner of the roseate boomster. And one refrains from quotation from the report because one would fain leave no excuse for failure to read, mark, and digest the whole document. But glance at two or three considerations, placed in a little different setting from that which is most appropriate to a Government report. I have already shown that the newest railway map the Board of Trade could think of is two years out of date. When I first lived in what is now the Province of Saskatchewan there was only one line of railway between parallel forty-nine and the North Pole. Now there are nine. As to what railway facilities mean in that Province take the case of Vonda. Vonda is about twenty miles east of the Clark's crossing of the south branch of the Saskatchewan River, where General Middleton's headquarters were during the Riel Rebellion of 1885. The rails were laid there in the spring of 1905, and the town site was surveyed in the following June. That autumn 100,000 bushels of wheat were shipped from Vonda station. Next season the shipment was 500,000 bushels; and last August the local member of the Legislature told me he expected the crop tributary to Vonda would produce 750,000 bushels more than was locally required; or enough to supply every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom with a one-pound loaf. Again, forests which a few years ago were thought to be almost valueless by men who remembered the flourishing and decay of the square timber trade of the port of Quebec, will be

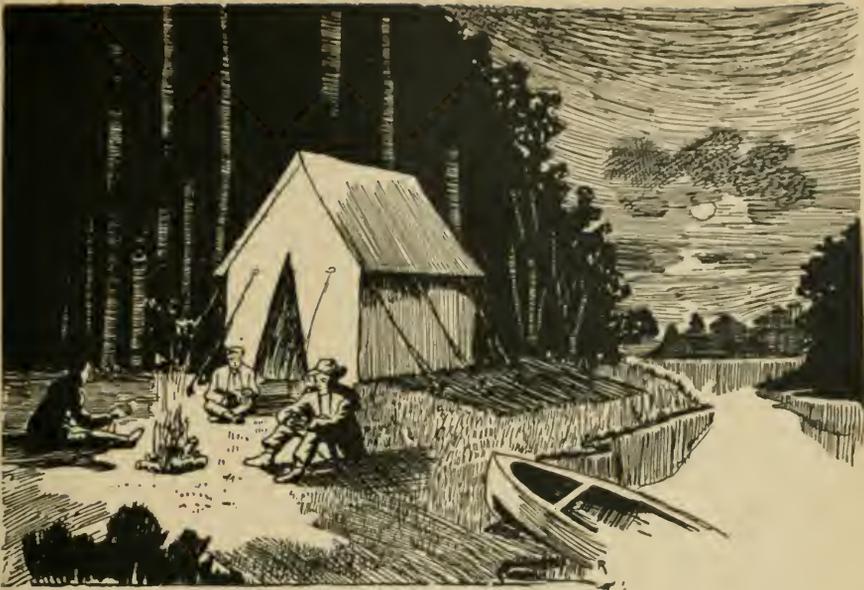
sources of wealth so long as human beings learn to read. Reasonable care in the cutting of pulpwood will, in the great hinterland of the St. Lawrence, give an illimitable supply of paper; and will ensure the exploitation of water powers that are unrivalled, in number and strength, on five continents. Further, the Pacific slope has only begun to disclose its capacity for producing wealth for the trader and racial trouble for the statesman. Once more the building of railroads into agricultural areas has disclosed, on the way, portentous deposits of silver, copper, nickel and iron. * * * What Mr. Grigg calls "the American Invasion" is also concerned with the subject. New York has secured control of the asphalt. Chicago has got a certain mastery of the fishing riches of the northern lakes. They believe in "getting in early." Their advantage does not consist wholly on geography. When geography, shrewdness and capital combine, they have a fine start towards calling political tunes. Much is discreetly said about the loyalty of Canada to British institutions. Britain will retain all the loyalty she deserves—which is much. But study of the science of loyalty is obligatory on both parties to the quality, which may be strained. As our progress towards the nobler aspects of British public life—and Heaven knows we are badly enough in need of that kind of improvement—depends on our criticism of ourselves, so the strengthening of our tie with the old land depends on the old land's understanding of the slow, inevitable revision of our relations

THE CONNECTION WITH CANADA.

For the rest, the importance to Britain of the connection with Canada grows faster than the importance of Britain to Canada. In the Imperial balance the addition of a thousand to the population of Canada counts for more than the addition of 3,000 to the population of the United Kingdom.

The predominance of British capital in Canada is a tremendous factor in the political future—it is in itself a problem of the first magnitude. But capital does not always control public opinion when treaties are made, when prejudices are inflamed and when elections are due.

There is nothing in sight likely to produce misunderstanding. There was no resentful disappointment with Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude at the Imperial Conference. Mr. Bryce is at Ottawa just now obtaining the Government's endorsement of the latest accommodations with the United States. Mr. Bryce was in Canada last year. At a public luncheon the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, a cautious Scotsman, spoke with almost embarrassing frankness of the tendency of London nominees to settle international questions too much from a London and too little from a Canadian point of view. Mr. Bryce is understood to have returned to Washington somewhat perturbed over what he had learned. He was the first British ambassador at Washington to take the trouble to gather on the spot his own impressions of Canadian sentiment. His attitude to us, of which his return to Ottawa is another proof, will always be counted to him for righteousness. With the advent of an ambassador who travels, and of a trade commissioner who searches things out, and who will come again, probably more has been accomplished during the last eighteen months for securing permanent cordiality between Britain and Canada than during any preceding three years. There will always be enough difference in our points of view to save us from becoming complacent and sloppy. Vigilance, sympathy, quest of more excellent ways—these are the approaches to mutual appreciation and profit. In trade, they are embodied in Mr. Grigg's report. In politics, they must be the subject of further elucidation.



Gathered Around the Camp Fire.

The Proper Way to Spend a Holiday

Relaxation is a Necessity and Should Result in the Sojourner Returning to the Daily Routine of Toil Refreshed and Invigorated.
—What Canada Offers in the Line of Rest and Recreation.

By G. W. Brock—Illustrated by W. F. Ralph and G. Ronan.

“GOOD-BYE, I wish you a very pleasant holiday.”

Soon such parting words will be heard on every hand. In a few weeks Canadian summer resorts, watering places, picnic grounds and holiday haunts will be teeming with people all on pleasure bent.

How we woo the fickle goddess! We never cease the chase! Summer after summer we continue to seek solid, wholesome enjoyment in an annual outing. Very few of us are successful, and why? Simply because we do not go the right way about it.

Some practical hints and observations, therefore, at this rapidly approaching vacation season, may not be amiss. Helpful suggestions should prove acceptable. Many persons in this world are generous with advice,

but recipients do not always accept it unless accompanied by the demand of a heavy fee. It is only then that an impression seems to be created. At the risk of being told to keep admonition to myself, I intend to lay down a few general facts for the direction and guidance of those who, in a few weeks, will be given a fortnight or month's respite from the daily routine of labor, and yet are perplexed by the problem “of how and where can I most profitably and pleasantly spend my vacation?”

Much depends, of course, on the depth of your purse, the time at your disposal, your predilections, tastes, capacity for enjoyment, environment, the nature of your occupation, whether your hours are many or few, your duties onerous or light—in short,



A Jolly Yachting Cruise.

the vigor and enthusiasm with which you customarily tackle things.

Employers, in this age, generally recognize that a vacation is a necessity, that the employe, if he or she spends a holiday in a proper manner, or takes full advantage of an outing, will, during the coming year, be in a position to render better service, and do more efficient work. It is a relief to get away if only for a few days from the daily grind. It is only the diligent toiler who finds the fullest measure of enjoyment in the temporary relief from work; only he or she who has labored for many hours, constantly and faithfully, can adequately appreciate the complete meaning of that sweet word leisure—a term always best applied on the farther side of toil.

To realize to the full the value of a holiday we must be conversant with hard, unceasing, unrelenting duty, then, when the holiday comes, we should get away from the diurnal task as far as we possibly can. All this, however, is not to be interpreted to mean that we are not to take pleasure out of our every day occupation. One should not continue in a business, profession or calling in which he or she has no higher motive than simply to put in so many days with the

sole object of drawing so much money at the end of that period. We should have a higher conception of responsibility, more generous ideals, larger thoughts, nobler desires, and loftier objects than being mere time servers and wage earners.

But there! I am sermonizing, whereas I started out with every good intention to give a little holiday advice. My words are not intended so much for those who are financially able to take an outing at any time, that they may feel the need of one, as to those who get only one vacation a year, and that generally in the month of June, July, August or September. I mean busy people, the clerk, the bookkeeper, the stenographer, the accountant, the teacher, the artizan, the factory employe—those who consistently and conscientiously fill a place in the workshop, the counting house, the office, the warehouse or the store, from eight to twelve hours a day, month in and month out.

Ideas as to what constitute a holiday materially differ, and it is well to remember that what is one man's occupation is another man's relaxation. Evidences of the truth of this old saying may be found on all sides. What may constitute a beneficial and thoroughly enjoyable pastime on your part may be nothing but a dull, dreary, unhealthy proceeding to your neighbor or your associate. The most concise and readily understood definition of a holiday is a change. An old saw has remarked that a "change is as good as a rest," a meaning that is not far astray. A holiday, furlough, trip, vacation, outing, hegira, excursion—call it by whatever name you please, may be translated into action in various ways—a visit to friends, a few days spent at home or in camp along the banks of a limpid stream or the shores of some picturesque lake, a trip to the country, a few days' stay in another city, a flight to a new district, a long cruise upon the water, a motoring tour, a bicycle peregrination, etc. It does not matter whether it is paddling a canoe, rowing a boat, hunting in the wild wood, working on

THE PROPER WAY TO SPEND A HOLIDAY

the farm, cultivating a flower garden, digging in the soil, prospecting, building a hen house, sawing wood, or breaking stone. In some of these, certain individuals have found enjoyment and diversion—a true holiday, and always will. There are many excellent ways of profitably passing a few days release from ordinary everyday vocation. Individual ideas of a beneficial and joyous outing differ—always will differ as widely as the poles. Just as our respective tastes vary, just as our means of making a living are diverse, so are our habits, dress, conversation and pastimes. What may bring infinite pleasure to one is irksome to another. What will afford unbounded happiness to many may prove a listless and monotonous undertaking to others. No specific regulations can, therefore, be laid down, but a few general rules may be advantageously followed.

In the first place, now that warm weather has come, take your holiday just whenever you can get it. Do not settle upon a fixed date. It may not be convenient for your firm or employers to permit you to depart just when you feel or think you would like to go. As long as you are in the service of another, that other should first of all be allowed to suit his or her convenience and not yours. Such a course on the part of those over you, or those in authority, should not be regarded as arbitrary, since you are paid for the time that you are away and others are possibly doubling up, doing your work in your absence in addition to their own.

Again, it may be urged, take your holiday whenever you can get it, for, if you postpone matters or dilly-dally too long, you may in the end discover that you have delayed to such an extent that procrastination has once more proved to be the thief of time, and that you find yourself utterly unable to get away through some unforeseen circumstances or emergency. If such a situation should arise—and it not infrequently does—you have only yourself to blame. The fault is clearly one that can be laid at your door, for you probably would not go

on your holidays or take your vacation when you could, or when the first opportunity came. Delays are always dangerous, and, with respect to a furlough, there is often no better time than the present.

Then, do not carry the worries of business with you. Get away from your everyday occupation, its exacting cares and constant routine of duties as far as possible—not necessarily in the matter of distance, but in thought, feeling and action. The store, the workshop, the counting house, will get along without you. Do not imagine that you are such an indispensable adjunct to any establishment that no one else is able to fill your niche. This is altogether an erroneous conception. The place, in which you have the honor and privilege to serve, was possibly created many years before you darkened the door; it will, doubtless, continue long after your presence has ceased to come within the precincts of the shop or office.

Your identification with any firm, or business does not mean that you have a life lease of the job. No matter in what sphere you labor you will always find others equally as clever,



Trying to Endure the Heat.

industrious and capable as yourself. This may be a mere homily, but plain, unvarnished truths need to be driven home and applied once in a while. In taking a holiday, therefore, burn all bridges behind you. Do not have any business letters, business telegrams, balance sheets, time schedules, monthly statements, or anything else forwarded to you that may tend to recall you, disturb your equanimity of mind or ruffle the serenity of your disposition. Business and pleasure were never yet successfully combined when taking an outing. They will no more mix on such an occasion than oil and water.

During your absence of a week, a fortnight or a month, do not endeavor to follow the same course that you have on the other forty-eight or fifty weeks of the year. Secure a complete change, a radical alteration, a thorough metamorphosis. Do something, read something, conjure up new thoughts, go to some place, visit somebody, or look upon some scene that you have never witnessed. If your life is mostly spent in the country, go to the city, and vice versa. A change of scene and association, of

occupation and environment, is exactly what you require; but this does not mean that you are to plunge into excesses, to indulge in dissipation, or follow certain practices that you would not do at home or when engaged in your every day toil. Be moderate, be sane, be prudent. Allow fresh and elevating thoughts to surge through your tired, overworked brain; permit your hands to do something in the line that they have never wrought before. It may be rowing, swimming, playing baseball, building a yacht, erecting a cottage or even hoeing in the garden. As to where you should go, how you should travel, what you should read, and the pastimes you should follow, depends largely on yourself. Remember, though, that a vacation does not imply freedom from moral restraint, and the correct standard of living. A holiday should never mean deserting the straight and narrow path, and taking to the broad, wide open one. Do not, in the words of a leading Canadian divine, "Lose your religion, your sense of honor, your refinement, your convictions, and your manhood when changing your garments or going



The Family off on a Holiday Jaunt.



Just for a Stroll in the Shady Wood.

through the various pursuits incidental to an outing." A holiday is not a jollification in the sense that the latter term is frequently used.

How long a holiday should I take? is another question often propounded. To this no hard and fast answer can be given, no rigid rule laid down. It all depends on your habits, the nature of your employment, the responsibility of your position, the size of your pocketbook, and the way you spend periods of relaxation from toil. Some extract as much exhilaration, bodily and mental, in one week as others would in a month or six weeks. Even

a day off affords certain persons more real, solid enjoyment than others secure in a week or two weeks absence. Get as long a period as you can in justice to yourself and your employer, but do not in your demands transcend the bounds of reason, common sense or business exigencies.

Where should I spend my holiday? is still another interrogation flung at friend and foe alike. Distant fields, whether for pleasure or business, often look more tempting and inviting than those near at hand. The enchantment, the glamor, the allurements disappear as we approach them, and we realize, often when too late,



A Summer Girl with a Merry Widow Hat.

that we have equally as attractive and favorable objective points at home. Remember this, however, that Canada offers as many attractions in every county and Province as any other country under the canopy of heaven. There is no grander scenery, no more picturesque landscape, no more mag-

nificent rivers, alluring lakes, stately forests, charming valleys, bewitching islands, gurgling streams, majestic waterfalls, and sylvan surroundings than are to be found in this fair Dominion. Entrancing routes by river, by rail, by highway, present themselves on every hand. Days of brilliant sunshine; nights of profound slumber, journeys of tireless novelty await you. Everywhere there is plenty of change, of vigor and all the makings of innocent amusement and agreeable reminiscence.

It is not necessary to go to Maine, to Massachusetts, to California, to Nevada, to Florida, or to Cuba to see the great handiwork of nature. Until you have gazed upon all that is worth seeing at home, all the beautiful sights that present themselves by countless tours of water and of land; until you know something more of the Dominion's charms, her many retreats by sea and mountain, plain and valley; until you have witnessed the splendid heritage bestowed by a beneficent Creator upon every Province, be content. Learn to appreciate more and more a country where traveling facilities are unexcelled, where the conveniences of modern life are unsurpassed, where every thought is taken of your comfort and welfare at innumerable resorts, where there is no artificiality, sham, despotic decree of fashion, or vulgar display of finery and wealth, which too frequently characterize the popular watering places and expensive hotels of other lands.

Then let us in the words of James Thomson, conclude:

Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?



Who Should Furnish the Guarantee?

Let Every Worker Guarantee Himself a Day at a Time,
Whether he Works for Himself or Somebody Else, and it
Will not be Long Before His Services are Eagerly Sought.

By Harlam Eugene Read in *Business Monthly Magazine*.

WAY back at the beginning of things, when it became necessary for the first man to make a living, the proposition that he faced was a very simple one. The earth was before him and the fulness thereof from which, if he would, he might gather and hunt and dig and build. That was all. There was no one to whom he might go for assistance, and no one save his wife and children came to him. He was at once his own master and servant.

The times and methods of work have changed greatly, but the general rule upon which the attainment of success is based, has remained, and probably will ever remain, the same. There are some men and women whose parents have given them the means to live without effort; but the great mass of the world's people have no such guarantee against poverty—and probably never will have.

Often and anon, however, there arises from this great mass of men and women who are girding themselves for the struggle, some weak, white-livered zero-mark who complains loudly against the necessity of working like the rest, and demands, before he puts his hands to the plow, that the man in whose field he works will guarantee the result.

I know, for instance, a young fellow, idle to-day, who turned down the offer of a position six weeks ago because the employer would not agree to hire him for more than thirty days at a time. There is hardly to be found a college professor or teacher

who cannot recall hundreds of instances of young men who would have taken up college work if there had been some one at hand to sign a contract giving them fat jobs for the rest of their lives after they finished; and the same is true, to a greater or less degree, in every profession or trade.

People are becoming so accustomed to the idea of "no cure, no pay," "results guaranteed," and "dividends in advance," that there is scarcely a technical school or business house in the United States, or any other organization for preparing men and women for life, that is not besieged and nearly choked to death by the swarm of weak-kneed, shad-bellied folk who demand, before entering upon an intended course of study or work, that a contract be signed, sealed and delivered, in which their permanent employment and success will be guaranteed in advance. Business men are worried into nervous wreck by the thousands every year, through the incompetency of assistants, clerks, and employes whose chief concern is to learn how little responsibility they can assume, yet hold a guarantee upon the future. Your average two-by-four would rather get a fixed and guaranteed "so much per" than take a chance on earning twice as much under commission.

If you don't believe it, Mr. Grocerian or Mr. Laundryman, try it on your business-solicitor. Offer him his choice between ten dollars a week and eight dollars cash with a fair

possibility of earning fifteen. You will be shocked when you find out the truth.

People are "guarantee-mad." They want a guarantee of so much now, and a raise of so much then, absolutely ignoring the fact that the guarantee business to be of any value, must work the other way.

The person who should do the guaranteeing is the employe. He should guarantee a clear brain, a sharp eye, a ready hand. He should pledge himself to a constant and enthusiastic interest in his work, to a perpetual lookout for avenues of improvement, and a steady growth in the knowledge of the business. He should guarantee that the working hours should be industriously occupied and uncounted, and that his leisure should be so spent as to give strength to his mind, vigor to his body, and increase to his capacity.

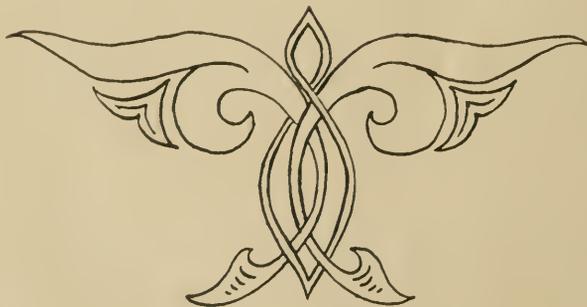
Then, and not till then, would the guarantee of a job be absolutely and entirely unnecessary.

A guarantee of a job, after all, is a most absurd thing. It is just exactly like credit at a store. The man who doesn't need it can get all he wants! and the man who does need it so badly that the overseer of the poor already has his name in his memor-

andum book, can't get it under any circumstances.

Almost every great money-maker who ever rose from the ranks can point to at least one time in his life when some man said to him, "You go to work for to-day, and if you do we'll you can continue to-morrow." That is all the "guarantee" an industrious man needs for he knows that the whole world is looking for men who can do well.

I don't mean to say, by any means, that a man should not get a guarantee of permanent employment, written in a contract, signed, witnessed, dare-and-double-dare, so-help-us-both, whenever he can get it, nor that it is not a good thing, sometimes, to have such a document. I do mean to say, however, that no man can get such a contract until he has practically demonstrated his right to it; that no beginner belongs to that class; and that when a man can get it, there is very little necessity of his having it. Let every worker guarantee himself, a day at a time, whether he works for himself or somebody else, and it won't be long before men and corporations will be bidding eagerly for his services and asking him to guarantee to stay at his job a given length of time before he accepts any better one.



Some Methods of Distributing Profits

Different Plans on Which Division is Made in Profit Sharing—Objections Raised by Some to the Adoption of the System—Many Business Enterprises Strongly Endorse the Principle—Some of its Practical Results.

By Fred C. Lariviere.

IN the matter of Profit Sharing in business, I wish to point out that there are two methods of dividing profits, first, by a fixed percentage of the general profits, forming part of a yearly contract between employers and employes; secondly, by an optional or indefinite amount of profits, to be divided amongst workmen, at the end of the year.

These different methods are not the results of the personal views of employers, but depend on the local conditions, the nature of the industry and the intellectual development of laborers and employes.

In the application of social reforms

one must not forget, that nothing is absolutely sure in the world; the nature and degree of such reforms, should meet the social and local conditions of laborers and of the labor market.

The fixed percentage division varies considerably in its details, and these variations are due to the following factors: The relative amount of capital and labor required in one establishment; the importance of the work done by the management; the technical knowledge required, and commercial speculation and extent of the risks involved.

You will readily understand that the rate should be higher in a paint shop, where the value of tools is comparatively small, than in a printing office, a foundry or a cotton mill, where the machinery is complicated and costly, or in a store where the proprietor is closely and actively followed by his help or in a financial enterprise where the profits mostly depend on speculation, and, of course, in the management, and also where large risks are assumed.

As a rule, the fixed percentage division of profits is based on the following general principles: A percentage of the net profits, which is the method mostly used; a percentage of the total sales, of the gross receipts or of the full amount of business done during the year; the profits or a part of the profits are divided between capital and labor, in proportion to the total amount, capital invested and the total



MR. FRED C. LARIVIERE.

sum of salaries; the profits are divided between capital and labor in proportion to the amount of capital invested and the total sum of salaries; profit sharing takes the form of a savings institution and the amount given is equal to the sum deposited by laborers in a bank, etc.

The following factors are also considered in the division of profits between employes: Pro rata of salaries; pro rata of salaries and of years of service; pro rata of salaries and importance of functions; pro rata of salaries of years of service and of importance of functions; pro rata of salaries, time of service and importance of function; proportionally to salaries, years of service, personal merit, zeal, steadiness; according to individual production; according to sum of money deposited in a savings department; without any fixed rules according to the will of the employer.

Division Pro Rata Salaries—This is most frequently used. Many employers take the sum of salaries paid during the year as an indication of the energy spent in favor of the establishment. But a considerable number of others do not allow anything for extra work, premiums or gratifications. In some houses a maximum and a minimum figure is a basis to work on for the division of profits.

Division According to Salaries and Years of Service—This style of division varies considerably. The length of service is an important factor with some employers. In some establishments the employe can not benefit by Profit Sharing, except after so many years of service.

Salaries and Important Functions—In some cases it has been found judicious to consider the amount of salaries and the importance of functions, and to increase these factors in the case of head employes where ability and nature of services, play an important part, in the success and prosperity of the enterprise.

Years of service and importance of functions.

Employes are divided into classes. The first comprising chiefs of depart-

ments and managers, the second assistant chiefs and head employes.

In some houses classification is as follows: Managers are allotted 6 shares; assistant managers allotted 4 shares; the accountant $2\frac{1}{2}$ shares; traveler, $2\frac{1}{2}$ shares; office help, 2 shares; foremen, 2 shares; help having served 20 years, 2 shares; help having served 15 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ shares; help having served 10 years, $1\frac{1}{4}$ shares; help having served 3 years, 1 share.

These shares multiplied by the number of each class of employes and the result added, give an average figure which forms the basis of the division.

Some firms consider the moral qualities, such as regularity, zeal, faithfulness and sobriety. This is shown in the following example. The moral value of employes is established by notes given by the employer, the managers and also from chiefs of departments. The total of these notes gives an estimate of the moral merit. Multiplied by the years of service the sum of these serves as above for Profit Sharing.

According to Individual Production—Wherever it can be properly established individual production is a most equitable way of dividing profits.

It is successfully applied at the Nayrolles Lace Manufacturing Co., in Paris. On Saturday, when securing her salary, every woman gives notes representing "according to the prearranged methods," the amount of work done during the week. Permission is given to explain involuntary losses of time and delay. If the explanations are satisfactory her notes are increased, and profit sharing takes place pro rata on the total of these notes of production.

In each department a forewoman is authorized to keep an account of the work done by her mates, and receives as a special salary an increase of 10 per cent. on her own notes of production.

The heads of departments, those receiving orders and distributing the work to other employes, receive the

SOME METHODS OF DISTRIBUTING PROFITS

maximum amount allowed to forewomen.

Division is often according to amount deposited into a savings department. Its object is to promote economy and saving amongst employes, and so induce them to become financially interested in the enterprise.

The firm receives the deposits of employes up to the maximum sum of say \$1,000, and allows on these deposits an interest of from 3 to 10 per cent., according to agreement. Dividends are paid on these deposits and do not bind the depositors to share in the losses.

But it is forbidden to borrow funds from any one, for such deposit, except on the authority of the employer.

When the sum so deposited reaches a given figure, the employe may become a regular shareholder in the company and take the responsibility of profits and losses in the enterprise.

Division Without Any Fixed Rule at the Option of the Employer—This style of division is made according to the employers' own appreciation of the value of employes' services, the importance of functions, and the nature of the work. For example, the house of Gillet & Sons, Lyons, France, and C. Sachs, Aubervilliers, Seine, set aside an important sum of money for profit sharing. It is distributed among one-tenth of the help. The rate of this division is kept secret. The employer fixes the amount allowed to each according to his own appreciation of services.

In some cases, at least, six months' work is required before an employe can share in the profits.

CONTRADICTORY ARGUMENTS.

"The Profit Sharing system," says Mr. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, "imagined as a general means of labor's organization, is not only a deceiving Utopia, but also a dangerous Utopia. It contains the seed of discord and a dissolving principle. Profit Sharing creates many more causes of disagreement than it rules off. The best way to conciliate men, daily experience has shown us, is not by mixing up their interests, to oblige them to

mutual confidences or to make their business relations more intricate still by obliging the workman to contribute from his part of profits to the creation of a reserve fund for the purpose of covering losses of supposed bad years."

According to Mr. Beaulieu, if the Profit Sharing system was to enlarge the field of its action we would see the laborer's claims growing; they would ask for more rights and would try to interfere in the direction of the business. Besides, with Profit Sharing the remuneration of the workmen does not only depend upon themselves, but is chiefly regulated by the director of the industry. Nevertheless, Mr. Beaulieu admits that in enterprises, where workmanship is preponderant, Profit Sharing can be applied with success, because in such establishments, prosperity depends less upon the directors' commercial ability than upon the interior management and the cleverness and zeal of the workmen. Later on, Mr. Beaulieu said that he was not opposed to Profit Sharing, properly speaking, and that he looked favorably upon all new methods of remuneration known as premiums, bonuses, progressive salaries, but, according to him, it is giving a wrong sense to these encouragements by applying to them the formula of "Profit Sharing."

Mr. Maurice Black is of the same opinion as Mr. Leroy Beaulieu with respect to objections to Profit Sharing.

Mr. Marshall, President of the "Societe d'Utilite Publique," of French Switzerland, is also against Profit Sharing.

"It is evident," says he, "that Profit Sharing even in industries where it can be applied, will forcibly let work at the same time, the simple method of salary for all the movable staff, temporary or accidentally occupied by means of an excess of labor or of work of special design."

"It is perfectly apparent that Profit Sharing cannot suppress the antagonism that reigns between capital and labor, because it would subsist either from the rate allowed the capital or

from the distribution among the superior employes and the workmen."

"The overgain that Profit Sharing allows to workmen besides their actual salaries could not in general be but very small, because if the share of the proprietor is, often considerable, this would not occur in the case of a few hundreds and even thousands of co-partners. Most of small sums thus given would be spent and not spared."

"It is evident that if Profit Sharing was general and used in all establishments of a same industry, the result would be a lower cost price, the interested workmen producing a greater quantity than the non-interested ones, and owing to the competition each of these establishments would finish by reducing its profits, so that the advantages of Profit Sharing would totally vanish."

Dr. Brocher, Economist of Geneva, is also against Profit Sharing. Here is what he says: "The Profit Sharing system is contrary to the law of justice. Three agents surely contribute to manufacturing. The commercial director, the workman and the capitalist. But these three agents have missions totally different. One only is the cause of the gain, the two others are but its condition. If the work of the direction is good or bad, there follows profit or loss. Consequently, an injustice would be committed by depriving that direction of its profits. It would be stopping production, because it would be paralyzing the impulsive force. Profit is for the direction of the works. To the workmen belongs usually the salary by the piece."

The owner of a large manufactory in Switzerland gives the following reasons for not adopting Profit Sharing: "It is possible that Profit Sharing may be an effective means of re-establishing social peace between contractors and workmen in certain industrial enterprises. However, it will be difficult in more than one plant to state the base or proportion of Profit Sharing, among the workmen. A joiner, a saddler, a locksmith, etc., and in general any direct manufacturer

of a sole line of merchandise can tell after his product is sold and delivered, if this transaction is liable to bring forth profit or loss and can also tell in what way his help may share the results. The same thing occurs in an iron foundry. But it is altogether different when we consider an establishment taking up several manufacturing branches. My plant, for an instance, is composed of a spinning mill, a dye house, a mechanical weaving, a hand weaving, a dressing shop and an agricultural plant. I send my products away beyond the seas on markets where they can remain for some times six months; by that time many changes in the staff may occur."

Other quotations of a similar character might be furnished, but the foregoing will suffice so far as the objections raised are concerned.

PRACTICAL RESULTS.

Let us now consider the results obtained by several firms who have put in operation a Profit Sharing system for many years. This will surely be the best proof of its good working.

The first two related are from Canadian firms. The Wm. Davies Co., Limited, of Toronto, in a letter under date of October 16th, 1907, expressed themselves as follows: "For the past twenty years we have had Profit Sharing in our business, based on the following general method: On profits of the year being ascertained, we have laid aside a percentage of them for distribution among our employes of two years' standing and upwards. The amount given to each has been determined by the wages paid to them during the year. Over a period of years we have found that the more thrifty and careful of our men have used their bonuses to help them to buy a home. We have always encouraged this action and we believe that 50 or 60 per cent. of the married men in our employ possess their own homes. The method related was instituted originally by a member of this company, now deceased, and has been continued since, because the judgment and desires of the general

SOME METHODS OF DISTRIBUTING PROFITS

manager and directors of the company were so indicated."

The W. F. Hatheway Co., Limited, of St. John, N.B., wholesale dealers in teas, flour, etc., write under date of December 30th, 1907: "We started Profit Sharing 15 years ago, and it is based upon the following rules: Every clerk, factory hand, cartman, warehouseman, has a small share according to his wages in the net profits of the business. These profits are placed to the credit of each employe on the 1st of February of each year, on which 6 per cent. is paid unless the employe specially needs the money for extraordinary needs outside of regular living. We have found Profit Sharing very satisfactory, causing much greater interest among the employes, keeping them all on the qui vive to see that the warehouses are looked after and the business generally well conducted."

The following testimonies are from firms located in the United States: The N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company have adopted Profit Sharing since 1886 by distributing each year a certain amount amongst all the employes based on the salary earned. The distribution of the first year amounted to \$4,828 in cash. In 1885, Mr. Nelson called his men together and told them his intention as to Profit Sharing. They heard very little more until the year was over, when the above referred distribution was made. The distribution of the second year amounted to \$9,700. In 1904, with a view of transferring his business to his employes and customers, Mr. Nelson made the following rules and regulations: One-half of the net profits was divided amongst all the employes, the other half to the customers having bought \$100 or over during the year, in proportion to the gross profits realized on their respec-

tive purchases. The results of this system are as follows: In 1905, \$156,854 was divided, giving 15 per cent. on wages and 25 per cent. on gross profits to customers. In 1906, \$230,506 was divided, giving 25 per cent. on wages and 45 per cent. to customers on gross profits. In 1907, \$357,519 was divided, giving 30 per cent. on wages and 45 per cent. on gross profits. These figures prove the good results obtainable by Profit Sharing.

Ballard & Ballard Co., Louisville, Ky., dealers in flour, say in a letter dated November 19th, 1907: "In 1886, we employed our head miller with a fixed salary and 5 per cent. on the net profits. Some years later we divided 10 per cent. of our net profits among our salaried employes in proportion to their salaries. A few years later, we added our laboring men, who had been two years with us as profit sharers. Lately we have changed our plan by giving to seven of our employes each 5 per cent. and distributing the balance between the other members of the staff. With regard to the results of our Profit Sharing plan, we can only say that, while in the case of heads of departments and more important positions, we are satisfied that there is an appreciation of the plan, still we have not been so sure in the departments requiring unskilled employment, although some evidence of appreciation has been manifested. We have also found that our plan tends to keep our employes together and make them less inclined to leave us on short notice."

Numerous other instances might be cited, but the foregoing will serve for the present. In the next issue of *The Busy Man's Magazine* more arguments for and against the plan of Profit Sharing in business will be presented by Mr. Lariviere and certain conclusions reached.

Automobiling in Canada Decidedly Popular

How the Sport has Developed Since the First Motor Car Appeared on Montreal Streets Nine Years Ago—The Exhilarating Experience and Inspiration of Tearing Along Through Space at Express Train Speed—One Thousand Cars a Week now Made in America.

By G. C. Keith.

ONCE more the motor season is in full swing. May has sung the death knell of winter, the country has awakened, warm, sunshiny days are here. Everything proclaims liberty, freedom, jubilation after the Frost King's icy embrace. To newness of life has all nature been aroused. Even the big, powerful automobile appears to share in the widely prevalent feeling of new energy and the spirit of gladness at its release after being for many months a prisoner within the confines of the unattractive garage.

Again are the tires pumped up, the tanks filled, the batteries placed in position, and with all parts in perfect working order, picnic parties set forth to enjoy a trip in the country and to breathe the fresh air of the woodland.

The build, variety, and types of cars exhibited at the sportsmen's shows in Toronto and Montreal demonstrated that the field of taste and selection is a remarkably wide one. Ponderous touring cars, small runabouts, cars red, green, blue, black, scarlet and pink of many varying shades were there to greet the eye and please the fancy of all enthusiasts.

It may be pointed out that the development in the sporting and pleasure cars has been almost phenomenal, and millions of dollars are now spent in the equipping of the luxurious cars. Very humble was their beginning. The completeness and

beauty of the car to-day is a delight to the eye, and as a comfort, they have almost reached perfection. In the cool days of early spring and late autumn, foot warmers add to the comfort, while a cyclometer tells the distance traveled, a speed meter indicates the rate of travel and clocks show the time of the day. The last three years have shown a wonderful transformation in style, and the automobile builder has shown as much art and taste in the fine lines as the tailor or dressmaker.

The costumes of motor car enthusiasts has had its influence on the automobile trade, and cars are upholstered to match the fashionable color of dress. The outfits of some of the millionaires are very costly. When dressed for travel with goggles and suits, and the ladies with veils, the occupants look positively hideous. Could they by some magic, be wafted back to the early centuries, even the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table would show their heels in flight. The ferocious appearance would give one not used to the sight, a feeling of awe that the central States of darkest Africa could not give. It adds a fascination to this healthful sport and even if the costumes are enough to scare children, yet motoring will always be popular.

The growth of popularity of the pleasure automobile has had its effect not only on the styles of dress, but also on the business life of the country. Factories, of course, is the prim-

AUTOMOBILING IN CANADA DECIDEDLY POPULAR

ary effect. Then the owners of cars desire to go on pleasure tours and this has resulted in the growth of small repair and supply shops along the popular routes of travel. Men have found this so profitable that they are giving up large hardware businesses to cater to the growing popular automobile sport. The electric trades have shared in this industry, and the large auto has its electric motor, the electric light is available to warn pedestrians of the approach of the scarlet car and the electric warmers add to the comfort on cool days. Automatic tools have been devised for the finer intricate parts, and many lines of trade are receiving a stimulus. It is, therefore, unfortunate that one of our Provinces has prohibited the use of the automobile within its borders, for it cannot share in the spirit of progressiveness as shown in the growth of the automobile trade and popular automobile sport.

Nine years ago Mr. Dandurand appeared in Montreal in the first automobile, blocking trade on St. Catharine Street for nearly half an hour, greatly to the astonishment of the bewildered populace. At that time, when Montreal had but one automobile to its credit, New York had only about seventy, which shows that Montreal was not so very far behind the American metropolis. It was only about ten years ago that the first automobile on the lines with which we are now familiar made its appearance. The intervening years have witnessed wonderful progress towards the perfection. By the close of 1898, the first year in which the manufacture of the automobile was seriously undertaken, the demand was four a week and these chiefly for sport. At present the production in Canada and the United States is over one thousand per week. The capital invested in the Canadian automobile business is approximately \$5,000,000. The output is more than one and one-half millions of dollars in value, and the number of persons employed is over five thousand. This does not include those employed in the manufacture of accessories. The great demand shows

the popularity and success of the invention.

With the growing popularity of the car came speed and power, but these alone did not satisfy. Owners were not content to have a powerful machine. They must have one to meet the approval of the eye and so the designers again set to work. The ten years have worked wonders, and now builders can point towards the automobile, "Behold a thing of beauty." The lines show the touch of an artist. From the clumsy car has been evolved the elegant automobile, strong where strength is required, but a delight to the eye, giving an added pleasure to the man at the wheel.

Canada is becoming the tourists' paradise and 285 touring cars from the United States called at Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, during ten weeks last year. The Dominion is being found out and every year sees a greater army of motor tourists visiting us and becoming interested in this country. Canada is the biggest sporting country in the world, but as yet the Americans are the only ones to recognize this. The Glidden tour is an example of Canada's popularity for every year a party with about fifty automobiles start out from New York on the Glidden tour under the direction of Mr. Hower, of New York, visiting each year some place of interest in this country. The Americans come over here with their autos, their yachts, their fishing tackle and their rifles, and enjoy the happy hunting grounds of Canada. The automobiles are assisting in developing the resources of the Dominion, and while there are those, who, for some reason, retard the wheels of progress, yet every indication points to the wider use of the automobile for both sporting and industrial purposes.

The use of these machines has given a wonderful impetus to the good roads movement. France, with her good roads, took the lead in automobiling, and Germany attributes the betterment of her highway system to the widening use and great popularity of the automobile in that country. With its increasing use in Canada we

look forward to still greater work being done along this line until we can vie with England and the countries of the Continent with our reputation for good roads.

Sport? Automobiling is sport! Inspiring? What can be more exhilarating than tearing through space with greater speed than the fastest express train. Expensive? Bang! Only a tyre gone, another thirty-five or forty dollars. Repairs? Only a hundred dollars a month for expenses and repairs, but think of the sport. Think of gliding along the pleasant roads with the treetops meeting over head, shooting along the level stretches, breathing in the pure ozone, farm-houses melting into nothingness, and telegraph poles looking like a solid wall along the path of travel as with a chug, chug, chug the mighty "whizz cart" flies along in a streak of red like a meteor, leaving behind a comet-tail of blue smoke flashing in the sunlight. What can be more beguiling? Automobiling is a popular pastime, whether it is racing through the country, or jaunting along easily, taking

in the scenery or enjoying the new visions that continually present themselves to the eye in this fair land of ours.

Cars have been perfected so that a \$650 service car can run 6,000 miles on less than \$150 for gasolene, oil, repairs and renewals. For a car costing \$1,500, the expenses for repairs, gasolene, oil, interest on investment, etc., is about \$350 a year. This, of course, does not include a chauffeur, whose salary in the cities sometimes amounts to thousands of dollars a year. The chauffeurs are often confidential men and well educated. The cost of a garage will also increase this amount. The running expenses are gradually being lowered on the small cars so that the automobile is within the reach of a great many. But whether it is a small runabout costing six hundred dollars or a gorgeously upholstered twenty-five thousand car, the honk! honk! of the wild goose and the motor car give one feelings of pleasure, of energy and of life only received by the constant associations with fresh air.



Jim Cradlebaugh, Head-Liner

The Quaint History of a Villager Who, to the Very Last, Believed in Not Allowing His Left Hand to Know What His Right Hand Did.

By William Hamilton Osborne in the Circle Magazine.

OLD bleary McGaffney, the town inebriate, shivered and shook himself spasmodically down Main Street in the town of Donaldson. At the corner of Market Street he wavered for an instant. Some instinct warned him to stop and look and listen. He did it—but he looked in one direction only.

"'S all righ'," he told himself, and started on.

In another instant the tragedy had happened. There was a mighty yell from the throats of the onlookers, a terrific scream from an auxiliary horn, and then . . . the big, strange, out-of-town car had closed in on McGaffney, and for the last time in his life McGaffney bit the dust. The car went on, but McGaffney lay where he had lain many a time before—in the gutter of the street.

The loungers stood helplessly about. But not for long. Down the street, in a big, comfortable wagon, came a big, comfortable, prosperous-looking man. He had seen it all.

"Hold on, boys," he yelled in a strident voice, "I'm coming. Cradlebaugh's coming. I'll help. Wait for me."

Even in the presence of tragedy, the loungers sneered and snickered. "Gee," they said, "you'd think Jim Cradlebaugh was the whole show. You'd think, by George! that he'd killed him."

And so it seemed. Cradlebaugh, the big man, forced his big body through the crowd, gave an order here, a direction there, and became

for the instant the big toad in the puddle.

An hour later he was standing alone with the widow McGaffney and the thing that once had been her husband—that once, long ago, had been a man—in the little hut that the McGaffney's called home. The rest of the sympathizers had left.

"Johnny, Johnny," wailed the widow, "what am I a-goin' to do?"

"Now, don't you worry, Missus McGaffney," said big Jim Cradlebaugh, ostentatiously, "the town'll see that you don't suffer. I'll see to it. I'll make the boys shell out." He laid a coin down on the window-sill. "There's half a dollar for your immediate needs, Missus McGaffney," he told her, "and don't you worry. I'll make the boys do their part, too."

He started in to do it. Down in the office of the Donaldson Daily they were waiting for him—the boys.

"Now boys," he said, as he hustled into the office of the Daily, "gimme a sheet of paper. This here is for contributors for Sarah McGaffney, the bereaved. There you are. There's my name at the head, where it always is in this here town. I subscribe half a dollar, do you see? Come, now, put your names in. Don't be afraid. The list 'll be printed in the Daily just as usual. I give half a dollar. Who'll give more?"

Young Bill Matheson, the hardwareman, stepped forth. "Mr. Cradlebaugh," he said, and his lip curled as he said it, "I'm worth about one-tenth the sum that you are. Put me down

for five dollars—I'll give ten times as much as you."

Jim Cradlebaugh was never freezed. "Hurrah," he said, "example is contagious. I give fifty cents, and the next man gives five dollars. Who'll give more? Come, now, your names'll all be printed, don't you know. Won't they, Bartlett?"

Bartlett, editor and proprietor of the Donaldson Daily, nodded. "As usual," he responded. But his lip curled just a little, too. For the only thing that the town could give Jim Cradlebaugh credit for was that he could make other people give. He was the originator of the published lists in the Daily. He had started them during the smallpox scare some three years before, and the editor acknowledged to himself that the idea was a good one. Charity is a pleasant weakness, but it becomes much more attractive when it is set before the eyes of men, with names and amounts in full.

But Cradlebaugh—the town was disgusted with Cradlebaugh; the Donaldson Daily was disgusted with him, though it did not dare to say so. Jim Cradlebaugh could have bought and sold many men in the Town of Donaldson; he was fat with prosperity. But never yet had he given a five-dollar bill on any one occasion, though when he gave the whole town knew it. Cradlebaugh took care to let them know it. He was more than a laughing-stock in the town; he was the subject of bitter jeers. But he never realized it, so it seemed.

"Well," finally said Bartlett, the editor, when the McGaffney contribution-sheet was filled up, "you've subscribed fifty cents, Mr. Cradlebaugh. Hand it over, then."

"Oho," answered Jim Cradlebaugh, "but I've already given it. I gave it personally to the widow—myself. Personally. Yes, sir."

"I'll bet he didn't," whispered young Bill Mathewson. "I'll stop in at McGaffney's and inquire." He did stop in and inquire. Next day he strode into the Daily office, laughing.

"What do you think, Bartlett," he

said, "old Jim Cradlebaugh gave the widow a twenty-dollar gold piece."

"What?" gasped the editor man.

"By mistake," roared Mathewson—"by mistake. When I told him that she had it, he looked in his pocket, and went near crazy. He was goin' up to the widow to tell her about it, and exchange it for the half he meant to give, but I headed him off. I had already told her that he hadn't made a mistake—that he had meant to do it—that—by George! here he comes now."

Jim Cradlebaugh swung into the office. His face was red. "Say, Bartlett," he said, "if you haven't printed that list, you'd better put me down for twenty dollars. That's what I gave, and I'm entitled to credit for it, don't you see?"

The editor smiled a wicked smile. "Too bad, Mr. Cradlebaugh," he said; "it's all set up. I couldn't change it now if I wanted to. And," he added to himself, "I wouldn't if I could."

Jim Cradlebaugh groaned. "It's a pity," he said, "that when the man who heads the list gives twenty he don't get credit for it. Say, let me look at that list, will you, Mr. Bartlett."

The editor handed over a damp proof-sheet.

"Say, Bartlett," went on Jim Cradlebaugh, "there's a man in this town that never gives a cent. That's old Terwilliger, that lives down at the end of this street. He's a miser, that man. He's got money to burn. And he never gives a cent."

"How do you know he doesn't?" asked Bartlett quietly.

"He ain't on this list," answered Jim Cradlebaugh.

"How do you know he isn't?" asked Bartlett.

"I don't see his name," persisted Cradlebaugh; "funny that old skinflint has got so much and he never —"

His eye traveled slowly down the column.

"'A friend,'" he read, "'A friend \$500!' Who's that, anyhow?"

Bartlett shook his head. "I'll tell you who it is, Mr. Cradlebaugh," he

said, with some severity; "that five hundred was given by a man in this town who won't let his left hand know what his right hand is doing. That's who it is."

"I wonder," mused Cradlebaugh, "if he's the same as 'Anonymous,' who gave a thousand in the smallpox-time."

The editor shrugged his shoulders. He was not there to give information to Jim Cradlebaugh.

"Well," went on Cradlebaugh, "I can't see why that old skinflint Terwilliger, at the end of this street, don't give nothin'. That's what I can't see. A man with his money, too. It's a scandal. Here's me givin' twenty dollars——"

"Fifty cents," broke in Mathewson; "that's all you meant to give, you know."

Cradlebaugh snorted and left. Mathewson turned to the editor.

"Who did give the \$500?" he queried confidentially.

"No, no," answered the editor, "the man who gave it don't want it known. And I won't make it known; that's all. Twenty-three for yours. Skid-doo."

The old skinflint of the name of Terwilliger, who lived at the end of the street, was a comparative stranger in the Town of Donaldson. He had lived there for fifteen years. No one knew whence he had come. All that was known about him the banks knew. Every six months he made substantial deposits in the First National and in the Dime Savings Bank. At the end of each six months the deposits dwindled to a cipher. The banks did not know where the money went—certainly old lean Terwilliger did not spend it on himself. And he had no vices, no luxuries. He was a plain, simple, unsophisticated old man. But the eyes of Editor Bartlett always twinkled when the name of Terwilliger was spoken, and sometimes moistened. Then they would harden when he thought of Cradlebaugh.

"What a difference between the two men," he thought to himself, Cradlebaugh, a blatant, ostentatious

egotist. Terwilliger, a gentle, shrinking—man."

But if Terwilliger had a secret, and if Bartlett knew it, he never divulged it to his best friend.

And as time went on, and the charity lists in the Donaldson Daily multiplied, it was invariably Cradlebaugh who headed the list—with a dollar; and it was invariably "Constant Reader," or "Pro Bono," or "A Friend" who closed it out—with hundreds.

Suddenly the Town of Keno, a hundred miles away, found itself struggling in the mighty strength of a devastating flood. It was sudden, appalling, unexpected.

Bartlett got it over the wire at about ten o'clock in the morning.

"Great Scott!" he gasped, "it can't be possible." Then he came to his senses. "They'll need money," he told himself; "that's the first thing—money." He thought for an instant. "This time," he said to himself, "I'll start the list myself. Old Cradlebaugh, with his quarter contribution, can take a back seat."

But before he knew it—before the news was on the street—Cradlebaugh came, puffing and blowing, into the office.

"Say, Bartlett," he said, "it's terrible. I was down at the station, and Werner, the operator, gave it to me as it came over the wires. Gee, those poor drowned folks at Keno. Gee, but I've hustled. And look here, what I've got already."

He passed over the sheet of paper. Bartlett groaned. On it there were fifteen names. And heading these appeared this item:

FOR THE KENO FLOOD
SUFFERERS

LET EACH GIVE ACCORDING TO HIS
MEANS

James Cradlebaugh \$1.50

"I tell the boys this time they've got to give. And, look here, Bartlett, let somebody get after that old skinflint Terwilliger, good and hard. This is a

time when every rich man ought to shell out, and no mistake."

They did shell out. So deeply were the feelings of the Donaldson people touched that it seemed like hysteria. But it wasn't. It was charity, pure and simple. Bartlett worked harder than did Cradlebaugh—for the editor was proud of his town, and he wanted it to stand well in the eyes of the world. He did his best, and when he had finished, he glanced lovingly upon the last line of the contribution-sheet. For there he read:

From a sympathizer \$2,500

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," he sighed; "almost two thousand times as much as we got from Cradlebaugh."

The Town of Donaldson—a small, insignificant town of the East, sent twenty-thousand dollars to her stricken neighbor Keno.

"Cheer up," said the overgrown Village of Donaldson to the big town that had been steeped in ruin a hundred miles away.

"And I started that list," Jim Cradlebaugh told everybody. "I tell you, it's the man that begins the thing that's entitled to the credit."

But the small Town of Donaldson never knew what fate had in store for her. She had given bounteously to all her neighbors. She little knew how much she would need charity herself.

It was the widow McGaffney who started it, after all. One morning she raked her little coalfire and banked it, and left it for the day. Her occupation was that of washerwoman. She left at six in the morning—she returned at six at night. On the morning in question, she rose late. She ate her breakfast in a hurry. In haste she raked her fire. Then she locked up and left.

Unknown to her, a small red coal had dribbled down upon the floor. The mission of a small red coal is to burn. This coal fulfilled its mission.

It was a windy day, terribly windy. Mrs. McGaffney's hut was in the heart of the town. The wind blew;

the little coal burned away for dear life.

By night the rising little town of Donaldson lay in ruins—ruins black and stark and uncompromising. Donaldson was a city without a home.

Yes, there was one home that escaped. It was Jim Cradlebaugh's big house, upon the hill. And there was another home—the home that men seek in their extremity. The Donaldson First Church was unscathed.

All night the people of Donaldson camped on the hillside, moaning. There were no lives lost; there had been many narrow escapes.

But with the morning and rising sun hope grew. The banks reported that their vaults were safe. And the insurance companies wired that they would pay Donaldson losses immediately. And all that the people needed was food, temporary shelter—just the bare necessities of life.

"We'll supply those ourselves," cried Bartlett to the crowd; "come into the church."

They flocked in. Bartlett, the leader this time, stepped into the pulpit beside the old clergyman. He even smiled to himself.

"This time," he thought, "I'm ahead of Cradlebaugh." He was right. Cradlebaugh was nowhere to be seen. The rumor grew that Cradlebaugh was keeping himself to himself in comfort up in his big house on the hill. Others, who had, perforce, sheltered themselves there during the night, had not seen him. At any rate, he was not among the crowd in the church.

Bartlett leaned down over the pulpit and told the people just how things stood. He knew the town. He knew its needs.

"This is business," he said; "fully a third of us are very well-to-do. We've saved money. Two-thirds of us have been living from hand to mouth. The one-third must rise to the occasion. Gentlemen," he added earnestly, "this is a thing that will make the rich poor; but it's real—it's real—it's real."

The crowd felt it. The old clergy-

man stood there with tears in his eyes. Bartlett prepared a dozen subscription lists and sent them through the crowd.

"We'll pull through," he told himself, when he began to see results. "And Terwilliger. Terwilliger 'll give. Good old 'Pro bono.' But—where is he?"

Almost as he spoke Terwilliger, a lean, straggling old man, entered the church, and struggled up the aisle.

He seated himself at the foot of the stairs just below the pulpit. He waited hours until the lists were all in. Then Bartlett stepped to his side.

"I want something from 'A Friend,'" he ventured.

Terwilliger took the list, and scribbled something at the bottom. Bartlett looked at it, and shouted aloud with glee.

"Hurrah, boys," he yelled, "here's something worth seeing. Listen while I read. The last name on the list:

"'From a fellow townsman, \$30,000.'

"Now," he cried, "I'm going to tell at last—it's from Mr. Terwilliger here. That's who it is. The man of this town—the man who gives every time, all the time, who——"

But Terwilliger was up beside him in the pulpit, holding his arm.

"Wait, wait," cried Terwilliger, in a thin, shrill, piping voice, but a voice quivering with earnestness—"wait." He turned to the audience.

"If the truth's to be told," he said, "let's tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Gents," he went on, "fifteen years ago I was in the poorhouse over in Monroe. Listen. There was a man who found me there, and who brought me over here—a man with a big hearty smile on his face, and a big warm hand, and a big warm heart. Gents, he—he supported me. He made me live in comfort. but, gents, he"—old Terwilliger smiled in spite of himself—"he was a joker—such a joker. And I didn't mind so much. But his heart—that man would give, give, give all he had for the poor, the sick, the stricken. But, gents, he was a man who would never

let his left hand know what his right hand was doing. He gave through me." Old Terwilliger became terribly in earnest. "Gents," he went on, "yesterday, in the fire, I was in my second-storey back room, in a closet. I was shut off by the fire. There was no hope for me. But—he, this man with the big heart. He found me. He rescued me. I'm safe. But he—he's up in his big house." Terwilliger's voice quivered. "Only the doctor knows. He's burned, that man. And he ain't a-goin' to get well. Gents," he cried aloud, "that man is the man you never knew, who wouldn't let you know him, whose left hand didn't know his own right hand. Gents, that man was—Cradlebaugh. He gives the thirty thousand, as he gave all he ever gave — unbeknown — through me."

The crowd was silent for a moment. Bartlett led the cheering, stepped down from the pulpit, and led the way silently out of the church, and up the steep hill toward the house of Cradlebaugh.

For there was one thing more important than to rebuild the town; more important than to feed its people; the first thing the town had to do was to make amends to a—man.

The town was almost too late. The doctor shook his head as the committee forced its way on tiptoe into the room of Cradlebaugh.

"He'll never speak again," the doctor said. But he was mistaken. Cradlebaugh had heard them. He struggled painfully up on his elbow.

"Boys, boys," he cried, "you've come for me—to-get-up—a list. It's—all—right—boys."

He stopped for an instant. Then his voice rang loud and clear:

"Jim Cradlebaugh gives two dollars to rebuild Donaldson," he cried. "Come, step up now. Who'll give twenty?"

That night there was a list of fatalities in the hand-printed Donaldson Daily. And Jim Cradlebaugh, headliner, was at its top. He had passed into the loving memory of the town whose best friend he had been.

Get This Kind of Trouble

By Elbert Hubbard in *The Philistine*.

If Sheldon had a salve that would give every business candidate the Salesman's Itch, I'd take his whole output on suspicion. The salesman who makes the record is not the one who knows the most or the one who is the best looking; he's the smiling cuss who never hears the word "No."

The Salesman's Itch!

Buyers in loose wrappers do not wait for you around the corner. You have to go after the buyers very much as the Romans went after the Sabines. It is persistency that wins.

The buyer is a shy and sly proposition. He likes to be chased.

The man who gets the order is the one with the Salesman's Itch.

There are two departments to every business. One is Out-go, and the other is In-come.

When times are "scarce" the Out-go men are cut down or laid off; and the lads who lay them off are the In-come boys.

Get the Salesman's Itch—a nose for orders, a scent for fromage.

Nail the business. Promises do not meet the payroll.

Cultivate the Salesman's Itch.

Salesmen who expect buyers to chloroform them and stuff the orders in their pockets, are doomed to disappointment.

It is certainly true that you can not afford to sell a man goods that are going to burden him, but it is also true that it is for you to decide as to what a customer needs, and then see that he gets it.

Buyers, through habit, fight on the defensive. There are various ways of overcoming their scruples, but unless you have the Salesman's Itch, you'll wander forever a lone, lorn holluschickie, and Clio will carve on your tomb a single word: Skunked.



Hunter River, P.E.I.

A Summer Tour of the Maritime Provinces

Westerners Should Learn More of the Attractions, Traditions, History and Scenic Grandeur of the East—A Section of Canada That Affords Splendid Objective Points for a Delightful Outing Where Repose of Body and Mind May be Enjoyed.

By G. R. C.

PROBABLY there is no portion of the American continent richer in historic interest, stirring incident, early struggle, quaint towns, attractive scenery, and ideal facilities for spending a pleasant holiday, than the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

To Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, there flock every year thousands of Americans who believe that the peaceful valleys, beautiful water falls, refreshing streams, delightful bays, ocean breezes, superb fishing, and hunting paradises, offer unrivalled fascination to the traveler, the tourist, the angler, and the nim-

rod—a perfect spot in which to regain health and strength, to lay in stores of fresh energy, to find ideal recreation, and to conjure up pleasant memories. Tourists associations are widely advertising the rare, natural beauty of these Provinces, while the Intercolonial Railway is also doing its share in setting forth the charms of landscape and varied picturesqueness, of those Provinces with which Western Canadian residents are too little acquainted. While many of the citizens of the East travel to Quebec and Ontario, and even beyond the Great Lakes on their periodical holiday jaunts, few from Ontario and points further West ever visit the

extreme East, and know nothing, comparatively speaking, of the glorious assets and majestic features bestowed so lavishly upon the older sections of Canada. Those, who desire splendid hunting or fishing, those in search of health, those traveling for pleasure, or to become better acquainted with the character and climate of Canada, to learn something more of the rich treasures presented to the eye on every hand, or to delve into the storehouses of history, romance, legend and tragedy, should certainly spend their vacation down East during the glorious months of June, July, August or September.

It has been suggested that the railways of Canada, which have from

time to time, year in and year out, been offering special inducements and exceedingly cheap rates to make trips to the Western Provinces, to spy out a home, to help gather the harvest, to visit friends or to indulge in prospecting, might well reverse this course of action and induce people, many of whom have often been in the cities and towns of the rolling prairies, to travel East and down by the sounding sea, commune with a people and a land which some may think slow, uneventful and uninteresting. The latter conception is altogether wrong. No more hospitable hosts or cordial friends can be found anywhere. They greet the tourist, the sightseer and the visitor warmly, and are never



Rocks at Hopewell Cape, N.B.



Whycocomagh, Cape Breton.

tired doing all in their power to make his or her stay one that will long remain when thoughts roam through the picture gallery or pleasant and vivid recollections. The railways of Canada can do more to educate the people by affording opportunities for cheap trips than can any other agency. It is not on record that any large excursions from Ontario have ever gone to the Maritime Provinces, and the different transportation lines might very well present special inducements, and see if something could not be done whereby those of the more Western portion of the Dominion might revel for a few weeks among the sea girt districts and kind cousins of the East. It is true the Intercolonial Railway is doing its share, but other lines of communication and travel do not seem to have over-exerted themselves in an effort to give wider publicity to the beauties of Maritime Canada. The Canadian Press Association took a trip down to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia some years ago, and possibly did more to advertise the

“ideal summer land of the North American continent” than any other medium. Almost every section of these Provinces is rich in local tradition of the early days when the French and English struggled for supremacy in the trade of the red man. In a recent brochure issued by the St. John Tourists’ Association, it is pointed out that another interest attaches in the fact that the real growth of the Lower Provinces as British possessions began with the American War of Independence. “Thousands of Loyalists who refused to join in the Declaration of Independence, abandoned their homes and settled in New Brunswick, where they could continue to enjoy British institutions and British laws. These Loyalists were the real founders of St. John, but they found the place already famous in history, because of the heroic defence of her husband’s fortress by Madame La Tour, the wife of a French trader and adventurer. Her story so graphically told in Whittier’s beautiful poem, ‘St. John,’ is one of the noblest as well as the saddest in

the pages of the early history of the country, and is only one of the many that give the student an interest in this land."

Much detailed information might be presented, many pages might be written on the different rail and water routes, summer resorts, fishing haunts and hunting paradises, but it is not the intention of the writer to draw a distinction between any particular route or place.

To adequately describe the charms and scenic heritage of the innumerable beauty spots, would require not only a graphic pen, but also rare and vivid imagination. Even then, the literateur or word painter could not portray all the enchantments and panorama of land and sea unfolded in a journey down to St. John, Halifax, Sydney or Charlottetown. The Intercolonial Railway traverses a section in which are countless places of interest, from Dalhousie Junction to North Sydney. Dartmouth, St. John, Moncton and numerous other places which might be mentioned. Other points that may not be located on the Government railway, may be reached

by C.P.R., G.T.R. C.N.R., Canada Eastern, Dominion Atlantic, Prince Edward Island Railway and other means of travel, while the different steamship lines have veritable floating palaces so that no one can complain that every facility is not afforded for swift travel, while the hotel accommodation at all the summer retreats is unexcelled.

The hotels generally are beautifully situated, all possessing a grand outlook, while the surrounding scenes, neighboring wood, and nearby streams afford an abundance of pure air which drives away hay fever, asthma and malaria, making the most peaceful rest retreats found anywhere on earth. The rates are reasonable and the accommodation unsurpassed. I trust that within this brief, general, hasty outline I have aroused the interest of those living West of Montreal, and that desire, and curiosity will find expression during the present summer in a demand that the railways offer the public, tickets good for at least thirty days, at single fare, return, and thus help to bring about on the part of Cana-



Baddeck, Cape Breton.



Halifax from Citadel.

dians a keener appreciation of the natural blessings that we possess in every part of the Dominion and to establish more intimate acquaintance-

ship and closer ties with fellow-citizens down by the sandy beaches and bold cliffs of the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence.



New Glasgow, N.S.

What the Genius of One Man Has Accomplished

A Canadian Inventor, Who Early in Life Knew What He Wanted to Do and Immediately Set About Doing It—Mr. Joseph Boyer Who Has Made Mechanical Ability a Stepping-Stone to Substantial Success, Has a Career That Reads More Like Fiction Than Fact.

NOT infrequently it is a long way on the road to success when a man early in life knows what he wants to do and immediately sets about doing it. This has brought more than one man to the top of his profession or calling, and among those who have risen from humble rank is Mr. Joseph Boyer, President of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, of Detroit. He is a splendid representative of the sturdy sons that Ontario has sent to the States. Nature made him a mechanic and gave him the "gumption" to be glad of it, and a desire to make himself a good one. Thus Mr. Boyer has made

mechanical skill the stepping-stone to success. He is a mechanical genius, one of the foremost inventors of the age, and has, in a comparatively few years, amassed a fortune of several millions. Mr. Boyer is a man of extreme modesty and quiet disposition. He is studiously inclined and brings to bear upon any undertaking concentration of effort and dogged perseverance.

Born on a farm in Pickering township, Ontario County, he was one of a family of nine children. It came about that at an early age he was obliged to step out into the world to seek opportunity on his own account. Almost as soon as Mr. Boyer had completed his mechanical apprenticeship, he set his face toward the West, traveling to California, on one of the first Union Pacific trains that crossed the plain. That was in 1869. After a year or so in San Francisco he retraced his steps as far eastward as Leavenworth, Kansas, where he remained for a few months, and then on to St. Louis, where he made his home in 1873, that city being the scene of his early successes. When he first came to St. Louis, Mr. Boyer worked in a machine shop as a journeyman, but soon managed to embark in business for himself, forming a partnership with another man to establish a jobbing shop.

Afterwards he bought his partner's share and continued the business himself. This was the old Dickson Street shop, often referred to by Burroughs men to-day as the cradle of the adding machine industry, for



MR. JOSEPH BOYER.

it was here that William Seward Burroughs came to work out the details of his invention at a time when he had struggled with it until people called him crazy, and said that his idea was an impossibility.

Here, in one corner of the old shop, with a few of Mr. Boyer's workmen assisting him, he spent several years in making one model after another, until the machine was finally complete and ready for the market. Then, when the Burroughs was at last taken up on a manufacturing basis, it was in this shop that Mr. Boyer made the tools and special fixtures required for the making of the Burroughs.' It will thus be seen that Mr. Boyer's destinies and those of the adding machine were closely intertwined.

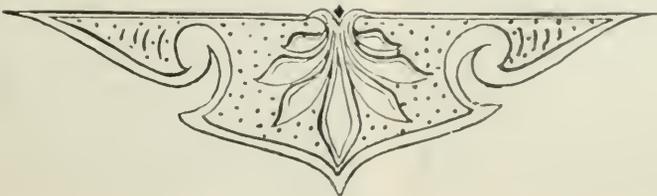
In this old shop, also, Mr. Boyer laid the real foundation of his fortune when he conceived the pneumatic tool as applied to the working of metal and stone. This was in 1881, and, finding the problem too much for him at that time, he dropped it for thirteen years, during which the idea lay dormant in his mind, and it was not until 1894 that he again took it up, finished it and made it ready for the market. Once marketed, however, it was an early success. A modern building was erected in St. Louis and here the Boyer pneumatic tool was turned out in a plant which occupied the ground floor, while the adding machine enterprise was located in the upper storey.

When the pneumatic tool industry outgrew its quarters in this building,

Mr. Boyer picked it up bodily and transferred it to a handsome new factory which had been built in the meantime in Detroit. This left the entire building in St. Louis for the Burroughs factory, but the adding machine industry was growing at such a rate that it soon outgrew this increased space also.

At this time Mr. Boyer had been elected president of the adding machine company, while Mr. Burroughs, the inventor, had died. Soon it came to pass that another model factory went up on Second Avenue, in Detroit, alongside the pneumatic tool plant, and Mr. Boyer picked up the whole Burroughs organization—machinery, workmen, office fixtures and all—packed it into a solid train load and dropped it down in Detroit ready to go to work in the new factory.

Soon after the exodus to Detroit, Mr. Boyer retired from the active direction of the pneumatic tool plant to devote his working time to looking after the mechanical work of the Burroughs plant. His chief delight is the great experimental department at the Burroughs factory, where new ideas are conceived, worked out and tested by a force of over a hundred men, including inventors, designers and experimental mechanics. He is also in touch with the men who design and manufacture the tools used in the building of the machine, and takes a deep interest in every problem concerning the improvement of the Burroughs or new devices intended to widen its range of usefulness.





Mississauga Indians gathering Rice near Mizang's Point, Rice Lake.

How Indians Gather the Wild Rice Crop

Many Tons Harvested Every Summer by the Mississauga and Chippewa Bands From Rice Lake—As a Food it is Unexcelled, Having a Very Rich Flavor—Methods Employed in Threshing the Article are Unique and Painfully Slow.

By T. J. Wallace—Illustrated by D. E. Eason.

THE North American Indian of three centuries ago was a child of nature in more than one sense of the word. He feasted during the seasons that provided natural foods in abundance and starved through those in which nature withdrew her lavish hand. He never seemed to have acquired the art, or even the sense of need, of providing food for the days to come.

We are told that Indians who fed on the fat of the land during the summer, actually starved in great numbers about the camp of Cartier, in the winter of 1634-35. We know that the Algonquins grew pumpkins and corn—the pumpkins rotted and the quantity of corn harvested depended on the amount of labor expended by

these naturally lazy people. But in the heart of the Trent country grew a naturally wild product, that depended in no sense on the Indian's wisdom, wish or will, but preserved itself through all seasons and conditions of climate—the Wild Black Rice.

The home of this wonderful product of nature is on a small lake which takes its name from it, and is situated in the Province of Ontario, between Northumberland County, on the south and east, and Peterborough County on the north and west. The lake lies, in accordance with the glacial formation of the surrounding country, northeast by southwest, and is nothing more than a level submerged valley, its greatest depth being twenty feet. Two parallel

HOW INDIANS GATHER THE WILD RICE CROP

ridges show in places by a succession of small islands, and it is on these submerged ridges, and in the shallows between them and the shore, that the wild rice grows. The land around is for the most part of a heavy clay soil, and, consequently, the bottom of the lake is covered with two feet or more of a dark, oozy character.

The plant grows in all parts of the lake where the current is not sufficiently strong to wash away this mud; but there are two places where it grows particularly rank and thick. The one great "bed" extends north-east from Paudash Point (Island), to Rainy Point (Island), a distance of two miles, and the other from the north end of Rainy Point in the same direction, about four miles to Upper Foley Island. The former is owned and controlled by the Mississauga band of Indians, located at Hiawatha, and the latter by the Chippewa band, at Alderville. Rainy Point, being the dividing line. No white man can lawfully harvest a grain of it. It is an annual that grows from seed fallen the previous autumn. As the level of the lake is raised yearly, eighteen or twenty inches, by spring freshets, the plant does not show itself till the middle of June; previous to this one

would not suspect its existence. Then, as the water lowers and the plant grows, its bright green leaves, resembling very much the leaves of oats, rest on the surface of the water, and it is not until the last week of July that the stalk "shoots to head," and, consequently, stands erect. Although it is almost submerged, yet should the season be dry, the crop will be light. It grows to a height of about four feet above the water, and blossoms about the middle of August. It then waves thick and strong, and to a canoeist in its midst it appears "unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful." I use the word "canoeist" advisedly, for with no other craft is it possible to force a passage through its dense growth. Woe betide the unlucky yachtsman, who, by a severe gale, is blown into it, for he may extract his boat the same day, or he may not.

During the last few weeks of August scores of Indian families forced by instinct rather than by necessity, leave their well tilled government lands and camp on Sugar Island in the heart of the great northern rice bed. After arranging their tents, they build their fireplaces of stone, and wind-breaks of brush, haul out the



Parching the Rice.



Another View of Parching the Rice.

large wooden threshing troughs, set up the great drying kettles, sharpen their long-pointed threshing sticks, and, in general, prepare for the harvest.

The mode of gathering the rice is unique. A dusky, muscular brave sits close to the bow of the canoe, while his better half sits well to the stern. He guides the canoe slowly and skillfully through the dense beds, while the squaw wields the two sticks, with one bending the stalks well over the canoe, and with the other, beating out the grain, hulls and all, into it. I have seen canoes return from the fields laden to the gunwale with this strange grain. It is then spread out in bins to dry in the sun. Large quantities are marketed in this condition, to be shipped to foreign lakes, where, I believe, it is sown, and more or less successfully grown. The greater part is subjected to a still further process. The big iron cauldrons are placed over a moderate fire, and half filled with the unshelled grain. An attendant keeps it constantly stirred to prevent its burning. When thoroughly parched it is allowed to cool, and is placed in circular wooden troughs. These are set close to a tree, and in them, supporting himself by a limb,



Winnowing the Rice.



General view of the Rice Beds.

an Indian, to the tune of some popular air, "dances the grain from the hull."

The contents are then spread on a large sheet, and before a brisk wind great handfuls are let fall, the heavy grain dropping to the sheet, and the light hulls being blown away. This is exactly the same method as that used by the early settlers, to winnow their wheat. It is crude and slow, but the Indian's time is not valuable; the machinery used is not expensive, and, more than all, he loves this work, not thinking it in the least laborious.

Great numbers of whites are annually attracted to the rice camps, where the simple life may well be studied. A description of this life, of the annual rice picnic, and the Sabbath camp meeting would furnish interesting and amusing reading.

How much rice will an Indian family gather? That depends entirely on the industry of the operators. I have known families to gather no more than sufficient for their immediate needs, while others market a dozen bags, (one hundred and twenty pounds each), of shelled grain.

In the hull, the grain resembles

HOW INDIANS GATHER THE WILD RICE CROP

oats, but is much longer and more slim. The kernel is of the thickness of the lead in a pencil, and nearly three-quarters of an inch long, the outer skin being almost jet black and the inside snowy white. Fifteen years ago, it sold as low as three cents per pound, unshelled, and five cents shelled, but now it is disposed of at fifteen cents per pound unshelled. One is glad to get it at that for as a food it is unexcelled. Unlike the white rice, it has a rich flavor without additional helps, and when boiled, sweetened and served with cream, it is a food fit for the gods. I would rather do a hard day's work on a meal of black rice alone, than on one of beefsteak. What the oatmeal is to the hardy Scot, black rice is to the dusky Trent Indian. He cooks it when convenient, but more often eats it raw.



The Camp on Sugar Island.



"Dancing the Rice."

Last year Messrs. Anderson and Skinner, of Keene, handled three tons of it, while Mr. Edmison, of Harwood, did an equally good business. Tons of it, however, are never marketed, for the Indians have a great love for it, and always keep their own share for winter use. Again, it is safe to say, that on account of the crude method of harvesting, and the Indians' monopoly of the crop, one-half is never gathered. Thus thousands of teal, black and blue-bill ducks are attracted to Rice Lake in the fall to feed on the rice before it sinks to the bottom of the lake.

It is probably an exaggeration, but one is tempted to remark that almost an equal number of hunters are attracted to Rice Lake by the ducks. Sheltered by the vast rice fields, the nimrods wage war against the feathered tribe. How this war is carried on may be the subject for another article. The grain that is not eaten by the ducks sinks to the bottom of the lake and affords seed for the next year's crop.



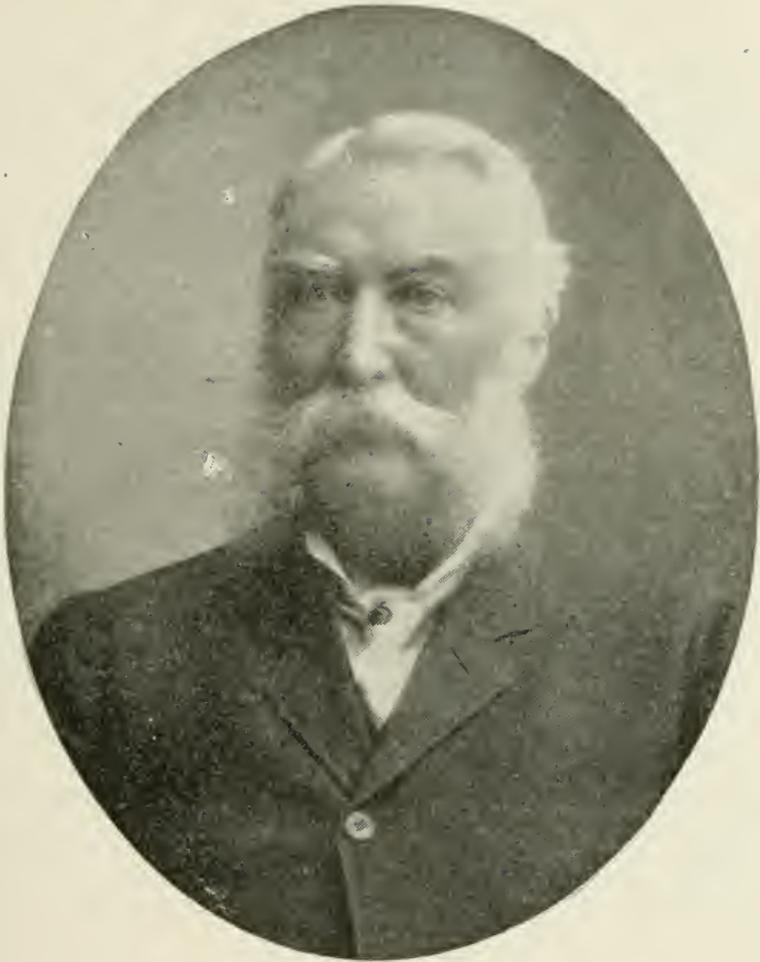
The First Public Ownership Candidate

To Contest a Constituency Solely on This Distinctive Policy is Mr. A. W. Wright—One of the Fathers of the Principle of Protection—Twenty-eight Years Ago He Advocated the Building of the C. P. Railway as a Government Enterprise—Some of His Outstanding Characteristics.

THE first man in Canada to seek election solely on a platform of public ownership of all utilities that are in the nature of a monopoly, and on that plank alone, is Mr. Alexander Whyte Wright, who is a candidate for Legislative honors in West Toronto.

In many respects Mr. Wright is a unique figure. He is probably the most convincing platform speaker in Canada. In marshalling facts and presenting an argument he has few, if any, superiors; he is cool, calm and logical, and can secure a hearing in a mob where others fail. He says that the secret of getting a hearing in a turbulent meeting is to tell the truth and present the issue fairly. Mr. Wright never gets ruffled, never loses his temper and is always a thorough master of himself. He is one of the fathers of the National Policy. Away back in 1875, in the old United Empire Club rooms, Toronto, he was one of a deputation of six that waited upon Sir John A. Macdonald, then leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, urging him to adopt a protective policy for the benefit of Canadian industries. All the members of that deputation with the exception of Mr. Wright, have passed away. The others were: Hon. Isaac Buchanan, of Hamilton; John Maclean, father of W. F. Maclean, M.P.; William Wallace, M.P. for Norfolk; W. H. Fraser, of Toronto, and David McCullough, of Hamilton. At that time there was virtually no protection in force, the Mackenzie tariff

being a uniform one of 17½ per cent. The following year, Mr. James Goldie, now of Guelph, was the candidate in a bye-election in South Wellington on the protective ticket, although a Liberal in politics. He was warmly supported by Mr. Wright and others. A valiant fight was engaged in and Mr. Goldie, although meeting with defeat, managed to cut down the majority very materially. So satisfactory was the outcome, so readily did the people accept the policy, and so hearty was the interest aroused in the protection, that it is said to have led Sir John to bring in a want of confidence motion, when the House was in supply, setting forth a resolution in favor of the N.P. In the following year the House was dissolved and a general election ensued. Mr. Wright spoke on many a platform advocating the policy, delivering during the campaign over one hundred speeches and by his cogent, logical and impressive addresses, carried conviction home in many a centre of Ontario. After the battle Sir John A. Macdonald, in a letter to Mr. Wright, said, that although he had the pleasure of hearing him in only one address, he was delighted with the way Mr. Wright marshalled his facts and presented his arguments. The gathering at which Sir John was present was in the old amphitheatre, where the present City Hall stands. Meetings were held there twice a week for some months, and a lively battle waged. "and," added Sir John, "I hope to express my gratitude to



MR. A. W. WRIGHT.

you in a more substantial way, and will be delighted if you will give me the opportunity to do so."

Had Mr. Wright been looking for political favors this was the golden moment; but he was not seeking personal preferment, and he so wrote Sir John. Altruism being a dominant trait of his nature he chose rather to remain an humble follower in the ranks. He has always held fast to principle, many times at great personal sacrifice, even when it meant the severance of party ties and life-

long associations. Mr. Wright to-day should be one of the great captains of industry, as he began life as a carpet and woollen manufacturer, and if it were not for his big heartedness and strict adherence to any cause which he deems right, he would doubtless be one of the leading manufacturers in Canada.

Several illustrations of this might be furnished. In 1880, when the building of the C.P.R. across the continent was projected, he advocated its construction by the Government as a

national undertaking. He was then editor of the Guelph Daily Herald, but, sooner than advocate a policy at variance with his party, he retired from the editorial chair, and delivered an address at a great mass meeting in Guelph, composed of members of both political parties, when he set forth his plan. A resolution presented by him in favor of government ownership was endorsed by the great gathering, there being only one dissenting vote. Sir John A. Macdonald wrote him that while the view which he presented had much to commend it, and under different circumstances might be practical, it was impossible to carry it out at that time.

Another stirring incident in the somewhat varied career which Mr. Wright has undergone, is that about seventeen years ago he took the leading part in straightening out the great strike of the Knights of Labor on the New York Central Railway. He was then secretary of the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, with an office in Philadelphia. The passenger service on the line was not disturbed, but all freight trains were tied up for a month or more. Freight conductors, sectionmen, yardmen, baggagemen and others, joined in the strike. There were no scenes of disorder due to Mr. Wright's great tact, but it was seen

by the Executive officers that the action of the strikers was neither wise nor opportune. One of the district master workmen of the organization, however, remarked during the trouble: "Do you not think we were perfectly justified in striking?" "Yes," significantly answered Mr. Wright, "I might be justified in striking John L. Sullivan, but I would be a fool to do so." The Knights of Labor, as an order, is now practically non-existent, the various unions of the different trades having replaced this once flourishing body.

Mr. Wright has been a life-long friend of labor interests, and was appointed a commissioner in 1895, by the Dominion Government, to inquire into the "sweat-shop system" in Canada. He was also one of the promoters of the co-operative colony scheme. He drafted the original Factories' Act, a measure which has been of great advantage to the laboring classes, and has been successful in securing for them other beneficial legislation. He further believes in the policy of creating smelters for the conversion of nickle ore, and declares if such a plan was carried out that Canada would be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, manufacturing countries in the world.



The Power Behind a Vast Enterprise

Some Characteristics and Methods of the Resourceful Men who Created, Control and Operate the Canadian Northern Railway—A Great Transportation Line With Over 4000 Miles in Operation and 3000 More Now Building.

By John V. Borne in System Magazine.

In 1896, nothing. In 1907, four thousand one hundred miles of railway in operation; six hundred under construction; and two thousand more surveyed; the whole absolutely controlled by two men.

Herein is a record that would be remarkable in the United States. In Canada we accept it as a matter of course, and look for more.

Here is a paragraph of details. The derelict charter of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company was bought, and in 1896 was translated into a hundred miles of railway by William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann, two railway contractors who had been partners for ten years. Some extensions were built, and a line from Winnipeg to Lake Superior was begun, the charter for which had been granted to other parties in 1889. In 1901, the Manitoba lines of the Northern Pacific were leased. In 1902, the road to Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, was completed. In 1905, Edmonton was reached; and the main line was 1,265 miles long. In 1906, double entrance was gained to Prince Albert—by building a line from the east, and by acquiring a railway from the south that had been operated for fifteen years by the Canadian Pacific. This winter, Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, has been given its first competitive route to the east.

While three thousand miles of track have been built and handled in the

West, the elements of a transcontinental have been secured in the East by the same two men. The Canadian Northern Ontario is built for three hundred miles, from Toronto to the Moose Mountain iron mines, which, via Key Harbor, a new port on Georgian Bay, will give Cleveland and Pittsburg an additional unlimited supply of first-class ore, five hundred miles nearer than that which comes through Duluth. The Canadian Northern Quebec gives Ottawa a new connection with Montreal and Quebec. With the governance of the Quebec & Lake St. John have come first-rate terminal facilities, and access to the greatest pulpwood forests in America. In Nova Scotia, 431 miles of line have opened up the south shore between Halifax and Yarmouth, and have tapped great coal deposits in Cape Breton Island.

HOW EARNINGS HAVE GREATLY INCREASED IN A FEW YEARS.

The first train on this system ran on December 19, 1896. In the first year the gross earnings were \$60,000. The staff totalled about twenty. West of Port Arthur alone the earnings are now on a basis of \$10,000,000 per annum, and 10,700 are on the regular pay-roll.

The explanation? Men, chiefly.

Mr. Mackenzie is president of the Canadian Northern Railway Company; Mr. Mann is vice-president. They are complementary one of an-

other—which is another way of saying that they differ markedly in their characteristics

MACKENZIE—BUILDER AND ORGANIZER.

And, first, Mr. Mackenzie. Who is he? What is he like? What is his knack of doing things? What is he likely to find round the next bend in the road.

His parents came from Caithness, and cleared a farm about seventy miles back from Toronto. From the first he was ambitious—reticently. He began by teaching school. There was little prospect in that profession, except the possible glory of showing some unsuspected genius how to spell. He found other constructive business. As you pass through Game-bridge, on the Canadian Northern Ontario line, a frame building is shown you as a piece of his handiwork. He kept store; and, when railways were first being built thereabouts, he set up as a sawmiller.

In the early eighties he was building trestle bridges for the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. He constructed the snowsheds in the Selkirks. The railways from Calgary

to Edmonton and from Regina to Prince Albert were built by his firm. In 1891 he secured control of the Toronto Street Railway. The street railway franchise of Winnipeg also came his way. He became heavily interested in Montreal street traction, and, with another, once held similar privileges in Birmingham, England.

A GRASP OF DETAIL, A GENIUS FOR FINANCE, WITH A TOUCH OF ROMANCE.

The beginnings of the Canadian Northern, in 1896, were not as accidental as they seemed. Reticence was the price of success. The wise public said that Western Canada was the inheritance of the mighty Canadian Pacific, the first great railway of the West, and that it was impossible for a great trunk and branches to be built from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, in the same way as little shops have grown into leviathan department stores. But Mr. Mackenzie laughs at impossibilities and converts them into roadbeds, rails and running rights. He is chief of forty-three per cent of the working Canadian railroads between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains.

Perhaps the explanation of his power is a combination of a rare instinct for the profitable thing; a capacity rapidly to transmute an idea into a proposition, and a matchless certainty that events will justify the proposition. "Mackenzie never lets go," said one who has known him intimately for many years. The testimony is corroborated by the records of big enterprises that are too numerous to mention.

Where is the place of detail in this makeup? It is everywhere; and nowhere. "I am seldom out in a figure," was how he once described his extraordinary knowledge of the entrails of a business he has once dealt with. But he dismisses as detail many things which the average man regards as essential. He looks right into the centre of a problem; knows instantly what its vital spark is; and discovers a way to kindle it into a blaze, while the other fellow is wondering from



MR. WM. MACKENZIE
President of the C.N.R.

which quarter a breeze may come to destroy the flame.

The man who is seldom out in a figure naturally dispenses with some of the common paraphernalia of business. In the board-room of the Canadian Northern Building in Toronto, Mr. Mackenzie has a chair, a telephone, two rows of electric buttons, a blotter and accessories—and that's his outfit. He has Cecil Rhodes' disregard for letter writing. As a rule he makes two trips a year to Europe on financial business. He cannot be induced to take a secretary with him. He always gets what he asks for.

POWERFUL ENERGY BACK OF THIS CANADIAN RAILWAY MAGNATE.

He is not unaware of his genius for financing, but nobody ever hears him speak of it. A few weeks ago he returned from a trip to England, during which he achieved surprising results; and gave interviews to the Toronto papers. The most accurate of the reporters wrote that Mr. Mackenzie received them in his "genially bashful way." Recently a most experienced Toronto editorial writer, who had written much about Mr. Mackenzie for a dozen years—often critically, for Mr. Mackenzie knows how to fight as well as how to be genial—met him for the first time. "I expected," said he, "to meet a big, muscular, dominating man—a sort of express in trousers. But I saw an averaged-sized, thin-handed, and, at first, almost timid man, with wonderful, winning eyes, who has got somewhere about him, an element of romance, if I am not mistaken."

It was a shrewd observation. Mr. Mackenzie's summer home is on the paternal homestead. His devotion to his family is proverbial among all who know Mr. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, as well as President Mackenzie, of the Canadian Northern. He cares intensely for Canada. To him you might as well criticize the multiplication table, as suggest a doubt of the magnificence of his country. When the Dominion Government fathered the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, it was suggested to him that the Cana-

dian Northern might be sold at a great price. His answer was immediate, decisive, illuminating: "No; I like building railroads." The most persistent and possibly the most bitter assailant of railways in Canada said this to me, not so long ago: "I believe that when he has built a railway across the continent, Mackenzie will be quite capable of making it a national possession." The remark is useful only as showing that the element of romance suspected by another man is not as deeply overlaid by balance sheets as is generally supposed. Mr. Mackenzie is not primarily a philanthropist. If he were, he could not build railways. But his genius for acquisition is not for self-aggrandizement.

The next bend of the road? The Canadian Northern will be a trans-continental railway, as certainly as anything can be, in a mutable world. Mr. Mackenzie is fifty-seven, "the most tireless man, physically and mentally, I ever saw," said his friend Byron E. Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, lately. The longevity of his father is remarkable. There is no visible reason why he himself should not be hale at eighty-five. He will go on building railroads to the end of the chapter.

It agrees with him.

It agrees with Canada.

MANN—A POWER IN RAILWAY MAKING.

"I am a believer in the made-in-Canada idea," said Mr. Mann, to the Toronto Board of Trade. He should be; a tree is known by its fruits. Mr. Mann is altogether a product of Canada. The Canadian Northern has been mainly financed in England; but it is the first great Canadian undertaking that is not a debtor to imported driving powers. It is not a breach of confidence to say that Mr. J. J. Hill regards Sir Wm. Van Horne and Mr. Mann as the two greatest living railroad builders. Mr. Hill knows what he is talking about, and if his modesty conquers him occasionally, it is the only thing that ever did.

If the Canadian Northern is singu-



MR. D. D. MANN
Vice-President of the C.N.R.

lar in Canada, because it owes nothing to extraneous force, it must have developed its own driving powers. Mr. Mackenzie has done the financing; and has been in the public eye more than his partner, who has stayed at home "minding the sheep," as an inconsequential wag said. As a rule, he who minds the sheep is the more difficult entity to size up than he who goes into the market place.

Writing of Mr. Mann, after Mr. Mackenzie, might make it comparatively easy to exhibit him as the complement of Mr. Mackenzie; were it not equally desirable to show Mr. Mackenzie as the complement of Mr. Mann. Finance must be followed by Construction. Construction depends on Finance. Finance cannot repeat itself until Construction has justified its promises. In the case of the Canadian Northern, Construction and Finance are truly married. And, as with all fruitful, abiding unions, the parties have qualities alike, besides qualities complementary. Any idea that Mr. Mann is not a first-class financier could not survive a ten-minutes' talk with him about a financial proposition.

TRAINING AS A RAILROAD BUILDER
AND JUDGE OF TERRITORY.

Half the art of railroad construction is in getting things done. The antecedent is the choice of right country in which to lay your first rails. The prosperity of your road may finally depend on the success with which you contrive to feed it with tributary lines, and contributory industries. Mr. Mann went to Western Canada somewhere about 1880, because he saw that the ground floor of the future was beyond Lake Superior. Two days ago, I met the head of the firm of lumbermen for whom Mr. Mann was a foreman in 1879. "What was his outstanding quality?" I asked. "Drive!" was the answer. "Organizing the work, and getting it done. He was the best foreman we ever had."

See how these qualities worked under new conditions. Mr. Mann is not given to excess of speech. He observes prodigiously. He was one of the builders of the railways from Regina, the centre of the prairie country, to Prince Albert, near the Forks of the Saskatchewan; and from Calgary, at the foot-hills of the Rockies, two hundred miles northward to Edmonton, which is about four hundred miles west of Prince Albert. He saw the Saskatchewan Valley; and it was very good. His notions about it can only be judged by what happened afterwards. The Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal charter, which he and his partner acquired, belonged to the scheme for reaching Hudson Bay. They built their first lines in that direction, through country which one of the earlier Government explorers described as "the finest, in a state of nature, I have ever seen."

But while this was being done, the magnificent territory between Dauphin, the terminus of 1896, and Edmonton was being pre-empted for a main line to the Pacific. And before the interests that then dominated the railway situation in Western Canada quite appreciated what was going to happen, the Saskatchewan, by the end of 1905, had been bridged in four

THE POWER BEHIND A VAST ENTERPRISE

places, and there was a main line from Port Arthur on Lake Superior to Edmonton, twelve hundred and sixty-five miles away. The next year, the line from Regina to Prince Albert, through remarkably productive wheat-growing land, fell into the hands of its actual builders; and this year Regina, by a new line to Brandon, has her first alternative commercial line to navigation. Eighteen hundred and forty miles of branches feed the trunk; and the grain elevator at Port Arthur into which the crop is poured, is the largest in the world.

Every acre that has been handled by the Railway's Land Department, was granted with some charter whose promoters failed to finance it. Compared with the cash grants in aid of preceding railways, the monetary help received by the Canadian Northern has been trifling. New charters, and re-adjustments of old ones, have involved much legislation which has been under Mr. Mann's guidance, rather than Mr. Mackenzie's. He is a skilled diplomatist; with the advantage of always working on a case he controls; and, generally, on a case he has created.

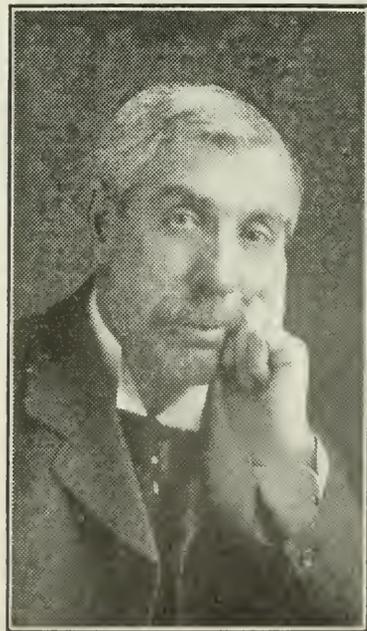
HANNA—THE MANAGING GENIUS.

When creative genius has done its work there is generally need for some expert hand to run the mechanism that has been made. Take a rigid training in auld licht faith and practice; long-houred service on economical Scotch railways; comprehensive experience in New York, Eastern Canada, and the spacious plains of the Last West; broaden and deepen the result, by a decade of management of a fast-growing system of transportation, and you produce the third vice-president of the Canadian Northern—D. Blythe Hanna—and you also produce the keys of his success.

Mr. Hanna is forty-nine. Until he was thirty-eight he was in no distinguished position. His career, though, which was well-founded and grounded in the years preceding that time, has been made, as far as wide-

spread notice is concerned, in that time. Through the auditing staff, the chief accountancy, the treasure-ship of successive roads in Scotland, the United States and Canada, he reached, the last month of 1895, the avenue to his proper vocation, by becoming the superintendent of the Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Company, an almost unnoticed line that began in a village and ended 100 miles out in the wilderness. To-day he is in active charge of the running of 4,100 miles.

Mr. Hanna's splendid part in the Canadian Northern is due to his independence of precedent and his devotion to the immutability of "two and two are four." He is six feet two; as strong as a horse. He jokes without difficulty, and enjoys the jokes almost as much as those who hear them. Last spring an Irish banker traveled with him from Winnipeg to Edmonton and confessed he had not laughed so much in any two previous days. From which it is pretty clear he gets on with people—and so, also, with himself.



MR. D. BLYTHE HANNA
Third Vice-President of the C.N.R.

Some Men Who Are in the Public Eye

In connection with the rapid development of local motor companies, no one is playing a more conspicuous part than Mr. E. R. Thomas, a former well-known resident of Toronto, now at the head of the big concern in Buffalo which bears his name. Mr. Thomas is still a frequent visitor to



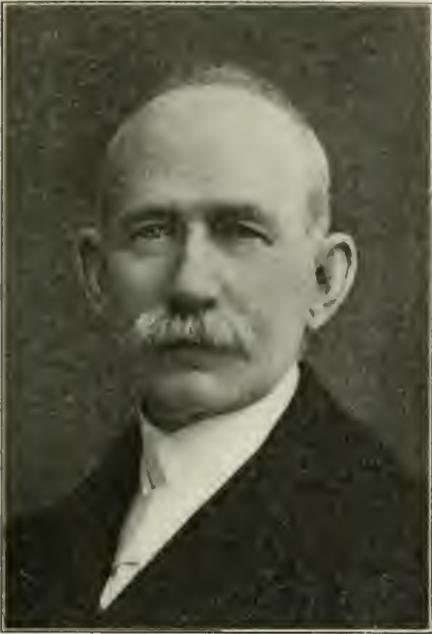
MR. E. R. THOMAS.

the Provincial capital, from his summer home at Niagara-on-the-Lake. He has stamped his individuality as well as the name Thomas on his self-propelled vehicles. In Canada and the United States, so persistent has become the demand for the big touring car, the natty runabout, the rapid flyer, etc., that on an average one

thousand automobiles—the output of the different factories—are being sold each week. This may be well termed the motoring age. Mr. Thomas left for Buffalo in 1898, after being engaged in the motor business in Toronto for several years as managing partner of the Canadian Cycle Company. In the Bison City he engaged in the manufacture of self-propelled conveyances of the motor bicycle type for two years, being the originator of the motor bicycle in America. In 1902 he commenced the manufacture of four-wheeled automobiles in Buffalo and shortly afterwards dropped the motor bicycle end of the industry, retaining the automobile business. This has steadily grown, owing to the high quality of workmanship and material in the vehicles, as well as the reliability, until to-day he stands quite at the top of American automobile industry. The line which is now being in Mr. Thomas' name is the Thomas 6-70 Flyer, the highest powered and fastest stock car in America; the Thomas 4-60 Flyer, the well-known four-cylinder, which is leading the world in the New York-to-Paris Race; the Thomas 4-40 Detroit, being built by the E. R. Thomas Detroit Company, which recently made a world's record by a three-thousand-mile run in midwinter with all gears removed, except the direct drive. The 4-16 town car, the little car which proved itself such a sensation at the New York Show, and the popularity of which is keeping the Thomas factory working both day and night to supply the demand.

Mr. William Mackenzie, the doyen of the Parliamentary Press Gallery in Ottawa, after a quarter century

SOME MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE



MR. WM. MACKENZIE.

service, in handling correspondence from the hill for a string of papers from Halifax to Vancouver, and even beyond the seas, is no longer in his accustomed seat. His new title is Secretary of Imperial and Foreign Correspondence. Laboring during each session from sixteen to twenty hours, he never seemed to show the effects. No matter how late the House sat he was always one of the first to be around the next morning. As years went by he appeared to possess the faculty of renewing his youth. No man, in the gallery has ever enjoyed to the same degree, the confidence and intimate friendship of so many Cabinet Ministers and public men as Mr. Mackenzie, while many a raw recruit of the fourth estate has to thank him for helpful service. He perfected a system by which he was enabled to turn out a vast amount of copy. In times of the greatest strain and public turmoil, he was always calm, and it is not recorded that he ever lost his head at any stage of the political game. Mr. Mackenzie, in his new post, will have an office in the Privy Council Department, and the class of correspondence under his

jurisdiction will consist largely of a secret and confidential character. This was formerly treated by all the departments in the same way as other correspondence. A better selection as Secretary of Imperial and Foreign Correspondence could not have been made. It requires a man who possesses an intimate knowledge of all affairs of State, and of absolute integrity, and there is no one who measures up to this standard more adequately than Mr. Mackenzie.

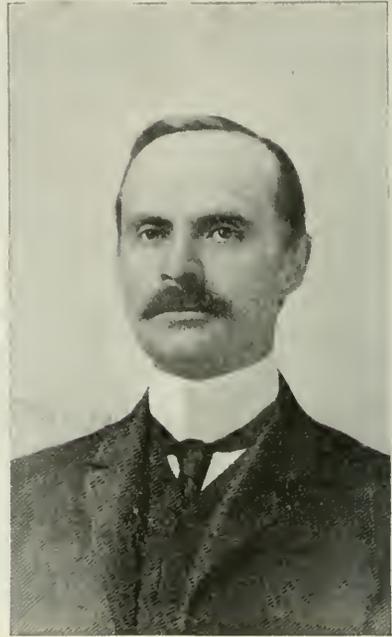
The Commandant of the Canadian Bisley Team for 1908 is Lieut.-Col. Labelle, R.O., Montreal. The team will consist of twelve representatives from Ontario, three from Quebec, two each from British Columbia and Alberta, and one from Nova Scotia—in all, twenty expert marksmen. Col. Labelle is an enthusiastic military man. He entered the 65th Regiment Mount Royal Rifles as a private in 1882, and during the last quarter century has passed through every grade up to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was throughout the Riel Rebellion in 1885, with his regiment, and attained the rank of commanding officer twelve years later. Col. Labelle is well-



LIEUT.-COL. LABELLE.

known in England, being present at the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria in 1897. For many years he has been in the employ of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, and occupies a leading position in this great enterprise. He is a thorough business man, energetic, influential and enthusiastic. He is recognized as one of the most progressive young men in the Canadian metropolis, where he has resided all his life, and can count many friends in both military and business circles in all parts of Canada.

Hon. F. R. Latchford, of Ottawa, recently created a Judge of the Ontario High Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Judge Mabee to the Chairmanship of the Board of Railway Commissioners, has long been one of the most prominent residents in the Eastern part of the Province. He is a native of the Capital City, and was Minister of Public Works and afterwards Attorney-General in the Ross Administration, from 1889 to 1905. The new appointee to the High Court Bench is an able lawyer, who has held many offices in the gift of his fellow citizens. The flourishing town of



CHANCELLOR C. A. STUART.

Latchford, on the line of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway, is named after the new judge, who is one of the originators of the Government road. Under his direction while Minister of Public Works, a large portion of the present line was built and various town sites laid out. A gentleman of genial temperament and courteous disposition, with the happy faculty of making friends in all walks of life, tall and erect of person, with a pleasing, well built presence, are some of the characteristics of the new judge. As a speaker he is logical, deliberative and argumentative. Since his voluntary retirement a few years ago from Provincial politics, he has devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession and has figured in a large number of leading actions in the Province.



JUDGE F. R. LATCHFORD.

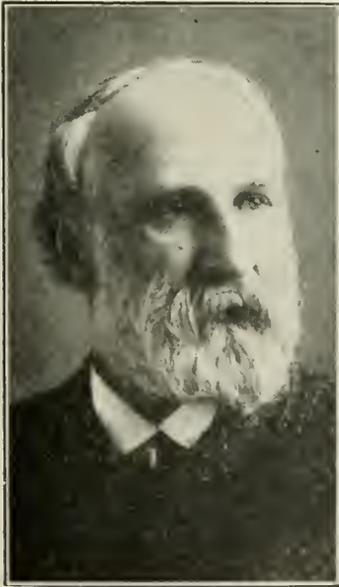
Middlesex County has given to Canada many sons who have won a place in the forefront of numerous professions. Among those who have ascended the ladder in legal and educational work is Judge Charles Allan Stuart, of Calgary, who is a

SOME MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE

member of the Supreme Court Judiciary of Alberta, and was recently selected as Chancellor by the members of convocation of the University of that Province. The new Provincial seat of learning has a most promising future and the choice of Chancellor is generally conceded to have been the best that could be made. Judge Stuart has resided ten years in the West. Previous to his elevation to the Bench he served a term in the Alberta Legislature. Not only is he a gentleman of widely-known legal acumen, but also one of culture and experience in educational work. He combines the necessary scholarship and legal ability to make him a strong directing force in the work of the institution. A brilliant graduate of Toronto University, taking honors in Political Science and Classics, he also held a Fellowship in Modern History from Columbia College. Sixteen years ago he delivered a course of lectures at the University of Toronto, on Modern History, as a substitute for the late Sir Daniel Wilson, and afterwards lectured for a couple of years

on the Constitutional History of England and Canada. Judge Stuart has always been deeply concerned in the work of higher education.

A Canadian artist, who has won fame abroad by his particularly realistic canvases, depicting the days of the Indian aborigines of the Canadian West, with their wigwams, blankets, huts and rather weird surroundings—the time when that vast territory was the special property of the red man—is Mr. F. A. Verner, A.R.C.A. His studies of Indian life—a Canada of the past—are distinctive, and have given him a standing in the Old Country, that must be particularly pleasing to his many Canadian friends. Mr. Verner's work is noted for its originality as well as its technical excellence. He has been a close student and observer, of the dusky inhabitants of the plains, which have been the foundation of his principal productions. Since 1880 he has resided permanently in England, but may visit the Dominion in the near future. Mr. Verner was born in Halton County seventy-two years ago, and first left Canada for England away back in the fifties. He joined the Third West Yorkshire Regiment. After two or three years' service he went to Italy, with the British Legion. Leaving London in 1860, he served under General Garibaldi, the noted Italian revolutionary, and was present at the Battle of Volturno, at the time of the Siege of Capua and Gaeta in 1860-61. Returning to Canada in 1862, Mr. Verner undertook the studies of Western life and made a number of tours throughout the Northwest. He was present at the Treaty of 1873 at the Lake of the Woods between the Governor of Manitoba and the Ojibway Indians. This gave the artist an opportunity of making a splendid selection of studies of Indian life, which he has used to such excellent advantage in his studio at Fulham, London.



MR. F. A. VERNER, A.R.C.A.

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- An Adapted Swiss Chalet for \$3,700. A. R. Ellis.—Woman's Home Comp.
- Ideal Summer Homes Afloat. E. Mayo.—Broadway.
- The Maritime House. C. E. Hopper.—Good Housekeeping.
- Window Draperies for Summer. D. M. C.—Good Housekeeping.
- ### Immigration and Emigration.
- Americans About to Be.—Circle.
- ### Investments, Speculation and Finance.
- Safety in Bonds for the Small Investor. Wm. B. Steele.—Am. Business Man.
- The Truth About Nevada. J. M. Carroll.—Sunset.
- The Financial Situation in Canada.—Canada (April 25).
- Which—Roosevelt or the System? F. Blair.—Human Life.
- All One's Eggs in One Basket.—World's Work.
- Accident Insurance and the Egg Basket.—World's Work.
- How the Stock Exchange Works. C. M. Keys.—World's Work.
- The Romance of Life Insurance. Wm. J. Graham.—World's Work.
- ### Labor Problems.
- The Labor Movement.—International.
- The Workers Concerned. A. Ruhl.—Collier's (April 25).
- The Greatest Problem Since Slavery. C. A. Phelps.—Broadway.
- ### Life Stories and Character Sketches.
- The New Prime Minister. G. P. F.—Young Man.
- Dickens as a Journalist. B. W. Matz.—Fort. Rev.
- Walter Bagehot. Rev. Dr. Kolbe.—Irish Monthly.
- Concerning Tourgenieff. Lady Ritchie.—Living Age (April 25).
- Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890. C. R. L. F.—Cornhill.
- A Farmer. D. Tynan.—Cornhill.
- Lady Hester Stanhope.—Cornhill.
- Rene Bazin. Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttleton.—Living Age (May 9).
- The Life and Letters of Sir Richard Jebb. F. W. Cornish.—Living Age (May 9).
- Spencer Compton Cavendish. Duke of Devonshire. O. Seaman.—Living Age (May 9).
- The Duke of Gandia.—Living Age (May 9).
- Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.—Living Age (May 9).
- Miss Terry's First American Tour.—McClure's.
- Carl Schurz as a Reporter.—McClure's.
- Confessions of a Middle-aged Woman.—Circle.
- The Fifth Summer of Our Kenrueky Cardinal. J. Brooks.—Lippincott's.
- Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.—Sat. Rev. (April 25).
- Morgan—Master of the Money Mart. C. E. Russell.—Human Life.
- Famous Hermit Who Lives in a Tree Top. A. Rohe.—Human Life.
- "Dan" O'Leary—the Man Who Can Walk. N. Howes.—Human Life.
- Governor Johnson in Washington.—Collier's (April 25).
- The Poet and the Children. I. Cavendish.—Pall Mall.
- Major Arthur Hughes-Onslow. A. E. T. Watson.—Babington.
- Sir Robert Hart.—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
- The Ill-luck of the Reigning Grand-Ducal House of Baden. T. Schwarz.—Munsey's.
- Ex-Senator Stewart of Nevada. Sam P. Davis.—Munsey's.
- James Buchanan, Pennsylvania's Only President of the United States. L. Orr.—Munsey's.
- Great Achievements of Men Over Sixty. E. B. Simmons.—Munsey's.
- Reminiscences of a Franco-American. Mme. Chas. Bigot.—Putnam's.
- Edmund Clarence Stedman. H. W. Boynton.—Putnam's.
- Jefferson Davis at West Point. Prof. W. L. Fleming.—Metropolitan.
- The Experiences of Clarence. A. H. Adams.—Lone Hand.
- Mr. De Morgan's Habits of Work. B. Stoker.—World's Work.
- Chief Croker and His Fighters of the Great Red Plague. G. Willets.—Broadway.
- Lord Cromer on Gordon and the Gladstone Cabinet. Sidney.—Living Age (May 16).
- Lawrence O. Murray. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.—World's Work.
- The New Prime Minister of Great Britain. T. P. O'Connor.—World's Work.
- ### Miscellaneous.
- Improving Earth Roads. W. A. McLean, C.E.—Farmer's Advocate (April 23).
- The Highlanders of Old. The Duke of Argyll.—Pall Mall.
- Diary of a Collector. E. Mew.—Pall Mall.
- The Coming Censorship of Fiction. B. Tozer.—Living Age (May 2).
- The New Turbine Yacht Alexandra. A. C. Hurd.—Cassier's.
- The Six Cylinder Automobile. H. L. Towle.—Cassier's.
- Graduation Day. Jno. T. McCutcheon.—Appleton's.
- Mr. Roosevelt on the Misuse of Wealth.—Spectator (May 2).
- An April Bizzard.—Spectator (May 2).
- The Poems of Mary Colridge. B. Holland.—Living Age (May 9).
- Likeableness.—Living Age (May 9).
- The Poetry of the Bible.—Living Age (May 9).

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Getting Back to the Base of Our Supplies. E. J. Hollister.—Craftsman
The Ostrich. A. S. Wheeler.—Smart Set.
The Village "Pub." D. C. Pedder.—Cont. Rev.
Ancient Wisdom and Modern Knowledge. E. M. Childerd.—Cont. Rev.
The Waste of Daylight. Sir A. West.—Cont. Rev.
A Greater and a Greatest San Francisco. Jno. Chetwood.—Overland Monthly.
Some Jacks that Built Houses. R. Masson.—Chambers's Jnl.
Behind the Scenes in Printing-house Square. T. H. S. Escott.—Chambers's Jnl.
An Adventure with "Gray Nurses." L. Becke.—Chambers's Jnl.
The Fair Complexion. F. Blyle.—Living Age (April 25).
The Literature of Introspection. A. C. Benson.—Living Age (April 25).
The Village at Play.—Living Age (April 25).
The Artistic Temperament. Rev. David Bearne.—Irish monthly.
On Killenarden Hill. Mrs. N. Tynan O'Mahony.—Irish Monthly.
Letters of Some Interest.—Irish Monthly.
The New York Saloon. A. H. Gleason.—Collier's (April 25).
Mr. Billy Sanders Discusses Lawson and the People. J. C. Harris.—Home Mag.
Seven Months as Raisuli's Prisoner. Kaid Sir Harry MacLean.—London.
The Stock Exchange from Within.—London.
Foreign Cheese Made in America. C. Them.—Suburban Life.

Municipal and Local Government.

Guarding Chicago's Health on Business Principles. E. R. Pritchard.—Am. Business Man.
A Great City's Thirst. Geo A. King.—Lone Hand.

Nature and Outdoor Life.

Changes in Bird Life. Canon J. Vaughan.—Chambers's Jnl.
Birds in Flight. B. Dale.—Westward Ho.
The First of the Season. Grasshopper.—Rod and Gun.
The Scarcity of Partridges. J. B. Temple.—Rod and Gun.
Our Vanishing Deer. W. H. Low and J. G. Shaw.—Rod and Gun.
Juggling Sea Lions.—London.
The Homeopathic Treatment of Poultry. B. R. Winslow.—Suburban Life.
How to Train Your Dog. N. Newnham-Davis.—Suburban Life.
Lassoing Lions in the Siwash. Zane Grey.—Everybody's.

Political and Commercial.

Law in Latin America.—Chambers's Jnl.
Presidential Possibilities. A. H. Lewis.—Human Life.
The Mohmand Rising.—Sat. Rev. (April 25).
Free Traders or Unionists?—Sat. Rev. (April 25).
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Great Britain and the United States.—Living Age (May 2).
An Ideal Business Man for President. A. D. Cameron.—Am. Business Man.
The Manchester Election.—Spectator (May 2).
M. Clemenceau's Visit.—Spectator (May 2).
The Position of the Government.—Spectator (May 2).
The Indian Frontier.—Spectator (May 2).
England, America and Japan. Capt. M. Kincaid-Smith.—Living Age (May 9).
Sedition in India. G. D. Drenngn.—Ihler.
The House of Lords. Duke of Argyll.—Living Age (April 25).
The Colonial Marriages Act, 1906. E. S. P. Haynes.—Fort. Rev.
A Challenge to Socialism. Dr. J. Beattie-Crozier.—Fort. Rev.
The New Liberal Policy. Vicar of Bray.—Fort. Rev.
Presidential Possibilities. S. Brooks.—Fort. Rev.
Two Conspicuous Candidates for the Republican Nomination.—Munsey's.
At the Reform Club.—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
The Temperance Pretext.—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
Peers or Senators?—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
The Canadian Parliament.—Sat. Rev. (May 2).
The National Conventions and the Country. C. W. Camp.—Metropolitan.
The American Senate as a Second Chamber. A. Johnson.—Living Age (May 16).
The Break-up of American Parties.—Living Age (May 16).
Preparing to Nominate a President. H. L. Beach.—World To-day.
The Crisis Japan Faces.—Collier's (May 16).
What the Matter is in America and What to do About It. L. Steffens.—Everybody's.
India and Mr. Morlay's Reform Proposals. S. M. Davaiswami.—International.
The Awakening of the Masses.—International.
A Revolutionist on Regicide. Angelo Vaz. (Oporto).—International.

Poetry.

The Dance of the Seasons. H. Monroe.—Fort. Rev.
To My Imp. J. W. A.—Irish Monthly.
My Pain. R. M. G.—Irish Monthly.
Absence and Presence. A. Upton.—Pall Mall.
The Lost City. G. Cole.—Pall Mall.
My Garden's Neighbor. J. K. Lloyd.—Pall Mall.
After Sunset. W. Gibson.—Living Age (April 25).
Sailing Orders. A. D. Runyon.—People's.
Reflection. S. E. Baker.—People's.
Recognition. H. C. N.—Overland Monthly.
Affairs in Transition. J. A. Spender.—Cont. Rev.
California. D. Drake.—Sunset.
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An Old Song. A. Ketchum.—Smart Set.
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Ashes of Roses. A. L. Hughes.—Westward Ho.
I Wed Thee Dear. S. Abbott.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
Books and the Man. S. W. Mitchell.—Putnam's.
The Ship of Souls. W. H. Hillyer.—Home Mag.
The Mavis. Hugh Lawler.—Living Age (May 16).
The Ride of Phaethon. A. Noyes.—Living Age (May 16).
The Hidden Threshold. Chas. B. Going.—Everybody's.

Railroads and Transportation.

Safety in American Railway Transport. C. A. Howard.—Cassier's.
The New Winning of the West. Geo. C. Lawrence.—Appleton's.
Philippine Railroad Progress.—Overland Monthly.
Modern Wizards. H. Vanderhoof.—World To-day.

Religion.

Christianity in India. J. N. Farquhar.—Cont. Rev.
Modern Attacks on Christian Ethics. J. K. Mozley.—Living Age (May 9).
My Faith. H. A. Kelly.—Appleton's.
The Revision of the Vulgate. S. Cortesi.—Living Age (May 2).
Mrs. Eddy's Theory of the Universe and Man.—McClure's.
What Christian Science Claims. Rev. I. C. Tomlinson.—Metropolitan.
Religion via Greasepaint. H. M. Lyon.—Broadway.
The New Ideal of the Church. Rev. Charles Strong.—International.

Science and Invention.

Are There Men in Other Worlds? Dr. L. Robinson.—Living Age (May 2).
Remarkable Locomotives of 1907. J. F. Gairns.—Cassier's.
The Efficiency of Steam Turbines. F. A. Lart.—Cassier's.
Power Transmission by Chain. R. T. Flax.—Cassier's.
The Ether of Space. Sir Oliver Lodge.—Cont. Rev.
Can Science Abolish War? Col. F. N. Maude, C.B.—Living Age (May 16).
The New Theory of Light Pressure. W. Kaempfert.—Harper's.
Iconographic Researches of His Late Majesty King Carlos of Portugal.—Geographical Jnl.
Stereo-photo Surveying. F. V. Thompson.—Geographical Jnl.

Sports and Pastimes.

Village Cricket a Quarter of a Century Ago.—Chambers's Jnl.

The Past Rugby Football Season. E. H. D. Sewell.—Fort. Rev.
The Olympic Games of 1908. H. Ade.—Young Man.
Exploring a B. C. Glaefer. J. C. Harris.—Westward Ho.
A Lady's Experience of Elephant and Rhino Hunting. R. J. Cunninghame.—Badminton.
From Public School to Test Match. J. N. Crawford.—Badminton.
The Fitzwilliam Foxhounds. E. Holmes, Jr.—Badminton.
Is Bowling Deteriorating. Sir Home Gordon.—Badminton.
Rooks and Rook-shooting. "East Sussex."—Badminton.
Canoeing. F. M. Tompkinson.—Badminton.
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How to Pitch a Tent. A. R. Dugmore.—Country Life in Am.
A Fishing Camp on the Gunning River. L. Lewis.—Country Life in Am.
Camping Trips in Maine. W. G. Vermilye.—Country Life in Am.
Canadian Game Permits.—Canada (May 2).
A Record-Breaking Moose Hunt. Dr. W. L. Munro.—Rod and Gun.
An Unrehearsed Bear Hunt. T. Bagley.—Rod and Gun.
The Wayside Tavern and Shooting Match. E. B. Fraleck.—Rod and Gun.
Live Bait: How to Procure and Preserve It. A. T. Middleton.—Rod and Gun.
When Herring Runs in the Rideau. J. A. Moriarity.—Rod and Gun.
Babbling of Bass. C. H. Hooper.—Rod and Gun.
Fresh Fields in the Rockies. Mrs. E. Spragge.—Rod and Gun.
My Experience in Shotguns. G. B. Smith.—Rod and Gun.
If You are Thinking of Camping Out. M. C. Straith.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
Three Summer Camps for Little Money.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
The Low Price Motor Boat. H. W. Perry.—Suburban Life.
Vacation Camps and Cottages. W. F. Sleight.—Suburban Life.
How to Make a Camp Fire. W. S. Waterbury.—Suburban Life.
A Successful Co-operative Camp. H. P. Nourse.—Suburban Life.
Keeping Down the Tin Bill. H. L. Towle.—Suburban Life.
A Family Camp. Mary H. Northend.—Good Housekeeping.
Mountain Climbing as a Sport. G. D. Abraham.—World's Work.
In Partnership With Nature. D. Sloers.—Good Housekeeping.
The Vacation Camera. W. B. Thornton.—Good Housekeeping.

The Stage.

A Breathless Night With "The Follies." H. M. Walbrook.—Fall Mall.
Polly of the Circus.—Smith's.
The Royal Opera. Geo. Cecil.—Idler.

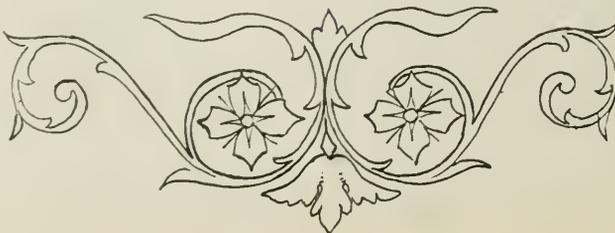
Travel and Description.

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 The Oldest of the Cinque Ports. E. F. Stock.—Idler.
 Marsh Court, Hampshire. T. R. Davison.—Idler.
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 Across Europe by Motor Boat. H. C. Rowland.—Appleton's.
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 Canada's Sunset City. Jas. Kerr.—Chambers's Jnl.
 Memories of London in the Forties. D. Masson.—Living Age (April 25).
 Life in Edmonton.—Canada (April 25).
 The Ruined Cities of Ceylon. Frank Burnett.—Westward Ho.
 The Golden West in the Farthest East. F. J. Koch.—Westward Ho.
 "Simon Fraser," Explorer. E. O. Schofield.—Westward Ho.
 See Canada First. J. S. Bell.—Westward Ho.
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 Baltimore, the Metropolis of the South. H. N. Casson.—Munsey's.
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 A Trip to the Wonderland of the Cascades. Chas. E. Cutter.—Country Life in Am.
 The Great American Abyss. Chas. F. Holder.—Country Life in Am.
 A Driving Trip in Ohio and Indiana. B. C. Harrington.—Country Life in Am.
 The Wonderful Years to be. R. Kipling.—Collier's (April 25).
 The Romance of the Great Lakes. J. O. Curwood.—Putnam's.
 A Foreign Tour At Home. H. Holt.—Putnam's
 My Voyage in the World's Greatest Airship. Hon. C. S. Rolls.—London.
 The City of Brilliant Night. S. Gould.—Broadway.
 The Old and New Salem. C. H. White.—Harper's.
 A Winter Among the Eskimos. V. Stefanson.—Harper's.
 Alaska and Its Wealth. W. W. Atwood.—World To-day.
 An Eddy in the Stream of Modern Life. C. R. Howland.—World To-day.

Berlin and Its Burghers. S. G. Blythe.—Everybody's.
 The Volcanoes of Guctemala. Dr. T. Anderson.—Geographical Jnl.
 Dr. Stein's Central Asian Expedition.—Geographical Jnl.
 Through Eastern Tibet and Kam. Capt. P. K. Kozloff.—Geographical Jnl.
 River and Loch.—Scottish Field.
 A Rannoch Forest: Dunalastair.—Scottish Field
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 Blackpool To-day. W. M. Bamford.—Scottish Field.
 Lochearnhead and District. C. J. H. Cassels.—Scottish Field.

Women and the Home.

Oxford as an Educational Centre for Women. L. V. Lambert.—Education.
 The Price Women Pay for Liberty. L. M. Saunders.—Appleton's.
 Mothers and Daughters. Anna O'Hagan.—Smith's.
 For the Girl Who Wants to be Pretty. F. Augustine.—Smith's.
 The Successful Mother.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
 The Six Great Moments in a Woman's Life. E. Calvin-Blake.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
 A Woman's Worst Emotion. L. H. Gulick, M. D.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
 How to Use Things Often Thrown Away. Mrs. S. T. Rorer.—Ladies Home Jnl.
 Pretty Girl Questions. Emma E. Walker, M.D.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
 Rice as the Chinese Prepare it. H. Copeland.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
 How to Care for Household Brooms. G. Rice.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
 Some Women of France. E. J. Putnam.—Putnam's.
 A Lady's Experience of Elephant and Rhino Hunting. R. J. Cunninghame.—Badminton.
 Hats and Moods. Mrs. E. Pritchard.—London.
 Honeymoons.—Woman's Home Comp.
 A Modern Charlotte Corday.—Woman's Home Comp.
 Problems of the Business Girl. A. S. Richardson.—Woman's Home Comp.
 Lavish Weddings of American Heiresses. M. K. Warwick.—Broadway.
 An Outdoor Linen Shower. Wm. E. Barton, D. D.—Good Housekeeping.
 On Going Visiting.—Good Housekeeping.
 Wives of the Pseudo-Rich.—Everybody's.



The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Best Selling Books.

The best selling books during the past month were :—

CANADA.

Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan
Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker
Three Weeks. By Elinor Glyn.
Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett
Barrier. By Rex Beach
Black Bag. By L. J. Vance

UNITED STATES.

Black Bag. By L. J. Vance.
The Barrier. By Rex Beach.
The Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
The Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow.
The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.

* * *

Some New Books Worth Reading.

The Night Riders. By Henry C. Wood.
Beau Brocade. By Baroness Orczy.
A Millionaire Girl. By Arthur W. Marchmont.
The Wingless Victory. By M. P. Willcocks.
The Lost Millionaire. By Lillian Campbell Davidson.
The Barrier. By Rex. E. Beach.
Exton Manor. By Archibald Marshall.
Craven Fortune. By F. M. White.

The Orphan. By Clarence E. Mulford.
Vayenne. By Percy James Brebner.
The Admiral Davis. By Ronald Legge.
Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. By W. J. Locke.
Three Weeks. By Elinor Glyn.
Her Faithful Knight. By W. Bourne Cooke.
Lillies of Eternal Peace. By Lillian Whiting.
The Disinherited. By George Wallace.
Our Rich Inheritance. By James Freeman Jenness.
The Light Eternal. By Peter Roseggar.
The Square Pegg. By W. E. Norris.
Told in the Hills. By Margh Ellis Ryan.
Go to It. By John Henry.
Pearl of Pearl Island. By John Oxenham.
The Profligate. By Arthur Hornblow.
The Four Fingers. By F. M. White.
Deep Moat Grange. By S. R. Crockett.
Trails and Tails in Cobalt. By W. H. P. Jarvis.
A Garden in Antrim. By Evg S. Molesworth.
Bemocked of Destiny. By Aeneas McCharles.
Gleaned from Life's Pathway. By M. C. Pritchard.
Go Forward. S. J. Rock.
The Chaperones. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
The Heart of a Child. By Frank Danby.
The Spanish Jade. By Maurice Hewlett.
Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Prima Donna. By F. Marlon Crawford.



BIRTHPLACE OF MISS LILY DOUGALL, MONTREAL.

Ivy Cottage, on the side of Montreal Mountain, built in 1846 by Mr. John Dougall, and the present home of Mr. John R. Dougall, editor of *The Montreal Witness*. Miss Dougall is well known as the authoress of several successful novels.

Improvements in Office Devices

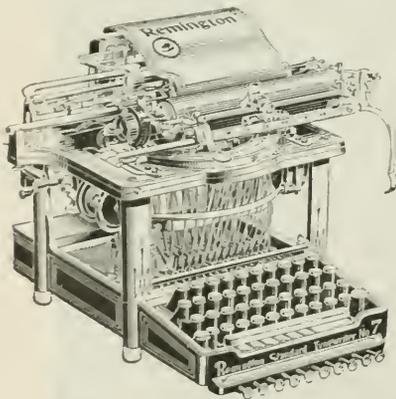
Won High Honor.

Miss Elise Scott, of the Business Systems Commercial School, Toronto, took part in the recent contest in typewriting in Philadelphia. She not only succeeded in winning a gold medal, but broke the record established last year by 580 words. She divided honors with Miss Rose L. Fritz, of New York, the champion lady typist of the world, and by her expert work brought distinction to Canada.

* * *

Book-keeping Typewriter.

A specially constructed bookkeeping typewriter with several exclusive features for rapid handling of up-to-date systems is now being installed in many offices by the Remington Typewriter Co., where economy of time, money, space, energy, and elimination of waste effort, are constantly being studied. The profitable conduct of accounting methods is as important these days as getting business. Daily entry systems, condensed charging (bill written and account charged in one operation, no waste space on the sales sheet) unit and order systems, as well as other multiple office forms are most easily and speedily handled on this new machine. Its special features are end and side guides, assuring absolute accuracy for the paper feed with positive registry of the printing. The annular scale is in itself a marvel



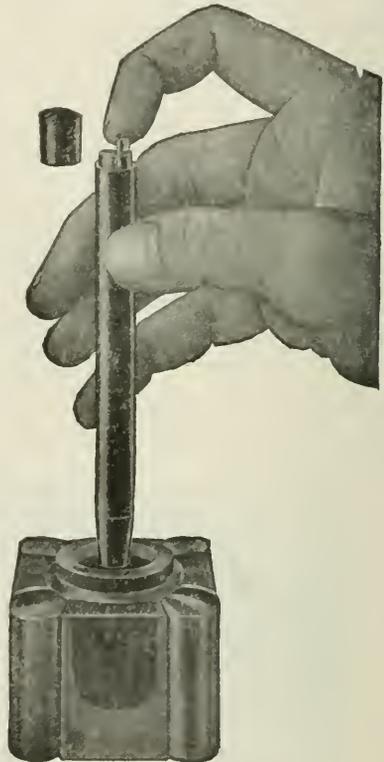
of convenience for many uses. Its variable line cylinder or platen insures double the wear over any other form of printing surface. Equipped with Gorin tabulator and two-color ribbon at-

tachment, this new product covers the entire field of mechanical bookkeeping.

* * *

Self-filling Pen.

Self filling fountain pens are now a success. They have long passed beyond the experimental



stage. The Dr. Faber Self-Filling Pen Co., of Toledo, Ohio, have perfected a self-filling, self-cleaning pen that has been severely tested and found satisfactory on every point. The pen is easy to stick. The lever is pressed and then the pen is stuck in the ink well up to the holder. The lever is next released and the reservoir is filled. The feed is by capillary attraction. The ink is contained in a reservoir or seamless sack, and does not come in contact with the joints. The pen cannot blot because of its perfected feed bar. Dr. Faber has patented the self-filler, which writes perfectly with any good ink. The feed is always plentiful without being too plentiful, and the appearance of the whole is as sightly as the pen is serviceable.

What Men of Note Are Saying

What Games Teach Us.

MR. EUSTACE MILES, former amateur champion court tennis player of Great Britain, says:

I cannot for a moment pose as one who has taken full advantage of the excellent teaching of games. I can only claim that, had I not played games so much, I should have been still more deficient in many qualities than I am at present.

The same applies to the training of the intelligence and reason, though here I feel I owe more to games than I do in the moral sphere, where I seem to owe more to commonsense physical culture.

It was my faulty method of playing racquets and other games, than my vain attempts to improve by sheer, unthinking practice; then my realization of the plan of mastering a whole, not as a whole, but part by part, process by process, after analyzing the whole, that first put me in the way of what I have found to be the most valuable law of learning and practice—a law applicable alike to the learning of history, of science, of article writing and many other subjects, within my personal experience.

Then there is the habit of rapid adaptation to new conditions and emergencies; nowhere is this habit so quickly developed as in games, if the thinking mind be brought to bear on them.

Next, there is the teaching as to co-operation, division of labor, captaincy and other matters so essential to business success.

In fact, games seem to be the natural training ground for actual life; the best and simplest training ground not only for animals and children, but also—and scarcely in any less degree—for adults.

Where else can we see so clearly how to bear and use defeat, and, what is far harder, how to bear and use victory?

The pity is that such nonsense is talked about games by those in authority. Give a dog a bad name and hang it. Call games mere muscle development and recreation, or mere frivolity, and at once you strike a severe blow at their chances of helping individuals, groups, nations and humanity; at once you, if you are a reformer or a philanthropist, cut off your own best ally. For instance, what better aid to religion is there than the teaching of fair play? What better aid to socialism than the class levelling and other effects of games?

The pity is that more people have not reflected, and then said or written what they

owe to games. Had they done so, we should have many millions more individuals playing the best games and we should have the best games adapted (as football, baseball and cricket are not at present) to city life and moderate purses, so that others could owe to games as much or even more.

* * *

Calls St. Patrick a Baptist.

Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D.D., pastor of Calvary Baptist church, New York City, has shattered all popular beliefs regarding the life and religion of St. Patrick. Dr. MacArthur is an eminent clergyman and a widely known author. He is a Canadian by birth, Dalesville, Argenteuil county, Quebec, being his natal spot. In a recent address before the Current Events class of Calvary church, New York, he cited several authorities for his conclusions that St. Patrick was not an Irishman of French descent or a Roman Catholic; he was born in Scotland, and as far as the ceremony of baptism was concerned, believed as the Baptists of to-day.

From contemporary writings and also from statements in the confessions of St. Patrick, Dr. MacArthur said that he was fully justified in asserting that the saint was born at Bonavem Taberniae, in Scotland, within thirteen miles of Glasgow.

From the fact that nowhere in the writings of St. Patrick is reference made to the authority of the Pope, Dr. MacArthur based his conclusions that Ireland's patron saint was not a Catholic. He told of the thousands of converts made by the preaching of the great saint and how the baptisms were made by walking into pools or other large bodies of water.

* * *

Imprisonment Conducive to Long Life.

Dr. William A. Evans, Commissioner of Health of Chicago, has discovered that penitentiaries are more conducive to longevity than is the average home. Dr. Evans' conclusion is based on his study of the reports and mortality tables of the penitentiaries at Joliet and Michigan City. Dr. Evans discovered that the death rate in Joliet was 7.73 per thousand for one year, as against 11.22 per thousand for the same time among persons of corresponding ages in Chicago.

"A man between twenty and sixty years of age living in Chicago," says Dr. Evans, "will improve his chances of living 34.6 per cent—

1122 compared with 7.73—by going to prison at Joliet.

"Prison control of the average inmate of Joliet gives him a better chance for his life than does the individual control of the average Chicago citizen."

Why is the death rate in Joliet so much lower than the death rate in Chicago?

The answer is so simple that it is likely to astonish the inquirers. The men committed to prison live longer because they do not overeat. Their food is given to them in regular quantities at regular times, and they are not given too much. That is the secret of the Joliet death rate.

Three-fourths of the population of Chicago overeat. This theory, advanced by the celebrated Chicago rectal specialist, Dr. John Maxwell Auld, some time ago, has been proved by the comparison of these mortality statistics. Dr. Auld insisted that too much food was the great evil that beset Chicago. Too much drink caused few deaths as compared with the evil of overeating.

* * *

A Big Thing for Trade.

"President Roosevelt has done the manufacturing interests of the United States a great service by sending the fleet around South America."

This is the statement made by John H. Moss, of the Rockwell Manufacturing Company and head of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, Milwaukee.

"In the reception given to our officers trade interests have been spoken of repeatedly," continued Mr. Moss, "and the old saying that 'commerce follows the flag' is proved by the large number of inquiries our own and other Milwaukee plants are receiving for goods as a result of the showing made by the fleet."

* * *

Press Causes Trouble.

"There is no trouble between China and Japan: it is all in American newspapers. They write, write, write all the time and tell of trouble when there is no trouble," said Minister Wu Ting Fang on his arrival in Omaha en route to Washington.

"The Chinese door is open to the world. The open door is no myth in China.

"There is, of course, some local friction between the Chinese and Japanese, owing to the evacuation of Manchuria by the Japanese and the taking possession of that country by the Chinese. The Chinese Viceroy ruling in Manchuria probably has found it necessary to refer certain matters to the Chinese Foreign Office for arrangements with the Japanese. But because of the local differences between two people there is no reason for trouble between two nations.

"Also, there is a little friction, locally only, in the disposition of an island lying between Corea and China. Japan is settling the affairs of Corea and claims that island. China also

claims the island. The matter is being settled, but is still in dispute. But there will be no trouble between the two countries. Their interests lie too closely together to admit of any war between the two nations.

"It's all because the American newspapers write, write, write all the time and must have something to say."

* * *

A Severe Blow at Early Rising.

Two severe blows have been struck at the proverbs "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," and "It's the early bird that catches the worm." Dr. Savary told the members of the French Academy the other day that early rising, instead of rendering a man healthy, wealthy and wise was far more likely to drive him insane. This opinion has received support from Dr. Forbes Ross, a noted physician, of London, England.

According to the latter early rising makes for mental inefficiency. If we were allowed to go to sleep and to wake when we liked, nerve illness and half the ailments in the world would be abolished.

"Ninety per cent. of the early risers end by suffering from insomnia. And many of them get the habit because they cannot sleep. They are like the fox in the fable—they want everybody else to follow their pernicious example."

Finally Dr. Forbes Ross declares that a man who wakes up of his own accord will do double the work of the man who forces himself to rise early. The thick-headed, sleepy clerk is the man who gets to the office first in the morning. He is not worth his wages. The brightest man is the man who is late, because he has overslept.

It is only a ploughman or a yokel who has no brain work to do that can rise early with impunity. But, then, it is pointed out, he goes to bed at eight in the evening.

"People must have a healthy heart to rise early," says Dr. Forbes Ross. "Many a person with a weak heart has jumped up, awakening early, and fallen back dead.

"Few brain workers of any value get up early. One or two novelists boast that their best work is done in the early hours of the morning—but, then, they don't say how they rest for the remainder of the day.

"If a man wakes up and remains awake for some time he should then get up. But if he is awakened before his sleep is exhausted the tendency is to go to sleep again. And this shows that forced early rising is wrong."

* * *

The Seed Well Planted.

At a recent gathering Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons, said:

"The prophecy of the late Dr. Douglas that the child was then born who would place its hand on the head of a child that would see

WHAT MEN OF NOTE ARE SAYING

seventy-five million people in British North America, will be abundantly fulfilled.

The seed is planted, and the flower
Shall flourish, as the human will
For good or evil rules the hour.

"Let us see to it that the seed planted amid the toil and suffering incident to the days of the pioneers is well nourished by us whose rich heritage was created by the sacrifices of the past."

* * *

Benefits of Optimism.

"The Optimist Club of America" was recently organized at Salt Lake City, with Charles A. Quigley, general manager of the Studebaker Company, Salt Lake City, as its president. Mr. Quigley says some of the mottoes of the club are:

"Shake hands as if you meant it and smile."
"Nobody can compute the value of a smile."
"The greatest smiler is the greatest healer."
"Smile and the world smiles with you."
"A smile is God's own medicine."

The philosophy of the club is expressed in little sentences like these:

"There are more people dying each day for the lack of a kind word, a pat on the back and a little encouragement than from disease."

"The man who never makes mistakes never makes anything else."

"When in doubt take optimism."

"Clearing house certificates and tight financial conditions have afforded people who never had a dollar an excuse for hard luck stories more than anything that has happened since the civil war."

"Let optimism destroy the last hope of the pessimist and perfect confidence will again prevail, with peace and plenty for all."

* * *

Anger Hard on the Brain.

Maurice de Fleury, a distinguished Frenchman, has just written a short scientific treatise in which he advances the interesting theory that every time we become angry our vitality shrinks so much in proportion to every outburst. After even the most artfully suppressed signs of bad temper, according to the London Evening News, our vitality becomes smaller and smaller until finally nothing is left.

The moral of this French doctor's treatise, of course, is that we should never allow ourselves to become angry if we value our health and life.

Anger is a certain kind of cerebral excitement, explains Dr. Fleury. The hypersthenic subject is always on its verge, while the neurosthenic becomes infuriated only by a sudden bound of reaction excited from without. But at the moment when they are let loose the two are alike, save that the strong man is a blinder brute, while the weak man is somewhat of an actor and seems to aim at effect.

"The more we reflect on it," says Dr. Fleury, "the more we are led to think that the brain of man is at all points to be compared to a

delicate and complex machine, which is fed with sensations and gives back muscular contractions, gestures and written or spoken language. Like every machine, it furnishes what is called in mechanics 'work.'

"Now, the immense work performed by the brain during the anger crisis is so much work lost, worse than lost, harmful; apart from the evil it may do to its object, who may be killed by it, it is harmful to the person who gets into the rage. We are degraded by anger; not only does it humiliate us in the eyes of others, but it leaves us dejected and exhausted.

"I acknowledge that this idea would be humiliating if it were not scientifically exact and practically very moral. In fact, it teaches us that in order to moderate the vain and lamentable paroxysms of anger or to bring them to an end, we must replace them by regular, moderate and useful work."

* * *

Forty-storey Buildings Are Too Tall.

Limiting the height of skyscrapers in New York city was the theme of speakers at a public hearing before a committee of the Building Code Revision Commission. All the speakers contended that a continuance of buildings thirty and forty storeys in height will ultimately make it possible for a congestion in the streets down town which is not imagined at the present time.

Ernest Flagg, architect of the Singer building, and several other prominent buildings, advocated a decided reduction in height from his recent undertaking. He recommended that this general height ought not to be more than once and a half the width of the street, and in no case more than one hundred feet.

George W. Babb, president of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, in expressing the views of the board, condemned so-called fire-proof buildings.

"No building is fireproof," he said, "against the possibility of combustion. Fill a building with inflammable and combustible material and the heat of its burning will bring the building to the ground. There is a possibility that if fire started in one of these high buildings it would develop into a conflagration before the fire department could gain control."

* * *

Too Many Swear Words.

During the recent Lenten addresses in St. James Cathedral, Toronto, the rector, Rev. Canon Welch, severely rebuked perjury and profanity.

"It is a well-known fact," he said, "and one of most disquieting significance, that perjury, in the strictest sense of the word, is extremely common.

"Lawyers say that in certain classes of cases they have to take into account the probability, if not the practical certainty, that a proportion of witnesses will perjure themselves in spite of the heavy penalties attached to the offence."

Canon Welch rebuked severely the terrible lack

of truthfulness found at the present time in every-day life, and attributed it to the "disease of insincerity."

Lies can never be called "white" under any circumstances, he said, and one of the thoroughly bad features of modern life is the careless disregard of the exact truth, the habit of reckless statement and unthinking exaggeration which is so common among us.

One of the chief needs of the present age is a finer sense of honor, a nice and delicate feeling of what is due to oneself, one's neighbor, and to God.

* * *

The Age in Which We Live.

Referring to the subject of Decadence, Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the eminent British statesman, in an address, said that he did not himself believe that this age was either less spiritual or more sordid than its predecessors. He believed, indeed, precisely the reverse. But, however this might be, was it not plain that if society was to be moved by the remote speculations of isolated thinkers, it could only be on condition that their isolation was not complete? Philosophy had never touched the mass of men except through religion. And though the parallel was not complete, it was safe to say that science would never touch them unaided by its practical applications. Its wonders might be catalogued for purposes of education, they might be illustrated by arresting experiments, by numbers and magnitudes which startled and fatigued the imagination; but they would form no familiar portion of the intellectual furniture of ordinary men unless they were connected, however remotely, with the conduct of ordinary life. There was another, and an opposite, danger in which it was possible to fall. The material world, howsoever it might have gained in sublimity, had under the

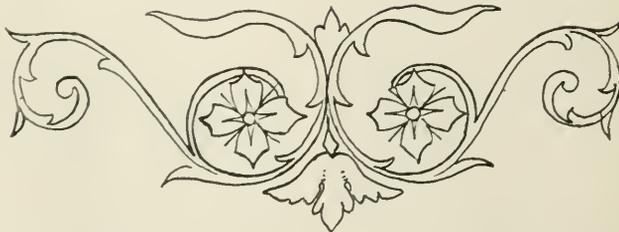
touch of science lost in domestic charm. For this mood only religion or religious philosophy could supply a cure. But for the former the appropriate remedy was the perpetual stimulus which the influence of science on the business of mankind offered to their sluggish curiosity. If in the last hundred years the whole material setting of civilized life had altered, they owed it neither to politicians nor to political institutions. They owed it to the combined efforts of those who had advanced science and those who had applied it. If their outlook upon the universe had suffered modifications in detail so great and so numerous that they amounted collectively to a revolution, it was to men of science we owed it, not to theologians or philosophers.

* * *

Believes in Boys' Clubs.

Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of Fall River, Mass., has just presented the boys of that city with a \$150,000 building, splendidly equipped, and, at the opening exercises a few weeks ago Judge Lindsay said:

"What has most impressed me about it is the spirit of freedom, almost proprietorship, of the boys themselves. To them it is 'de club,' their club. Around it there hangs no air of patronage, or of charity. Its helpfulness is unobtrusive, perhaps unsuspected. Indeed, it is not a charity in any fair sense of the word, because the boys pay as large a proportion of the running expenses of the club as the college boys do of the running expenses of the colleges. Its competitors are, as Mr. Chew says, not the churches nor the schools, but the streets and the saloons. And its greatest achievement is, to my thinking, that the boys and men come here as freely and unconsciously as they go there, and because they prefer the club."





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Science and Invention

Progressive Farming Methods.

ALTHOUGH a certain class of farmers are rather conservative and inclined to use the methods their fathers employed, there are a great number filled with the progressive spirit of the age. Tread mills have had their place and horse-power machines have followed. Windmills still find a place, but some farmers have adopted other methods for pumping water, cutting fodder, sawing wood, etc. The gasoline and oil motor is fast finding a place on the farm and sometimes in conjunction with the windmill. Churning is now done by the gasoline or oil engine and up-to-date creameries have instalments of these motive powers.

In the western wheat lands, gang plows are seen drawn by traction engines, using oil and gasoline fuels, and on account of the bad alkaline water in parts of the west, causing foaming or frothing in steam boilers, this class of engine will no doubt be generally used in some sections. The gasoline and oil engine is also adaptable for threshing, though the straw fuel used under steam boilers, makes the steam power cheap. However, if water must be drawn some distance this is counterbalanced by the cost of water haulage.

While a horse can be used for purposes that a gasoline or oil motor cannot be used, it is found to be a very profitable asset on the farm and these engines have been brought up to such perfection that they are found very reliable. They are portable and can be changed easily from one place to another. They can be installed in the barn to cut the fodder; in the yard to saw the wood and can be used for threshing, churning, running the fan to clean seed grains, etc. In some parts of Europe the automobile is used on the farm for plowing and freighting, and as this motive power becomes more widely known, isolated users of power will find it a profitable investment.

* * *

New Electric Smelting Furnace.

A new type of electric furnace, the invention of Prof. Dorsey Lyon, of Stanford University, has been installed under the direction of the inventor, at the Heroult smelter, on Pitt river, two miles from Redding, Shasta county, California. It is now in operation smelting iron ore and is said to be entirely satisfactory, the production being 2,400 pounds of pig iron every twenty-four hours without the addition of a single pound of fuel.

The furnace is called the Lyon, after the inventor, and differs from the Heroult furnace first installed there. It is operated by a single phase current. The furnace now in operation is a smaller one, being constructed on experimental lines, but much larger ones will be built, if this working test, which is to continue for a few weeks, proves as satisfactory as the first results lead the operators to expect. A thorough test will show whether the Heroult or Lyon furnace is the more profitable.

* * *

Clock Made of Straw.

An extraordinary addition has been made to the exhibition of inventions now being held in Berlin. A shoemaker named Wegner, living in Strasburg, has sent in a clock of the grandfather shape, nearly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The wheels, pointers, case and every detail are exclusively of straw. Wegner has taken fifteen years to construct this strange piece of mechanism. It keeps perfect time, but under the most favorable circumstances cannot last longer than two years.

* * *

Ships of Concrete.

In Italy it is proposed to use reinforced concrete for the armor of war vessels, and though, so far, conclusive tests have not been completed concerning the resisting power of this material to shot and shell, it has been successfully applied to the construction of smaller craft. Several barges and pontoons constructed of reinforced concrete are now in use in Italy. The success of this material in structural purposes points to success in adapting it to other work and when the method of making the molds and the workmanship has been improved there is little doubt of this enterprise of building the hulls of vessels with reinforced concrete being a great success.

* * *

New Chloroform Indicator.

The greatest harm from chloroform anaesthesia occurs owing to the gasping of the patient. Dr. Augustus D. Waller, of London University, has invented an apparatus by which the operator always knows the exact percentage of chloroform inhaled and which percentage may be varied at will.

The apparatus consists of a glass case containing a pair of scales in which is a closed glass



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bulb full of air, counterpoised against a weight. A mixture of chloroform and air is drawn into the glass case of the scales and then passes on to the patient, the mixed gases being carried through as they are required. As the drug in the gaseous form is heavier than air the bulb which was originally accurately counterpoised, rises proportionately to the relative percentage of chloroform in the air, and the index of the scales thus gives a means of estimating the quantity of chloroform in the air inside the case of the scales and of reading it off in percentages of chloroform gas on the scale on which the index moves.

* * *

Alcohol From Natural Gas.

A new process of converting natural gas into alcohol has been invented by Dr. Henry Spencer Blackmore, Washington, D.C. The gas contains on an average of 96 per cent. methane, and is converted into alcohol by the action of limited portions of oxygen or air in the presence of a heat-absorbing fluid, such as steam, which prevents complete combustion and maintains the temperature below the decomposing point of alcohol, the oxidation being induced and maintained by passing the gaseous ingredients through an electrically heated gauze.

By subjecting natural gas to a limited or restrained oxidation or combustion in this manner, it is converted directly into alcohols and dehydrogenated alcohols known as aldehydes, the aldehyde of methane alcohol (wood alcohol) being known as formaldehyde. The product, therefore, is a mixture methyl alcohol, containing a small portion of formaldehyde, which can be readily separated. If the combustion is properly regulated and controlled, 5,000 feet of natural gas will produce approximately 50 gallons of alcohol, and as natural gas can be readily obtained in unlimited quantities at from 5 to 10 cents per thousand feet, it follows that the cost of 50 gallons of alcohol produced in this manner would only be 25 to 50 cents for raw material.

A plant demonstrating the commercial value of this process will shortly be erected in western Pennsylvania, probably at Bradford.

* * *

Stamp Licking Machine.

Stamp-licking is to be abolished by a new invention—a machine which places the stamp on the letter without any human aid beyond the pressing of a lever. The machine is unbreakable, so it can be left in the street all night—which means that it will be never too late to get a stamp. The stamp-licker which will probably be in general use in October, is included in a species of cupboard. Altogether it looks very similar to an automatic machine. The envelope is put into a little slot. One, two, or three pennies, according to the number of stamps required, are placed in slots, and a lever is pressed down. The envelope is withdrawn—and there are the stamps upon it. The changing of

a finger on a dial will cause stamps of any value required to be stuck on the envelope. No base or foreign coins are accepted by the machine. All coins are weighed on a balance in the interior, and if they are found wanting back they come through another slot.

* * *

Making Rare Stones.

Few of the fast Americans who visit the gorgeous jewellery shops in the Rue de la Paris know that many of the precious stones that glitter about them so attractively come neither from Asia nor Africa, but from the outskirts of Paris. There is at present in Paris a small syndicate comprised of five members, engaged solely in the manufacture of rubies, laboratory-made, are among the most beautiful on the market to-day.

Sapphires of remarkable beauty are also now being made by the pound. So far there is only one manufacturer engaged in the sapphire business, and he is a scientist of such surprising genius that his monopoly on this part of the trade will probably continue for a number of years. Both sapphires and rubies are of a kind that a princess could wear. Their difference from stones made by nature is such that an expert gem merchant or chemist could only discover it.

* * *

Measurement of High Temperature.

Wedgwood, the famous potter, was the first to point out the necessity of knowing temperature in industrial work. In 1782 he made a pyroscope which depended on the permanent contraction in clay. It was not very accurate, however, as the contraction varies with the quality of the clay. The celebrated Sevres potters in 1882 employed fusible clay to determine the temperature necessary for their work. This method was perfected in 1886 by Seger, who constructed a series of slender triangular fire-clay pyramids with fusing points ranging from 1,080 degrees to 3,240 degrees Fahrenheit. When the series is placed in a furnace whose temperature is gradually raised, one after another will bend over as its range of plasticity is reached. These pyramids, however, afford no indication when the temperature is falling.

The thermo-electric properties of metals were first shown in 1820 by Seebeck. In 1830 Becquerel applied this to the measurement of temperature. Various pyrometers have been devised using this principle and are now employed in industrial work. The Le Chatelier and Bristol pyrometers use the thermo-electric properties of metals. In 1871 Siemens introduced the electric resistance method of measurement, and this was perfected and made practical by Callendar in 1887. These are used extensively in England and are accurate up to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

For very high temperatures above the melting points of the metals, such as are used in electric furnaces and many metallurgical processes, the optical pyrometer is widely used. Two types used are the Wanner

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JOSEPH BUZAGLO, Family Courier, Gibraltar

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pyrometer, based on color estimation, and the Ferry radiation pyrometer, based on measuring the intensity of heat radiation. The Morse optical pyrometer is another type depending on comparing the intensity of illumination of an incandescent lamp filament with the light emitted from a small orifice in the furnace.

The melting point of iron such as used in grey iron castings is 2,228 degrees Fahrenheit, and mild steel is 2,687 degrees. In gold melting the temperature of the standard alloy ready for pouring into molds is 2,156 degrees. Silver is not so high, being 1,796 degrees F. The different temperatures are now measured with great accuracy by these modern methods.

* * *

Great Engineering Work.

An important piece of work is being done on the C.P.R. from a point near Hector, on the summit of the Canadian Rockies, to Field, a distance of four miles on the Kicking Horse river. The distance by rail is being increased to eight, but the grade will then be reduced from 4.4 to 2.2 per cent.

The importance of this work is that it includes two spiral tunnels, one 3,200 feet, and the other 2,800 feet, in length, located on opposite sides of the Kicking Horse river. One of the tunnels is under Cathedral Peak, and the second is beneath Mount Wampa, both tunnels being cut through silicious limestone. No work such as this will be when completed has ever been completed in this country. The tracks in both tunnels will turn directly around on a ten degree curve. There are three similar spiral tunnels in Europe. These are on the Swiss side of the famous Simplon Pass under the Alps between Switzerland and Italy.

The tunnels at Kicking Horse pass will be 17 feet wide and 25 feet high. The tunnels will be in service by the end of 1908, and at the present time 500 men are employed, and two large air-compressor plants have been installed to complete the work as soon as possible. The scenery from this point, Hector to Field, is probably the finest in the world, and the construction of these tunnels is a great engineering feat, which is arousing the interest of the engineers in United States and Canada.

* * *

Earthquakes.

The physical changes caused by earthquakes give one an idea of the stupendous power of the subterranean forces. Mountains have been obliterated, new islands have been made in a night and others destroyed in the same short space of time, and in some cases long stretches of coast line have been wiped out.

In September, 1759, on the lofty tableland about 150 miles southwest of the city of Mexico, a piece of land four miles square in area was suddenly raised 550 feet, and numerous cones appeared, one of them, the volcano of Jorullo, being nearly 17,000 feet high. Java in 1772 suffered in the opposite way, for a tract of coun-

try fifteen miles long by six miles broad, was swallowed up entirely, a mountain 9,000 feet high being reduced to 5,000 feet in the process.

* * *

Cotton Plants in the North.

Among the many wild flowers seen in the Arctic regions is the cotton plant. Miners say that where this plant appears, ice is not far distant. During the months of July and August one can walk for miles through fields of cotton plants in flower, the white silky tops waving in the Arctic breezes. No industrial use has yet been made of this, except where they are gathered to fill pillows. Other flowers which may be seen in the summer months in the Arctic are the purple larkspur, blue-bells, monk's-hood, primroses, asters, lilies-of-the-valley, and pink or white geranium. This geranium is found only in the Arctic regions.

* * *

Vaccines Through Mouth.

Dr. Latham, of St. George's hospital, read a preliminary paper before the Royal Society of Medicine in London, tending to show that satisfactory immunization against tuberculosis could be obtained by administering vaccines through the mouth, instead of injecting them into the blood. He described cases in which he cured glandular tuberculosis and markedly improved pulmonary tuberculosis. Dr. Latham's system is based on the original recommendation of Prof. Koch, modified by Prof. Wright's work on the opsonic index.

* * *

Poisoned By Work.

Science is a wonderful thing, especially medical science, which, among its many other achievements, is always discovering some new thing about which people can worry. One of its latest advancements in this direction is the discovery that physical fatigue is due to a poison produced in the system by muscular action. The man who has found all this out is a learned professor by the name of Weichardt, and the name he gives to this fatigue-toxin is a long German word whose very appearance is enough to make one tired. The result of his researches should certainly entitle him to a high place in that universal brotherhood that scoffing people who work have designated as the "sons of rest."

* * *

A Walk of Teeth.

A walk of teeth is to be built around the novel new home of Dr. John Kinsel, in Bellwood, Pa. The doctor has been saving up the ache-producers he has extracted for the past twenty years, and he has a big stock of them on hand at the present time. He never knew exactly what he would do with them until he decided to build a "round house" for a dwelling. Then he concluded to use the teeth in the walk.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XVI

JULY 1908

No 3



The German in Canada

Wherever he is Found he is Industrious, Thrifty, Enterprising and Economical—
Characteristics of the Men who Have Won Distinction in Various Lines of Endeavor—
—The Part These Settlers are Playing in the Prosperity and Progress of the Dominion.

By H. H. Miller, M.P.

"I do not ask the Immigrants from our parent isles to forget the dear land of their birth across the ocean—far from it. The man that has ceased to love his native soil will never be true to his adopted country. But I do call upon them to merge all distinctions under the sweet and honored name of Canadian, representing, as it does, the land of their adoption—the home of their choice—and with many of us, the birth-place of those that are nearest and dearest round our own firesides, and probably the last resting place of their and our bones."
REV. DR. McCAUL.

IN these days when our politicians are discussing the all important matter of immigration and the great question so vitally affecting the foundation work of our Canadian nationality is being seriously considered by our people generally, are not some of us inclined to too hastily and thoughtlessly take it for granted that the whole work of our country's upbuilding to date has been done by those of English, Scotch, Irish or French birth or descent? As an evidence that such is not altogether the fact I beg to call attention to the splendid work that German-Canadians have done and are doing for Canada.

When I speak of the German settler in Canada, I speak of him as I have met him and known him in my own Province of Ontario. I know that the German settler in

Canada has not played the very important part in the discovery of the country and in the laying of the foundations of the country that has been played by our French-Canadian friends; yet I do contend that the German settler in Canada has taken, is taking and is likely to take a much greater part in the development and progress of Canada than most of our Canadian people who have not come into immediate contact with him have any idea of. The earliest settlement of German people in the Province of Ontario was, I think, in the Niagara Peninsula, and there are to-day considerable settlements of German people in the Counties of Norfolk, Lincoln and Essex. But the German settlements that have thrived most and that seem to have taken the deepest root in Ontario are the settlements originally formed in the County of Waterloo and that have extended into the neighboring counties. In the year 1800 two Germans named Joseph Sherk and Samuel Betzner, came to the present County of Waterloo and settled near the present Village of Doon on the Grand River. They were the first

German settlers, and the first permanent white settlers in the County of Waterloo. In the following year, 1801, they were followed by a number of other German families—Bechtels, Kinseys, Rosenburgers, Biehns and other families of German names and German nationality. These people

days there were no railways, but by horses and wagons, coming over the Alleghany Mountains, through swamps and forests, over roads that were bad, and through much country where there were no roads at all. The ingenuity of the German, the manner in which he adapts himself to his



PAUL VON SZELISKI.
A Prominent Toronto Insurance Expert and Broker.

came from the State of Pennsylvania to what is now the Township of Waterloo. The distance from that part of the State of Pennsylvania in which they had their homes to the County of Waterloo was about five hundred miles, which they traveled, not by railway train, for in those

circumstances, may be shown by one little instance, that of Joseph Sherk, to whom I have already referred. The first table used in the County of Waterloo was in the house of Mr. Sherk. It consisted of a pine stump some five feet in diameter, around which this German pioneer built his first



L. J. BREITHAUPT

Head of the Breithaupt Leather Co. and a public spirited citizen of Berlin.



FRED CLARE

Of Clare Bros. & Co., Preston, Ont., manufacturers of Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.



ALPHONSE B. KLEIN

An ardent German-Canadian and County Court Judge of Bruce.



A. BAUMGARTEN

President of St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. and one of Montreal's foremost citizens.



DANIEL KNECHTEL

President of the Knechtel Furniture Co. of Hanover, Ont., and a most progressive German-Canadian.

rude settler's cabin. The Township of Wilmot, in the County of Waterloo, was settled by a society of non-conformists under the leadership of one Christian Naffsiger, who was a Hollander. He left his home in Amsterdam and went to New Orleans. From New Orleans he journeyed northward to Lancaster County, in the State of Pennsylvania. Acting on information and advice given by German friends in Pennsylvania he made his way northwestwardly to the Township of Waterloo, to the little German settlement there. Looking about for a tract of land on which to settle German friends he

intended to bring to the country, he arranged with the then local Government to obtain on easy terms what is now the Township of Wilmot. Having concluded his bargain with the local Government he went to Britain where he interviewed King George IV., and by the British Government the bargain he made with the local Government was confirmed. That was in 1822. The Township of Woolwich, in the County of Waterloo, was settled in the first place by German people about the year 1810, and German pioneers settled in the Township of Wellesley, in Waterloo County in 1832.

THE GERMAN IN CANADA

These fertile tracts in Waterloo County, in those early days settled by German people are occupied by German people to-day, and there is no tract of agricultural land more productive, no matter where it is, within the bounds of Canada, than those German townships of Waterloo County, and no people engaged in agricultural pursuits in Canada that man for man are possessed of greater wealth or have met with greater success than the German people who occupy and cultivate them. The German settlements in Waterloo County extended in later years to the adjoining counties, so that we now have very considerable German settlements in the Counties of Perth, Wellington, Huron, Oxford, Bruce and Grey, and there are no men in the Dominion of Canada who have made better settlers than these German people, whose names are rarely found on the lists of our courts and are seldom or never seen in any of our police records. The German as we find him in Canada is naturally a religious man, and the German citizens of Canada are probably the most faithful church attendants of any of our Canadian citizens. In Germany the people were for the most part members of either the



CARD ZEIDLER.

A Leading Commission Merchant, Exporter and Importer, Toronto.



J. F. EBY

Of Eby-Blain Limited, One of Canada's Leading Wholesale Grocers.

Roman Catholic or the Lutheran Church; but in Canada we have German people belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, the Lutheran Church, the Evangelical Association, whose people are commonly known as German Methodists, the Baptist Church, the Mennonite Church and some to the Presbyterian Church. The German is a man of domestic habits, fond of his home and of his home life; and while the German families are not usually so large as those of our French-Canadian friends, yet the head of a German household usually rules over a nest in which there are many younglings, to be clothed and fed. The German people whatever may be their position in life, whatever may be their possessions or their financial standing, teach their children that honest toil, whether of muscle or brain, is no disgrace. The German people are brought up to work, and they all work, and are characteristically industrious. It is supposed by a great many people who do not know them so well as I do that the German, as we have him in Canada, is addicted to the excessive use of strong drink. This is an erroneous idea; in fact, the very reverse is the case.



H.G. Laubner

Member for North Waterloo in the Ontario Legislature and a leading physician of Berlin.

He is usually a sober man. Perhaps a very small percentage of the German population would be in favor of a prohibitory liquor law; not a very large percentage of them may be classed as total abstainers; many of them drink moderately of their liquors of lighter brew; yet they are a sober people, and the German communities in Canada will be found to contain a much smaller number of men who are addicted to the immoderate use of strong drink than will be found in a community of Irish-Can-

adians of Scotch-Canadians, or English-Canadians.

While it would not be correct to say that the German in Canada is the best farmer we have, I may correctly and truthfully say that we have no better farmers in Canada than the Germans. One characteristic of the German farmer is that he will not settle upon poor soil. He may settle upon a farm that is out of order, that will require a great deal of labor to make it a comfortable home, but he will see to it that he will settle

THE GERMAN IN CANADA

on a soil that by his own hard work he can convert into a good, productive farm. The German will prefer to settle on a piece of good land and struggle to pay off a large mortgage to taking a piece of poor and unproductive land without the debt. As I have said, the German, whether upon a farm or wherever else he may be found, is industrious, thrifty and economical and usually succeeds.

But if our German-Canadian succeeds as a farmer he succeeds in no less degree as a manufacturer. It seems to me that the German is naturally a man of mechanical ingenuity, that he is naturally a mechanic and, therefore, in that tract of Ontario through which more than a century ago the German pioneers either followed or created a blazed trail to guide them in their way

through the Canadian forest, they now have large, busy, thriving, manufacturing centres. The chief of these German manufacturing centres in Ontario is the busy Town of Berlin in the County of Waterloo. A directory published in 1846 described Berlin as being a village of 400 people, principally Germans. Now the Town of Berlin, in place of a population of 400, has a population of 12,000 people; but as they were in 1846 so they are in 1908, principally Germans. In that busy German town that today prefers to be the largest town rather than the smallest and youngest city in Canada, you will find a greater variety of manufacturing industries than in any other town of similar size in Canada. They manufacture everything from a button to a piano, a traction engine or a threshing ma-



H. W. ANTHERS.

Manager and Secretary-Treasurer of the Toronto Foundry Company.

chine. A peculiar thing about these German manufacturing industries is that they were not established by the aid or assistance of large municipal grants. They were not established by men who went into these German manufacturing towns with large capital, but are rather the outgrowth of the business of men who began in a very small way. As an instance of that, I may say that there is to-day in Berlin a large and successful boot and shoe factory, and the man who to-day controls that successful boot and shoe manufacturing business began his career as a boot and shoe manufacturer in Berlin by making slippers by hand, and the market for his slippers was found by his good wife who sold them on the streets of the town from a basket which she carried on her arm. Very close to Berlin is the other German manufacturing Town of Waterloo, with a population about half that of Berlin. As an evidence of the success of the manufacturing industries of the Town of Waterloo, I may say that I do not think there is any other town of its size in Ontario that pays such a large annual revenue into the treasury of Canada by its excise and customs duties. In the County of Waterloo there are also the thriving manufacturing towns of Preston, Hespeler and Elmira. In my own County of Grey, we have the busy, live German manufacturing towns of Hanover, Neustadt and Aytton. In Hanover we have the German names of Knechtel, Peppler and Messinger among our manufacturers. Our town is supported almost entirely by manufactories and they are almost altogether in the control of German citizens or men who have learned their trade and acquired their business knowledge in the offices and factories of German-Canadians. As another instance of the manner in which German manufacturing industries are built up, let me say that there stands to-day in Hanover an inconspicuous frame dwelling, one and a half storeys high, of small size, that in the beginning of his manufacturing career, was the combined residence and manufacturing establishment of Mr. Daniel Knechtel, who is now the president and chief shareholder of the Knechtel Furniture Company, one of the largest furniture manufacturing companies in Canada having a very large factory in Hanover, another in Walkerton and another in Southampton.

In the adjoining County of Bruce, there

are the busy manufacturing towns of Chesley, Walkerton and Southampton. These towns have all been for years towns of more or less importance, but they have never been busy and progressive towns until in recent years German people have gone into them and established manufacturing industries. I may particularly point out the case of the Town of Southampton on Lake Huron, that only a few years ago was a sleepy, quiet fishing village and summer resort; but now by manufacturing in-



GERHARD HEINTZMAN

One of the most Prominent Canadian Piano Manufacturers.

dustries in the hands entirely of German people, has become a busy, thriving, progressive town. In connection with these comparatively small manufacturing German towns let me say they are principally engaged in the manufacture of furniture, and that the furniture manufacturing business of Canada to-day is very largely in the hands of our German people.

One reason why our German manufacturers are so successful is because of their mechanical skill, their enterprise, their



H. WALTER DORKEN

Of Dorken Bros., Montreal, representatives in Canada
of Boker's cutlery.



EDWARD SCHULTZE

Honorary Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Consul-
General, President of the German Society, Montreal.



LOUIS STUFFMANN

Of Konig & Stuffmann, importers of Fancy Dry
Goods, Montreal.



EMIL BOECKH

President and General Manager of the United Factories,
Toronto, Ont.



CHAS. BECK.

The Widely Known Lumber King of Penetanguishene, Ont.

economy, their thrift, and their general business ability. But there is another reason why the German manufacturer succeeds as he does and that is because of the high character of the German workmen whom he employs. Amongst them we have no trouble from unions, strikes, or lockouts, and this is largely because the German employe of to-day feels that he is likely to be the employer of to-morrow; or if he is himself not in the immediate future an employer of labor, that at least his sons will be employers, rather than on the pay-rolls of other taskmasters. Another peculiarity of the German workmen is that the majority of them live in attractive homes of which they are themselves the owners. In connection with these attractive homes of the German workmen, you will almost always find a very neat, well cultivated, carefully tilled fruit, flower and vegetable garden. The German in Canada does not hold quite so tenaciously, it may be, to the use of the language of his fathers as do our French-Canadian friends, and yet our German people are fond of the language that is spoken in the Fatherland.

They keep up the use of their language by holding their church services in the

tongue of the old land, oftentimes when it would be quite as convenient to hold those services in English. They also perpetuate the use of the German tongue by forming local associations for the study of that language and by establishing in various parts of Ontario and the Canadian West newspapers printed in German. Let me say that the various German settlements in Canada are being constantly added to by new arrivals from Germany. And it is astonishing, and very much to the credit of the German people, the readiness with which they acquire at least a speaking knowledge of the English language. The German, too, is fond of music and skilled in it. As an evidence of that musical talent and skill let me say, there are no church choirs anywhere in Canada that are, perhaps, equal to the choirs of the German churches whatever their denomination. Their bands and orchestras, too, are the best we have in the country. Any one desiring to enjoy a great musical treat cannot do better than attend at Berlin one of the many Sangerfests that are held in that town. As an evidence of the musical skill of the German, let me refer to an



HERMANN SIMMERS

Of J. A. Simmers, one of Canada's largest and oldest seed houses.

THE GERMAN IN CANADA



J. G. REINER

A Widely Known Manufacturer of Woollen and Knitted Goods in Waterloo County.

article in the April number of *The Busy Man's Magazine*, upon Dr. Augustus Stefan Vogt, the now famous leader of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, who was born in the Village of Elmira, in the County of Waterloo, and is the son of a German organ builder.

As financiers, our German-Canadian friends excel, and, as an evidence of this, I may say that the towns of Berlin and Waterloo, in the Province of Ontario, are the homes of very progressive, popular and successful life insurance and fire insurance companies, the shareholders, directors and managers of which are almost exclusively German people. The German-Canadian excels also as a sport and athlete. We have all heard in recent weeks of Tommy Burns, the world's champion heavy-weight pugilist, who has been chumming with Lord Alverstone in England. Tommy Burns' real name is Noah Brusso. He was born and brought up in my own riding of South Grey and in my own town of Hanover, and is the son of Frederic Brusso, who was a workman in the factory of the Knechtel Furniture Company of that town.

Leaving the field of sport and going to the higher ground of science, the German in Canada is noted as a scientist, as is the German in his own land. And in evidence of this, it is only necessary for me to call attention to one man, Dr. Otto Klotz, who has been for many years in the employ of the Canadian Government and is now at the head of its astronomical work. Our German-Canadian friends, too, are adapted to public life and have taken an interest in public affairs in Canada. In the Provincial Legislature to-day, we have Dr. Lackmer, member for one of the ridings of Waterloo, Mr. C. M. Bowman, the popular member for North Bruce, whose father, Mr. I. E. Bowman, was at one time a member of the House of Commons, and also Hon. Adam Beck, who has achieved considerable notoriety and celebrity in Ontario because of the power scheme he has advocated. And, in the House of Commons, the German-Canadian is well represented. We have the very popular and always industrious member for West Hamilton, Mr. Adam Zimmerman; the very popular and deservedly popular re-



EMIL NERLICK

Of the Firm of Nerlick & Co., Wholesale Fancy Goods Dealers, Toronto.



PETER FREYSENG.
Of Freyseng & Co. The Well-Known Cork Manufacturers, Toronto.

representative of South Waterloo, Mr. G. A. Clare, and also the equally popular representative of North Middlesex, Mr. Valentine Ratz, all of German descent. In the field of law, the German-Canadian has held his own and taken a leading part. When I speak of the lawyers in Canada of German descent, I will mention but one, Mr. A. B. Klein, who is one of the County Court judges of Bruce. Judge Klein, who is of German descent, was one of the ablest and most popular lawyers having a country practice in Canada, and is not less popular on the bench as one of our Canadian

judges. And he showed his loyalty to Canada by the interest he took in the affairs of our militia, having retired from the 32nd Battalion of Bruce with the rank and title of major.

We have large German settlements in every city in Canada. For instance, there is a large settlement of this nationality in Toronto, and in that city many of our most prominent men are of German extraction, as, for instance, the Breithaupts and the Heintzmans, who are well known in the business world. There is a large German settlement in Ottawa, and in Hamilton.



DR. AUGUST KIRSCHMANN

Director of Psychological Laboratory, Toronto University.



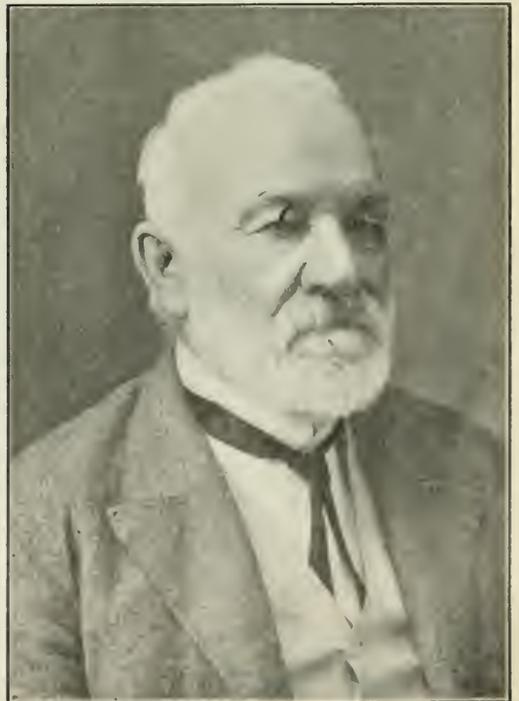
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An Able Canadian Statesman, Manufacturer and Turfman.



ADAM ZIMMERMAN M.P.

One of Hamilton's most Esteemed Citizens and long Established Merchants.



HON. SAMUEL MERNER.

A Member of the Senate and a Prominent Canadian Manufacturer of Berlin.



JOHN MOTZ.
One of the Oldest Residents of Waterloo County, of which he is Sheriff.



D. WEISMILLER

Managing Director of the London Mutual Insurance Co., Toronto, and a most enthusiastic German-Canadian.



MR. W. H. SEYLER

Manager of The Canadian Grocer, and a widely known representative in business circles.

There are many Germans in Montreal and also in Winnipeg. We have Germans engaged in agricultural pursuits in considerable numbers in the County of Russell, Ont., and in part of the Province of Quebec and also in Nova Scotia. In fact, there is not a Province in Canada in which we have not a considerable number of German settlers.

The German settlers in Northwestern Canada will make, no doubt, quite as good settlers as did the Germans in the Province of Ontario. Had it cost the Government of Canada, not \$5, or \$20, but \$10,000 apiece to bring to Canada some of the German people whose names I have mentioned, the investment would have been a good one and one by which we should have very largely profited.

I was pleased when Hon. Mr. Oliver, Minister of the Interior, stated to me that

there are no settlers that his department welcomes more heartily and considers more satisfactory than the German settlers. I trust that no legitimate effort will be spared, whatever direction that effort may take, to continue the immigration to this country of the German people. I may say that in every respect we have no better people than the German residents of Canada, they make very loyal and in every way very satisfactory Canadians. The German settler as we have him in Canada, when he looks back to the history and traditions of the land from which he came, sings with great enthusiasm that national song of which he is so proud, Die Wacht Am Rhein. And when he looks around upon his home in Canada, which he expects to be the home of his children, he sings with equal zeal and equal fervor, and with still greater interest, and with true loyalty, "The Maple Leaf" and "God Save the King."





Cy Warman

The Founder of the Modern Railroad Story

Of late years the railway story has had a great vogue in America and the bibliography of tales of the iron road contains many excellent pieces of literary work. The favor with which the public has received these tales is largely due to the genius of Cy Warman, who may probably be considered as the founder of the modern railway story. Though born in the United States, Mr. Warman has lived in Canada so long, that he may almost be considered a Canadian. His home is in London, Ontario.

He is railroad-enthusiastic to the core, knows every road in America in detail, is personally acquainted with and extremely popular among the railroad aristocracy and can himself handle every operating department of the modern road. No more fascinating story-teller lives today than Cy Warman, when he gets among his friends. To the outsider and the outsider he is a silent, reticent fellow, but once he is among his pals, he is the most entertaining of men.

His latest book, "Weiga of Temagami," contains fascinating Indian stories of the region of Northern Ontario, which is to-day becoming so popular to the tourist. It is somewhat a new vein for Warman to work, but the versatility of the man is extraordinary and the public need have no apprehension about the success of the book.

A Marriage By Capture

How a Summer Tourist Became Entangled With a Determined Heiress and a Big Auto Car Which Resulted in his Being Carried Off an Unwilling Victim.

By E. R. Punshon in the *Idler Magazine*.

LAWRENCE SAXBY had ridden his bicycle up to the top of the hill; at the summit he dismounted, partly to rest and partly to enjoy the view. In front of him stretched the wide, solitary moor, with not a soul or a habitation in sight, only the white, winding track of the road going endlessly on and on till it became lost in the misty distance. Behind him at the foot of the hill, and almost hidden by a fold in the ground, was the comfortable little Scotch hotel where he had already spent a pleasant three weeks' holiday, fishing and sketching. The only other dwelling visible was Horn House, some distance across the moor on his left. This was a small modern building, at present in the occupation of Miss Egmont, a South African heiress. Saxby had seen her on different occasions rushing about the moors in the great white motor-car which she always drove herself. Whenever he had met her Saxby noticed that she always seemed to survey him with peculiarly marked disapproval. He fancied this might be because he had done some sketching near her house, when she might possibly have considered her privacy intruded upon. He decided that, for his part, he did not like big, fair women, and made up his mind that when he married he would choose a small, dark girl.

While he lingered admiring the view, he saw Miss Egmont's big car issue from Horn House. It seemed to be coming his way, and not being particularly anxious to meet the scowling regard of its young owner, Saxby mounted his bicycle and rode away.

The approaching clamor of the big car warned him that he was being rapidly over-

taken. Glancing carelessly over his shoulder, he noticed the car contained, as usual, Miss Egmont and her elderly companion, Miss Carton. To his complete amazement, as it neared him, the car suddenly left the track, and, swerving to the right, circled twice round him, thundering over the level moor like a war chariot of old. Lawrence slowed down, and, balancing himself on his cycle, gaped at the circling car, turning his head to follow its swoop as it rushed round him. His first idea was that Miss Egmont had lost control of the machine, and he wondered what he could do to be of assistance; but when the car came to a standstill at a little distance, he realized that he was wrong in this surmise. Miss Egmont called out to him:

"Mr. Lawrence Saxby, I believe?"

"That is my name," the young man answered, much bewildered, and mechanically raised his cap.

"You are wanted at Horn House," continued the lady.

"Wanted?" queried Lawrence. "May I ask what I am wanted for?"

"To be married," she replied, in a calm, even voice.

"I beg your pardon," said Lawrence, smiling politely, and certain he had not heard aright.

"To be married," she repeated. "I think you understand very well what I said."

Saxby gazed round him. He surveyed the silent moor and he blinked at the uninterested sky.

"But, my dear young lady," he said, softly and patiently, as one would speak to an unreasonable child, "I assure you I have not the least wish to be married."

"Very likely not," she answered, in the

same matter-of-fact tone, "but, you see it is not a question of what you want, but of what I want."

The young man fairly fell from his bicycle in astonishment. He had been holding his machine at a standstill during this brief conversation; and now in sheer bewilderment at the extraordinary observation of this most extraordinary young woman, he lost his balance and he and the bicycle went over in a heap. When he had picked himself up, he said, feebly:

"If this is intended for a joke——"

"I was never more in earnest," said Miss Egmont grimly; "and you may as well consent with a good grace——"

"Do you intend—if I may venture to inquire," said Saxby, with irony, "to marry me whether I like it or not?"

"Whether you like it or not," said Miss Egmont, echoing his words. She spoke seriously and seemed very much in earnest. "Fortunately, we are in Scotland, and a simple declaration before witnesses is all that is needed. That declaration you will return with me to Horn House and make before the proper witnesses."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," affirmed Saxby, becoming nettled.

"I have fully made up my mind," said Miss Egmont, grimly. "I shall listen to no excuse or refusal."

"Good heavens!" groaned the young man in desperation. "She's certainly mad."

"Mad or not mad," observed Miss Egmont, cheerfully, "it doesn't affect the present question. Are you coming, or will you compel me to use force, for come you must?"

"I am sorry," said Saxby, regretfully; "but I have no time to spare just now, and I must therefore bid you good-day with my best wishes for your speedy recovery."

"You choose to be insolent," said Miss Egmont, coldly. "but I warn you I'm not to be trifled with."

Deciding to waste no further time with this fair madwoman, Lawrence lifted his cap again.

"Madam," he said, "I have the honor to inform you that I am a confirmed bachelor."

With that he mounted his bicycle and proceeded to ride away. Without speaking, Miss Egmont put her huge machine in motion and thundered down on him. Had he not leaped from his saddle with consider-

able agility, Lawrence would certainly have been run down; as it was, his bicycle was smashed into fragments. For several yards the giant machine rushed on. Then it swerved, turned, and came roaring back like some fierce monster seeking its prey. Saxby had to jump and leap his quickest to avoid it, or he would have shared the fate of his bicycle; as it was the mudguard knocked him over, without seriously hurting him, however, for the car seemed to swerve away from him at the critical moment. Then it rushed on and came to a standstill at a little distance. Saxby, in a rage of fear and bewilderment, stood in the middle of the road, and shook his fist at his assailant, while he shouted:

"Mad, mad! You are quite mad, madam, quite——"

"No," Miss Egmont answered, in level tones, "I am not at all mad. I am only determined you shall marry."

Saxby looked around him helplessly. He felt the situation was much too dangerous to trifle with, although it was absurd, unheard of, and so preposterous that he had an idea he was dreaming; in truth, his mind seemed in such chaos that he felt it was a mere toss-up which of the two, he or Miss Egmont, was really sane. That one or other was demented he had now no doubt whatever.

"Are you coming?" Miss Egmont asked.

Saxby made up his mind to shut his eyes and count fifty. To do this in comfort he sat down by the side of his shattered bicycle. The manoeuvre appeared to puzzle Miss Egmont, who looked at him doubtfully. Her companion, Miss Carton, said to her:

"Kate, you must be careful; do not go too far. Suppose you drive the poor man out of his senses?"

"No fear of that," returned Miss Egmont; yet a certain uneasiness had become apparent in her manner, which Saxby was quick to recognize.

"A mad husband would be a terrible calamity for any woman," remarked Miss Carton.

"He is not mad," returned Miss Egmont. "At any rate, mad or sane, I mean to see the affair through," she concluded.

"But will it be legal?" Miss Carton persisted. "Will the marriage be legal if you force him into it like this?"

"Oh, perfectly," returned Miss Egmont,

A MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE

with decision. "I have had legal opinion on it, you know."

"Well, I suppose you are right," murmured Miss Carton, irresolutely, "but it seems highly irregular. I wouldn't care to marry a man in such a way."

Saxby, his counting finished, rose to his feet. He felt calmer now, though just a trifle disappointed to find Miss Egmont and her white ear still palpable, living realities. Having made up his mind that this incomprehensible, unparalleled situation must be dealt with coolly, he turned to Miss Egmont, and said, politely:

"I beg your pardon."

There he halted, unable to continue, his mind blank of the convincing words it had held ready a moment before.

"Have you made up your mind to come and be married without any more fuss?" inquired Miss Egmont, briskly, "for married this day you must be," said this astounding woman.

Lawrence gasped; then he shouted at the top of his voice:

"I'll see you hanged before I marry you!"

"What are you saying?" exclaimed Miss Egmont excitedly, now gasping in her turn, as if she also experienced a disagreeable sensation.

Saxby began to fear he had spoken too abruptly and harshly. After all, her situation demanded some sympathy, and he felt he should have been less emphatic. Falling back on reason once again, he said in a mild and gentle voice.

"My dear young lady, I am really sorry that it is impossible for me to accept the high honor you so graciously offered me. Believe me, no one could appreciate better—if I may so far venture—the true kindness of your heart. The fortunate man who will be so happy as to win your hand will be the object of my deepest envy."

"If that doesn't fetch her, nothing will," said Lawrence to himself, when he had finished.

Miss Egmont listened to him with eyes that opened slowly to their widest. By the time he ceased speaking, she might have been fairly described as all eyes. Suddenly she snapped out:

"Are you mad or merely insolent?"

"That is what I have been trying to decide about you," exclaimed Saxby, pleased

to have hit upon some common ground of intercourse.

"What—what do you mean?" stammered Miss Egmont, with much less composure.

"I mean," declared the goaded Lawrence, "that I won't marry you at any price—that I'll be shot before I marry you!" he concluded, becoming angry again.

Miss Egmont shrieked, while Miss Carton showed signs of extreme agitation.

The young man was aware of this and felt glad he had at last made his position clear. He even began to be conscious of a feeling of something like sympathy. Miss Egmont, undoubtedly, was very handsome; very rich, too, he supposed. He wondered whether he had been quite wise or even gentlemanly in his refusal. Ought one to refuse a lady anything? But when the lady's methods were so energetic, what could one do? Lawrence had heard of marriage by capture, but he had understood the capturing was always on the other side, which seemed to him an infinitely preferable arrangement. At this stage in his musing, Miss Egmont cried out shrilly:

"Do you dare to pretend to believe I was asking you to marry me?"

"Well," said the young man, pacifically, "I cannot imagine the question put in plainer language."

"Wretch!" shrieked Miss Egmont, wildly. "I didn't mean myself. Oh, you horrid creature! You know quite well I never meant myself!"

"Well," said Lawrence, in half-amused tones, "were you asking me home to tea?"

"No," said Miss Egmont, in a freezing voice, "but you knew I did not mean you were to marry me, but——"

"Whom, then, did you mean me to marry?" Lawrence asked curiously as she paused.

"Elizabeth," she answered.

"And who, pray, is Elizabeth?" Lawrence pursued.

"My cook," said Miss Egmont sternly, recovering her previous calm.

"Thank you so much," replied Lawrence, now pale with fury. "I do not, however, wish to marry your cook."

He experienced a passing wonder as to why Miss Egmont should wish him to marry her cook, but he disdained to ask further explanations, so lifted his cap once more.

"I have the honor to wish you good day,"

he said. "You shall hear through my solicitor concerning the destruction of my bicycle."

He turned to walk away. Miss Egmont called to him, but he took no notice. She called again, and he still walked on. Then she set her great machine in motion and once more thundered down upon him. He tried to ignore her, but it required more nerve than Saxby possessed to pretend indifference to a forty horse-power car charging full tilt upon him. He jumped aside and the steel monster rushed over the ground where he had been. Then Miss Egmont sent the car leaping back at him. Evidently, it was her intention to so rush and charge him that he would be forced to move in the direction of Horn House; she meant, it was plain, to hustle him there as a sheep-dog drives poor silly sheep in the right direction. But Lawrence was as grimly determined he would not go, and the third charge he tried to face without swerving, confident she would not deliberately strike him. The car did swerve, but Lawrence still found it singularly unpleasant to have the thing rush past him so near that the mere wind of it nearly upset him. The car stopped again, and Miss Egmont called out to him once more:

"Are you coming to marry Elizabeth?"

"No!" cried Lawrence again, shaking his fist, and thoroughly enraged at the girl. "I am not coming," he shouted furiously.

Miss Egmont smiled grimly and charged him once more. Turning, he set off to run, but almost the first step he took was into a rabbit-hole, and he rolled over, striking his head a severe blow.

Saxby realized that he had been unconscious only when he became aware of a curious pain in his head. Then he realized a restraint about his hands that made him unable to raise them as he wished. He lay for some minutes quietly blinking at the sky; then he felt his head lifted very softly and gently, while something cool and refreshing was laid upon his brow. Beginning to see more clearly, he thought the face of an angel was tenderly bent over him, until, with a shock, he realized this face was Miss Egmont's. By an effort he sat upright, and, gazing round, saw the great white car with Miss Carton still sitting impassively in it. Then he discovered that his hands were tightly bound together with strong cord, the ends of which were

secured to his ankles. He had scarcely assimilated this discovery when he found that another and stouter cord attached him to the motor car.

"Oh, I say!" he protested, struggling to free himself. "This is going too far!"

"Perhaps," observed Miss Egmont, watching his struggles with satisfied interest, "perhaps you realize you would have done better to come quietly."

"Undo me, woman! Do you hear?" he shouted. "This is an outrage! Undo me, or—or I'll——"

"Yes?" she asked with quiet concern and such a pitying smile for his helplessness that Saxby hated her more than ever.

"How I should enjoy shaking you," said Lawrence, yearningly, still struggling with his bonds.

"Are you certain," inquired Miss Egmont's companion, in a frightened whisper, "that he is quite secure?"

"Oh, he's secure enough," answered Miss Egmont, as she took her seat in the car. "We used to tie Kaffirs who turned nasty in that way."

"You madwoman!" shouted Lawrence, suddenly ceasing his struggles. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to start the car," said Miss Egmont, quietly. "You can run behind, ride, or be towed along, as you prefer."

Saxby decided to ride.

When they reached Horn House, a stout young woman with red hair and a freckled face stood at the door. She watched the approaching car with considerable interest.

"Well, Elizabeth," said Miss Egmont cheerily, as she drew up, "you see I've got him."

"Yes, Miss," the girl said, dropping a curtsey. "Thank you kindly, miss, for all your trouble."

"And you still wish to marry him?" Miss Egmont questioned.

"If you've no objection, Miss," replied Elizabeth, with another curtsey.

"Then the sooner the better," said Miss Egmont benevolently.

Saxby thought it time to protest again. He was not yet so reduced in spirit as to submit in silence to be married to a stout, red-haired young woman in this summary way.

"The sooner this ridiculous farce is ended——" he began.

"It is not a ridiculous farce," interrupted

A MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE

Miss Egmont, looking pained; "it is solemn earnest. Isn't it, Elizabeth?"

"Indeed it is, Miss," said Elizabeth, "which, the minister says, as marriage always is."

In a fresh access of fury Lawrence tried once more to free his hands, but his efforts were in vain; Miss Egmont had not spent the early years of her life on the veldt for nothing; she bade him remain quiet as his efforts would prove fruitless.

"Are you going to be sensible?" she asked, "or must I resort to still more drastic measures to bring you to reason?" As the young man made no answer, she added: "Turning sulky, are you? That won't help you. You have been making love to Elizabeth for three months."

"Does it amuse you to make so untruthful a statement?" Saxby asked. "Of course, you know I have never seen the woman in my life before."

For a moment Miss Egmont looked doubtful.

"You are Lawrence Saxby," she affirmed, rather than asked. Then she turned to Elizabeth. "This is the man? You are sure it is the man, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Miss," said Elizabeth, with another curtsey.

"Do you dare deny"—here Miss Egmont turned savagely on Lawrence—"that for three months you have been promising marriage to Elizabeth, and that, on the strength of your promises, you have borrowed all her savings?"

"Go on, woman, go on! Let me hear some more," roared Lawrence.

"£40 16s. 4½d.," said Elizabeth, mournfully, "not to mention a gold brooch and a necklace of coral beads."

"You are mad to believe such nonsense, such utter nonsense," said Lawrence, as composedly as he could.

"Now, what is the use of keeping up this pretence?" cried Miss Egmont. "I have seen you myself hanging about. I inquired at the hotel and they told me Lawrence Saxby was staying there. If you think you can treat any woman, especially one I am interested in, in that way, you are mistaken, Mr. Lawrence Saxby. You promised to marry her, and marry her you shall."

"I shall not marry her," said Saxby, pale and determined. "There is only one worse fate I can imagine."

"What is that?" incautiously asked Miss Egmont.

"To marry you," said Lawrence, with a shudder.

Miss Egmont raised her head very high and went very red. Then she started her car. Lawrence had a wild desire to resist, but a forty horse-power motor is not to be denied, and Miss Egmont drove it into the garage, taking no further notice of her unhappy prisoner. She left him there alone with the car, carefully locking the door behind her as she went out.

Lawrence sat in the car and wondered what would be the end of his adventure. Miss Egmont was undoubtedly a very determined young woman, but he laughed at the possibility of her success in marrying him to Elizabeth. He was deep in consideration of the situation, when the door was unlocked and Elizabeth herself came in.

"She says," observed the girl, after she had locked the door and sat down opposite Saxby, "she says as I'm to try to get you into a more willing frame of mind."

"You know I never took your money or promised to marry you; you Jezebel!"

"Oh, of course," said Elizabeth, composedly, "but another young man did, and it's all one to me as long as someone pays."

"Who was the man?" Saxby demanded, containing his fury as best he could.

"One of the waiters as was at the hotel," replied Elizabeth. "He took your name, thinking it smarter like than his own, what was Jimmy Pigg. But she thinks as he was you, and she's terrible fixed once she gets anything into her head."

"But you can explain—you must tell the truth!" cried Lawrence firmly.

"I was never one to make a fuss," said Elizabeth, "and it's—as I said—all one to me, whether it's you or him, so long as it's some one."

This appeared to be a state of mind that required less of argument and more of dogmatism, the young man thought, so he said:

"Well, I won't marry you, and that's flat."

"She says you will," mused Elizabeth, "and it's fair astonishing how she do manage to get her own way; it's very like she'll manage this, little as you may think it at present."

"What sent your mistress racing after me in that mad way this morning?"

"Twas he," answered Elizabeth. "Jimmy Pigg sent me a letter saying as he was leaving me for ever, an' it was no use my followin' of 'im, and just as I was a-readin' it I saw you on your bicycle at the top of the hill. I thought you was Pigg, so I went off into hysterics and she went off to fetch you—which seemingly she did," Elizabeth added, thoughtfully. "Ah, she's a rare one to get her own way," continued the girl. "What shall I tell her about us? As how you're willin'? It's the simplest way," argued Elizabeth.

"No," shouted Saxby, "it is not the simplest way, but I'll give you a sovereign to tell her I'm not the genuine Pigg."

"Well, a sovereign's a sovereign," observed Elizabeth, philosophically; "but I hate contradicting her when she's set on a thing."

While she still hesitated, the door opened again, and Miss Egmont came in.

"Well," she inquired pleasantly, "have you two come to an agreement yet?"

"I'll make it two sovereigns," said Saxby, in a low voice.

"All right," agreed Elizabeth, placidly. Then, raising her voice to address her mistress, she continued, "Begging your pardon, Miss, he says as I'm to tell you as he ain't the genuine Pigg."

"What do you mean?" inquired Miss Egmont.

Elizabeth explained, and Saxby soon began to reap satisfaction for some of his wrongs, as he witnessed the varying emotions of horror and dismay chase each other over Miss Egmont's expressive countenance.

"Why didn't you tell me this at once?" she faltered.

"Lor' Miss," said the girl, reproachfully, "it wasn't for the likes o' me to contradict the likes o' you."

"Oh!" said Miss Egmont, faintly.

"Besides," added Elizabeth, with a magnificent neutrality, "it was all one to me."

"Go!" said Miss Egmont; and something in her tone caused Elizabeth to vanish swiftly.

Turning to Saxby, she stammered, "I don't know what to——" and then she collapsed into silence.

"Please, Miss Egmont, you won't insist on my marrying Elizabeth now," begged the young man, with a touch of humor in his inflection.

"Of course not," said Miss Egmont, quite humbly. "You have the right to say anything to me," she added, leaning against the car in confusion.

"Should you mind undoing me?" Lawrence asked.

She began to loosen his bonds. Her proximity the young man found so unexpectedly pleasant that he was glad the knots about his wrists proved obstinate. He noticed how great was her agitation and how valiantly she fought to control it, so he said, somewhat awkwardly:

"You mustn't think I mind, really, Miss Egmont. Now that it's all cleared up, I shall think of it as merely a good joke, you know."

Miss Egmont answered nothing, but when she had freed his hands, she suddenly burst into tears.

"Don't—please don't!" entreated Lawrence, rising from his seat to console her, but he astonished himself by pitching forward on his hands and knees.

"Oh, I say," he exclaimed; "my ankle is hurt."

"What is it?" cried Miss Egmont, starting up.

"I must have hurt my ankle when I stepped into the rabbit-hole," he said ruefully; "it has been painful ever since. It's just a strain, you know, but I'm afraid I can't walk."

It was a fortnight before he could set his foot to ground again, and during that time no man ever had a more penitent, devoted nurse.

The details concern no one, but six months later the cards were out for the wedding. "An' to think it might ha' been me!" Elizabeth sighed, reflectively.

Miss Egmont nearly broke the engagement when Lawrence suggested that it would be symbolical, if on their wedding morning she drove to the church in her car with himself bound by cords beside her. And sometimes he teases his wife by declaring that his was a "Marriage by Capture."

As the Working Girl Sees It

The Daily Experience of Those who Earn Their Living in Shops and Factories—Opportunities When Properly Appreciated Lead to Promotion and Liberal Wages—The Thoughts, Conversation and Pastimes of the Frivolous Ones—Child-Labor Strongly Denounced.

By Elizabeth Howard Westwood in the Craftsman Magazine.

A LITTLE while ago I read an interesting book called "The Tragedy of the Wage Earner." It was written by a lady who said she had given up pleasure and wealth to bring a little happiness into the wretched lives of the women who were prisoners of toil. She made a kind of fairy story out of it and pretended that the "time clock" was a three-headed dog that snarled every time you put your card in and bit you if you were late. She made believe that the factory was a big dungeon and the noises of the machinery were groans of the prisoners. She said that paper boxes and silk waists were made out of blood. She thought the foreman was a cruel monster who crushed women and little children to pieces and then ate their flesh dripping with gore. It was an awfully sad story and I cried myself to sleep over it, and dreamed all night that I was fighting with a big fiery-eyed dragon that was trying to smother me to death.

When I told the girls about it at the factory, they said "hot air" and "guff," and Mayme Carrol, who goes to a club at a settlement, said there was two gangs of working girls—the kind rich ladies make stories out of and just the common, ordinary, everyday ones like all of us.

The only way I am like her kind of wage earner is that I was born to work. She calls it a heritage. My mother and my grandmother and their mothers way back were peasants in Germany, and there wasn't anything they didn't do from milking cows to weaving cloth. When I got through the grammar school, my father said I didn't have to work unless I wanted to, he was

making big enough wages to keep me, and I could do as I pleased. But mother said, "Nonsense," she wasn't going to have me putting on airs walking the streets and getting into bad company. I was going to earn my money and put it into a bank so when I got married I'd have something to start on the way my sisters did. If I had stayed home I'd have been cured soon enough I guess, for Jennie Luke and Sadie Grady who thought they were too good to work with the rest of us in the silk factory got so sick of having nothing to do that they came and begged the forelady to take them on. It was all right in the summer when they could go to places every day, but in the winter they couldn't stand it; they were so lonesome they wanted the work.

Most of the girls hated the forelady, she was too strict, they said, but she and I got on real well, and I often think of the things she used to tell me. I was messenger girl in the office and I used to go out and buy lunch at the bakery round the corner for her and the bookkeeper. The bookkeeper wore a lace waist and lots of rings and was as stuck up as if she'd been a school teacher. But sometimes the forelady used to ask me to eat my lunch with her on the second landing, and she'd give me one of her cream puffs. One day she was real mad at two spinners who said they wouldn't stay another day in that factory and be bossed around by such a slob.

"That's just the way with them girls," she told me. "They think it's smart to be so independent. They started in to work here for three dollars and fifty cents a

week and they've raised themselves to six dollars. Now just because I called them down for being late so much, they're going to quit. They won't be making that in a new place for a long time. If they was like me, with a sick sister and two children to look after, they'd think twice before they kicked a good job. Not that I'd stay in a place if there was a good reason for leaving. I've seen times when I was glad enough to get out and begin again."

I didn't know what she meant then, but I've found out since. Why I've known lots of girls that never stayed at one job more'n two or three months. They were so touchy they couldn't stand being called down, and they didn't care whether they learned or not. But when the foreman got fresh or a customer with a flashy shirt stud asked them to go out to dinner they'd think it was real funny. I've never seen the time yet when I couldn't get something to do, if the men got too fresh; nor I haven't any patience with a girl who is afraid to give up a four-dollar job at box-making when her boss don't pay her extra for night work and keeps back her wages. But just the same when she's found work she likes she'll never get to be a forelady unless she sticks at it.

Mrs. Jenkins used to tell me that I was smart enough to do real well if I kept at business and wasn't too full of notions. She said I was young enough to try different kinds of work and see which I liked best. You could work a lot better and get more out of life if you just liked the thing you were doing. She said there wasn't anything she liked better than the sound of the looms and the rattle of the wheels. She just loved to see the shuttles fly back and forth like lightning, leaving a little inch of silk every time until before you knew it your piece was finished and you had yards and yards of silk ready to go right to the stores. She said life always seemed just like that to her, and the kind of pattern you got on your silk didn't depend on anything but how your loom was harnessed. That's how Mrs. Jenkins felt about weaving and she said I'd know it quick enough when I found my own work. I'd like it so much that I'd think twice before I married and left it. Pretty soon the silk mill where I was working shut down for two months and our bunch got other places.

After I left the mill, I was sort of home-

sick for it at first. I'd got to feel at home there, and I missed Mrs. Jenkins and all the spinners and even the stuck-up book-keeper. Not that I didn't like the store where we all got places. I was stock girl in the jewelry department, and it was as good as reading a novel to hang the necklaces on the show rods and to fill trays with rings and pins. And the customers might have been duchesses and countesses. They looked like the kind I read about in "The Marriage of Lady Algernon." It was a high-toned department store and we got the carriage trade. There was always lots doing; every day had something exciting.

I used to like to hear the salesladies talk. They had lots of gentlemen friends and always went to balls Saturday nights and spent most of their money for clothes. We stock girls all went in a bunch. We had our lunch together and used to tell each other everything.

But I hadn't been there long when I knew it wasn't the place for me. I kept wanting to do something with my hands and do it better than anybody else and have it all for my own. Now it was different with Jennie Luke. From the first day she went into that store she was just fascinated with it. One Sunday when we'd been there a few weeks we took a walk together in the Park and Jennie said that she'd decided she wasn't going to be satisfied until she got to be a buyer. She just laid awake at night thinking about it and planning how some day she'd go to Paris and spend thousands and thousands of dollars buying hats or dresses. Then when she'd bring them home they'd sell better than any other store's. Would you believe it, that is just what has happened. Before she'd worked there two months she got to be a saleslady in the children's wear department. She was so quick and so pleasant that she made more sales than some of the old girls and she went to work and learned everything she could about the business. She got promoted right along. They took to her; she always had so many good ideas for making dresses sell. She got to be head of stock and then assistant buyer, and two years ago when the buyer left she took her place and now she has five thousand dollars a year and a lot more off commissions. That just shows what you can do if you like your work, the way Mrs. Jen-

kins said. It's funny, Sally Grady was just the other way. She wasn't the same girl when a fellow was around, she'd show off so. She got in with the bleachy blonde crowd right away, and Jennie and I couldn't do anything with her. Everybody knew what they were with their face paint and their hair dye and the decent girls wouldn't be seen with them. Mrs. Jenkins told me before I left the mill that I mustn't ever have gentlemen friends where I worked.

"You have your friends outside," she said, "and make them come and see you at your house when your mother and father are around, and they'll always treat you square. But a fellow don't think any more than the dirt under his feet of a girl he can be free with in the store and meet on the street corners." We told Sally that, but it didn't make any difference. I don't know where she is now, and her family haven't heard from her for years.

Then some of our bunch went into a candy factory, but most of the girls there were such a tough lot and talked so nasty that I didn't like it. The very noon I left there I passed a sign that said, "Wanted—Girls on Caps. Paid while Learning." The place looked bright and nice and I liked the girls who were going in the door. So I walked into the office and got a place to begin right away.

I often think of that afternoon when I saw the long workroom for the first time. It was all so clean and pretty with the heaps of lace and silk and ribbons and the big piles of white boxes full of finished caps. They were just lovely. And the girls were so happy. They sang all the time just as if they were at home, and didn't stop when the foreman came around. They were real kind, too, and my learner who showed me how to run lace didn't holler when I made a mistake and spoiled a ruffle. She just learned me how to work my machine so I wouldn't get in a snarl and said I'd be doing fine soon.

Well, I liked making caps and before I'd been at it long I knew I'd found the trade for me. You didn't get laid off when business was slack; it was steady work all the year round and I didn't miss a day in three years. We didn't have to begin work till eight o'clock and we got through at five, and on Saturday at three. Then the pay was good. I got six dollars a week when

I was just a lace runner. After I got to be a lining hand I went on piece work and so I made thirteen and fourteen dollars a week. Why, if a girl couldn't earn ten dollars she wasn't much use. The boss was real pleasant. He knew most of the girls by name and he used to give us presents on Christmas. On Hallowe'en we always had a party with big cakes and cider.

When I left to marry Jim, Mr. Halstein gave me a silver cake basket and told me that if I ever had to work again there'd be a place for me there. So after Jim and little Hans were taken off in one week with the diphtheria I came back again. 'Twasn't that Jim was a bad provider. I got enough from his lodge to keep me and Gretta and I had money saved of my own. But I got awful restless thinking of how, if I'd just got another doctor, perhaps Jim wouldn't have died and 'twasn't as if I'd ever marry again. I'm not like lots of women. If I can't have the man I want, I won't take anyone. Then I was young and strong and I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't be making money and saving it against the time when we were sick or Gretta was grown and wanted pretty things. My mother didn't have any home now. Father was dead and all the children off and married, so she was real glad to come and look after Gretta and make things pleasant for me when I got home after work.

'Twasn't long before I was made a forelady at twenty dollars a week. That's ten years ago and I'm there yet. There's been lots of changes. The business has grown and we've beaten most of our old rivals. Our workroom is almost twice as large as when I first came. We've changed foremen twice and we have nearly two hundred girls. I've seen girls come and go—all kinds, too, some of them downright bad, some of them silly, some real nice and bright and bound to come to success. Most of them are good-hearted, though, if you get them the right way. I know my girls pretty well. I hire them and pay them and discharge them, and they come and tell me about their fellows and their troubles at home. But even the best of them with real good sense don't think about anything but new hats and how to fix their hair, and what they're going to do that night. They'd rather have a fellow that will treat them to soda water and take them to the theatre than a raise in salary any day. They are

just like the real rich ladies I've heard about who don't care for anything but clothes and a good time. Lots of them get big wages and you'd think they'd go to night schools and learn some more or that they'd fix up their homes real tasty and study how to cook and sew. It don't cost much to do any of them. But they don't. They walk the streets and go out with their crowd. It's hard enough to get them to save their money.

There's one thing I won't ever do and that's to take girls who haven't got their working papers, no matter how short I am for help. 'Taint that I'm afraid of getting caught by the factory inspector. Land, no! All the factories I know use little children, some of them nine or ten, but I never heard of one being fined. I think it's a shame to let children work. There ain't much I can do to stop it, but I ain't going to miss the chance I have.

Once when I hadn't been forelady very long, a smart looking girl came in and asked for a job. She said she was sixteen, and didn't need working papers, but I knew better. As I found out later she was just twelve. I gave her a good lecture and told her to go back to school that very afternoon. Would you believe it, she just broke down and cried. She hadn't any mother or father and her aunt wouldn't keep her any longer. Of course I knew she could get work at the next place she went, but my heart kind of went out to her, she was so little not to have any home and she looked so pinched and hungry. And I thought of Gretta left like that. Well, I just up and took her home with me. I sent Rose to school and fed her and clothed her just like my own. If I'd been looking for a reward, which I wasn't, I'd have had it time and again. Why, Rose just made the older sister for Gretta that she needed, and she's been lots of company for me. I don't know what we'd have done all these years without her. She was real bright and when she got through grammar school, I made her go to the high for a year. But she didn't care for books and wanted to get to work. So I took her in the factory and she makes bigger wages than any girl there, instead of the six dollars a week she'd have got raised to by now if she'd gone to one of those factories where they give little girls two dollars to begin on.

She's paid me back in good board all I

ever spent on her, I guess I couldn't be prouder of her if she was Gretta. When she marries Jennie Luke's nephew next summer the factory will lose one of the best girls it ever had.

Yes, I like my work and I can't think of anything that would make me give it up except if Jim came back to life. It has sort of grown on me as the years have gone by until it's part of me just like Gretta. I don't know anything that makes me happier than to come into the factory a nice spring morning when the air just makes you feel like waking up and doing things. The floor is all swept up and the machines are clean. The cutter has bolts of muslin ready to cut out into summer caps and the girls have stacks of work piled up by them ready to begin on. Out in the office the mail is piled up on the desk with a lot of orders, and the salesmen write that our caps sell the best in the market.

When I bid good-morning to the girls on a morning like that, they'll say, "Oh, now don't you wish you was rich and didn't have to work this morning and could just go riding off to the country in a grand automobile?"

And I say, "Nonsense, I wouldn't change places with the King of England. It's just a grand day to work. I've got too many new girls to break in to be thinking of automobiles and if I get all my orders filled and out to-night I guess I'll be happier than all the millionaires going." It is just grand to work then and I feel as if there weren't anything I couldn't do.

The boss has been real good to me. He's raised my salary every year since I was forelady. In the summer he gives me a month's vacation with pay. Then when business isn't so rushed he often lets me take an afternoon off to go shopping or anything. Once when I had the pneumonia he sent his own doctor to pull me through and his wife used to come real often and bring flowers and sometimes books. Then, too, what I say goes, and the girls know there ain't any use of getting him to take their side when I have given them an order.

There's lots of queer things that happens to me. One day a young lady came to see me at the factory and tried to get me to make my girls join a union. She was dressed real nice and she said she had been to a college and knew all about the trials

and injustices of a working woman. I didn't know just what she meant, but I said it was hard enough work to get the girls to spend the money they did make in a sensible way, and if she wanted the job of teaching them how to earn more she was welcome to it. And at that she flared up and said I didn't have the interests of the Cause at heart and wasn't willing to help my sisters in distress. I got mad in my turn, and I told her she could just get out of that factory and stay out. I haven't anything against unions if women want them, and have the time for them. I know lots of women want to be bosses. But I've never seen the time yet when we've had all the hands we wanted, and if a girl hasn't gumption enough to find a good place she won't do much in a union.

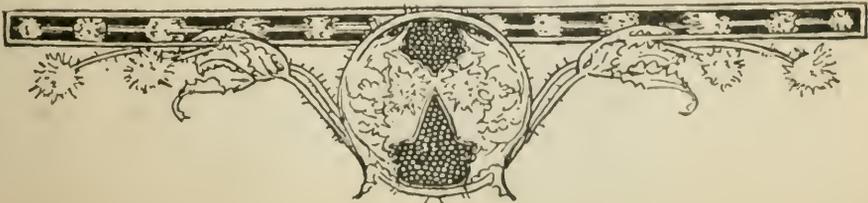
A few years ago I moved over near a night school and I've taken lots of evening courses, but it's kind of hard work when I'm busy all day and that's the only time I have at home with Gretta and mother. Still I'm going to keep at it till I've taken all the regular courses and then when Gretta goes to high school in a year or so I can help her with her lessons.

The other night I'd been working late after the girls left, filling up my stock. It was getting dark when I came down the stairs, and the streets were full of people hurrying home to hot suppers and an evening when they could do what they pleased. It was just the kind of night I like best of all, when it's still warm, but you can kind of feel fall in the air; you know the hot summer's over; the girls are all back from their vacations; everything's starting up regular for the winter.

I stopped by the old church to get some chestnuts for Gretta, they were the first of the season. The chestnut vendor's stove

was hot and his torch was blowing in the wind and giving things a queer look. Just as I got my change there was a toot and down the street came a big automobile, the children and the dogs clearing the way for it. Right on the front seat was a lady in beautiful clothes. She wasn't paying any attention to the people next to her, she was just leaning forward and looking about kind of eager. As the automobile slowed up for a truck, a torch threw a big spot of light on the lady and I looked right in her face. And in a minute I knew she felt just the way I did. Wasn't it funny now, she'd been riding in an automobile all day long, dressed in silks and satins, with all the money she wanted, servants to wait on her, and nothing to do but to have a good time; here was I making caps every day from morning to night, year in and year out, with a mother and a little girl depending on what I earned and just my own hands between us and charity. And yet we felt just the same. As this flashed over me she turned and we looked right in each other's eyes and she knew it too. We smiled across at each other, and then the automobile was off. I haven't ever seen her since, but I often think of her, so sweet and pretty, just like a fairy in all that dirt, and she feeling just like me. But she don't know a bit about my kind of life and I don't know about hers.

That's just the way with the "tragedy of the wage earner." I guess that the rich lady who wrote it don't know any more about the good times my girls have than they do about her kind of troubles. Ever since that night in the fall I've known that cap-making and automobiles haven't got anything to do with how people feel inside. If that lady or I was to write a book, I guess they'd both read about the same.



Training Boys for Colonial Life

Once a Young Man is Established on a Well-Chosen, Properly-Stocked Farm, Which he has the Will and Knowledge to Work, he is Independent—No Premiums Should be Paid to any Farmer to Teach the Lads—How Young Englishmen may be Made to Fit In.

By T. C. Bridges in the *Empire Review*.

IT is the custom for well-to-do parents to decide on their son's future profession before he is sent to school. This is rendered necessary by the fact that the average public school has two sides, a classical and a modern, the teaching in which runs on very different lines.

The great disadvantage of the system of choosing a boy's profession for him at so early an age is that it may be later discovered that he has no natural aptitude for the career picked out for him. Or he may prove not to have brains enough to pass the necessary examinations. Every public school yearly superannuates a large number of boys who, for one reason or another, have not reached a standard or form commensurate with their age.

Such boys fare badly. Berths are found for many in banks and counting-houses, and a few favored boys receive allowances large enough to permit them to play at some profession. For the rest there are two alternatives, emigration or enlistment. The spirit of adventure still lives in the young Briton's breast, and, as a rule, he grasps eagerly at the idea of life in a new country. It really does not much matter where. Geography is not a subject to which much attention is paid in British schools, and Canada, the Cape or California, are all much the same thing to the ardent young emigrant. He has not, as a rule, the faintest idea of what he is going to do when he gets to his destination. Asked, he will vaguely answer, "farming," but what he is going to farm he has no notion. His head is really full of his new gun and of the game which he will find in those great prairies or forests which too often exist only in his own imagination.

The delusion that anyone can run a farm is extraordinarily widespread. British parents, clergymen especially, have the most solid belief that the boy who is unable to pass a Cambridge local can yet make a success of a highly technical business like farming. And that, too, without the slightest previous training. It is quite the exception to find the father who, when it has been definitely decided that his son shall emigrate, sends the boy to an agricultural college. Colonial mining men may jeer at a Freiberg expert, and on the same principle it may be supposed that a pound of farming theory is worth less than an ounce of practice. Yet a year or two in an English agricultural college is a most useful investment, as hundreds of successful colonial farmers can testify to-day.

The unfortunate youth who is shipped out to Canada or to the States without having had any previous experience of farm life feels a perfect fool, and is the butt of men who at home would have been in the position of his father's servants. He can use neither spade nor hoe, let alone an axe, and as for hitching a horse to a plough you might better give him a binomial theorem to work out. No more humiliating position can be conceived, and however willing such a boy may be to work and make the best of things, such an experience will be bitterly remembered for many a long year.

The very worst blunder which parents make when they send their sons to colonies is that of paying a premium to a farmer to teach the boy his business. The premium is invariably a heavy one, averaging at least a hundred pounds, a sum sufficient in many cases to start the boy on a place of his own,

TRAINING BOYS FOR COLONIAL LIFE

and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the young pupil will learn absolutely nothing at all. Pupil farmers may be divided into two classes, those caring for nothing but the premium and who, once they have got the pupil, let him do exactly what he pleases; and those meaner souls, who, not content with hard cash, sweat the last possible ounce of work out of the wretched boy, driving him far harder than they would dare to drive any of their hired servants. I myself spent a year under a man of the latter type, a year of overwork and bad feeding which resulted in a serious attack of blood poisoning, the effects of which I feel to the present day. I have no desire to tar all pupil farmers with the same brush. There are, no doubt, honest men in the business, but they are rare. In nearly all cases the boy learns nothing, and pupil farming is responsible for more of those unfortunate ne-er-do-weels known as "remittance men" than any other one cause.

Over and over again the pupil farmer's methods have been exposed in the press of this and other countries, yet the middle class father never seems to learn any better, and every year hundreds of boys are sent out to learn farming under men who are either careless and irresponsible, or else rough brutes not fitted to be in charge of niggers, let alone decently nurtured English lads. Another strong objection to the pupil farming system is that the farmer's immediate ambition is to sell land to the father of his pupil. Needless to say, the land is usually the worst in the neighborhood, while the price paid is two or three times greater than that of the best. The wretched pupil, when his term of bondage is over, finds himself saddled with a property which is far worse than useless, for more must be put into it in the shape of work and fertilizers than is ever likely to be taken out. In most cases the boy would do far better to cut a bad bargain at once, than to go on pitching good money after bad, but, as a rule, he cannot find it in his heart to abandon a place upon which so much has already been spent.

Businessmen, Canadians especially, can hardly credit anyone with sufficient idiocy to buy property without first seeing it, but, believe me, very many do so. I have personally seen scores of such cases, the purchasers who were most frequently English clergymen being completely fooled by the

specious letters and carefully concocted testimonials sent to them by the sellers. Oddly enough, one of the worst land swindlers whom I ever came across was an Englishman who had, himself, been in Holy Orders. He had originally been plucked for a pigeon, and like a good many such had ended by turning rook. Buying land in a new country is at all times a risky business, and it is far better from every point of view to let the young colonist do his own buying after he has acquired sufficient experience to know what he wants.

Nothing is more strange to the English visitor in a new country than to notice the extraordinary reversal of positions which takes place. He sees younger sons of good families leading miserable, hand-to-mouth existences, badly dressed, ill-fed, and in too many cases with that shabby, unshaven appearance which is the surest sign of loss of self-respect. On the other hand, he meets sons of mechanics or farm laborers, men who never had anything but a board school education, and not much of that, prosperous, well-dressed and making money hand over fist. This brings me to another cruel blunder of middle class emigration. Fathers of public school failures, one and all, consider it necessary to give their boys an allowance when they send them abroad. Such an allowance is the worst handicap imaginable to a youngster who is supposed to be going to make his own living. It removes the spur of necessity. What boy who has never earned half a crown in his life is going to take off his coat and plough wheat or hoe orange trees when he has money in his pocket or credit at the store? Can you blame him if he goes shooting or fishing instead? You can live on very little in a new country. House room, fuel and game can usually be had for nothing. I have lived in comfort in South Florida and kept a pony on considerably less than a pound a week. The young fellow who not only has money when he lands, but can look forward to a certain sum paid quarterly, is almost certain to degenerate into that most hopeless of pitiable objects, a "remittance man."

The "remittance man" is the most accomplished loafer in existence. The only money he ever makes is at pool or poker. The more decent sort ride and shoot. The majority drift from one saloon to another, and celebrate each cheque from home by a spell of bestial drunkenness. The "remit-

tance man" frequently develops an extraordinary talent for lying, which is chiefly exhibited in his letters home. Works of art these are. Every device by which money can be coaxed from the pockets of his parents or relatives is employed unstintingly. No other mortal ever suffered from such a variety or complication of disasters as are detailed in these epistles. Broken arms and legs, fevers and ague, frosts and droughts, floods and fires, every imaginable evil incident to life in a new land is used to work upon his people's sympathies and to provide the wherewithal for more whiskey, pool and poker.

People at home utterly fail to realize the harm which "remittance men" do, not to themselves alone, but also to England. We owe it absolutely to the "remittance man" that in most new countries any one can get work more easily than an Englishman, and any Englishman more easily than one who is suspected of being a gentleman's son.

The surest sign of a well-born tenderfoot in the eyes of the Canadian or Australian farmer is the wearing of riding breeches and a tweed cap. A man who turns up in such a costume may canvass work in vain. He will not find anyone willing to give him board and lodging, let alone pay. Colonialists refuse to believe that such a man can work. They will far sooner take on the roughest looking navvy who ever took a steerage passage. This matter of costume may seem trifling, but it is not so in reality. Every young fellow who means to try his fortune oversea should thoroughly understand this. Thousands of pounds are wasted every year on ridiculous outfits for young emigrants. The outfitter naturally imposes on the ignorance of his customer, and sells him chests full of utterly useless rubbish upon which he has to pay enormous import duties, and which he generally sells for what the stuff will fetch soon after he has reached his destination. I remember that when, some twenty years ago, I emigrated to Florida, I took with me a dozen suits of white drill. All very well for India, but in a country like America, where washing is difficult and dear, and work is plentiful and dirty, these expensive luxuries were never worn at all. A couple of rough tweed suits would have been worth any number of white drill.

Most fearful and wonderful are the garbs in which the young immigrant arrays him-

self. I have seen a youngster who ought to have known better gallop through a Florida town got up in baggy white riding breeches, yellow field boots, a dirty white shirt, a cricket blazer, and a large pith helmet. And this on a Sunday morning, when the American population was on its way to its various churches! What would happen if an American behaved in such fashion in an English country town? Would he not stand a very good chance of being run in as a wandering lunatic?

But that point of view never seemed to occur to the choice spirits of this particular English colony, and their behavior was a constant source of humiliation to those of their countrymen who were trying to get a decent living in the neighborhood.

What makes it worse is that these and the other silly performances which have done so much to render the middle and upper class Englishman unpopular as a colonist are merely the result of ignorance—ignorance arising from lack of education. I do not desire to run down the English public school. It is one of the finest machines in the world for its purpose, but this I do say, that to send a boy straight from a public school to America or a colony is about the most foolish and cruel performance imaginable. Greek and Latin are perfectly useless to a man who has to earn a living by manual labor; skill at cricket and football are not of special value, except in so far as they have hardened the young emigrant's muscles. A public school boy has usually a lordly contempt for all outside his own class, and that is the very quality which least endears him to colonialists or Americans. Mentally he lumps them all as "bounders," and the bounders bitterly resent this classification, and in the long run make the newcomer suffer for his narrowness and prejudice.

Another fault of the public school educated emigrant is his utter ignorance of the value of money. Many youngsters who go to the States or Canada do not even know till they arrive there that a dollar is worth 4s. 2d. I saw a newly-landed English boy in New York, who had certainly never before had as much as five pounds in his possession at one time, filling a newly-bought cigar case with twenty-five cent cigars. He was genuinely horrified when I explained to him that he had spent twelve shillings of English money. Green youths like this are

the natural prey of every swindler or bunco man, and many of them reach their destination absolutely penniless and are forced to sell their gun or saddle to keep themselves until a remittance can arrive from home.

By all means let a boy go to a public school, but if he fails there and it is decided that he is to emigrate, do not, in common justice, fail to give him first some agricultural training. If funds are not plentiful, there is no need to put him at an expensive agricultural college. Send him to live with a practical working farmer for a year or two. Make him understand that the art of turning a straight furrow is going to be more important to him in his future life than was the composing at school of an hexameter that would scan. Teach him that to "cut and cover" is a crime, and that there is no disgrace in honest toil. A little veterinary knowledge he will find invaluable. One young fellow whom I knew in Florida had done six months of veterinary work at home before he came out. As a result of that very sketchy and incomplete training he was making twenty dollars (four pounds) a week before he had been in the country a year. There was not a qualified veterinary surgeon within sixty miles. The intending emigrant should also study soils and fertilizers to some extent, but above all he should train himself to do at least eight hours hard work a day. A Wellington boy who afterwards went to America and has done excellently persuaded his people to send away their groom-gardener and to let him do the work. For some months he was down at six every morning, groomed the pony, fed the pigs, and dug the garden, with the result that when he eventually arrived at his destination he got well paid work at once. American farmers are no fools. They can tell in a minute what a man is going to be worth to them. They get all they can out of you, but the best of them feed and pay their hands on a scale unknown in the Old Country.

Were I sending a son to make his living by farming in any new country, I would make a point of first teaching him how to take care of his health. A few lessons in the emergency treatment of accidents, fevers and poisoning, would prove invaluable to the average young emigrant. Doctors are seldom within reach in wild countries, and ignorance of simple remedies may

cost life. Over and over again I have seen mere boys take risks which no sane man who knew the country would dream of. Sleeping out in swamps without even the protection of a tent, eating unripe fruit, working out when their teeth were chattering with ague. Actually, the average young emigrant is ignorant of the use of quinine until he is down with malaria and some older man administers twenty grains a day.

I should also insist on his taking a few lessons in cookery. Nothing kills more promising young colonists than a long-continued course of scrappy, ill-cooked meals. It is every bit as easy to cook decently as badly, and the ability to make the most of pork and beans, flour and coffee makes all the difference to a bachelor, who is too poor to keep a servant and is therefore obliged to do all his own work. People at home would be appalled could they see how some of their sons live. No cottager or even gipsy fares so hardly as the young emigrant who cannot or is too slack to cook. I have seen an ex-public school boy supping on boiled hominy cooked so long before that a coating of green mold had to be peeled off the top, and flavored with black treacle in which dead cockroaches were floating. The kitchen in which he fed was black with soot and swarming with flies, and when he had finished his horrible meal, he put the plate on the floor for his dog to lick. This was the only washing the utensil got from one week's end to another. Horrible! you exclaim. Yet perfectly true, and worse things can be told by anyone who has had a few years' experience of life in a new country.

The average young Englishman, when first forced to fend for himself in a frame house or log shanty, is miserably uncomfortable. His horse and dog fare far better than he does himself. It is too much trouble to cook, and he lives on bread, corned beef and tea. In a very short time his health and consequently his spirits begin to suffer. He gets fits of black melancholy. Then comes the critical period. If he has sound sense and ambition to succeed, he realizes that he must make a change. He gets up a little earlier and cooks porridge for breakfast, and when he comes in in the evening, however tired he may be, he boils potatoes or other vegetables. Many such men develop into excellent cooks. I have eaten pastry made

by an old Etonian which could not be bettered in an English kitchen, and seen supper tables daintily laid with flowers and clean linen by men who spent ten hours a day ploughing, hoeing and grubbing stumps. The lot of those others who have not sufficient common-sense to see where they are drifting is a sad one. They soon sink to the level of the man already mentioned whose plate was licked clean three times a day by his dog. They lose health and self-respect, and eventually "go under."

Conditions of colonial life are so utterly different from anything that exists in England that it is extremely difficult to convey any true impression of them to those who have never been outside our own small islands. In Canada and the United States people "have no use" for the man who is not ready to pitch into any work that comes uppermost. Nothing is *infra dig.*, from cleaning a sewer to stoking at a saw mill. The man who does not work is looked on askance, no matter how much money he has. The ordinary education which an English boy of the middle or upper classes receives is not best fitted to make him understand this simple fact. That is why I would urge most strongly that every boy who his parents intend to send abroad should put in a few months on a farm where he must do exactly the same work as the farmer's sons and laborers. I am not one of those who believe that the English race is decadent. The English boy who has had the proper training can take his

place at once with the best in a new country. A well educated young Scotchman of my acquaintance who had been in America barely three months had an eight hours' wood chopping match with a big negro who had been accustomed to axe work all his life and beat him. The Scotchman was at the time not quite nineteen years old.

I have explained briefly how I would train a boy for colonial life. When he was ready to go I would endeavor to accompany him to his destination, and there find work for him with some decent, honest farmer. If the boy is good for anything at all, he should certainly be worth his keep to his employer, and after the first six months wages as well. At the end of a year he ought to have made up his mind whether he likes the place and life sufficiently to settle. Then if his work had been satisfactory, I would find the cash necessary to enable him to take up land, build a house and stock his farm. This need not cost a great deal, but, remember, once good land is chosen, the stocking is the most important part of the matter. Those who sink all their capital in land will soon come to grief, the usual result of such foolishness being that their property eventually reverts to the State for unpaid taxes. Once a young fellow is established on a well-chosen, properly-stocked farm which he has the will and knowledge to work, he is independent. More—with reasonable good luck in the way of weather, he should be on the high road to fortune.



What Profit Sharing Has Done

Some Arguments, Which are Used in Favor of and Against the System
A Careful Summing up of Facts, After Exhaustive and Impartial Investigation
and Study Shows That the Advantages Outweigh the Disadvantages.

By Fred C. Lariviere.

I N reference to the system of profit-sharing in business, I would say, that a fixed salary, even if it were combined with the premium system or other similar ways of encouragement, has rarely lead the workman to economy. Unlimited increase in salaries has never produced good results; it provokes rather increased cost of everything, and is quickly spent. Profit-sharing, on the other hand, puts the workman in position to spare money, and it can even, when judiciously applied, oblige him to become a capitalist. A reserve fund is created by means of the excess of profits in prosperous years. This extra capital is for the benefit of both the employer and the employe. Profit-sharing should not, however, be a substitute to salary. It is simply intended to complete it, to improve it and to add to it a part of the proceeds of the enterprise and interest the workman. It constitutes, consequently, the best means to be employed, to guarantee a fixed salary, and, at the same time, its stability, thus avoiding any indefinite raise of salaries resulting from strikes without, however, depriving the workman of the advantages of a prosperous enterprise.

Profit-sharing can exert a more favorable influence over the social and moral situation of workman. The workman becomes free, more independent and more responsible; he does not look upon himself as a simple salaried man, but as a partner and proprietor tied to the interests of the enterprise. He feels that he is in a higher position, and tries to merit this new situation. He is naturally led to live more peacefully in the midst of his family and to shun drinking habits. The payment of

profits opens a new field to his eyes and gives him hope for the realization of his little dream. He intends to buy a house, would like to start a small store, aims to save enough money for his old age, and, seeing this is not impossible, he acquires the good habit of remaining at home. His wife seeing this favorable change, tries to do everything in her power to entice her husband to continue such a practice in the evenings.

Workmen, that receive a fixed salary, do not give all their intellectual and physical strength. There are even some who say in the morning: "I wished the day was over." A workman in this disposition does not care about his family nor for the success of the enterprise. A moral sloth takes hold of his mind and he looks with indifference upon all things. He tries to forget everything by means of alcohol. Some factories have by profit-sharing met with wonderful success and have made of their employes very sober men. Without profit-sharing workmen often think but little of themselves and of their own advantage. With profit-sharing each one considers his companions as members of the same family and all work for the success of the enterprise. Economy in the use of raw material is seen, and, if one does something wrong, he is quickly reminded to do his duty. This is done by a companion in a pleasant tone and has more power over the workman than any other advice.

The employer is indemnified for, sharing his profits with his staff, causes a greater zeal on the part of his employes, more regularity, better care of tools, machinery and raw material, more attention in the

manufacturing of goods, all qualities that contribute to the name of the firm. It is even possible that with time gains will increase to such an extent that actual profits will outstrip the profits of the preceding years when profit-sharing was not in practice. In any case, these increased profits will swell the reserve fund, thereby fulfilling its object, i.e., to counterbalance losses in unsuccessful years. The workman interested in a factory is like a foreman or a superintendent, and, when difficulties are met on the way, he is always willing to increase his output rather than stop work.

In the shops we see satisfaction, peace and co-operative activity. Whatever may be the financial result of the year the proprietor will see his influence and his authority always maintained and even increasing. He will in a more effective manner repress any disorder against the united interest of all concerned, being upheld by his workmen in this difficult task. The proprietor will also feel more comfortable in his daily occupations, being able to move in peaceful atmosphere from which antagonism between capital and labor are banished to make room for a freer and more family-like spirit.

The Board of Trade of Geneva has given careful attention to profit-sharing questions. At one of the regular meetings Mr. Billon declared that his system was working in a most satisfactory manner, and had so much influence over his workmen that, without being asked, they offered themselves to work ten hours and a half a day. Naturally this offer was not accepted. He added that were the Socialists' ideas to predominate in Geneva, his workmen would defend their factory with the same energy that the shareholders themselves would.

With the salary method, capital seeks to give labor the least money and labor the least work for the most money. It is for this purpose that factory owners and workmen have formed associations who, by fighting, together swallow up large sums of money. Strikes generally commence when work is in abundance or arise from exaggerated claims. Unlimited debates take place during which the favorable circumstance of increasing the annual product is left aside. The two parties hold to their views and both lose money. By profit-sharing the workman needs not the

help of any association whose object is to exert a strong influence over employers. Both parties learn to understand each other in a better way and esteem comes with time. They gradually perceive that an enterprise of any kind will come to ruin through either lack of energetic administration or bad will and false ideas on the part of the staff. Without profit-sharing workmen remain strangers to these questions; they keep away from them and take pleasure in their systematic opposition.

Neither salary by the piece nor premiums or donations or other similar methods of remuneration can produce the results obtained through profit-sharing, because salary of any kind cannot unite their interest nor can it create forced savings or own a share of the social fund.

Similar results cannot be obtained through salaries by piece work because it does not oblige workers to save money, and, even if some of the workmen earn large salaries, few are they who know how to save part of it.

The premium system is too much left to the good-will of the employer and easily excites jealousy between workmen. Under the system of salary by the piece the workman tries to do his work in the least time possible, so as to earn the largest sum. It therefore requires very severe inspection so as not to pass defective goods that would injure the firm's reputation. With profit-sharing each one tries to do his work as perfectly as possible so as to give the factory larger contracts. It induces the workman to have better tools so as to save time and do more competent work.

Profit-sharing offers to workmen, when no work is to be had, very efficient help and advantage. A few years ago on the occasion of a debate on profit-sharing at the Board of Trade of Geneva, reference was made to the success of the firm of Billon & Isaac. One speaker said: "We need not be surprised of the good results obtained through profit-sharing in a factory of so thriving industrial branch, directed by men of such high intellectual standing. But it is not to be concluded that it is possible to universalize the practice of the system. Everyone would not be so fortunate as to avoid all possibility of losses." Messrs. Billon & Isaac answered this objection by giving the results obtained during the last industrial crisis which was felt also in their

own factory. The number of workmen fell down to 73, when during the five preceding years it had been usually from 100 to 110 and even 135. The obligatory savings made through profit-sharing during the five prosperous years for each workman, had permitted to those without work to await an offer of employment in Geneva or elsewhere without suffering. Those who remained in the factory could in an easier way sustain the reduction of working hours, because they were authorized to complete their ordinary salary with their savings account.

The directors of many factories consider as ill-founded the supposition that profit-sharing would necessarily bring the interference of workmen in the bookkeeping and in the management of the business. The predictions made in that sense are contradicted by the experience of the system since its foundation. In all contracts between two parties there are and there ought to be limits and restrictions, that cannot be overstepped without breaking the contract. Placed in such a condition workmen will always recede if they have honest employers. In these establishments workmen's rights are fixed through statutes and regulations, and they have access through delegates to the general meetings, where they are on the same footing, as shareholders. It is generally forgotten that profit-sharing well applied and fairly practiced is liable to smooth difficulties and simplify situations.

The system must be founded on mutual confidence and loyalty as well as on complete liberty and authority of employers. The policy of management of the business should not be departed from. Strife or debate in reference to profit-sharing shall be decided through arbitration. It is therefore the duty of the employers to state how results of profit-sharing will be made known to the employes.

The necessity of developing at the beginning, the workman's education is generally considered as an argument against profit-sharing. This situation, on the contrary, is in favor of the system. The necessity to elevate the workmen's education and to keep them in mutual peaceful relations is really a kind office. Under the profit-sharing system this education for a good part is done by itself. A manufacturer

who has adopted profit-sharing, recently said: "The intellectual level of my staff is not above that of ordinary workmen or that of their neighbor. All political and religious opinions are duly represented, from the Socialist to the Royalist, from the free child of the Gospel to the devoted servant of the Pope. Profit-sharing has had the effect of interesting them to their work, but, nevertheless, it is not an enchanter's wand that changes instantly the workman. As all good things it needs a certain time to produce good results. I must not say that profit-sharing does not offer certain difficulties, but I must not also exaggerate these. Are we not in the presence of the same kind of industrial enterprise and of unequal situations resulting from different managements. Salaries do not only differ from locality to locality, from factory to factory, but even in the same establishment they vary a great deal. An active and clever workman, who can work two machines, receives a far higher salary than that of ordinary workmen. These inequalities cannot disappear from the earth unless humanity instead of trying to improve her welfare would fall to a lower degree of occupation and of pleasure. There will not be more jealousy between workmen when these salaries necessarily share in the profits. Employers, who pay the lowest possible salaries and who use the worst mechanical devices, will see their situation more intricate still. But industrial and social progress can but be helped under a system that will lead all forces in the way of superior services, and that will oblige employers to organize their industries in a way that will assure their employes a situation as advantageous as that of the most favored ones in the same industrial branch."

Are you in favor of profit-sharing? Dr. Angel, director of the Royal Statistical Bureau of Prussia, Prince Louis Philippe of Orleans, Count of Paris; Mr. Dupasquier, of Cortaillod, Canton, of Neuchatel, Switzerland, a large manufacturer of clocks, watches, etc.; Mr. Grenier, manufacturer of Bex, French Switzerland; Professor Vonder Goltz; Mr. John Stuart Mill, of London, England; Mr. Henry Fauvatt, Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge University, England; Mr. Thorton, J. M. Leidgow, and Mr. Lloyd Jones, economists, of London, England; Nicholas Paine Gilman, Meadville, United States.

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and many others, are strong and persistent advocates of the system.

AGAINST THE SYSTEM.

I now wish to briefly sum up some of the arguments against and in favor of profit-sharing. I will first present those which are put forward as being unfavorable:

Profit-sharing will never be a substitute to salary.

Unequal gains will always exist in the same industry.

Antagonism between capital and labor will always subsist.

The shares to each individual are too small to be appreciated.

The generalization of profit-sharing would have the effect of reducing profits.

The prosperity of an industry depends on its management, consequently the application of profit-sharing is an unjust departure.

The mistrust and ignorance of employes will be prejudicial to good management.

Piece work or high wages are the only just substitutes to ordinary salary.

It is impossible to have employes share in the losses.

It is very difficult to establish the proper proportion of remuneration between capital and labor, especially in manufacturing industries.

Profit-sharing with no share of ownership in the industry is based on unsound principles.

Profit-sharing forces an employe to stay under penalty of loss of share of profits for the full term fixed by rules and regulations.

To be just, a profit-sharing system must give to the employes the right to be represented for stock taking and for the balancing of accounts, which is a very serious objection, inasmuch as it makes known the results, and, if favorable, will encourage others to start in same line of business, and, if reports are unfavorable, can cause very serious financial difficulties.

FOR THE SYSTEM.

Those points in favor of profit-sharing are:

It is a more logical and a much fairer way of remunerating the wage earner.

It promotes economy amongst the laboring classes.

To a certain extent, it prevents the possibility of strikes.

It gives an employe a chance to apply the full force of his physical and moral energy.

When properly applied, it helps to promote the employers' interest.

It spreads on the largest number the care and responsibilities of the management.

It decreases the antagonizing influence of labor against capital.

It facilitates more intimate and friendly intercourse between employers and employes.

It gathers money to be distributed amongst laborers during dull time and scarcity of work.

It does not bring about the meddling of employes with the management of enterprises.

There is nothing known that will make disappear inequality of salaries and profit-sharing has never had this result in view in any of its applications.

SOME CONCLUSIONS.

In concluding my series of articles for The Busy Man's Magazine on the advantages of profit-sharing, I desire to state from this study that it will be seen that the application of the profit-sharing system has been in operation in various industries, if not in the whole world, at least, in the most progressive and aggressive business countries as an improvement in the mode of remuneration of labor with good moral results for the working class.

Profit-sharing must not be considered as an innovation with infallibly good results, as a cure-all of all labor troubles, but as an amelioration over the old wage system, and its good results have conferred, when the nature of the enterprise permitted its application, benefit on both employer and employes.

The principles of profit-sharing are sound and just, but its application in a unique form is impossible.

The various results heretofore described prove that each case has its own solution, and rules and regulations first adopted have oftentimes been changed. It must not be forgotten that profit-sharing imposes on each sharer, to obtain good results, more duties and a better knowledge of the industry.

To make a success of the application of profit-sharing the following will be useful:

Profit-sharing should be organized in such a manner as to establish a joint re-

WHAT PROFIT-SHARING HAS DONE

sponsibility of interest between employers and employes, also a capital and labor.

The salary question should not be mixed with profit-sharing, but be considered separately and be based on the general fluctuation of wages.

The industrial production and business management should be seriously considered in adopting a profit-sharing system as well as the relation of labor and capital.

Salary seems to be the basis most generally adopted, although some add the consideration of the number of years spent in the factory.

The amount set for profit-sharing should be sufficiently large to really interest the staff.

Profit-sharing should extend to the largest possible number of employes, and be well defined at its inauguration, not left to the good-will of the employer.

All firms adopting profit-sharing must necessarily be in very good financial cir-

cumstances, especially if results are to be made public.

Shares of profit-sharing should not be paid in cash, but placed to the credit of each employe with an allowance for interest, and to determine a number of years, during which the owner cannot dispose of his earnings except in case of death, purchase of house, or out of work.

The principal object of profit-sharing should be the creation of a savings department for each employe, to enable him to become a property owner or a co-proprietor of the industry.

All I have said in this study is from various authors that I have referred to and from answers to my inquiries of the different firms, who are operating with success a profit-sharing system. It has taken over a year of my spare time and the compilations that I have presented constitute the only personal merit that I lay claim to.

A Toast To The "Reliable" Man.

By Noble May.

Here's to the steadfast, reliable man,
The man with the tongue that's true,
Who won't promise to do any more than he can,
But who'll do what he says he'll do.

He may not be clever; he's often quite blunt,
Without either polish or air;
But, though it's not in him to "put up a front,"
When you need him he's always there.

So here's to the man on whom one can rely,
And here's to his lasting success!
May his species continue to multiply
And his shadow never grow less!

Just Escaped and No More

A Daring Night Ride Through the Lonely Woods, with Wolves
in Hot Pursuit, When Canada was Little More Than a Wilderness.

By Maude Benson.

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

—Whittier.

JOHN WALTERS thrust his head and shoulders through the cabin window:

"Hurry up supper, Jane," he exclaimed excitedly, "Dan Burney just went past and told me a new family has moved into George Parker's shanty, down the shore. Got here last night. Traveled all the way from Long Island. Horses clean tuckered out when they crossed the ferry. Got a yoke of oxen from some one at the Point and come on. Just got the horses home this afternoon, and I say, don't you think we'd better go down and see how they're comin' on? Feelin' a bit lonesome, no doubt, and woman-folks homesick, like as not."

Jane Walters was treading away at her little flax-wheel, making it buzz as she drew the delicate fibers from the distaff, twirled them slightly with her fingers, then let them run through the flyers to the spool, a fine, evenly-twisted thread; but as her husband delivered this bit of news, the buzzing suddenly ceased, and the thread snapped short.

"Land sakes!" she cried. "How tired out they must be! Go? Yes, to be sure I will, and—let me see—maybe they haven't much to eat on hand. There's that deer Nathan shot yesterday, a quarter o' that might come good, and—yes, I might give 'em something else, too."

She hastily put aside her work, and was soon busy preparing the evening meal.

A little later John came in, and seating himself beside the fireplace, he filled his pipe and proceeded to indulge in one of the few luxuries his settler's life afforded. Occasionally he sighed, but it was not often

he gave way to melancholia. He was much too hopeful and stout-hearted for that, but to-night he was thinking of his own journey to the vast Canadian wilderness in which he had made himself a home.

Whilst Jane busied herself with her kettles and pots, swinging out the great iron crane from the yawning mouth of the fireplace, again returning it with its load of pots to its place over the dancing blaze, John sat sending rings of smoke above his head and reviewing his past history.

At the breaking out of the American War for Independence, he had occupied a pleasant home in Monmouth County, New Jersey. Fired by a spirit of loyalty to the Mother Country, although but a mere boy in years, he enlisted in the service of the British, and at the close of the long, bloody war, found himself, as did many other Loyalists, a homeless, persecuted refugee. After enduring many hardships, and without knowing the fate of his mother and only sister, he reached the wilds of Upper Canada, and, passing by the Loyalists who had already taken up, and were occupying their lands in Adolphustown, he settled in that part of Prince Edward County known for so many years as the Sixth Town—one of the old, original, ten townships.

On one of the rugged bluffs overlooking that part of the Bay of Quinte known as the Long Reach, he had built his log-cabin home, and had effected a considerable clearance.

A comparatively happy man was John Walters, but a new family moving into the settlement always brought back the old-time life to him.

"Supper's ready," announced Jane, and John, rousing himself from his reverie,

took his place at the well-scrubbed pine table. Jane Walters was a neat housewife and the tallow-dip candles standing in their tin candlesticks at either end of the table gave to the polished pewter drinking cups and plates a sheen like burnished silver. The floor of the cabin was sanded with clean white sand—after the fashion of the Puritans. Strings of dried pumpkin and bunches of dried herbs hung from the ceiling and were carefully and somewhat artistically arranged. The old flint lock musket rested on forked sticks above the door. The spinning-wheel, with its billow of soft rolls ready for Jane's busy fingers, stood in one corner, and beside it the little flax-wheel. The great fireplace, with its huge blackened back-log and blazing fore-sticks, its iron crane, with a row of iron pot-hooks, occupied one end of the room. Nearby was a corner cupboard, with its odd old dishes. Then there was a great Dutch clock reaching to the ceiling, and last, but not least, the sturdy, home-spun clad figures about the table. What a picture, and what a pity the photographer's art was such a minus quantity in those days!

Plain and coarse, you call them? Well, yes, perhaps they were. But then, theirs was the life of the log-cabin—a life of persistent hard work—a constant struggle for the bare necessities of life. There were no shams or pretensions among them. They were true and loyal men and women, and led the wild, free, backwoods life with few regrets or vain wishes. They were contented and happy and healthy, and as good-nature proverbially goes with muscle, they possessed a generous supply of it:

"Ten thousand homes were planted; and each one,
With axe and fire and mutual help, made war
Against the wilderness, and smote it down,
Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat."

This was the life to which the new-comers had journeyed so far to share.

Supper being finished by the Walters family, the horses were brought to the door, and John and Jane mounted to ride away.

"Here, you'd better take the musket with you," said Nathan to his father, as the latter started.

"Oh, pshaw," said John. "I don't think I'll need it. Besides, it'll bother me as it is to keep this venison in place."

"I tell you to take it," said Nathan. "Tom Norton told me the wolf tracks in the

woods are as thick as hair on a dog. This dry weather has sent 'em to the shore for water, and it ain't safe goin' out unarmed, let alone goin' out after nightfall."

John grumbled as he took the musket. "I've never been chased by wolves yet."

"Well, there's always a beginnin' to everything," said Nathan, "and its best to be on the safe side."

Away went John and Jane along the blazed trail. The fall months had been unusually dry, and the air was hot and oppressive, so they had not gone far along their rough, winding road, before the horses slowed down to a walk. The gloom of the woods was dense, and the pungent odor of sun-burned leaves and soil almost stifling.

Jane, who was riding ahead, took off her sun-bonnet and fanned her hot, flushed face.

"How dark it is getting," she said. "I do believe there's a storm brewing."

"Well, if it's only a good, heavy rain-storm, it'll be most welcome," said John. "This weather makes me think what it 'ud mean to us if the woods 'ud get a-fire."

Jane reined in her horse and turned to look John square in the face.

"Good Lord," she gasped with white lips. "What an awful thing it 'ud be, and yet ast night I dreamt of seeing fire leap from tree to tree, until this whole place was one sea of flame."

For a time they rode on in silence, thinking of the awful possibility, and all the time the twilight faded, and the gloom deepened into night.

All at once a long, sharp howl sounded from the depth of the woods. Jane turned and looked at John, and again her face went white.

For a moment they stopped their horses and listened, but not for very long, for the howl was taken up and repeated again and again. All too well did they know it for what it really was—the war cry of the wolves.

"Sit tight," said John between his clenched teeth. "Give Dexter his head, and don't look back. The pack's got scent of us."

The horses needed no urging. Like a flash they sprang forward, and with snorts of terror dashed down the rut-marked way. The path was sinuous, and uneven, stumps were to be rounded and sink-holes missed,

but still the horses kept a good distance ahead.

"We're doing well, mother," panted John, "but I do wish Nathe was here, for they'll gain on us when we reach the creek."

And gain on them the wolves did, for in order to cross the rude, log bridge the horses had to be brought to a walk. Jane glanced back. "There they come out of the woods," she said. "Oh! drop the venison and that'll stop 'em for awhile!"

But John was not ready to part with his load just then, although they had to go quite a distance through another dense bit of woods before reaching the Parker cabin.

And now the race began in good earnest. Once, when the yelling pack forged close to the heels of the flying horses, a bullet from John's musket carried death to one of the leaders, and the wolves stopped to devour their dying comrade. The pause seemed but momentary, and fast as the horses flew along, still faster came the fiendish pack behind.

Jane Walters, clinging desperately to the bridle, prayed incoherently. Never afterward was the memory of the awful agony of that ride blotted from her mind. With might and main John tugged at the thongs which bound the haunch of venison to his horse and the ugly fangs of the leader were snapping viciously at his legs, as he finally loosened and dropped it.

This again stopped the pack, and John tried desperately to reload his musket, but before he succeeded the wolves were again galloping close behind.

Now came the test race of the night. John flung away his musket and galloped for his life. Like the wind they tore along. Right past the door of the Parker cabin they went with such momentum that it was useless attempting to stop. But help was unexpectedly found here. A number of settlers had already congregated to welcome the new-comers, and hearing the howling of the wolves, and knowing they were giving chase to something, had started out to intercept them.

As John and Jane swept past, Henry Parker seized a blazing pine knot from the hearth, and, running to the door, hurled it into the midst of the yelling pack. Scarce had the firebrand touched the earth ere the grass, dry as tinder, blazed up. Bullet after bullet soon dispersed the snarling crew, and John and Jane, returning, found a greater foe than wolves to face, for the fire was spreading rapidly.

By back-firing and hard fighting, they managed to save the house and log barn, but carried by the wind of the on-coming storm, the fire swept over the small clearing to the woods beyond. And now was Jane Walters' dream fulfilled. From tree to tree leaped the blaze, until the heavens were red with the glare. Away in Adolphustown the progress of that mighty fire was watched, and more than one prayer was uttered for the safety of the settlers of the Long Reach. Fortunately, however, the wind carried the blaze in a slanting direction across the country, away from any human habitation.

The little group of people at the Parker's watched the conflagration awe-stricken. Scarcely did they heed the flight past them of the wild things from the woods. With fascinated eyes they watched the sparks fly skyward, and the cloud of amber-colored smoke roll towards the land of the Mohawks.

From tree to tree leaped the fire. One of the grandest and most awful sights imaginable it was. One moment it seemed the great monarchs of the forest stood in regal splendor, the next and they were belching forth a cloud of smoke and charred cinders.

Across the county the blackened path was cut, and before that "most tangible of all visible mysteries," the people stood and gazed spellbound.

Then the storm broke, and the sheets of drenching rain drove them into the cabin. But to this day is told the story of how Henry Parker in one night cleared his land on the Long Reach.



Stand for Something

Character as Capital is Very Much Underestimated by a Great Number of Young Men—They Seem to put More Emphasis on Smartness, Shrewdness, Influence and Pull, Than They do Upon Downright Honesty and Integrity of Character.

By Orison Swett Marden in *Success Magazine*,

THE greatest thing that can be said of a man, no matter how much he has achieved, is that he has kept his record clean.

Why is it that, in spite of the ravages of time, the reputation of Lincoln grows larger and his character means more to the world every year? It is because he kept his record clean, and never prostituted his ability nor gambled with his reputation.

Where, in all history, is there an example of a man who was merely rich, no matter how great his wealth, who exerted such a power for good, who has been such a living force in civilization, as this poor backwoods boy? What a powerful illustration of the fact that character is the greatest force in the world!

A man assumes importance and becomes a power in the world just as soon as it is found that he stands for something; that he is not for sale; that he will not lease his manhood for salary, or for any amount of money, or for any influence or position; that he will not lend his name to anything which he cannot indorse.

The trouble with so many men to-day is that they do not stand for anything outside their vocation. They may be well educated, well up in their specialties, may have a lot of expert knowledge, but they cannot be depended upon. There is some flaw in them which takes the edge off their virtue. They may be fairly honest, but you cannot bank on them.

It is not difficult to find a lawyer or a physician who knows a good deal, who is eminent in his profession; but it is not so easy to find one who is a man before he is a lawyer or a physician, whose name is a

synonym for all that is clean, reliable, solid, substantial. It is not difficult to find a good preacher; but it is not so easy to find a real man, sterling manhood, back of the sermon. It is easy to find successful merchants, but not so easy to find men who put character above merchandise. What the world wants is men who have principle underlying their expertness, principle under their law, their medicine, their business; men who stand for something outside of their offices and stores; who stand for something in their community, whose very presence carries weight.

Everywhere we see smart, clever, long-headed, shrewd men, but how comparatively rare it is to find one whose record is as clean as a hound's tooth, who will not swerve from the right, who would rather fail than be a party to a questionable transaction!

Everywhere we see business men putting the stumbling-blocks of deception and dishonest methods right across their own pathway, tripping themselves up while trying to deceive others.

We see men with millions of dollars filled with terror, trembling lest investigations may uncover things which will damn them in the public estimation! We see them cowed before the law like whipped spaniels, catching at any straw that will save them from public disgrace!

What a terrible thing to live in the limelight of popular favor, to be envied as rich and powerful, to be esteemed as honorable and straightforward, and yet to be conscious all the time of not being what the world thinks we are, to live in constant terror of discovery, in fear that something may hap-

pen to unmask us and show us up in our true light! But nothing can happen to injure seriously the man who lives four-square to the world, who has nothing to cover up, nothing to hide from his fellows, who lives a transparent, clean life, with never a fear of disclosures. If all of his material possessions are swept away from him, he knows that he has a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, in the affection and admiration of the people, and that nothing can happen to harm his real self because he has kept his record clean.

Compare the pitiable human beings who have collapsed from exposure during the last two years with the superb figure in the White House. But yesterday those men stood on a level with Mr. Roosevelt in popular esteem; to-day they are despised of all men. No power can ever restore them to their former influence. They have discredited themselves, and are dead to the American people. The trouble with these men who went down so quickly in the public esteem was that they were not men before they were congressmen, senators, insurance officials, railroad men, bankers, financiers. They were playing a false part.

Mr. Roosevelt early resolved that, let what would come, whether he succeeded in what he undertook or failed, whether he made friends or enemies, he would not take chances with his good name; that he would part with everything else first, that he would never gamble with his reputation, that he would keep his record clean. His first ambition was to stand for something, to be a man. Before he was a politician or anything else the man must come first.

In his early career he had many opportunities to make a great deal of money by allying himself with crooked, sneaking, unscrupulous politicians. He had all sorts of opportunities for political graft. But crookedness never had any attraction for him. He refused to be a party to any political jobbery, any underhand business. He preferred to lose any position he was seeking, to let somebody else have it, if he must get smirched in getting it. He would not touch a dollar, place, or preferment unless it came to him clean, with no trace of jobbery on it. Politicians who had an "ax to grind" knew it was no use to try to bribe him or to influence him with promises of patronage, money, position or power. Mr.

Roosevelt knew perfectly well that he would make many mistakes and many enemies, but he resolved to carry himself in such a way that even his enemies should at least respect him for his honesty of purpose, and for his straightforward, "square-deal" methods. He resolved to keep his record clean, his name white, at all hazards. Everything else seemed unimportant in comparison.

It is this unflinching adherence to his stern resolve always to keep himself above suspicion, his robust honesty of purpose, that has endeared him to the American people and given him a place beside Lincoln in their esteem.

In times like these the world especially needs such men as Mr. Roosevelt—men who hew close to the chalk-line of right and hold the line plumb to truth; men who do not pander to public favor; men who make duty and truth their goal and go straight to their mark, turning neither to the right nor to the left, though a paradise tempt them.

Every man ought to feel that there is something in him that bribery cannot touch, that influence cannot buy, something that is not for sale, something he would not sacrifice or tamper with for any price, something he would give his life for if necessary.

If a man stands for something worth while, compels recognition for himself alone, on account of his real worth, he is not dependent upon recommendations, upon fine clothes or a fine house or a pull. He is his own best recommendation.

The young man who starts out with the resolution to make his character his capital, and to pledge his whole manhood for every obligation he enters into, will not be a failure, though he wins neither fame nor fortune. No man ever really does a great thing who loses his character in the process.

No substitute has ever yet been discovered for honesty. Multitudes of people have gone to the wall trying to find one. Our prisons are full of people who have attempted to substitute something else for it.

No man can really believe in himself when he is occupying a false position and wearing a mask, when the little monitor within him is constantly saying, "You know you are a fraud; you are not the man you pretend to be." The consciousness of

STAND FOR SOMETHING

not being genuine, not being what others think him to be, robs a man of power, honeycombs the character, and destroys self-respect and self-confidence.

When Lincoln was asked to take the wrong side of a case he said, "I could not do it. All the time while talking to that jury I should be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

Character as capital is very much underestimated by a great number of young men. They seem to put more emphasis upon smartness, shrewdness, long-headedness, cunning, influence, a pull, than upon downright honesty and integrity of character.

Yet why do scores of concerns pay enormous sums for the use of the name of a man who, perhaps, has been dead for half a century or more? It is because there is power in that name; because there is character in it; because it stands for something; because it represents reliability and square dealing. Think of what the name of 'iffany, of Park and Tilford, or any of the great names which stand in the commercial world as solid and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar are worth!

Does it not seem strange that young men who know these facts will try to build up a business on a foundation of cunning, scheming and trickery, instead of building on the solid rock of character, reliability and manhood? Is it not remarkable that so many men should work so hard to establish a business on an unreliable, flimsy foundation, instead of building on the solid masonry of honest goods, square dealing, upon reliability?

A name is worth everything until it is questioned; but when suspicion clings to it, it is worth nothing. There is nothing in this world that will take the place of character. There is no policy in the world, to say nothing of the right or wrong of it, that compares with honesty and square dealing.

In spite of, or because of, all the crookedness and dishonesty that is being uncovered, of all the scoundrels that are being unmasked, integrity is the biggest word in the business world to-day. There never was a time in all history when it was so big, and it is growing bigger. There never was a time when character meant so much in business, when it stood for so much everywhere as it does to-day.

There was a time when the man who was

the shrewdest and sharpest and cunningest in taking advantage of others got the biggest salary; but to-day the man at the other end of the bargain is looming up as never before.

A rich life is worth a thousand times more to the world than a rich bank account. Who would have thought of asking how much money Lincoln left? Yet the whole world was richer for his life and example. Grant was a bankrupt, save for what he earned by his memoirs, which he wrote on his death-bed, but every American citizen feels richer to-day because Grant lived.

Who can estimate the influence of President Eliot in enriching and uplifting our national ideals and standards through the thousands of students who go out from Harvard University? The tremendous earnestness and nobility of character of Phillips Brooks raised every one who came within his influence to higher levels. His great earnestness in trying to lead people up to his lofty ideals swept everything before it. One could not help feeling while listening to him and watching him that there was a mighty triumph of character, a grand expression of superb manhood. Such men as these increase our faith in the race, in the possibilities of the grandeur of the coming man. We are prouder of our country because of such standards.

It is the ideal that determines the direction of the life. And what a grand sight, what an inspiration, are those men who sacrifice the dollar to the ideal!

Does any one doubt that had President Roosevelt chosen a business career he could easily have made himself a great national figure in the commercial world and several times a millionaire?

If he had started out with the determination to accumulate as much money as he could, instead of to make as much of a man of himself and to render as much service as he could to the American people, who could estimate the loss to our American ideals?

Fortunately for this nation, Mr. Roosevelt does not believe in the great American motto, "To Get and To Have," but in the greater one, "To Be and to Do." He believes that the great blight and malady of our time is the fortune without a man behind it.

He believes that the men without principle or character, who through their money

wield a vast influence for evil, destroying American ideals, debauching and demoralizing the poorer people, whom they exploit and use for their advantage in all sorts of ways, are the greatest menace to our American institutions—to our civilization.

It is a noticeable fact that all such men—tricky, dishonest men, especially scheming politicians, men who have axes to grind, trimmers and scoundrels generally, have never liked Mr. Roosevelt. He is too square for them. He is regarded very much as the thieves of New York regarded Mayor Low. He was too honest for them, they could not make money enough out of his administration, he was too clean for them. An honest Mayor in New York would strike terror into the hearts of many men who are not willing to pay the price of an honest living, who think there is an easier way of making money than honestly earning it.

Who can estimate the value of having such a vigorous, manly character as Theodore Roosevelt at the head of the nation, when there are so many men who think that their money can buy almost anything—seats in Congress, governorships, mayorships, our courts of justice, positions of the highest honor, even virtue itself! These men do not realize that it is as impossible to attain real success by dishonest methods as it is to solve an intricate mathematical problem by ignoring the laws of mathematics. The principles by which the problem of success is solved are right and justice, honesty and integrity; and just in proportion as a man deviates from these principles he comes short of solving his problem.

It is true that he may reach something. He may get money, but is that success? The thief gets money, but does he succeed? Is it any honester to steal by means of a long head than by means of a long arm? It is

very much more dishonest, because the victim is deceived and then robbed—a double crime.

We often receive letters which read like this:

"I am getting a good salary; but I do not feel right about it, somehow. I cannot still the voice within me that says 'Wrong, wrong,' to what I am doing."

"Leave it, leave it," we always say to the writers of these letters. "Do not stay in a questionable occupation no matter what inducement it offers. Its false light will land you on the rocks if you follow it. It is demoralizing to the mental faculties, paralyzing to the character, to do a thing which one's conscience forbids."

Tell the employer who expects you to do questionable things that you cannot work for him unless you can put the trade-mark of your manhood, the stamp of your integrity, upon everything you do. Tell him that if the highest thing in you cannot bring success surely the lowest cannot. You cannot afford to sell the best thing in you, your honor, your manhood, to a dishonest man or a lying institution. You should regard even the suggestion that you might sell out for a consideration as an insult.

Resolve that you will not be paid for being something less than a man, that you will not lease your ability, your education, your inventiveness, your self-respect, for salary, to do a man's lying for him, either in writing advertisements, selling goods, or in any other capacity.

Resolve that, whatever your vocation, you are going to stand for something, that you are not going to be merely a lawyer, or a physician, a merchant, a clerk, a farmer, a congressman, or a man who carries a big money-bag; but that you are going to be a man first, last and all the time.



The Waste of Daylight

Scheme to Rescue 210 Hours of our Waking Life From the Gloom of Man's Puny Efforts at Illumination, and Substitute for it Sunbeams—The Advantages of Mr. Willett's Plan and how Former Attempts to Reform the Calendar Met With Stern Opposition.

By Sir Algernon West in the Contemporary Review.

MR. GLADSTONE, in one of his finest flights of oratory, during the debate on the Reform Bill of 1867, repeated the passionate cry of Ajax, and implored his opponents to "destroy him in the daylight"; and ever since the day when God said, "Let there be Light, and there was Light," men have prayed that their darkness might be changed into light. More light and fuller has been their prayer, and twice, and twice only, has it been heard. The ratification of the promise of lengthened days was given to Hezekiah by bringing "again the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz," when "the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down," and again the sun stood still and the moon stayed until Joshua avenged himself upon his enemies in the Valley of Ajalon.

These are not the days of visible miracles, though the whole world and all that it contains is one vast miracle; so in a practical age we must endeavor to attain our ends in a practical way. That later hours from sunrise and sunset, from April to September, would yield more sleep to millions and greatly increase for many more millions their opportunities of outdoor recreation there can be no doubt. To attain these beneficent ends, with a concurrent yearly saving in our expenditure on artificial light of £2,500,000, a plan is put forward by Mr. William Willett, whose proposal is that the hour between two o'clock and three o'clock in the morning of each of the first four Sundays in April of each year, shall be a short hour, consisting of forty minutes only, and that between two o'clock and three o'clock in the morning of

each of the first four Sundays in September shall be a long hour, consisting of eighty minutes.

Alterations in the calendar have already been effected in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and parts of India; and at the Cape standard time has twice recently been advanced—in 1892 by fifteen minutes, and in 1903 by a further thirty minutes, and no disadvantages are known to have arisen in consequence of these changes.

A resident in the Malay States says "that three years ago we adopted Singapore mean-time as a standard, the effect being that we "secured some twenty minutes extra daylight throughout the greater part of the year. The change was immediately appreciated by all."

The plan now proposed will not even cause any alteration in our ordinary railway time tables, for the station clocks would be regulated between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m. on Sundays in April at a time of infinitesimal traffic.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the boon that prolonged hours of available daylight would confer on the many thousands of toiling men and women who have passed their days in shops and factories, and only get back to their homes in the twilight of departing day. I suppose it would be impossible to ascertain how many thousand clerks spend their spare time in the cricket-field or on the golf course, or in cycling or on the river; and it would be still more impossible to count the number of those who delight in watching these manly contests. And even to those more advanced in years, who are satisfied to spend their even-

ings in their gardens, or playing with their children, an additional two hours of daylight would be welcome.

Scientists, men of business, employers of labor, doctors and astronomers of the highest rank have already expressed their approval. Sir Robert Ball, the Professor of Astronomy and Geometry, from his Observatory at Cambridge, says in reference to this proposal: "Which is the better for our waking hours, glorious sunshine, which costs us nothing, or expensive and incomparably less efficient artificial light?" Only perverted habits could make us hesitate as to the answer to this question. The admirable "scheme of Mr. Willett will rescue 210 hours of our waking life from the gloom of man's puny efforts at illumination, and substitute for it—sunbeams. There are no difficulties connected with the scheme which could weigh for a moment against the advantages of its adoption."

Simple as Mr. Willett's plan is, he must anticipate many years of opposition, and it may be interesting to show how former attempts to reform the calendar, to which we are now all accustomed, were met.

As early as 44 B.C., the inaccurate computations of the year were so great that Julius Caesar, "the foremost man in all the world," instructed Sosigenes, the astronomer, to re-arrange the calendar and regulate the civil year entirely by the sun. Without attempting to describe the details of his plan, it is enough to say that the Julian Calendar, so called after its originator, lasted without alteration till 1582, when the Equinox had retrograded from its proper position.

To correct this, Pope Gregory XIII. issued an edict at that time, that in future every year divisible by four should contain 366 days, and be called Leap Year, whereas all other years consisted of only 365 days; and the error, which under the Julian code had accumulated to the extent of ten days, was disposed of by enacting that the fifth day of October should be reckoned the 15th of the same month, and every year was, for the future, to commence on the 1st January. This was the introduction of what still goes by the name of the New Style (N.S.), which is now, I believe, adopted by all Christian countries except Greece and Russia. When it was first promulgated, England, from a truly Protestant jealousy and distrust of everything emanat-

ing from the Pope, refused for a time to adopt it; but when, after much opposition, it was adopted, it lasted until the year 1721, when it was found that the Gregorian system was imperfect, for no note in the calculation had been taken of odd hours, and those hours had grown to weeks and weeks to months, by the middle of the 18th century.

In 1752, Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, had retired from the cares of political strife, and, like a wise man, sought for some occupation. To be cut off from all share in the active progress of the world was to him intolerable, and he hit upon a task not only of interest to himself, but of incalculable benefit to the public. With Lord Macclesfield, the astronomer, one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe, he set to work to again reform the calendar. England, at heart a conservative country, with true conservative instincts, was opposed to any change, even though an improvement; but Lord Chesterfield applied himself to this unpopular task. He broached his intention to the Duke of Newcastle, who besought him to abandon his idea, as being a new-fangled plan, which he abhorred. "It was not," Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, "very honorable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, the inconvenience of which was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondence, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation, and consulted the best lawyers and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose."

The bill was accordingly prepared, and introduced into the House of Lords on the 25th February, 1751. Chesterfield, with a certain cynicism, tells his son: "It was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Slavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood them just as well; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes;

THE WASTE OF DAYLIGHT

but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the roundness and harmony of my periods, to my elocution and to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed. They thought I was informed because I pleased them, and many of them said that I had made the whole matter very clear to them—whereas, God knows, I had not attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and is one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge and all the clearness which so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, but most unjustly, given to me. His speech was worth a thousand of mine."

The bill was sent by the House of Lords to the House of Commons, and after sundry amendments was read a third time on 17th May, and received the Royal assent on 22nd May, 1751. The new Act ordained that the year should begin on January 1st, and that the eleven intermediate days, between 2nd and 14th September, 1752, should be suppressed, so that the day succeeding the 2nd should be reckoned the 14th of that month.

"Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of," was the cry of the populace. The death of the Astronomer Royal, who died so painfully in 1762, was attributed to the share he had taken in this "robbery." Lord Macclesfield fared even worse, and the sins of the father were visited on his son; for when he stood for Parliament in Oxfordshire he was taunted with

this "robbery," and one of the ballads of the election commenced:

"In seventeen hundred and seventy-three
The style it was changed to Popery."

Simple and beneficial to all classes as this proposal of Mr. Willett's appears to be, we may be sure it will be met with opposition from the thoughtless conventionalists of all shades; from the luxury-loving and selfish people who only consider what will affect them individually. The *Vis inertie* will help to withstand any change, however good it is in itself, because it is a change; and are we sure that there do not exist people as uneducated and foolish as they were in Lord Chesterfield's time, who loaded him with abuse for the alteration he effected?

The only change in the calendar since that date was Romme's new calendar in the Republican year of 1793, which was speedily adopted by a French municipality, but only lasted till 1808, when Napoleon abolished it; but Romme, one of the *Ultimi Romanorum*, as Carlyle calls him, drew a knife and stabbed himself, in order to save himself from a worse fate. We hope that such an end will not await Mr. Willett, and that he may live to see many bright hours wrested from the Prince of Darkness, and follow Thomas Moore's advice, though not exactly in the sense he intended, when he wrote—

"That the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

If I were told that for my sins I must marry one of six women who had nothing but their good looks to recommend them, or a woman with only a keen sense of humour to recommend her, I should choose the woman with the sense of humour.

A dead husband is always a subject for praise, whereas a live husband—but the less said about live husbands the better.

Some men think no more of getting married than they do of going into their club and ordering a bottle of wine. Probably some think less about it, for they will examine the cork of the bottle, whereas they won't even trouble to ascertain the brand of the girl they are going to marry.—From "The Irony of Marriage" by Basil Tozer.

Why Some Men Become Bosses

They Become Masters of Themselves and Build on the Solid Enduring Foundation of Laborious Effort and Accurate Trustworthy Work—How the Stronger Will Generally Prevails in Selling Goods.

By George Brett in Modern Methods Magazine.

IF a man wants to get out of the class of the mastered, the subjected, the dependent, he wants to stop and stop immediately relying on strokes of good luck. He wants to avoid thinking about things as they might be and turn his whole attention to conquering the world as it is now. The way the world has treated him in the past is a first-class indication as to how it will treat him in the future. Only to get better treatment he must aim to alter himself and not the world.

The writer once knew of a case where a typical autocrat in business acquired the control of another small concern. He had an authoritative, quick way of speaking—difficult to understand. And he detested people who asked questions.

Acting as manager of the newly acquired business was a masterful man. After the autocrat had been in charge he came into the office of the previous manager, glanced over the market quotations, and "got busy."

"Sell so and so at such a price. Buy so many shares of Amalgamated Steel. If the market goes down to 50 on Louisville-Illinois, snap up 200 shares." All this was spoken as if he had a set of false teeth in his mouth and they were wabbling about. Dismissing the former manager with a curt "That's all," he grabbed up the telephone to call some one up. But the other, in quiet but determined tones, asked for a repetition of that part of the order on which he was not sure.

The autocrat was frantic and on the point of using bad language; but, notwithstanding this, the other got to know what he wanted and then coolly suggested that it was a good thing to get instructions right in the first place. The outcome was

that he became a kind of favorite with the autocrat. Perhaps he secretly admired the "nerve" of the man.

Who has not seen some unfortunate clerk, browbeaten by an employer or manager of a department, try to work his fingers off doing some piece of work in an hour which could be done properly in two hours? The usual outcome is that the poor fellow, working as if driven by a demon, with shattered nerves and trembling fingers, makes some slip which necessitates the work being done all over again. Accuracy was rendered impossible. What thanks does he get? Usually he is "cussed up and down" for his carelessness.

Contrast this way with the acts of the masterful, cool, calculating man. He takes his instructions, looks at the work before him calmly, dispassionately. Then carefully he makes a calculation and walks right back with the news that it's simply impossible to do the job in less than two hours or a half a day. Such a man will work fast. But he knows that fast inaccurate work is worthless.

Are you master or mastered? If you fall into the latter class, by all means strive to get into the former. It will pay you. Don't be like "dumb driven cattle" at the mercy of circumstances, or trust to chance and fickle fortune. Aim to build on the solid, enduring foundations of laborious effort and accurate, trustworthy work.

One good way for a man at all times to feel master of himself is to possess a good savings account. He who continually is worrying as to how he would live if thrown out of work cannot perform his tasks in the proper spirit.



A BIG FILL-IN ON THE MAIN LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

The Message of the Flour Barrel

The Rich Productivity of the Acreage in Western Canada Sets at Naught all Fear of There Ever Being a Shortage in the Breadstuffs of the World—All Progress goes Back in the Last Analysis to the Wheat

By Herbert Vanderhoof in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

NOT long ago the Manitoba Free Press sent to each of a number of representative American publications a souvenir of Western Canada in the form of a miniature barrel. It is a pretty bit of workmanship, complete to its wooden hoops, and as a toy would delight the heart of a child. But the inscription it bears takes it out of the domain of children's toys and makes it the striking symbol of a great new nation. This is the inscription: "Peace River Flour made at Vermilion, Four Hundred Miles South of the Arctic Circle."

The booklet that accompanies the barrel explains that on its journey from the mill this flour traveled first some three hundred miles in a Hudson Bay stern-wheel steamer down the Peace River to Lake Athabasca and across to the mouth of the Athabasca River, thence by the Athabasca River to Athabasca Landing, nearly four hundred miles, in a York boat. It was then brought

by pack train one hundred miles to Edmonton, and from Edmonton it traveled 1,032 miles to Winnipeg. From Fort Vermilion to Minneapolis is 2,280 miles; to Chicago, 2,690 miles; to New York, 3,603 miles—and fifty years ago John H. Klippart, whose book on the "Wheat Plant" is still in many respects authoritative, stated that the northern and western boundaries of Ohio marked the limits of the wheat-producing area of northern America!

Here, then, is the tale the barrel tells: Because the wheat stayed not within its ancient boundaries a new country has arisen, a new member, bearing lavish gifts, has come into the family of nations.

For something like five thousand years wheat has satisfied the hunger of mankind. In the tombs of the men who reaped and wrought, loved and hated, lived and died in ancient Egypt, grains of it have been found, and down through the years that history has

gathered into her grasp, the record of the people has had to do with the growing and the grinding of the wheat. The wider the areas of civilization become the larger grows the number of those who have learned to know white bread, and the dependence of the people upon the wheat continually increases. Shortages in the supply have made and unmade governments and caused wars that changed the map of the world. To-day huge buildings in the great cities are devoted to buying and selling this grain, and men "make or break," according to the size of the visible supply in the wheat-growing areas of the world. Whole railway systems are built to carry the wheat crops, and yet always there are men and nations, *Oliver Twist* like, asking for more.

The number of people in the world is increasing so fast and the standard of living is being so rapidly raised that to the most superficial thinker it was evident long since that the old wheat-growing countries, Russia and Egypt, the Argentines, and the United States, were not going to be equal to furnishing a tithe of what would soon be needed. Malthus, and others of his way of thinking, advocated a hundred years ago or more what we call "race suicide" as the only solution, and they proved by facts and figures that in the natural order of things the increase in the production of breadstuffs could not keep up with the increase in population. It was a very plausible and most depressing theory they formulated. But Malthus and his followers had not all the factors of the problem. They were reckoning without Manitoba and Alberta and Saskatchewan. They could not "keep their eye on Winnipeg," and what she points the way to, while they figure. That much-epitheted city, "the gateway to the West," "the buckle of the wheat belt," did not exist. So far as the world was concerned there was no Canadian West. Nor was it given to Malthus and his followers to see in visions a wheat belt stretching northwesterly from the Great Lakes on and up to where the famous Peace River wheat paints the ground pale gold. To a world wanting white bread, and wanting it not only for themselves, but for their children and their children's children, the little flour barrel is the bearer of a message of the utmost significance.

For more than two centuries Canada, between the Pacific and the Great Lakes, was

of interest to the outside world only as a source of stirring tales of adventure and of handsome furs. The population within these bounds asked nothing better than to remain unknown and undisturbed, and as late as fifty years ago this state of affairs was little changed. With the exception of a small settlement of Scotch in the Red River Valley in Manitoba, the few people who were in the country lived by hunting and trapping, and agriculture was left to the missionaries and to the Hudson Bay Company factors, whose small patches bore witness to the richness of the soil.

Finally came the Confederation of Canada and the railroad to connect the Provinces of the East with far-away British Columbia. The men who built the Canadian Pacific Railway were thought by the people in general to be fools, for the people in general did not know that the prairies stretching for nine hundred miles along the route were not semiarid, and, at the best, fit only for grazing cattle, as popularly believed, but were of a most surprising fertility and capable of supporting a population as large or larger than that of the States to the south. They did not know that thirty and forty and even fifty bushels of wheat had been harvested from a single acre. But such were the facts and the true state of things had only to be advertised to the world and a great migration began.

As far as the fertility of the soil was concerned, it was simply a question of informing ignorance, but in regard to the climate the most positive and persistent and erroneous ideas prevailed. Because Canada was north of the United States it was cold. That was the fundamental reasoning with the majority of Americans until reports began to come back of a wonderful wind that came from the west and found its way through the passes in the mountains and put the cold to flight, and of days eighteen hours long and every hour full of the most glorious sunshine, and of an air so packed with ozone and so free from damp that one had to look at the thermometer to realize that it was winter.

In 1900 Col. A. D. Davidson, a Canadian who had lived most of his life in the United States, recrossed the forty-ninth parallel into the silent hoodooed prairies of Western Canada. He looked about him and what he saw inspired big thoughts. "This land,"

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOUR BARREL

he declared, "is going to be a vast field of wheat. It is worth more than the unmined gold-fields of the Yukon. It will make Canada great and rich." This announcement heralded a new frontier, which a Yankee newspaper man in a happy phrase designated a little later as "The Last West."

It is the last West, and it is a West that holds in its possession mines and forests, fish and furs, and—making all this other vast wealth as nothing in comparison—an almost limitless stretch of wheat land. It is not strange that from the older crowded countries many men and women are going to Canada, and that the majority of the immigrants settle in the West. The three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, which eight or ten years ago had a combined population of some 200,000, now have more than 800,000. The following table shows the increase of immigration in the last six years, and shows also a very interesting phase of the situation, the increase in the number of English-speaking immigrants:

Year.	Total Immigrants.	English- Speaking.
1901	49,000	31,000*
1902	67,000	46,000
1903	124,000	89,000
1904	131,000	98,000
1905	150,000	118,000
1906	216,000	164,000
1907	280,000	210,000

In the bringing in of all this population and in opening up new territories for settlement, the railroads have played a most important part. At first the newcomers stuck close to the main line of the Canadian Pacific until that pioneer road began to push out branches in all directions, when they quickly followed in its wake. Then, eleven years ago, came the Canadian Northern, which stretched its long tentacles far to the north of the older road, right into the wilderness, bringing life and crops and towns wherever it touched. Now the new Government road, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is taking its course straight across the prairie while eager men watch its growth, ready to settle in its territory and raise wheat to ship in its new red cars.

Villages, towns and cities have sprung up beside the shining rails, and the first large building in most of them was a grain ele-

vator. But the farmers had to be supplied with all the necessities of life, so that each shipping point for wheat became also a distributing centre for its district. Stores, hotels, warehouses and even factories appeared across the track from the elevator, and a town equipped with all the complex machinery of modern commerce stood where yesterday an Indian camp-fire burned. The older settlements, because of the enormous wheat territory each held tributary to it, rapidly developed into real cities, with business far out of proportion to the size of their population.

This growth has been the result of no transitory "boom"; in fact, some early booms that broke, as is the way of booms, leaving ruin behind them, taught the Western Canadian a lesson, and every effort has been made to hold things within bounds. Even so the growth in population, in products, in railroads, and in business generally, has been like that of a snowball rolling down a hillside, collecting a larger amount of snow at each new revolution. Thus each year has added more than any previous year to the growth of Western Canada.

Last year, 1907, was no exception to the rule, although the severe winter made it a bad year for most agricultural countries. The average yield of wheat per acre, was, indeed, smaller than is usual in Western Canada, but it was about fifteen bushels, which is considered very good in older wheat countries, like Russia and the United States. Then the high price more than made up for the smaller yield. The total wheat crop for the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was seventy-five million bushels from an acreage of about five millions. This sold at an average price of sixty-five cents a bushel, bringing some fifty million dollars into the farmers' pockets. In addition to the wheat there were 84,000,000 bushels of oats, 20,000,000 bushels of barley, and about 1,000,000 bushels of other grains, which added \$48,000,000 to the revenue of the grain farmers. An interesting corollary of the large grain crops is the activity that was shown in the building of flour mills during this same year. On December 31, 1906, the mills west of Lake Superior had a total capacity of 32,677 barrels. One year later this capacity had been increased nearly forty per cent., the increase repre-



THRASHING IN ALBERTA

senting seventeen new mills and three enlargements.

One oatmeal mill of two hundred barrels capacity has also been built in Alberta, bringing the total in that class up to 1,115 barrels; and there are also feed-mills having a capacity of 3,290 barrels in Western Canada. Four of the flour-mills are unusually large, and are equipped with the best machinery money can buy. Even the smallest of them is fully modern and capable of making the best flour.

The Northwestern Miller, of Minneapolis, which compiled these figures, says: "The fact that Western Canada has carried out such a large construction programme this year shows that there is some warrant for the opinion which has become firmly established in flour-importing countries, that Canada is to figure more largely hereafter in the world's flour trade. In both transpacific and transatlantic countries there will be an increasing quantity of Canadian flour offering as a result of the construction of these new mills. When the difficulties that hamper transportation in Canada have been removed, as they are sure to be before long, there will be nothing to prevent a steady and profitable trade be-

tween the prairie provinces of the West and all parts of the world where American flour is in demand."

The transportation problem is being solved as fast as men, steam shovels, track-carrying machines, and equipment factories can build road-beds and turn out engines and cars. During the year ending in November, 1907, nearly fifteen hundred miles of railroad were completed west of the Great Lakes, and another fifteen hundred were under construction.

The Canadian Pacific built 570 miles of road, the most important part being the line from Straasburg, past the upper end of Last Mountain Lake, through Saskatoon. This line will be completed to Wetaskiwin on the Calgary-Edmonton branch before the end of this year.

A good long start was made on the line from Moose Jaw northwestward to Stettler to join the Calgary-Edmonton branch at Lacombe. When these two lines are completed at the end of this year the Canadian Pacific will have, with its main line, three lines almost parallel across the richest wheat district in the world.

The Canadian Northern built 275 miles of road, the most notable achievement be-



DINNER IN THE FIELD SAVES TIME IN WESTERN CANADA

ing the completion of the direct line from Winnipeg through Brandon to Regina, connecting with the Regina-Prince Albert branch. This gives this country three lines from Winnipeg to Prince Albert, including between them a roughly described segment of a great circle of magnificent agricultural lands. The Hudson Bay division was graded from Etoimami to the Pas, and during the past winter the rails have been laid preparatory to pushing on to Fort Churchill.

The new transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, completed 565 miles of new road, in addition to an immense amount of construction work all along the 700 miles between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The road-bed westward from Portage la Prairie was graded into Edmonton, and the steel laid as far west as Saskatoon, bringing the completed mileage between Winnipeg and Edmonton up to 320. By autumn of this year the trains will be running between these two cities. Early in 1908 the contract for 100 miles west of Edmonton was let for \$5,000,000, and the grading is now under way, so that by the time the construction trains reach Edmonton the road-bed will be ready for them to push on toward the Yellow Head Pass. The whole transcon-

tinental line from Moncton, on the Atlantic, to Prince Rupert, the new town owned by the company on the Pacific, a distance of 3,000 miles, is to be completed by December 1, 1911.

The future holds some very interesting possibilities for Western Canada in the way of new routes to foreign countries. The effect of these on the growth of cities and channels of trade will surely be great. If Prince Rupert, the western terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific, stands at the eastern end of the shortest route to Asiatic ports, what will be the effect of the completion of this road on the towns along its line?

The Canadian Northern is rapidly pushing a branch from its Prince Albert division to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay. Fort Churchill is on tidewater somewhat nearer than Montreal to Liverpool, and averages 976 miles nearer the cities of Western Canada than Montreal. When the Panama Canal is finished it will be cheaper to ship from points west of the middle of Saskatchewan, via Vancouver, the terminal of the Canadian Pacific, and the canal to Europe than by the present way via Lake Superior and Montreal. This route will be open all the year round, and the shorter Hudson Bay route will be closed part of

each winter. It would take a wise head indeed, to prophesy the exact effect of the opening of all these new channels of trade. But it is easy for any observer to see that as fast as each one is open there will be plenty of business for it. The Canadian prairies are capable of producing a billion bushels of wheat each year, and the railroads and ship lines will not only have to export this vast mass of grain, but will have to bring in materials for the industries and provisions for the cities—in short, do the carrying for the population required to cultivate such a crop.

With the growth in the country population and the increase in transportation facilities, there has been a corresponding development in the towns and cities. Winnipeg, the largest city in Western Canada, increased in population from 101,057 in 1906, to 111,717 in 1907. Calgary and Edmonton continued their growth of from three to four thousand a year, so that Calgary now has some twenty-two thousand and Edmonton over eighteen thousand people. Regina, Moose Jaw and the smaller cities increased in proportion, while a number of brand-new towns sprang up along the new lines of railroad. The building operations kept pace with the growth in population. Winnipeg issued building permits for \$6,455,350, and her assessment increased from \$80,511,725 to \$106,188,833. In the wholesale district a number of warehouses can be seen with a streak running around them between the old bricks and the new, where additional storeys have been put on, and the old bricks are not more than two or three years old in most cases, only just enough soiled to mark the line of division. The very general activity of business is shown in the bank clearings, which amounted to \$608,000,000, an increase of 20 per cent. over those of 1906.

During the last few years there has been a marked increase in the manufactories of this region; in fact, it is not such a very long time since there were no factories at all between Eastern Ontario and British Columbia. Almost unnoticed, industries began to creep into the towns, until last year Winnipeg woke up and found itself the fourth manufacturing city of Canada, and no one was more surprised than the loyal Winnipegger himself. In 1906, Win-

nipeg put out about \$18,000,000 in manufactured products, and during 1907 a rolling mill, brick-yards and other industries were added to the city's factories. We have already noted the enormous increase in the flour-mills in the West; almost every industry made large strides, and some entirely new ones were established. Especially noteworthy were the building of a million-dollar packing plant at Edmonton by an American firm, because it is the first step in the invasion of this country by American packing interests, and the establishment of a woolen-mill at Lethbridge, because this is the first step in the establishment of textile factories west of Ontario.

In spite of the growth of manufactories, Western Canada is still obliged to import the greater part of the manufactured products which it consumes. It gets much from the factory districts of Eastern Canada, but the East is not able to supply the Canadian market by any means. The imports of the country have increased steadily, as indeed have the exports, the chief items among the latter being the products of the forest, of the mines and of agriculture.

The year 1907 was a very trying one in almost all parts of the globe. The peculiarly severe and late winter was disastrous to crops, and money was "tight," a bad combination for all agricultural countries. Western Canada stood the test nobly. The crops were so good that, with the high prices, they brought the normal amount of money into the country and business was merely slowed down by the money situation. Immigration was larger than ever before, and development in all lines went on steadily and serenely, regardless of the financial difficulties in other countries.

And all of this progress, the cheerful rush of new settlers, the making of the towns into cities, and of small cities into larger ones, the new industries springing up and the old ones increasing their scope, the financial soundness of the country, the energy and enterprise of the railroads, all of it goes back, in the last analysis, to the wheat. Because of the wheat is the country great, the wheat that is ground into flour to make the people's bread. The message that the little barrel brings is a promise of future plenty, and it comes straight from the Canadian wheat-fields.

The Way of Musette

How the Outcome was Rather Bewildering When a Sensible Young Lady was Asked to Take Part and use Her Influence in Winning Over a Player From an Opposing Football Team.

By Dorothea Deaken in *Appleton's Magazine*.

"BILL, why does this cloud overhang your bright young brow?"

Bill sighed. He is tall and fair and broad-shouldered and twenty-two, and football mad. He thinks he knows the world and human nature.

"I'm worried to death, Molly."

"O Bill! What about?"

"The club," said he, sadly. "You remember how well we did last year?"

I didn't; but what matter.

"Of course," said I.

"We're rotten this season. We haven't a man in the team who can play fullback. Last year we had Morgan, but he's gone back to Cardiff, just like a beastly Welshman."

"But if his home's there?" I objected mildly.

"Ugh! It's sickening. We've got a much heavier lot of fixtures now, and we shall just be swamped. Think of the Bollington Rovers, for instance. They'll simply wipe the ground with us——"

"I hope not," said I, feelingly.

He dropped into an easy chair and plunged his hands into his pockets.

"Look here, Molly," he burst out; "you're always a good friend to a chap."

My spirits fell.

"You're going to ask me to do something unpleasant," said I, warmly. "I won't do it, Bill; it's no good. It's because I'm not pretty that everyone thinks I'm good-natured. I've been driven into being good friends to too many young men and——"

He stared at me in surprise.

"I've always thought of you as being the most unselfish girl I know," said he; "and

so when I was in trouble I naturally turned to you for help."

"Everyone does," said I, in quiet exasperation. "Oh, go on!"

He turned his eyes on the fire.

"It's this way," he said, slowly. "There's a chap called Alexander—I don't suppose you know him, but he used to be at the grammar school here, and he's just down from Oxford, and he's a ripping good fullback. He's on the trial for the county already, and he's played twice for Medlingham. I don't know how they got hold of him, I'm sure; but he'll join them as sure as blazes if——"

"Bill!"

"I beg your pardon," said he, hastily; "but you see my point. I've been to him about it, and Wuthers tackled him in the club the other day, and Alexander said he knew most of the Medlingham chaps, and liked 'em, and he liked their ground and clubhouse better than ours, and thought on the whole he'd prefer to throw in his lot with them. He's a pigheaded, domineering sort of beggar. The kind of man—well, the more you want him to, the more he won't, don't you know?"

"I know," said I, sympathetically. "What could he want me to do here? Bill sat upright and regarded me uneasily.

"We came to the conclusion, Wuthers and I, that the only possible chance of getting Alexander was to leave him quite alone ourselves, and persuade some woman to get at him."

"Bill!" So this was what he wanted.

"You're a sensible girl, Molly. Don't you think it's a good plan?"

"If you think," said I, indignantly, "that

I am going to try to influence a perfectly strange young man——”

Bill stared.

“You don't think I meant you?” he cried in unfaltering amazement.

I collapsed and returned his stare blankly.

“Oh, no!” said he, hastily. “What we thought, Wuthers and I, was that we must get some pretty, fetching kind of girl with winning ways——”

“I see,” said I, slowly. “Thank you, Bill.”

“Like that little Miss Meadows,” he pursued, blindly. “Musette they call her. She could wheedle a horse's hind leg off, I believe. At least, Wuthers says so. He's been refused by her seven times. He knows her pretty well.”

“He seems to,” said I, coldly. “Would you have liked it, I ask you?”

“You know her, too, don't you, Molly?”

“Yes,” said I, slowly, “I was at school with her. Certainly I know her.”

“Then what do you think of the idea?”

“I think,” said I, “that Musette Meadows can do most things. Oh, yes!”

“There!” cried he, triumphant. “You must talk her round, Molly, and get her to tackle Alexander. Those strong-willed, pigheaded chaps are often like wax with a pretty girl, aren't they?”

“Very often,” said I; “but why not ask her yourself, Bill?”

He flushed.

“I hardly know her,” he said, “and besides—it's dangerous. Girls have a way of misconstruing a friendly interest, you see. You've got to be jolly careful that they don't fall in love with you, don't you know? A man doesn't want to make a girl unhappy, unless he's an awful brute.”

The overwhelming conceit of this took my breath away. I smiled a little then, remembering, as I did with a rush, Musette's smile, Musette's eyes, and lips and hair.

“You're a nice, modest boy, Bill,” I said, kindly. “I'd do a good deal to oblige you, but here I think you had better use your own influence. A woman is but a woman, after all, and what will the persuasions of a poor, brown, little thing like me be beside your handsome youth and gallant bearing? You see, if Alexander is to be influenced by a pretty girl, the pretty girl must be influ-

enced in turn by a pretty boy. It's plain logic.”

Bill moved his feet uneasily.

“For the honor of the club, Bill,” I reminded him.

He said nothing.

“The honor of the town,” said I. “What is danger, or difficulty when so much is at stake?”

Still he was silent.

“Ah, you've got no esprit-de-corps!”

This moved him.

“You don't understand,” said he, fiercely. “I've got into scrapes before by being too nice to a girl. I've had the greatest difficulty in preventing myself from getting engaged several times, I can tell you.”

“It should be easier now after so much practice.”

The sarcasm was wasted on him.

“Do you refuse to help me, Molly?”

“I am helping you by my valuable advice.”

“You won't talk to Musette?”

“Only because I know you'll do it so much better yourself, Bill.”

“Then good-by.”

He flung away in a huff, and I looked at my brown reflection in the glass and sighed. It isn't always as nice as you might think to be a useful friend. On Monday he came again, boiling over with indignation.

“Molly, you are selfish——”

“Of course I am. I'm glad you're beginning to see it.”

“I tried that brute Alexander again yesterday. Met him at the Glovers' in the afternoon, and asked him point-blank to play for us. I was as diplomatic as I well could be, and he simply smiled and said he wanted to play for the best club, and he didn't think much of our form. Said he had watched the match on Saturday, and had come to the conclusion that he'd better join Medlingham. Hound!”

“Oh, well,” said I, “he naturally wants the best game he can get when he isn't playing for the county.”

“He was born in the town. He ought to stand by the town club. You wouldn't catch me deserting it for any other. What do you think he had the cheek to ask me as he was leaving? ‘Why don't you throw in your lot with us,’ he said, ‘instead of pottering about with a lot of incapables? We want a centre three-quarter badly.’ By



"I always thought of you as being a most unselfish girl."

Jove, Molly, I could have punched his confounded head!"

"I'm sure you could," said I, soothingly.

"Won't you ask Miss Meadows to go for him, and make a fool of him and bring him here?"

"No," said I, firmly, "I won't. You'd do it better yourself, Bill. Try your own irresistible attractions."

"Very well," said he, grimly, "I will. And if that girl's unhappy afterwards when she finds that I only made myself pleasant for a purpose, she'll have you to thank for it."

"Oh, I'm sure she'll thank me for it!" said I, agreeably.

I didn't see him again for a week. Then he dropped in with radiant eyes and a triumphant mouth, and told me that Wuthers' idea had been a masterly one. Miss Meadows was the very girl to do the thing.

"She'll do it if anyone can," said I. "Oh, yes! When did you see her?"

"I went to the Palanders' dance on purpose to meet her. I've chucked dances lately, because I'm training hard; but this was a matter of business, and I went."

"And how did you like Musette?"

"Rather a nice little girl," he said, condescendingly. "Ripping eyes. I danced three times with her, and she asked me to call. So I went yesterday. She's awfully fond of football, and came to watch the match on Saturday. She saw what an important thing it would be to get Alexander at once. She said that she saw plainly that that was our weak spot. She's a good sport, that girl. Used to play hockey at school."

"You disapprove of hockey, don't you?"

"It's not a game for men," he said, with disgust. "A good game for rough golfers, I call it. But it's all right for girls."

"I see," said I. "What did Musette wear?"

"On Sunday? Oh, something fluffy and yellowish! She was all pink at the dance, and her cheeks, too. But I liked her best on Sunday. Her mother was asleep in an inner drawing-room, and we had a most interesting talk."

"Did you tell her how you've always been misunderstood by everyone before you met her?" I asked.

He flushed.

"She's been telling you! I didn't think she was that kind of a ——"

"She isn't," said I. "I only spoke from an extensive knowledge of young men. When are you to see her again?"

"To-morrow. She's to be at the White Lodge Bridge Drive."

"I thought you thought a Bridge Drive an insult to the game?"

"It is necessary," said Bill, with dignity, "that I should speak to Miss Meadows at once about Alexander."

"I see," said I, gently; and: "Well?" I asked when he came again two days later.

"It's all right. She tumbled to it at once. She's an intelligent girl, if you like. She said she should be delighted to do anything to help the club. She's dying to meet Alexander, and wants to begin on him without losing any more time. When I told her how obstinate he was and how it was almost impossible to make him change his mind, she just smiled and said: 'It will be worth a little trouble, won't it?'"

"What?" I asked, gravely.

"The town club, of course. Getting him for our fullback. How slow you are!"

"I see," said I. And then he went away, and I saw little of him for a long time. I met him once in the town, and he told me hastily that Musette was getting at Alex-

ander like anything, and that he, Bill, was just going to see her about it now, and in an awful hurry, and that Alexander was hopelessly smitten, as everyone could see, from the moment he first set eyes on her, and he, for one, didn't wonder at that. It was only a question of time now. He couldn't hold out much longer. Wasn't she a little witch?

"Yes," said I, sadly. "I think Musette's a little witch."

"I never saw such eyes!" said he, rapturous.

"Oh! Bill, don't trifle with her young affections."

"Don't be silly."

"You'll find yourself on the brink of one of those engagements you find it so difficult to elude."

"I shouldn't much mind if I did," said he, fatuously, as he lifted his hat and left me.

I went home, feeling cold and neglected and sadly out of the game. And I went away to stay a fortnight at the Chesters', and all the time I was away I heard nothing of any of them. When I got home mother told me that Miss Meadows was getting very much talked about in the town because she was obviously playing fast and loose with all the eligible young men available. Mother thought it a thing no nice girl should do.

"She must be having an uncommonly good time," said I, regretfully, and I sat down and wrote a friendly little note to Bill, asking him to come and discuss developments with me.

There was no answer. Then I met him in the town, looking very confused and rather happy; but he kept the other side of the street, and did not come over to speak to me.

Was Bill offended with me? I hoped not sincerely. I had certainly done nothing that I knew of to deserve it.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer, and I went to pay my long-delayed visit to my old schoolfellow, Musette.

I met her coming down her garden path, looking like a Christmas almanac in her rose-colored cloth and brown fur. She is the kind of girl who looks sweetest in a fur toque. She has bright, thick hair and violet eyes, and has always been celebrated for the irresistibility of her smile. She kissed



On Monday he came again boiling over with indignation.

me, and said I was a dear to come, and turned back with me.

"What have you been doing to my Bill?" I asked, with a laugh.

She laughed too.

"O Molly, he's a dear boy!" she said, "and so easily influenced for his good. He's the first centre three-quarter in the country, you know, and he was wasting all his powers on this wretched town team; but I've changed all that."

"What!" cried I.

"Oh! yes," said she, demurely. "He's promised to play regularly for Medlingham now. He'd do anything to please me, the dear!"

I stopped and faced her, thunderstruck.

"Musette!" I cried. "Are you going to marry that boy?"

Musette laughed and blushed.

"Oh! dear no," said she, lightly. "I've just got engaged to Mr. Alexander."

How His Dream Was Realized

The Active Career of a Prominent Canadian Whose Chief Characteristics are his Intense Enthusiasm and Habit of Concentration—Imagination has also Constituted an Integral Element in the Success of Mr. Walter H. Cottingham.

IT is a long journey from the small village of Omemeé, Ontario, to the chair of the vice-president and general manager of the Sherwin-Williams Co. It is a journey that leads the traveler over long stretches of hard and uneven roads whose tortuous windings do not seem, at times, to lead to success. There are precipices and grades that only he, with a stout heart, strong nerves and steady determination will overcome. "He rides far who rides alone," says Kipling, which is a poet's finer way of saying that the self-made man excels. Mr. Walter H. Cottingham has ridden far and ridden alone. His safe and sure arrival is due to himself, his enthusiasm, and ability to see the essential elements in an undertaking. These he has always brought to bear on any job that has engaged his attention.

Mr. Cottingham was born in Omemeé on January 8th, 1866, and spent the early years of his youth there. There and later on in Lindsay and Peterboro, he passed his not too numerous school days.

At the age of 15 years Mr. Cottingham was under clerk in the retail hardware establishment of McKee & Davidson, Peterboro, Ont. The resolution to become chief executive of an establishment that ranks foremost in the paint and varnish world of two countries, and is a factor in many others, had not as yet, perhaps, entered into his calculations. But he dreamed of future prominence and power with the enthusiasm of youth that has never left him. With the enthusiasm of youth he also bundled up nails and weighed out putty. Mr. Cottingham has on occasions put on paper his rules of life in which he pays tribute to imagination as an integral element of success. "Factories of air must precede factories of brick," he says, "and warehouses exist first

in imagination." Young Cottingham remained only one year in the hardware store in Peterboro. Montreal, with its greater field for operations attracted him, and it was during the first five years he spent in that city working with a commission merchant in hardware and paints that he gathered his first knowledge of the paint business and its great possibilities. There are two things that practically determine a man's success in business—his knowledge of his own business and his knowledge of human nature. If there is any better way of learning these important lessons than by selling goods, any kind of goods, tangible or intangible, it has not been discovered as yet.

In 1887, Mr. Cottingham launched out in the troubled sea of commerce as an independent maker of gold paint and other specialties. So modest and unostentatious was this undertaking that scarcely a ripple was raised on the commercial ocean. Failure and shipwreck were predicted for him and his enterprise. He received lots of advice, by far the larger part of which was to stay on shore where it was safe, at least. Columbus got the same advice continuously from the day he stood the egg on end until he picked up the seaweed floating off the American shore. In the new firm Mr. Cottingham was manufacturer, salesman, buyer and most of the incidental positions that go to make up the staff of a manufacturing concern. But he wasn't so poorly equipped as a casual glance at his establishment or a Dun report would have one believe. He made his own paint; he knew what was in it, and, consequently, could sell it without misgivings. His stock of enthusiasm was inexhaustible, and his faith in himself and his proposition was strong and unwavering.

At the age of 25 years (1891) Mr. Cot-



MR. W. H. COTTINGHAM IN HIS OFFICE.

tingham was a miniature captain of industry. The following list of industries in which he was at that time interested will show what good use he made of his time. He was proprietor of Walter H. Cottingham & Co., makers of paints and varnishes; senior partner of Cottingham, Robertson & Co., package dyes and dye stuffs; proprietor of the Windsor Chemical Co., makers of gold paint and gold specialties; proprietor of the St. Lawrence Canoe & Boat Co., makers of and dealers in canoes, boats and fittings; director of the Non-Chemical Laundry Co. It then occurred to him that he was getting his eggs distributed in too many baskets, so he gathered them all into one basket and devoted his energy to watching that basket. He saw the increasing demand for paint and varnish, so the Walter H. Cottingham Co. grew and flourished under his now focused attention. They secured selling agencies for the leading English and American paint and varnish makers, among them the Sherwin-Williams Co. This arrangement had not been long in force before the energetic manager saw the opening for the manufacturer in Canada of high grade goods, and following up this idea he induced the Sher-

win-Williams Co. to join with him in manufacturing their goods in Canada. The firm name was now changed to the Walter H. Cottingham Co., Limited, and a subsidiary company was organized for the manufacture of varnish, it being called the Cottingham Varnish Co. The goods, which, under this new arrangement he had undertaken to make and sell were the highest priced in the United States, and higher than any other brand sold in Canada. The outlook was not bright to any save the proprietor. Though his goods were higher priced than others they were worth more; the question of high cost was simply an obstacle to be surmounted, and he and the few travelers which he had gathered around him tackled it with so great avidity and enthusiasm that, at the end of a few years, that obstacle no longer existed. He talked to his small force as he still does to the 250 salesmen now in his charge, with such a warmth of enthusiasm and optimism that they became more capable travelers and better men. Mr. Cottingham imparts enthusiasm to others as the sun warms that which it shines on. Roads that look steep, hazardous and absolutely impassable, lose their terror after a five-minute talk with

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him. The angle of vision changes and barriers that appeared to be made of stone turn out to be only "near-stone" and not in the least formidable.

In 1896 the Walter H. Cottingham and the Cottingham Varnish Companies were merged with the Sherwin-Williams Co., and they had by this time become such important factors in the Canadian paint and varnish market that, under the new arrangement, the proprietor was made a director of the Sherwin-Williams Co. and manager of the Canadian business. In this capacity Mr. Cottingham displayed the keen business acumen and power of organization that marked him as a general of commerce. He immediately attracted and held the attention of the home office at Cleveland, and, when the business demanded a man who could properly guide and aid its further growth, all eyes were turned to Montreal. In 1898 Mr. Cottingham was appointed to the general managership of the entire company, to which in 1903 was added the title and responsibilities of vice-president.

During the 12 years which Mr. Cottingham has guided the destinies of the Sherwin-Williams Co. their operations have largely increased, and he, while still a young man, has the gratification of know-

ing that the reputation and sales of his company are yearly growing under his guidance.

If there is one characteristic of Mr. Cottingham that stands out above the others, it is his great personal enthusiasm and power of imparting it to others. In this enormous business, whose field is practically the world, it is necessary that organization and economies be thoroughly understood and applied, but the growth and general health of the business is largely a matter of enthusiasm. This and the habit (habit, mind you!) of concentration are the two chief forces which have brought Mr. Cottingham at the age of 42 into a place of prominence and responsibility which resembles in all respects the one he had in mind when wrapping nails into neat bundles or measuring out putty in Peterboro, Ont., in 1881.

Mr. Cottingham's love and admiration for his native land has not diminished during his stay across the imaginary line. He still holds his Canadian citizenship among the greatest of his possessions and derives the keenest pleasure in furthering the Sherwin-Williams Co.'s business in Canada. The Montreal plant is but one of many of his charges, but Mr. Cottingham considers it more than any other branch of the business the child of his own brain and activity.

An athlete is a man that is not sthrong enough f'r wurruk.

A married man can always find wurruk to do. He's got to'

If ye don't use wan iv ye'er limbs f'r a year or so ye can niver use it again. So it is with gin'rosity.

Vice is a creature of such heejous mien that th' more ye see it th' betther ye like it.

What's wan man's news is other man's throubles.

No matther how bad a painther he is, annywan that can get money out iv a millyonaire is an artist an' desarves it.
—From "Mr. Dooley's Opinions and Observations."

Has Served Under Four Premiers

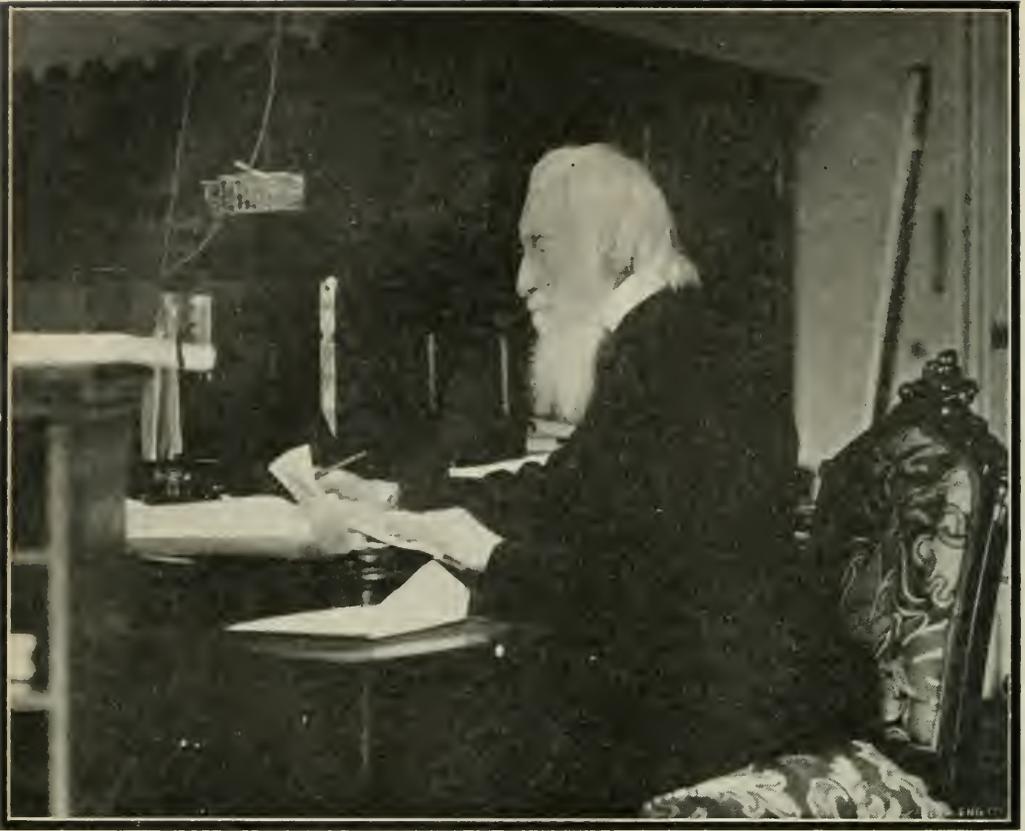
Canada's Veteran Secretary of State has Been Before the Public in a Representative Capacity for Over Half a Century—Some Characteristics of the Faithful Law-Maker Whose Name Appears Affixed to all Leading Public Documents.

ANY one who has ever visited the Canadian capital and observed a rather distinguished looking resident with white hair and flowing beard, recognizes in him a gentleman who has long been in the forefront of political affairs—a man who is known as “the statesman who never takes a holiday.” Hon. R. W. Scott is a familiar figure on the streets of Ottawa. A somewhat peculiar physical characteristic is that he is the father of two sons, both of whom are almost as bald as the day they were born, while their venerable sire possesses a hirsute growth, that is the envy and admiration of many men of shining pates several years younger than the honored Secretary of State in the Laurier Administration. A rather singular coincidence is that Mr. Scott, when only 27 years old, should have been chosen as one of the first Mayors of Ottawa, and that just fifty-five years later his son, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, should follow in the civic chair. Another son, Mr. Wm. L. Scott, has been for some years Master-in-Chancery at the capital.

The term veteran is often a misnomer, but certainly it is not inappropriately applied with respect to Richard William Scott, who has resided in Ottawa for sixty years. This in itself is a remarkable record for longevity. Mr. Scott began his political career in 1857, five years after his jurisdiction as Mayor. He was elected to the Legislature as the member for Ottawa. Six years after he met with defeat and stayed out of public life until Confederation, when he was chosen to represent the Federal capital in the first Legislature of the Province of Ontario. In December, 1871, he was appointed Speaker of the Ontario Assembly. Hon. Mr. Scott has the rather unique record of having served in the Cab-

inets of two Premiers of Ontario, as well as under two Premiers of Canada. This, in itself, would constitute some claim for distinction, even if his work had not been of the most faithful, conscientious and untiring character. Under Hon. Edward Blake's Administration of the Province he held the portfolio of Commissioner of Crown Lands. He also had the same office under the late Sir Oliver Mowat, who succeeded Mr. Blake as Prime Minister of Ontario. When the Mackenzie regime began at Ottawa in 1873, Mr. Scott was made a member of the Privy Council, and appointed Secretary of State and Registrar-General of Canada a few weeks later. This post he held until the defeat of Mr. Mackenzie in 1878. Mr. Scott has been a member of the Senate of Canada for thirty-four years, and has been leader of his party in that body during the greater part of his occupancy of a chair in the Upper Chamber. Twelve years ago this present month, on the accession to power of the Laurier Administration, Mr. Scott was again called upon to become a Cabinet member, and just eighteen years after his previous tenure of the office of Secretary of State, he was re-instated in that position.

Mr. Scott is now in his 84th year, but is still active and aggressive. He daily leads the Government party in the Senate and takes part in many a lively debate. He seems to possess an inexhaustible capacity for administration, and, with advancing years, shows no physical or mental weakness, while the esteem in which he is held by his colleagues is stronger to-day than ever. He is not afraid of work. On several occasions, particularly during the mid-summer recess, he has been the only representative of the Cabinet to be found in his office on Parliament Hill. At various times



HON. R. W. SCOTT IN HIS OFFICE.

during his long career he has been called upon to fill every portfolio in the Cabinet. The cumulation of duties, however, did not seriously disturb his equanimity, and he always attended to the tasks of others as well as his own uncomplainingly and ungrudgingly. One more strange fact is that besides being the only member of the Government to-day, save the Premier himself and Sir Richard Cartwright, who were members of the Mackenzie Cabinet in the seventies, is that, like Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. Wm. Pugsley, the late Hon. J. I. Tarte, and other present and former members of Sir Wilfrid's bodyguard, Mr. Scott was a Conservative, but joined the Liberal ranks in 1871. That certain Canadian statesmen have at times changed their political allegiance has not in the least altered their usefulness or influence as administrative officers and strong upbuilders of Canadian nationality. It has been said that no Liberal Cabinet would be complete without Mr. Scott. Even his most bitter opponents acknowledge that a more con-

scientious and hard-working Parliamentarian has never played a part in the political game. Besides his long legislative career, Mr. Scott, who is a most genial and kindly gentleman, courteous to a degree, and punctual to the minute, is noted as being the father of the Scott Act, the widely-known temperance measure.

Mr. Scott is a lawyer by profession and was called to the bar in 1848. His sons have also adopted this as their life work, and the family name has never been removed in three score years from the sign-board of a widely-known legal office on Sparks Street.

Of course, Secretary Scott has a few enemies—every public man has—who has any force, fire, gumption, or get-up about him. His is, nevertheless, an honored old age. He has achieved much more than scores of members of his party who have done little but scoff, and, with a wave of the hand, declare in none too kindly tones that his chief virtue has been hanging onto office.

My Supreme Devotion to Silence

A Story of How a Quiet Member of the Household
Had a Rather Sudden but Decidedly Pleasant Awakening.

By Owen Oliver in the Royal Magazine.

PEOPLE always said that I was a quiet girl, and my half-sisters called me Mother Mouse. They did not mean it in the least unkindly, for they were very fond of me.

I do not think I was so very quiet naturally. I was not shy, and I thought of plenty of things to say, and sometimes I wrote them in my diary afterwards; but I did not say them unless it was really necessary. Nobody wants to hear girls talk nonsense unless they are pretty, and I was not; and that was the reason that I was a quiet girl.

The people who called me "quiet" and "sensible" would have been surprised if they had known how anxiously I studied my looks in the glass when I was eighteen or nineteen. I tried to be fair to myself, and I decided that I was not actually ugly, and that it would be ill-natured to call me such a nasty word as "plain," especially when I had a little color. I was simply "not good-looking." So I decided not to make the mistake of thinking that men who were polite to me meant anything, but to be content to become a pleasant old maid, and to speak when I was spoken to. I see now that this was only a disagreeable kind of vanity; but it is the truth.

There was another reason why I was quiet. I could not spare very much time from my household duties; and I wanted what I could spare for music. So I did not go out a great deal. I had to manage the house just after I was seventeen. My stepmother died then, and my heart was almost

broken. I always felt as if I were her own child. I suppose that was wrong; but she was the only mother whom I remembered, and no words could tell what a sweet mother she was to me; a mother and a sister and a friend, all in one. If she had lived she would not have let me grow into my foolish quietness. I know just what she would have said.

"If you don't think you are attractive enough—but I do—the remedy is to be more attractive, not less!" Oh, how I missed her!

"We've loved each other very much, Nan," she said at the last. "I know you, and I am not afraid for Babs and Molly, only for my Nan. You mustn't sacrifice your young life and become a drudge for them. Remember that it isn't good for children to be brought up on sacrifice. It makes them selfish. It isn't even good for them to be mothered too much. We have to grow our own characters, Nan. Don't do every little thing for them. Teach them to do for themselves; but keep your influence over them. You, and no one else, will influence them as I should have done. Kiss me for true, Nan."

She always made us promise like that, and we never broke a promise to mother. I kissed her and promised then. So I always felt that it depended on me whether the girls grew up good women. Perhaps that was another reason why I felt old and serious.

They were lovely children, and they grew up very beautiful. They

were as bright and amusing as they were pretty, and people admired them and petted them so much, that they would have been spoiled if they had not been such sterling good girls at heart. They were impetuous and full of mischief, but they were honorable and kind, and they could not have done anything mean if they had tried. I was very pleased with them, and very proud that they were so much admired. I did wish that they were not quite so fond of flirting, and had not begun so young; but I thought that I should have done the same at their age if I had been pretty and lively. So I did not blame them, but looked out very carefully that they only knew really nice boys, and I encouraged them to give some of their time to useful things; and especially to music.

They had nice voices, and I persuaded father to let them go on with singing lessons after they left school. We practised a great deal. It improved my own singing, too, because they insisted that I should not do nothing but accompany, and they liked me to show them how their songs ought to go. My voice is not very good. It is too husky; and I could not sing at concerts as they did. But I knew how I wanted to sing, and they were very fond of hearing me.

"Oh, Mousie!" Babs used to say, "you are the nicest singer." And if I shook my head Molly would seize it, and nod it forcibly. She was as strong as a young lion.

"Your modesty is all pretend," she teased one day. "You think in your naughty heart that you're clever, and nice, and lovely, and the most wonderful player and singer that ever was; and you're as vain as vain can be, you artful Mother Mouse."

Babs watched my struggles—it was no use struggling with that big, wild Molly—and laughed.

"She's so vain that she won't even trouble to adorn herself!" she declared. "We won't put up with it, Moll. We'll make her adorn, like we have to!"

I believe it was a kind of plot to induce me to make the best of myself.

Anyhow, after that they worried me into having smarter dresses and hats, and did my hair for me, and put flowers in it. They had a natural taste for dress; and they certainly made my lack of looks less obvious. Father abetted them, and I am afraid that, in my heart, I liked it.

"It's the punishment for being too good," Molly told me; "and there's worse to come if you sit with your mouth shut in company. I shall say the most awful things, and tell them 'that's what my beautiful sister says!'"

"They'll think you mean Babs," I declared.

"No fear! Babs never said anything wise in her life, did you, old stupid?"

They always addressed each other like that; but they were devotedly attached, really.

"Oh, I hope not!" Babs clasped her hands tragically. "Except by comparison with you, silly-billy!" Then they both roared with laughter. They were always so merry. It was not strange that everyone liked them.

When they were nearly nineteen and eighteen (and I was five-and-twenty) several young fellows began to pay them more obvious attentions, and I grew very anxious, for fear that they should slip into an engagement too light-heartedly. It seemed to me that Frank Carter would make just the right husband for Babs; but his father had heavy losses, and Frank went away to South Africa, and Babs didn't seem to care, except in a sisterly way, though in that way she was very nice to him and tried to cheer him up, and even worked him a pair of slippers, though she hated fancy work.

I had hoped, too, that Tom Briant and Molly's boy and girl affair would come to something; but they seemed quite content to tease and flirt. They flirted more than I liked. I was almost sure he kissed her down the garden one evening. I should have spoken to her severely, only I recollected that a boy once stole a kiss when he saw me home from a party; and I did not remember that I felt so

MY SUPREME DEVOTION TO SILENCE

very, very angry. It was before I had quite made up my mind to be an old maid.

So I thought perhaps it didn't matter so very much, if they did not take it too seriously; but I kept a close watch on Molly. She was always the wilder; and Babs had grown a good deal more discreet lately.

Towards the end of that summer, however, I saw symptoms of something more serious than a boy and girl affair. Lord Eversby came to stay with the Grants, where the girls went very often, and he took a great deal of notice of them. They were extraordinarily taken with him, though he was a dozen years older—just over thirty—and became 'chums', as they called it. He was a tall, muscular, bronzed man, and as strong in character as in body. He had been exploring and shooting in Africa, and he was full of stories. When they were funny he never moved a muscle, but his eyes twinkled. He was very likeable. He came to our house almost every day to see "the babies," as he called them. He was very kind to me, too, and never let me feel that he did not come to see me, too; and I talked more to him than I did to most people. One afternoon he came when they were out; and instead of rushing off, as their other admirers would have done, he stayed for quite a long time, and persuaded me to sing.

"The babies tell me that there is no singing like yours," he said.

"I love my songs," I owned, "and I try my hardest with my poor voice. It is husky. I think you will try to overlook that, like 'the babies' do; and so—I do not usually sing to people, but I will sing to you, Lord Eversby."

I sat down and sang "She is Far from the Land," and "Rose Softly Blooming." Then he asked for Wagner, and I smiled—I am always pleased when anyone thinks I am worthy to sing Wagner—and sang Elizabeth's intercession for Tannhauser, and her prayer. And then he came and put a M.S. piece that he had found upon the piano, and begged me to sing that.

"It is your own," he said, "isn't it?"

"Oh, no!" I told him. "It is stolen." I played a little piece of the accompaniment on the piano and smiled at him.

"Wagner!" he cried. "But—?"

"I found the words in a magazine," I explained, "and I wanted to sing them, so I put them to this. I adapted it a little. I thought Wagner would forgive me because I love his music so, and I can't help putting words to it.

Then I sang a pretty song.

He did not speak when I finished; and I sat playing little snatches on the piano for some time. I cannot sing a song like that without entering into it; and I felt as if I wanted a few minutes to come back to my quiet self.

"You sang that wonderfully," he said at last. "And yet perhaps it was not so wonderful. I think you are like the girl in the song."

He always spoke of me as a "girl," not a "woman," as most people did.



"Anyhow, after that they worried me into having smarter dresses."

That was one of the reasons that I felt my real self with him.

"Oh, no!" I said, "I am not romantic. Or, if I am, it is only for 'the babies.' They ought to have romances. They are so beautiful."

"Yes," he agreed. "They are very beautiful. What dear 'babies' they are!" He smiled. "But there is more in their pretty heads than people give them credit for, and more appreciation of their big sister, who is half their size. They are very anxious that other people should appreciate her, too. Do you know—don't betray me—they told me to make you sing that song."

"Oh!" I blushed a little. "They think too much of my singing."

"They think much of it; but it wasn't quite that. They said—'they' is correct, because they were so enthusiastic that they both talked at once—'Mother Mouse isn't a mouse at all, really. She only makes out that she is. It's a pattern for us, we expect!' I couldn't help laughing at that. They added that 'She can't pretend when she sings. You make her sing "A Heart" to you. Then you'll hear the real Nan.' I'm glad that I've heard, Miss Nan, and I want to be friends with—the real Nan!"

"I don't admit that I am such a sentimental person," I said; "but I am pleased to be friends; very pleased, Lord Eversby."

After that he paid me so much attention that I was quite sure that he was in love with one of the girls, but I was utterly puzzled which it was. I could not make out whether either was in love with him, and sometimes I was afraid that both might be, for they certainly were delighted to meet him, and they were always praising him to me. I was so alarmed at the idea that I spoke to father about it, but he only laughed.

"But it's a very serious thing, daddy," I protested. "He wouldn't come here so constantly if he did not mean something. He is not that sort of man. What do you think, really?"

"I think he is going to marry one of my charming daughters," father said.

"But suppose she doesn't accept him?" I said.

"She will," father declared.

"Oh—h!" I said. "You know which it is?"

"Of course I do! You're as blind as a bat, Mother Mouse."

"Which, daddy?" I asked eagerly.

"The one he pays all his attentions to!" father told me, and then he laughed and went off gardening. I followed him and teased him to tell me, but he wouldn't. I had only to notice and I should see for myself, he declared.

I watched most carefully, but I could not see that he treated one differently from the other. If he gave Babs sweets, or flowers, or theatre tickets, or books, or music, he gave them to Molly, too. Indeed, he always gave me some as well. And if he took Molly motoring one day, he took Babs the next, and he took me with both of them.

I did not like to speak to them about it for fear of putting wrong ideas into their heads; but I thought it was not quite right of him not to make his intentions more clear. So I talked a great deal to him myself, and kept him away from them as much as I could. They called me "a greedy old pig of a Mouse" to steal their "nice, big, ugly man"—they always said silly things like that—but they seemed more pleased that he was kind to me than annoyed about it. So I began to think that neither was in love, and then I felt very sorry for him, and I thought it a great pity, because I considered him the best man I had ever known, and I believed that he would be an ideal husband.

One morning I was walking down the High Street with Mrs. Green, the vicar's wife, and he stopped and talked, and when we were going he touched my arm and whispered:

"Will you be in this afternoon, Nan?" he asked. (He had dropped the "Miss" lately.) "I am going away soon, and I want to ask you something very important."

"I will stay in," I promised.

"And send the babies out? Just for



"Oh, Nan!" he said. "You do not know what a dear woman you are."

half-an-hour? I want to speak to you alone."

"If you'll come at half-past three," I promised. "They will insist on coming in to tea at four. They are hungry babies!"

"Half-past three," he said. "It is very important to me, Nan. You won't fail me?"

"Of course not," I said. "I've promised!"

I hoped it was Babs he was going to ask about, because Molly was so young and wild; but whichever it was I did not know what to say. So after lunch I took them into father's study, and sat down with an arm round each, and spoke to them very seriously.

"Girls," I said, "you are getting dreadfully grown up now. I don't know if it has occurred to you that somebody might—might propose to you?"

They actually laughed—laughed right out loud, as if it were a good joke.

"The possibility has occurred to us," Babs said solemnly, and then they laughed again as if they would never leave off.

"It isn't quite a laughing matter, dears," I reminded them. "I didn't want you to be taken by surprise."

"Babs has had the subject under consideration since she was six," Molly assured me.

"Since Tom first proposed to

Molly," Babs explained. "I think that was the first time; wasn't it, reprehensible one?"

"I forget," said Molly; "But I know that I've accepted him three times and refused him three times, and the seventh is to be final. That's why he hangs back. Mean old thing!"

"My dears," I said decidedly, "don't talk any more nonsense. Lord Eversby is coming to see me this afternoon to—well, I have every reason to suppose that it is to speak to me about one of you."

"Lord Eversby!" Babs cried.

"One of us!" Molly almost screamed.

"Yes, dears," I said, "one of you, and I don't know which. I thought that perhaps you——"

"It is monstrous!" Babs cried. She seemed quite angry.

"Worse than monstrous!" Molly cried. "I—I hate him!"

"So do I!" Babs declared. They seemed in quite a passion and went red, and held each other's arms, as if for protection.

"You have no right to speak of him like that," I said, "no right at all." I was really angry with them. "He is the best man I have ever known, and you should feel highly honored—one of you, at least. You don't care for him, either of you?"

They shook their heads, and suddenly Molly kissed me.

"It's—Tom," she said, and ran out of the room, and Babs hugged me and kissed me, too.

"Couldn't you see, dear?" she said. "There was never anyone but Tom for her, really. He is going to speak to father as soon as he gets the partnership. And as for me—when Frank's father lost his money, and Frank went away, he asked me to wait for just a year, and I—I said I would wait all time and all eternity. And I will!"

And then she ran out, too.

I cried a little. It seemed so good to know that my dear girls had true hearts like that; but I was very sad about Lord Eversby. I had never liked and esteemed anyone so greatly. I was a little sad about myself, too,

because I had never been able to get quite rid of a hope that some day someone would care for me and I should care for him; and they were so young, and I was five-and-twenty, and no one had ever wanted me—at least, no one that I cared for in that way. There had been two who might have asked me, if I had encouraged them, but I was very careful not to. I was very worried about what I should do to avoid any unnecessary suffering to Lord Eversby. I decided that the best way was to forestall his question. I would begin talking very quickly and would not let him get a word in and I would mention in a careless, accidental sort of way that "the babies" were engaged, "in a foolish boy and girl fashion, you know." Then I would go on directly to Nellie Grant's engagement, and then I would offer to sing a little song that my old master had sent me, and give him time to recover himself; and when he went—I thought this out very carefully—I would press his hand very tightly, and say that we were all so sorry that he was going, and we should all look upon him always as one of our dearest friends.

"When you are a great man," I would say, "I shall be very proud to have known you—but not more proud than I am now. There are things that I won't say, only—God bless you, Lord Eversby, and make you happy."

I was not able to do anything of the sort, for he walked up to me in his resolute way—the girls always said that he pounced upon us as if we were lions or tigers—and gripped my hands, and said his say before I could begin.

"I love you most dearly, Nan," he said. "Will you be my wife?"

I sat down on the music-stool and stared at him. I was never so frightened in my life!

"I never thought of such a thing," I told him. "I—I never thought——" I stared at him again.

"Never thought of it!" he cried. He seemed as astonished as I was. "Well"—he looked very angry—"you gave me encouragement enough!"

MY SUPREME DEVOTION TO SILENCE

"Oh, Lord Eversby!" I cried a little. "I didn't—I wouldn't—I—I am so used to people admiring the girls, and—they are so different from me, and——"

"What!" He opened his eyes wide. "You thought I wanted to marry one of those babies!"

"Yes," I owned. "I did, indeed I did. They are young, of course; but they are so beautiful and bright, and I—do understand, Lord Eversby, I think most highly of you and like you exceedingly, but—but I never dreamed of your caring for me. I'm such—such a dull, plain little thing."

"Oh, Nan!" he said. "You don't know what a dear woman you are; and as for beauty—have you ever looked in the glass when you smile? Won't you think of it for a little while before you answer? Won't you, Nan?"

"Yes," I promised, "I will. I—I couldn't marry anyone just for friendship or liking, dear Lord Eversby. It would have to be—much more. If—if I could learn to, I—I should be glad. But how can I tell?"

"You will tell me when you find

out? Or—I may ask you again in a week?"

"In a week," I agreed. "You won't ask me before, will you?"

"No, dear. You will be friends for a week, won't you?"

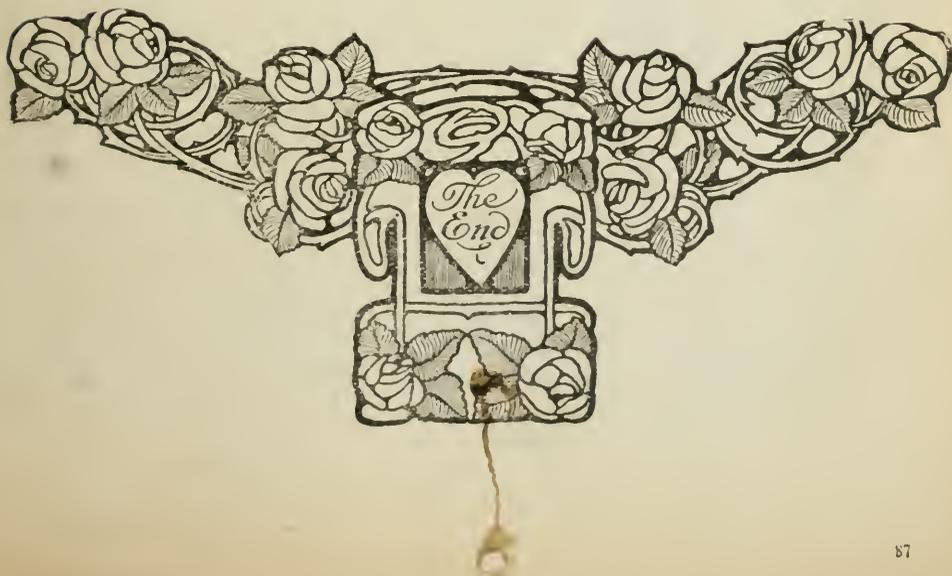
"I shall always be friends," I said. "I am greatly honored, Lord Eversby, very greatly honored. Now shall we go for a little walk?"

I wanted to make him see that I really liked being friends, and I hoped very much that I should learn to be more, but I did not know.

I went upstairs for my hat. When I walked to the glass I saw myself smiling—and I couldn't help thinking that I seemed just the least bit pretty—and I noticed that I was singing joyously to myself, and then I knew! I ran downstairs directly with my hat in my hand. I could not be so cruel as to keep him in suspense a moment longer, and I made up my mind that I would not let my pride stand in the way, but tell him frankly and make him happy.

So I walked up to him and held out both my hands.

"You may ask me now," I said.



The Biggest News Scoop in Canada

The Agitation to Have a Suitable Memorial Erected to Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the Renowned Orator, Statesman and Patriot Recalls a Most Interesting Newspaper Story—How the Daily Leader, of Toronto, First Announced the Awful Assassination.

By G. B. VanBlaricom.

ANY old timer in the newspaper game will tell you that the biggest scoops or beats on record have often been secured by mere accident or fortuitous circumstance. A casual meeting with a friend, an opportune inquiry, being on the spot at the time of an occurrence, following up a clue, investigating a wild report, or it may be only intuition, have frequently been the means of one report-

er leading his rivals in landing an important or sensational story. An exclusive announcement also requires to be engineered by good judgment and clear-headedness, but, after all, it is a fairly safe prediction that the greater number of such tales have been corralled by luck.

Scoops that set politicians agog, create consternation in commercial circles or plunge, perhaps, many a home in grief, have been the property of nearly every newspaper of enterprise and long standing, but one of the greatest, if not the greatest news beats ever scored in the Dominion was away back in 1868, at the time D'Arcy McGee was assassinated on Sparks Street, Ottawa, just as he was entering his lodging house.

The fortieth anniversary of his death a few weeks ago and a revival of the movement for the erection of a suitable public memorial to perpetuate the memory of one of the most eloquent and patriotic of Canada's adopted sons recall the stirring and lamentable tragedy which resulted in the late George Gregg securing a scoop that will not soon be effaced from the memory of the newspaper fraternity. George was then the Ottawa correspondent for the Leader, of Toronto, a Conservative journal, founded in 1852, by the late James Beatty, and for some years under the editorial supervision of Charles Lindsay, the veteran writer who passed away a few weeks ago. There were



The late D'Arcy McGee.

two editions daily of the Leader, morning and evening. The publication flourished for a number of years, and it was not until about 1875 that it went under. It was published on Leader Lane, on the very spot where the Leader Hotel now stands. Gregg, after several years connection with the Leader, joined the staff of its successor, the Mail. He was not only an unusually bright and enthusiastic gatherer of news, but an equally ardent admirer of the roarin' game. While engaged in curling he caught cold which later developed into pneumonia, and he passed away over thirty years ago. His brother, Tom, who was considerably younger, has also played a prominent part in Toronto journalistic circles. For some years he was city editor of the Mail, and later occupied the editorial chair of the News. He is now living at Erin-dale.

The assassination of Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee took place about two o'clock on the morning of April 7th, 1868, shortly after the House of Commons had adjourned. It had been a busy night for the press representatives in the gallery, and, after finishing their work all the members of the fourth estate had gone home with the exception of George Gregg.

He was a little late getting through and was on his way home when on reaching Sparks Street he heard of the shooting. All the other correspondents were by this time in bed and did not learn of the dastardly murder until late that morning. Gregg immediately wired about three hundred words to his paper. This was about half an hour after the assassination. The Leader, which was a four-page, four-column sheet, was told to hold the forms as further particulars would be forwarded. Gregg followed up his first story an hour later with a column more of the details, and at five o'clock he sent another short despatch. It was in this way that he registered one of the biggest news scoops in Canada.

The Leader made its appearance that morning with an exclusive story that created the greatest interest and

most intense excitement. The people were keen to learn every phase of the tragedy and hundreds of papers were bought and eagerly scanned. The awful news traveled like wildfire; crowds gathered in large numbers, nervously discussing the terrible deed that was on everybody's lips. A few of the copies of the Leader, of Tuesday, April 7th, 1868, are still in existence. The scoop was modestly displayed on the front page under single column headlines.

The first despatch sent by George Gregg read: "At half-past two o'clock this morning Hon. T. D. McGee was shot dead by an unknown assassin, just as he was entering the door of his lodging house, Thomas Trotter's, on Spark Street. The ball passed through his head and lodged in the door which he was just opening. One of the pages, a son of Mrs. Trotter, heard the report, and when he reached his mother's door, found Mr. McGee lying dead on the pavement. He saw no person in the vicinity and heard no footsteps. The night was bright and clear so that the assassin must have been either concealed behind the fence of a vacant lot opposite or fled with great haste the moment that he committed the deed. McGee had just left the Parliament House and had a cigar in his mouth when he was shot down. His brains exuded from the wound, and the side walk was covered with blood. This fact in connection with that of the ball lodging in the door, seems to point to the probability that the weapon was held close to his head when fired. The police were summoned and the coroner was immediately notified of the awful occurrence. At this hour it is, of course, impossible to arrive at any conclusion as to the guilty party or parties. The body, as I write, is still prostrate on the pavement, hardly yet cold in death. A number of members of Parliament surround it awaiting the arrival of the coroner, and the possibility of some development of the terrible tragedy."

In a despatch an hour later, the Leader said, "A search is now being instituted for the weapon which it is

possible the assassin threw away but so far without success. Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. M. Chapais, the Speaker, Colonel Bernard, and others have just visited the scene and the Hon. J. S. McDonald and the sheriff have been summoned. Sir John A. Macdonald has telegraphed to various parties to be watchful for the arrest of the assassin."

In subsequent despatches and editions a high tribute is paid to the lamented statesman. "His last official duty was the representation of Canada at the Paris exhibition," says the Leader editorially. "Mr. McGee was a great man. He was a fine orator, a splendid writer and one of the best historians of his native country that it has ever produced. He was a man of warm sympathy, and latterly it seemed to us as if his mind had taken a strikingly religious turn. His faults were those of a generous nature and vastly overbalanced by his noble virtues."

Touching upon the speech which the deceased orator had delivered in

the House of Commons the night of his death, Mr. Gregg made the following appreciative observation: "Mr. McGee had only finished an admirable speech upon the Nova Scotia question two hours before his death. In that speech he expressed the loftiest sentiment of loyalty to the Crown and devotion to the country. He was earnest in his desire to extend the olive branch to the sister provinces in the East and to consolidate in the bonds of love and harmony the union of these colonies. He had concluded by expressing his belief that the deep sense of loyalty, which exists in Nova Scotia, would induce its people to forget their present hostility and to unite with us in building upon this continent a new nationality whose fortunes he pictured in the most bright and glowing colors. After the utterance of these hopeful, almost inspired words, the reflection of which only do I now remember, he sat out the remainder of the debate, lingered in the House a few minutes after the members had gone, and then went homeward."



Women Whose Minds Do Not Grow

By John R. Desmond.

WHEN a woman marries she, in nine cases out of ten, or, maybe, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, ceases to have any outlook on the world as a whole, if, indeed, she ever had any. She must confine her interests exclusively to her household and her trivial round of silly social triumphs. She must leave the larger interests and affairs of life to the men of her household, while she contents herself with the duties of a superior house-servant or the pleasures of elegant idleness.

The average girl "settles down" when she marries. Intellectually she stands still; her mind is entirely taken up with the cares of her household, and she has no interest in anything outside of her immediate little circle and her own private affairs. She seldom reads a newspaper, and her mental pabulum is very often represented by a weekly fashion paper and the smart society novel of the circulating library. The average workingman takes more interest in politics and the trend of public events than does the fairly well-educated middle-class woman. Not one in fifty women ever knows the names of the cabinet ministers in power at the moment. They have the haziest ideas about the greatest questions of the day, and are not ashamed of the fact.

Now, while there are no duties greater or higher or nobler than those of wifehood and motherhood, the domestic life ought not to be the whole life of any intelligent, educated woman. It is a loss to the nation at large if our women are taught not to think it worth while to interest themselves in public affairs, not to give their leisure time and

influence to any sort of public service. There is something radically wrong in this widespread indifference of women toward the great movements of the world—toward existing evils that should fire their enthusiasm and command their help.

There is crying need for public-spirited women to work on behalf of social amelioration and temperance, to take an interest in public hygiene and educational questions.

The mass of women are sadly lacking in public spirit—partly because they have not been educated in the lines of good citizenship, partly because masculine prejudice is so strong against any sort of publicity in connection with women.

For the very sake of her children, woman ought to develop the best that is in her. In the hands of the wives and mothers of the country is the welfare of the generation to come. As women are strong and practical and capable, so also will these characteristics predominate in their children. Who is better qualified than the mother to instil a spirit of citizenship into the children of the race? There was never a clever man who did not owe all that was best in him to the training and teaching of his mother.

The silly, self-centred woman, whose mind is filled with trivial things, even if she pays every attention to the proper housing, feeding and clothing of her family, is lacking in all the essentials of the higher motherhood. We want mothers who will rear good citizens, who will instil the public spirit into their sons and daughters; and, if women are to be capable of that, they must first of all be good citizens themselves.

In the Babies' Ward of the Hospital

How the Sympathetic Nurse Violated Orders to Allow
the Happy Father a Stealthy Peep at his First Born.

By Caroline K. Herrick, in McClure's Magazine.

IN the line of anxious inquiring friends waiting in the hospital corridor was seated a young man, very young, loutish, manifestly Irish, and carrying the marks of his trade in the plaster that caked his shoes and spattered his trousers, suggesting a likeness to the image "with feet of clay" in the Assyrian king's vision. The superintendent of nurses looked disapprovingly at the patch of gray dust that surrounded the big, shuffling feet.

"You should have wiped your shoes on the mat at the door," she said.

"I beg your pardon, mum," he said humbly; "I forgot it through bein' that disturbed in me mind. I'm come to see is me wife doin' well?—Mrs. Delia Gaffney. I'm—him."

"You are her husband?"

"I am that, mum."

"She is doing well."

"Has she—is it——" He gazed dumbly in her face with parted lips.

"She has a boy."

The blood rushed hotly up to the sandy hair that overhung his brow. He pushed the hair back with an unsteady hand as he stammered:

"Is he—is he—a good wan?"

"Just like all of them," she answered indifferently.

"There's niver another wan of thim all that's mine, mum," he replied, with a sort of ungainly dignity. "Might I have speech of me wife? Might I see thim?" He choked on the word.

"No; not before Sunday," the superintendent answered stiffly.

The nurse at her elbow ventured to suggest:

"There is no one else in the maternity ward at present, Miss Stone, and the young woman is very well."

"I can make no exception to the rule," retorted the superintendent, and passed into the office.

"If we held an autopsy on that woman," said the junior intern, "I suppose we should find a heart; it is the only way in which we shall ever obtain evidence of its existence."

"I wonder if I dare," the nurse mused.

"Go ahead," the young doctor encouraged her; "she's safe for twenty minutes in the office."

"I'll tell you about your baby," she smiled on the young man, who was shambling dejectedly toward the door; "you shall see your wife on Sunday." They were at the door now, and out of hearing of the others. "Go around to the back of the building, to the small door near the corner, and I'll take you up to have a peep at the baby," she whispered.

He almost betrayed her by the exclamation that escaped him. She pushed him through the door. "Be quiet—be quick," she said; "there's very little time."

When he reached the small door at the corner, she was already turning the key. The door seldom used refused to open. "Push, push," she called through the keyhole, "but don't make a noise." She led the way along the paved corridor, warning him to be as quiet as possible.

"I'll make no noise at all, mum," he assured her, as he followed, crouching, with great hands sweeping the wall to steady his tiptoeing steps, while his shoes creaked horribly.

"I dare not let you see your wife," she said; "the superintendent would be sure to find it out. But the baby can tell no tales, and you shall see him—just for a minute."

"I'm sure you're very good, and I'm much beholden to ye," he answered in a smothered voice like the rumble of wind in the chimney. Then, drawing his hand out of his pocket, "Take it—that's all right; take it, now," he urged, as she shrank protesting from the proffered quarter-dollar. "It's but little for what you're doin' for me; it's worth a week's pay."

"Keep it to help buy the baby-carriage," she suggested.

"That's so," he chuckled; "I'll get a dandy wan!"

"Don't get it until your wife comes home," she cautioned. "She will like to select it herself."

"Mebbe she'd do it better," he admitted meekly. "We'll need to be savin'. He's goin' to cost!" He grinned with evident satisfaction at the thought. "And we'll not be runnin' about evenin's now, neither." The grin broadened as the lengthening list of privations added to the value of its unconscious cause.

In the babies' ward, he hung in dumb wonder above the snuffling bundle from which the nurse turned back the covers, and touched the mottled cheek timidly with one finger, producing a twitching of the mouth sufficiently like a smile to fill him with delight.

"D'ye mind how he laughs, the wise little thing!" he cried gleefully. "Ain't he a sort of a queer color? It'll change, will it? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It might be prettier. There's a great dale of babies here, isn't there, mum—and yous do be in the way of knowin' a lot about thim?" She nodded. "Thin, will yous tell me thrue?" His manner was as solemn as if he were administering the oath to a witness. "Will yous tell me thrue, is he

a good wan? Is his back and his legs all they had ought to be?"

"He's a fine boy," she assured him; "you'll be proud of him."

"I'm that now," he said.

"You look too young to have others," the nurse said.

All the soul there was in Dan Gaffney looked from his earnest eyes, that met hers as he said, with a thrill of reverence in his voice:

"He's me furrust-borrun child."

Gripping the side of the crib, he learned close to the tiny red ear, murmuring, "Little lad, me own little lad!" scanning the small wrinkled face as if for some sign of recognition, repeating over and over: "Little lad, little lad!"

He had forgotten the nurse, and the need for haste. She roused him regretfully:

"You must go now. Sunday afternoon you may see him again, and your wife, too. Come! You will get me in trouble if you stay any longer."

"I'd do nothin' to hurrut ye, mum, God bless ye! Whin Delia's able, she'll say what's becomin'; I'm not ekal to it. Good-by, little lad."

At the head of the stairs she was saying:

"Mind you say nothing about this; and the baby can be trusted to tell no tales—Heavens!" The president of the senior staff was standing in the open door of private ward number three, and the cold voice of the superintendent of nurses sounded close behind him.

"Miss Stone," said the doctor over his shoulder, "I'll close this door; there's a draft from somewhere. . . . I'll tell no tales, either; but get out as fast as you can."

With a grateful look toward the doctor, the nurse hurried her guest down-stairs and pushed him out at the corner door. Dr. Standish heard the creak of the closing door, and loosed his grip of the knob he had been holding. Miss Stone darted out of the room.

"Jenks must oil that lock at once," she said; "I've been struggling with it for two full minutes and couldn't turn it. I must look for that draft;

Mrs. Frye says she has felt it all the morning. Miss Lane, have you had that door open?" she called sharply down the stairway.

"Just for an instant, Miss Stone," the nurse replied, sweetly; "the damp weather has made it stick so—don't you think it should be opened now and then?"

Dan Gaffney had reached the street, and she felt no fear of detection, but stood watching him, wondering to see the lately slouching figure erect, almost soldierly, the shuffling tread firm and quick, hastening to meet a welcome task. He stopped a little girl who was pushing a baby before her in its carriage, stooped over the baby, whistled to it and poked a finger in its cheek—with the result of awakening

a terrified shriek and arousing the indignation of the little elder sister. Dismayed at such a failure of the only fatherly art he knew, he made overtures of peace to the baby's guardian with a hand that had dipped into his pocket. The child accepted the proffered war indemnity with smiling satisfaction, and trundled the baby away. The young father stood watching until they had turned a corner, then wheeled about, stamped a foot emphatically, thrust his hands into his pockets, and threw back his head in a big, happy, boyish laugh.

The mist that dimmed the nurse's eyes for a moment was dispelled by a flash of defiance.

"I'd do it again," she whispered, "in spite of the Stone and her wrath."

FLOWERS OF BROTHERHOOD.

By E. M. D.

In heaven the garden beds are bright
With flowers of glorious hue;
Sweet blossoms nurtured in the light
Of Love and Wisdom true.

The angels plant the precious seed
Of love and hope and truth,
No rootlets there of error's weeds
To crush these buds of youth.

At morn, and noon and eve'n they smile
Upon the garden fair,
And gaze with loving thought the while
Upon each blossom there.

And so the beauteous gardens blow
With flowers of glorious hue,
And angel hands on hearts below
These love-flowers gently strew.

• And where each blossom falls, a soul
Springs up with life anew,
Inspired by faith, or tender love,
Glad hope, or impulse true.

And where the blooms in garlands wreath
To bind Men's hearts for Good
Angels with joy these words soft breathe,
"Sweet flowers of Brotherhood."

Have Women Less Conscience Than Men?

By Lillian Bell in New York Herald.

EVOLUTION seems to have evolved many things in developing man. I like to watch animals—in their cages or in the subway or wherever I find them I like to see how they behave.

Most animals are what we call natural, or, rather, according to nature in their wild state. That is to say, the male forages for food, and in his absence the female takes every precaution to protect her young. An animal mother will not leave the mouth of her cave by day or night if danger threatens her young.

How different with the higher development! Women look to the feeding of their children—often in their ignorance sickening and sometimes killing them by indiscreet food or insufficient clothing. Nurses are trusted to wrap up babies, and they take them out in winter weather in thin cloaks, without mittens, with their dress sleeves rolled up by the effort to draw on the outer cloak, and the wind thus gets to the shoulders. Teething babies drool on bibs and sop the garments over their chests and are taken out by nurses and even mothers in bitter cold; and if pneumonia results the cry goes up, "How in the world did it happen?"

If men had the care of babies would these things occur? Men are notorious for knowing about food and for dressing themselves warmly. It is the exceptional man who neglects his health. It is the woman who wears silk stockings and low shoes in cold or wet weather. The man puts on woollen socks and stout, heavy, solid walking shoes.

It is the man who locks up at night.

It is the man who knows about ventilation and who insists on it, and no one in this world but a woman would fill up the fire escapes as these in New York are clogged.

I can condone the acts of the extreme poor in tenement houses. They are obliged to take the air on their fire escapes. But I live in a respectable neighborhood; rents are high and my neighbors are fashionable. I can see some fifty fire escapes from my back window, and I often wish the men who live in these apartments came to their kitchen windows and could see what I see.

Children live in these houses, often six, seven and even ten storeys from the street. Parents go to the theatre and leave sleeping babies in charge of hired nurses, who might have to risk their lives if a fire broke out.

Yet the woman on the floor below me has not only her garbage can and a box of empty beer bottles, but she has carefully planned for a fire by winding a clothesline in and out across the fire escape and put her kerosene oil can at the head of the ladder. And this is a description of only one fire escape between me and the ground. She knows that there is a baby on the floor above me, and she is a grandmother with some half-dozen grandchildren to her credit.

Every fire escape within range of my vision, except one, is similarly clogged. It looks as if we lived in a tenement district where rents were \$12 a month. And women are to blame for this—simply and solely women.

Would a man take such risks?

No!

The Advantages of Branch Banks

Both Large and Small Borrowers Benefit by Them—The Difficulty of Perpetrating Fraud — How Industries Fare by the Establishment of a Branch in Every Place in Canada Having a Population From 300 Upwards.

By H. M. P. Eckardt in the Atlantic Monthly.

IT is, of course, manifest that no system of banking or currency that was ever devised can afford a sure protection against financial crises and panics. Bank runs happen everywhere. If it suddenly came out, in England, France, Germany, Canada, that an important bank was in trouble, the news accompanied by a crashing of prices in the stock markets, and followed in two or three days by the unexpected stoppage of a large deposit-holding institution, believed to be sound and solid, it is pretty certain that runs on banks would develop, and that panicky conditions would prevail.

It is said of some of the ablest stock market operators that they like at times, when conducting important campaigns, to go away a little distance from Wall Street, where they can shake themselves free from the thousand and one rumors and factors which often serve to obscure and confuse the judgment of those on the spot.

In the same way, when it comes to the matter of determining the causes and development of the panic of 1907, there is something to be said in favor of a viewpoint a little removed from the turmoil and strife of the battleground. Such a viewpoint exists in the head offices, in Montreal and Toronto, of the big Canadian banks that have agencies in Wall Street. As these banks habitually employ a large part of their available reserves in New York call loans, as they take a respectable share of the dealings in for-

ign exchange in New York, and invest part of their surplus funds, when they have them, in American railroad bonds, the men in charge of them make it their business at all times to inform themselves pretty thoroughly about United States conditions. They have no axes to grind in the United States; they have no direct interest in American politics or finance, except that they wish the latter to be sound and stable. The opinions and conclusions they form are therefore apt to be based strictly on the merits of the questions considered. They have a further advantage. The Canadian people are not radically different from the people of the States. General conditions in the Dominion and in the northern half of the republic are not at all dissimilar. It is an advantage, when studying American conditions, to have knowledge of what effects are produced when a different system of banking is applied to people and to conditions resembling the American people and American conditions.

Ask any Canadian general manager what is the real trouble in the States, and he will probably say, "the banking system." From his viewpoint he can see clearly that the fact of the banking business being in the hands of six thousand odd institutions, each one with its president, directors and complete organization, and many of the officers having little real knowledge of the science of banking, is the prime financial disability under which the great republic staggers.

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Compared with this defect the currency question is of minor importance. If the defect of the banking system were removed, the currency problem would be easy of solution. It is seen clearly enough in Canada that this doctrine gets but short shrift with United States bankers. The six thousand bank presidents, the six thousand boards of directors and their friends can see no good in the inauguration of branch banks because it would mean that they would be superseded by the branch manager. Therefore branch banks are "politically impossible." If the American people—the discounters and depositors, that is, not the bankers—ever got anything like a fair idea of the benefits that would be theirs if they possessed a system of strong branch banks owned and operated as such banks are in other highly civilized countries, they would never tolerate the present system. They would fare better not only in times of panic and in times of special stress, such as crop-moving, but every day in every year. It will be well worth while to sketch briefly the kind of banks from which the most benefit might be expected, and to explain the chief points in which they would be superior to the isolated banks.

This can best be done perhaps by supposing that instead of the thousands of independent banking offices there were one hundred and fifty or two hundred banks, each one having from fifty to five hundred branches. (The Report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that on June 18, 1906, there were in the United States 6,053 national banks, and 11,852 State banks of various kinds; in all 17,905. This total is now exceeded. Lloyd's Bank, one of the great English banks, has five hundred branches).

These large banks, instead of having names of purely local significance, such as First National Bank of Albany, or Poughkeepsie National Bank, would be called after the great cities, States and sections, or after important industries. Among them probably would be the Bank of New York, Bank of Philadelphia, of Chi-

cago, of Boston, Bank of Massachusetts, of Pennsylvania, of Virginia, Northwestern Bank, Bank of the Pacific Coast, Merchants' Bank of America, and others. Though taking their names from certain cities and States, their operations would not be confined in narrow limits. Each one of the more important institutions would have its branch office in every big centre, with scores of other branch offices in the respective districts tributary thereto.

The first thing to strike an observer about such a system would be the enormous economy of administration that would result. The branch manager would replace the president, board, and organization in over twelve thousand banking offices. It may be assumed also that he would do the work better than they now do it. He would be a trained banker, having come up from the bottom, and having served in various districts and localities. Besides, he would be controlled and guided by the best banking talent in the whole country. Another inevitable result would be the pushing of branch offices into thousands of places not now possessing banking facilities (because of the greater economy of working). A banking office would pay on a much smaller volume of business. In Canada there is hardly a hamlet, in the east or west, with three hundred people, that does not possess its branch office of a strong chartered bank, which will accept deposits of from one dollar upwards, allowing interest thereon, and lend to every worthy borrower, small and big, who can furnish proper bankable security.

CONSTITUTION OF THE BANKS.

The constitution of these big branch banks would be an important matter. They would stand the better chance of gaining and keeping the confidence of the general public if they were constituted similarly to the Canadian banks. The stock of each bank in the Dominion is widely distributed all over the country, a large part of it in odd lots of less than ten shares. The presidents and directors would be

chiefly merchants and business men following callings apart from promotions, stock speculations, and the like. The banks would be devoted to commercial banking, that is to say they would employ their resources mainly in discounting commercial paper. There would be also a few banks specializing in financial business. These, however, would not extend their branches into the small places; their offices would be found only in the large cities.

The active management of the commercial banks would be in the hands of highly-trained general managers acting under the close supervision of the directors.

A word first as to the staffs of clerks. In every bank there would be a large number of dignified and highly-paid positions, all of which would be open to be won by the junior clerks. The service would be attractive, too, by reason of the pleasing uncertainty as to the place and nature of the promotion next to come. This would draw a good class of men into the service. It comes about, too, that the men in the staff of a great branch bank are knit together like a clan. The establishment of mutual guarantee funds and pension funds aids materially in bringing this to pass. In Canada the bank clerks do not have to pay premiums to outside companies for fidelity insurance. Mutual funds are established. Each man pays in less than half what he would pay to a guarantee or fidelity company, and, if there are no defalcations, he gets back all his payments with compound interest. And as for pensions, he pays in so much a month. His bank pays in a bulk sum out of its profits for a series of years. Out of the fund thus created every contributor has a legal right to a pension graded according to his length of service.

BANK FRAUDS WOULD BE MORE
DIFFICULT.

Every once in a while, under the present system of independent banks, the public faith in banks is rudely shocked by disclosures of fraud and crookedness. One of the latest cases

is furnished by a bank in Brooklyn. While it cannot be said that a system of branch banks would banish frauds of this kind, it can be said that it would make them vastly more difficult to accomplish. The great majority of bank frauds in the United States are committed by men firmly fixed in the control or management. They rarely or never occur in the greatest banks in the big centres, because the system of prevention is better there.

Under the branch system an elaborate set of rules is provided, to be observed at every office, the object of which is to prevent frauds. On top of the rules there is in vogue a method of moving and changing the men. No officer, be he junior or manager, knows whether or not he will hold his position unchanged a week later. Orders may come any day for his removal to another branch. And over all these is the system of inspection. The inspection practiced in the big branch banks is far more efficient and thorough than any system of government inspection can ever be. The men selected for the work are among the brightest and best on the staff. Their reputations and prospects depend on the way they do their work. If even a petty defalcation by a minor officer occurred at a branch shortly after it had been inspected, the inspector would have to explain why he found no trace of it.

These considerations have an important bearing on the matter of the confidence, respect, and good-will the branch banks are able to inspire in the public. If the rank and file of the staff is of good material, if it is actuated by esprit de corps, and if bank defalcations are of rare occurrence, popular confidence in the banks is bound to be greater.

One of the vexatious and troublesome features of the system of isolated small banks is the necessity under which it places large borrowers of having recourse to note-brokers in placing their paper. An American firm or company borrowing \$100,000 or more may have to be beholden to a number of institutions in various

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parts of the country for its accommodation. This is said to have brought about the receivership of the Westinghouse concerns. Notes held by divers country banks coming due; the country banks wanting to get cash because of the panic, and insisting on payment; nobody, and no banks, lending money during the panic—hence the receivership. No doubt hundreds of other firms and companies have been in situations hardly less comfortable, from exactly the same cause. All the dislocation of business, the distress resulting from this phenomenon, is without doubt due to the defects of the banking system. Had the branch banks, which are being described, been in existence, the Westinghouse people would have had their account divided among two or three banks. These banks would arrange to give the company a line of credit sufficient to enable it to carry on its business. They would arrange among themselves and with the company what share was to be advanced by each bank. They would insist, as a condition of granting the credit, that the company confine its borrowings to them. In return they would be under obligation to carry it and lend it money so long as it was solvent and prosperous.

With regard to smaller borrowers, those requiring less than half or a quarter of a million, each one would be expected to borrow altogether from a single bank, which would support its customers through thick and thin. Under this system the relations between banker and customer are closer, more mutually helpful, and far pleasanter than they ever can be under the present American system. Commerce and industry of all kinds reap the benefit. All through the crisis of 1893, and all through the crisis of 1907, the Canadian banks stood by their customers. The customers saw scarcely any difference in their business because of the panics. They knew of them from the newspapers and from the large quantity of American goods offered in the Dominion at reduced prices—largely because of

the liquidation forced by the country banks south of the line.

SMALL BORROWERS BENEFIT ALSO.

But it is not merely the large companies and firms that would benefit from a change to branch banks. The little fellow who wants to borrow only fifty or a hundred dollars would also gain. The great Canadian banks, without exception, reckon the farmers among their most valuable customers. In the tiniest towns and villages, the farmer, the workingman, the cattle dealer, the storekeeper, the hotel man, have right at hand a banking office which is ready at all times of the year to lend them money if they can procure acceptable backers or provide other security that is suitable.

In one respect, however, these loans are closely restricted. They must be based on quick or liquid assets. Nothing in the nature of mortgages on real estate or fixed property is considered. The farmer borrows in anticipation of the sale of his crop or surplus live stock, the storekeeper discounts his customer's notes, the manufacturer borrows on his raw material in process, shortly to be sold. The business in real estate mortgages is in the hands of loan and mortgage companies. These latter get their capital from issues of bonds or debentures payable so many years ahead. Thus they can quite properly put it out on mortgages running for five years or more. But the banks get their funds from depositors; they are repayable partly on demand and partly on 15 days' notice. Sound principles, therefore, require that the funds should be put out on securities having a short currency. And those principles are adhered to.

HOW LOCAL INDUSTRIES WOULD FARE.

Probably the very chiefest of the arguments used by American bankers to influence the people against branch banks is that referring to local industries. To the business men of every locality they say, "If you had branch banks the capital of this local-

ity would be gathered up and taken to New York or Chicago. Your local industries would suffer. Now you have a local independent bank, the directors are local men. They will see to it that the deposit fund of the locality goes to develop local industries." It only needs a knowledge of Canadian, English or Scotch conditions, to see that this argument has no force whatever. As a matter of fact it can be demonstrated that in a great many localities local industries would fare much better if they had branch banks. Sometimes the local independent bankers read the term "to support local industries" to mean "to support the local industries in which we ourselves are personally interested." The branch manager has no personal interest in local industries. He judges all applications strictly on their merits. If the head office found out that he was personally interested in a large borrower's business he would perhaps be moved to another branch. The experience in Canada is that at all the branch offices the banks do all the good business they possibly can—both discounting and deposit-getting. The amount of discounts carried at a branch bank will nearly always be the amount of good safe business the manager can lay his hands on. The consequence is that the amount which the branch can place at the disposal of the worthy local industries is not limited by the amount of deposits the locality can furnish. Practically all localities in Western Canada, and all manufacturing towns in the East benefit especially from this feature. And it is reasonable to assume that all localities in the Western States and all manufacturing centres in the Eastern, would benefit especially from the institution of branch banks in the republic.

In a quiet little village of Eastern Canada, after the manager has done his utmost to find borrowers, his branch balance sheet may show deposits \$120,000, discounts \$20,000. On the contrary the great majority of Western branches will show discounts heavily overbalancing deposits. In

the West it is not at all uncommon for a country branch to show discounts \$200,000, deposits \$50,000. Under the system of independent banks these Western offices could have advanced to local industries only something less than they had in deposits.

A word as to deposit facilities. With branch banks established in every little place, paying interest on small deposits, the United States would not be, so much, the paradise of the get-rich-quick swindler. The people would have depositories, in which they could trust, to put their money. There would be less cash used in daily transactions, less in bureau drawers and other hoarding-places. The check habit would become more universal. The country's fund of cash would be, more largely, in the banks, where it would be useful, instead of being in people's pockets and homes.

So from the gains in deposits there ought to be a larger fund than now available for financial purposes in the great centres, even although the commercial banks put only their temporary surpluses out on Wall Street.

There might be a great central bank or there might not. If there were one, it should be fiscal agent for the United States Treasury and hold all its funds. If not, the Treasury funds could be apportioned fairly among the branch banks. The currency problem would be simplified because strong branch banks could safely be given powers of note issue to which small isolated banks are not at all entitled. In Canada the associated banks guarantee the issues of the individual institutions. The Bankers' Association has the right of supervision over the circulation books of the banks. The notes are a first charge on the assets of the issuing banks. Also in the event of failure they bear interest at five per cent. from the date of suspension till the receiver advertises his readiness to redeem them. As a result the notes pass readily at par even after the issuing bank may have failed.

The Greatness of Our Common Heritage

The Peculiar Terms of a Last Will and Testament Wherein all the Assets of Earth are Bequeathed by the Testator to His Children—Those Who now Care Least for Nature Were Once her Most Devout Lovers.

THE present writer, says a contributor to the *Spectator*, lately read in a newspaper a strange and very suggestive will. The document is not, we imagine, the last testament of any dead man, but merely a literary device of some one who desires to call attention in an age of discontent and the passionate struggle for the amelioration of all lots to the greatness of the common heritage into which the average man enters at birth. The writer purposes "to distribute his interests in the world among common men." "That part of my interests," he continues, "which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of it in this my will. My right to live being but a life estate is not at my disposal, but these things excepted all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath."

Children are chief benefactors. To them we read: "I leave inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood flowers of the field and blossoms of the wood, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children." Also he gives the long, long, long days to be merry in, the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, subject, nevertheless, to the right of way hereinafter given to lovers.

For older boys he leaves all useful, idle fields where ball may be played, the meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels, and birds and echoes of strange

noises, and all distant places which ventures there found.

Does the love of nature come so early? Does it leave the grown man never to return with the same intensity? Evidently the writer thinks so, and we do not feel sure but that he is right, continues the *Spectator*. Children, it is true, are without critical powers. They are unconscious of the sources of their own happiness. On the other hand, they are wholly absorbed by it. No child ever liked the town better than the country. Those men and women who care least for nature remember the time when they were her devout lovers. Most of us have a picture gallery somewhere in our minds, and in that picture gallery there is generally a landscape room. The brightest of these landscapes were painted in childhood. Their coloring is, so far as the grown man is concerned, a lost art. Sometimes they show forth wide tracts of country, stretching to distant hills. More often they give us but a narrow corner—a spot which fascinated our childish eyes, and which we had no desire to look beyond—a buttercup field in spring, summer crops, or a turn in the stream. There are now no buttercups so big or so yellow; above all, none so intensely desirable.

Streams, too, while they are still beautiful, are no longer companionable; the soul has gone from them, or we have forgotten their language. We know now that the country on the other side of the hills is not a dream country whose scenery changes from day to day at the will of the child who thinks of it.

Some Settlers that Canada can do Without

More Rigid Inspection Required With Respect to the Immigration Regulations of the Country—Certain Misfits and Failures of Other Lands are Proving Rather too Heavy a Burden Upon the Exchequer of the Dominion.

By J. T. Ardley.

A CLERGYMAN recently sent from the Old Country to report on the condition of a number of emigrants who had been brought out to Canada by a charitable organization in England, made the trip across the continent. It is said that in every large centre which he visited he had to go to the jails and asylums to find a considerable percentage of the people that he wanted to interview. On his return, while dining in Montreal, he happened to remark that he was particularly impressed with the splendid way in which the prisoners are looked after everywhere in the Dominion. This led to further conversation, and the admission that a large proportion of the charity society's emigrants has found their way into places of detention.

In any undertaking, great or small, it is well to count the cost—to compute the outlay, present and probable. In no national enterprise does this hold true, more than in the problem of immigration. Of late months it is feared Canada has been giving too liberal an interpretation to Rudyard Kipling's advice, "pumping them in."

And what has been the result? There are manifestations that Canada will have to undergo many of the trials, turmoil and disturbances of the United States in connection with our immigration problems if we do not learn by experience and adopt more rigid regulations with regard to importation, inspection and deportation. It is, indeed, a trite truism that in the

matter of peopling this new country that quality is what we want rather than quantity.

Much interest has been aroused in this important question. Superintendents of Asylums, Wardens of Penitentiaries, Inspectors of Prisons, and others have considered and discussed this phase of the present state of affairs, while on the floor of the House of Commons the Government's immigration policy has been vigorously attacked, and a determined effort made to have the bonusing system, as it at present relates to immigration, abolished. Many interesting views have been expressed, but possibly the most unique of all is the stand taken by an ultra loyalist, or he may dub himself an Imperialist, and that is, as Canada contributes nothing toward the maintenance of the British Navy, that as the aegis of Britain's great military power and strength is ever over us, we should, therefore, as a matter of courtesy and gratitude—or as a sort of quid pro quo—readily accept all classes and kindreds who are sent out to us, ask no questions, and place no barrier in the way when any British subject desires to change his residence from one part of the Empire to another. Is it not time that our supervision of immigration was improved and strengthened, and regulations with respect to inspection made more rigid and far-reaching in their effect?

Relatively speaking, the foreign population of Canada—those who come from other countries—constitutes about 20 per cent. of the num-

ber of inhabitants in this peaceful and prosperous land. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, the commitments to jails, penitentiaries and asylums should not exceed one-fifth of the total number as recorded from year to year. But what has been the result. Last year there were committed to the jails of Ontario 7,216 Canadians and 4,313 foreigners. Was the proportion only 20 per cent. or one-fifty? No, it was nearly 38 per cent., and the actual figures of Ontario's population at the last census showed that the population of the Province over 16 years of age was 1,209,000, of whom 291,000 were of foreign birth, a little over one-fifth of the entire number of inhabitants.

With regard to the statistics furnished from insane asylums of Ontario an equally distressing condition of affairs is disclosed—a very sombre picture presented. During 1907 there were admitted to the asylums of the Province, 1,163 persons, of whom 346 were of foreign birth, the latter representing 30 per cent. of the new inmates, whereas if, as already pointed out, the relative proportion of population had prevailed, the number should have been only 20 per cent. In connection with the Toronto Asylum, Dr. C. K. Clarke, Medical Superintendent, furnishes some rather startling figures of the strong tendency to degeneracy on the part of those of foreign birth, who have evidently come from squalid and submerged communities in the Old Country, and, perhaps, from higher circles, only to find their way eventually to the institution in this city, or other asylums of the Province. Since 1846 there have been committed to the Toronto Asylum—Canadian born, 4,380; Irish, 2,246; English, 1,748; Scotch, 989; United States, 357; other nationalities, 367. The total foreign born number 5,707, as against 4,380 Canadians, a surplus of 327. These statistics carry conviction home. During the past year, there were admitted to the institution 262 persons, of whom 136 were foreign born—over fifty per cent. Sixty-five per cent. of the weak-minded foreigners admitted

were in the final stages of dementia *praecox*, the same form of insanity as is accredited to Harry K. Thaw. This class of sufferers is said to be incurable. The malady is such that it is not safe for them to be allowed to roam in the community, and, consequently, they are a burden on the Province. Computing that the average life of such sufferers is 61 years, and that their average age on entering the institution is 25, the total cost to the Province at \$150 a year, which is about the actual expense of each patient, together with other incidentals, is from about \$5,000 or \$6,000. Some of these foreigners have been deported, but it would have been far better had they been detained by the Government inspectors and never allowed to plant foot on Canadian territory.

One cause of so much insanity and crime among the foreign born, who come to Canada, is that a large majority are brought out by steamship companies or immigration societies, bonuses frequently being paid to bring the new settlers to this land, and, consequently, selection is merely a matter of formality, more attention being devoted to numbers than to the class or character of people which Canada wants and is ready and willing to extend a cordial welcome and helping hand. Among the undesirable already referred to are perverts, moral outcasts, those of weak mentality or physical degeneracy, those showing evidences of lunacy, crime, folly and other indiscretions—people recently released from asylums, or worthless, good-for-nothing, never-do-wells whom those most closely identified deem prudent to get rid of at any cost. Under such circumstances is it to be wondered at that a large percentage of these find their way into institutions of confinement, such as jails, asylums and charities? In the first place, it has been about all they can do to look after themselves at home, in fact, many of them have been scarcely able to do that. The strain and stress of an ocean voyage, the new conditions and associations in life, the absence of any one to carefully guard them, the excitement inci-

dental to their strange experiences in the new land and many other things contribute to render them mentally unfit to earn a living for themselves or lead honest, clean and industrious lives, hence a tragedy is precipitated, and the figures of the country's criminal column constantly swell. To trace or enumerate all the causes that aid and develop degeneracy would be interesting, and to record the history of any one particular family of moral outcasts or mental weaklings through all their various ramifications would furnish some startling disclosures.

What is required to remedy this is more rigid and thorough scrutiny and examination of new comers from across the sea. Any person who has shown evidence of criminal or maniacal tendencies, say, within four years, should be immediately sent back to his or her starting point. If some such precaution is not taken and enforced the foreign peril in this land may become very real, while the cost of the maintenance of these people may prove a burden much heavier and more responsible than Governments may like to carry. Canada should, in the opinion of many, exclude from her shores all who are not healthy, active and willing to work. To those who possess average intelligence, a willingness to work and a disposition to get on in the world, this land affords splendid opportunities and advantages not presented by any other country, but for the weakling, the spendthrift, the black sheep, the criminally tainted, the demented, there is no room. We have enough of our own who are unfortunate, to look after without having foisted upon us the derelicts from other countries. One degenerate family may taint in time, a whole community, cause endless trouble, and most unwarranted expense.

Take, for instance, the history of the Jukes family. The so-called "Jukes" family of America is the largest criminal family known, and its history, which has been carefully studied, is full of instruction. The

ancestral breeding-place of this family was in a rocky inaccessible spot in the State of New York. Here they lived in log or stone houses, sleeping indiscriminately round the hearth in winter, like so many radii, with their feet to the fire. The ancestor of the family, a descendant of early Dutch settlers, was born between 1720 and 1740. He is described as living the life of a backwoodsman, "a hunter and fisher, a hard drinker, jolly and companionable, averse to steady toil," working by fits and starts. This intermittent work is characteristic of that primitive mode of life led among savages by the men always, if not by the women, and it is the mode of life which the instinctive criminal naturally adopts. This man lived to good old age, when he became blind, and he left a numerous, more or less illegitimate, progeny. Two of his sons married two out of five more or less illegitimate sisters; these sisters were the "Jukes." The descendants of these five sisters have been traced with varying completeness through five subsequent generations. The number of individuals thus traced reaches 709; the real aggregate is probably 1,200. This vast family, while it has included a certain proportion of honest workers, has been, on the whole, a family of criminals and prostitutes, of vagabonds and paupers. Of all the men not twenty were skilled workmen, and ten of these learned their trade in prison; 180 received out-door relief to the extent of an aggregate of 800 years; or, making allowances for the omissions in the record, 2,300 years. Of the 709 there were 76 criminals, committing 115 offences. The average prostitution among the marriageable women down to the sixth generation was 52.40 per cent.; the normal average has been estimated at 1.66 per cent. There is no more instructive study in criminal heredity than that of the Jukes family.

These statistics paint a dreary picture and tell a tale that requires no comment. Canada wants within her borders no tainted or sullied families.

What Will World Do When Coal Is Gone?

Both Domestic and Foreign Supplies are Disappearing at Rapid Rate. Within Quarter of Century the Calamity of far Dearer Coal will have to be Faced. Electrical Heat Outlook is not Reassuring.

WITH the domestic coal supply dwindling at the rate of 400,000,000 tons per year and the foreign supply disappearing at an equivalent rate, the problem of fuel supply takes on more than an academic interest, says the Engineering Record. It is all very well profanely to inquire what posterity has done for us that we should forbear skinning the earth's resources on this account, but from the present outlook this matter has ceased to involve waiting for posterity. It has reached a point where there may be trouble within the lifetime of children now alive. If the coal consumption of the country increases at anything like the present rate it will probably not be more than a quarter of a century before the calamity of far dearer fuel will be upon us. It is not that the supply will be exhausted by then, but that scarcity, long transportation and deep mining will co-operate so to enhance the price of coal as to completely modify present conditions. The coal famine of a few years since shows the disastrous result of even a slight shortage in forcing up the price. What would be the industrial situation with steam coal at \$10 and upwards per ton permanently? It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate and yet such is the situation which confronts us in the not distant future. It will not be long before most of the remaining coal will be low grade bituminous or lignite. A large part of the fields yet remaining untouched are, in fact, the meanest

kind of lignite, entirely unsuited for transportation.

There is not enough wood left to cut any figure in the industrial situation. Of peat, good, bad and indifferent, there is a large amount, but thus far the attempts to get it into utilizable shape on a large scale have proved somewhat futile.

Heating is a terribly serious matter in our northern climate, and if one relies on electrical heating the outlook is bad since the whole power of Niagara could not keep even New York City from freezing to death. When it comes to heating, in fact, there is not enough hydraulic power to be worth serious consideration. Fuel gas, however, can be made to help out very effectively and may come to be our chief reliance. The present outlook is grave, and it is time to be up and doing. Each year, with its increase of fuel consumption, brings down the current estimate of the endurance of the supply. Not long ago it was five hundred years then two hundred and now practical exhaustion of the available supply seems a bare century off, with a serious increase of cost looming up in the near future. It is about time to start the fight to preserve the existing status of things lest the pressure on industry bring disaster. Even now there is a tendency to shift activity southward, into a milder climate. Before things come to a serious pass it is well to try the virtues of power transmission from the mines.

The Girl That is Down

How the New Judge Released the Offender From Court and Caused her to Resolve to Start the Other Way—A Sad Commentary Upon Some Present-Day Methods in the Administration of Justice and Lack of Helpful Service.

By Brand Whitlock in the Red Book Magazine.

WHEN her name was called, Mace rose heavily from the bench in the matron's room; the girl beside her—the one she had fallen in with a month before—arose at the same time, though not so passively.

As they were ushered into the court-room, the girl sighed, and the sigh irritated Mace; she could not have told why; perhaps it was because she herself had quit sighing long ago. There were signs, indeed, that the girl still had sentimental notions about herself, about her fate, and about life; but the sentimental had long ago gone out of Mace's existence, like the sigh that once expressed it. She felt, in common with the officials, in common with the crowd in the old familiar court-room, in common with the world with whose weary modern mood she was so unconsciously in accord, that there was nothing in her state to sentimentalize over. As for emotions, they were dead within her, and only certain counterfeits of them were to be conjured by gin; but the gin pertained to the night that was gone; this was morning, with its gray, haggard light filtering into the court-room.

The new girl peered about her a little, but Mace did not. She knew the court-room, knew it and its processes and could predict them unfailingly; she had had experience of them so often they had lost all meaning for her, just as they had lost all meaning for every one concerned in the official evocation of them, just as they had lost all meaning for the world outside—the old litany of sorrow and shame had been used so often that its

spirit had departed, leaving only its ghastly form behind.

Beyond the court-room there was for her, thought Mace—if she thought then at all—the black van, the striped gingham gown, the bread and molasses of the workhouse; then the pavement again—until one of the fly coppers should pick her up; then all would be repeated as before.

Silly; thought Mace of the new girl. But the new girl had not noticed Mace's irritation; she clung close as they stepped forward to the bar. The new girl, perhaps, was partially conscious of the fact that the officers of the court, the reporters, all the habitués of the place, immediately displayed that interest which is always excited by the presentation, in however squalid a form, of the oldest human problem; something like a laugh went round, and it was evident that the attaches of the court expected the case, as Mace expected it, to be disposed of in the usual jaunty way.

The prosecutor read the affidavits, stated that the girls were charged with "loitering," and asked them whether they would plead guilty or not guilty.

The new girl gave a little frightened look toward Mace, and dropped her eyes. Mace hesitated, and then lifted her eyes defiantly.

"Not guilty," she said.

And the new girl repeated after her:

"Not guilty."

Suddenly, however, the look of defiance—the old defiance of former appearances—died out of Mace's countenance, and in its place appeared a mild surprise and wonder, for, instead of the familiar figure on the

THE GIRL THAT IS DOWN

bench, there was a new man, not at all like the old one, and there was something disturbing in the fact of this new man, as there is in all change. To some in that courtroom his sensitive face appeared weak; to Mace, he was only young. And Mace wondered who he was and how he came to be there. Just then he turned his gaze toward her, and as she felt in that gaze a certain lack of harshness that, for her, amounted almost to kindness, a little blush was perceptible even under the powder which, like a somewhat soiled envelope, covered her face. Then the prosecutor called the officer, who came forward, glanced at the girls contemptuously, and said:

"I picked these girls up down the line last night; they've been cruising around down there for a month."

And addressing himself now more directly to the bench, he said perspicaciously:

"I know them, your honor, they're no good."

The officer's air gave one to understand that this settled the matter and closed the case. The clerk of the court stood at the elbow of the new magistrate, possibly in a kindly effort to help out his inexperience in thus judging and condemning human souls, and said in a tone that was respectful rather than confidential:

"About ten and costs."

But the new judge hesitated. It all seemed simple enough, of course; the girls had probably been "loitering"; there was the law, printed in the worn volume of the ordinances, automatically prescribing the penalty, and yet—

"They always give them about ten and costs," said the clerk, as if the new judge had not understood.

And the officer who had arrested the girls moved forward, as one who alone could minister and relieve, and said, vouching for their bad character with perhaps a little more satisfaction than men oftentimes vouch for the good characters of others:

"I know these girls. They're old timers. They've been here before."

It was, of course, to be said of these girls, in the sinister phrase of civilized modernity, that they were "known to the police"—as cruel a fate, perhaps, as society has yet devised. Most people, doubtless, especially the wise, the learned, and the virtuous, thought just as the police-

man thought, just as the clerk thought, that the proper, necessary, and even indispensable thing was to fine these girls ten dollars and costs, and to put them in prison, unless, indeed, they had been frugal enough to save from the proceeds of their miserable and precarious trade sufficient money to pay their fines, that is, to buy society off, to bribe it not to take its revenge upon them.

And they all thought this, from habit, even though they knew that these girls, or Mace, at least, had been there many times before, that she had doubtless been fined and doubtless been in prison for this very thing, and yet here she was, turning up again in the old predicament, little changed, unless it were to show a little more the wear and tear of her fearful life. It was apparent that the remedy prescribed by society had done her no good, nor had it, by the example so dearly cherished by society, done others like her any good; for, beside the new girl, there were other girls arraigned on that morning in every court in Christendom, and from that time to this, other girls have been arraigned in the same manner, and from this time onward in the same manner, the process will go on just as before.

And nobody was any better; neither Mace nor any girl had been saved or helped by it. If it had had any effect at all, it had been merely to push her farther down, if that were possible, further to harden and brutalize those officials whom society paid—partly out of the proceeds of those girls' crimes.

The officer had turned to go, thinking his work done and the hearing ended. All of the accustomed in that dingy court-room thought the hearing at an end. Was it not, in law, all sufficient that, having been there before, provision should be made for their being there again? Even Mace herself was of this mind, and knowing the judge to be a new one, she had only the slight interest that pertains to any novelty. And this was not much, for the clerk, whispering to him, was evidently instructing him in the hopeless precedents of the place.

Mace had no illusions as to the result; indeed, no one there had any illusions; for no place in the world is so absolutely without illusions as a police court. This, in its way, was an advantage, had it not been for the further fact that the place

was also without ideals. No one there had any illusions about Mace or her companion; in the mind of none was there any doubt as to what they were, or if not quite that, any doubt as to what they had done. This place, without illusions and without ideals, asked only one question—"Did you?" It never prefixed to its question any extenuating, illuminating, human "Why?"

And even if, for instance, it had asked Mace why, she could not have told. She had done most things in her life, so far as she was able to tell, not so much because she wished to do them, as because she had to; she had been led about, as it were, much as this officer, the fly cop, Delaney, had led her about, seizing her by the arm and pushing her along to turn-key, matron, bailiff, clerk, prosecutor, judge, and guard. Had any one thought to ask her of her companion, she had one phrase—like the court with its euphemism about "loitering"—she would have said that she was "gone"; but as to herself, she would have said that she was down and out.

These few phrases were sufficient; they had their meaning, which was more than could be said of the phrases current in the world above her—such phrases as "law and order," "the criminal classes," "encouragement of vice," or "suspension of crime," etc., employed by editors, preachers and publicists. These meant as little to Mace as they meant to those who used them; if they meant anything whatever to her, they meant railing accusations and the application of a force that hurt her each time a little more, but never helped her. No one had ever descended to her from the world above with a kind look, a helpful word, or even a cup of water. She had a dim, unposted, but all inclusive understanding, more a feeling than a concept of her intelligence, that for her and this companion by her side there was no hope there or anywhere in this world, or, at least, in the civilized portions of this world. Could they have gone to some uncivilized portion of the world, they might there, perhaps, have found savages willing to help them a little, willing to give them something to eat or something to wear. Or, if there remained any undiscovered continent in the world, they might have gone there with other criminals, and with a new chance

in life, as was the case in Australia, have reared anew the structure of their existence, founded new societies, built new cities, erected new systems, acquired property, grown respectable, and, in time, have constructed churches and prisons of their own.

But here, in our civilized society, there was no place for them—no place but the pavement, or some miserable tenement, or the river. There was no place for them in the world above them, no sympathy, no companionship, no work, no hope. Even had their lives heretofore not been such as to unfit and disqualify them for all kinds of useful toil, no one would have been willing to hire them, no one would have been willing to take them into his home—certainly not into her home—as servant or worker of any kind. They were not welcome in any public place—theatre, church, or saloon—except the lowest kind of saloon. It is true, perhaps, that they might have gone, for a little length of time, to a place called a "retreat," but in the end, they would have been cast back on to the pavement again, bereft, perhaps, of the only happiness that life had given them since they left the vale of childhood.

Mace remembered the "retreat" well enough—the old house, stranded as she had been stranded, in the poor part of the town, whence the residence-district, with its respectability, was slowly receding like a wavering shore-line before the encroachments of the steady flood-tide of the business district. The patronesses of this retreat evidently had more fear of catching Mace's badness than faith in Mace's catching their goodness, for the house had a sign over the door to warn the world as to just what manner of people dwelt there. Inside, as out, it was gloomy, and the walls were decorated with depressing mottoes giving forth obvious moral truths intended to instruct people in the art of being good, but neglecting to state that, in a civilization like ours, before one, according to the standards of that civilization, can do good, it is necessary to have money; and the only means society had left Mace of getting money was, by the very terms of that retreat denied her. And there, in the doleful evenings, the girls might sit and be edified by the singing of hymns or the reading of tracts pretentiously based on the philosophy of One who, when on this

earth, was not afraid to associate on terms divinely human with such as found refuge there.

But these modern followers held themselves far from any contact with these girls, except on terms of patronage from which all comradeship, all sense of human relationship was expelled. And here they were to dwell for a time, pending the moral change which no one really thought could ever occur in them, because, before the change could occur in them, a change must occur in those who made the society which environed them. And in those gloomy apartments, on those doleful evenings, amid the whinings of that little reed organ, the reading of those tracts, the singing of those hymns, and the contemplation of those mural mottoes, were nothing but reminders of what they had been, and perhaps little more than the vague, misty hope of what they might yet become. And this was all—this, or the pavement, or the prison, or the river.

There was in Mace no longer anything attractive, either in feature or attire. Even at its best, with all her tawdry finery heaped upon her, that attire made the very impression which the vestige of womanhood in her had sought most to avoid. And yet she could recall a childhood, when she had dwelt in that kingdom, of which little children are said to be the model—the kingdom which is without sin because it is without law. But the world had cast her out of that and now, every hand with which she came in contact was thrust out, not to help, but to hurt, to push her farther along the dark road which ended in blackness and despair.

Mace had known herself to marvel, once upon a time, that in the act which brought condemnation, there was another person for whom society had no condemnation, at whom it did little more than to wag its head in playful reproof before it received the interesting offender to its arms again. And so, in those rare moments of speculation on the right of things in this world, she had come to the conclusion that the law meant one thing for the woman and another for the man, one thing to the poor and another to the rich. What, to use the euphemism of the police officer, was to her such a dark voyage was to those others merely an idle

cruise. She was, of course, unread and so unacquainted with the tale of Aholah and Aholibah, but while it had never once been cited for her benefit, she had known the law. "Then shall the man be guiltless; but the woman shall bear her iniquity." And without having studied, with modern economists, the law of the economic dependence of woman, she summed up, too logically, the whole of law in the conviction that the one crime lay in being poor.

As for society, in its thought of her, it persisted in the delusion that hers was a pleasant and happy lot. It invariably spoke of her as if her choice had been premeditated, and chose to regard her as the creature of a joyous environment who was exchanging the uncertainties of a future far remote, for the certainties of a happy present, and she might almost have thought, hearing society talk and speculate about her, as sometimes it did with bated breath, that her lot was to be envied, if one only had the courage to select it.

Society did not pause to reflect that her lot was mean and sordid, that she led a life of constant, cruel shame, of want and hardship, in which food itself was scarce, and that only now and then, in some moment of despair, was she able to forget, in the liquor which society, as a silent partner in the enterprise, provided for her. Society did not reflect that she was where she was and what she was, not because she wished to be, but because she had to be; society did not reflect that it had made her what she was and put her where she was; that it kept her there remorselessly and with a shame that should be considered greater than any she could know.

There were in that society persons respected, admired, and emulated, whose failures differed in degree but not in kind from those which society so fearfully punished in her. There were, for instance, lawyers who sold their brains for prices far higher than those for which these girls sold their souls; editors, writers, artists, and statesmen who sold talent and influence, and even clergymen who sold their abilities, finding it convenient to condemn only the vulgar vices which the refined members of their own congregations were not tempted to commit. And

there were, too, respected women who had sold themselves, or by their parents had been sold, to men, and thought that the act underwent some subtle antiseptic process by reason of the observance of certain conventional formulas. For all these, society had no condemnation, but rather commendation and reward.

Of these things, Mace had a feeling, very vague and very uncertain, but in its effect upon her, very conclusive, after all. She felt that she was of no use or value in the world; and yet she was of far greater importance, after all, than she knew or imagined. She belonged, indeed, to the oldest profession in the world; she had been treated of exhaustively by moralists and savants and economists, to say nothing of the fact that she had been the subject and inspirer of folios of foolish legislation. Had she known all this, she might not have been without consolation.

She was not aware of the fact that she played an important and necessary place in society as constituted. That quarter of the town which she was compelled to inhabit was more important than she knew. It contributed of the funds it made by such dreadful waste of body and at such sacrifice of soul, out of its death and destruction, to the support of many of the most fashionable institutions of the city, and there were fine and delicate ladies on the avenues and boulevards whose furs and costly garments were provided from the rents of those structures in which miserable creatures hid away by day; and there were gentlemen, pillars in the church, whose pockets, though indirectly, were filled with money that came from this source and from which they reared universities and temples.

That there might be wealth and affluence at the one end of the city, it was necessary that Mace and her companions should live in poverty and vice at the other; and their sacrifices were necessary to selfishness and luxury far away. Their business was a profitable one, not to them but to those who condemned them. Where they dwelt, property values were kept low by economic law so that taxes could be avoided and laws violated, and as a result of the moral degradation of these girls and their constant or occasional companions, they were mulcted in heavy sums for rent.

And yet it was the importance of the

hopeless; for there was no more hope for her than there was for that society which produced her, and would be none until the day, should it ever come, when those who drew back their skirts for fear of defilement should realize their responsibility for this: realize that their extravagances, their luxury, their very refinement even, the things they counted on to make their lives happier and themselves better than others are made by the compulsory sacrifices of those condemned and miserable ones.

But even such superficial and fugitive speculations were not for Mace, any more than they were for those whose extortions suggest them; just now she was beginning to wonder at the unusual delay in judgment. For the officer had not gone; he still stood there; and the clerk drew back in some incertitude from the new judge; and the new judge himself was speaking not to her, strangely enough, but to the officer.

"The court is aware," spoke the voice, to the tones of which that court was not yet accustomed, a tone of such quality as to suggest the lack of likelihood of courts becoming accustomed to it for some decades hence, "the court is aware, of course, of the statute on loitering. But just what, in your mind, is meant by loitering? In other words, just what were these girls doing that led you to arrest them?"

The officer, disconcerted for an instant, recovered himself mentioned a shady, disreputable street in the city and then added: "I picked them up there last night about nine o'clock. They were talking with two men."

"What were the two men doing?"

"Talking to the girls. They've been cruising around down there, as I stated, holding up men."

"Do you mean that they were robbing men?"

"No, not that."

"Did the men resist them?"

The officer looked as if he were being guyed.

"No," he said finally. And then lowering his head a little, and glancing up under his eyebrows, he said:

"Aw, you know what I mean."

"You mean that the men were cruising about, too, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose they were."

"So that the girls were doing no more than the men?"

"No, I suppose not."

"And whatever these girls may have done in the past, within your knowledge or belief"—it seemed well enough to indulge in some legal phraseology—"there were always men doing the same thing, no less and no more, were there not?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then why did you not bring the men in also?"

The officer did not hesitate long; he was frank enough and honest enough, and he was doing his duty well, doing, indeed, just what society wished him to do and was paying him for doing. And he said:

"It is not customary to bring the men in."

The new judge leaned back in his chair, and his gaze, wandering from the officer and from the girls before him, fixed itself, finally, on some obscure point far out the tall windows of the court-room, across the ugly roofs and chimneys of that hideous quarter of the town.

"I confess," he said, "that I can not solve this problem—the oldest in the world. Perhaps, if I had the men before me, I might do so, although I am not certain. There would be others, doubtless, besides these girls, besides those men, who are concerned in this offence, others whom the processes of this court can not reach."

He paused a moment and gazed on as before. Then it seemed that he would speak again, continuing his reflections, but he left off as if, after all, they were of little utility.

And then he said, as one who recalls himself from a reverie:

"The defendants may be discharged."

He bent his head and wrote in his docket.

The accustomed ones in the court-room exchanged glances, and Mace herself did not understand. She looked up at the new judge, then at the girl beside her, and wondered.

The new judge looked at her.

"You may go," he said.

The old bailiff, with a functionary's facility in ending painful scenes, touched

her on the shoulder with his gavel, then with the same insignia of authority, pointed toward the door, and Mace and her companion went out of the court-room, back to the only life they knew or could know, to resume doubtless, their hopeless cruise in those back waters of the sea of life. But they went with a more tripping gait than they had come, and, as she left, Mace herself could not refrain from casting back one little human look of triumph, over her shoulder, at the discomfited officer she left behind.

In the street outside, she paused. The winter sun was shining warm.

"Which way?" asked the new girl, taking a step, however, in the old direction.

"Wait a minute," said Mace. She stood and squinted up at the sun, and then her breast rose and fell as she took a deep breath of the keen air.

"Say, kid," she said presently, "how far is your home from here?"

"About thirty miles down in the country. Why?" She put the question almost timidly.

"Well, I was thinking, after what the new beak said—you see, you're young yet; you're not like me, and—and then maybe —"

To Mace there had come a new sense, a sense of having been, for a moment, restored to that humanity from which so long she had been excluded. Ignorant as she was, unaware that she had been the subject of a striking phrase by Cato, and of an imperishable paragraph by the famous historian of European morals, whose imaginative vision could behold her, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people, she had heard a moment before one accent of that spiritual voice which through America's prophetic poet had called to her, "Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you"; and that sun was warm upon her now, and for the moment warm within her heart. And as she buttoned her little tan-colored jacket about her, she said:

"Not that way this morning, kid. We'll start the other way. It won't hurt to try."

Worth While to Win in the Game

What Makes Success in Commercial Life—If a Man Thinks Along Right Lines
Failure is Almost Impossible—Intelligently Directed Industry Will Accomplish Much.

By Thomas H. Curry.

ALL successful business enterprises have been founded on these two cornerstones—knowledge and industry. To know how to do things in the best way and then to go and do them, these are really important things.

Of course every man, no matter how incompetent he may be, or how big a failure he makes of what he undertakes, carries the idea that he knows how to direct a business, in the best way. The more ignorant a man may be and the less real discernment and business judgment he may have, the surer he is likely to be of the value of his opinion; but, fortunately, the world does not need to take a man at his own valuation.

The proof of the pudding is the eating, and the proof of a man's judgment and industry is found in the results accomplished. To make good is worth a world of talk.

The man who accomplishes things—gives results—makes a profit for the concern with which he is connected, may not apparently be so brilliant as other men who make utter shipwreck of their work and their lives. The head of a concern may be a little insignificant looking fellow with red hair and bow legs; the floor walker may have a better figure and wear better clothes. The latter may even be able to waltz delightfully and to talk learnedly to the girls of the latest plays.

But the "old man" knows the things that are worth while. He knows how to make the business show a good profit at the end of the year, and, if the floor walker with the elegant figure and the resonant voice gets to thinking too much about girls and other outside affairs, so that he neglects

his work or gets chesty, the old man will know of that also, and promptly release him.

The man who would know the fullest measure of success must not become wedded to any one system or way of doing things, no matter how good it may be. He should keep an open mind; he should be on the lookout for improvements; he should be able to see them when they arrive and quick to adapt them to his own business.

Persistent effort is also very important. But if a man hasn't the requisite judgment to enable him to mark out a winning plan of operations, all the industry in the world will not keep him long at the head of a business. What avail is it that a man works hard, if he does the wrong thing or the right thing at the wrong time? His industry, without common sense to ballast it, will merely be the means of running the business on the rocks the sooner, unless it is a very small business. The man without business judgment should seek employment with one who has it.

The man who wishes to go to the front and to stay there must know his business better than any other person in the concern with which he is connected. When he has attained his position, he would strive to know more about the business than any one else doing business in similar lines in his own town. Having accomplished this, it is up to him to be the authority for a still wider territory. All this means work. It means turning down many idle pleasures and frivolous pastimes. But it is worth while to accomplish things. It is worth while to win in the game. The man who makes his work his chief pleasure is really far happier than the devotees of pleasure.

Courtesy as an Element in Business

Its Exercise Plays a Most Essential Part, and the Absence of Ordinary Civility is Developing in the Minds of the Youth a Spirit of Irreverence. — Are Canadian Business Men Not More Abrupt Than Those of Other Countries?

By G. W. Warner—Illustrated by G. Ronan.

BULWER LYTTON, the widely known English writer, once said: "There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it."

"No, I can't see you to-day."

"Can you then make an appointment some time this week?" asked a bright young traveler as he gazed earnestly over the railing at the well groomed, prosperous looking head of a large retail mercantile establishment.

"No," came the chilly response, "I will promise nothing. Besides, I do not know that I want any goods in your line. I have been bothered to death of late by you drummers. When I desire anything particularly, I will send for you. I have no further time to waste on you, sir, this morning."

This style of conversation, overheard the other day, is one that not infrequently occurs in many industrial or commercial establishments throughout the country. The tone was gruff and unsympathetic; there was no geniality in the manner or attitude of the general manager. His look was enough to freeze any ardent spirited solicitor, or drive a bashful one to the street. He was never known to return a reply that was courteous, kindly, and helpful. His reports were curt, his movements staccato; everything about him betokened irascibility.

This is no overdrawn or imaginary picture. To-day the reason that half the men fail in business is because they deserve nothing else. The measure that they mete to others is meted out to them, and little

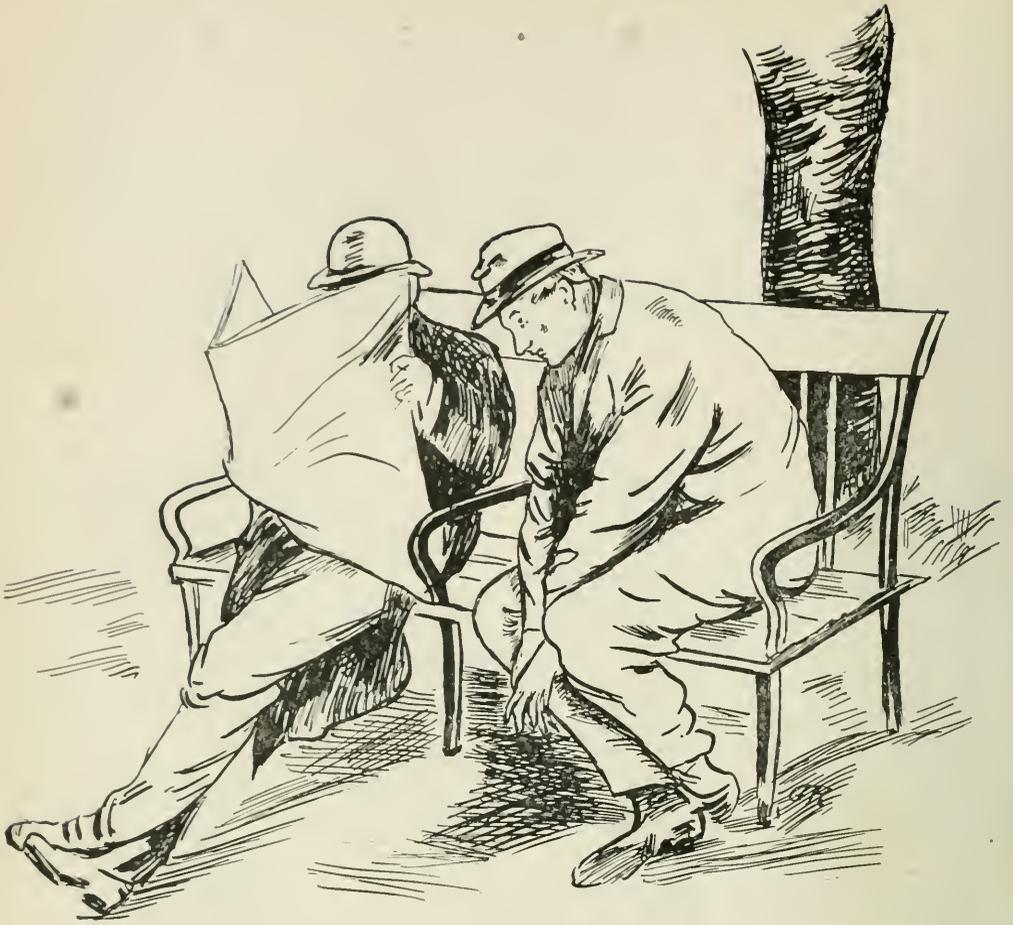
can they complain, if in lack of courtesy, candor, punctuality and integrity they are paid back in their own coin. One maxim every young man starting out upon a business career should remember. He should, if necessary, paste it in his hat, allow it to adorn the walls of his office, his den and his bedroom, and that is "Politeness Pays." Undoubtedly it is to-day, one of the most silent yet potent constituents in the success and expansion of any enterprise.

Are Canadians a gruff people?

A gentleman of Asiatic extraction who



The Gruff Man



The Man Who Has Not Much To Do

was recently making a tour of several cities called at the establishment of a well-known Toronto firm. Finding that the man he desired to see was engaged for a few moments, the stranger was asked by the general manager of the company to take a seat in his private office. The visitor was startled, almost dismayed by the request. He could not readily understand it. He seemed to doubt his sense of hearing, and, when the request was politely repeated, he timidly took the chair indicated. "Thanks," he said, "this is the first time I have been asked to sit down since I have entered an office in Toronto. My but you Canadians are an abrupt people, always in a hurry, never wasting much time in answering foreigners or giving them desired information."

Another instance of how a man in the Government service received a shock. He passed some goods, not subject to duty,

through the customs with such rapidity that his quick work was acknowledged in a cordial note by the receiver of the supplies. The humble official never forgot this mark of kindness, and, afterwards referred to the sender of the simple missive as the most polite man that he had ever met. In fact, so grateful was he over its helpful, hopeful tone that tears of gratitude streamed down his cheeks.

Politeness, it has been well said, costs nothing. It certainly does not entail much outlay on the part of some men, because they do not keep a shred of this necessary article in stock. They seem to take particular delight in incivility, sullenness or haughty demeanor. With others, how different! Courtesy appears part and parcel of their make-up. It is as natural to them as the sound of the voice, the song of a bird or the hum of a bee. These are the men whom

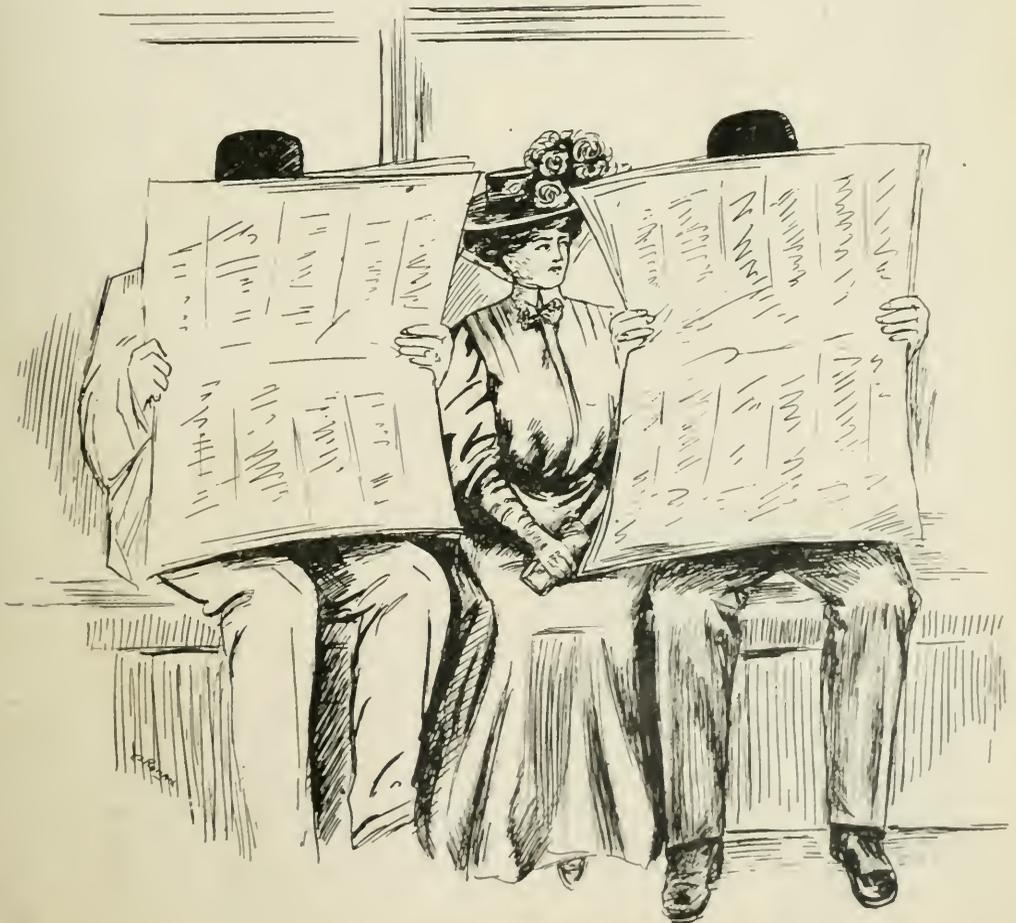
COURTESY AS AN ELEMENT IN BUSINESS

traveling representatives and business people generally like to meet. Even though refused orders or granted only brief interviews, callers come away feeling that they have met a true gentleman, instead of a cad, a tyrant, an autocrat, or a dyspeptic. The man of rugged speech and mien may have a heart at the core that is all right; he may literally be a diamond in the rough, but this is known only to his most intimate friends or associates, while casual visitors or occasional callers judge him not by inner emotions, but by outward manifestations. Good breeding displays itself not only in the home, but in the office. It should not be a mere garment to be cast aside, half a dozen or a dozen times a day, according to the varying moods or passing feelings of the man who has to meet the public.

It seems to be the opinion held by many travelers, whose business calls themselves

all over the world, to every clime and country, that Canadians more than any other people, are, generally speaking, less civil and considerate of the stranger. The term abrupt is, perhaps, the best one that can be applied. Many a man at the head of an establishment or department does not mean to be abrupt; he perhaps does not know that he is cold, surly or churlish in his replies. He is distant and stand-offish in attitude, and, as one thoroughly disgusted visitor remarked, "You feel after leaving him about as comfortable as plunging into a cold bath."

Being grumpish is a quality that grows upon one. A testy temperament, a sour disposition, a cross-grained view of affairs and conditions are cultivated almost unconsciously. Why can they not be more of sunshine than shadow, more brightness and less gloom? There is occasionally a man



The Discourteous Man

found who imagines it is the stamp of greatness to shut himself up in a luxuriant office at the rear of a long row of counters, have the door tiled, and three or four secretaries, clerks, or whatever you like to call them, doing duty outside, all instructed after you have waited for a long time to say, "Mr. K—— is very busy. Under no circumstances can he be seen, no matter how pressing your engagement. Perhaps it will be convenient for you to call around again."

In certain business houses the commander-in-chief appears to regard inaccessibility and shortness of word and temper as the special mark or distinguishing badge of responsibility and power. Never was there a greater delusion. The man who gets above his fellows is not the one that looks down upon them from an exalted sense of his own importance, but rather the one who is at all times calm and collected, polite and polished. What takes heart and ambition out of many a salesman or canvasser is not being turned down, but the way, the blunt, discourteous way, in which a refusal is made, or an answer given.

It is not taken for granted, nor can it for one moment be assumed that the head of any important department or mammoth establishment can be available at all times to every caller. If he granted an interview to all and sundry, he would daily receive countless visits from beggars, agents, solicitors, commissioners, inspectors, speculators, brokers and every class and condition of men. They would, of course, impose upon good nature, take up all his time with unprofitable or visionary propositions, and, at the close of the day, the chief of the staff would have to write upon his memo pad,

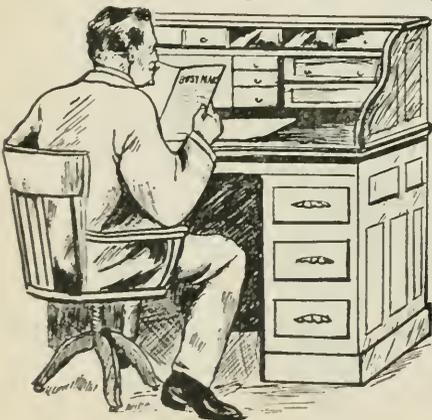
"nothing done." Now where error comes in and misunderstanding arises is too many men who are big in a small sphere, imagine that in order to dispose of a stream of callers quickly it is necessary to be grouchy and morose.

One superintendent of a large manufacturing concern has adopted the plan of furnishing his private secretary with a pad and pencil. On this each visitor is asked to write his name, business and the nature of his mission. This is then taken to the superintendent, and, if it appeals to him, an interview is granted. If not, the caller is told firmly but politely that there is no hope. This is one method of sifting the wheat from the chaff in the daily visitation list and constant round of duties. Other men walk out from their offices, glare at the stranger as if he were an intruder or bomb thrower, and inquire in icy tones, "What do you want?"

Have you any idea of how far reaching is the influence of a polite manner, the centrifugal force of civility? It crops up in a score of ways, and, after all, there is nothing more lasting in life than impression and reminiscence.

Canadians have much to learn from the heads of large companies across the border, and the dignified yet kindly disposition of financiers and men of affairs in the Old Country. We have adopted to some extent the attitude of the spoiled child. Too many of us are inclined to pout; we evince too readily a spirit of contempt or displeasure; we are often sulky and sullen, simply because things do not go our way or because our privacy is interrupted by someone who, perhaps, has not timed the hour of his call to suit our convenience.

We should get above these things, never allowing them to warp our nature or disturb our equanimity. There will always be petty vexations and many shortcomings. The oil, which should be applied, the lubricant that makes progress pleasant, the power that drives the smoothest, is courtesy. It is a wonderfully determining factor in business success. The need of it in many establishments is no doubt the reason on which students of mankind base their observation that one of the principal faults in the youth of to-day is not lack of enterprise, want of spirit, or loss of energy, but the absence of true reverence which may be interpreted as courtesy.



The Busy Man

Irrigation in the "World's Pantry"

The Most Gigantic Scheme for Supplying Water to Growing Crops Ever Attempted — 3,000,000 Acres Which Will Produce 60,000,000 Bushels of Wheat Soon—Wonderful Possibilities for Southern Alberta Under Irrigation.

By M. J. Hutchinson.

DESPATCHES in the daily papers of Eastern Canada on June 1 gave the information that fall wheat in Alberta was then two feet high, in certain sections of the Province.

A few years ago such a statement would have been laughed at, and the man who had the "nerve" to assert that fall wheat would ever grow in Alberta would have been looked upon as a fit subject for the nearest insane asylum.

Now it not only grows this grain, but it gives promise of being a better fall wheat country than Ontario ever was. "Alberta Red" in official tests has demonstrated its superiority over every other grade of wheat with which it has been compared.

When it is remembered that this identical world-beating "Alberta Red" is being grown on land which a few years ago was considered worthless, except for grazing purposes, some conception of the amazing changes which this fact portends may be gained.

One might naturally ask what has made this condition possible. There is one answer: irrigation.

For its practical operation on a commercial basis, Canada has to thank the citizens of a foreign country, and to the adherents of a religious faith which has but few sympathizers in this country.

While the initial irrigation enterprise in Southern Alberta was financed by Canadians, the Mormons from Idaho and Utah were the men who first demonstrated to Canadians the practicability of its operation.

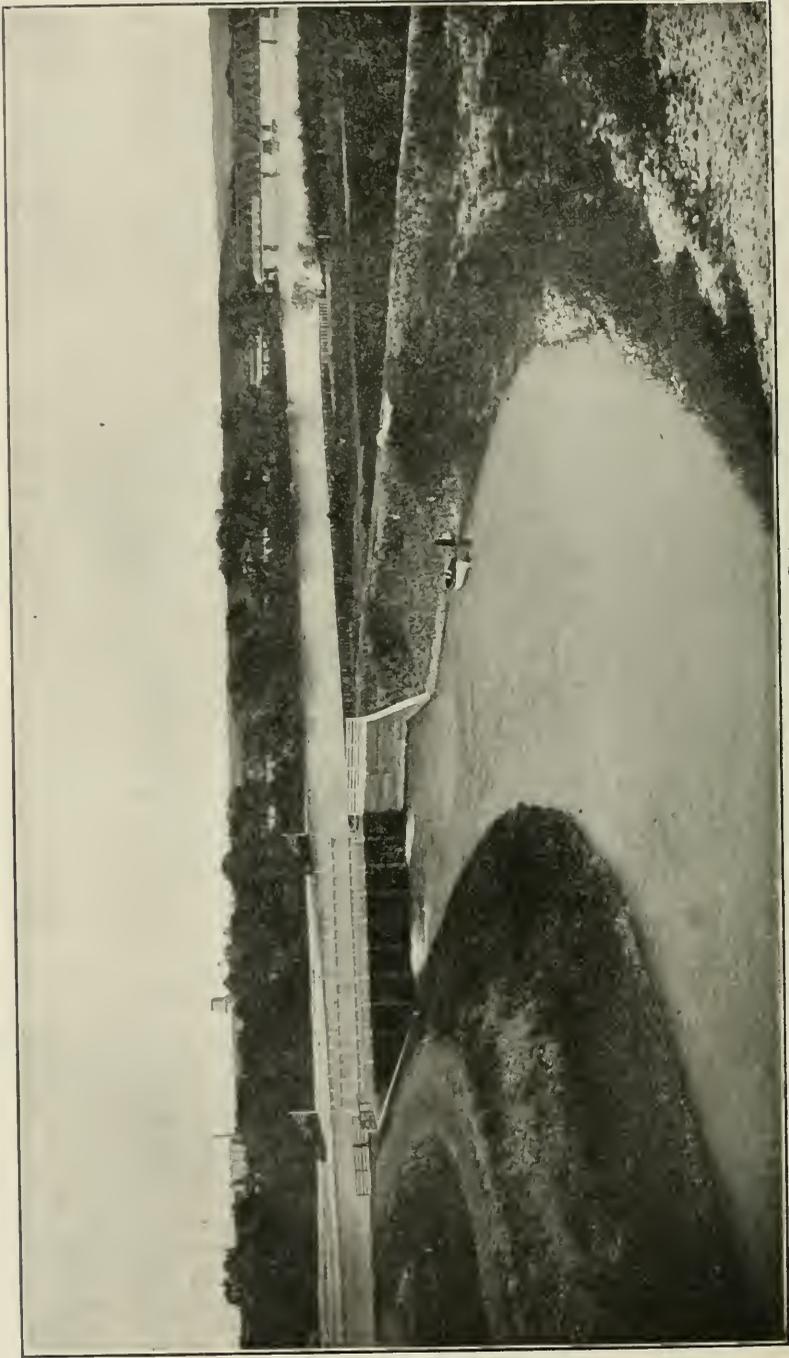
An irrigation canal sixty miles long, having its head near Cardston, in Southern Al-

berta, and its outlet at Lethbridge, has transformed the area lying between those towns from a practically uninhabited prairie—except for its habitation by countless bands of cattle and horses, for whose subsistence it was considered only ordained—into a section, at once fertile and flowering, with a number of prosperous towns, hundreds of productive farms, a mammoth sugar beet industry, and a woodless tract into ten thousand lusty young timbers, their branches proudly baring themselves to the "Chinook" winds, and their roots drinking in the artificial moisture from the irrigation canal, which has made their existence on the prairie possible.

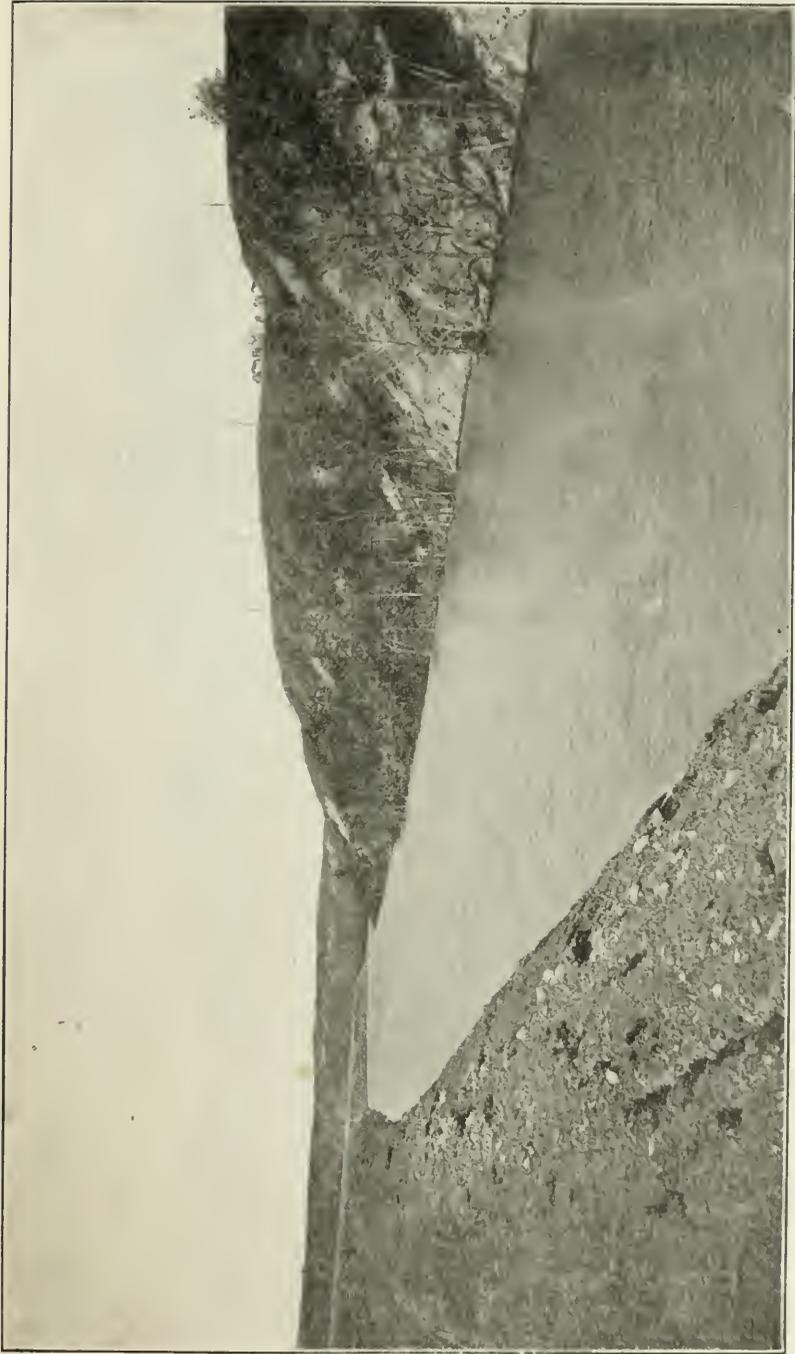
The conspicuous feature of Lethbridge up to the introduction of irrigation was its "square," a bare fenced-in area in the centre of the town surrounding which were the stores and other business places which supplied its material wants. To-day "The Square" is a beautiful park which would do credit to any Eastern city, and a remarkable tribute to the transformation powers of irrigation.

What has been accomplished on a comparatively small scale in the Lethbridge district will be repeated in the more northerly section surrounding Calgary, where an irrigation project, designed to furnish for an area of 3,000,000 acres, the same transforming elements which have proved so successful in the southern portion of the Province.

Though but little has been said publicly about this enterprise, the undertaking is on a scale not easily comprehended, and even the statement that it is the largest irrigation scheme ever attempted on earth, does



Headgates, Main Canal, Calgary.



Along Main Canal.

not convey an adequate idea of its gigantic proportions.

The fact that in New Mexico an army of engineers with the resources of the United States Government behind them, are constructing irrigation works to serve an area of 250,000 acres, has been made the basis of voluminous Government reports, magazine articles, etc., but here is one right at our doors which plans to irrigate an area twelve times that of the New Mexico scheme, and with vastly greater proportionate possibilities, and little or nothing is said of it.

Figures are tiresome, but think of these, and then ask yourself if they do not force upon you the importance of an enterprise with such possibilities: three million acres, practically every square foot of which will be made productive by irrigation will yield at least 20 bushels of wheat per acre, or a total of 60,000,000 bushels, two-thirds of the crop in the entire West last year. Without irrigation, except in the small district already referred to, the average yield of winter wheat for the last four years has been 21 bushels per acre, so that the 20 bushels average is less than might reasonably be expected under the conditions which will be created by irrigation. One might easily make it 25 bushels, and still be within the mark.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, a bonus of twenty-five million acres of land was given to aid in its construction. This land was granted on the usual checker board system of the odd sections in a belt twenty-four miles wide on each side of the line from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains. But the Company had the privilege of rejecting the land in any district which was not considered "fairly fit for settlement." Taking advantage of this provision, the company refused to accept much of the land between Calgary and Moose Jaw because the indications were that without irrigation this district did not offer opportunities for successful settlement. Finally when a settlement of land grant matters was effected between the Government and the company, there was a balance of some three million acres due the company, and they agreed to accept the irrigation block to cover this balance, provided it was given in a block to include the even and school sections as well as the odd sections. The Government had completed the neces-

sary surveys to prove that water could be obtained from the Bow River for the irrigation of this block, and the company signified their willingness to undertake the construction of the irrigation works, if the block were granted them. This arrangement was finally consummated, and the company are now engaged in building the canals.

The block is an open prairie plateau with a general elevation at its western boundary of 3,400 feet above sea level, and slopes rapidly to the east until an elevation of 2,300 feet is reached at the eastern boundary. The surface throughout is more or less rolling until the eastern section is reached, where large areas of almost level plains are found.

In developing the scheme this block has been divided into three sections, western, central and eastern, of about one million acres each, and the work is being carried on along the lines of development of sections in the order named.

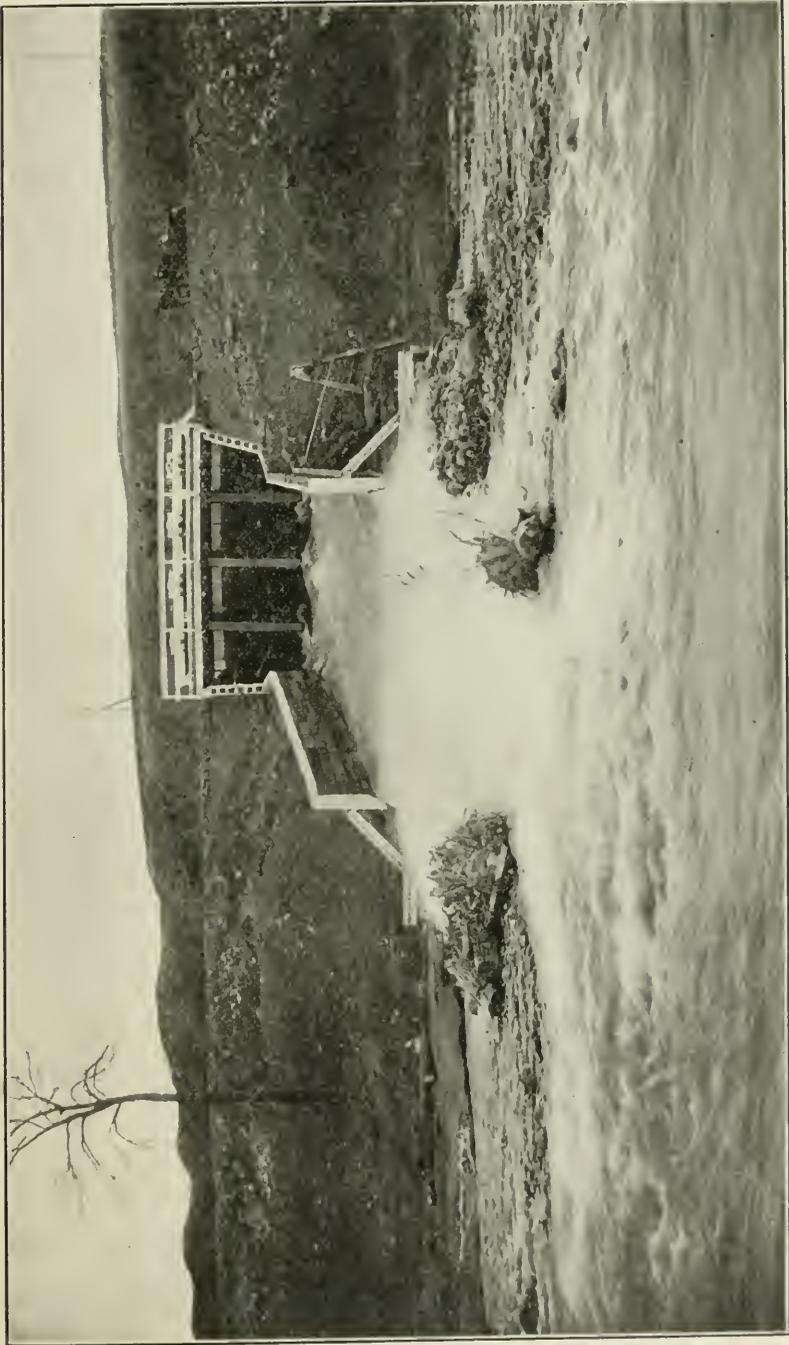
In the western section about 350,000 acres are to be brought under irrigation, and the following brief description of the works to supply water for this area will indicate the character and magnitude of the work.

The water for the irrigation of the western section is diverted from the Bow River about two miles below Calgary. From there it is carried south and east through a main canal seventeen miles in length, which is sixty feet wide at the bottom, one hundred and twenty feet in width at the water line, and carries water to a depth of ten feet.

This main canal delivers water to a reservoir, for which a natural depression has been utilized, and where, by the erection of a dam, a body of water three miles long, half a mile wide, and forty feet deep has been created.

From this reservoir the water is taken out in three secondary canals, and carried to the different districts which are to be irrigated. These secondary canals are about thirty feet in width on the bottom, at their western end, and carry water to a depth of eight feet; their combined length being one hundred and fifty miles.

From these secondary canals the water is again taken out and distributed in each irrigation district through a comprehensive system of distributing ditches that bring the water to each 160 acres, or quarter sec-



Spillway, Main Canal.

tion of land to be irrigated. The combined length of these distributing ditches is about 800 miles.

In the western section of the irrigation block, there will, therefore, be the following mileage of waterways constructed and maintained:

	Miles.
Main canal	17
Secondary canals, A., B. and C.	150
Distributing ditches	800

967

In addition there will be several hundred miles of the small distributing ditches constructed by the farmers to distribute the water over their farms in the process of irrigating.

The structures consisting of headgates, spillways, drops, flumes, measuring weirs, highway bridges, which are constructed on the main and secondary canals and distributing ditches, run into the thousands.

In completing the work in the western section of the block, the following amount of earth will be moved:

	Cubic yards.
Main canal	2,500,000
Secondary canals, A., B. and C.	5,000,000
Distributing ditches	750,000
	8,250,000

The preliminary surveys proved that about the same percentage of waterway and excavation will apply to the Central and Eastern Sections, and the completed project will therefore stand about as follows:

	Miles.
Main and secondary canals and distributing ditches	2,900
	Cubic yards.
Amount of material moved in completing the project	24,750,000

The first intention was to divert the water for the irrigation of the central and eastern sections from the Bow River by a second main canal heading in the river some sixty miles east of Calgary, but subsequent surveys have indicated that it may be found better to enlarge the present main canal and secondary canal in western section, take out the water for the central and eastern sections at the present intake near Calgary, and transport it through these enlarged channels to the districts mentioned. Detailed surveys are now being completed

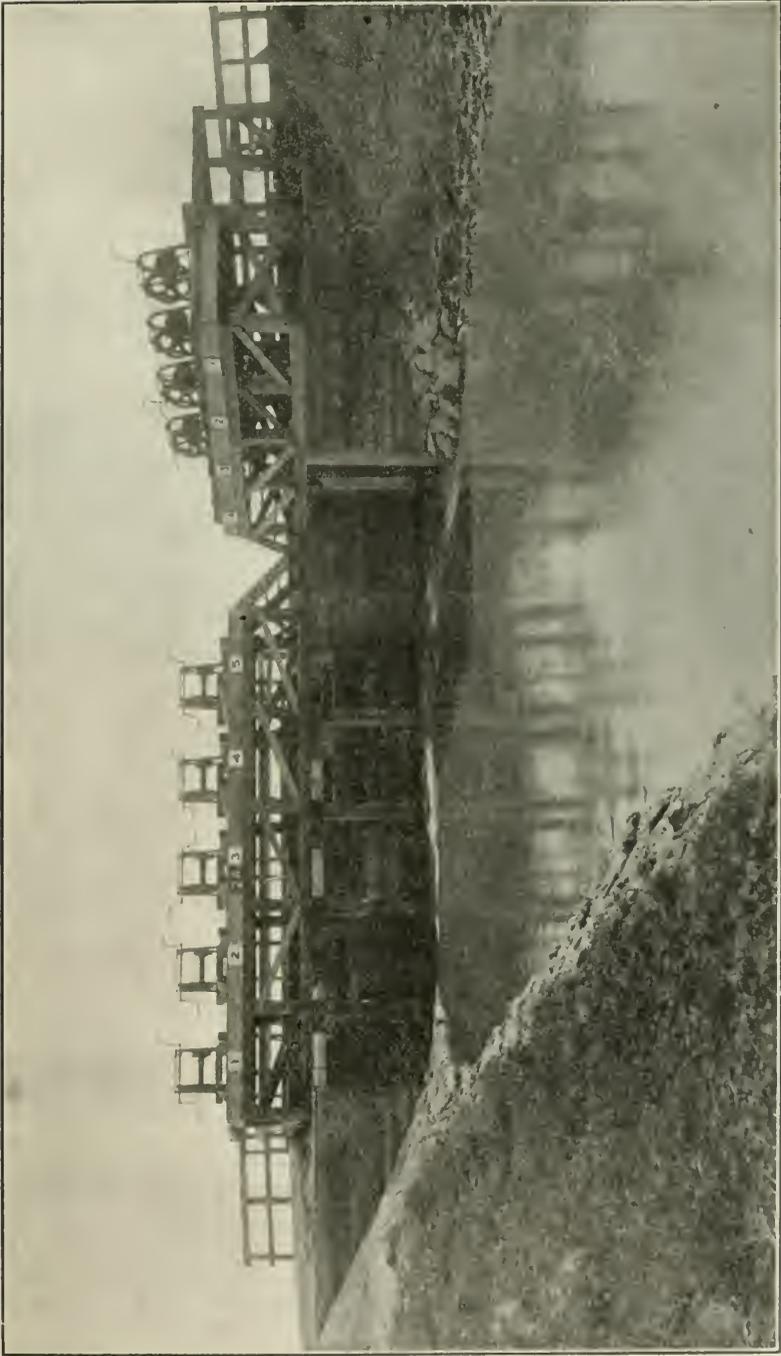
to indicate which is the better system to adopt so that a decision may be arrived at by the time construction work in the western district is completed.

The ultimate expenditure on this great undertaking is estimated at about \$5,000,000, which taken in conjunction with the area of land in the block that it is proposed to irrigate, justifies the title given this scheme: "America's Greatest Irrigation Project."

All this expenditure, however, would be wasted, were it not that the soil is of such a nature that it will respond to the artificially applied moisture. On this score, though there is nothing to fear. Wheat crops, which justify the belief that Western Canada is to become the "pantry of the world," have furnished practical demonstrations of the fertility of the soil, and as if to make assurance doubly sure, and to settle any unspoken fears as to the ability of the land to continue to respond to the efforts of the farmer, comes this impartial testimony offered by Prof. Shaw, who, as editor of the *Orange Judd Farmer*, is recognized as one of the foremost of American agricultural experts. He says:

"The first foot of soil in Western Canada is its greatest natural heritage. It is worth all the mines in the mountains from Alaska to Mexico, and more than all the forests from the United States boundary to the Arctic Sea, vast as these are.

"And next in value to its heritage is the three feet of soil which lies underneath the first. The sub-soil is only secondary in value to the soil, for without a good sub-soil the value of a good surface soil is neutralized in proportion as the sub-soil is inferior. The worth of a soil and sub-soil cannot be measured in acres. The measure of its value is the amount of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash which it contains; in other words, its producing power. Viewed from this standpoint, these lands are a heritage of untold value. One acre of average soil in the Northwest is worth more than twenty acres of average soil along the Atlantic seaboard. The man who tills the former can grow twenty successive crops without much diminution in the yields, whereas the person who tills the latter must pay the vendor of fertilizers half as much for materials to fertilize an acre as would buy the same in the Canadian Northwest, in order to grow a single remunerative crop."



Headgates and Spillway on Secondary Canal A.



A Quick Lunch in which all of the Boys are Interested.

Some Delights of Camping Out

How Educational Features are Combined With the Recreative—Typical Boys' Camps Play Very Important Part in Our National Life—A Particular Camp in the Picturesque Temagami District of Canada and a Few of Its Characteristic Pastimes.

By Joseph R. Johnson in *Suburban Life Magazine*.

TO go camping! What mystic words to conjure with! It matters little whether it be suggested to boys and girls whose tents have been pitched in their own backyard until that time when they might have a broader field for the expression of that love for outdoors latent in most mankind, or to the youngsters who have already known the delights of the virgin forest. Most children have been camping some time in their life, or have found an almost equal amount of delight in planning the trip whose fulfilment next year is sure to witness—so much do we procrastinate in this world. Yet, despite this vast host of the younger generation, with hopes deferred, it

is significant that each succeeding summer is witnessing a constantly increasing exodus from the heated pavements of the cities to the cool, mossy footpaths of the woods.

American parents are realizing more and more the benefits their offspring may obtain from a sojourn, be it ever so limited, by the lakes and the woods with which this continent is so ideally supplied. Very often the children have found places in the adults' own camp; on the other hand, when this has not been possible, the boys or girls have been trusted to the care of men and women even better qualified than the parents to look after the youngsters' welfare. Boys and girls who have been camping need little

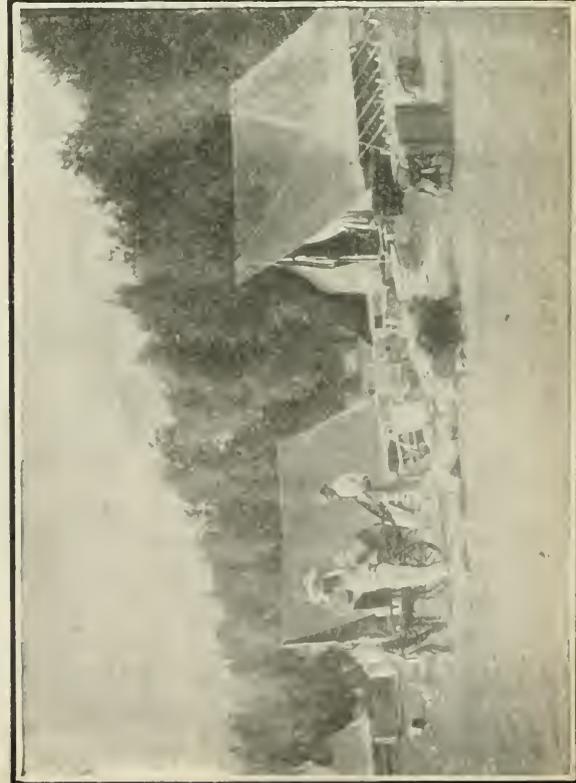
SOME DELIGHTS OF CAMPING OUT

advice; the greater number of those who desire to go, yet never have had the opportunity, need much.

Of varieties of summer camps, there are many. Most of these are rather expensive and, possibly, beyond the reach of many boys who possess as keen an appreciation of a few months spent under the greenwood tree as their more fortunate acquaintances. Yet, even for them, there is a delightful alternative of forming a party, with older, more experienced brothers to bear the brunt of the camp's management, and get just as much real good from the outing as though they had passed the time at some regularly established camp in Canada. The Young Men's Christian Associations, too, are doing a splendid work to-day through their summer camps. In practically every city in this country, the local branch sends out its full quota of boys to its summer camp.

One characteristic of these Young Men's Christian Association camps, and the well-established large organizations in Canada, where from fifty to one hundred and fifty boys are cared for in systematic manner, is the way in which educational features are combined with the purely recreative. Boys may frolic, breathe good air, consume plain, wholesome, nutritious food, and sleep the sleep that comes only in the woods after a day of tramping; but with it all must be accepted the equally valuable educational side. To learn the secrets of the forest, to study woodcraft under past masters like the Indian guides, to secure an appreciation of what nature really is and means, all the while that a boy is growing physically in the open air—these are the things which make the summer camp for boys, no matter what its scope, the undeniable power for good in the land that it is.

These camps are everywhere; in the Catskills, the Adirondacks, in Vermont, Maine and New Hampshire, of the New England States; in the numerous available places of the Middle West or in Canada—the latter a section of this continent that is each year claiming increasing thousands of campers. In the vast army of American health and recreation seekers the most important division is that in which must be grouped the younger generation, whose parents realize, through hearsay, if not actual experience, that an incalculable amount of good is to be derived through a summer spent in the woods. For these growing





Dinner Time at a Girls' Camp.

boys and girls, although the latter, like their older sisters, are numerically few, ample provision is made to-day, so that the youth of the country may enjoy its fill of the dreamed-of, but possibly unhopd-for, joy of actual life in the woods. To show to the sons and their sires, and their mothers, too—for the latter usually possess the determining voice in decisions of this kind—what possibilities there are in the summer camps of this country and Canada, I will endeavor to point out just what is aimed at and done in a typical boys' camp which plays so important a part in our national life. It is the sort of thing most earnestly advocated by President Theodore Roosevelt, himself, an excellent example of the value of the theories he expounds.

This particular camp in Canada, in the picturesque Temagami district, is conducted in two divisions, possibly, I should say three, for provision is also made for older men as well as for the boys. The two main divisions are the "Manitou Wigwam" for the smaller boys, whose ages are between eleven and fifteen; the other, "Temagami Wigwam," is for older youths, whose ages run from fifteen to twenty.

For the older men who desire to enjoy the benefits of this camp, men who have graduated from college and still like to associate with the youths, whose struggle with the world is yet before them, there is a club, not a wigwam. For the latter exponents of the simple life of the woods, it is possible to make the briefest sort of stay; as it is realized that, while boys may devote one or more months to this life in the open, it is

often impossible for the city-tired business man to spend more than one or two weeks in the health-giving Canadian woods.

The club, however, is an organization of comparatively recent growth; here, as elsewhere, the principal camps are those of the youths, the two above-mentioned wigwams. The juvenile occupants of "Manitou Wigwam" are taught all the essentials of camping (how to put up a tent, start a fire, make their beds, the selection of a proper camping place, etc.), swimming and canoeing, and at the same time are instructed in the elements of forestry, natural history and wood-lore.

Their older brothers, Temagami's protem "Indians," if they have not previously learned the things intuitive to the real redskins, and which are part of Manitou's "curriculum," are taught these secrets of the woods. Possessing a permanent camp, these older boys make long canoe trips through the district, camping, fishing and exploring, with Indians for their guides. Hardly a summer passes in which new islands are not discovered. Everywhere they blaze the way with their mystic club symbol, "K. K. K."

There are five camp buildings in this particular summer settlement, these serving for eating-quarters, kitchens, general assembly-room, etc. The boys, however, sleep in large, airy tents, with board floors and double flies. For the exploring trips, Indian guides are utilized, although each boy is expected to aid in the work. In the main camp, most of the work is done by paid employes, though the care of their



Planning what to do Next.

SOME DELIGHTS OF CAMPING OUT

tents is entrusted to the boys themselves. On the expeditions, it naturally follows that it is the best part of the experience to share in the work, serving as a "cookee," or assistant to the cook. The latter is invariably the guide who knows just how to prepare, in most appetizing manner, the just-caught fish, or other food, that somehow never tasted so good before.

At night a big camp-fire is always started after supper, and around this the boys gather to swap stories, endlessly question the Indian guides, and join in a rousing camp song. Few rules obtain in such a summer camp as this, although the younger boys must have paternal permission to enjoy certain privileges, such as smoking, buying things, and doing certain things permitted to the older residents of the camp.

Ample provision is made for recreation, aside from the things enumerated above. There are tennis courts, baseball diamonds, cricket and basket-ball fields, and places for playing quoits and other sports, all these adjoining the camp buildings. Rising at seven, a plunge in the lake starts the day right, with breakfast, a doubly welcome institution. Then follows a day of fishing, canoeing, swimming, exploring and playing various sports; even instruction in certain subjects which would seem to belong rather to the class-room being available, if a boy's parents, or he himself, so desires. With such a routine claiming their attention, the juvenile campers are never at a loss for means to fill to the brim the happy summer days.

As with practically all these summer camps, a college graduate is in charge of the boys in this section of the Temagami district. He is assisted in his work by a



A Swimming Pool is Almost a Necessity.

staff of college men, most of them graduates, who teach in leading preparatory schools of this country during the winter months. In the hands of these men, peculiarly fitted for this work through previous association with boys of the same age, rests the control of the camps. Each day, one of the number serves as officer of the day. From him must be obtained permits for expeditions into the woods, the settlement of all difficulties, the assignment of various tasks to members of the staff, in looking after the welfare of the boys in their charge, etc. Invariably, there is the greatest good fellowship between the members of the staff and the boys themselves, the former becoming fellow playmates rather than pedagogical masters. Freedom of the right sort is the keynote of the success achieved by all these health-giving summer camps.

Both wigwams of the camp on Devil's Island—and this is indicative of practically all other summer camps—have a regular season, that lasts from July 7 to September 7, thus taking cognizance of the ordinary school calendar. The camps, however, are open June 15 and do not close until September 20, as many boys find it possible and profitable to spend a longer period than the two months allotted to most. One month is the minimum period for boys to spend at such a place.

In the matter of cost—a most important consideration to most American families today, with financial panics depleting bank accounts and pocketbooks—the rate for the "Temagami," or older group, is about \$170 for two months, or \$115 for one month. During the weeks immediately preceding July or following the close of the regular season in September, the rate charged is \$3



The Boys are Fond of Water Sports.

per day. For the younger boys, the two months and the one month cost respectively \$160 and \$100.

Boys' camps are in the vast majority; that is quite natural when one considers that the average girl cares little for this sort of outdoor life. It does not fit in well with furbelows and other feminine finery dear to a woman's heart, even when she is still a child. Some few girls' camps there are. Their manner of being conducted, their purposes and their general results have so

located in a clearing in the forest away up in the hills of New Hampshire, at Eagle Point, on Lake Stinson, with the graceful curves of Mt. Carr in the background, one hundred and fifty odd miles from Boston. It is called "Camp Eagle Point," and is under the direction of competent women who have charge of the sports and general health and give instruction in handicraft and music.

"Camp Eagle Point" is a real bloomer-girl colony, for that much-maligned costume is the badge of membership. The real essence of the simple life, without any of its discomforts, is the key-note of the institution. Three years old this summer, it was started largely as an experiment, though its permanency was assured the first year. It offers all the advantages of the ideal out-of-door life: all the amusements are healthy outdoor recreations, the costume of the girls being adapted to the requirements of the camp. They wear dark green bloomers and sailors' working blouses of unbleached duck. Only once a day, for dinner in the evening, do the Eagle Point campers don more conventional attire, though, the meal itself is served in true "camping-out" style.

Of amusements and recreations there is no dearth, for facilities for almost every sport are to be found. "Camp Eagle Point" is, in fact, possessed of all the conveniences of a well-equipped, modern country house, from a tennis court to a telephone. The daily programme includes mountain-climbing, horseback riding, tennis, golf, swimming and rowing. Trips to nearby points of interest every week or so are a recent innovation.

There is a social side to the summer-life of these bloomer-girl campers in occasional "hops," to which are bid young people from the neighboring town of Plymouth. On such occasions the living-room of the lodge is decorated with fir boughs, ground pine and daisies, the camp colors being green and white. Dance orders are of birch bark. On Sundays, religious services at the camp attract people from a radius of seven miles.

Although the general conditions are much the same in camps all over the country, each camp usually has some particular features which endear it to those who spend their summers at it.



A Large, Flat Rock Forms a Natural Floor for this Tent.

much in common with the boys' camps, dwelt on at such length in this article, that to detail a typical camp would possess too much repetition, and would only serve to tire the patient reader.

Far more interesting and legitimately to be included in this necessarily brief article is a real girls' camp, that is remarkable for its quality of being different. This camp is



QUEBEC PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

° Where Some of the Ceremonies Connected with the Tercentenary Celebration will Centre.

A Leader Who Stands for High Ideals

Hon. Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec, is an Able Lawyer, a Shrewd Political Fighter and Executive Officer—Possessed of a Judicial Mind, the Statesman, Who Has Just Been Re-elected to the Highest Office in the Gift of His Province, is a Born Leader of Men.

By C. D. Cliffe.

“THE last gun in defence of the British flag in Canada will be fired by a French-Canadian.”

So spoke the illustrious French-Canadian statesman, Sir Etienne Tache many years ago. Never were the words in spirit more true than to-day, and never had the King more loyal and happy subjects than his French-Canadians in Quebec. This is all applicable to the occasion of the Tercentenary celebration, this month in the cradle of Canadian civilization, Quebec City, and serves to introduce the Hon. Lomer Gouin (pronounced Goo-ah, and said quickly), who was re-elected Premier of the Province of Quebec on June 8th, and will be prom-

inently in the world's eye during the ceremonies at the Ancient Capital. Next to the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Gouin will be recognized as first citizen on this occasion, while as a constructive statesman he stands second to none in the Dominion.

At this 300th celebration of the founding of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain and practically the founding of Canada, the Prince of Wales, heir to the British Crown, will be present, escorted by warships of Great Britain, France, the United States and other countries. Surrounded by many thousands he will witness the view of the allegorical representations of three centuries

of Canadian history, of the discovery of the *coureurs des bois*, the missionary, the explorer, the founders of the cities, the devoted women of the past. To commemorate this great event, he will inaugurate the great Canadian National Park, comprising the historic battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and Ste. Foye, where France lost and Britain won half a continent. The park will be dedicated to the honor and glory of both armies of which each won a battle there. This park will serve as a memento of the union of the French and English races in North America for the advancement and prosperity of the country to which they now belong. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Lomer Gouin and hundreds of other distinguished French-Canadians have contributed to this great result; they have by their policy and example assisted by capable ministers and a loyal people, solved in America one of the problems which divided Europe for generations. It so happened that these three hundred years were almost equally divided between English and French rule. The story of the French rule would take columns to tell, and is one of notable adventure, hardihood, devotion and romance, and as was recently said by a distinguished French-Canadian, embalming on the scroll of history, achievements which are surpassed by no other country in the world. It has been further said by men who know that if Britain had not captured Canada, and it had remained a French possession, Napoleon would have sold it over to the United States as he did Louisiana. Too much cannot be said by way of explanation in favor of making sectional and prejudiced people better understand French-Canadians and the Province of Quebec. One must know the splendid French-Canadian races to appreciate them fully, and in briefly describing Mr. Gouin, who is a fine type, it is hoped that Ontario especially will be able to come closer to the proper amity and appreciation of these sterling people. First of all, they are great readers. Their papers have wider circulation than any English papers in Canada. They are great artists, and have the blood of the artists of old France coursing in their veins; they are all fond of their homes and love their children. This quality alone will make Quebec one day one of the greatest parts of the Empire. The Quebec under the present Government is not the Quebec of years ago.

This is the day of progress and liberty, and with Mr. Gouin's excellent policy of education and encouragement of commerce and farming the possibilities are almost unlimited. It has been duly credited to Mr. Gouin and his Ministry that he has constructed a new Quebec, and he will go down to history as the best constructive statesman the Province has ever seen. Political pedants and demagogic Castors were unable to traduce the record of the Premier, and he is to-day entrenched stronger and better in the dignified will of the new Quebec than ever before. An explanation of the word "Castor" is necessary, so that the last election may be understood. The Castor party is a kind of a third party. The word means Beaver, and is used to represent the views of a group of sectionalists whose ideal is a religious thocracy bounded by the French-Canadian race, a group whose easy appeal to race prejudice is their chief strength, seeing that the people are in no way enamored of ecclesiastical guidance in civil affairs.

In this election Mr. Gouin and his Ministers practically crushed the Castors, as well as the Opposition.

An able lawyer, a skilful politician, and, above all, an honest man, the present Premier's service to his people had been practically heroic. Augustus Caesar said of Rome: "I came to a city of mud and gave you a city of marble." So Mr. Gouin came to the Province when the laws and legislation were of the non-progressive type; party and religious strife were dominant; education was being neglected; the great natural resources of the Province were lying undeveloped, and her loyal people were fleeing to the factories of the New England States.

To-day the very antithesis is the case. Progress and prosperity mark the whole domain; repatriation of the U. S. Canadians has occurred in thousands; special appropriations of money for education and school buildings have been made every year, and technical and commercial schools have received Government support and encouragement while better teachers have been employed for country schools, and every possible effort has been made for settlers to take up land, thus completing a record difficult to surpass by any party or by any men. To Mr. Gouin and he alone much of this is due. He has made the Quebec Parlia-



HON. LOMER GOUIN

Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec.

ment the home of dignity and system. Bills are thoroughly discussed to-day before passing, and new tone and despatch marks every session of the House.

He was born in 1861 at Grondines, near Quebec, educated in Sorel and Levis and at Laval University, where he graduated B.C.L. and was called to the Bar in 1884. He practised his profession with Mr. S. Pagneulo, now judge of the Superior Court, then with L. O. Taillon, afterwards Premier of the Province, and with the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine. He was next part-

ner of the late Honore Mercier, ex-Premier of Quebec, and is now law partner of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. As a lawyer he occupies an eminent position and has been engaged on some of the most important cases in the Province. He began his political career in 1891, when he was defeated by Sir Hector Langevin by a small majority.

In 1897 he was elected to the Legislature from the St. James division of Montreal and has held it ever since. In 1901 he became Minister of Colonization and Public Works, and retained that portfolio until

1905, when he resigned. Last year he was called upon to form a Cabinet, and in the new Administration he was sworn in as Prime Minister and Attorney-General.

It is characteristic of great men that they always secure good men about them as assistants, and Mr. Gouin has selected a brainy Cabinet. Personally, he would have made a success of whatever he might have undertaken. It so happened that he turned to law. He has been singularly successful in an advisory capacity, while his personal magnetism and physical power made him a formidable counsel on heavy trials by jury. Wise men nowadays try to keep out of the court. They know that in a lawsuit both sides lose, and also that a bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit. Mr. Gouin is possessed of a judicial mind and sees keenly both sides of a question regardless of its size, and his sense of justice and British fair play to his bitterest opponents have won for him the greatest praise. Race and creed prejudice have never entered his platform. He never sat on the treasury box of favors and asked whether Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, when favors were to be given. His question was worth first.

From his earliest career as a lawyer, the man had presence, persistence, courage and that rapid, ready intellect which commands respect with judge, jury and Opposition. Always an aggressive debater, he was easily a leader in his profession. He said himself one time that public speaking opens up the mental pores as no other form of intellectual exercise does. It inspires, stimulates and calls out the reserves.

The Premier is a sound, direct, practical thinker on economic questions, and has perfect command of both French and English. Still about him is that mysterious gift which is inexplicable, namely, he is a born leader. Like all the great men he is courteous and easy of approach, and the poorest man in Quebec gets a hearing and a fair chance always.

In his Government he has been unfortunate to some extent in having too one-sided a House, yet by good generalship he has kept his many followers loyal and steadfast. In this last election a brilliant fight was put up by Hon. Mr. Leblanc, leader of the Opposition, and to all of the fair tactics Mr. Gouin was most generous. He has always permitted the Opposition every chance to probe into any acts of the Government.

He has possibilities before him in Canada, having many plans for the advancement of the Province as yet not in force. Personally, he is brimming with enthusiasm and optimism, and it is no wonder that his followers believe in him for his influence is remarkable on everyone with whom he comes in contact.

Emerson says, "We are half expression," and so it is interesting to read one of Mr. Gouin's best political speeches made just before his election. It gives a first-rate idea of the political situation in the Province, and is given herewith, and this must be taken as not being voiced by the magazine, but just to show his ability in explaining the situation.

The main question before the electors, said Mr. Gouin, was whether they would maintain the present Government in power, or transfer the administration of Provincial affairs to a Cabinet of which Mr. Leblanc would be the leader. There was only one answer to that question which would be in conformity with public interest, and that was to support the present Government. Why? Because on the Conservative side was a party without cohesion, without principles, with a leader who only depended upon bitter criticism. On the other hand, was the Liberal party, united in action and ideas.

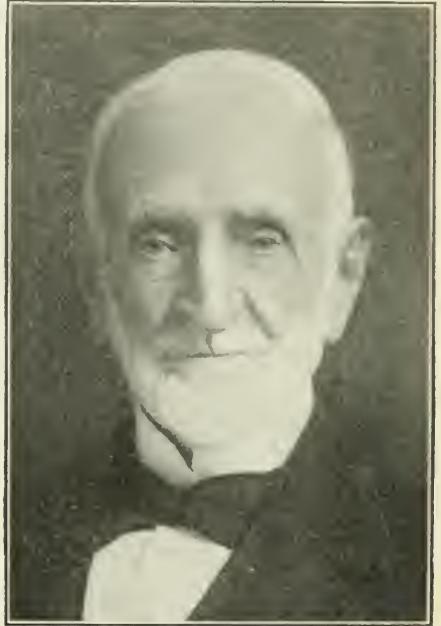
"Our policy has order for its base and progress for its object. Our means of action is confidence in democracy and faith without limit in the glorious destiny of our Province."

He dwelt at length on the Opposition criticisms of the Government's revenue and expenditure, referring with satisfaction to the fact that while the total expenditure exceeded the total revenue by \$1,365,230 when the Liberals came into power, this deficit had been totally wiped out, and at the end of the present year there would be a surplus of one million dollars. Their opponents pretended that they had brought about this state of things by creating new taxes and to raising those already existing. This he emphatically denied, saying that his adversaries generally confounded two things: the rate of taxation and the revenue from taxes. That the revenue from taxation had increased was not surprising, because the Government had seen that all sums due it were paid, something which, he declared, had never been done before 1897.

Some Men in the Public Eye

IN the world of art, many Canadians have won and are winning a prominent place.

Among the devotees of the brush and palette no name is held in higher esteem than that of Mr. George A. Reid, who was recently elected for a second term President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, which is the greatest honor that can come to an artist in Canada. Mr. Reid, in his encouragement of young and struggling painters, has been ably aided by his wife, who is an enthusiastic votary of the studio. Through their efforts much has been accomplished toward bringing Canadian art to its present standard. Mr. Reid has dedicated his life to his profession, and is best known to the public by those two realistic productions, "Mortgaging the Homestead," which is in the National Picture Gallery at Ottawa, and "Foreclosing the Mortgage." Figure composition, generally, of a dis-



MR. HENRY DEXTER.



MR. A. F. REVOL.

tinctive Canadian type, is one of the strong attributes of Mr. Reid, and his work in connection with the interior decorations of Toronto's City Hall stamp him as a generous and patriotic citizen. His efforts in this particularly liberal contribution have never been as fully appreciated as they should have been. Mr. Reid is in his forty-eighth year. Personally, he is a quiet, unassuming, mild mannered man, who captures and retains the friendship and sincere personal regard of all whom he meets in either a professional way or as a public-spirited, conscientious citizen.

An esteemed young man who has been recently honored by the French Government is Mr. A. F. Revol, of Montreal. He has just received from the new Consul-General, M. de Loynes, a diploma as an officer of the Academy. For some years

Mr. Revol has been the efficient and enthusiastic secretary of the French Chamber of Commerce, Montreal. It is in recognition of his services both in that capacity as well as deep personal interest in the well-being of his compatriots, that he has been singled out for distinction. Mr. Revol is a progressive and broad-minded business man and for some years has been manager in the Dominion of the mammoth glove house of Perrin, Freres & Cie., of Grenoble, France, from where the Canadian business is handled.



MR. THOMAS J. DRUMMOND.

The founder of the American News Company, one of the greatest trusts on this continent, Mr. Henry Dexter, of New York, furnishes a rare example of a man closely verging on the centenary mark, yet taking an active interest in business affairs. For eighty years he has been identified more or less prominently with publishing. To-day he is in his ninety-sixth year, and although he resigned the presidency of the American News Company some ten or twelve years ago, he still retains a large interest in the company. Born in West Cambridge, Mass., at 14 years of age he entered a publishing house in Boston, where he served his apprenticeship and was then appointed second

foreman in the printing office of Harvard University. He came to New York when twenty-three years old, and six years later went into partnership with his brother, dealing in books, periodicals and daily papers. In 1859 Mr. Dexter conceived the idea of forming a company by consolidating all the leading news dealers. The idea was consummated in 1864, and the organization then formed was the foundation of the present American News Company. Mr. Dexter supplied all the funds necessary to carry on the business, as the other members were entirely without means except their respective businesses. For two years he resided in England, but in 1876, returned to America. During the time that he was abroad he was instrumental in forming the International News Company. After the institution of the News Company in New York, the sphere of trade was gradually extended throughout the United States, with important branches in Canada, England, France, Germany, East Indies, Japan, China and Australia. Mr. Dexter acted as President without salary, and to his foresight and genius the great success of the movement is due.

Mr. Thomas J. Drummond, who was elected by acclamation to the presidency of the Montreal Board of Trade at the beginning of the year, is undoubtedly identified with more iron and steel companies than any other man in the Dominion. The office of president is regarded as the highest honor which can be conferred in Canadian industrial and mercantile circles, in which Mr. Drummond is destined to play a most conspicuous part. Irish by birth, he came to Canada in the early sixties. He first embarked in the mercantile business, but in 1887, on the adoption of the iron tariff, his firm turned its attention to manufacturing and established the Montreal Car Wheel Company, at Lachine, Quebec. The elimination of foreign charcoal pig iron in the manufacture of their wheels was the next step, and to this end was erected at Radnor Forges, Quebec, an up-to-date plant for the manufacture of charcoal pig iron from Canadian raw materials, a move which resulted in the establishment of foundry and furnace plants in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia. Aside from their general policy of controlling trade east and west, one of the chief aims



MR. GEORGE AGNEW REID,
President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, in his Studio.

of Mr. Drummond and his associates, in connection with the establishment and development of their various industries, has been to secure control of the mines feeding the different plants, and to this end they have been located at strategic points throughout the above mentioned Provinces, always, however, with a view to economy as regards rail and vessel freights.

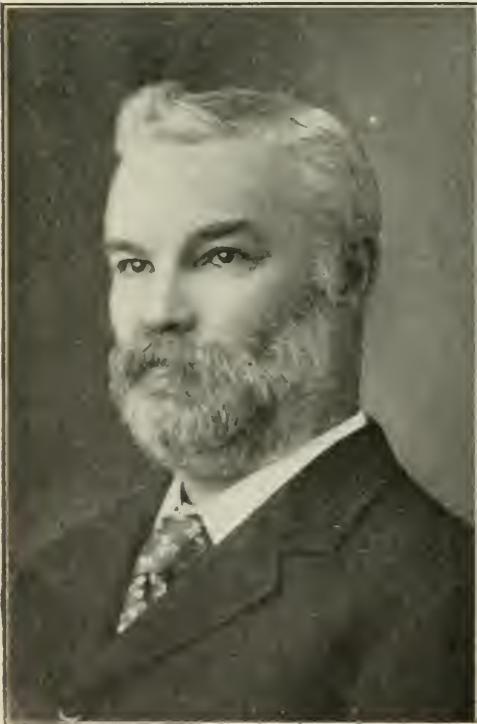
Mr. Drummond is not only a pioneer in the iron making industry, but is also a director of the General Accident Assurance Co., of Canada; an associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers; a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and a member of the Canadian Mining Institute, and a director of the American Iron & Steel Institute.

One of the foremost insurance men in Canada, one who stands at the topmost mark as an actuary, is Mr. Thomas Bassett Macaulay, who has recently been elevated to the responsible and influential position of managing director of the Sun Life Insurance Company of Canada. He is a son of the veteran president of the institution, Mr. Robertson Macaulay, who has relin-

quished the managing directorship and will have only one office, that of president. Mr. T. B. Macaulay, who is still a comparatively young man, being on the sunny side of fifty, is a native of Hamilton, Ontario. He entered the service of the Sun Life thirty-one years ago, and was appointed actuary in 1880, secretary in 1891, and a director in 1898. Mr. Macaulay is a Fellow (by examination) of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain, and supervisor at Montreal in connection with the examinations of the institute. He is a charter member of the Actuarial Society of America, and was elected president of the society for two terms. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of England, and a corresponding member of the Institute des Actuaries Francais, Paris. The new managing director was one of the representatives of the Actuarial Society of America at the International Congress of Actuaries in Brussels in 1895, in London in 1898, in Paris in 1900, and in Berlin in 1906. He was elected vice-president of the Congress for the United States and Canada at the Paris Congress, and again at Berlin. Mr. Macaulay is by training and ability well qualified to carry on the active management of the company, and will prove a worthy successor to his illustrious father.

Of recent years he has devoted much attention to the investment of the company's funds, and has displayed marked foresight and aptitude for this particular branch of the company's business.

To keep tab on the tariff, to study it in relation to its various applications and meanings, to interpret every phase of customs duty, whether specific or ad valorem, at over five hundred points of entry, to classify correspondence and present it in regular form, grouped under proper headings, to advise regarding all differences as to the working of maximum and minimum tariff, as well as the intermediate tariff, the preferential tariff, dumping clause, treaty clauses, etc., is why there has recently been created a new permanent department in the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the new manager of which is Mr. R. W. Breadner, late of Ottawa, who entered upon his duties last month. This, in brief, is how his appointment will be useful to the members of the association, which represents



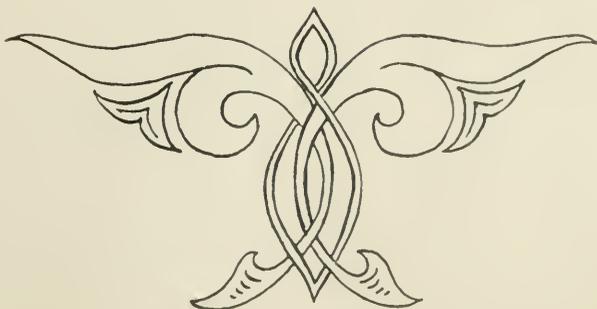
MR. T. B. MACAULAY

some twenty-three hundred corporations, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The association has three permanent departments with the best experts obtainable at the head of each. In 1903, the transportation department, of which Mr. J. E. Walsh is now the head, was created. This was followed a few years later by the insurance department, of which Mr. E. P. Heaton is manager. After much consideration and agitation it has been deemed advisable to add a third permanent department, with Mr. Breadner in charge. Mr. P. W. Ellis, chairman of the Tariff Committee of the association, has strongly advocated instituting such a department on a lasting basis. Mr. Ellis is an enthusiast in this work, and an authority whose word carries weight. He says that Mr. Breadner, by his wide grasp of and special training on tariff matters, as well as by his individual knowledge of the manner in which the business of the department is transacted, will be particularly serviceable to the association. Mr. Breadner may well be termed a tariff expert. He has a fine record for work along the lines in which he will be engaged. It is felt that in his hands this new branch can be of great, immediate benefit to the members at large. Mr. Breadner has been in the civil service since 1884, joined the Customs Department eight years later and since that time has risen steadily in the service. He was a member of the Board of Customs, before which come all disputes as to the rate of duty to be charged on specific articles. It is the work of this Board also to fix the fair market value of goods where the dumping clause is invoked. In 1899,



MR. R. W. BREADNER.

Mr. Breadner was appointed Dominion Appraiser, and last year was given the additional post of Inspector of Customs. His various offices have certainly given him a thorough acquaintance with tariff matters and a fund of information which will be invaluable to the members of the association.



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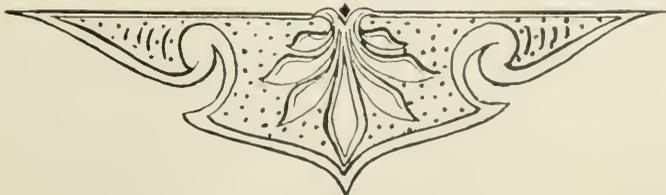
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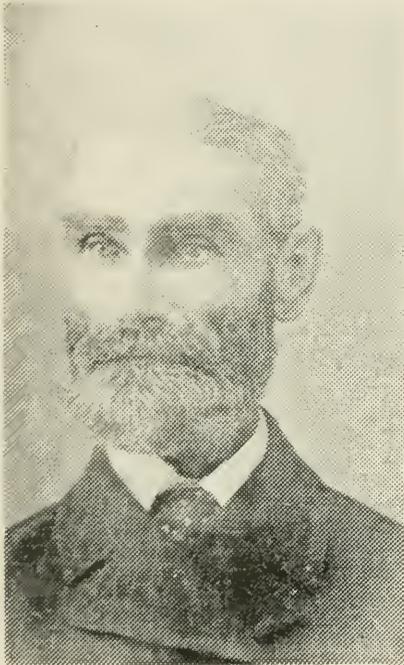
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Some Rather Unusual Events.

Sixty-one Years With One Firm.

SCIENTISTS say, as sanitation, digestion and physical laws are more and more understood and observed, that the average of human life is lengthening. It is not an infrequent occurrence for golden jubilees or anniversaries to be signalized, but, when a diamond fete is celebrated, we look with wonder and reverence on the long stretch of three score years. Yet men and women live to celebrate their diamond weddings, as well as to mark the sixtieth year of their calling in some



MR. JAMES GIBSON.

particular trade, service or company. To go beyond this period and to be in the service of one man for the span of sixty-one continuous years is a rare event—an event so unique in character and history that probably there is not half a dozen similar instances in any manufacturing establishment in Canada. Such, however, is the little short of marvelous record of Mr. James Gibson, who was employed in the McClary Manufacturing Company, London, first engaging with that firm in 1841. This veteran mechanic, who resided in London, Ontario, for

sixty-seven years, passed away recently in his 90th year. He was born in New York city, on St. Patrick's day, 1819, and, coming to Canada as a youth, learned the trade of a carpenter. He was first brought from New York in 1840 to supervise the Government harbor at Port Stanley, and on completion of it went to the Forest City, where he subsequently devoted the rest of his life. For a year or two he worked at various contracts, and from the first day that John McClary entered into partnership with his brother, Oliver McClary, Mr. Gibson was a continuous employe of that firm until a year ago, when he retired from active life and received a pension from the company.

In 1844 Mr. Gibson was hired by Oliver McClary to build what proved to be the nucleus of the present big McClary plant. The first shop erected by Mr. Gibson was a small building on York Street, just west of the present head office of the firm. For over half a century following that he worked continuously for the McClary firm, and saw it develop into one of the greatest in the Dominion. Mr. Gibson enjoyed wonderfully good health until a short time ago, and was able to move about as actively as a man of 50. His strong qualities and outstanding virtues were punctuality and business devotion. It is a notable fact that Mr. John McClary went to board with Mr. Gibson in 1841 and that Mr. Gibson should subsequently be in his employ for 61 years. The present building on York Street, London, which Mr. Gibson helped to supervise the carpenter work, still remains and the old lettering on the wall of "The Ontario Stove Works" can yet be faintly noticed.

A Teapot Saved His Life.

THE TEAPOT in every modern, well-regulated home plays no small part. Its uses are many, but it is doubtful if this very necessary household article ever saved a life, except in one remarkable instance, and that was in the store of Mr. Harry Lendon, hardware merchant, of Leamington, Ontario. A prospective customer recently walked into Mr. Lendon's establishment and picked up a loaded revolver which another man had carelessly left on the show case after examining it. While speaking to Mr. Lendon and at the same time toying with the revolver the gun was discharged. Fortunately for Mr. Lendon there was an aluminum teapot immediately in front of him, on the show case, else there would be another story to tell, for the revolver was pointed directly at him.

Some Fashions for Busy Men.

THE AVERAGE man, who is now wearing his summer attire, is wondering what will be the prevailing style this fall. He may not follow the fashions very closely, but he, at least, likes to know what they are. According to The Dry Goods Review the shirt styles for fall promise to embody the decided effects as to colors and patterns which are characterizing men's wear generally. In some quarters it is asserted that the stiff bosom print is to replace for fall the negligee article which has held sway for several years and for all seasons. There is a determined effort being made to bring the stiff bosom again into use for fall, but it does not look as if the effort would be successful. The negligee shirt has a strong hold, however, because of the comfort which it affords the wearer.

Stripes and plaids will be the dominating feature in patterns for fall, and both as to color combinations and design the tendency will be towards striking effects. Tans will be strong sellers. A novelty is a shirt with cuffs and front band of a contrasting color from the body of the shirt. Pleated fronts are also being shown in large numbers, and while this shirt is more extensively worn in summer, it appears to be good for fall as well.

From London, England, comes news of a new shape in men's collars. For some time a firm of shirt and collar manufacturers have been experimenting with a view to producing a wing collar, which on either a soft or dressed shirt would sit close at the top. A collar which looks dressy, and at the same time is not uncomfortable, is the result of several months' work. The makers claim that it is scientifically cut and that it cannot possibly gape at the top, which, if true, should make it a popular shape. It will be put on the English market at once, and will, it is believed, make a hit with those who have been looking for a modification of the straight standing collar, which will give a wing effect.

Brown will be the leader again for fall in suitings. In this the Canadian trade is following closely after that across the line, something which will be learned with considerable surprise in some quarters, because, while it was believed that brown would be popular in the United States again for fall, it was looked upon more as a novelty than as a color to be depended on for a staple seller. This is just what it is going to be though, and for fall wear there is nothing which begins to develop

the strength obtained by the browns in all classes of materials. In spite of the fact, too, that it is essentially a fall color, there is a demand even for summer trade, though, of course, grey is the leader in this respect. It shows, however, the strong hold which brown has taken on the trade, a hold which will undoubtedly last until next spring. Combinations of brown and green, introducing green as the next color which will develop as a leader, will also be largely in evidence this fall, and among those who are close followers of styles, this combination will likely be worn, leaving the browns to the popular trade. Some advance information concerning suiting styles for the spring of 1909 is to the effect that mills in the New England States are now working on samples for that season. In worsteds, which promise to be strong for next spring, grey is the prevailing color, replacing brown, almost entirely, few samples of that color being shown at all. Greys, which came into the limelight as the successors to brown during the past spring, will be the leader, beyond a doubt, a year from now. In patterns, stripes will still prevail.

A Canadian neckwear manufacturer stated his opinion based upon his years of experience, that in order to sell, and take with the trade, neckwear must have something distinctive about it. This applies both in colors and patterns. Unpronounced coloring and patterns do not impress the trade favorably and their sale is comparatively limited. This will probably explain the strength of the bias stripe effects, which are now selling well, and which are predicted as good sellers for the fall trade. Both in pattern and color effects these goods are decided, and whether or not this rule is general in application, it certainly seems to be given endorsement in this particular case. A line which also promises popularity, possibly for the same reason, is a small grey checked silk, with the bias stripe in a contrasting color. Generally speaking, browns and greens will be good for fall, with the former showing the greatest strength. Green, however, is a coming color, and is said to be developing a good following in New York, where, after all, the greatest number of styles adopted by the Canadian neckwear trade are originated.

It is a fact, however, that adaptations have to be made to meet the specific requirements of the Canadian trade, and many of the styles which have been specially good here, are the result of a breaking away into novel channels.

Humor in the Magazines

PAT, a miner, after struggling for years in a far-off western mining district, finally giving up in despair, was about to turn his face eastward, when suddenly he struck it rich. Soon afterward he was seen strutting along, dressed in fine clothes. One day an old friend stopped him, saying:

"And how are you, Pat? I'd like to talk to you."

Pat stretched himself proudly.

"If you want to talk to me, I'll see you in my office. I hev an office now, and me hours is from A.M. in the mornin' to P.M. in the afternoon."

* * *

One of our exchanges tells of an old German who had a boy of whom he was very proud, and decided to find out the trend of his mind. He adopted a novel way by which to test him. He slipped into the boy's room one morning and placed on his table a bottle of whisky, a Bible and a silver dollar. "Now," said he, "when dot boy comes in if he takes dot dollar he's going to be a beeznis man; if he takes dot Bible he's going to be a breacher; if he takes dot whisky he's no good and going to be a drunkard." Then he hid behind the door to see which his son would choose. In came the boy whistling. He ran up to the table, picked up the Bible and put it under his arm, then snatched up the bottle, took two or three drinks, picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket, and went out smacking his lips. The Dutchman poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed: "Mein Got, he's going to be a bolitician."

* * *

Some time since a genial-looking Irish gent wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution that he wanted to prepare, and went into a drug store uptown to make the purchase. Finally selecting one that suited his purpose, he asked the clerk how much it would be.

"Well," responded the clerk, thoughtfully, "if you just want the empty bottle it will be five cents, but if you want anything in it you can have the bottle free of charge."

"Begorra, and that's fair," said the grinful Pat, "put in a cork."

* * *

The little girl of nine had been told that the doctor had brought the baby which had just arrived at her house. With great enthusiasm, she was telling one of the neighbors about it.

"We got a new baby at our house," she said. "Is that so?" said the neighbor.

"Yes, the doctor brought him this morning. We take from Dr. X. What doctor do you take from?"

* * *

Night after night the exceedingly quiet and backward youth had called on a neighboring farmer's daughter, sitting perfectly mute beside her while she did all the entertaining. This night, however, the youth, wishing for a glass of water, suddenly surprised her by blurting out:

"Say, Sal, will you—j"

"Don't exert yourself, Reuben," she interrupted. "I understand. Yes. Have you bought the ring?"

* * *

"G'ography! G'ography!" snorted the irate mother who had been called in consultation with her daughter's teacher. "What do I care if Gertie don't never know no g'ography! I don't know g'ography an' I got a man. Sally, she don't know g'ography an' she's got a man. You know g'ography an' you ain't got no man. G'ography! Don't talk no sech foolishness to me."

* * *

In a certain Edmonton home, the mother and father are keen bridge-players. Sometimes the son of the house sits up and watches the game. Not long ago he started to school, where this incident occurred:

"Now, children," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "our lesson to-day tells us of the power possessed by kings and queens. Can any of you name a still greater power?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied the new scholar.

"What, Willie?" asked the teacher.

"Aces."

* * *

Aunt Tilly's son had been in the west some time, and she awaited a letter from him with much impatience. As time went on she grew very anxious, an anxiety which her friends appreciated and shared.

One day the postman was seen to stop at her home, and Aunt Mahaly, who lived next door, went over that evening to hear the news.

"I tuck notice dat de postman stops at yo' house dis mauin,' Sis Tilly, an' I confers dat yo' got dat lettah from Rastus dat yose been lookin' fur," she said.

"Yes, hit wuz frum Rastus," returned Aunt Tilly.

HUMOR IN THE MAGAZINES

"Whut did he hab ter speefly erbout de west?" inquired Aunt Mahaly, with interest.

"I doan' know," replied Aunt Tilly sadly. "Hit said on de kiver ob de envelope ter return in five days, an' hit had been io' days er comin'; den ez hit didn't hab but one day ter git back in I knowed I hab ter hurry an' mail hit, an' I neber had time ter read hit."

* * *

The mistress looked dejectedly at the latest domestic, just over, and willing to begin at only four dollars a week.

"What can you do?" she asked, with no hope in her heart.

"Annything at all, sure!" was the encouraging response. The mistress glanced about the room. There was everything to be done.

"Could you fill the lamps?" she ventured.

"I can that!" and the lamp was seized in a stout embrace. Then, with the air of one wishing above all else to suit the possible whims of a new employer, she paused to ask, "And is it gas or wather you do be likin' it filled wid?"

* * *

"Since you got married you are late every morning," complained his employer.

"Well," explained the breathless clerk, "I have to button up the ashes and shake down the shirtwaist and carry out the furnace every morning."

* * *

A lady philanthropist was applied to for charity by a well-dressed woman.

"Are you married?" was the question.

"Yes."

"What is your husband?"

"Out o' work."

"But what is he when he is in work?" asked the philanthropist.

"You don't understand, miss," was the reply. "He's a regular out-o'-worker."

* * *

One day a tall, gaunt woman, with rope-colored hair, entered an office and remarked:

"What would you say if your party leaders were to come to you and say your country called you?"

"If I were sure they spoke with sincerity," replied Senator Sorghum, "I should exhibit great reluctance."

"Even though they besought you?"

"Certainly. It's only when they are beseeching you that it is safe to show reluctance."

* * *

"You saw a great many paintings while you were abroad last year?"

"I did," answered Mr. Grafton Grabb. "They bring great prices."

"Yet the old masters did not become rich."

"That's what I'm telling my boy, who wants to study art instead of helping me run the ward. There's more money any day in being a new boss than an old master."

* * *

"I suppose," said the manager, "that you are still determined to elevate the stage?"

"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I haven't been thinking so much of elevating the stage. What I would like now is some way of lowering railway fares."

* * *

"Do you understand the stamp language?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, hope beaming in her eyes.

"Well, then, what does it mean when a girl stamps her foot?" he inquired.



The Busy Man's Book Shelf

The best selling books during the past month were :—

In Canada.

Barrier. By Rex Beach.
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. By G. R. Chester.
Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Somehow Good. By William De Morgan.
Prima Donna. By F. M. Crawford.

In England.

Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow.
Come and Find Me. By E. Robins.
Wheels of Anarchy. By Max Pemberton.
Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia. By P. Weale.
Leaves From a Life. Anon.

In United States.

Black Bag. By L. J. Vance.
The Barrier. By Rex Beach.
The Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow.
The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.

SOME NEW BOOKS WORTH READING.

That Man From Wall Street. By Ruth Everett.
The Spanish Jade. By Maurice Hewlett.
Pearl of Pearl Island. By John Oxenham.
Letters to a Business Girl. By Florence W. Sanders.
The Missioner. By E. P. Oppenheim.
Four Fingers. By F. M. White.
The Under Groove. By Arthur Stringer.
The Soul of a Priest. By Duke Litta.
Deep Moat Grange. By S. R. Crockett.
Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
The Chaperon. By C. N. & A. M. Williamson.
The God of Clay. By H. C. Bailey.
The Lure of the Marsh. By Harold McGrath.
The Proffigate. By Arthur Hornblow.
The Liberationists. By Harold Bindloss.
Vera, the Medium. By Richard Harding Davis.
Gleam o' Dawn. By Arthur Goodrich.
By Their Fruits. By Mrs. Campbell Praed.
Mrs. Bailey's Debts. By Charles Eddy.
The Enchanted Shlp. By R. Andom.
Jack Spurlock. By G. H. Lorimer.
Through the Magic Door. By A. Conan Doyle.
The Blue Lagoon. By H. De Vere Stacpoole.
Old France and New. By Wm. McLennan.

The Arrival of Champlain at Quebec. By Paul Beau.

The Continuity of Revelation. By Lashley Hall. B.A.

The Tables Turned. By Rev. B. E. Evans, M.A.
A Woman of Some Refinement. By Francis E. Stevens.

BRIGHT THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

Some people find it impossible to hate. It is too fatiguing. They cannot possibly keep it up.

It is really wonderful what unaccountable creatures men and women are. They ponder and debate and fuss over trifles, and then plunge headlong past the big turning points of life, without a thought of the consequences lurking round the corner.

"One touch of nature" will often, in a very short period, annul the work of twenty years.

If a man is fool enough to put a woman on a pedestal, he is bound to pay the price for his folly in the long run.

There is as much individuality, after all, in a soldier as in any other specimen of God's handi-



ARTHUR STRINGER,

The talented Canadian poet and author, whose latest production, "The Under Groove" has been well received.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVI

AUGUST 1908

No 4



Great Achievements of Men Over Sixty

So Many Wonderful Things Have Been Accomplished by Men of More Than Three Score Years That it is Impossible to Enumerate Them All—Why Should Any One Feel Gloomy at the Approach of Age?

By E. B. Simmons in *Munsey's Magazine*.

OLD age is a subject in which we all feel a direct and personal interest, since those of us who are not already old are certain to become so if we go on living. Deep down in his inner consciousness, every human being doubtless hates the thought; and even when in the full tide of youth or in middle life, he feels at times a cold fear gripping at his heart, as if some one had said:

"Wait just a little while, and you will be sitting in the chimney-corner, quite out of the race, quite past the age of all achievement, and no longer of any use."

It is true that modern life is pushing back the period of old age. A man of forty is to-day much younger than was the man of forty a century ago, and a woman of forty is a girl compared with the Puritan dame at two score years. But, none the less, we know that old age still waits for us, even though it waits a little longer; and most of us are secretly in dread of it, because we think that it will cripple our activities.

For this widespread notion the poets are

in part responsible, with their melancholy mention of "the sear and yellow leaf." If we look upon recorded facts, however, old age need not be either sad or barren of achievement. A man who is sound of mind and body does not reach his full maturity until his fortieth year, just as a woman does not reach her full maturity before the age of thirty. The three decades which succeed the fourth ought, in the case of the normal man, to be the most fruitful ones of all. And this is an assertion of which the truth is amply and even overwhelmingly made clear by history.

Dr. William Osler, in his remarks upon the age-limit of usefulness, is said to have declared that a man has done his work at sixty, and is thereafter a negligible quantity. It is odd that a physician should set the age of sixty as the terminal of usefulness, when so many of the greatest members of his profession, from Hippocrates and Galen down to Abernethy and Lister, both lived and practised with great success for many years beyond that period. And this is no more true of medicine than of



GEORGE BANCROFT (1800-1891)

Who completed his "History of the United States" at seventy-six.

every other sphere of human activity—war, statesmanship, art, literature and science.

It is an interesting and instructive thing to look into the later years of some of the long lives among the world's great men. So many wonderful achievements have been accomplished by men of more than three-score that it would be impossible to enumerate them all. Yet it is necessary to cite a comparatively full list of illustrious examples, so that no one may be able to declare that certain historic instances are exceptions to a general rule.

OLD MEN WHO WON BATTLES.

Warfare demands of those who would successfully conduct it both physical and mental powers of a very high degree. The brain must be at every moment clear and swift in all its processes; the body must be strong enough to withstand exhaustion and fatigue. Both of these requirements were met in the German leader, Johann von Tilly, who, in the Thirty Years' War, headed the forces of the Catholic League. Tilly was sixty-one when, in 1620, he buckled on his sword and won the great battle of the

White Hill under the walls of Prague. He went on from victory to victory until, at the age of seventy-two, having succeeded Wallenstein in full command of the imperial forces, he stormed the town of Magdeburg.

In "Childe Harold" Byron speaks of—

Blind old Dandolo,

The octogenerian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

As a matter of fact, if the histories are right, the gallant Venetian soldier Enrico Dandolo was no less than ninety-six when he led his mailed hosts to storm the walls of Constantinople.

Another instance worth recalling is that of the daring British general, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who at sixty-six directed the expedition of 1801 to Egypt, where he routed the French in the Battle of Alexandria. Old man though he was, when a bullet struck him in the thigh he made no sign, but cheered his soldiers on till victory was theirs. The Russian fieldmarshal, Kutusoff, was sixty-seven when, in 1812, he led the relentless pursuit of Napoleon's shattered army through the snows of that terrible



TITIAN (TIZIANO VECELLI, 1477-1596)

Who painted portraits in his ninety-ninth year.



“MARSHALL FORWARD” — GEBHARD VON BLÜCHER, PRINCE OF WAHLSTADT (1742-1819)
Who in his seventy-third year Commanded the Prussians at Waterloo.

winter, and inflicted a disastrous defeat upon Davout and Ney at Smolensk.

Of Sir Charles James Napier, Carlyle wrote: “A lynx-eyed, fiery man—more of a hero than any modern I have seen in a long time.” Napier was brave to rashness, and inspired by an energy which ill brooked control. He was in his sixtieth year when he took command of the British army in India, and conquered the Province of Sindh. In one fierce battle he hurled his force of two thousand men upon a native army of twenty thousand, and literally hewed them down, fighting himself in the forefront of the battle; for Napier was a general of the older type, assailing the enemy sword in hand. After the war ended, he served as Governor of the Province

for several years, quelling the hill tribes and bringing order out of chaos. At sixty-six he was sent out once more to India to put down an insurrection of the Sikhs.

American military history affords at least two illustrious examples of what old men can do in war. The first of these is General Winfield Scott, who in his sixty-first year took command of the American invasion of Mexico, and led the famous march from Vera Cruz to the capital, winning an unbroken series of victories over tremendous natural obstacles and against a foe who outnumbered his small army three to one. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Scott was commanding general at the age of seventy-five. Afflicted with the gout, he was unable to take the field in person; yet

he worked out a scheme for crushing the Confederacy, at which short-sighted theorists then laughed derisively. Scott was retired, and gave way to younger men; yet in the end the war was actually fought out in accordance with his so-called "anaconda plan," which proved that while the old warrior's body was infirm, his military genius burned brightly to the last.

Scott's rival and fellow soldier, General Zachary Taylor, won almost equal glory in the war with Mexico. He was sixty-two when he fought and won the bloody Battle of Buena Vista over Santa Anna, pitting his force of fewer than six thousand troops against a well-equipped and disciplined army of twenty-one thousand Mexicans, and shattering it to atoms. At sixty-four he was inaugurated President of the United States.

But it is modern Germany that has afforded the most remarkable instances of laurels won by veteran commanders. When Blucher helped Wellington to crush Napoleon at Waterloo, the Prussian marshal was well on in his seventy-third year, but still as keen and fiery as a youth. At Ligny, two days before, he had been caught in a sweeping charge of the French cavalry; his horse was shot, and fell, rolling over on its rider and leaving him senseless on the ground. He escaped capture only because Napoleon's troopers did not recognize him in the darkness of evening. Carried off the field, and retreating with his beaten army, the splendid old soldier lost not an atom of his courage. On the morning of the next day but one, knowing that Wellington's force had taken up its stand for a pitched battle, he insisted on mounting his horse,



OTTO VON BISMARCK (1815-1888)

The great German Statesman who was Imperial Chancellor till just before his seventy-fifth birthday.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEN OVER SIXTY



LIEUT.-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT (1786-1866)
Who was Commanding General of the United States
Army at seventy-five.

saying that he must get into the fight if he had to be tied upon his saddle. As the Prussians, moving toward the thunder of the cannon, dragged their artillery over the miry roads, the old man constantly urged them on with: "Forward! Forward! I have given my word to Wellington, and I must keep it!"

An equally conspicuous and more modern example of what may be done in age is found in the career of Helmuth von Moltke, the Danish-born Prussian general. It was not until the sixty-fourth year of his life that Moltke's name was known outside of army circles. Through all those years he had planned and organized for the victories that were to come when events should have ripened into opportunity. Aided by Count von Roon, himself a man of sixty, he had forged the sharp blade which was to set Prussia at the head of Europe. The first test came when Prussia and Austria massed their armies under Moltke and swept over Denmark in an irresistible tide of bayonets. This was but a small affair, a mere trial of the weapon. Two years later, Prussia faced Austria, and in a seven weeks' campaign Moltke's generalship brought the empire of Franz Josef to its very knees.

Four years later still, Moltke led the

German hosts to the conquest of France, which until then had been regarded as the first military power of Europe. In all that year of war he practically never lost a battle; no one of all his complicated plans went wrong. Not since Napoleon had the world seen so great a soldier as this veteran of seventy. Even then he did not cease from his activities, but remained until his eighty-eighth year at the head of the German army, acting besides as chairman of the committee of national defense—a post which he retained until his death at the age of ninety-one.

Among military engineers, perhaps, the best example is to be found in the French marshal and military engineer, Sebastien de Vauban, whose works on fortification have even now, two hundred years after his death, a definite value to military theorists. Vauban was made a marshal of France at seventy. When he died, at seventy-four, he was busily engaged in writing on economic subjects, and was the first advocate of what has now come to be known as "the single tax." Sir Mark Brunel completed the first tunnel under the Thames at the age of seventy-four. The American,



FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT HELLMUTH VON
MOLTKE (1800-1891)

Who at seventy was Chief German Strategist in the war
with France.

Richard Gatling, at sixty-eight, invented a new gun-metal and was authorized by Congress to experiment on new methods of casting cannon.

Todleben, the Russian military engineer, was, it is true, a mere infant of thirty-seven when he devised the fortifications of Sebastopol in the Crimean War; but he was sixty years of age when, in the war between Russia and Turkey, he drew around Plevna the works which caused the downfall of that famous stronghold. And after the campaign was over, and peace declared, he served for some time as Governor of the conquered districts.

Still living is Britain's greatest general since Wellington—Lord Roberts, whom Kipling has made widely known under his army sobriquet of "Bobs." After forty years' service in India, Roberts had gone home to England, apparently to spend his latter days in retirement. He was in his

sixty-eighth year when there came the news that the army sent to South Africa to punish the Boers had failed, that Buller had met humiliating defeat at Colenso, and that Roberts' only son was among the slain. In the emergency, the veteran general was called to the front, where he speedily reversed the situation. Within a few weeks Kimberley was relieved and Cronje captured, and within a few months Roberts had swept irresistibly over the veldt, scattering the enemy before him and occupying the capitals of both the Boer republics.

It is told of him that while riding in company with General Buller, in the outskirts of Pretoria, they came upon a fairly high rail fence.

"How about taking that fence?" asked Roberts.

Buller was seven years younger than his chief, yet he replied:

"I am too old for that, sir."

Whereupon Lord Roberts, setting spurs to his horse, cleared the fence as neatly as though he were the youngest huntsman in a field at home.

Of naval heroes, David Farragut, greatest of American admirals, was nearly sixty-one when he ran his fleet through the fire of the Confederate forts defending the mouth of the Mississippi, and captured New Orleans; and he was sixty-three when he fought and won his desperate battle with the ironclad ram Tennessee in Mobile Bay.

FAMOUS VETERANS OF STATECRAFT.

The statesmen who became noted in their later years are too many to be enumerated. One famous instance was that of Benjamin Franklin, who was in his seventy-first year when he arrived in Paris as the first American ambassador to the court of France. Seventy-seven when he helped to negotiate the treaty that secured our national independence, minister at Paris until his seventy-ninth year, and after his return to his own country serving in various public capacities, surely Franklin proved that a man may be of use when he is past sixty. John Quincy Adams, at the age of sixty-four, having been defeated for re-election to the Presidency, returned to Washington as a member of the House of Representatives. He served there, and served well, into his eight-first year, being fatally stricken while sitting at his desk in the Capitol.



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS (Born 1832)
Who at sixty-eight Commanded the British forces in South Africa.

No official station in the world entails a greater burden of work and responsibility than the Presidency of the United States. Of the twenty-five men who have held it, five—John Adams, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor and Buchanan—were over threescore when they took office. Six others—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Johnson—passed their sixtieth birthday while in office, and a seventh—Cleveland—missed doing so by only a few days. The physical labor of a Presidential campaign has become so enormous that of late it has been usual to choose younger men; yet in 1904 the Democrats nominated an octogenarian for the Vice-Presidency, and Speaker Cannon's seventy-two years are not thought to disqualify him as a possible candidate at the approaching election.

England has had no "boy premier" since Pitt. The Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister at sixty-one, and held a Cabinet portfolio at seventy-seven. Of his thirteen successors to the present day, all but three held office beyond sixty, all but five beyond seventy, and two—Palmerston and Gladstone—beyond their eightieth year, Palmerston dying in harness two days before his eighty-first birthday, and Gladstone retiring, still vigorous at eighty-four.

Gladstone's career was parallel in some ways, and strongly contrasted in others, to that of Bismarck. For nearly a third of a century, beginning nine years before that day in 1871 when he proclaimed William I. as German Emperor in the Palace of Versailles, the Prussian statesman carried a tremendous load of cares, "playing high," as he once remarked, "with other people's money." He was forty-seven when he became Premier of Prussia; he was seventy-five when young William II. deprived him of the Chancellorship; and throughout that long period he had held the helm of State without a single interval of rest.

Two other famous veterans were Louis Adolphe Thiers, President of France, and Francesco Crispi, Premier of Italy. Both these men held the reins of Government in their seventy-seventh year, and Crispi was a member of the Italian Parliament in his seventy-ninth.

The turbulent political atmosphere of Haiti can hardly be regarded as conducive to longevity, but Nord Alexis, the present



RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

Who did some of his best work after he was seventy.

autocrat of that dusky republic, is understood to be ninety years old; and that he is still a man of vigor seems to be sufficiently proved by the highly unpleasant experiences of those who have dared to challenge his authority.

The history of the Papacy is full of proofs that old age need not be a period of weakness. Take, for instance, the last three names on the list of pontiffs—those of Pius IX., who died in his eighty-sixth year, after a life full of strife and stress till near its end; of Leo XIII., who lived to his ninety-fourth year, physically frail, but intellectually powerful; and the present Pope, who at seventy-three promises to rival the longevity of his two famous predecessors.

FAMOUS VETERANS OF LITERATURE.

Philosophers and writers have often lived to achieve great things in their old age. Plato was more than seventy when he wrote his great work on the "Laws"; and when he died, at eighty, he was still the inspiration of the Academy which he had founded forty years before. Sophocles, the Athenian dramatist, was eighty at the time of his last contest; and in the

preceding thirty-two years he had won the first prize from his rivals no less than twenty times. The Italian poet, Petrarch, wrote much lovely verse after he was sixty. Cervantes was sixty-seven when he produced the second part of "Don Quixote." Dryden began his translation of Virgil at sixty-three and finished it at sixty-six; and to the latter year belongs his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," the finest of his lyrics. Jeremy Bentham, whose works on ethics and political economy are classic, died at eighty-four, active and vigorous to the last.

One of the most striking examples of continued productiveness in old age is that of Voltaire. This great Frenchman, from the age of sixty-four until he was more than eighty, lived a many-sided existence on his estate at Ferney, where he managed the affairs of his domain in patriarchal fashion, built a private theatre and a church, and exercised a sumptuous hospitality, while all the time producing witty, epigrammatic letters and pamphlets on the questions of the day. At eighty-four he journeyed to Paris to witness the production of his play "Irene," an event which forms an epoch in the theatrical history of France.

Another life filled to the brim with rich



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

Who wrote some of his finest poetry in his last years

creativity was that of Goethe. To the very end of his eighty-two years, he preserved his youthfulness of spirit, kept hold of all his varied interests, and made of Weimar a famous literary landmark. It was only just before his death that he finished the second part of "Faust."

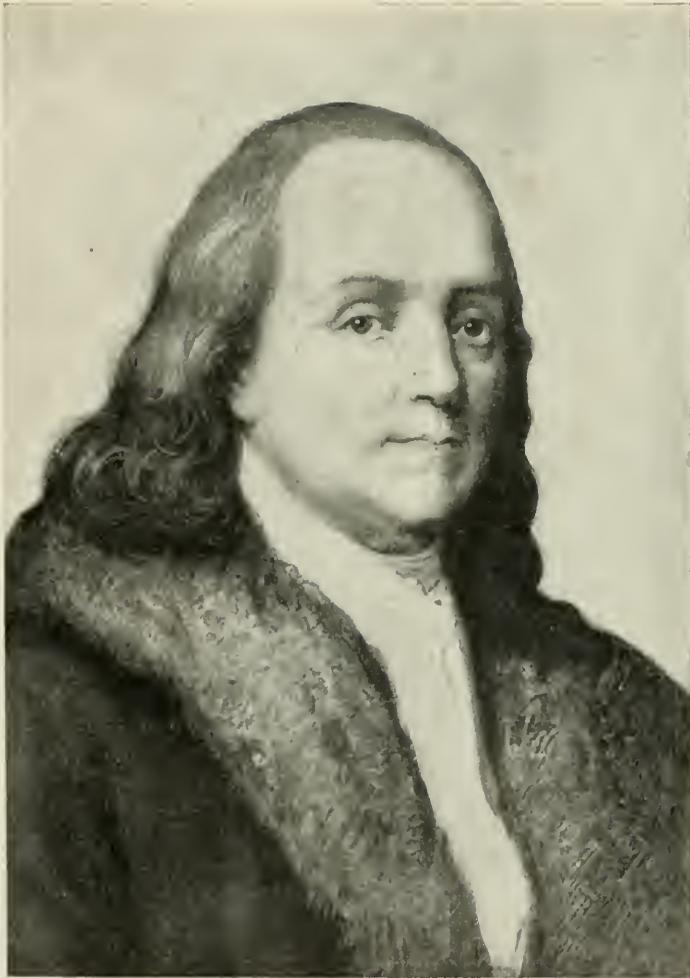
Carlyle was almost seventy when he finished his monumental history of Frederick the Great. Victor Hugo was seventy-six when he completed his "Historie d'un Crime," and when he died, at eighty-three, he was engaged upon a tragedy, working with all the energy of youth.

Two of Browning's most vigorous volumes of verse were published after he was seventy-five, and Tennyson wrote continuously, with little sign of failing power, up to his death at eighty-three. Izaak Walton, best known as the author of "The Complete Angler," published his "Life of Bishop Sanderson" at eighty-five, and Walter Savage Landor his "Heroic Idyls" at eighty-eight. Nor should mention be omitted of the great John Wesley, who preached, taught and wrote till just before his death in his eighty-eighth year.

Swinburne, at seventy-one, has lately completed a new poetic drama. George Meredith, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, and Tolstoy, who will reach the same mile-stone in August, are also distinguished instances of mental fertility in old age.

Among playwrights and actors must be mentioned the name of Charles Macklin, who lived to his hundredth year, and who at ninety not only wrote "The Man of the World," but appeared in it himself, creating the difficult part of Sir Pertinax Maccyphant.

Of Americans there are William Cullen Bryant, who at seventy-six finished his translation of the "Odyssey"; Emerson, who lectured with success when he was nearly seventy, and whose pen was busy till shortly before his death at seventy-nine; Longfellow, who published four volumes after he was seventy; Whittier, who was revising his earlier poems and writing new ones after his eightieth year, and Walt Whitman, who produced "Sands at Seventy" when he was three-score and ten, and "November Boughs" two years later. Lowell, between sixty-one and sixty-six, not only wrote the verses that make up the volume "Heartsease and Rue," but he also



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790)

Who at seventy-seven Negotiated the Treaty with France that secured American Independence.

served his country most effectively as Minister to England. Later, after his return to America, he did some of his best work as a lecturer and an essayist.

Washington Irving finished his "Life of Washington" at seventy-six, and Oliver Wendell Holmes published his "Over the Teacups" at eighty-one. But perhaps the most remarkable case in American literary annals is that of John Bigelow, who in his ninety-first year is still the active head of the New York Public Library, and who has just finished his work as the biographer of Samuel J. Tilden by publishing two volumes of Mr. Tilden's letters.

Guizot, the French historian, was a busy statesman until he was past sixty. Having

fallen from power when Louis Philippe was dethroned, he turned to historical writing as a task for his old age, and devoted twenty-six years to it, working at his "History of France" till just before his death, at eighty-six.

It is nearly forty years since Emile Ollivier, Premier of France in the last days of the Second Empire, told his countrymen, on the outbreak of war with Prussia, that he drew the sword "with a light heart." Many people who still remember that unlucky phrase do not know that Ollivier is still alive, and working away, in his eighty-third year, at a bulky history of the great events in which he long ago took part.

Leopold von Ranke, whose new methods

of treating historical materials mark an epoch in that field, was past eighty when he began the publication of his most ambitious work, the "Weltgeschichte," and he reached the ninth volume before he laid down his pen.

Theodor Mommsen produced some of his best work after sixty, and long after that time he was an active worker in various liberal movements. He was a member of the Prussian Parliament until he was sixty-five, and secretary of the Berlin Academy of Sciences until he was seventy-eight.

George Bancroft, the American, might have paraphrased George Eliot by saying that he began his "History of the United States" as a young man and finished it as an old one, for he was seventy-six before he completed the book that is his chief monument, and he continued to revise it for seven years more. Bancroft held public office, too, in his old age. He was seventy-three when his term as Minister to Germany expired.

Herbert Spencer was forty when he announced his intention of writing a series of books covering the whole field of philosophy. Though hampered by ill-health and lack of means, he pursued his self-appointed task for more than forty years, completing it just before his death. Only a volume of reminiscences, which he undertook as a relaxation from his more serious work, was left unfinished when he died in his eighty-fourth year.

FAMOUS VETERANS OF SCIENCE.

Science affords many illustrious names to swell the list of veterans. Galileo, who formulated the correct theory of the earth's motion, was sixty-nine when his bigoted persecutors forced him to abjure the truths he had announced; yet the fire of his genius would not die. At seventy-two he wrote an important work on the new sciences; and a year later, just before blindness sealed his eyes, he made a valuable telescopic discovery in the sphere of lunar phenomena. Even when all was dark to him, the old man toiled on unwearied, thinking out the application of the pendulum to clock-work, and, through his secretary, carrying on an extensive scientific correspondence.

Sir Isaac Newton was made president of the Royal Society in his later years, a long time after he had watched the apple

drop and had discovered gravitation. He was sixty when he took the office, he was eighty-four when death made him give it up; and throughout the period of his tenure he was constantly at work for the advancement of science.

The French zoologist, Lamarck, the founder of organic evolution, died at eighty-five after a life of hard work and high thinking. His monumental "Histoire Naturelle" was not finished till he was seventy-seven. Laplace, the French astronomer, wrote his treatise the "Mecanique Celeste" between the ages of fifty and seventy-six. Buffon began the publication of his great book on natural history when he was sixty-four. When he died, in his eighty-first year, he had issued seventeen volumes and was preparing the eighteenth.

Alexander von Humboldt, the German naturalist, who lived to be almost ninety, was seventy-five when the first part of his "Kosmos" appeared, and he continued to work at the book until just before his death. John James Audubon was sixty-two when he purchased an estate upon the Hudson, and settled down to write. There he completed his "Birds of America," and still later, with the assistance of his sons and of John Bachman, wrote his treatise on "The Quadrupeds of North America."

Michael Faraday, the English physicist, did some of his best work not very long before his death at seventy-five, even though mind and body were then failing. Louis Agassiz was sixty-six when he carried out his plan of establishing a summer school on Buzzard's Bay, the first summer school ever opened in America, and the mother of all the summer schools that have been projected since. The "Descent of Man" was finished when Charles Darwin was sixty-two, and during the remaining eleven years of his life he compiled six more of his carefully wrought books, full of original observations of natural phenomena.

Jurists are proverbially long-lived. Sir Edward Coke, as Lord Chief Justice of England, was sixty-one when King James I. gave him the appointment, hoping thereby to bend him to the royal will. But Coke was not to be suborned. He opposed the king and maintained the supremacy of the law, even though he was imprisoned in the Tower as a punishment for his obstinacy. He was seventy-six when, in the third Parliament of Charles I., he helped, by his wis-

ADMIRAL DAVID GLASGOW
FARRAGUT (1801-1870)

Who was past sixty when he won
fame in the Civil War.



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
(1749-1832)

Who finished "Faust" shortly before his death
at eighty-two.



VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885)

Who finished his "History of a Crime" at seventy-six.

when he felt that his end was near. He told his secretary to change the inscription to "Herewith I Come Before Thy Throne"; and so died working.

To name a few more of the veterans of music, Rossini composed his "Messe Solennelle" at seventy-two, and Meyerbeer his master-work, "L'Africaine," at the same age. Verdi finished his "Otello" at seventy-four, his "Falstaff" at eighty, and was still composing at eighty-five. Auber's opera, "Le Reve d'Amour," was produced at eighty-seven.

It is wonderful that the art of painting, which requires the steadiest of hands and the surest of eyes, should have among its great masters so many who have worked until an advanced age. There was old Giovanni Bellini, the founder of that school of Venetian colorists to which Titian and Giorgione are assigned. Bellini lived to be almost ninety, and painted to the end. His later work is characterized by more freedom of truth and by a deeper warmth of color, if anything, than that of his earlier periods.

But, of course, all other names are dim beside that of Michelangelo, who left his impress not only upon painting, but upon sculpture, architecture, and all the kindred arts. When Michelangelo was sixty, he had done what might well have been con-

dom and profound knowledge, to frame the Petition of Rights—courageous in old age as in his youth. John Marshall, probably the most famous of all our American jurists, presided over the Supreme Court of the United States until his death at the age of seventy-nine. Justice Stephen Field remained on the bench to his eighty-second year, and our present Chief Justice is past seventy-five.

FAMOUS VETERANS OF ART.

Among artists, musicians as a rule have not lived and worked so long as painters, yet there are exceptions in the ranks of the composers. There was Handel, whose masterpiece, the "Messiah," was written when he was not quite sixty, being finished in the incredibly short space of twenty-three days. The oratorio of "Judas Maccabaeus" was produced when he was sixty-two, and "Jephthah" when he was sixty-seven. Even when a little later, blindness came upon him, he continued to compose and to perform in public. Bach, the fountain-head of German music, labored unceasingly until his death at the age of sixty-five. He was dictating the last notes of the chorale, "When We Are in the Depths of Need."



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878)

Who at seventy-six finished his translation of the "Odyssey."

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEN OVER SIXTY



HERBERT SPENCER (1820-1903)

Who at eighty completed his great series of philosophic works.

sidered a full measure of work, yet Pope Paul III. sent for him to complete the decorations of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. He was seventy-one when he finished the task; and his frescoes, including the mighty one of the "Last Judgment," on the immense altar-wall, stand to tell succeeding generations what an old man can do. But further things this old man did, for in his seventy-second year he was appointed chief architect of St. Peter's, a post which he held through the reigns of five Popes.

Even longer than he did the painter Titian live and work, being in his hundredth year, when, stricken by the plague, he laid down his brush. Titian was seventy when the Emperor Charles V. summoned him to Augsburg, where he painted his wonderful characterization of that great but gloomy ruler—the equestrian portrait in full armor.

Sir Christopher Wren, the English archi-

tect, was just sixty-four when he designed Greenwich Hospital. At seventy-seven he made the plans for Marlborough House, and at eighty for the towers on the west front of Westminster Abbey.

TWO NOTABLE CENTENARIANS.

One of the most striking instances of activity extending over a very long life is to be found in Manuel García. García died two years ago at the extraordinary age of one hundred and one. He had been a profound student of voice-production, and had established several theories which are now generally accepted. He had taught and trained some of the great singers of the past century, and he was the inventor of the laryngoscope, an instrument of great importance to surgeons and specialists. To the last year of his life he retained a remarkable measure of physical and mental activity.

Another notable centenarian was Michel Eugene Chevreul, the French chemist, who published an important scientific treatise at ninety-two, and who was busy with pen and microscope until his one hundred and third year.

Occasionally in the past some pretender has arisen to assert that he had found the elixir of life, the magic liquid which would enable men to live forever. There have always been many eager hands to seize the flask, and yet it is doubtful if many men would really care to remain upon this earth forever. There is something almost appalling in the thought of an existence lasting much beyond the natural term of four-score years, though we all long to have that span filled full with whatever work may be allotted to us here. The true life is like a sentence in the mouth of a good speaker, well-rounded and carrying on its theme until the end, then closing with a clear-cut period, and not trailing off into ineffectual sounds. The records of the race show myriads of such lives; only a very few of them have been cited here. Why, then, should one feel gloomy at the approach of age?



To What Height Will He Climb?

Winston Churchill has the Makings of a Statesman, Great Opportunity and Influential Backing—Lack of Poise at a Crucial Moment May, However, Upset the Onward March of a Career That has Been Full of Incident and Interest.

By William Blakemore.

IT is probably not too much to say that the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill occupies a more conspicuous position in the affairs of the Empire than any other man of his years. He has his admirers and his detractors, the latter predominate. Those things ought to help a young man, and undoubtedly they have helped him, but it must in fairness be admitted that it is his own personality which has carried him to the front, and that his political score has been made off his own bat.

I met Winston Churchill in Montreal in the fall of 1902 when he had just returned from South Africa and all the world had been talking of his bravado, and his somewhat sensational escape from Pretoria. I interviewed him at the Windsor Hotel and found him affable, talkative, vivacious, picturesque and egotistical in all he said and did. The same evening I heard him lecture in the Windsor Hall. Major Pond, the prince of entrepreneurs, was his manager, it is therefore needless to say that the affair was well advertised, rather too well to suit the sober judgment of the man in the street, who read with some amusement, and probably a touch of contempt, that "Winston Churchill, the future Premier of Great Britain," would lecture on his South African experiences. At 8 o'clock the hall was packed with probably the most stylish audience which ever assembled in Montreal to hear a lecture or address. About two-thirds of those present were ladies and probably three-fourths of the whole audience was in evening dress.

As young Churchill had done literally nothing in South Africa which counted, it is not easy to explain such a fashionable

turnout on other than social grounds. I have no doubt that it was more curiosity to see the son of Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill than to hear his address which brought fifteen hundred people out. He lounged on to the platform, after keeping the audience waiting an unconscionable time, in a manner which was either studi-



WINSTON CHURCHILL.

TO WHAT HEIGHT WILL HE CLIMB?

ously affected or horribly bored. For a young man of twenty-seven he had the most blase and indifferent air, he did not attempt ornate delivery or indeed anything more than a "sotto voce," unanimated, desultory talk of himself and his doings. It might fairly be called a rambling description and contained few ideas or conclusions. My recollection is that it added nothing to one's stock of knowledge on South African affairs.

The Press reports show that as a lecturer he was not more successful elsewhere than in Montreal, and that when the curiosity of the public had been gratified by seeing him the great mystery was at an end.

Since it must be admitted that Churchill has proved that those who appraised his character and ability by these bizarre performances reckoned without their host. A man who with the obvious deficiencies mentioned (to which may fairly be added intolerance of others and contempt for their opinions and feelings) has nevertheless forged his way to the front and so acquitted himself as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, that Mr. Asquith could not leave him out of his Cabinet, must have at least some of the characteristics of greatness.

I well remember his father in his earliest Parliamentary days when he was a member of the Fourth party; it seems almost incredible now to think that so staid and philosophic a statesman as Mr. Balfour was one of the four. In those days Lord Randolph exhibited all the recklessness, audacity, smartness and readiness which characterize his son. Lord Randolph rose to Cabinet rank and might have been Premier. At the time Lord Salisbury took him into the Cabinet it is doubtful if there was a man in public life who had so surely caught the public ear and seized the popular imagination. He was almost an orator, which his son will probably never be, and this helps to account for his hold on the masses.

But in view of the recent utterances of Winston it is rather striking to recall the fact that his father's greatest public speech was the one delivered at Newcastle in opposition to Home Rule. At that time Mr.

Gladstone had no more formidable opponent. Soon after came the collapse, which has never been explained in the press and the whole truth of which cannot be told for many years. But allowing for what is known, it still remains that the erratic trait which manifests itself in every Churchill had something to do with the "debacle."

Winston Churchill is still young, but he has yet to reveal the statesmanlike qualities which his father evinced. His brilliancy has dazzled, but there is no evidence yet that it is other than superficial. His surrender to Mr. Redmond at the eleventh hour looks far more like expediency than conviction, and the result of the Manchester elections tends to show that that was the construction put upon it by the electors.

Once on a time Mr. Chamberlain's critics dubbed him "pushful," yet he never possessed half the pertinacity of Winston Churchill, and while I am willing to concede to him intellect, industry, ambition and extreme pertinacity, his most enthusiastic admirers must admit that he has yet to win his spurs as a constructive politician.

It is too early to predict how far he may go, his great opportunity would be to popularize Fiscal Reform, and his portfolio that of the Board of Trade would seem to open the way to this. But the young Minister has never familiarized himself in any special manner with the subject and both his experience and his duties have led him in another direction. He may inherit that natural aptitude for finance which caused his father to gravitate to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, but if so the public has yet to learn the fact. He has a great opportunity, influential backing, and the splendid traditions of an historic house. He has in him the makings of a statesman and even those who are the most inclined to resent his peculiarities are willing to concede that if he fails to make good it will not be for lack of ability or opportunity, but because of the persistence of an inherited streak which has been so apt to manifest itself in the Churchill family in lack of poise and balance, especially when confronted with a crisis.

Instances of Proverbial Inconsistency

By Warwick James Price in the *Bohemian Magazine*.

"Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."—EMERSON.

Many hands make light work. Also—Too many cooks spoil the broth.

No jealousy, no love. Though—In jealousy there is more self-love than love.

Everything comes to him who waits. But then—He who would find must seek.

The face is the index of the mind. Yet—A fair skin oft covers a crooked soul.

All truths are not to be told. And yet—Tell the truth and shame the devil.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead. Though—Nothing venture, nothing have.

The end justifies the means. But one should—Never do evil that good may come of it.

Good fortune ever fights on the side of the prudent. And just as truly—Fortune favors the bold.

Birds of a feather flock together. But how about—Two birds of prey do not keep each other company.

He who hunts two hares at once will catch neither. Yet—It is always good to have two irons in the fire.

The middle path is the safe path. But how about—The neutral is soused from above and singed from below.

Finally: A proverb is one man's wit and all men's wisdom. Though—A formal fool speaks nought but proverbs.

Education and Business Requirements

Pros and Cons of the Various Kinds of Present Day Instructions Reviewed and Applied to the Young Man who, Having to Make a Living Without Depending on Extraneous Aid, is Left Entirely to his Own Mental Resources to Make Good.

By Gerald Sidney in the Young Man Magazine

WHO does best, from a business standpoint—the Public School man; the University educated man; he whose Alma Mater was a private school; the Board School product; or the self-educated man?

Taken generally it would be impossible to arrive at any definite decision; that is, if the question were asked, who does best in the world at large; and even when regarded from the business basis, unless one makes some qualification as to circumstances, it would be far from an easy task to reason logically on the matter.

The writer, therefore, in propounding the above query, and after doing so endeavoring to answer it, ventures on stipulating that a particular position shall be assumed—that is, that the hypothetical case taken shall be that of a young man who has no further prospect at the end of his educational career than that of having to depend without extraneous aid entirely on his own mental resources to “make good.”

It is well that this prevision should be made perfectly clear. We are going to regard the question entirely from the business standpoint (practically excluding the majority of the professions, to follow which it is necessary to presume the possession of means), and by business meaning clerical, wholesale and retail trade, and passing over those trades which call for a longer or shorter term of apprenticeship. We are taking as our illustration the young man or youth who at the close of his school or college days stands facing life with the assured knowledge that he has got to fend for himself—get his own position and make his own way without influence or money to assist him.

It is a most curious thing that a fellow placed in the position above defined, has a tendency to assume that had he had a better education his prospects would be much brighter. The ex-Public School man who has not spent a time at a University, points to that as his probable stumbling block in the way of success. The Private School product sighs for a past that included at least some time at a Public School; the Board School educated fellow casts glances of envy at the two. The self-educated man, who is probably still educating, in the little time he can spare for vain regrets envies all three. Even the misanthrope, who has either had none, or evaded education, throws the blame of his non-success on the whole of the educated classes. “Ah, if I’d on’y ha’ been to Eton an’ ’Arrow an’ Hoxford an’ Cambridge I’d ha’ done well!”

Before, however, the young man indulges in these regretful thoughts, it would be an excellent idea if he were to review thoroughly the pros and cons of the varied kinds of education. The writer has broadly classified them into five distinct classes; as, if one were to embrace all shades and variations of learning, it would necessitate digressing into so many bye-paths of the question that no single article would be elastic enough to contain them.

To start at the head of the list and work downwards, let us consider the position of the Oxford or Cambridge graduate, who, having obtained his degree, is now facing the problem of what to do for a living. Of course, we are making the reservation that he has neither means nor influence. He may or may not during his University days have made useful friends, but it will be outside our hypothesis if he has done the latter,

as to admit he has made useful friends (by useful understanding the word as commercially useful, or those able to advance his prospects) would assume influence.

So far, then, he is standing on that very excellent base "If I want to get on I must do so by my own unaided efforts."

His scope is very narrow. The professions of medicine, law and any other, that require private means, or, at least, a large sum in hand at the start, are closed to him. The Church, without influence, does not hold out many hopes of preferment—the ministry is obviously in a different class to the Church, but both these are rather outside our subject, which is so far materialistic that we are looking at things from the monetary view. Literature is in many cases a fickle mistress, as also are the arts, even though our young man may be theoretically supposed to know all about them.

His education has been such that an ordinary business career would be like starting his school days again, in the sense that he knows nothing of the problems or usages of business life. In fine, there is practically only one way out if he intends to, or must, immediately make a living. This way is teaching—becoming a schoolmaster. If he has been so fortunate as to have obtained his first-class or his "Blue"—in other words, is particularly good at examinations or athletics generally—he may obtain a position starting at about £100 a year resident. Of course, regarded as a first salary this sum compares more than favorably with the initial salary he could gain in business proper; but, on the other hand, it is a mistake to compare the two careers in this way. It must be borne in mind that unless he has gone up to his University with a scholarship (which is seldom the case) his training, lasting as it has for three or four years, has cost from £200 to £300 a year, equal to a total amount of from £600 to nearly twice that amount. If, therefore, his position be looked at as the outcome of the investment of that sum, it will readily be seen that had he invested a like sum in some business he might reasonably expect a far larger return than £100 a year, even with residence.

Again, unless he be able to invest anything up to £2,000 in buying a partnership (which is, under our prevised conditions, unlikely), his prospects do not look over bright. He may possibly obtain in time

£150 per year, but it would be exaggerating to say that he could hope to reach much higher than that. Moreover, as he gets older his value decreases, just as in the case of the average laborer, and when advancing age precludes his playing football and cricket (as necessary essentials to an undermaster as academic qualifications) he is done for—shelved.

The above is based on the assumption that the University man is exceptionally brilliant in both learning and athletics. A man with a less successful University career cannot hope to command as an initial salary more than from £60 to about £90 per year. The University man who has failed to obtain even a "pass" degree can reckon on no particular minimum. Perhaps £30 might be given as an average, but in some cases it is lower than that.

Besides the poor prospect for the schoolmaster who has no money or influence, it should be remembered that he must keep up the appearance of a gentleman—the outward appearance as well as the manner—in far greater degree than would be necessary in a business position at a like salary.

In making the above statements regarding the prospect of the University man, it will be understood that the average individual is meant. It is possible that a graduate, even though he fell short of a fellowship, may obtain a Civil Service clerkship, perhaps a first division one indeed; but only a small percentage of the great number of 'Varsity men attain this distinction.

It will be seen from the above (which is not based on imagination, but on simple and incontrovertible facts), that a young man with his own way to make, in hankering after the flesh-pots of a 'Varsity career and assuming that they contain the essence of success, is following what in most cases is a chimera.

Turning to our next class, what are the prospects of the Public School man? We have reviewed the University man's chances, and therefore will presume that the Public School fellow is, on leaving school, about to shift for himself, and not rounding off his education with a period at Oxford or Cambridge.

The writer ventures, as an old Public School man himself, to assert that the education given at a Public School, in relation to qualifying a youth for business life (with our specific hypothesis understood), does

not compare favorably with the teaching of the average commercial grammar school, or the private school. The curriculum is based more on the assumption that the youth will, on the starting of his career, have influence or means. Otherwise it is impossible to imagine that the powers that he would proceed on the lines they do. Although of late years the modern side of our big Public Schools is more to the fore than the classical, even then, for our particular young man the education he receives does not help him as a sound average commercial teaching would.

That the Public School teaches esprit de corps is granted—but it is possible to learn this without going to a Public School. It is no exaggeration to assert that the esprit de corps of the average commercial or private school compares more than favorably with the other.

The point is that a Public Schoolboy's education may be said, in view of his after life, to be more directed to the bringing out of his physical qualities than his mental development. The proportion of compulsory "games" to school work is, for practical purposes, wrong.

Who of the fellows at a Public School is regarded as the one to be emulated? The plodding youth who, realizing that he is now educating himself for future life, makes the most of his opportunities to absorb knowledge? Certainly not. The "little tin god on wheels" who is a great man at football, a brilliant cricketer, one to whom Fives can offer no secrets, whose running, jumping and other athletic prowess is beyond the reach of criticism; he is the fellow to be followed. Never mind if his mental advancement is such that he is in a form (and nowhere near the top of it either) with boys two and three years his junior. His reputation as an athlete casts such a glamor over his whole personality that little indiscretions such as slacking at work are glossed over—if they are perceived at all.

The reader must not imagine that because the above assertion is made the question of athletics is derided. Not at all. The writer's desire is to point out that the Public School education in its entirety—"games" included—does not fit a man, placed as we have prevised, for the work of making a living so well as some of the less "high-class schools."

Take a fellow straight from a Public School, plant him in some business house, and see what happens. The chances are he is unable to put a letter together properly. His writing (this is no wild assertion) is enough to make angels weep. Set him to tot up a column of figures—he confesses that certainly he is a "bit of a rotter at math." (mathematics). If he has been on the modern side of a Public School he will at least have had the chance of learning two foreign languages (whether he took the opportunity more than he was forced to is another matter), in fact, modern foreign languages are compulsory. Does he know (save in exceptional cases) how to translate a letter from some foreign correspondent, or to write one to a French or German firm? Far from it. In fact, his native love of his country has always made him view "those beastly foreigners" with such an aversion that, on principle, he has paid little attention to their lingo. So far as being able to give you "yes" for "oui," or "no" for "nein," he will be delighted to be of service to you. Anything further, he must really be excused.

No, the Public School fellow, unless he has made the most of his opportunities (which is a rash thing to assume) is, at all events at the start, like a round peg in a square hole when placed in business. A lot of these on leaving school, instead of being sent to college, or pushed into some position or profession, or allowed to become men about town, find through unexpected circumstances—family troubles, paternal failure, or the like—they have got to make their own way. And looking back at their school career, with all its successes of being in the first XV., or the first XI., or their sports' records, and then looking forward to the matter of making a living, they kick themselves—metaphorically, of course, it being rather a difficult matter to apply the kick physically; but, on the whole, the metaphorical one hurts more.

Altogether, the Public School man is, under our special circumstances, more to be pitied than envied.

The next class, embracing the commercial and private school, is certainly more to be congratulated, that is, if the ultimate goal is a business career.

An education that is built up with a view to counteracting as far as possible the unexpected turns of fortune, is better in the

long run than the teaching that preivises a rose-strewn future, or at least a banking account and featherbeds.

As to the young man who has had, and made the most of, a Board School education, he is not nearly so much to be pitied as the Public School or University man. His ideas of success are more modest, and he is able also to get more comfort out of a modest income than would his colleague in the business of "making good," the Public School man or graduate. And he is more built to rough it than the other, who, having been practically wrapped in cotton wool during his school days, feels somewhat cold in the thin vest of his meagre accomplishments when facing life proper.

Moreover, there is nothing to prevent the Board School man from climbing mentally higher. There are opportunities galore. If he is inclined to deplore his lack of learning, instead of sighing after profound wisdom of the other fellows, he can sort out the kind of knowledge that will be useful to him, and gain it without hampering himself with the non-essentials of education. It is no optimistic thing to say that if he wishes to learn a thing, and means to do so, that thing will be accomplished. The corollary of the proposition "I will do it," is "it is done."

In the relation of the latter class we are dealing with to the first three classes al-

ready dealt with, the delightful joke in Punch (one of that master wit's, Charles Keene) adapted to the occasion may fix the writer's contention that the position being stated, the Board School man is better fitted to get on than the 'Varsity or Public School one. The joke, as far as memory goes, was attached to a drawing of a father rebuking a somewhat puppyish son. "What?" says the father, "you consider office work 'infra dig'?" In my day it was hin f'r a penny, hin f'r a pound."

There it is, in a nutshell. The higher educated fellow, though aware of his necessity, looks on the business side of life as "infra dig!" The less highly educated realizes his necessity, and, viewing the matter as "in for a penny in for a pound," puts his head down and goes for it. Even the self-educated man is not so much to be commiserated after all. He has the pleasurable knowledge of difficulties overcome, and so goes forth to further battles.

There is a lot of sense and hope in the reflection on a remark made by a public speaker in Hyde Park (a remark caught by the writer en passant): "What we wants," shouted the speaker, vigorously sawing the air with a dingy fist, "What we wants is more of the three R's, an' less of this 'ere flapdoodle." As a well-known character used to say, "The bearin's of that remark lays in the application of it."

CALLED BACK.

By A. M. K.

He left the blue hills and the swaying trees,
 And in the city sought earth's fairest things;
 There beauty beckoned him with rain-bow wings,
 And life beat time to subtile melodies.

But in the gray of life again he turned,
 To those far hills where pine-trees swayed a song;
 And found that peace not of the city throng,
 The joys for which his heart had all-time yearned.

The Outside Versus the Inside Man

The Requirements, Responsibility and Obligations of Those who are at the Back of the Traveler, Faithfulness and Devotion to Duty of the Inside Man Should Earn for Him Larger Reward and Greater Consideration When Promotions are Made or Salaries Increased.

By W. A. Porter

I SHALL endeavor to condense the arguments, pro and con, which are customarily used in an ordinary business to carry the point when this subject is discussed. The only reason for argument may possibly lie in the fact that "each unto his own" is a man's business religion, always understanding that each man's own particular work is necessarily the hardest and the least appreciated. This idea originated thousands of years ago, and is likely to last for a few more aeons. There should be no friction and no misunderstanding between the men who, as traveling salesmen, represent or misrepresent their respective houses and the men who are empowered to carry out the inside workings and the general policy of these houses, but the fact remains that the trouble, in the majority of cases, does exist and is a constant source of worry to those in charge.

A little consideration of the causes of this friction may help some to be more fair in their treatment of each side of the case, may make them more able to deal justly with the matter, with a resultant profit to themselves and to their employes. A little patience and mutual education will do wonders to help things along—that is the reason for the appeal in this paper.

As a rule, there are two sources from which the average traveler is created—from the works or warehouse in which he has been employed since a youth, and from the outside, that is from some opposition house.

Taking the case of the former—he has worked for years in an atmosphere of trade terms, packing and shipping, checking and stock-keeping, rush and bustle, his constant aim being to arrive on time in the morning

and to get out so much by night—to please "the boss" and to keep from being "docked" for errors in packing or shipping. He becomes a useful man and his chance comes to him—a vacancy on the traveling staff occurs and he is asked if he would like to become that ideal of his, a Traveler. He wonders why Jones, who is a much better man than he, in every way, is not given the opportunity—Jones is worth five dollars per week more to his firm than the man selected—and his wonder increases when he is told that Jones is too valuable a man, for the inside, to be put on the road, too good a man to be spared, and yet the offer to the new traveler (for, of course, he accepts) embraces an increase in salary which places him above Jones in earning capacity, and this without one single effort or trial, on his part, to show that he is worth one copper, as a salesman to his firm. Is this fair, just or even decent?

And yet it is done every day, and the sting remains with Jones—"too good" to be spared for the road, but not good enough to receive as much money as his admitted junior and inferior, whom he may be called upon to help out of many a trouble in days to come—can Jones be blamed for cursing his own energy and aptitude, which placed him on top only to be kept where he can rise no higher and to see his juniors stepping over his head?

Is it an inducement to a man to use his brains to rise "inside" the house when the result of his success may be his downfall, in a sense—when he sees the "outside" man suddenly made a little god and while he himself remains just "good old Jones"?

Do employers think of this when old and valued employes leave them for other

houses? Better for them if they would think first, sacrifice a trifle of their own personal comfort and give Jones a chance as good as that of any other employe.

The new traveler starts out for his firm in a pardonable state of enthusiasm and misplaced energy—he tries his very best, of course, but he soon learn that in the game of selling he has competition to meet and the lessons are hard to learn. In time he becomes the finished product—his mistakes have been numerous, but he is a "Traveler," and he rests content.

The other source before referred to produces the man procured from a rival house. This man is experienced, knows the goods and may probably know his customers. He must be a good talker and "jollier" in order to persuade the same customers that the goods which he is now handling are vastly superior to, or even equal to, the goods which he has been extolling for years while in the employ of the other firm. New or old, the traveling salesman ought to be a credit to his house—does he always try to be?

His firm should be able to trust him as implicitly as if he were at headquarters—he should be trying always not only to swell the amount of his sales, but also to promote the interests of his house by selling goods which produce a profit and by avoiding unnecessary expenditure—the "amount" of the sales is worse than nothing to a firm when the "profit" is gone, unless an unfortunately large stock happens to be on hand.

The traveler's sins are many—he carelessly or illegibly writes his orders, causing confusion and worry at the warehouse or factory, he makes occasional mistakes in figuring and then fumes because the house will not support him in his blunders; he changes his route so that his mail becomes lost for a time and then rages because the house criticizes him sharply for breaking prices—prices which did not reach him owing to his own stupidity in altering his route before he informed the office; he takes up the cudgels for his customers and writes letters to the firm on a variety of things, trivial and otherwise, letters which would seem to emanate from a deadly enemy instead of from a paid servant of the house—and these letters must be patiently read and reflected upon, and there is the trouble—for the inside man.

A letter from the office to a customer

who has lodged a complaint with a traveler may, if not carefully and courteously worded, cause the loss of that customer's trade, and that through no intentional fault of the writer, who has no information save what he finds in the rather incoherent letter of the irascible traveler. The salesman is on the spot, but the inside correspondent is supposed to have telepathic communication and to be able to conciliate and satisfy a man who is perhaps three hundred miles away, and whom he has never seen.

Again, the traveler is generally very well satisfied with himself as being wide awake and not easily "gulled," and yet he is the easiest victim in the world to the old, worn-out game of "better price from the others." The almost insane eagerness with which he rushes in an order at a reduced price "to meet competition" is a strange thing to see—it is a disease with most salesmen, a disease which it seems almost hopeless to try to cure. But does the salesman get the blame for reduced profits at the end of the year? Not in nine cases out of ten, for it is the inside man who is held responsible, while the traveler is "our star representative" who sold so many thousands of dollars' worth more than any other salesman—and he never even blushes for shame when his salary is increased.

And then the toiler of the road, when business may be slack, must make the sales look well—he books orders for future delivery with a reckless disregard of the possible rise in price of raw material and trusts to the house to sustain him. Business exigencies may cause the firm to grudgingly accept the orders, but is that sound policy, and does the salesman or the house gain by it? Once a cutter of prices always a cutter, in this busy age. The man who cannot sell goods without cutting his prices and without holding out "future delivery" as an inducement is worse than useless to his employers and should be summarily disposed of.

Now let us consider the opportunities in the hands of the average traveling salesman if he wishes to use them. He has the privilege of meeting, face to face, the customers who patronize his house; he has unlimited opportunities of studying each character and forming his opinion of the way best suited to address each man; he can force his own personality, to a greater or lesser degree, upon every customer with

whom he may come in contact; he is able to personally investigate most grievances and to adjust differences; he can examine defective goods and report to his house with a clear idea as to what is wrong, or claimed to be wrong, and he can do this without offending the customer or losing his own dignity in the least—he has these opportunities; does he always use them?

A successful traveler may make some enemies, but it does not follow that he must make them; he need not be a prince of good fellows, but he must respect his customers and he must make them respect him and his house. A bit of sympathy is never wasted, but a salesman who talks in a derogatory manner of his own house, or of other houses, is a nuisance and abomination—his word becomes a by-word and his statements, however big, are given little thought. Again, a thoughtful salesman may assist a customer by advising him as to probable advances in prices and by helping him to order accordingly, but it does not follow that he should deliberately throw away his firm's chances of a legitimate profit by taking orders broadcast, in order to swell his sales, when the market on raw material suddenly advances, and his own cleverness should not induce him to take it upon himself to reduce prices to customers because he has had a tip as to the sudden fall in price of the same raw material—he should give his firm the same chance that his customers get, for his salary comes from the house and not from the man who buys from him.

As to his troubles there is no doubt—cranky customers, pompous, conceited, bad-tempered, good-natured, bibulous, abstemious, sports, church elders, saints and sinners—he has to meet and adapt himself to them all; that is, he should try to adapt himself to all; he has to talk to enraged debtors whom the house has seen fit to dun and he has to put off men whose credit has become too shaky for his firm to trust; he has to be polite and attentive to every prosy and wearying crank who loves to dwell upon local church festivals and the fall fairs, and he must burden himself with many woes which concern him not.

The "inside" man has upon his shoulders a responsibility which varies according to the number of duties which lie to his lot, but he generally has to be a combination of a great many different kinds of a man

and must be ready, at all times, to assume immediately the duties which every phase of his work demands. His greatest trouble is that he is expected to be a first-rate man at almost every class of work common to a warehouse and office and he must constantly jump from one thing to another without the slightest hesitation and without warning—he is unfortunately endowed with only one brain, but is expected to have two or three heads for each day's use.

Office-boy, invoice clerk, salesman, ledgerkeeper, cashier, accountant, correspondent, buyer—he must know enough of the work of each in order to properly control things—if he fails in the slightest degree, the powers that be are down on him like a shot. If he undertakes more than he is capable of attending to, so that things may work smoothly, and then relaxes in the least, he is put down as beginning to grow old, and his end is quick—he is soon on the business junk-heap.

He must understand and control his warehouse, office or factory staff, must know the capabilities of each man, his strong points and his weaknesses, and must so use his knowledge that he may get the best results and at the same time satisfy both his firm and his staff. He must keep in touch with his travelers and assist them as much as possible in his correspondence—correspondence conducted with men nine-tenths of whom he has never seen and of whose personal characteristics he has but the slightest knowledge.

He has to see that errors are rectified, prices are kept both by the inside and the outside salesmen, that shipments are made as promptly as possible and that complaints are attended to so as not to offend the firm's customers; he must soothe the irritated traveler who thinks that his firm is giving him the worst of an argument and he must always be patient and fair when a dispute arises with a patron of the house—in short, he ought to be a paragon, which is exactly what he is not.

Some days he is harassed and worried by every imaginable complaint that the mail, the telephone or the telegraph can throw at him—everything will diabolically persist in breaking loose or going wrong. But he must always remember that it is expected of him to answer his correspondence in a courteous and business-like manner and not allow his personal feelings to affect him at

all. For every complaint which a traveler receives the inside man has a dozen, and he has the additional misfortune of being expected to listen to the traveler's personal complaint after the matter in question has been gone over with the customer—he has to fight with one hand tied, as it were, and he must always come up smiling, at that.

If a traveling salesman be taken ill a substitute is provided, so that the connection may be kept up; and, upon recovery, the regular traveler takes up his work just where he left off. But let the inside man fall ill, and what happens?

Upon his return he generally finds enough work heaped up for him to make him wish that he had stayed where he was, and he is looked upon as having deliberately made himself ill in order to inconvenience others. If an epidemic strikes the staff he has the unalloyed pleasure of trying to do three or four men's work at the same time, with the result that his own work suffers, and the powers that be become frigid or torrid, as the occasion seems to warrant.

Did anybody ever hear of a firm or an employer hustling around to try to furnish a substitute when an old and trusted inside or office man might be temporarily away from work through illness? He, or they, might make a spasmodic effort to have some one "just look over Smith's papers, will you?" but it seems to be always taken for granted that Smith will make things right, never mind how.

How often do employers ever think that the inside man may need money as well as the outside man—that he often has to entertain customers—that he is denied privileges which the traveler enjoys, simply because the business of the firm must appear to be conducted upon steady, strict and solid lines?

And when sales have been good and the business year has turned out well—when the traveling salesmen are enjoying Christmas holidays at the firm's expense and receiving increased salaries, based upon their sales, does it ever occur to the firm or directors that a large portion of those so-called "travelers' sales" comes from the efforts of the inside men?

Do employers, as a rule, remember that the tact, patience and courtesy of their showroom salesmen, the laborious interpretation of involved specifications, with the results clearly set down in the finished quo-

tion, and the following up of these quotations by the correspondent bring to them a great share of their business, a share which they would get without the accident of the traveler's having chanced upon the customer when things were ripe for results?

An inside man does all these things as a matter of course, and has to do them well, or get out—he may make more personal sales than the best traveling salesman employed by his firm and may be an invoice clerk, cost man or correspondent at the same time, but he would never dream of claiming an increased salary because he happened to sell goods any more than he would ask for more money because his letters bore a more finished style than those of others or that his clerical work was neater and more quickly done.

He must be a combination, and a good combination, of different types, of men, to be appreciated at all.

How often does the head of a firm notice that his office and warehouse are cleaner than they used to be, that his books are cleaner and neater, that his invoices and statements go out more regularly, that the correspondence is brighter and more convincing, that his whole staff is more alert and accurate?

If he does notice it, does he give a passing thought to the care, the patience and the hard work necessary to produce those results?

Does he ever remember that a few years ago his mail was filled with complaints about bad packing and shipping and his warehouse seemed to have no system or order about it—and does he then reflect that things are different now, everything in its place, all moving smoothly and the complaints reduced to almost nothing?

If some passing wonder fills his mind it is generally gone before it has caused him to consider that some man or group of men close to him, in his very office or factory, has evolved this order out of chaos, and in addition to this has kept his travelers to their work, has assisted them to sell their goods, has pointed out possible chances for orders and the right men to see, has kept watch on prices for selling and buying, has looked after collections and avoided financial pitfalls, and has done it all without hope of one word of praise or appreciation.

He generally expects no reward and his expectations are fulfilled—there is no hab-

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for him, no fat increase in salary—but he knows his work and does it and he has the satisfaction of feeling and knowing what he has done was good. Others may do the talking, but he does the work, and gets his own reward in his own peculiar way.

The time will surely come when the inside man will be as much appreciated as he is now overlooked, and when things have been shaken down to their proper level he will be found where his brains, education and energy should long ago have placed him—very near the top.

In the meantime his lot would be rendered happier and his work made easier if the average employer would sometimes use toward him the same consideration that he gives to his traveling salesmen—his work should be recognized, and his salary should be based upon his work and results, and not merely upon length of service.

If a traveler increases his sales largely he expects, and gets, an increased salary—why, in the name of all that is just and rea-

sonable, is the salary of the inside man not increased when his work becomes greater and his services more valuable to his firm? Why is it that the salesman's salary, at the periodical adjustment of affairs, is advanced from five to ten dollars per week, if he has done his duty and done it well, and the inside man receives only an additional dollar or two per week simply because his work has been also done well and his duty performed?

Is it not because most employers are a little selfish in their thoughts of their own immediate surroundings and convenience and are short-sighted in looking afar? This may sound somewhat paradoxical, but does it not hit very near to the truth?

The inside man's faithfulness and devotion to duty should earn for him a better reward than he usually receives, and I take the liberty of trusting that my remarks may cause a small portion of those who may read this article to think a little more deeply, in future, of how to help and understand him.



Does Your Work Drive You?

The Greatest Achievements of the World Have Been Accomplished by Enthusiasts—Will Power Working Parallel With Interest is Tenfold More Efficient Than Will Power Working Counter to Interest—Some Simple Rules.

By Dr. Luther H. Gulick in the *World's Work Magazine*.

ONE of the great contrasts between men is the contrast between those who are interested in, or in love with, their work and those who do it merely from a sense of duty. One class drives the work, while the other class is driven by it. One is full of enthusiasm, and the other of the consciousness of effort and work. These two states of mind can be analyzed, and, to a considerable degree one can choose which attitude one shall have for his life work.

When we give attention to anything, we do so from one of two motives: either the thing possesses some inherent attraction for us—draws us to it; or else we have exerted a deliberate push, as it were, upon our consciousness. If we are hungry, we give attention to a good dinner without the least feeling of effort. In the same spirit we attend to a good novel, once we have "got into the story," or to a charming girl, or to the latest stock reports. In these cases our own conscious part seems merely to let attention have its way: it goes straight to its object and stays. On the other hand, everyone knows how painful and exhausting may be the process of keeping the attention fastened to an object when there is none of this magnetic force in play; where all the control is a matter of moral resolution. It is safe to say that no other form of energy-expenditure is so costly as this. What we are spending here is the most central of our personal forces—will-power; and will-fatigue means a letting down of the whole personality to a lower level of efficiency.

A friend of mine, who at the age of seventeen was a soldier in the Civil War, told me of an order once given him to watch a certain hole in a wall, through which it was expected that a Confederate

spy would creep at any minute. He watched there for a whole hour (it seemed like twenty), keeping his eyes riveted on that hole, his gun cocked, every muscle tense, ready to shoot. He said that he did not remember ever having had so fatiguing an experience. He was not disturbed at the idea of shooting a man; he was well enough accustomed to that business. It was simply the attention-strain. He could not look away; he could not let his thought wander an instant. Yet there was nothing to hold him to his duty except will-power—every natural impulse had to be persistently whipped back.

It is interesting to set alongside of this the fact that a man can go hunting through autumn woods from morning till evening, walking like a cat among the dead leaves, ear and eye strained to the last degree, and come home at night actually fresher than when he went out and eager for another day of it. In a case like this, the attention is held just as taut as it was with the man who watched the hole in the wall. But the difference is that, in so far as will-power has a part to play here, that part is perfectly spontaneous. Attention needs no stays to hold it where it belongs. There is no conflict of opposing forces. Interest works toward the same end as will; they run parallel.

When will-power must do police service, prodding to duty, it is quick to get tired. You have probably had the experience of trying to "do" some great art collection in a single visit—your only opportunity. For the first hour, or hour and a half, what an unqualified pleasure! Your attention fixes upon each object with a fresh zest; all your perceptions are quick and vivid. Then you

approach what might be termed the point of aesthetic saturation. You cannot soak up any more. And now your pilgrimage ceases to be a self-propelled thing. Interest serves no longer as a magnet. Indifference rapidly turns into distate, finally into agony. Nothing but sheer will-power will keep you going the round; and the expenditure of energy increases in a geometrical ratio. How sadly familiar a sight in any of the great European capitals is the harassed, nervous, distracted face of the typical tourist! Whirled at breakneck speed through the world's chief museums, from one master-product of human genius to another, he no longer is in possession of any faculties of true enjoyment or appreciation. It is will-power acting in obedience to some abortive notion of self-improvement, that has brought things to this pass. "Education," forsooth! It is debauching.

Certain fatigue-tests, performed on school children, have developed the fact that school room gymnastics are the most fatiguing occupation of the school day. They are fatiguing not because they are muscularly exhausting—they are not that—but because they put such a strain upon attention control. The whole sequence of exercises, as ordinarily gone through with, requires the utmost effort of concentration. The process has practically no inherent interest for the children—to many of them it is positively distasteful; they act under orders. Attention under orders has its uses, and great ones. We do not much admire a man who has no power of holding his mind to a distasteful subject, for many distasteful subjects may be important. We do not admire a man who cannot cheerfully shoulder an unwelcome responsibility when circumstances have brought it to him. This power must be acquired, must be available in emergency.

But whatever trained attention-control may produce in moments of crisis, where the only thing to do is to grit one's teeth and go ahead, be the cost what it may (it will be large, that is sure), this is not the mental temper in which the great, monumental achievements of humanity have been brought to pass. Results that are of slow development—that must be worked for, sacrificed for, prayed over—these have other things behind them than bare discipline of the will. The mood in which an

uncongenial task must be carried through is not one which operates efficiently beyond a certain point. When a man in this mood succeeds in an undertaking—succeeds, that is to say, in some notable degree—he proves himself a brilliant exception. The natural comment is: "But how much more brilliant would have been his success if he had only been working at something that he loved!"

It is the difference between required school gymnastics and the playground. Five minutes of concentrated attention is more than can be forced out of children in their gymnastics, yet there is a standard of attention set and maintained in a baseball game among boys of fifteen—even younger—more exacting than any teacher would dream of setting up. And the attention here is indefinitely more protracted than in the schoolroom. The felder who relaxes for one single instant may lose his great chance. His judgments must be made with lightning rapidity; in running for a "fly" he strains every fibre of his body—and he must recover himself in a second and be ready for the next emergency.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that when you do what you want to do, you do more and do it more effectively than when you do what you don't want to do. The man who drives his work counts for more, succeeds better, than the man who is driven by it. The more carefully one scrutinizes the great achievements of genius, the more clearly one perceives that, for the most part, they have been striven for and won under the inward stimulus of interest—love, ambition, curiosity—not under the prod of duty or necessity and the clubbing of will-power. The big work of the world is being done by the enthusiasts. Will-power working parallel with interest is tenfold more efficient than will-power working counter to interest. Think of the great explorers, the great inventors, the great composers, the great in any field whatever, and see how the point verifies itself. These men swept forward, ahead of all competitors, like the tidal wave that along certain coasts rushes in from the sea. They were carried over every obstacle by this great, buoyant wave of belief, of passionate enthusiasm. They counted no sacrifice too great because of the devotion that they had to the thing aimed at.

The Wooing of the Tutor

How a Rich, Young Nobleman, Reported to Have Gone on a Yachting Expedition, Engaged as Instructor to Two Boys and in This Guise Captured the Affections of a Refined and Amiable Daughter, Whose Stern Parent Forbade Marriage to an Impecunious Upstart.

By Reginald Turner in the Saturday Journal.

FOR reasons best known to himself, but which you shall learn later, Herbert Ford took a situation as holiday tutor to the son of Mr. Brackley, a substantial merchant, whose business was in the city, and whose house was in Lancaster Gate.

The two boys were aged eight and nine, and they were the only offspring of Mr. Brackley's second marriage. Refinement went out of his home when prosperity came in, at the date of that second marriage.

Miss Mabel Brackley was now nearly twenty, and far superior to the other inmates of the house, with whom, however, she lived on the most amiable terms.

She felt, nevertheless, that she was not quite one of the family. Her stepmother had many relations, who were inclined to consider her as an outsider, of little account, and who devoted their attention to her little half-brothers. She would not have been sorry to have a home which was really her own, and her father realized that it would be a good thing for her. Therefore, while discouraging any attempts of poor young men to pay attention to the daughter of the substantial house, he was at the present moment encouraging the advances of a very rich young merchant who had looked on Mabel with a favorable eye.

It was to this household that Herbert Ford entered as tutor to the two boys. Frankly, he had admitted that up to the present his experience in teaching had not been great. He intended for himself a literary career, he stated, and tutored only as a temporary expedient, but his public school and university education fully qualified him to undertake his task.

Mr. Brackley had been much pleased with the young man at his first interview

with him, and his impression corresponded with that of Mrs. Brackley when she saw him.

Mabel Brackley had an impression of having seen him somewhere before, but not remembering where, and feeling she might have been mistaken, she said nothing about it. He, at any rate, did not seem to remember her, for his greeting, though extremely courteous, was that of a complete stranger.

"We shan't want you to be always teaching the boys," explained Mrs. Brackley, and Ford bowed, relieved that his work would not be continuous. "We should like you to take them out for walks, you know, and show them London—the museums and picture galleries. It improves the mind so much, does it not? And on Sundays you can take them to the Zoo. My husband is a member through having had a sick monkey he once sent to be nursed there. I want the boys to take a great interest in natural history."

Ford was not very pleased at hearing that he was expected to look after the boys in his hours of recreation, but he merely bowed, and said that certainly the Zoo and museums and picture galleries were very improving.

"You have evening clothes, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Brackley.

Ford admitted that he had.

"Then you will dine with us as a rule. Sometimes when we go to the theatre, or have a dinner-party at which we don't want an extra man, no doubt you won't mind having high tea with the boys."

"Certainly not," said Ford.

In the evening the Brackleys saw that not only had Ford dress clothes, but that

they were exceedingly well cut—so well cut, and so well did he look in them, that Brackley remarked on the fact to his wife when they were alone.

"You see, dear," said Mrs. Brackley with a side glance at her husband's figure, "a young man looks well in anything. Mr. Ford is a well set-up, smart-looking young man, and I've no doubt that if you were to give him some of your cast-off clothes he would look quite well in them."

At that first dinner no one had been present but the members of the family minus the boys, and the rich young man, Mr. Alfred Speedwell, who was expected to marry Mabel Brackley. The young man took rather a dislike to Ford until his host, somewhat ostentatiously, referred to his position in the house as tutor.

When the conversation got on to stocks and shares (in which neither the women nor Ford took any part), Brackley apologized humorously to Ford for the topic, admitting that he realized it must be all Greek to him.

"Greek to the tutor—ha, ha!" he added, pleased with his little jest. Then, thinking that perhaps he was not very gracious, he went on: "But you are lucky, young man, in not having to trouble about investments. Times are bad, and the stock markets are almost as difficult to understand as a woman—and as fluctuating, eh, my dear?" And he looked at his daughter.

Mabel shivered slightly, and gave Ford a glance which seemed half an apology for her father's wit. Speedwell, however, found the joke excellent, and laughed long and loudly.

The next morning Ford commenced his work with the boys. Fortunately there was no one to witness his efforts as tutor, for they were hardly calculated to inspire confidence in him. People would have said that whatever his prospect might be as a writer—and everyone (it is said) can and does write nowadays—he certainly had but little gift for teaching.

The boys soon discovered this, and plied him with questions which bored him to answer even when he was able to give an answer at all. When he was quite stumped he got over the difficulty by telling them, rather sharply, to get on with their work.

The truth was that Ford had forgotten most of his school learning. English history was vague in his mind. When Jack,

the eldest, asked him the date of Queen Elizabeth's decease, Ford simply realized that he didn't know it to within thirty years, and with the stern eye of the boy on him he daren't consult a book. So he contented himself by saying that his business was to ask questions, and riposted by requesting to know the date of the wreck of the Spanish Armada. That point having been settled with great alacrity, he proceeded to give the boys quite a useful account of the progress in ship-making from that day to this.

So little did his learnings impress the boys that they were inclined to conclude that he wasn't much of a fellow, and by way of stating their opinion they made him an apple-pie bed. Their joke, however, told rather heavily against them, and when Ford discovered it at a somewhat advanced hour of the night, he dashed off to the boys' room, woke them from pleasant slumbers, hauled them from their beds, and insisted on their re-making his for him.

The sleepy little creatures did the best they could, and Ford professed himself content, though when they had gone he had to give the finishing touches to their work before he was comfortable. But he judged rightly that there would be no more apple-pie beds for him, and when he laughed at them the next morning instead of pulling a long face, they gave up their intention of complaining to their father, and voted the tutor a good sort.

From that time they became friends.

When the first Sunday came, and Mrs. Brackley suggested that he should take the boys to the Zoo, Ford proposed that Miss Brackley should accompany them. Somewhat to the stepmother's surprise, Mabel at once fell in with the idea, though she was not, as a rule, very keen to accompany her little brothers. Brackley was quite pleased when he heard that his daughter was one of the natural history party, but began to be a little uneasy when Alfred Speedwell wondered why Miss Brackley had gone to the Zoo with "that fellow."

Indeed, Speedwell and Ford did not get on. Ford paid no deference to the very rich young man, and Speedwell was quite unable to score off him. He thought the tutor a stuck-up prig, and said that if his were Oxford manners he was glad he had never gone there, but had gone into the city instead.

But Mabel came back from the Zoo very pleased and happy, and in no way put out by Speedwell's bad temper. Her mood was only less boisterous than that of the boys and Ford's, who, for a tutor, was perhaps in unseemly spirits. But the air of happiness had its effect on the parents, who (not seeing any real danger in a penniless tutor) were infected by the general content, and inclined to treat Speedwell's ill-temper in a jocular manner.

They were soon, however, to change their mind about the tutor. There came the day to which they had been looking forward. Speedwell proposed for Mabel's hand, and spoke first of all to her parents. Having obtained their hearty permission, he went to Mabel herself—and was refused. Such a thing they had never thought of. Mabel had seemed to like him; she knew that they desired him for a son-in-law, and they knew she was quite aware what a figure she would be able to cut with his immense wealth. She could not hope for a greater fortune, and if she had not encouraged Speedwell, she had certainly never discouraged him, while they had given him every reason to hope.

To let slip such a chance of a magnificent home of her own seemed to them madness which bordered on wickedness. And then they thought (though the idea was so monstrous that they could not be sure) that they saw the cause. Mabel must be "taken with" the tutor. If so, they determined speedily to choke off the adventurer, and bring the girl to her senses.

With much bluster at luncheon next day, Mr. Brackley, ignoring the tutor, whom he would have disdained to warn directly, announced that whoever his daughter married he would never give her a halfpenny. He added, also, that if she married someone he didn't approve of he would never speak to her again.

Mabel blushed painfully, and Ford looked at her with furtive interest.

"I think we've settled the young man's hash," said Brackley to his wife, "if indeed he did have designs on Mabel."

Whether it was so or no, Mabel still continued to go to the Zoo with the boys and their tutor, and even accompanied them in their afternoon walks. Brackley would have liked to have forbidden the walks, but he found that by taking too much notice he might give the matter more importance

than it really had, and putting ideas into the girl's head which were not there. And, after his remarks, he felt that the tutor would not want to marry his daughter for his own sake, even if he were willing enough for her to be a pauper.

But he was more seriously disturbed when his wife reported to him that Mabel had invested in a typewriter, and was practising it hard. Ford had also learnt this, and seemed delighted at the news. A few days later he asked for an interview with the father.

"I come to ask you for your daughter's hand," he said simply.

"What, sir—what do you mean?"

"I want your daughter's hand—of course, I mean the rest of her with it. I want her. I want to marry her. Indeed, she has consented to marry me. But, as in duty bound, I ask you for your permission."

"You are an outrageous scoundrel, sir," was all Mr. Brackley could get out. He was pink with rage. The tutor's manner was not calculated to make him less angry.

"Come, sir, come," said Ford testily, "have I your permission to marry your daughter?"

Brackley looked at him in impotent rage. He wiped his forehead with a large red handkerchief. At last he collected himself sufficiently to speak.

"You steal into this house—the best house in Lancaster Gate—under the pretense of tutoring my boys, and deliberately set yourself to take my daughter away."

"Precisely. You have stated the case as shortly as I could, though you have guessed rather quickly. I stole into this house with that deliberate intention. The tutoring was only a blind."

Mr. Brackley gasped again. The man acknowledged it, seemed to acknowledge more than even he had charged him with.

"I've a good mind to send for the police," he cried.

"Unfortunately, what I have done is not a criminal offence—not one recognized by the law, at least."

"So you came here for that purpose! What do you mean by that?"

"I came for your daughter, yes; most decidedly I came for her. And," he added exultantly, "I have got her."

"You would take her away from a luxurious home; you have already caused her

to give up a most excellent chance. And for what? That she may be a typewriting drudge, and typewrite your wretched and, I have no doubt, wicked stories."

"Well, if she likes she may."

"You think that I shall give her money. You are mistaken. She will never have a penny from me."

"That doesn't matter."

"You say so. But you know I am her father. You trust that I shall repent."

"I hope so—for your sake."

"Now, sir, I tell you that the girl is penniless, and that she will never—never you understand—have a penny of my money. If you have a spark of honor left, a spark of true regard for her happiness, you will give her up."

"I have her promise, and I shall keep her to it," said Ford.

"You talk bravely. I suppose you will tell me that you never cared about her money, that you love her for herself."

"It is sufficient for me that she loves me for myself," said Ford calmly. "At any rate, she doesn't love me for my money."

"No, indeed," sneered Brackley. "A man like you would never have got into a house like this save by a subterfuge. You and I don't meet in the ordinary way."

"That is true," admitted Ford, "and that is why I determined to become tutor here."

"And why, sir, did you single my daughter out for your designs?"

"Well, you see, I had seen her in the distance, and fallen in love with her. I wanted to know her better. She is all I thought her, and if I am not all she thinks me, at any rate I shall make her a good husband."

"Look here, sir," said Brackley, at the last gasp of exasperation, "if my girl marries you I swear I will never give her a penny, and I swear I will never speak to you again."

Ford looked at him steadily.

"I hear what you say," he said, "and I shall keep you to your word if you are inclined to break it?"

"What do you mean?" bawled Brackley.

"I don't like you, Mr. Brackley. I don't like your house, and I don't like your friends. I think your daughter will be well away from you, and in time I have hopes that I shall be able to make her forget you."

"Well! Am I mad, am I dreaming? Is this a joke?"

"If it is, I don't see the point of it. I don't like you, Mr. Brackley, and I don't want to see you. I don't mind your sons. They can come and see me and their sister."

"You think I would allow my sons to see their sister's degradation, her shame! Perhaps you think it is amusing to live in a workhouse."

"I don't know, but there may be worse places. If you hadn't been able to tide over some crises in the city, for instance, you might have been living in gaol!"

It was a hard hit and a true one.

"Whatever I've done I did for my children. At any rate, I haven't stolen into a house and persuaded a girl to go out of it and starve with me. If you think you can blackmail me, you are mistaken. If you take the girl, she starves—mind that—she starves!"

"But why should she starve?"

"Then what—what do you propose my daughter is to live on? Though, mind you, if she marries you she is no longer daughter of mine."

"I do mind you. Well, she can live on me. I am a very rich man, Mr. Brackley."

"Rich—you?" said Brackley, thinking that the tutor was bluffing.

"Very, very rich. One of the richest men in England. You see, I came here as a tutor—like King Arthur, don't you know—just to see how the poor live."

"How the poor live! You needn't insult me, sir! To steal my daughter and rob her of her inheritance is enough."

"You are right, Brackley, you are right," said Ford, dropping into familiarity very unbecoming in a tutor, "and I wasn't speaking the truth. I came here to see your daughter. Yours are not, as you mentioned yourself, the sort of people whom I am likely to meet. You must forgive my being vulgar enough to say so. But I had fallen in love at sight of her, and I thought if I made her acquaintance in the ordinary way, that if she didn't fall in love with me, you would, and try to persuade her. I so wanted to be loved for myself, and I was as little sure of that in my own world as in yours. I'm a nobleman."

"A nobleman!"

"Haven't you heard of Lord Ascott? I see you have. Well, he is the richest nobleman in Rutland, if not the oldest in descent, and he was reported to have gone on a

yachting expedition. Well, it wasn't true. His yacht went, but he didn't. He went on an expedition to Lancaster Gate."

"Lord Ascott! You!"

"Yes, and I am so glad that in marrying Mabel I shall not be marrying her family. I was a little afraid I should have to, and I was quite prepared to make the sacrifice. But you have made the way easy."

Brackley sank into a chair. The revelation had been too much for him. It was some minutes before he could speak.

"Then I have the honor to tell you, Lord Ascott," he said, gathering strength as he went on, "I have the honor to tell you that you have behaved like a cad. You steal into a man's house and get his daughter's affections under the pretence that you are a penniless tutor. You take advantage of a father's natural and proper anger at such ruin for his daughter to break with him, and to cut him off from that daughter's love. You may be a nobleman, by name if not by nature, and you may be a rich man, but I don't take back a word which I said to Ford the tutor—except, perhaps, what I said about our not being likely to meet."

"By Jove! you've got more spirit in you than I bargained for," said Lord Ascott. "I am beginning to be sorry for the first time that you swore you would never speak to your daughter again if she married me."

But at that moment Mabel burst into the room.

"I can't bear the suspense any longer,"

she cried. "Has he told you, father? I see he has. You must forgive him and me."

She went and stood by the young man, taking his hand.

"Your father has sworn that if you marry me he will never speak to you again."

"Father!" She left her lover's hand, and went to her father. "You can't mean that. I love Mr. Ford. I don't mind trying to work for my living. But I do want to be happy. And I couldn't be happy if you cast me off like that, and cast him off too."

"So you would leave your father for this man?" said Mr. Brackley.

"I would leave you for him because he is to be my husband. But I love you, father, and if you do this dreadful thing you will know that you are spoiling my life—and spoiling it just when I ought to be happy."

The two men looked at each other.

"We mustn't spoil her happiness, even to please ourselves," said the younger man. "I expect you will have to break your oath, Brackley; and I shall have to grin when you do it. Shall we fall on our knees and ask your blessing?"

But at that Mr. Brackley turned and left the room hurriedly.

"He will forgive us I'm sure he will," said Mabel.

"I think so, darling; and we shall yet learn to like each other—he and I."

There are two kinds of rockets. One goes off with a great sputter and is gone; the other produces the steady, glowing light.

Reasons convince.

The man who is afraid of himself certainly cannot hope to win confidence with other men.

Shoulder your share.—Workers' Magazine.

“Just Among Those Present”

How a Public Spirited Citizen, who Had Indulged in Much After-Dinner Oratory, Asked to be Excused From Speech Making, and Then was Bitterly Disappointed Because the Banquet Committee Took him at His Word.

By Elliott Flower in Putnam's Magazine.

I WISH people would be more considerate; I wish they could be made to understand how very trying it is to be always one of the stars at public functions; I wish they would let me sit back in irresponsible freedom and enjoy the proceedings just once. A seat on the platform or at the speakers' table used to flatter me, I suppose, but that is so far in the past that I have forgotten the sensation.

I tried to make Dummer understand this to-day, but he is very obtuse.

“I thought you liked it,” he said.

“Like it!” I expostulated disgustedly. “It is the nightmare of my existence!”

Dummer had just asked me to respond to a toast at a banquet to be given for Lord Doodles and a party of English investors in American securities. He seemed much surprised.

“Then why do you do it?” he asked.

“It's my infernal good nature, coupled with a sense of duty,” I told him frankly. “I feel that I owe something to the city in which I have achieved success, and I find it difficult to refuse when I am appealed to in its name. Then, too, you people who get up the banquets and public meetings rely on my friendship, and I dislike to disappoint you; but it is really an imposition. I am essentially a modest man, and it is most annoying to be persistently forced to the front.”

Dummer intimated, erroneously and ungratefully, that I had been decidedly active in these matters myself in earlier days, and that my efforts to secure a place at the speakers' table or on the platform had created much amusement on some occasions. Dummer is a tactless and stupid fellow. I explained to him that, urged by

others, I doubtless had given my assistance in organizing these affairs, but that self-exploitation was foreign to my nature.

“Anyhow,” I added, “I have served my term as a prominent citizen, and I have a right to retirement now.”

“Oh, very well,” said Dummer; “we won't put you on the list of speakers, but we can count on your being present, of course.”

“My dear sir,” I replied, “you might as well put me on the list at once. A man of my prominence in all matters affecting the welfare of the city cannot escape notice in such an assemblage, and the chairman would certainly have me on my feet at some stage of the proceedings.”

“That's all right,” returned Dummer. “I'll tell the chairman to let you alone.” It occurred to me that Dummer was not particularly interested in the success of the banquet.

“Even then,” I argued, “some other speaker would surely address remarks to me that would compel a reply. I have been in the vanguard of the city's commercial interests so long that I cannot hope to escape attention. There are so few men who can speak entertainingly on such an occasion that there would be sure to be a call for me. No; if you insist upon my presence, I must be prepared to make a few remarks; it's the penalty of the prominence that has been thrust upon me.”

“Well,” said Dummer, “if you feel that way about it, we'll let you off. I'll tell the committee you can't be present. We certainly don't want to impose on any one.” They must have been crazy to put Dummer on the committee; a man with so little

persistence cannot be expected to make a success of anything.

"I don't want to be disobliging," I explained.

"Perhaps you're right," he said: "you've done your share."

"Rather than have the affair a failure." I told him, "I'll put aside my personal inclinations."

"Oh, it won't be a failure," he insisted. "I guess we can pull through without you this time." Dummer has a most unpleasant way of putting things, but I could not see that that relieved me of responsibility; I should not like to feel that I had sacrificed any business interests to my personal convenience and pleasure.

"Of course," I said, "if the committee deems it necessary, I shall place myself in the vanguard again."

"No need of it," said Dummer.

"I don't wish to appear selfish," I persisted, determined that he should understand me, "and, while I think I am entitled to a respite in these matters, I shall forego the rest and modest retirement that is so grateful to me, if——"

"Say no more about it," he interrupted. "I understand the situation, and I'll make it right with the committee."

Dummer annoys me exceedingly sometimes; he seems to lack steadfastness of purpose and perseverance.

I thought it all over after he had left, and I was much relieved to find that I had really succeeded in evading one of these unwarranted demands upon my time. Every man owes something to his city or town, and, if his natural ability has forced him to the front, he must expect to make many sacrifices for the common good; but he is entitled to consult his own inclinations occasionally. I had done no more than that, and surely I was justified in asking the favor of withdrawing into the background. At the same time, I could not help feeling sorry for the committee in charge of the arrangements. Of course they deserved disappointment for intrusting an important mission to such an ass as Dummer, but some of them are my friends, and one owes something to friendship. Anything short of complete success would be a most unfortunate thing for the city too.

Perhaps, I reflected, I ought to sacrifice myself for the general welfare again. I

recalled some of my previous successes, when I had lifted the gloom at a critical moment by my masterly presentation of some phase of our material prosperity, and it seemed to me that I really ought to be among the reserves, ready to come to the relief of those on the firing-line in case of necessity. Possibly I would not be called upon; possibly I should have the long-sought pleasure of being merely "among those present." This was unlikely—I founded no serious hope on it—but it was a possibility. I would not deceive myself by expecting to be thus ignored, but there was a chance, and I decided that I ought to take the risk.

So, regretfully but dutifully, I sent the chairman of the committee my check for two seats, and prepared a little impromptu speech, that I might not be caught unprepared.

The banquet for Lord Doodles and the visiting Englishmen was the most dismal affair I ever attended: I felt it my duty to apologize to Mr. Towne for inflicting it upon him.

Mr. Towne happened to be in the city that day, and I offered him my extra seat. He is looking over the ground here, with a view to taking over a street railway franchise, and he naturally thought my influence would be of value to him. His purpose as the representative of a big syndicate is not suspected as yet, so he was anxious to keep in the background.

"In that case," I suggested, "you will not care to sit at the speakers' table."

"No, indeed," he replied. "I shall be glad to meet some of your leading men, but I wish to keep out of the limelight just now."

This troubled me a little. If he really wished to be inconspicuous, it was unfortunate that he should be my guest.

"I shall try to remain with you," I said, "but if they insist upon having me at the head table, you will pardon my desertion."

"Oh, certainly," he answered. "I shall be more than satisfied to have an obscure place where I can see and hear. As a study of the relative importance of men, there is nothing like an affair of this kind."

"I have tried to beg off," I explained; "the notoriety of leadership is most distasteful to me; but a leading citizen is not always permitted to consult his own wishes."

Mr. Towne was very nice about it, but there was no occasion to desert him. I thought it probable that the committee saw that I had a guest and hesitated to separate us. At any rate, nothing was said about transferring me to the head table. This was a great relief to me, but I could not help thinking that, for the success of the affair, it was most miserably managed.

"They have more consideration than I expected," I told Mr. Towne; "I hardly dared hope that they would permit me this desired seclusion. I shall not mind saying a few words from our table."

"Perhaps they won't need you," he suggested.

"I hope they won't," I returned fervently.

Nevertheless, I deemed it my duty to whisper to the chairman that he could rely upon me if he struck a snag. He thanked me, but said he thought it would be unnecessary. I am beginning to think the chairman is almost as big an ass as Dummer.

I was surprised to find that we were assigned to seats in a really obscure corner of the room, where few except those in our immediate vicinity would know of our existence. This was personally gratifying, but I must confess that I was rather shocked by such a display of short-sightedness on the part of the committee; it would have been so much wiser to keep in touch with me. However, they knew that I was ready to step into the breach.

The speaking was dismally poor—flip-pant and lacking in the serious purpose for which my remarks are noted. I soon saw the chairman, unless extraordinarily obtuse, would see the necessity of calling upon me to save the day, and I hastily went over my notes. I was the more ready to respond because I wished to make a

good impression upon Towne. He was the embodiment of courtesy, laughing heartily at the silly jokes and sallies, but I knew it must be a great strain upon him thus to keep up appearances.

"Please don't judge us by these ridiculous efforts," I whispered to him. "We are capable of better things."

He pretended to think that the speeches were really clever. "I guess they won't get to you," he remarked; "the men on the programme are holding the crowd all right." I don't know that I think so very much of Towne. A man of better judgment should be chosen to represent great financial interests.

I caught the chairman's eye finally and nodded to him, to indicate that I was ready to take up the burden. He smiled, but he evidently lacked the courage to interrupt the regular order. Some men never rise to emergencies. Even at the conclusion of the set programme he overlooked me when I half rose as a sign that I was prepared to sacrifice my natural inclinations on the altar of duty. A few misguided men called to me to sit down, and Towne took the extraordinary liberty of pulling my coat-tails.

It was a most disappointing affair. I thought Towne treated me rather slightly toward the last, but I could not very well explain that my apparent unimportance was due to that erratic fool Dummer. Towne is certainly not a man of much intelligence.

I got all the morning papers, to see whether any of them made editorial reference to the blunders of management in connection with me, but I found that I was merely "among those present." This is personally gratifying, but—well, they need never send Dummer to me again. It makes me impatient to think of such an unprogressive fool being on an important committee.



The Value of Advertising Cities

How the Magazine is the Best Medium for an Urban Community Desiring New Industries and New Capital and, Above all, New Citizens who are Themselves an Embodiment of Both Capital and Industry.

By Herbert S. Clouston in the Westward Ho! Magazine.

BEFORE I was a magazine man, I was a newspaper man, and no one can excel me in admiration for the newspaper or my belief in its power as an advertising medium. In many ways it far surpasses the magazine and always will surpass it. Whenever advertising is for the local trade and whenever the news or time element is an important factor in general advertising the newspaper is supreme. In what other possible way can a magazine publisher, for example, advertise as effectively a current feature, such as a story by Kipling or a hunting sketch by the President, as in the newspaper? Manifestly that is the best way, because a quick market must be made for this month's magazine before next month's issue crowds it out. The newspaper is the one medium to be considered, also for the retail trade of a retail store.

The point I want to establish in your minds is that the magazine more nearly approximates the letter in directness than any other form of advertising. This is due chiefly, I believe, to the confidence which the magazine reader has come to have in the magazine. And this confidence has been built up as a result of the strong feeling of obligation which publishers and editors have felt to the home, for which their periodicals are made. They have undertaken not only to entertain their readers, but to build them up in sound, ethical views. Of course, we make no pretensions to any monopoly of either virtue or good intentions, and I sincerely hope we are not like the priest and Levite who go by and look at our newspaper brother on the other side. But I do believe that because we have such a clear perception of our re-

sponsibility, indeed of our trusteeship to the home, that we have taken great pains to have our advertising pages come up to the same wholesome standards as our editorial pages. They have excluded from their pages whiskey advertising, patent medicine advertising, mining stocks, oil stocks, and other speculative announcements; indeed, they have undertaken to see that no unclean or doubtful thing should be borne in their pages over the threshold of a single home. We have reached no millennium, and like Andrea del Sarto "our reach still exceeds our grasp"; but we hope that our reach is in the right direction, and we sincerely believe that much which we have desired is already within our grasp. In a word, the magazines have already set up the standard which many wish to see established through a national advertising law.

While the magazine is personal in the sense that it goes to its readers almost as a letter from a friend, it is, in another sense, impersonal. By that I mean that the national magazine, like some great colossus, has as its base the whole continent. This breadth of support relieves it from the questions of local interest which press upon the newspaper.

The newspaper has the defects of its qualities. Planted deep in the city, from which it draws its chief support, it is committed absolutely (both by loyalty and by necessity) to an unflinching advocacy of that city. Beyond question, the daily papers are the greatest advertisements which have ever been issued, or can be issued, for the city in which they are published. They stand for that city as against the world, arguing for its betterment, pleading its

cause, and in every way furthering its interests. Their service in these broad lines is simply beyond calculation. No city, however great the advertising patronage it may give its daily press or the circulation support that it may extend, can ever adequately repay the newspaper for the service which it renders. But what is the defect of this high quality of unlimited devotion and loyalty to its own city; isn't it that the newspaper becomes so overwhelmingly a special pleader for its own city that the advertisement of any other city in its columns is in danger of becoming simply a bubble lost on the ocean?

As far as advertising a city in its own papers is concerned, their circulation, of course, is chiefly among those who live in the city itself and know all about it. But do I undertake to prove too much? Is there no place for the newspaper in city advertising, if economy and efficiency are to be considered? Most assuredly there is. If a city wishes to do intensive advertising in a particular section, as for example, Atlantic City in New York and Philadelphia, the daily is the best medium. I can understand how a southern city could effectively concentrate its appeal in dailies of the northwest, laying great stress on winter climate.

Not only is the newspaper a great advertising medium itself, but it is a source and centre of the publicity spirit everywhere. Look to-day at the cities of the country where the advertising idea is being quickened into life and you will find newspaper men the enlivening promoters of that idea. In Minneapolis and St. Paul I found the leading newspaper men fully identified with the strong publicity movement which is stirring those cities. Mr. Murphy and Ralph Wheelock, of the Tribune, and Lucian Swift, of the Journal, were hearty supporters of the idea in Minneapolis, just as Webster Wheelock, of the Pioneer Press, and Walter Driscoll, of the Dispatch, were in St. Paul. And it is so all over the country. John Stewart Bryan, of the Times-Dispatch, is one of the directing committee of the campaign in Richmond, as Victor Hanson, of the Advertiser, is of the campaign in Montgomery. Lafayette Young, with his son, is the centre of the movement in Des Moines.

As a magazine man, I wish to pay to

these newspaper men and to their countless colleagues of a like view the homage of my sincere respect. They are men of wide vision who see far horizons. To the narrow soul who gazes only to the boundaries of his own bailiwick, it would be heart-breaking to see money for advertising sent out of the city. But to the public-spirited newspaper man this is money put at usury, as wisely spent advertising money always is. He knows it will come back in the growth and upbuilding of the city and add to the prosperity of every citizen. Genuine public spirit always brings a double blessing, one to the city in whose service it finds expression, and another to the willing worker who is one of the dynamos in generating that spirit. To the newspaper, this public spirit, of which it is the very life, brings growth, with the city's growth, and it brings also increased business from general advertisers, who see in an advertising city a progressive community that will buy advertised articles. And I rejoice in the prosperity of the newspaper. In this ill-starred endeavor to set the magazine over against the newspaper I have no sympathy.

For a city seeking the country over for new industries and new capital, and, above all, for new citizens, who are themselves an embodiment of both capital and industry, there is no form of publicity, I undertake to say, that can even approximate to the magazine in value. It has a long reach and a strong grasp. The magazine is the message bearer that is as personal as a letter and as impersonal as a letter carrier. And it does its service at a charge which makes Uncle Sam and his postage cost look like Standard Oil extortion. Just ponder for a moment a comparison made in an admirable address delivered recently before the Manufacturers' Club in Kansas City by Mr. E. S. Horn. I give you his statement as that of a disinterested investigator, as he is a clear-headed agent who holds a brief for no one form of advertising. Here is what he found. He took a list of national periodicals for a campaign of full pages at a cost of \$4,000 per month, which was to include postage expense and clerk hire in sending out printed matter as follow up. "This list of mediums," he said, "would give a circulation of approximately 3,300,000 copies each month, or if, as is commonly considered, there are five

readers to each magazine, 16,500,000 readers. In other words, by this method you can place your full page announcement before fifty-five readers at a cost of only one cent. How can you obtain such results," he asked, "by any other method?" The answer which any student of comparative advertising costs and results is bound to give is that there is no other method that can show such results. But advertising must be continuous over a period of two

years, if not of five, if it is to have a fair chance to yield its greatest benefits. Conviction in the human mind on so important a personal question as a change of residence or of business location is usually of slow growth. It is naturally so, because the stake is so great. And here lies the chief danger to the success of city advertising, whatever the medium used. The city must not only start for a goal of wide publicity, but it must keep on and attain it.



The above illustrates the handsome new office building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, erected in Montreal. The Canadian Express Company now have the first three floors for their business and executive offices, whilst the Grand Trunk Pacific management will also make their headquarters here. The splendid structure has just reached completion.

How London Newspapers Change

Some Radical Alterations in Their Make-Up, Management and Methods—Members of Editorial and Reportorial Staff now Lead the Strenuous Life, Whereas a Dozen Years Ago it was One of Sweet Repose—Many Assignments Covered by News Bureaus.

By E. T. Tandy in New York Saturday Post.

ONE is constantly being told that the English newspapers are becoming more and more "Americanized." As a matter of fact, a remarkable change is taking place in the English journals. The English newspaper press is in an intermediate stage of development. It has been forced to abandon its ancient style, and does not quite know what new style to adopt.

This condition of uncertainty is due to two notable circumstances. During the past few years, consequent upon the great influx of population from the countryside into the towns, there has been a remarkable awakening among the English lower-middle and working classes, hitherto intellectually lethargic. A vast and entirely new field of newspaper readers has, therefore, arisen. It is the people—the readers—who have changed; and the change being now forced upon the newspapers is not really an Americanization, but a natural step in their evolution.

Ten or fifteen years ago the great organ of the English middle classes, the Daily Telegraph, a two-cent paper, owned by the Lawsons, a wealthy family, at the head of which is Lord Burnham, was proudly boastful of a circulation of a quarter of a million daily. But at that time if the Telegraph wished to display an important piece of news by means of a number of lines in the heading to it, every line, even though there were a dozen of them, would be in exactly the same sized type; and the paper was written in a flowery style of language all its own. When the Daily Mail, a one-cent paper owned by the Harnsworths, a family of brothers, the elder of whom is Lord Northcliffe, was founded, the word

was given that everything was to be written as one would tell a story over the breakfast table, and, in consequence, the paper was soon able to declare its circulation to be five times that of the Telegraph. Then the revolution set in in earnest. More recently, another Harnsworth paper, the Daily Mirror, a one-cent paper, devoted chiefly to snapshots of the events of the day, boomed to a daily circulation of close upon a million copies. That started every paper giving pictures, and set up in England a new occupation.

Some of the papers have struggled hard against the change. The Telegraph is trying to win by adding page after page to its size, and its reporters are strictly forbidden to write in "Telegraphese." Even the Times, though it continues its price at six cents a copy, has been compelled to resort to extraneous inducements, such as special supplements, and a free circulating library, with all the up-to-date literature on loan, and much on sale at greatly reduced prices.

HARD YEAR FOR THE PAPERS.

Within the past year three old-established London newspapers, the Sun, the Echo, and the St. James' Gazette, have ceased to be. Somewhat earlier, a couple of two-cent papers, with long and honorable records, the Daily News and the Daily Chronicle, were obliged to reduce their price to one cent. The Tribune, upon which over \$1,250,000 was spent during the two years of its existence, failed utterly, because it was a reversion to the old form. The Standard, the great Conservative two-cent daily, previously one of the strongest of properties, came into the market. The Times was recently all but sold to Cyril

Arthur Pearson, and any day official word may come that it has been really sold to the Harmsworths.

In the brightening of their style, and in the organization of their news departments, an approximation to American methods is certainly taking place, but the approach is still very slight. Naturally enough, in the turmoil which the changes have caused, the sweet repose of former times has gone. In the old days, the editor-in-chief turned in leisurely at nine in the evening, and never saw the office in the daytime. The sub-editors began at 7 p.m., had a long interval for supper, and amused themselves with games from about 11.30. The reporters covered one assignment a day, received notice of it at home each morning by post, and did not visit the office until the "turn" was done. As a rule in those days, nothing was "covered" which was not known of the night before. No attempt was made to discover "copy" by searching for suggestions, nor to make it by way of the "interview."

DECADENCE OF THE "LEADER."

Each paper then had a large staff of its own reporting the doings of Parliament, and the chiefs of those staffs were men whose friendship and assistance were sought as well by ministers as by newly-elected M.P.s, anxious to see their speeches reported at length. In those days, too, the "leader-writers" were men of high literary distinction. No part of the change that is coming over the English press is more remarkable than the decadence of the "leading article." Nor is any part of the Americanization more developed, though it is the least recognized, than the method of influencing public opinion, not by the editorial, but by the news columns, by giving news which will sow prejudice or prepossession, according to which is desired.

A dozen years ago, the office of city editor, as understood in America, was practically unknown on the London papers. The "chief reporter," or the editor's secretary, made up the diary of the known events of the following day, from invitations received, and submitted it at night to the editor, who assigned the "turns" to the staff. Then the office slept peacefully till the next evening—only the advertisement department was awake. Now every paper has a "news

editor." In London the Stock Exchange being in that part of the metropolis known as the City, the "financial editor" has always been called the "City editor." Each paper has a separate City office and staff near the Exchange, covering its money news.

AS IT IS DONE NOW.

The "news editor" starts work now as early as ten o'clock in the morning, and usually he has only a youth or a girl typewriter to assist him. He rarely gets away until 7 p.m., and sometimes not until eight or nine o'clock, and his pay varies from \$50 to \$100 a week, according to the paper. Yet in hardly any case has he more than eight or ten reporters on his staff; but each reporter now has to cover two and three "turns" during the day, to be in the office on time, and remain until a given hour. Much of the work done is somewhat novel. Very little of it touches the mere news of the day, except the events of great importance.

In London now every news event, great and small, is covered by one or other of the news bureaus, most of which work upon an annual subscription. The papers could get along without reporters at all—and sometimes, indeed, a day does happen when the entire staff of reporters does not produce a single line of "copy." Everything comes in on the "tickers"—police courts, law courts, coroners' courts, Parliament, sporting news, financial news, foreign news, general news; nothing is missed. Telegraph operators sitting beside their "sounders" working typewriters are unknown. Two or three offices have special wires, and government post office telegraphists go in to work them. But most of the instruments used print upon a tape, as does the ticker.

"PENNY-A-LINERS" GONE.

A few years ago as much as \$500 a day in the aggregate used to be spent by the London papers on "lineage" among "liners," men paid by the line, and scores of broken-down journalists, and drink-ruined members of other professions, too, were able to pick up a precarious living in that way in Fleet Street. But now even that work is done by a bureau. The consequence is that the "news editor" has to find "specials" for his staff to cover, and often,

when he is hard pushed, some of them are of a somewhat freaky character. Not long ago a newspaper gravely announced that "a clergyman in the East End" had prohibited the use of confetti at weddings. His benefice being a very poor one, he was dependent for subsistence, it was said, upon his fowls, which had managed to live on the rice, but could not get along on confetti. A reporter was sent out to find and interview the "clergyman in the East End." The East End is about a quarter the size of Greater New York! Another day the same serious journal declared that a "gentleman living off the Edgware Road" had a parrot that could sing the national anthem. Again a reporter of another paper was sent to discover and interview the parrot, and a photographer to snapshot Polly in the act. The Edgware Road is as long as Broadway, and there are hundreds of streets "off" it!

Nor is the London "news editor" behind his American confrere in enterprise. Not long since, a reporter was detailed to climb a Welsh mountain in mid-winter. The expenses were \$90 for a single column story of no importance. Still more recently a reporter with a hired motor-car was set to watch the government flying machine. The machine did not fly. The hire of the car for waiting amounted to \$150. In the last sensational murder mystery two "news editors" had special telephone wires laid for eighty miles. In a recent jewel robbery, \$500 was paid to an officer for news of an arrest.

In addition to the "news editor," who controls all the Provincial correspondents as well as the reporters, most of the papers now have a "foreign editor," who cables instructions to foreign correspondents, and whose pay ranges up from \$75 a week. Another comfortable and well-paid post is that of literary editor, whose task consists largely in distributing the books among old university chums for review. University men are not usually a success on the London press—except as assistant editors and literary editors. A year or two ago a B.A. of Oxford on one of the papers described a number of lions as being brought over from Africa in "hermetically sealed cages." He went back to Oxford and became a university coach.

Each paper has, of course, its special sports staff, the chief of whom is usually

the racing "tipster." Only one paper, the Daily News, does not touch horse racing, for the paper belongs to a Quaker millionaire. Each also has its special theatrical critic; and most of them have experts for motoring, for cycling, for fashions—even for "Fashions for Men," one of the most recent introductions—and for the games of chess and draughts. Society news is mostly done by women more or less in society; but each paper has also its expert who writes "Personal" paragraphs. Some offices also have a special "correspondence" editor, and the Daily News at least has a clergyman who is religious editor. Few now, except the Times, keep a staff at Parliament. The commoner course is to have merely a descriptive man there, and to supplement his account from one of the bureau reports.

Hardly any of the offices have a pneumatic service, but still use boys; and so permanent are the berths that in one case at any rate the "boy," who was a boy fifty years ago, is still "boy," though he is now a grandfather—and he has been "boy" all the while.

Even the editor-in-chief has now to work fairly hard compared with former days. He usually holds a consultation with the "news editor" over the telephone every morning about noon, comes in and goes through the schedule of ordered copy about five o'clock, and returns after dinner to instruct the "leader-writers." The assistant editors have now to read every line in proof before it is allowed to be locked up in the forms, and they also assist in the "make-up."

FATE OF TYPEWRITERS.

The use of schedules is an introduction from America, but little else has been directly adopted from this side. During one of his visits here, Lord Northcliffe saw all the reporters using typewriters. On his return home, he ordered in machines for every man on his staff; but within six weeks they were all out of use. Another editor sent over his chief engineer to pick up useful notions. After spending several weeks here the engineer returned and as the sole result of his visit installed a new "cease-work" signal!

Most of the offices have a collection of books, and that is all that is known as the library, except at one or two places. But,

apart from one or two vain trials, none keeps "clippings" as here. Instead, they keep the obituaries of well-known persons ready written. The Daily News has by it an obituary written by Harriet Martineau, historian and economist, forty-five years ago. The person is still living, Miss Martineau has been dead a generation.

Probably few papers make greater efforts to be correct than the Daily Mail. Yet no papers makes greater blunders. Its last big one, a question of short-weight soap, cost it over \$1,000,000. Five assistant editors read every proof every night, and one of them is a barrister, an expert on libel law. The Mail also has a critic on its own grammar and style. For a long while the late Admiral Sir William Laird Clowes, author of "The Naval Pocketbook," filled that post. Every day he marked in red ink the mistakes and "vulgarisms." The paper was then handed round and the writers had to initial in blue the corrections in their mat-

ter. The result is that no Daily Mail man is permitted to mount a tramcar; it must be a tramway car. And if he is aboard a vessel, he must say "in" a ship, and not "on" a ship!

In some ways London is ahead of New York. Much more is now being done there with the photography of events as distinct from persons than here. The bicycle news-boy is one of the features of London. Crowds gather to watch them. Some of them now use motor cycles. In the streets there seems more newspaper life than on this side. London has no stalls like those at street corners, and under the station stairs here; but there are more boys selling, and each has a "Contents Bill," a printed bulletin, and there is much more shouting all day than even in Park Row.

After all, it is rather out of London, in towns like Manchester or Birmingham, that one sees the best organization of an English newspaper.

GET A BROAD VIEW.

By Waldo Pondray Warren.

A knowledge of the whole enables one to handle a part more intelligently. In a great mail order establishment every new employee is allowed from one to three weeks to get acquainted with the entire system of handling orders from the time the letter is received until the goods are packed and loaded into freight cars. No matter what line of work a new employee is to be engaged in, it is considered important for him to know the whole process of the business.

Many workers are content to know merely their own part of the work, and never give thought to what is going on in the other departments of the same business. This necessarily limits their range of view, and makes them in some degree less valuable. It is this very attitude that often keeps men doing one thing all their lives.

The right spirit is that shown by the man who wants to know all he can about all parts of the business as well as all about his own work. To have some conception of the business as a whole enables a man to work in harmony with the purposes of his employer, and to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of his instructions. This must eventually tell in the quality of the man's work, and so affect his standing and progress

The King's Grip

How the Boss, who Held a Great City in his Clutches, After Deciding to Release His Hold and Quit the Old Life Forever, was Abruptly Turned Aside in His Course by Intervention, Which, Though Well Intentioned, was Decidedly Inopportune.

By Edward Boltwood in *Munsey's Magazine*.

THE three men who owned the city had met by appointment in the king's library. Although they were calculating royal revenues, there was a strange lack of papers and books of account. Occasionally it was necessary for them to scribble figures, but as soon as each memorandum had served its purpose, Abraham Wolfe studiously burned it on a capacious ash-tray. Drifting through an open window, the night wind from one of the Great Lakes stirred the ashes.

The king's library was furnished, like the other rooms in the king's residence, with simple and somber luxury. There were no bright colors, and the woodwork was gloomy and massive. The depths of a gigantic leather chair swallowed Abraham Wolfe, who looked like an attenuated college professor, with his seedy black coat and bulging forehead. Across the table glistened the red countenance of Mr. Terry Dermody, close to whose bejeweled fingers were, as usual, a decanter and a glass.

The king sat at the end of the table. His name was John Cameron, and in the grip of his strong hand he held the city's mayor, the city's judges, the city's police, and the city's gambling-houses.

"Then there's the little Motson Street joint," Dermody said. "That's worth seventy-five thousand."

"Nearer ninety," piped Wolfe, tugging at his sparse gray beard.

"Call it ninety," conceded Dermody. "Call it ninety thousand dollars a year. That totals, divided by three——"

"By two," said the king quietly. He was a big man, but his voice was unobtrusive. The salient note in it now was the one of peaceful contentment which becomes a

monarch arranging his voluntary abdication. "It's all to be divided by two, same as I told you," he explained. "I'm out of the Motson Street joint, same as the others. Understand that! I'm going clean out."

Wolfe's hungry eyes snapped behind his thick spectacles, but Dermody scowled anxiously, and the whiskey loosened his tongue.

"I suppose it's no sense tackling you again, John," said the Irishman, "but everything will be on the punk with you away. Everything will smash up. The Reform Club and the ministers think they are raising the devil already. We can manage them, of course; but some cheap politician is almighty liable to use 'em so's to slide into the City Hall, like Henville done in ninety-nine when you were in Europe, and close us up, and do all the business himself. John, the ring is pitched for a finish scrap; you're a sure winner, and here you are quitting before the gong. Do you know what they'll say—them parsons and reformers? They'll say they chased King Cameron—that you're a sneaker, that you're afraid!"

"They can say what they please," placidly remarked Cameron. "Parsons make noise, but their lip won't carry to Italy."

"Italy!" growled Dermody. "According to Henville, of all the lonely, rotten holes——"

"I'm not going to Italy to be lonely, Terry," said the king.

His lips tightened inscrutably as he shoved back his chair. The two cabinet ministers went to the street, roused the sleepy chauffeur, and climbed into the automobile.

"Well, it beats me!" complained Dermody. "I never looked to see Cameron lose his grip. It certainly beats me!"

"Ever heard of a chance of his marrying Donald Rufane's widow?" asked Wolfe.

Dermody bent forward in surprise.

"Mrs. Rufane?" he said. "Not marry her—not old John? But she's got no license to kick at Cameron staying on the job, even so. She stood for Donald."

"Women are queer sometimes," observed Wolfe.

"A woman will queer us this time," said Dermody, with a sad attempt at pleasantry. "It'll be a licking for ours, without the old king," and he swore morosely.

II.

The next day Cameron entered the city's railroad station. In his dark and perfectly made clothes, the king's sturdy figure carried his fifty years to admiration. A bank president and a portly magistrate, coming from the suburbs to their morning duties, offered him wary salutations. A detective-sergeant dropped his eyelids reverentially as the king passed. Two green-goods men, in wait for victims, regarded him with surreptitious awe.

Cameron appreciated these tokens of kingship mechanically, with no more effort than a telegraph operator exercises in taking a message. He knew the secret financial entanglements of the banker and the secret political promises of the judge; he could break the sergeant by a nod, and force the two swindlers into honest poverty by a wave of his hand. In any of the city's crowds the king was aware of his imperial power, but aware of it only with a sort of subconsciousness; and upon his smoothly shaven face neither the knowledge of his sovereignty nor his cruel and base uses of it had written a visible record.

Through the window of the Pullman he smiled cheerfully at the cheerful landscape. Because he was going to-day to ask a woman to marry him, Cameron rejoiced in sympathy with the spring and the sunshine.

Drawing a faded letter from his pocket, he unfolded it tenderly. The letter was dated five years before, from a health resort in Colorado:

Dear John:

The doctors give me a month, but I reckon that is pressing the bet more than it's worth. Look out for Lilian and the boy. She ought to have married you instead of me. This is not a dying fool's fancy,

King. I would rest easier if I knew my two best pals—Lil and you—were going to get together for keeps. But it's the boy, after all, that counts for everything with my wife and me. I want him brought up to be straight. I want him brought up to be different from us, John. The boy bears my father's name. If only for that reason, my brother ought to forgive the child for his parentage and give him a show. But my brother has risen so high in the church now that I presume black sheep are less popular with him than ever.

Good-by, John, and good luck to you. Be a father to my kid, and for God's sake try to make him an honest man.

DONALD.

The king smiled again, sternly this time, and with resolution, and sauntered to the smoking-room. His tobacco was of a regal brand. He read his newspaper between the lines; his underground knowledge of men and affairs expanded insignificant paragraphs into sensational columns.

On the opposite seat a tall middle-aged stranger was enjoying the final whiffs of a cigar. His face, stature and attire oddly resembled Cameron's, but his masterful mouth and scholarly brow had been cast in a finer mold. Somehow his courteous presence seemed slightly to disquiet the king. John Cameron's intuitive mental habit was to classify people, to label and price them. The stranger vaguely puzzled him.

When he was alone in the compartment, Cameron picked up a purple cigarband, which the tall man had chanced to leave on the window sill. The king recognized it, with a tiny grunt of commendation. It told him that whoever wished to buy the stranger must pay well.

Berringle was a small rural station, two hours from the city. A double-seated surrey, from the local livery stable, was at the platform. Cameron greeted the driver familiarly, and had his foot on the step when he heard the tall stranger talking to the station agent.

"Yes, I can telephone for another rig," said the agent; "or maybe you—maybe there's room for you——"

The official concluded with a tentative glance at Cameron.

"Sure, there's room, sir," responded the king hospitably. "Plenty of room. I'm not going far."

"Thank you—you are very kind," said

the stranger. "I will leave the valise. I wish to be taken to Mrs.—to a place called Clover Lodge, I believe."

"Clover Lodge?" blurted the driver, with a bashful grin. "Why that's Mrs. Rufane's, just where——"

"I am bound the same way," said Cameron. "Get right in."

"You are very kind, sir," repeated the stranger.

The wonderfully trained muscles of Cameron's face were an impenetrable mask as the surrey rolled through the little village and up the slope beyond. After polite formalities, the king's companion let conversation lapse. His mind was elsewhere; he stared, with brooding eyes at the wheel near his elbow. Cameron and the driver fell into a jocular discussion of race horses.

"Anybody who knows about steeplechasers," contended the king, "will tell you the same. I leave it to you, sir," and he turned to the stranger, who laughed urbanely.

"Don't leave it to me," he protested. "I'm a steeplechaser of another stamp!"

"So?" muttered Cameron.

"A clergyman," said the stranger.

"This is Clover Lodge," said the king.

III.

It was a comfortable, green and white cottage, with wide lawns and profuse shrubbery, trimmed to the last refinement of neatness.

"Pray don't bother to get out," said the stranger; but the king had already descended, and a lady in a gray dress came from a recess of the broad piazza.

"Why, John!" she cried; and then, seeing the stranger, stopped short.

"Good morning, Lilian," said the king composedly.

"Excuse me," hesitated the other visitor. "Mrs. Rufane? I am afraid I—I did not know that this gentleman——"

Mrs. Rufane's air of mild bewilderment was charming. Her cheeks flushed prettily. She was no longer young, but her figure was graceful, and her brown hair, rippling low over her forehead, lent a singular girlishness to her delicate features.

"I have called on a—a somewhat confidential matter," the stranger faltered. "I can wait—another time, perhaps."

"Oh, no!" objected the lady pleasantly.

"You'll pardon us, John?"

"Certainly," said the king. "My name is John Cameron, Mr.——"

The pause was mandatory, and the stranger dropped a hand on the balustrade with a helpless gesture.

"I am Mark Rufane," he said.

"Bishop Rufane?"

"Yes."

The lady's lips trembled for an instant.

"If your errand concerns me, sir," she said, "I would rather Mr. Cameron heard it. He is my faithful friend, and was my husband's."

"Mr. Cameron's name is known to me, of course," said the bishop stiffly.

Mrs. Rufane led the way to a secluded nook of the piazza behind a screen of palms. Cameron bowed, giving the churchman precedence, and followed in silence. The king's silence had won many a fight. They sat in wicker chairs, gaily caparisoned with Mexican tapestry. Birds sang on the lawn below, and woodbine, swaying in the breeze, dimmed the glare of noonday.

"It is not easy to begin," acknowledged the bishop. "I have come to speak of the boy—of my brother Donald's son."

"Of my son," said the widow.

Her amendment of the possessive was not emphatic, but it seemed to narrow Cameron's eyes sharply. Any of his lieutenants would have recognized the manifestation of royal applause.

"Of your son," yielded the bishop readily. "I came to speak of the boy who will carry, through his life, my father's name."

"You have been many years without speaking of him, sir," the lady hinted.

At this the king frowned disapproval. It was evident to him that the bishop should be left to play his cards unaided.

"I am aware of that," rejoined Bishop Rufane. "My brother and I, Heaven forgive us, quarreled long ago. He died in the course of the life he had chosen. I judged him then, in my worldly bitterness. I do not judge him now. Were he alive, I would go to him with nothing in my heart but love. If Donald were here, and would clasp my hand, I would humbly thank God. I would thank God, too, if reparation could be allowed me, Mrs. Rufane."

He was so deeply in earnest that both he and the lady appeared to have forgotten Cameron. The king perceived this and creaked his chair faintly.

"I can think of no possible reparation.

sir," said Mrs. Rufane. "I am sincerely grateful for your kindness in telling me what you have told. I shall remember it always. But—reparation?"

"The boy," said the bishop.

Cameron's chair creaked again; now, however, because of no intention of the king's. He drew a long breath.

"I am childless," pursued the bishop softly. "I want to love my brother's child, so far as such a thing can be, as if he were my own. I want to do what I can to make him the man Donald could have been, the man I ought to be, the man our father was. I want to do what I can to make him upright, honored, of honorable use to his fellows, and bearing his name worthily."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Rufane.

"For this," said the bishop, "I offer all that I have, all that I can do, and a home for you and the boy with my good wife and myself. I promise that there shall be faith in the future, and no thought of the past."

"How I thank you, sir!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling. "I can't think—I can't answer—may I have a word with—with——"

Bishop Rufane arose.

"If you like," he assented gravely. "It is my duty to make one thing very plain, I fear. I promise no thought of the past, if you accept my offer, Mrs. Rufane. But there must be, too, no associations with the past," and he faced the king squarely. "For the boy's sake, we must have no associations with the past," he repeated.

The king rose also, and squarely also faced his foe.

"I am sorry I have to say this," concluded the bishop; "but I am not sorry to say it, if I must say it at all, in the presence of Mr. John Cameron, my poor brother's mentor and model. Shall I wait here, Mrs. Rufane?"

He went through a doorway to the drawing-room. Across the lawn rang out the clear, treble voice of a little boy at play.

IV.

The bright fittings of the drawing-room exhibited the best of womanly taste. Flowers were everywhere. The walls were lined with bookcases, some well-chosen water-colors, a classical bas-relief in plaster. The bishop tiptoed about, smiling with satisfaction. A Chopin prelude was outspread on the music-rack of the piano. Taking a

volume of Thackeray from the table, where it lay open, the bishop read the book for many minutes on the divan.

"Every one knows what harm the bad do, but who knows the mischief done by the good?"

The printed phrase annoyed the bishop, and he raised his eyes irritably from the page as the king entered the room.

"Well, sir?" demanded the bishop.

Cameron half sat on the edge of the table.

"Mrs. Rufane has gone to fetch the boy," he answered. "I'm to give you her decision. She's sort of accustomed to let me advise her."

"She needs advice from such a source no longer," contested the bishop coldly.

"It's done her no hurt," said Cameron. "It'll do her no hurt now."

"For the benefit you've done my brother's widow by your care of her, Mr. Cameron," said the bishop, "I sincerely award you gratitude and credit. For all the harm and pain I've caused her by my neglect, I sincerely ask forgiveness." He fluttered the leaves of the book reflectively. "But now—why, Mr. Cameron, between us is a gulf, of your own making. You have chosen to be a man whom right-minded people cannot and should not trust. You have chosen to be a power of public, and, I must believe, of private evil. That is the reason why your advice is unnecessary."

"Lilian is acting on it, anyhow," replied the king.

Disarmed by his composure, the bishop placed the volume resignedly on the table.

"And I'm going to give you some advice, too," went on Cameron. "No—sit down, sir. I'm going to smooth things for you and Lilian. You see, she married your brother in Colorado, where I'd taken him for his—his trouble. She didn't know then but what he was straight as you are, and she doesn't know now."

"Impossible, Mr. Cameron!"

"Why?"

"Because she knew you as my brother's intimate friend," argued the amazed bishop. "Because your name is notorious—the newspapers——"

"Well," interjected the king, "there isn't any talk here in Berringle. She likes to live by herself mostly, and doesn't see hardly anybody except the kid—and me. I told

her what newspaper stories she ran across were lies. She believed me."

The bishop leaned back, with a gasp of astonishment.

"You cheated her into believing you are honest—you—King Cameron!"

"I did, and made her believe Donald Rufane was honest," said Cameron, nodding impatiently. "But now there's a risk she may quit believing in Donald. She mustn't quit that. Listen! I've just told her the kind of man I am."

"Told her?"

"Had to," said the king; "so's to make her do right by herself and the boy. I had to tell her I'm crooked. You're the man for her to tie to—not me. She and the kid must be kept straight among straight folks. I could only try to do it—you can do it sure. I'm wise to that. I'd have to lie to her all my life, and cheat her, and that isn't the ticket with Lilian Rufane. I told her so, out there on the porch, and that's the end of it. But now that she's onto me, she may guess about Don. See the risk? If she does guess, it'll hurt. She mustn't. Understand?"

He bit off the words, pounding a brawny fist on his knee. And the bishop understood, and began to understand, too, although dimly, the man's sacrifice.

"I may have wronged you, sir," allowed the bishop.

"You can't wrong me much," retorted Cameron grimly. "Count me out of it. I want you to think the best you can of Don. Here's a letter he wrote me a week before he cashed in. Read what he wanted done with the boy, that's all. Don't let her see the note. Keep it—it's no more use to me. You left a valise at the station, didn't you? I'll send the rig back with it. You'd better stay on here for a day or two. She'll make you comfortable." He looked wistfully around the room. "Well, good-by."

"Won't you wait for—for Lilian?" murmured Bishop Rufane.

"We've had our good-by," said the king. "What you told her about cutting out the past was dead right. I couldn't help doing 'em harm, I expect. You can't help doing 'em the opposite. My life wouldn't hitch with what theirs ought to be. Once I grip, I don't often let loose, but this is one of the times. Good-by!"

He was gone. The surrey rattled on the driveway. While the bishop was reading

the letter, Mrs. Rufane came into the room, with her son clinging timidly to her hand. The bishop kissed the hand, and kissed the boy, but his thoughts were with the king.

V.

The house of the Reform Club was on the city's principal avenue, and three or four members sat by a window, gazing ruefully out at the thoroughfare.

"The surprising part," said one, "is the abruptness with which the old villain whipped around. Why, only a fortnight ago he was on the run!"

"How do you know that, Kenware?" queried another.

Kenware, a young lawyer, flourished his eyeglasses.

"We had a detective on Cameron's private trail," he said. "Cameron was closing up shop—getting rid of his real estate and stuff—had an ocean yacht chartered in New York. Yes, sir, the king was ready to quit! His heelers were scared green. Dermody and Abe Wolfe were in a panic. We thought we were going to unhorse the bunch; and, by jingo! we could have, with the king away! Now, all of a sudden, it's different. No more property-selling or yacht business. Cameron's in the saddle safer than ever, and it looks as if he'd stic' till doomsday."

"That's bad!"

"Bad?" declaimed Kenware. "I guess it's bad! See that alderman out there in the cab? See those cops? See that courthouse? He owns 'em. King Cameron owns 'em. And a couple of weeks since he was certainly letting go his hold."

"I wonder who persuaded Cameron to tighten it up again!" remarked Kenware's interlocutor.

A tall, elderly man, sitting apart from the group, laid down his newspaper.

"Oh, I don't know," said Kenware in disgust. "A rascally pal, probably. But I'll tell you one thing—whoever led the king to relock his grip on this town deserves forty years in State's prison. How do you do, Bishop Rufane? Glad to see you, sir. We've missed you for some time."

"Yes," sighed the bishop. "I have been spending a few days at Berringvale;" and he picked up his newspaper rather wearily.

The Call of the Country

The Commuter-Citizen is Practically a Resident of Two Communities, and He Who is Not an Active Person in the Town Where he Has set up His Lares and Penates is Remiss in his Duty to Himself and to Others.

By L. S. A. in *Suburban Life Magazine*.

FOR lack of a better name, let's think of it as "The Call of the Country." It's that subtle something in the spring air which lures us out-of-doors, makes the city seem distasteful and fills us with a supreme longing for the woods and fields.

The getting back to earth is no longer a mere fad, or the whim of an individual or two—it's the actual life of hundreds of thousands of men. And such a life! After the turmoil of the city and the nerve-racking grind of the day's business, there comes the restful quiet of the country home, with its fresh air and health-giving environment.

The exodus from the city to the country the past few years has been tremendous. The multiplication of trolley lines has opened for practical development large areas of farming country, so that it is very possible for any man to conduct his regular business in the city, and, in an hour or less, be on his farm or country place, as he may choose to call it, with an acreage dependent only on his inclination or pocketbook.

The man of more modest tastes has his choice of hundreds of most delightful suburban towns, with everything in the way of modern up-to-date surroundings at his disposal. Instead of the city apartment, for which he may be paying one hundred dollars a month or more, he finds that he can obtain a new eleven-room house, with all the conveniences to which he has been accustomed, and with land enough to indulge any dreams he may have had of raising his own chickens, or eating vegetables fresh from his own garden, at a total cost of considerably less than one hundred a month, including commutation to the city.

He tries it out some year, intending to stay only from May to November; but when November first comes you can not drag him back to the city. He is contented, his wife and children are enthusiastic, and he buys the place he had planned to occupy but six months. He has found that the nights and Sundays spent in the country, away from the rush and turmoil of the city, have so added to his physical vigor and mental alertness that he is able to do more and better work during the hours of business in the centre of the great city's activities. During the next few months this experience will doubtless be repeated many times—all in response to the call of the country, which is nature's call to those who desire the truly best in life.

The commuter-citizen is practically a resident of two communities—the one in which he wrestles with business problems, and the other where he builds his home. In the all-round man, the business and social sides should be well balanced, and this equipoise is more easily obtained when business and social ties are somewhat widely separated.

The men who are engaged in active business in the city are apt to be men of progressive ideas and with a faculty for getting desirable things accomplished in the shortest space of time. They are quick to recognize the necessity of public improvements, and find a genuine delight in adding to the beauty of the suburban communities where they elect to make their homes.

Not a few suburban towns of the older sort, the old-time residents of which were far behind in the march of progress, have been wonderfully transformed by the coming of the commuters.



Sandringham House, County of Norfolk, King Edward's Private Residence.

King Edward is Entirely Out of Debt

For the First Time Since his Marriage His Majesty is Relieved of all Financial Worries and his Civil List is Also Free From Mortgage—How a Most Satisfactory Condition of Affairs Was Brought About—Large Sums Obtained by Radical Reorganization of the Royal Household, the Sale of Surplus Furniture, Art Treasures and Wines.

By Wycollar Hall in *Cosmopolitan Magazine* (Abridged).

ROYALTY suggests wealth, and kings and emperors are usually supposed to be rolling in riches, since the very fact that they make their homes in magnificent palaces implies affluence, just as a workingman's cottage indicates straitened circumstances. Yet many of the monarchs of the Old World in modern times have known the pinch of poverty. The debts of nations are often supplemented by infinitely more pressing liabilities of a personal character, in connection with which princes and kings are compelled to submit to all sorts of humiliations.

Among the least bitter of these is the recourse to the pawnshop, and long is the list of the anointed of the Lord who have at one time or another been forced to seek the costly assistance of that avuncular relative who has adopted for his heraldic device the old Lombard banking-emblem of the three gilded balls. Thus, the last king

of Naples on several occasions pawned all his silver plate in London. King Milan, while still on the throne of Servia, repeatedly deposited the various jeweled insignia of his sovereignty at the Mont de Piété in Vienna, in order to obtain the money necessary for the settlement of his "debts of honor"—that is to say, his losses at cards in the Austrian capital, and on two occasions they were for political reasons, quietly redeemed by Emperor Francis Joseph. The Sultan of Morocco has within the last few months sent his crown jewels to London to serve as security for an urgently needed loan; and the late Queen Isabella of Spain was wont to pledge not only her diamonds, but also a couple of superb ancestral portraits by Velasquez (on which she was always able to raise a sum of twenty thousand dollars), whenever she had exceeded her liberal allowance from the Spanish treasury, and was short of

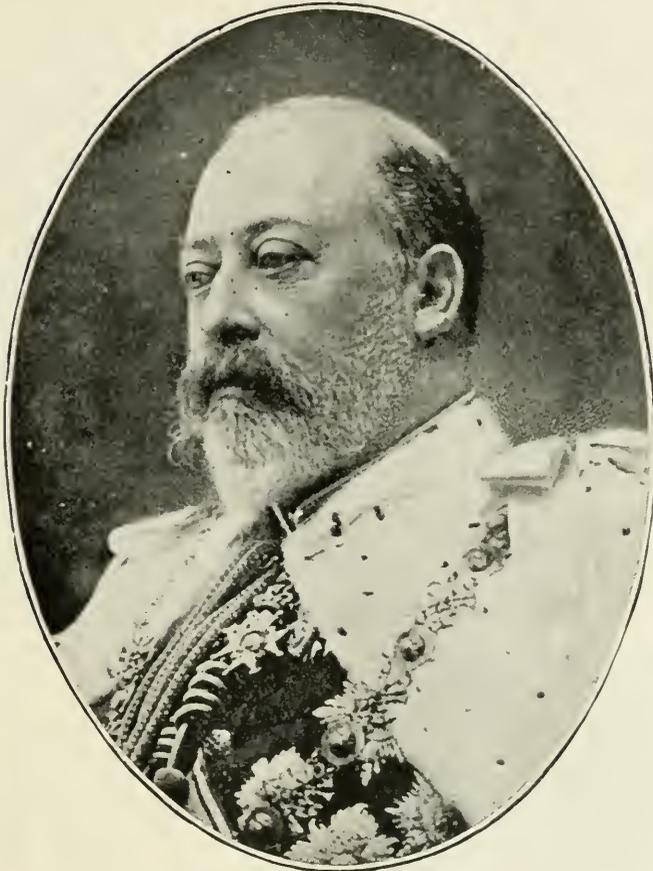
funds. In fact, one was always able to gauge the state of the extravagant old queen's finances by observing whether or not the paintings in question were hanging at their accustomed places on the walls of her Parisian home, the so-called Palace of Castile. She used to joke about the matter, and to remark that the monarchs which they portrayed were kings of great worth, since they had so often "come to the rescue of Castile."

Probably no sovereign has suffered more acutely from the lack of funds than King Edward VII., and it may therefore be of interest to know that, for the first time since his marriage, more than two score years ago, he is now entirely free from debt of every kind. It is this that accounts for the phenomenal and altogether unexpected improvement in his spirits and in his general health, as well as for the retirement of Lord Farquhar from the post of Master of the Royal Household. I have said that the king is now out of debt. I mean this only in a financial sense. For he owes a deep debt of gratitude to Lord Farquhar, Lord Esher, and Sir Ernest Cassel for his liberation from all monetary embarrassment. The story of his rescue by this trio of devoted friends and able business men is an interesting one, and worth relating.

Edward VII. began his married life in 1863, under many disadvantages. In the first place he had been brought up with such extreme strictness that when he first attained his freedom he was naturally disposed to extravagance of conduct, speech, and expenditure—in a word, he had to sow his wild oats; and when a prince of the blood, and particularly the heir to a great throne, engages in agricultural pursuits of this kind there are always plenty of men and women eager to propitiate the rising sun by abetting his follies. Then, too, the prince was, thanks to a piece of disgraceful jobbery on the part of those concerned, saddled with the estate of Sandringham, the purchase of which had absorbed most of the accumulations of the revenues of his duchy of Cornwall, which he would otherwise have had at his disposal on attaining his majority—an estate that was not only productive of no income whatsoever, but which has involved the expenditure of vast sums for maintenance, and in order to render it habitable and comfortable.

Moreover, the recent death of the prince consort, and the withdrawal of the widowed queen from public and social life, led to the Prince and Princess of Wales being saddled at the time of their marriage with all those representative duties of royalty which ordinarily fall to the share of the sovereign. Upon them fell the burden of entertaining members of foreign reigning houses who visited England, and of dispensing hospitality to the aristocracy, the dignitaries of state, and those people of light and leading who from motives of policy must be kept in touch with the dynasty. Finally, they were required, by reason of the queen's retirement, to surround themselves with a far larger court of lords and ladies and gentlemen in waiting than would have been necessary under other circumstances. In fact, the obligations of which they relieved the queen involved the expenditure of an income almost as large as the three million dollars which she received from the civil list for the purpose, whereas their revenues at the time were less than four hundred thousand dollars a year; that is to say, inferior to those of many of the great nobles, such as the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Westminster, Sutherland, Buccleuch and Northumberland, the Earls of Derby, Dudley, etc. The result of this condition of affairs was that the Prince of Wales soon got heavily in debt, and the time came when even the Rothschilds, whose position in English society he had firmly established, intimated to him that it was impossible for them to make any further advances. It is reported that on one or two occasions the queen, prompted by her ministers, and confronted by them with the alternative of their appealing to Parliament for a grant in behalf of the prince, reluctantly came to his rescue, and relieved him of some of his most pressing liabilities. But inasmuch as no means was devised for the liquidation of all his debts, and for the prevention of their recurrence, it was not long before his troubles became once more acute.

It was then that the so-called "benefactors" appeared upon the scene. "Benefactors" are persons of great wealth, who, from motives of patriotism and social ambition, esteem it a privilege to be permitted to place their well-stocked purses at the disposal of royalty. Such a one was Sir James Mackenzie. He had made the great-



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

er part of his money in India, originally as a hatter and afterward as an indigo-planter, and was a kind-hearted, withal somewhat vulgar, man, whose main occupation during the latter part of his existence was to find means of helping along his future king in a financial way. Among other things, he was in the habit of leasing each year one of the most costly and magnificent country seats in the neighborhood of Windsor, solely for the purpose of being able to place it at the disposal of his illustrious friend for Ascot week, Queen Victoria having saddled so many restrictions upon the use of Windsor Castle during the races by her eldest son, that he was unable

to make use of that magnificent and historic palace. When Sir James, who purchased one of the finest estates in the neighborhood of Balmoral, died very suddenly, his executors called upon the prince to repay at once loans to the extent of considerably over one million dollars; and as they were compelled by their legal obligations to take steps to secure the recovery of the money, they would probably have been obliged in self-defence to institute legal proceedings against the heir apparent, had not Baron Hirsch come to his assistance.

If court gossip in England and on the Continent is to be believed, it was not the first time that the great Jewish philanthrop-

ist had shown himself a friend in need to the future king of England. The latter, in 1888, had found himself involved in such terrible financial embarrassments that he appealed to his favorite brother-in-law, Emperor Frederick, who had just succeeded to the throne. Frederick, who had always been very fond of the prince, despite the dissimilarity of their tastes, and who during his long wait for the crown had been subjected to very much the same pecuniary disadvantages as Queen Victoria's first-born, readily acceded to his request, and is understood to have loaned him a large sum of money for his most pressing needs. This kindly act met with so much disapproval on the part of the leading dignitaries at the imperial court at Berlin that Prince Stolberg actually insisted upon resigning then and there his post as minister and Grand Master of the Royal House, rather than participate in any such transaction as the loaning of money belonging to the Hohenzollern family to a foreign prince. On Emperor Frederick's death,

not long afterward, and the accession of Emperor William, steps were taken to recover the money, and the unpleasantness in connection therewith was the cause of much of the bitterness which marked the relations of the Kaiser and his English uncle during the early years of the former's reign. It is said that King Edward was enabled to liquidate his debt to the treasury of the Hohenzollern family by means of the timely help of Baron Hirsch, but that he has never wholly forgotten or forgiven the treatment to which he was subjected in the matter by his nephew and the authorities at Berlin.

Baron Hirsch, it may be remembered, died very suddenly, without coming to any arrangement about the liabilities of the prince toward his estate; and it was then that Cecil Rhodes and his friends are reported to have appeared upon the scene as benefactors, and rendered possible the publication of a solemn yet significant assurance that England's future king was not in any way indebted to the estate of Baron Hirsch. To what extent the prince benefited by fortunate investments suggested by the South African colossus and his business associates, who included the Duke of Fife, who is the king's son-in-law, and the Duke of Abercorn, who was the Chief of his Household, it is impossible to say. But the fact remains that when Edward VII. succeeded to the throne he found himself still burdened with such a heavy load of debt that everyone was prepared for an application to Parliament by the crown for the settlement of the liabilities which he had incurred as heir apparent.

While a demand of this kind might have given rise to some discussion, there is no doubt that it would have been granted by an overwhelming majority, and would have met with the approval of the people at large, since a very general impression existed to the effect that the king had not been altogether fairly treated in a financial sense while Prince of Wales. Realizing however that such an appeal would weaken his position both at home and abroad, and would 'always be cast in his teeth by the foes of the dynasty, he took counsel of his most trusted advisers, and placed himself unreservedly in their hands. These advisers consisted of the great Anglo-German financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, of Nile Dam fame, Lord Farquhar, for many years the man-



SIR ERNEST CASSEL

Who Assisted in Getting the King of England out of Debt.



King Edward's Stables, Newmarket, where his Race Horses are Trained.

aging director of one of the leading banks in London, and Lord Esher, who is generally understood to be interested in the firm of Cassel. The king undertook to turn over to them the management of his household and the administration of the civil list, whereupon they assumed all his liabilities; and by means of economies in various directions, by insurance policies, by the sale of useless things and duplicates, by clever investments, and by the establishment of a sinking fund, they have so skilfully managed matters that King Edward has since last summer and for the first time since his marriage been entirely out of debt, and his civil list free from mortgage. It was this action by Sir Ernest, Lord Farquhar and Lord Esher in taking upon themselves all the personal obligations of the king at the time of the accession, which enabled the government to announce in Parliament that he would be satisfied with the same civil list as his predecessor on the throne, that he would make no application to the nation for an additional grant of money, and that he had no debts with which it was necessary for the treasury to concern itself, an announcement which, while it was re-

ceived with the utmost satisfaction, at the same time created much surprise, as it was generally understood that the king had not benefited to any extent under the will of the late queen, the major part of whose fortune had gone to her younger children.

It may be well to declare here, in the most explicit fashion, that there is not a vestige of truth in the malicious stories, widely circulated, and which have even found their way into print, according to which an arrangement has existed with some of the greatest art dealers in London, whereby art treasures of one kind and another were placed on view from time to time in Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and other of the king's residences, in order to admit of their sale to American millionaires at prices far above their real value, in the belief that they formed part and parcel of the royal collections. No one in the entourage of the king would have lent himself to any such trick, so dear to the sharper grade of auctioneers, on both sides of the Atlantic; and if there had been any attempt to resort to such practices it would scarcely have escaped the attention of Edward VII., who has developed



LORD ESHER

Another of King Edward's Advisers and Benefactors.

into an exceedingly shrewd and wide-awake man of business in his mature age. The reports probably had their origin in the fact that on the death of the late queen a careful investigation of the contents of her numerous palaces disclosed a vast quantity of things for which the king could find no possible use, and which he was in consequence advised to sell. The huge cellars at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace, for instance, were crowded with ports, sherries and other wines which had gone out of fashion, which did not commend themselves to Edward VII.'s taste, and which had been accumulating there throughout the sixty years of his mother's reign, and even in the time of her two uncles, George IV. and William IV. These were sold at a high price, in order to make way for his favorite vintages.

Then, too, there was much furniture of an artistic character, for which there was no longer any room, and which had to be sold off; while the art collections (that is to say, the paintings, the statuary, the collections of rare porcelain and ivories, the buhl cabinets, and bric-a-brac of every description) had to be subjected to a very extensive weeding process, everything being sold for which the king and the queen did not care, or of which there were a superfluous number of examples.

By means of these sales a far larger sum of money was realized by Lord Farquhar, Lord Esher and Sir Ernest Cassel than the public would ever dream, and another big amount was obtained by a radical reorgani-

zation of the entire royal household, and by the reformation of the almost incredible abuses and extravagances that had gradually developed at court during the nearly forty years of widowhood of Queen Victoria, and which were of a nature to cause her thrifty and level-headed husband—a clever business man if ever there was one—to turn in his grave. It is no exaggeration to assert that Lord Farquhar and Lord Esher, by doing away with waste, perquisites, pilfering and with useless yet costly sinecures, were able to cut down the expenditures of the royal household nearly one-half, without in the slightest degree impairing the brilliancy or the splendor of King Edward's court, which, indeed, is vastly superior in that respect to that of his august mother. And so perfect has been the reorganization, now happily completed, that Lord Farquhar, who undertook the matter purely from motives of patriotism and of affection for the sovereign who had been his lifelong and intimate friend, has been able to abandon his office of Master of the Royal Household to his deputy, Col. Sir Charles Frederick, with a knowledge that everything will continue to work smoothly, efficiently and economically. †



LORD FARQUHAR

One of the Men who Took upon Themselves King Edward's Personal Obligations.

The Most Exclusive Club in the World

The Marlborough was the Favorite Resort of King Edward When he was Prince—A Special Table in the Dining Room and a Writing Desk are Still Reserved for His Majesty.

From the Scrap Book Magazine.

ONE of the most exclusive clubs in the whole world is the Marlborough Club, whose building stands at the western end of Pall Mall, near Marlborough House, which was the residence of the present King of England while he was Prince of Wales. From Marlborough House, the Marlborough Club took its name. It long ago became the favorite resort of the Prince; and since he became King, his interest in it has not waned. No one can be admitted to it without his sanction. His personal friends become members of it as soon as he has expressed a wish for their enrolment.

In its dining-room there is a special table always reserved for him at which he may sit with such intimates as he chooses to invite. In the writing-room there is also a desk which no one else ever thinks of using, and at which King Edward has carried on his personal correspondence. Although the building is quite imposing, it is somewhat simply furnished, with that sort of simplicity which is by no means inexpensive. Because of its exclusiveness, it is perhaps less often spoken of than many of the older clubs, such as the Carlton, the Travelers, and the Athenaeum.

Oddly enough, the club which ranks next to the Marlborough in exclusiveness is the famous Beefsteak Club, which has black-balled many a Prime Minister, many a nobleman of high rank, while opening its doors at the same time to men of letters, artists, and, in fact, to those who are congenial, without any consideration as to their rank or their riches.



The Exterior of the Marlborough Club. This was a favorite resort of King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, and no one can be admitted to it without his sanction.



The Dining-Room at the Marlborough. King Edward's Table is in the Right Foreground, under the Picture.



The Writing-Room at the Marlborough Club. [The Desk in the corner is the King's.

A Man Who Risks His Fall on a Throw

The New Chancellor of the Exchequer Possesses the Swiftest Mind in Politics, and Spins the Web as he Goes Along — Audacity and Utter Fearlessness the Great Principles of Lloyd-George, Whose Career Has Been Decidedly Meteoric in Its Character.

By A. G. G. in the London News.

IF there is one figure in political life in Great Britain who has forged his way to the front with cannon ball celerity it is the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd-George, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is tactful, good-tempered and sunny in disposition. What is the secret of his rapid ascension?

First and foremost it is audacity. Danton's great maxim is with him, as with Chamberlain, the guiding principle of conduct. He swoops down on opportunity, like a hawk on its prey. He does not pause to think; he acts. He has no fear. The bigger the task, the better he likes it. The higher the stakes the more heroic his play.

He never fears to put his fate to the touch. He risks his fall on a throw. When the great moment came he seized it with both hands.

He had two motives: his love of the small nationality and his instinct for the great game. The two gave him passion, the other calculation. There was the occasion; he was the man. His business was being ruined; no matter. His life and his home were threatened; good. The greater the perils, the greater the victory.

And he has not only the eye for the big occasion and the courage that rises to it; he has the instinct for the big foe. He is the hunter of great game. "Don't waste your powder and shot on small animals," said Disraeli, and he hung on to the flank of Peel. "Go for the lion," was Randolph Churchill's maxim, and he gave Gladstone no pause. Even to snap at the heels of the great is fame. It is to catch the limelight that streams upon the stage. There are names that live in history, simply because Gladstone noticed them. Lord Cross and

Lord Cranbrook came to great estate merely because they beat him at the poll. To have crossed swords with him was a career.

Mr. Lloyd-George's eye ranged over the Government benches, and he saw one figure worth fighting and he leapt at that figure with concentrated and governed passion. It became a duel between him and Mr. Chamberlain. It was a duel between the broadsword and the rapier—between the Saxon mind, direct and crushing as the



MR. LLOYD-GEORGE.

thunderbolt and the Celtic mind, nimble and elusive as the lightning.

He has, indeed, the swiftest mind in politics. It is a mind that carries no impedimenta. He is like a runner ever stripped for the race. The pistol may go off when it likes; he is always away from the mark like an arrow. And it is not speed alone. When the hare is started he can twist and turn in full career, for the hotter the chase the cooler he becomes.

He is the improviser of politics. He spins his web as he goes along. He thinks best on his feet. You can see the bolts being forged in the furnace of his mind. They come hurling out molten and aflame. He electrifies his audience—but he suffers in print next morning for the speech that thrills the ear by its impromptu brilliancy, seldom bears the cold analysis of the eye. He is in this respect the antithesis of Mr. Churchill, though Mr. Churchill is like him in daring.

I once had a pleasant after-dinner talk with them on the subject of their oratorical methods.

"I do not trust myself to the moment on a big occasion," said Mr. Churchill. "I don't mind it in debate or in an ordinary platform speech; but a set speech I learn to the letter. Mark Twain said to me, 'You ought to know a speech as you know your prayers,' and that's how I know mine. I've written a speech out six times in my own hand."

"I couldn't do that," said Lloyd-George, "I must wait for the cries. Here are my notes for the Queen's Hall speech." And he took out of his pocket a slip of paper with half a dozen phrases scrawled in his curiously slanting hand. The result is a certain thinness which contrasts with the breadth and literary form of Mr. Churchill's handling of a subject, or with the massive march of Mr. Asquith's utterance.

He has passion, but it is controlled. It does not burn with the deep spiritual fire of Gladstone. It flashes and sparkles. It is an instrument that is used, not an obsession of the soul. You feel that it can be put aside as adroitly as it is taken up.

And so with his humor. It coruscates; it does not warm all the fibres of his utterance. It leaps out in light laughter, it is

the humor of the quick mind rather than of the rich mind. "We will have home rule for Ireland and for England and for Scotland and for Wales," he said addressing some Welsh farmers. "And for hell," interposed a deep, half-drunken voice. "Quite right. I like to hear a man stand up for his own country."

Detachment from tradition and theory is the source of Mr. Chamberlain's power. He brings a fresh, untrammelled mind to the contemplation of every problem. It was said of Leighton that he looked at life through the eyes of a dead Greek. Lloyd-George looks at life with the frank self-assertion of a child, free from all formulas and prescriptions, seeing the thing, "as it were, in a flash of truth, facing it without reverence because it is old and without fear because it is vast.

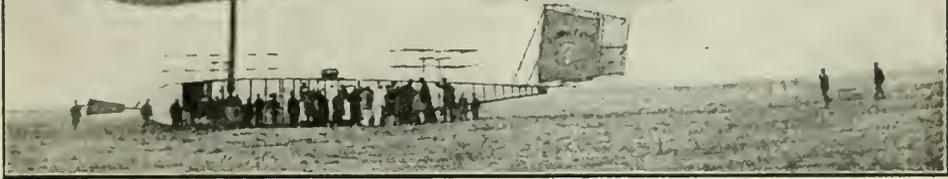
"The thing is rotten," he says and in a moment his mind has reconstructed it on lines that acknowledge no theory except the theory of practical usefulness. Thus he has swept away the old effete port of London, and put in its place a system as original as it is ingenious. And all the world asks, Why was this not done years ago?

Like Falstaff, he is "quick, apprehensive, forgetive," but he does not like Falstaff, owe these qualities to canary, for he is a teetotaler. He owes them to the Celtic spirit that races like a fever in his blood. His apprehensiveness, indeed is amazing. He picks up a subject as he runs, through the living voice, never through books. He does not learn; he absorbs, and by a sort of instantaneous chemistry his mind condenses the gases to the concrete.

His intellectual activity is bewildering. It is as difficult to keep his name out of the paper as it was to keep King Charles' head out of Mr. Dick's memorial. He is always "doing things"—and always big things. His eye lights on an anachronism—like the Patent Laws—and straightway he sets it on fire. He does not pore over books to discover the facts about docks; he goes to Antwerp, to Hamburg, and sees. When he brought in his merchant shipping bill he took a voyage to Spain and learned about ships. And his passion for action grows with what it feeds on.

He has yet his trumps to play.

My Voyage in The World's Greatest Airship by *The Hon. C. S. Rolls*



A WHITE fog pressed close to my bedroom window like a blanket of fleecy wool. Not a pleasant sight for a man who has to take his first voyage in an airship. I had visions of being fog-bound in the seas of the air, of drifting helplessly on to the grey stones of Notre Dame, or crashing against the great steel structure of the Eiffel Tower. The whole city would be a submerged reef of rocks.

It was to be my hundredth balloon ascent, and was to be made in the company of my friend, Mr. Frank Butler, who had also accomplished ninety-nine ascents. Like the true sportsman that he is, he had waited for me to get level with him, so that we could make the century together.

And this was to be no ordinary balloon ascent. Monsieur Henry Deutsch de la Meurthe had courteously placed his dirigible airship, the "Ville de Paris," at our disposal. It was an occasion—something to be remembered in after years. The densest fog that was ever conceived in the smoke of London would not have prevented us from hoping that we should be allowed to take the trip.

We drove in a taxicab to Sartrouville, and found the fog denser than it was in Paris; and when we entered the enormous garage, or shed, where the "Ville de Paris" lay like some sleeping leviathan, we could

hardly see from one end to the other. Then the chief and second engineers arrived. They made the final adjustments to the mechanism and tested the engines. Before they had finished, the chief navigator—the captain—came upon the scene, and held council with his officers. They decided to have lunch. It was possible that the fog might clear by the time we had finished our meal.

The airship shed was in a deserted spot, and so we motored to St. Germain, and lunched at the famous Pavilion Henri Quatre. On our way there we were turned back by the gendarme in the park. He informed us that no kind of mechanically propelled vehicle was allowed in the vicinity of this sacred enclosure. Little did he think that a couple of hours later we should be sailing over his head, and jeering at his impotent wrath.

On our return to Sartrouville the fog had almost dispersed. The crew of the airship were ready. M. Kapferer, the chief navigator, gave a signal, and the quiet shed became a scene of bustling activity.

Bang! Bang! Bang! My heart went into my boots. Something had exploded! There had been an accident! There would be no ascent, after all.

But I was mistaken. It was only a prearranged signal to some paid helpers in the neighborhood, who were required to

hold the vessel down at the start. Before many minutes had elapsed they were on the scene, and twenty lined up on each side of the framework. The word of command was given, and the huge cylinder, nearly two hundred feet in length, began to thrust its nose out of the end of the shed.

Foot by foot it emerged, like some antediluvian monster creeping from its lair, until it stood on the open manoeuvring ground. I was busy with my camera, when I heard my name called. It was my turn to go on board. Mr. Butler was already seated on a camp stool in the stern of the ship. He looked warm and comfortable in the thick suit he used for tobogganing in Switzerland. It would doubtless be cold when he rushed through the air, for this was not ballooning. It was an aerial motor-ride.

I took my place behind the navigating bridge, and watched the trimming of the ship, which was evidently a matter of supreme importance. Ballast was being discharged in small quantities from bow and stern alternately. The captain kept his eye on the clinometer, an instrument for indicating the exact horizontal poise of the vessel.

It was a long time before there were any signs of buoyancy, for the balloon was still heavy with the moisture from the fog. Then at last the bows lifted, first a few inches, then a foot or two. She was still "down by the stern," however. It was suggested that Mr. Frank Butler should move forward, but the difficulty was met by the discharge of more ballast from the afterpart of the vessel.

"All clear!" The words rang out above the chatter of voices. I had often heard them before, but never under such circumstances as these. The voices grew fainter and fainter. The voices dropped away from us. The voyage had begun.

"Slow ahead!" No voice this time, but a ring on the telegraph to the engine-room. The engine roared; the ship trembled from stem to stern; the wind brushed past our faces. This was something worth living for. It was the conquest of the air.

Then suddenly the engine stopped. The vessel turned round at right angles to her course, and we drifted broadside on with the wind, like any ordinary balloon. I began to think of unpleasant things. The descent of our 200 ft. cylinder, shorn of

its motive power, and left to the mercy of the wind, was something I did not care to contemplate.

The engineers struggled with the machinery in the fore-part of the vessel. Our navigator shouted down the telephone to ascertain the cause of the stoppage. No intelligible reply was received, but the men gestaculated wildly. I began to feel uncomfortable. I thought of all likely and unlikely accidents. I almost wished that I had made my hundredth ascent in an ordinary balloon, where there was no machinery. Those wild movements, that speechless excitement which can give no intelligible answer to a captain's questions or commands! Many a vessel had been wrecked at sea through the crew and engineers losing their heads. And a wreck here—hundreds of feet above the earth—

My thoughts were interrupted by the welcome sound of the engines. I had made no allowance for the Gallic temperament. Nothing serious had happened, after all. A faulty adjustment of the carburettor—a mere incident in the daily life of a motorist.

We made up our leeway, and headed for Paris. Then the captain spoke down the telephone, and a few minutes later the engine-room telegraph was moved to "Full speed ahead." We had already felt the cold rush of the air, but now the wind roared past us with the fury of a gale. The navigator drew his peaked cap tighter on to his head, and put on his goggles and a scarf. We turned up our coat-collars, and clung to the side of the ship, which trembled like a torpedo-destroyer as the powerful engines forced it through the atmosphere. This was speed with a vengeance; not the silent speed of a balloon, which, even when it is traveling at forty miles an hour, seems to be almost at rest, but the fierce speed of something that is being driven against a resisting force—the speed of power.

The course was set for Issy-les-Moulineaux, where we hoped to witness some aeroplane trials on the parade ground. But as we approached Paris we entered a slight fog. So we decided to take a trip in the open country.

The ship was swung round, and as we again approached Sartrouville the fog began to clear, and the huge garage-shed came into sight. Thence we sailed to St.



On the Bridge.

The "Ville de Paris" has been rightly called a ship. The captain stands at his post on the bridge. Close to his hand are telephone and telegraph to the engine-room. Like the captain of a vessel, the navigator steers by chart and compass and traces his course on the map.

Germain, and floated over the Pavilion Henri Quatre, where we had been lunching earlier in the day. The hotel people came out and waved to us frantically. When we had told them we were going a voyage in an airship they had refused to believe us, but now they had the evidence of their own eyes.

By this time we were quite used to the novel sensation of being on an airship, and we walked about the deck like seasoned mariners of the air. We took photographs and admired the view.

It might be supposed that this voyage provided hardly any new experiences for a man who had already made ninety-nine ascents in a balloon. But such was not the case. The sensation of being in an airship is entirely different to that of being in a balloon.

If I was asked to describe the difference in a few words, I should say that my

hundredth ascent in the air was less pleasant but more exciting than any of the others that preceded it. A balloon moves at the same rate as the wind, and there is no sense of motion. One glides peacefully through the air, which seems almost still; and even where there is a strong breeze one does not feel the cold.

But in an airship the conditions are quite different. One is driven rapidly through the air; the cold is intense, as the wind rushes past with the fury of a gale; the framework of the ship quivers with the vibration of the engines. There is, however, practically no pitching or oscillating, except for a moment when the course is altered, or when the vessel is struck by a sudden squall.

Moreover, there is no tendency to airsickness of any kind. As in a balloon, one feels no giddiness, for there is no connection between the eye and the ground; it is

like looking upon a map. If there were anything between the ship and the ground that the eye could follow, such as a precipice, a man would grow dizzy as he looked into the depths.

I must confess that it took me some time to attain the same feeling of security that one has in an ordinary balloon. A number of unpleasant things occurred to me as we rushed through the air.

I wondered what would happen if the rearmost propeller-shaft bearing were to break. The whole propeller would probably fall to earth, and carry with it a portion of the shafting. The airship, released from the weight, would shoot up like a rocket and drift away with the wind like an ordinary balloon. As it ascended, the gas would expand and blow out of the safety-valve. The ship would rise through the clouds, and, as the rays of the sun fell on the envelope, the gas would expand still more rapidly. Then there would come a point when the lifting power of the balloon would become less than its weight, and it would begin to fall.

As it re-entered the clouds the gas would contract, the envelope would grow heavy with moisture, and the whole structure would fall with terrible swiftness. The weight of the airship, with all its machinery, would be so great that it would be almost impossible to check the descent with the quantity of ballast usually carried. It would crash on to the ground; and the framework, which is necessarily rigid and unable to withstand serious blows, would probably break in pieces. Another portion of frame or machinery would be lost, and the ship would once more soar up into the clouds.

The same process of expansion and contraction would take place, but this time the descent would be more rapid, and there would be little or no ballast left to break the fall. The aeronauts' only chance of escaping with their lives would be to descend into a thick wood.

Such an accident as this is not very likely to arise in a carefully constructed airship, but a mere breakdown such as was not unheard of in the early days of motoring—a stoppage in the petrol pipes, a short circuit, or a hot bearing—might be attended with serious consequences. The airship would be turned into an ordinary balloon; while its great weight and bulk and its

unyielding rigidity would render a descent at the same speed as the wind both difficult and dangerous.

In the case of an ordinary balloon the passengers are protected by a flexible wicker-work car, which gives to the shock, and from which it is very difficult to fall out; but in the case of an airship the car is a light wooden or tubular framework, with sides that are open in places, and which would easily fracture on contact with the earth.

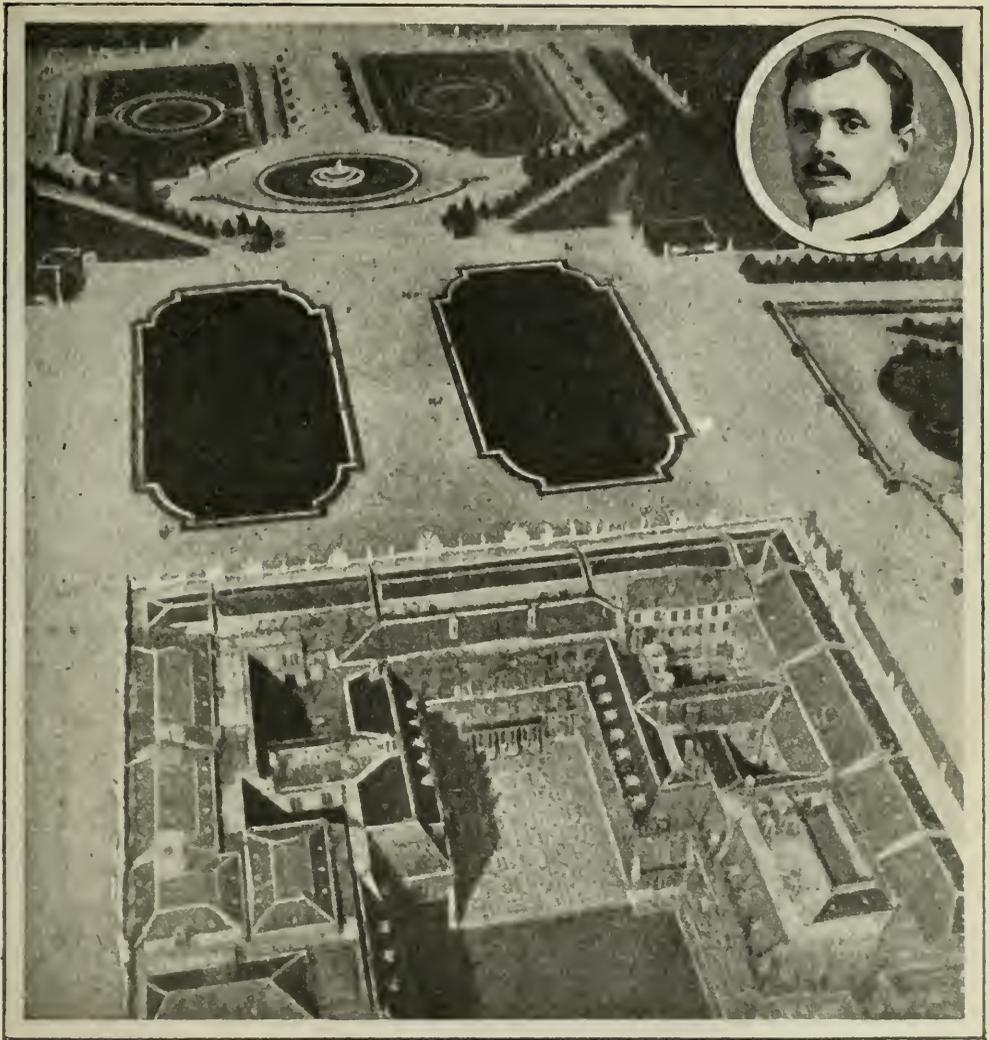
I thought of all these possibilities while we were flying through the air, and I realized how much depended on the motor and the man in charge of the engine. But the latter seemed so supremely happy, and the engine was beating with such perfect rhythm, that I gradually became as confident as the captain, and I soon lost all sense of fear.

The "Ville de Paris" had been rightly called a ship, for in many ways she resembled her sisters of the sea. The captain stood, or rather sat, at his post on the bridge; close to his hand were the telephone and telegraph to the engine-room, the two steering wheels (for an airship moves both in vertical and horizontal planes), the aneroid for indicating altitude, the self-recording barometer, the thermometer, and a number of mysterious levers and gauges.

Like the captain of a vessel, the navigator steers by chart and compass, consults them frequently, and traces his course on the map. And, like any other sailor in charge of a ship, he has to keep his undivided attention upon his work; he has to be quick to think, and quick to act, cool in moments of danger, a man of authority.

We sailed out into the clear sky again, and continued our voyage. As we passed over the forest of St. Germain we caught sight of a hunt, in which M. Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe was taking part. Needless to say, we descended, and skimmed just over the tops of the trees, exchanging greetings with the huntsmen, much to their amusement.

At one time a fort lay beneath us. How easy it would have been to have dropped a bomb behind the ramparts, and blown the defenders to pieces! Small wonder that the military experts of all the great nations are devoting their brains and energies



A Novel View of the Palace of Versailles.

Inset is a portrait of the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who snapped this photo as the airship was speeding over the palace.

to the development of this new and terrible engine of war.

Before our voyage came to an end, M. Kapferer put the airship through her paces, just to show us how wonderfully she answered her helm. She moved as gracefully and easily as a bird. Upwards and downwards, to right and left, however the navigator chose to guide her, she swooped and curved with incredible swiftness and accuracy. Twice she described a complete figure of eight as skilfully as any skater at Prince's.

Our starting place was now near at

hand, and the crew began to make preparations for our descent. I fancied that the final landing would be by no means the least exciting part of the journey.

We were traveling with the wind, which had freshened somewhat since the start, and were running before it at the rate of nearly forty miles an hour. To an ordinary balloonist it seemed that we were in for a lively time. It was still misty, and it was necessary to keep a sharp look-out ahead. My task had already been allotted to me. I was to discharge the huge trail-rope at the word of command, and I "stood

by," as the sailors have it. At a time like this there was no place for an idle passenger.

Then, suddenly, the great garage-shed loomed up out of the mist, and in a moment we had flashed past it, only just clearing the roof.

"Overshot the mark," I said to myself, "and badly too." I expected to hear the beat of the engine die away into silence, or, at any rate, throb more slowly as the speed was reduced. But we continued to rush through the air at full speed.

Then suddenly the airship lurched, like a vessel struck by a squall. I clung to the side, as the helm was put hard over, and the great machine swerved round into the wind.

I understood the manoeuvre at once. I had been a fool to think that we had accidentally overshot the mark. They were going to shoot her up to her moorings against the tide, in this case a swift current of air instead of water.

The speed slackened as we fought our way back against the wind; the shed came in sight again, and the aeroplanes were set so as to force us downwards. We were now almost over the manoeuvring ground, and a great concourse of people had gathered to await our return.

The engine-room telegraph rang, and the speed was reduced till it just held us up against the wind. Lower and lower we sank towards the earth; the word of command was given; I discharged the great trail-rope, which unwound itself as it fell, and was gripped by a score of willing hands; the propeller still moved to keep us

head-to-wind; and then we floated on to the ground without even knowing that we had touched it.

Cheers went up from the crowd as they watched this supreme triumph on the part of the navigator. We collected our cameras and instruments, and alighted on solid earth once more.

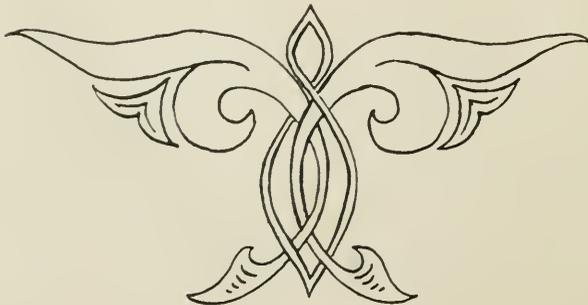
We bade farewell to M. Kapferer and to M. Poulhain, the clever and genial young engineer of the ship. Then we returned to Paris, delighted to have been the first Englishmen to go a voyage in a private airship.

We spent the evening at our hotel in the company of M. Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe, the owner of the "Ville de Paris" and one of the most hospitable men in France. His name will always be remembered in connection with the early days of the conquest of the air, for he has done much to further the science of aeronautics; and among the numerous valuable prizes he has offered is the one recently captured by Mr. Farman.

The next morning the whole experience seemed like a dream, and it was hard to believe that we had not merely been reading a story by Jules Verne or H. G. Wells.

Exactly twenty hours after our ascent the "Patrie" was lost; and the "Ville de Paris," thanks to the generosity of its owner, was handed over to the French Government.

We were glad to think we had taken the opportunity when it had been offered to us. If we had waited another day or two, the chance would have been lost to us for ever.



The Story of a Close Shave

How a Once Prosperous and Powerful Manufacturer of Razors was Virtually Crowded to the Wall by a Shrewd Vain Rival, Yet Managed to Extricate Himself in Time—The Part That Ridicule Played in the Ludicrous Climax.

By Herbert Kaufman in the Popular Magazine.

WALTERS, President of the National Razor Company, paced the floor and chewed his cigar until three-quarters of its length was a macerated pulp. From time to time he peered at the paper in his hand. He was worried.

It was the first of the month and the statement before him was enough to bring despair to a heart that had not been kicked about by the heavy boot of ill fortune as long as his had. In fact, Walters was in a bad way. That is, the National Razor Company was in dire straits. And, after all, the National Razor Company was Walters. Of course, there were the minority stockholders, but they shared the profits not the troubles. And it needed a mine-promoter or a Merwin to figure a dividend out of the figures that stared at him from the debit side of the two columns before him. Times had changed in the past two years. Walters harked back to the earlier career of the company, when profit was the chief product of the factory and razors a mere incident in its activity. The country was howling for National Razors then. It wanted them at their own price, and their own price was a pretty stiff one—three hundred per cent. profit on sets and twice as much on separate blades.

Then the field had been cut up. Some of the infringers they fought off and some they bought off, and some were not infringers. None of them mattered very much until Brown came along. You have heard of Brown. Who has not? Brown is perhaps the most distinguished sachem of the face-loving tribe of advertisers. Long ago he caused the smile to fade from the visage of the "gent" who shoes the nation, and he has deepened the look of melancholy upon

the countenance of the individual who talcums it. But the concern caused in the hearts of these two valiant satraps of self-adulation was only one of envy and chagrin.

To Walters it was something more poignant. It was rapidly spelling ruin for him, just as it had foundered every other razor concern in the field. Need I remind you of Brown's advertisement? Why, even in old crowded China the hairless coolie knows Brown and what Brown stands for, and rubs his hand regretfully over his beardless, yellow face, bewailing the Providence that denies him the delight of the shaving smile that illuminates the Brown Physiognomy. Brown's razor is a good one, but Brown's advertisement is better than the razor. It was genius, the designing of that advertisement. But it was Brown's smile that made the genius possible. Who can resist buying a Brown razor when one is faced day after day and month after month with his jovial grin, as he cuts a lane through the snowy drifts of lather and tells you in big type: IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME—IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

If ever confidence glowed in a man's eye and if ever a man's eye could inspire confidence in another man, Brown's can. That face and that motto have made him a millionaire, have built his scores of factories, have crowded his little black boxes into the haberdashers' and the druggists'. It has sounded the doom of the barber. It is responsible for the steadily augmenting bread-line of men who once flourished upon conversation and tips. Its influence has crossed the Atlantic and turned the old-fashioned razor shops of Sheffield into shear

factories and penknife plants. And all within a period of less than three years, due to the combining circumstances of a good idea, a good photographer and a good advertising agent.

Look at the magazine on your table—Brown's face stares at you from the back. When you take the car to-night, glance at the row of newspapers spread in line before you. Brown smiles at you. You cannot dodge his razor. It is good enough for him, and you have not the will-power to resist finding out if it isn't good enough for you. Mark Twain's "pink trip slip" may have annoyed you, but Brown's dictum haunts you. If you want peace, you must have Brown's razor.

Yes, Brown was smiling the National Razor Company out of business. For month after month their sales had decreased. They had poured their profits into the newspapers and magazines; but, however heavily they rained their money into the press, Brown responded with downpours that made their most ambitious efforts mere sprinkles by contrast.

And now actual ruin was leering in through the door. Walters was at the end of his resources, mental and financial. Suddenly his teeth snapped into his cigar and the dismembered fragment fell upon the floor. "Poynter!" he exclaimed, "I wonder if the fellow can help us——. Um-hm," he mused. "It is worth while trying. He certainly did wonderful work for the Utopia Company. Manders himself acknowledges that they were in the last ditch when he pulled them through." He rang for his secretary.

II.

Franklyn Poynter has a habit of disappointing one at first glance. To begin with, he distinctly lisps; and a lisp, as a rule, is a mark of effeminacy. But then, rules are captious. Their exceptions are not marked and labeled. For my part, I no longer follow them in judging men. At least, not lispng men, having suffered rather a pronounced surprise in my sophomore year at the hands of a red-headed, under-sized freshman, who lisped a little and scrapped much. From time to time, men have been deluded by Poynter's lisp. But then, Poynter has led so many men astray, in so many directions, that the observation is redun-

ant. Poynter's appearance, far more than his mode of speech, disarms the casual observer. He is slight and undersized, and a decided top, affecting especially extreme scarfs and waistcoats. His complexion has the healthy glow of a boy's, and the absence of facial lines accentuates his youthful aspect. His eyes tell you nothing. They are lackadaisical and help you to misconstrue the character of the man. I have heard many say that Poynter can attribute much of his astounding success in life to his neutral appearance. And, indeed, I can well comprehend how an aspect of insignificance can well aid him in his peculiar line of activity.

Spectacular in his methods, he is none the less the most retiring of men. He has no intimates. His habits are those of a clean-minded woman. For all that his income must now be enormous, there is no ostentation in his mode of life. And despite his physical frailty, he has accomplished tasks that would sap the vitality of a Titan. Where or how he has acquired, in the short range of his life-span, such a vast knowledge of men and affairs, of human nature, of financial wile and trickery, is a most puzzling thing to me. He has sounded the waters of commerce until he knows every shallow and every channel with the assurance of a master pilot.

The follies and foibles of men, their petty vanities, their weaknesses and fatuities constitute the primer of his text-books. He has never displayed despair in the face of the insuperable, nor exultation in the hour of routing victory. Rank, neither social nor plutocratic, impresses him. His blow leaves no brutal mark. I may with some happiness picture him as a pestiferous insect, inflicting his subtle annoyance until he frets away the ponderous vitality of the strongest and most virile enemy. He is a gad-fly cloaked with the spell of immunity and possessing a hell-given sapiency. Withal, he is the most amusing of men, blessed with a sense of humor and an appreciation of the ridiculous, which renders him, in non-professional hours, a most amusing companion, and in his professional activity, more dangerous than any other attribute which he possesses.

Poynter is a supreme egotist, but it is the egotism of self-confidence, the assurance of an Alexander or a Napoleon. Nor must one smile at the comparison; for however

ridiculous Poynter may appear physically, his achievements are comparatively as great in the field of his endeavor as any other one man's have been in his life-bent. Often impudent, even to the point of discourtesy—brusk, sarcastic as a whip-lash, careless alike of condemnation and of praise, he is beyond all else as honest as conscience—impeccable. The arrow of bribery has never found him a target. Once he has accepted his retainer, a Judas-piece that would force Atlas' back to bend under the weight of the temptation will find his shoulders as erect as a grenadier's of the guard.

As Walters entered the door, Poynter nodded to him to take the chair drawn directly in front of his flat-top desk, upon which there were simply a telephone and a small pad. He reached into his pocket and drew forth a cigar-case of carved Japanese leather, from which protruded half a dozen of the long, slender Havanas which are his constant addiction.

"Have one?" he suggested. "It will make us both think better. What Walters are you?"

"National Razor Company," responded the president.

"Ah, I see. How's business?"

"Well—er——" began the other with a wry smile.

"I see; rotten. What's the matter? Too much Brown?"

"Uh—hm," growled Walters.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Don't you think you had better tell me just what's biting you; then maybe I'll know."

Walters began hesitatingly to outline his story, skirting around the real facts with the same reluctance that some men feel when consulting a physician—fearful of finding their ailments worse than they anticipate.

"Oh, come on. Get down to hard facts," lisped Poynter. "Tell me what is the matter. We have only half an hour, and at this rate it will take you a week to make up your mind to show your grouch."

Walters flushed. He was not used to such peremptory handling. Now that he had come, he began to feel that perhaps after all he had made a mistake in expecting this lisping dude to accomplish anything which his experienced brain had not already planned and rejected.

"Wait a minute," broke in Poynter. "My retainer is one thousand dollars."

Walters started.

"Pretty steep, isn't it?" he suggested.

"I said my retainer," lisped Poynter with emphasis. "I'll let you know my fee after you tell me what you require."

"Hold on, Mr. Poynter," interrupted Walters. "We are going a little fast. I haven't quite decided that I shall need you."

"All right, then," was the careless rejoinder. "Go home and think it over. Come back when you have less time to waste. I haven't any of my own that I want to use that way to-day."

He rang the bell.

"Miss Wenson," he said to his secretary, "I am through with Mr. Walters. Get the papers on the Queen Chemical Case and we'll go through them."

Then he arose with a gesture of dismissal. Poynter's unconcern, however, now edged Walters' desire to retain him.

"I accept your terms," he said. "I will mail you our check to-night."

The secretary stood awaiting orders. Poynter motioned to her to retire and drew his pad before him. Walters shoved over the company's last statement.

"What do you thing of it?" he queried.

"Rotten. What did it—Brown?"

Walters nodded assent. "Yes, he has got us up against a wall. I can't go any farther and the wall won't move. Can you lift us over?"

"Maybe I can, maybe I can't," was the laconic retort. "Tell me some more."

Walters made a clean breast of his affairs, beginning at the start of his company, recounting Brown's inroads, and wound up with a gesture of hopelessness.

"Can you do anything?" he questioned.

Poynter went over to a bookcase and took out a copy of one of the current magazines. He studied Brown's advertisement on the back page for a few moments, and then smiled.

"I'll send for you next month," he said, "to sign papers of consolidation with Brown. Good-by—And," he added, as the bewildered Walters started for the door, "it will cost you four thousand more."

III.

"Who's this? Oh, Mr. Poynter? No, Mr. Walters, isn't here. I expect him back

at three this afternoon. What's that, he is to come over to your office at four? All right, I will give him the message."

But Walters did not wait until his appointment. No sooner did he see the memorandum on his desk that he was on his way to the Atlantic Building as fast as his legs could carry him. The girl recognized him.

"Your appointment is for four," she said.

"By Jove, this is important," he replied. "I want to see Poynter right away. You go in and tell him that I am out here."

"Your appointment is for four," was the quiet reply. And so, despite his impatience, he was forced to chafe until the longest hour he had ever known ticked out its nervous length.

Poynter, radiant in an orange waistcoat and a purple scarf, nodded to him as he entered.

"Here they are," he said, displaying a pair of papers. "Sign there!"

Walters gazed at him with incredulous eyes.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Consolidation with the Brown people," was the nonchalant reply. "Have a cigar. Make you think better."

But Walters did not hear him. His eager eyes were perusing the documents. He wanted to pinch himself, hardly daring to realize the truth of the splendid terms set forth in the instrument.

"By heck!" he breathed, when he had finished. "How in the name of the Almighty did you do it? Look here, Poynter, shake hands! You are a little wonder. Honestly, I didn't think you'd succeed! You've pulled me through just in time—it was a mighty close shave!"

He picked up the papers again. "But you have, haven't you?" And he laughed with the halting restraint of a man to whom cheeriness has been an absent acquaintance for some time.

Poynter reached into his drawer and took a card from an index. "The matter is closed," he said, "and you can send your check. Four thousand, you know, was what we agreed upon."

"Why, it's worth forty thousand," exulted the other.

"I said four," lisped Poynter.

"Do you mind telling me how you turned this thirty-foot handspring?" said the president of the National Razor Company.

Poynter opened the drawer again and threw a piece of cardboard on his desk. It fell upon its face, and when Walters turned it over and caught sight of the other side he broke into a roar of laughter that did not check itself until tears fairly shone in his eyes.

"Say he gloated, 'I'll bet old Brown was just ossified when he saw that. Got him right, didn't you? I'm going to take this home and frame it. Let's have the story, like a good fellow.'"

"Well," began Poynter, "Brown himself did it. His vanity is his greatest strength and at the same time his strongest weakness. His face has been his making and his undoing. For months it has been wearing upon my nerves, so that when you came and placed your case with me, the vision of his lather-smearing physiognomy at once loomed up. In a flash I saw my course. You yourself had exhausted every artifice within your power. You had assaulted his business and found it a Gibraltar. Each of your Rolands of cunning had been met with a more masterful Oliver on his part. To be very frank, my dear Mr. Walters, Brown outclassed you in management, exploitation, attack and defense. There remained but one arrow which could possibly find his heel, the shaft of ridicule."

Poynter paused for a moment and gazed abstractedly into the ceiling.

"Ridicule, however, is the most potent of all engines of destruction. Its flight is as swift as the rays of light. It is the only missile that can make of a weakling a David able to bring doom to his Goliath, however mighty or powerful he may seem. Ridicule has shut the doors of the White House to a dozen men. It has humbled prelate and author, merchant and jurist—its dart is tipped with the deadliest of poisons. Ridicule is commercial, political and social death. Whenever an individual has allowed his personality to dominate an enterprise, it is only a question of patience, a matter of time before ridicule can be made to wreck him. Brown built up his success through the influence of his advertising. The foundation of his advertising is his face. He has dinged it and donged it and banged it and slammed it into the notice of every man in America so persistently that whenever the idea of purchasing a razor occurs to him, he at once remembers Brown's enticing smile of confidence, and the germ of

suggestion fructifies into the impulse of investigation and ultimate purchase. Brown's advertising is founded upon a recognized psychological truth.

"It is human nature to believe most in those things with which one is most familiar. Men have still greater confidence in those things in which the exploiter evinces his own faith. Brown's razor, fortified by Brown's belief in it, has produced Brown's great success. The task set before me was to prove that Brown has no confidence in his razor—in short, that he did not use it. The problem presented no complications. Brown is human, Brown is busy, Brown is rich. Rich men, especially those who have attained affluence within a short space of years, are usually socially ambitious. This rule is invariable with the wives of the nouveaux riches. Inquiry develops the fact that Brown has a wife, and that she has been stung with the social hornet.

"Sooner or later Mrs. B. with her bee was certain to lure the busy Mr. B. from his affairs to share in some social Roman holiday. Therefore watch Brown. From the time we joined forces, Brown lived under a shadow. My man has known each activity of his every hour. On Saturday Mrs. Brown, exultant in the capture of a social lioness, telephones him to tea at Sherry's. Brown, equally exultant, drops his correspondence and tears up-town. Needs a shave. No conveniences in his office. Drops into a barber-shop. So does his shadow. A dollar tip to the hat-boy, a convenient pillar for the shadow, a splendid flood of sunlight through a pavement casing, a carefully posed camera, a click of

the shutter, and before Brown can realize what has happened he is ours. You can imagine the rest. First a visit to an artist, then one to Brown. I hold a very annoying picture. The prospect of that thing in a dozen publications does not appeal to Brown's peculiar sense of humor. Ridicule can tear down in a month what labor cannot build up in a year. We meet; we dicker; we haggle. Brown swears; Brown talks injunction; Brown talks terms. I talk terms; we both talk terms. Sum total—your company merged with his company; now sign."

Walters with trembling fingers affixed his signature to the two papers, placed one in his pocket and at Poynter's request passed the duplicate over to him. Then, chortling with satisfaction, he hastened to the door, meanwhile scrutinizing the card in his hand and roaring with laughter. It was a picture of Brown in the barber's chair—his profile as clean-cut as a duo-tone cameo, the barber scraping away at it for dear life, and a background of other barbers corroborating the authenticity of the scene. Surrounding the photograph was a border-design exactly duplicating the famous decoration peculiar to Brown's own advertising, but instead of the customary wording thereupon, these lines had been lettered in: IT ISN'T GOD ENOUGH FOR HIM. IT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

Walters paused for a moment as he opened the door, and then looked back into the room.

"Poynter," he grinned, "I'd give another thousand for a snap shot of Brown when you showed him this one."



Why Some Women Never Marry

The Usual Woman, while Passing Through the Period of the Greatest Matrimonial Possibilities, is Always Resolutely Bent on Marriage—Pretty Nearly all her Interest in Life will be Found to Centre Around the Probable Man.

By Alice Marston French in the Scrap Book Magazine.

A TOPIC lately started by an English magazine deals with the fascinating question of why so many women never marry. Owing to the nature of the theme and its perennial interest, it may be worth while here to set forth the opinions that have enlivened the English publication.

The query propounded by the editor was this: "Why do women prefer to remain unwed?" Naturally, all the ladies who answered this question differed more or less in their views and in their explanations. Perhaps the best way of getting at their answers is to give a summary of them, divested of the irrelevant remarks that befog certain of the letters.

(1) A woman often prefers to remain single, says one, because nowadays "education has enabled her to appraise her own powers and recognize her own good and bad points." That is, the modern woman has acquired a complete self-knowledge; and if she has reason to believe that she is not a good housekeeper and cannot "cut and contrive," or if children bore her, she knows that marriage will be to her a martyrdom. So she holds back until she is very sure on all these points.

Just how she can ever be quite sure until she has tried the thing for herself, the lady does not specifically inform us; but her general view seems to be that the woman of to-day is in the attitude of the proverbial man who would not go into the water until he had learned how to swim.

(2) The economic independence of women is given as another reason why there are so many single ladies at the present time. In the old days, marriage was the only career that was open to any woman,

and she had to marry if she got the chance, or else she felt herself useless and eccentric and a domestic burden to her parents. But now that so many occupations are thrown open to her, she does not need to think of matrimony.

This serves very well to explain why women need not marry, but it falls far short of revealing why they do not wish to.

(3) Another woman thinks that women do not marry because, when they look about and see their married friends, they find these very often living lives that lack excitement, that are deadly dull—lives filled with the care of children, the direction of servants, and the very small and limited ambitions that must content the members of any ordinary set of married people. This lady sums it all up by saying that women do not marry because marriage really is not interesting.

(4) A Miss Mary Frances Billington, who confesses that she is old-fashioned in her views, regards the present drift away from marriage as a temporary phase of social evolution, due to the growth of luxury and the desire for luxury among nearly every class of persons. She believes that women very often remain single simply because they wait so long for the possible millionaire to come to them that, before they know it, they have grown too old and plain to attract even the moderate sort of man whom they would finally be very glad to get.

(5) A Miss Sarah Döndney, who is more terse and more generally vivid than any of the other writers, says plainly and bluntly that women prefer a single life because they are getting to know men too well to trust them. They have come to know men thus

WHY SOME WOMEN NEVER MARRY

by reading modern realistic fiction and the still more realistic newspapers.

Miss Doudney does not think that men are hopelessly depraved, but she declares that most girls think so because of what most girls have read. Hence, literature is really the cause of the disillusionment of the sex and the dearth of marriages.

Now, these opinions are all interesting, and there is some truth in all of them; but the ladies who have set them down have failed to grasp the subject in a large and philosophic way. Each has her own solution and her own small theory to exploit, and so she does not fully satisfy the mind as to the entire sufficiency of what she says.

Suppose, therefore, that we try to frame a sort of working hypothesis that shall make allowances for all special cases, and consider only the larger aspect of the question in a much more general fashion.

In the first place, we may divide the whole sex into two classes—the Usual Women and the Exceptional Women, the great majority of them, of course, coming under the former head. In their emotional characteristics, and especially in their relation to the matrimonial question, all Usual Women are cast in a single mold and exhibit practically a single type.

THE USUAL WOMAN NOT FASTIDIOUS.

A Usual Woman, while she is passing through the period of the greatest matrimonial possibilities (say from eighteen to twenty-five), is always resolutely bent on getting married, and pretty nearly all her interest in life will be found to centre around the question of the probable man. And from her elementary standpoint, one man is pretty nearly as good as another—though, of course, I mean any man of whom she is likely to see very much.

She would not by preference elope with a coachman or a day-laborer, nor would she take a ridiculous person, such as would lead other girls to sniff at her if she chose him. Women, naturally enough, like men the possession of whom is coveted by others. But with these limitations, it may be safely said that the Usual Woman will snap at any man who happens to come along. A little proximity is the only thing necessary to make her choose John Doe rather than Richard Roe; for each is equally delightful.

There is, of course, a polite little fiction, propagated by writers of books and cher-

ished by the very young, to the effect that every woman goes about, fancy free, until some eligible and ardent youth discreetly forces himself on her surprised attention.

But we need not go very far in life in order to penetrate the secrets of the prison-house; and then we find out that the Usual Woman, especially while in the early twenties, derives the principal pleasure of her existence from thinking of the actual, prospective or hypothetical man.

ANYTHING WITH TROUSERS.

With her friends, she spends long hours in giggling and speculating over this delightful He; and on the approach of any new male person, her agitation and general emotion are wonderful to see.

And anything that wears trousers will do.

He may have brains, or he may not.

He may be good-looking, or he may not.

He may be manly and discreet and trustworthy, or he may not.

If he has any of the more complex qualities, the Usual Woman will probably not discover them, and so it is entirely and beautifully sufficient for him to be a Man. Consequently, if one asks why the Usual Woman sometimes does not marry, the answer is a very simple one indeed. It is because she doesn't get a chance, and for no other reason whatsoever. There is no problem in this case at all, and there never has been.

The really serious question arises when we come to the women who are exceptional. There are more Exceptional Women in these days than there used to be; for this is an age that tolerates departures from conventionality, and, in fact, makes unconventionality a fad. And it is an age when women are regarded as having the right to be as individual as they please. Therefore, the Exceptional Woman is generally one of a keen and discriminating mind.

Such a woman is most often of the artistic type, whether or not she actually enters upon the artistic career. She holds herself at a high valuation and is rather skeptical about the lasting value of what any one can offer her. She learns her lesson in life very early, and she is not given to illusions.

She may, in fact, be just the least bit cynical, and she suspects the fundamental sincerity of nearly every one she meets. Consequently, she is by no means carried

away by the Usual Man; and if the Exceptional Man arrives, he must be her kind of an Exceptional Man, or else she will not take him.

If she is psychic and emotional, the Exceptional Man must be one who will appeal to her in the subtlest ways, who can enter into all her thoughts and understand them all before they take the clumsy form of words.

To such a man she will surrender her life as gladly as will the Usual Woman to the Usual Man, and with a splendid self-abandonment; but if she never meets him, then she will go through life alone.

If, again, the Exceptional Woman be one in whom head predominates over heart, she

will still preserve her independence, unless the Exceptional Man fully fills the niche that she reserves for him. She will never settle down to a humdrum, middle-class existence.

If she marries, she will exact every whit as much as her more emotional sister—only in a different way. She must have a great position, her husband must be Somebody, he must be externally faithful, he must not make mistakes.

The Exceptional Woman, therefore, is very likely not to marry; and if she does not, it is always because she does not care to do so, and because she is not fortunate enough to meet the person who appeals to her peculiar needs.

THE TWO KINDS

By Elbert Hubbard.

In every business house there are two distinct classes of employees. One we may call the Bunch, and these are out for a maximum wage and a minimum service. They are apt to regard their employer as their enemy and in their spare time they persistently "knock." They keep bad hours, overeat, overdrink, overdraw their salaries, and are "off their feed" at least one day in a week.

The other kind get their sleep, take their cold baths, do their Emersonians, join no cliques, and hustle for the house.

If I were a youth I would not compete in the twelve-dollar-a-week class. Like George Ade, who left Indiana and went to Chicago in order to get away from mental competition, I'd set the Bunch a pace. I would go in the free-for-all class. I would make myself necessary to the business.

No matter how "scarce" times are, there are a few employees who are never laid off, nor are their wages cut down. These are the boys who make the wheels go round. And it isn't Brains that counts most; it is Intent. The difference is this: the Bunch plot and plan for personal gain—for ease and a good time. The other kind work for the house, and to work for all is the only wise way to help yourself.

The Tragedy of Business

The Most Dangerous and Insidious Rubbish in Literature is the Life Stories of Successful Men, Which Frequently Prove on Investigation to be the Mere Glorification of Selfishness Inspired by a Narrow Mind and a Grovelling Soul.

By S. A. R. in the Commercial Intelligence Magazine.

OBVIOUSLY the first duty of a journalist who writes for commercial men in a commercial journal is to emphasize, and even reiterate, the importance of commerce to the world, to the nation, and to the individual, and we do not think we can with justice be accused of ever losing sight of the fundamental *raison d'être* of our paper. But it is permissible for us sometimes to invite our readers to pause with us for a moment in the all-engrossing commercial struggle in order to make sure that we are not losing our sense of proportion in our lives. Year by year and day by day we add something to the tablet that will one day become the record of our life, and as the artist who limns the landscape on the canvas before him steps back to make sure that every detail in his picture shall bear its proper proportion to the whole, so we may profitably ask whether every part of our life is in proportion to the whole. Unhappy he whose life's record is marred by the overwhelming prominence of what should have been but a fractional part of it.

We are compelled to make these observations mainly from noticing how insistently the press, the pulpit, and the platform accentuate the importance of success in business. Judging from the prominence given to the money-making capacity of men whom we are invited to call "great," the average publicist more sincerely admires the trait of acquisitiveness than any other characteristic of "greatness." How seldom—we do not say never—we are invited to admire the great, poor man! How often we are told to revere the memory of a man whose only claim to distinction has been his success in acquiring wealth. Of all the demoralizing

rubbish that is offered to the public in the guise of literature, the most dangerous, because the most insidious, are the life stories of successful men, which prove on investigation nine times in ten to be the mere glorification of selfishness inspired by a narrow mind and a grovelling soul.

To say that no really great man ever acquired riches would be untrue, but it is absolutely certain that no great man ever allowed his mind to be obsessed with the greed of gain to the exclusion of other considerations. It is surely taking a most degraded view of life—which offers so vast a range to the human mind—to determine that it can be turned by its owner to the best advantage by devoting it simply and solely to the collection of material wealth that is absolutely valueless to the collector at the end. Yet we are asked to term "great" men who openly glory in the fact that they have from earliest youth kept strictly before themselves as the goal of their ambition, their great principle in life to which they have devoted all their time and talents, to be successful in the sense of adding shop to shop, warehouse to warehouse, or dollar to dollar.

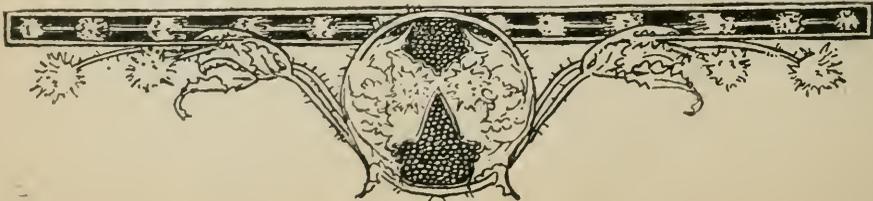
When we stop for a moment to ask ourselves whether we see anything admirable in such careers, we never admit for a moment that the end justifies the means. Instead, we prefer to laud the steadfastness, courage, or patience of the individual whose success has been achieved by its exercise. So we carefully disguise, even from ourselves, the hideous truth that even such noble characteristics have been warped by the narrow sordid channels into which they have been cramped. With a right perception of the relative value of life's gifts, no

man would allow himself to devote himself wholly to what is termed "success" in business, and we maintain that the average man is not so degraded, so unintelligent, and so blind as wilfully to embark upon such a career. The danger is that in the struggle we lose our sense of proportion. Business is with us every day, the struggle for life is all about us, and we recognize every moment the absolute reality of the strife. If we are not to go down—perhaps never to rise again—we must put forth our best efforts to-day. To-morrow will be the same as to-day. And so the struggle goes on until, by almost imperceptible stages, we find ourselves being gradually drawn into the vortex, and forgetting that man's life consisteth in anything else but the constant struggle to succeed in a commercial sense.

That is the tragedy of business that is enacted before us on the world's stage every day. Many a luxurious motor car, swiftly and smoothly conveying its successful occupant home from the city, conceals tragedy far sadder than the rough deal boards of the pauper's coffin. Unhappily, the tendency of the age is to misrepresent such failures as successes. We teach the school-boy to respect the successful man because he is successful, and therefore rich and, it may be, powerful. Read the lives of such men we tell them, and you will see how you, too, may some day become like them if you also narrow down your life to the single purpose of getting gold. When one thinks of it it is very sad. It is not thus that a nation rears true nobility and elevates itself. And since the future of the nation lies with its youth the horizon would wear a monotonously sombre hue, but for the one redeeming fact that youth is not so readily deceived as its mentors. We of an older generation are seared and embittered by life's battle. Youth is fresh, natural and healthy in its hopes and its aspirations as well as in its body. The boy is more noble

than the man, more generous, less material. We ought to strive to put before him the highest ideals, the most noble thoughts, the worthiest aspirations, and if we did that we should raise a better race than ourselves, even if here and there among them there were found pitiful creatures whose lives were as narrow, mean and abject as those of many "successful" men, whose life's tragedy is distorted by the popular press and presented for our admiration.

While saying this, we do not wish to be understood to argue that "rich" and "great" are incompatible terms. Many a man has gained wealth that he has used for the best and noblest ends. He has remembered his duty to his fellows, and utilized his money to bring them prosperity as well as himself. He has cultivated his mind and character and spared a part of his time for the practice of the duties of good citizenship; possibly he has taken a prominent part in directing the affairs of State. Such a man's career does really and truly constitute an object lesson to the rest of mankind, and provide the rising generation with an excellent example to follow. Our complaint is not against success as success, but in the glorification of mere money-making as being the end-all and be-all of life. If our publicists would dwell less upon the gross and material side, we should have less quarrel with them, but when writer follows writer in asking us to admire the man who boasts of having lived only for business from his earliest youth, whose whole mind and energy have been bent upon making money, then we feel inclined to rebel and to say openly and outright that such is not the kind of man we admire, nor the type that we think any young man should follow. The pity is that the demands of modern life should be so exacting that men who would take a prominent place in the world can find so little time and opportunity to cultivate the graces.



The Importance of Secondary Education

Why Should Not the State Make as Liberal Provision for Secondary as it Does for Primary Education?—Large Numbers of Bright, Intelligent Young People Unable to Advance Owing to Expense of Text Books and Tuition Fees—What is the Obligation of the State in the Matter?

By John Hunter, M.D.

THE importance of primary education is so firmly fixed in public opinion, that the State, and that segment of it known as the municipality, not only provide free public schools, but also compel parents to send their children to these schools. Any attempt to revert to the old system of collecting fees would certainly meet with the most strenuous opposition; and yet the very system that has been discarded in the case of public schools is still in force throughout the course in secondary education. As soon as the pupil seeks to enter the high school or collegiate institute an entrance fee is demanded and tuition fees in increasing amounts—according to grade—confront him or her all the way through the course.

The question naturally arises why this handicap on secondary education? Primary education is considered to be such an important factor in the prosperity and progress of the State, that it is not only provided free, but made compulsory. Is secondary education of any less value to the State than primary education? The answer usually given to this question is this, "Primary education is necessary, for without it people could scarcely discharge the duties of citizenship in a civilized country, whereas secondary education is largely a personal affair—a qualification for a so-called learned profession."

Let us consider the interests represented in citizenship when a high grade of civilization exists. Life—domestic, social, civic or national—is a very complex problem, as each vocation is so intimately interwoven with other vocations. However, there is a broad classification of interests that will answer our purpose, viz., agricultural, in-

dustrial and commercial interests, which are served pretty efficiently by our public school system of education. On the other hand, we have the spiritual, moral and intellectual; the material, and the physical interests, not so adequately served by this system.

Now it is an indisputable fact that the latter interests are of just as vital importance to the State as are the former. The soil might be ever so productive, forest and mine filled with raw material for the workshop, avenues for commerce open everywhere, yet a people without high spiritual, moral and intellectual attainments; without life and property being safe, and without physical stamina, would have a dormant national life. There could be no such thing as progress and prosperity. The untutored Indians had all the natural resources of this country, and yet all these furnished them was a precarious existence, little better than that of the brute creation around them. The advent of the enlightened white man gave to field, forest and river a commercial value.

The development of our spiritual, moral and intellectual faculties calls for special training. Those engaged in the busy pursuits of life cannot find time to give the great problems involved the attention they deserve—hence the need for our spiritual advisers, the clergy—the moral reformers—temperance, social and civic; and for intellectual attainments—professors, teachers, writers and editors.

The material interests involve not only the safety of life and security of property, but also the permanent maintenance of those forms in the transaction of business that give assurance of honest dealing, and

the preservation of all those regulations, forms and customs that experience has proved to be so essential to the courtesy, purity and honor of individual, domestic, social, civic and national life. These great interests demand the technical knowledge of the lawyer. No country could be prosperous or progressive if life were unsafe, property insecure, or marriage laws ignored. The preservation of law and order is of vital importance to the State, hence our courts of justice with their legal officers.

The physical condition of the people is also a vital factor in national life. The well-being of a people, and its wealth-producing power are very dependent upon the sanitary conditions that prevail. Impure water, defective drainage, neglect of sanitary precautions for the prevention of disease, absence of hospitals, or of efficient medical attendance—all these would militate against national progress and prosperity. The loss to the State through premature deaths from contagious or communicable diseases and from the physical disability caused by sickness, is a very serious matter. It has been estimated that the annual loss to the United States from tuberculosis alone is \$300,000,000. The diffusion of medical knowledge and the enforcement of sanitary laws are rapidly reducing the number of cases of communicable diseases. Our physical needs demand the technical knowledge of the educated physician. Efficient health officers render a service of inestimable value to the State.

Now, if the well-being of the people, and the progress and prosperity of the State are so dependent on the technical knowledge required in each of the callings enumerated, why should a handicap be placed on the acquisition of this knowledge? Not only is public school education free, but, in an ever-increasing number of municipalities, free text-books, and free school supplies—paper, pens, pencils, etc., are furnished—in Toronto free text-books and supplies are furnished at the rate of twenty-five cents per pupil per annum. If secondary education, as furnished in our high schools, collegiate institutes, colleges and universities is just as essential to the State as primary

education; why should the State and municipality not make just as liberal a provision for the former as for the latter?

A large number of bright, intelligent boys and girls are deprived of a secondary education on account of the expense incurred in buying text-books and in paying tuition fees. If any of them persist in acquiring secondary education they are obliged to do two things: (1) Earn the money the best way they can; (2) if they have to leave home, they are forced to seek lodging in cheap, unsanitary boardinghouses, where lighting, heating and ventilation are very defective, bedding and bedrooms often infected with morbid germs, and obliged to live on poor, innutritious, unpalatable food, hence many deaths, much sickness and often great disability.

We hear it reiterated again and again "That the experience the student gets while earning this money will be very valuable to him in after life." This is very questionable. The student, as a rule, has so little expert knowledge that he cannot secure employment in any recognized trade. He is, therefore, obliged to take almost any menial position. Under such circumstances how easy for him to get into bad company and acquire bad habits, become intemperate or immoral, and acquire vices that may mar his whole future life. Again, the months given up to earning money with which to purchase text-books and pay tuition fees is just so much time taken from his literary course. These months spent in quickening, broadening and enriching his mind would give results far more serviceable to him than any experience he might get in a calling in which he was not interested.

The sum required by the State to furnish every student who wished to acquire the education given in our high schools, collegiate institutes, colleges and universities with free text-books and free tuition, would be somewhere between twenty-five and fifty cents per annum per pupil. The text-books would remain the property of the State and would be used by one generation after another of students. Could the State spend this sum more wisely or more profitably in its own interests?

From Jet Black to Pure White

A Hair Raising as Well as What Proved a Hair Coloring Experience of a Brave Telegraph Operator at a Lonely Railway Station in Western Canada When a Large Sum of Money Belonging to a Lumber Firm was in His Care.

By C. F. McTavish.

“AND so you know John Hudson, do you? Well; he’s a fine man and no mistake. I have found him not only a good friend, but have learned to value highly his opinions.”

Colonel Moore thus addressed his companion in the car after they had spent the day in the city. The Colonel and Sandy Mathieson had been inseparable companions in the days of long ago. Although their lines had drifted apart there was always great pleasure experienced when it was their privilege to be together.

Sandy had made up his mind to pay a long-promised visit to the Colonel. Thus it was that the latter had journeyed to the city to meet his friend and accompany him to his own home in the little Town of Doon.

“Yes,” replied Sandy, “I knew him when both of us as young men worked on the C.P.R., when stations in Canada were few and far between.”

“Well, well,” said the Colonel, “I had almost forgotten the fact. I remember now that I heard that before. Both operators, were you not?”

“Indeed we were, and it was during this period that poor John’s hair turned white.”

“His hair turned white! What do you mean?”

“Did you never hear about it? Well, it’s true, John’s hair turned from jet black to pure white in a single night and fright was the cause of it.”

“I’m interested now,” returned the Colonel. “I never dreamed that there was anything out of the ordinary, although I have often thought the whiteness of John’s hair was a most remarkable thing.”

“Well,” resumed Sandy, “it was this way. In those days it was very different to what

we find to-day. Stations were not every half-dozen miles. Sometimes, indeed, 200 miles apart on the line would be your next door neighbor. John was located at a place called Pleasant Valley, a little town in Ontario. One day he was called up by the superintendent and informed that he would be required to report for duty as relief for a man going on a holiday at a little wayside station on the C.P.R. in Western Canada.

“John had some time previous to this, when in the company of the superintendent expressed himself as desirous of seeing the Western country. Apparently his chief was now about to give him the chance.

“After due preparation and in course of time, John found himself aboard the train and fast nearing his destination.

“The place where for the next few weeks that he was to make his home was Marble Peak Pass. The nearest station to this point on the east was Big Tree Gulch, a distance of 211 miles, and to the West, Mossy Hollow, fully 190 miles. John’s instructions were that although the train he would come on would not reach the Pass until 4.55 p.m., he was to take charge immediately. The trains met at that point at 5.15 p.m., and Mr. Kennedy, whom he was going to relieve, intended to depart at once. On arrival John met Mr. Kennedy, and in the half-hour or so at their disposal was further instructed as to his duties, hours of trains, etc.

“‘By the way,’ said Kennedy, ‘I must tell you to be on your guard, especially to-morrow. That is the first of the month, and by express there will arrive in the evening the money to pay the men at Dymont’s Camp.’ This was explained to John to mean that

a package consigned to the foreman of the camp containing usually about \$30,000 came on the first of each month and was called for by special messenger.

"John made the discovery next day that not only were his duties light, but there did not seem to be much chance to liven things up. Besides the station itself the only other house in the place was that of the section foreman, where he got his meals.

"The stores, hotel and all the other places of business were situated near Dymont's lumber camp, fully seven miles away.

"The next evening on arrival of the 5.15 train, John received the express parcel, the one he had been instructed to be so careful of. This parcel, along with several others for various people at the camp, he deposited in the large safe that formed a part of the station equipment.

"After attending to the duties of his office preparatory to turning in for the night, he thought he would take a walk down the platform and get some good Western ozone into his lungs. On reaching the eastern end he was rather surprised to see two gentlemen, one shading his eyes, and both apparently anxiously looking down the road. On a closer scrutiny he noted that beside them was a long, narrow box, like that encasing a coffin. He remembered then in an indistinct way that he had noticed a couple of men standing around when the train for the east pulled out.

"'Good evening gentlemen,' said John. 'It is going to be a stormy night I think. Are you waiting for some one?'

"'Yes,' replied the taller one. 'We just came in on the express and fully expected James Logan from Dymont's Camp to meet us. I cannot understand how he is not here. The corpse is that of Andrew Bailey, a cousin of Logan's, who was killed at Serenade Junction, and whose remains we have accompanied here.'

"'I'm very sorry, indeed,' John answered. 'I am only here as relief man, and, in consequence, I cannot tell you anything about the place or its people, but I think in a case of this kind Mr. Logan will be along soon. In the meantime, you had better come into the station. I'm afraid that it is going to rain.'

"Again it was the taller of the two who spoke: 'Thank you, but really I think if he does not show up soon I'll walk in. We would like to leave on the early morning

train, going west. However, I guess we'd better go in for a little while. I hate to leave the box out in the storm.'

"'Can we not lift it,' said John. 'We can surely carry it to the waiting-room; then, if for any reason he fails to get here it will be safely inside at any rate.'

"Without more being said, this was done. After conversing further for a short time the two men, who had not given their names, said that as it was apparent some hitch had occurred and the man Logan was not going to put in an appearance that night they would walk to camp and even yet get there before 12 o'clock.

"Simply saying, 'Good night,' they passed out into the blackness of the evening.

"John looked at his watch. It was 11.45 p.m. The men had been gone fully an hour. No sign of anyone coming after the corpse that night. So he resolved to go to bed and get some sleep. Seeing that all was locked up safely the signals were as they should be and that everything was in readiness for the early morning train, he prepared for rest. He had left the lamp dimly burning on his desk about eight or ten feet away from where his couch was. Midway between the couch and table stood the safe. When nearly asleep he became convinced that he heard a peculiar sound. It seemed to come from the adjoining room in which the casket was. Thinking that owing to his surroundings being strange and, perhaps, his sensitive faculties unduly alert, he turned again and once more tried to go to sleep. But, try as he would, slumber was out of the question. After tossing restlessly for some time he again became convinced that he heard a noise. This time he turned toward the front of his bed, and, leaning slightly forward, his heart almost stood still as through the open door between the room where he lay and the waiting-room he saw being raised slowly and cautiously the lid of the box that earlier in the evening he had helped to carry in. He lay as though struck dumb, and while the sweat came out in great beads upon his brow, he gazed steadily at the remarkable sight. First an inch, then half way up, and finally so high, that quietly and stealthily as a cat, the form of a man emerged from the box. Swiftly the man proceeded, after stretching himself, to take from the recesses of the box a collection of tools of finest workmanship. Standing in the shadow for a

moment, it gave John the necessary opportunity to pull the bed clothes well up over his head, thereby hiding his face. A moment later the man, with softest tread, approached the door leading to the apartment where lay his victim.

"Fortunately for John he had his revolver beneath his pillow. When within a few feet of the apparently sleeping figure the man took from his pocket a handkerchief and a small vial. He then threw a chloroformed rag upon John's face, and without a moment's hesitation went to work at the safe. With incredible swiftness the occurrences of the next few minutes took place. John snatched the handkerchief and put it out of harm's way, and with a leap like that of a tiger he was upon the man at the safe. With his revolver he struck him fairly across the head, and one blow was sufficient. In less time than it takes to describe the robber was rendered unconscious. Without a moment's hesitation John unlocked the safe. Taking the express parcel containing the money he bounded out the door, through the station yard and up the road, as fast as he could. With only brief halts to catch his breath he never stopped until almost ready to drop, he reached the camp. He remembered afterwards that as he neared the camp, through the darkness he thought he met a spirited team of horses going in an opposite direction. As soon as he could get them to understand his story he was bundled into a rig, drawn by four horses, and in company with five or six stalwart men, returned to

the depot. When they arrived all they found was the empty box, a few of the tools, evidently overlooked by the cracksmen, and the blood-stains upon the floor in front of the safe. Evidently the men in the rig whom John had passed in the darkness returned to the station to pick up their pal with the swag and drive him to another part of the country. It was afterwards learned that two men had hired a team on some plausible excuse from one of the teamsters at the camp. Finding the condition of affairs at the depot as they did, and recognizing that the coup had failed, they disappeared.

"John was highly complimented, not only by the lumber company to whom the money was consigned, but by his employers as well. As a tribute to his bravery he was promoted to be stationmaster at a large centre, where the emolument was of a nature to make possible the fulfillment of many long-cherished desires.

"The next morning, after the terrible experiences, through which he had passed on the night of the attempted robbery he was profoundly moved to find when looking in his mirror his hair, which had been a jet, glossy black, was now as white as the driven snow.

"As in after days John moved about amongst his fellows many were the inquiring glances frequently cast upon him as they noticed his young and boyish countenance, capped by a thick growth of hair as hoar as a November frost."

The best thing about a play is discussing it afterwards.

The secret of life is not to expect too much of anybody just yet.

We often find it very difficult to imagine to-day how we could have committed the acts of yesterday.

You would not estimate a poet by his worst verse, would you? Half a dozen beautiful lines, even, would place him amongst the elect.—From "The Chichester Intrigue," by Thomas Cobb.

Fitting Young People for Life's Battle

The Splendid Instruction and Practical Training of Commercial Colleges Doing Much to Help Many a Youth and Maiden on the High Road to Business Success and Equip Them to Hold Their Own in the Great World of Labor and Achievement.

By G. W. Brock.

'Tis Education that forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined"—Pope.

THIS is essentially a business age. Canada is not old enough in years, in wealth, or in power to maintain a titled aristocracy or a landed nobility, and it is doubtful if we have the slightest desire to do so. We may not be rich or fruitful in historical association or traditional glory. We are living in the present—an age and a country, where in spite of chimeras, hallucinations or fatuities, the chief business of every man is that of making a living. No matter how he does it so long as he accomplishes it honestly and faithfully, that is the principal object.

Casting aside all day dreams or abstract theories it is a recognized fact that nine men out of every ten have to work for their daily bread, to make ends meet, and support themselves and those dependent upon them. Any move, any institution, any condition of affairs, that contributes materially to the great work of fitting and equipping young Canadians to fight the great battle of existence is worthy of encouragement and deserving of a helping hand. Any person two degrees above the lower order of creation can criticize or dismantle. It is a different problem, however, to reform, to build, to suggest feasible improvements, to rear a new order of things that will stand the test of time and attack.

Much has been written along the line of higher education, extension of the university system, the widening of the collegiate institute curriculum, and the revision of the subjects taught in our public schools. These are all questions worthy of our earnest and deepest attention, and I have no criticism to offer or suggestions to make with re-

spect to these institutions. I leave this to abler minds and more facile pens than my own. But I do desire to say a word or two in behalf of the business college or school, located in nearly every town and city of Canada. These mediums of imparting a sound, practical, workable education have their detractors. Calumniators are abroad who characterize them as venal, as mere money making schemes—enterprises, which give their students a mere smattering of bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, arithmetic, commercial law, etc., and then turn out the ill-fitted attendants to shift for themselves.

In plain, unvarnished terms these schools are denounced by some as mere catch-penny propositions, designed to hoodwink young men and young women, particularly those from rural districts and chloroform them into the belief that they can take the rawest material and so work upon it that within a few weeks it is completely transformed and can demand excellent positions in the city where hours are short, remuneration enticing and prospects captivating. This, in brief, is the substance of the attack made by invidious ones on commercial colleges, business schools and shorthand institutes.

To refute these contentions the unprejudiced individual has to point out only a few things. One is that there must be a growing need, a splendid opening for such colleges or they would not or rather could not flourish as they do to-day. All the people cannot be gulled all the time, and the fact that the business colleges of Canada are multiplying in numbers and the attendance enormously increasing is the best argument that these schools are serving a useful pur-

pose and doing a commendable work. Of course, there may be a few institutions unworthy of support. This applies to every cause or profession. Journalism has its petty fly-sheets and infamous yellow dodgers; the law has its pettifoggers; medicine its quacks; dentistry its charlatans, and the ministry its scapegoats. Because of the errors or sins of a few are we to condemn all these professions, to impugn their dignity, honesty and worth? Then why should we level the shafts of ridicule, sarcasm and unbelief against schools designed to teach business methods, practices and principles simply because now and then there may arise one that is projected solely from mercenary motives or one that has imposed upon its patrons. There are always some incompetents in every trade and calling, a few, who are in the game from base motives, self-aggrandisement, or downright meanness, but, as an optimist, I believe that nine-tenths of the members in every branch of activity, industrial, educational, moral and religious, are well intentioned, animated by high ideals and noble resolves. The false, the base and the sordid are soon discovered in all avenues of human endeavor. Because of the shortcomings in isolated cases are we going to denounce all the votaries of medicine, law, religion, and, last, but not least, business. Lest it should be thought that my view is jaundiced or my outlook circumscribed, I may say that I have not interests, pecuniary or otherwise, in any business college, or any venture of this character; neither am I a graduate of any commercial school, but, I have been an impartial observer of the excellent instruction that the great majority of these institutions are giving, and on this I base my conclusions. They fill a gap, supply a void and do a work that is not being adequately done at other seats of learning.

If you will visit a large office in any leading town or city and take a census of all the employes in the establishment you will find that fully three-quarters of the young ladies and young gentlemen have at some period or other attended a business college. This is the best and strongest testimony of the solid, practical and valuable course these schools are providing. They have equipped thousands to earn a good living for themselves and have educated many, who possessed few, if any advantages, in the shortest, most direct and beneficial way of early

acquiring the means of earning their own living. If some of the graduates, or those looking to graduation in these colleges, turn out indifferently, is it the fault of the school? In the great majority of instances the blame can be laid at the feet of the students, who desire to get through the course too quickly. They are not willing to expend the necessary time, energy and application in order to qualify themselves to become thoroughly competent, in bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, telegraphy or whatever course they may be pursuing.

Another feature, which has to be considered, is that no hard and fast lines are drawn so far as the ample disciplinary powers of other schools are concerned, where headmasters, truant officers, inspectors, school boards and others are constantly on guard to see that the attendants toe the mark and conform to prescribed regulations, by-laws, and other forms of government. Business colleges in their management and jurisdiction place the pupils upon their honor and trust to their sense of right and wrong, their honesty of purpose and good intentions to do that which in other schools is frequently enforced by punitive methods. Taking all these facts into consideration the dispassionate observer must acknowledge that the results are most satisfactory. The showing made by the great majority of the students is calculated to inspire the hope and confidence that they take life seriously, recognize that existence is no joke.

A well-known authority has said "an education that is built up with a view to counteracting as far as possible the unexpected turns of fortune is better in the long run than the teaching that previsions a rose-strewn future or at least a bank account and feather beds." This is the instruction the business schools throughout the country are seeking to impart and the measure of success which has attended their graduates is the only standard, the true gauge by which the value and timeliness of the tuition can be judged. As results count and practical demonstrations are in evidence in every office in the land assuredly there must be much merit in the different courses outlined in these schools, and to them should be accorded the credit of solving as far as any human agency can, the problem of how to conduct business on business principles and equip young people for the battle of life.

Wrecking to Save, Not to Destroy

How Some of the Largest Structures Have Been Dismantled and the Material Made Use of for Various New Enterprises - The Manner in Which the Colossal World's Fair Buildings Were Razed and the Great Revenue They Yielded the Wrecking Company.

By S. H. Harris in the American Business Man Magazine.

WRECKERS are not regarded with favor, as a rule, in conservative business circles. In fact, they are rather frowned upon, if anything. There is the bank wrecker, for instance, and the railway wrecker, two types with which the American people have become very familiar to their pecuniary detriment. There are various other kinds of wreckers, but their purpose is not always to destroy. Quite the contrary. According to Webster, one meaning of the word is this:

"One who is employed in saving the property or lives from a wrecked vessel, or the vessel itself; as, the wreckers of Key West."

That definition will almost fit the Chicago House Wrecking Company, but not entirely so. We are not engaged in life-saving as a business, but we are engaged in the saving and utilization of property, much of which would be otherwise absolutely wasted. In the conduct of this business we have successfully handled some of the largest contracts in history, and in doing so we have acquired a fame that is not only national, but is world-wide. I am referring now to our wrecking of World's Expositions, our greatest feats in this line of work being the wrecking of the Chicago Exposition of 1893 and the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. In addition to these we also wrecked the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, held at Omaha in 1899, and the Pan-American, held at Buffalo in 1901, and which will always live in history as the scene of President McKinley's assassination. We

also purchased and wrecked the old Chicago Post-office, and the Cleveland, Ohio, Post-office, leaving the ground in readiness for the erections of the new buildings.

The wrecking of a building is not such a great matter, being merely the employment of a certain number of men for a given time. To demolish the building speedily, however, at the same time preserving everything in it that can be utilized again in other structures, and to do this economically enough to assure a profit on the transaction, is an altogether different matter. Men have to be trained for such work, all material must be closely classified, and the wrecker must know where the various kinds of material can be disposed of at a profit. If the wrecker knows this his work is not of a speculative nature any more than is that of the merchant who buys a stock of goods with the ultimate expectation of selling them at a profit. It is purely a matter of organization. We have built up this organization, and have scattered the wreckage from the various expositions that we have handled, all over the United States. To properly store and show part of the goods we have obtained from these buildings, we have built up a sales plant in Chicago, which is one of the commercial marvels of the city, and which covers over thirty-seven acres of land. Our show rooms at this plant are the largest in the city, the arches that support the roof of our main display building being formed from the trusses of the train shed of the

old Rock Island Railroad depot, which we wrecked and moved out to Thirty-fifth and Iron Streets.

The aggregate cost of the four expositions that we demolished was about \$100,000,000, the cost of the St. Louis Exposition alone being \$50,000,000. This was the greatest world's fair ever held, both as regards the number and size of its buildings and the extent of ground covered. It was a city in itself, covering over 600 acres of grounds and taking four years to construct. It had buildings that exceeded in size the enormous Manufactures Building at the Chicago World's Fair, and all its buildings in proportions and beauty compared favorably with those at Chicago. Wood entered more largely into their construction than it did into those of the Chicago buildings, but that was solely because the St. Louis buildings were erected at a time when the steel mills of the country were being rushed to their capacity on other lines of work and could not produce the vast quantity of structural material that was required. The builders were therefore forced to resort to lumber, and over 100,000,000 feet of timber was used in the construction.

At the close of the exposition on December 1, 1904, we took complete possession of the fair. Everything came into our possession just as it was, the trees, the flowers and the shrubbery, the fish in the lagoons, the gondolas, the street railways, the furniture in the buildings and the office equipment, the fire department and the uniforms worn by the guards.

We paid \$450,000 for everything within the grounds, including the fence, which was about fifteen miles long. For some of the state and foreign buildings we made separate contracts, as they were not the property of the Exposition Company. For instance, we paid \$600 for the Ohio building, the original cost of which was \$175,000, and \$3,300 for the Pennsylvania building, which cost \$300,000. We also obtained all the furniture, carpets and other equipment. We paid \$600 for the German building, which cost over \$100,000, and were much disappointed when we found

that all of the beautiful decorations on the walls and ceilings were painted on canvas and had been sent back to Germany. However, there was over \$600 worth of copper on the roof and dome, and so it did not turn out such a bad bargain. We bought most of the other state buildings at merely nominal prices.

The wrecking of a great exposition is probably an even more fascinating sight than its erection, and that at St. Louis was no exception to the rule. We would have thousands of visitors every day, many others merely attracted by curiosity, but many others coming to buy material. We charged 25 cents admission to the grounds and the revenue from this source was a considerable item. On account of the great danger of fire, where such a mass of inflammable material is concentrated, we had to rigidly enforce a rule against smoking, and at the same time maintain a fire and police department. We learned the need of this while wrecking the Chicago Exposition, where the Manufactures and other buildings were partially destroyed by fire, at a loss to us of some thousands of dollars.

The largest single item in the wrecking of an exposition is the lumber, and this was carefully assorted and trimmed over at a sawmill which we set up on the ground. The greater part of this lumber can be recovered in commercial sizes and disposed of readily. We probably recovered about 80,000,000 feet of lumber in good shape from the St. Louis buildings, and this was sold for from \$11 a thousand feet and upwards. I don't recall exactly how much lumber we recovered from the buildings in good shape, but it amounted to thousands of car loads. Much of it we sold and shipped directly from the grounds, and there was hardly a day that we did not ship a couple of train loads. It went to all parts of the country. We had one contract in Texas to which we used to ship twenty-five carloads a day. The lumber that had been badly used or that was full of nails, we used to cut up into short lengths for fuel and other purposes, and there was a constant procession of wagons coming and going from the grounds to obtain this.

The copper wire used in the electrical

installation on the buildings and grounds was one of the most profitable items of all. There were over 3,000,000 pounds of this used, and most of it was as good as new. Originally it cost the exposition over \$900,000, and this, after being carefully inspected, we wound on reels and readily disposed of. There were also about 1,000,000 electric light bulbs used on the buildings and grounds, and these we disposed of in lots to dealers in electrical supplies. We took up about 900 carloads of sewer pipe from the buildings and grounds, and this, after being cleaned and inspected, was ready for sale. We sold hundreds of carloads of this pipe to farmers in the West and Northwest, as it was just as good for use in their fields as brand new pipe, and its cost to them was not a quarter of what new pipe would have been.

Of doors and windows we got several hundreds of carloads, and these were sold mainly to contractors who were building factories, warehouses and other similar structures. There were forty-five miles of railroad iron on the grounds, which were bought by a trolley company in one of the suburbs. In the other railway salvage were about 100,000 ties which cost 50 cents apiece, 400 tons of spikes, and some thousands of telegraph and trolley poles, which cost \$12 each. These were all readily sold at prices far below their original cost.

There were thousands of tons of construction iron in the buildings, much of it being disposed of to contractors, and what could not be so disposed of being always salable for scrap. At Chicago, where steel was so extensively used in the construction of the buildings, there was enough salvage to erect several big industrial plants that are still in use to-day. Among these is a large steel mill near Pittsburg, the Harvey, Ill., car shops, and several buildings at Dowie's Zion. From the wreckage of the Chicago Post-office enough material was shipped to Milwaukee to erect the biggest Roman Catholic Church in the Beer City, as well as to erect the Illinois Theatre in Chicago. From the wreckage of the Buffalo Exposition the fine buildings of the ship building plant at Fore River, Mass., were obtained.

In the conduct of our wrecking operations we have naturally come to be a large merchandizing house. The salvage of a big exposition always contains an enormous quantity of carpets, rugs, and furniture of all kinds. These are always almost as good as new, and many of them are without a sign of wear. To dispose of these goods we have compiled a large catalogue, which is sent all over the country, and a vast proportion of our trade is thus conducted by mail. In order to keep our stock up to date and complete, we have been obliged to become heavy purchasers. We are close watchers of Sheriffs' and Receivers' sales, and will buy the entire stock of bankrupt concern for cash, providing we can get the goods at our price. And then we sell it at a small profit, thus turning our money over frequently, and keeping our stock up to date in every way.

Our wrecking operations are not altogether confined to the land, however. We have undertaken several marine operations, with profit to ourselves and our customers. One of these was the wreck of the steamer John Nicol, which on its way from Cleveland to Gladstone, Mich., and loaded to the deck with a valuable cargo, went ashore. We purchased the salvage and unloaded the vessel. From this operation we obtained over 4,000,000 pounds of barbed and fence wire, and all kinds of valuable hardware and other stocks. From another marine wrecking contract we obtained over 2,000 oriental rugs of great value.

Every visitor to either the Chicago or the St. Louis World's Fairs will recall the famous Ferris Wheel. The Chicago House Wrecking Company bought this for \$9,000 at the close of the Chicago Exposition, and when the St. Louis Fair was projected moved it there and set it up at an expense of \$175,000. After the Fair was over the big wheel was demolished and broken up into scrap. During the eighty days that it was in operation it carried over 1,500,000 passengers. There was some talk of taking it East and erecting it at Coney Island, but the expense would have been so heavy that this idea was abandoned.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co.

WRECKING TO SAVE, NOT TO DESTROY

was organized in 1893. It was the intention of this company to purchase the Chicago World's Fair, to dispose of the material in Chicago and vicinity. When the millions of dollars worth of material was finally placed in our hands we found ourselves in a position where we could not dispose of it to any advantage in the City of Chicago, owing to the panic time, and owing to the fact there were no building operations going on to amount to anything.

It forced us into channels we had not looked for at all. We began advertising in local papers everywhere and published a catalogue containing an inventory of all kinds of second-hand building material we secured. We published the prices outright and the request for catalogues literally poured in on us. It created a demand for reduced priced material such as we had never anticipated or dreamed of.

That was the inspiration, and we started the wonderful ball a rolling and it has kept on rolling ever since. We found that the demand for second-hand material and for rebuilt supplies was overwhelming. People had been held up for years by lumber trusts and building combines, and here we came along and offered them relief from their troubles, and they were not slow to take advantage of the situation.

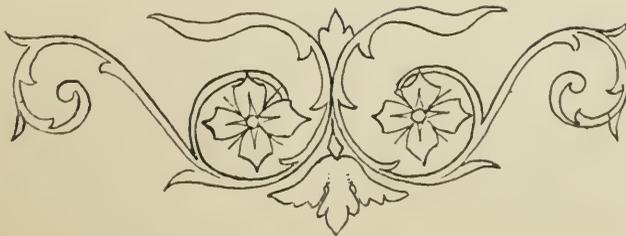
It did not take very long for us to find out that our ability to supply our customers with second-hand material was drawing to a close. We could not get enough building material out of the dismantling operations we were engaged

in to take care of the demand, and we adopted a new line of procedure.

We engaged the best brains to be had in the buying world, and we associated with our company department managers of a quality and grade right up to regular merchandising houses, and we trained them so that they were able to go on the marts of the world and pick up snaps in every manufactured line. We bought, and are still buying millions of dollars' worth of building material, merchandise and supplies at Sheriffs' Sales, Receivers' Sales, Manufacturers' Sales and Underwriters' Sales, and in fact, sales of any consequence.

We began to study Dun's and Bradstreet's notification sheets with a new inspiration. We found thousands of concerns that were annually forced out of existence by poor business methods, or by other unfortunate mishaps, and we, as well as the public, began to play upon the misfortunes of others. We venture to say at the present time, 75 per cent. of the supplies and merchandise we have in stock is strictly brand new, first-class, up-to-date goods, just as clean material as you would buy from regular dealers of supplies, but we make it a point to buy goods at all times below actual cost of production.

We issue catalogues showing all the different products and supplies that we secure. We send these out by the thousands every day in response to the requests that we receive, not only from all parts of this country, but from practically every part of the world.



Business Man is Country's Best Citizen

He Should Take More Interest in the Affairs of His Country and Not Leave Politics and Government to a Few Professional Politicians—Good Citizenship Means a Willingness to do Everything in One's Power to Improve the Present Conditions Under Which We Live and Work.

By Joseph F. Johnson.

“If you are to justify the foundation and maintenance of this school at the public expense, you will not do it by merely making money. You must above all things make good as citizens.

“It is hardly necessary to define good citizenship. It means more than casting a ballot on election day. It means even more than attending primaries and selecting candidates. It means willingness to do everything in one's power to improve the conditions under which we live and work,” says Dean Joseph Frank Johnson, of New York City High School of Commerce. “A good citizen abhors dirty streets, bad smells, contaminated drinking water, barking dogs in apartment houses, brawls in public places, unnecessary noises, ill-ventilated tenement houses, graft in public office, the private exploitation of public utilities, low wages and long hours for trolley car motormen or locomotive engineers, adulterated foods, unwise and unnecessary tariff laws, the exemption of the rich from penalties which are imposed on the poor, and so on through a long list of evils which might be recited.

“He abhors and opposes them all through, not because they hurt him, for he may be shrewd enough to escape their effect, but because he loves his country and knows that no improvement can be expected unless all good citizens vigorously unite and fight for better things. Good citizenship then means knowing what is bad for the public, hating it, and going after it hammer and tongs.

“It is a common complaint that business men in this country take little interest in politics and give little time to move-

ments for the public welfare. Europeans declare us a nation of shopkeepers, our sole concern being the almighty dollar. The majority of our people, feeling that they have no time for public affairs, leave politics and government to a few professional politicians and are not much concerned because a politician on a \$5,000 job can manage to save \$100,000 a year. This is the charge made against our business men, not only by foreign visitors, but by local students of our political institutions, and it has foundation in fact.

“We Americans know not how to explain this delinquency of our business men. In no other country is money made so fast or so easily. The rewards of successful enterprise are so great that the keenest competition prevails. Those of us who are descended from the old stock who cleared forests and drained swamps and fought Indians have in our blood an unconquerable instinct for getting on, for providing comfortable homes for our families, and a comfortable living for our old age.

“But we are not all the American people. Surrounding and outnumbering us are the sons of almost every country in Europe, men whose Americanism dates back only one or two generations, men who sought here the opportunities that were denied them in the Old World. Out of this heterogeneous mixture of people the real American business man has not yet been evolved, but we know that he is being rapidly developed and that when his character finally is shaped, it will not be Yankee, or German, nor French, nor English, nor Irish, nor Italian. It will be a combination of the best, the finest and the

sturdiest elements of each of those nationalities.

"And one of the grounds for my faith in the character of the American business man of the near future is this High School of Commerce, which is evidence that the business men of to-day realize their shortcomings and want their sons to be better trained than they were for all the duties of life and citizenship.

CRIES DOWN PESSIMISM.

"The United States has the reputation of being badly governed. Indeed, its cities are said to be the worst governed of any in the world. In my opinion, we do not deserve this pessimistic verdict. Our politicians are not half so black as they are painted. When we consider how little time or attention we really good people give to politics or to government, it is surprising that the politicians let us have as much spending money as they do.

"Now, no one can deny that a democracy like ours more than any other form of government needs the services of its best citizens. Nor can it be denied that in this country our business men are potentially our best citizens; that is to say, they are the ones who know most about the needs of the people, and who are best able to show how those needs most thoroughly and most economically can be satisfied.

"The business man is brought daily into closer contact with all classes of people. He knows better than anyone else what they like and what they abhor. We never can have an ideal government or a model city until the business men of this country and of this city awake to their responsibility and insist that public affairs shall be managed with the same directness, economy and practical intelligence that characterize private business management.

"We have too long looked to the lawyer for practical wisdom in politics. There was a time when he was our most useful citizen, for then legal and constitutional questions were vexing us. Now he has only second-hand knowledge of the needs of the American people. Indeed, he is not well acquainted with popular needs, for his profession brings him into contact almost exclusively with only three classes of citizens; the bankrupts, the law-breakers and a certain few who would bend the law as far as they can without breaking it. Nor

does the noble profession of medicine develop the supreme qualities of good citizenship. The doctor meets only the sick. Outside the question of hygiene he knows little about what the American people really need. As for the preacher, he long ago met the fate which is now overtaking the lawyer. He was once the foremost citizen in his community, but now books, magazines and newspapers, doing much of the work he used to do, have bereft him of his dominant influence in public affairs.

"The business man alone is the all-around American. He meets all classes of the people, he knows best what they want, and he is best fitted by his training to give it to them.

"Before an audience of young men who are looking forward to business as a career, I want to say in all earnestness and with the greatest possible emphasis that all these slurs upon the character and methods of the American business man and the American financier are baseless and unmerited. For 25 years my vocation has brought me into close contact with all kinds of business men and has compelled me to make a critical study of the conditions under which they work and of methods under which they practice. This is a matter which cannot be proved by statistics nor demonstrated by any a priori syllogism, yet I am convinced that the moral law is writ in bigger letters across the firmament of the business world of the United States than it ever was before.

"I am convinced that altruism and the Golden Rule are with every year making stronger and stronger the humane element in the cruel law of demand and supply, and I do not believe, search the countries of this earth as we might, that we would anywhere find more active, a whiter or a cleaner business conscience than that which is cherished under the hat of our own Uncle Sam.

"Make all the money you can, and as citizens see to it that the laws of your country permit you to make it only in honorable ways. If you do that, and in addition let your educated conscience direct the spending of your money, you will rescue the word 'commercialism' from its present odium and deserve the eulogy pronounced upon the man who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

The Turning Point

The Salesman who Thought That Luck was Against Him and Lost His Nerve—His Resignation and the Effect it Had.

By Daniel Louis Hanson in System Magazine.

THE stenographer placed a file of papers on John Renwick's desk and noiselessly withdrew—to James Morris the whole scene was funereal in its aspects—so he swallowed twice and then braced himself for what he felt was coming.

Mr. Renwick looked over the pink slips the girl had laid down—and it was several minutes before he spoke:

"I am looking through our sales reports for a couple of years past, James, and from the record there shown I would be justified in accepting your resignation as tendered by you without further discussion, but—why did you resign?"

"Because I am not making any progress—I am not increasing my sales year after year—hence my earning powers have reached their limit—in this line anyway."

"You are figuring on another line, then?"

"I have nothing definite in view, Mr. Renwick—simply I desire to do better somewhere else."

There was a silence for several minutes; then Morris continued:

"When I go into a customer's store it is not with any certainty that I shall sell him—when a sale is effected I feel surprised—surprised at what was sold. I have had this feeling for years, but of late it has been growing stronger."

"The trade speaks well of you, Morris."

"Thank you, Mr. Renwick, I wish I could cash their good opinions into dollars."

Mr. Renwick fingered his pencil for a moment before he spoke:

"Mr. Irons was speaking of you the other evening—told how that when he first started in business you went all through the East and sold boiler-tubes, you had the boiler-tube trade solid, he said."

"Yes, I did." The memory of better days lighted up Morris' face. "Why, they used to wait for me—held their orders—used to say when other salesmen tried to get an order for tubes—'We always buy our boiler-tubes from James Morris of Chicago,' when the other salesman said—'But, I am from Pittsburg, the home of boiler tubes, that's where they are manufactured' it did him no good—the order went to me—"

Renwick had been watching Morris closely:

"How did you come to lose it, James?"

"Well, it was the fire that knocked us out—Mr. Irons never went into iron goods much after that——"

"I mean, how did you come to lose the power of having your personality so suggest business that it simply came to you? Why did you not transfer the power you then clearly had from boiler-tubes to some other commodity—to all other commodities you handled?"

Mr. Morris was thinking deeply—so after a slight pause Renwick continued:

"In other words, James, since the boiler-tube experience you have been doing business on the fact that you are a nice fellow. Being a modest sort of chap you have never looked upon that as a fixed asset, so you feel no certainty of selling a customer. You are surprised at an order being placed with you, and more

surprised at the nature of goods sold. In other words, you have gone into the office of a customer and have posed for him to throw orders at—if you were not so nice a chap you would have gotten less."

"But I have worked night and day, Mr. Renwick."

"No, James, you have worried night and day. Work would have consisted in directing your customers' liking for you into profitable business—in making up your mind what you wanted to sell—and then selling it."

"I don't see your point, sir."

"Well, possibly a homely illustration will make the matter clear. Down at the 'Alamo' I have as fellow-boarders Miss Smyth and Mr. Collins. Mr. Collins is deeply in love with Miss Smyth—but the young lady is having a pleasant time and has had no particular desire to change her lot in life. Collins, however, is in dead earnest, and is playing a pretty game—one that we all are watching with interest.

"He is away from the city occasionally but he has it all fixed that he will, though abroad, still occupy her thoughts. One day it is flowers ordered by mail—the next it is a book—possibly only a clipping from a newspaper of something that will interest her. Wherever she turns she is confronted by evidences of Mr. Collins' love! The flowers by their sweetness suggest Collins to her—the books on her table bring to her mind the thoughtfulness of Collins, the sheet music on the piano reminds her of Collins' taste for music—

"Now she did not care for Collins to start with. There are others of us who line up pretty well—but I'll wager a new hat that in six months, if not before, Collins leads her to the altar.

"But, wait a moment, this scheme of suggestion that Collins has planned to gain her interest, then her love, has what one might look upon as a reciprocal action—there is a regular term for it—but I shall call it 'self-suggestion.' The more he has suggested himself to Miss Smyth the greater has grown his affection for her—he is twice the lover now that he was at first. He cared for her then—he fairly worships her now."

Morris had been listening closely to Renwick's remarks:

"I think I see your point, sir."

"Of course you do," exclaimed the sales manager. "You practiced the scheme once upon a time, unconsciously, perhaps, but it worked big—now go out and intelligently do business on such a plan. Get your arms around this idea—and you will not have to worry—your chariot will be hitched to a star."

"But the resignation, sir?"

"We will file it right in this private compartment, Morris. If in six months you want to use it, you will know where it is."

As Morris passed out a door behind Renwick opened and Moses Irons appeared on the threshold.

"You are sure that his name is Collins, are you?"

Renwick looked at his chief in amazement.

Mr. Irons pointed to the open transom:

"For a bachelor, John, you have excellent ideas about salesmen and—women. What is Collins' first name?"

II.

One evening a few weeks later Mr. Morris, seated in the Iroquois at Buffalo was looking complacently at two large envelopes which he had just stamped:

"Not so bad for three days' work in the hardest town on my route—four big orders, and each for a different line of goods than I have ever before sold in this locality. There may be something to Renwick's theory after all. To-morrow will come the test, though—if I can sell old Smedley something beside the regular 'complimentary' he generally has ready for me, I shall subscribe to Renwick's creed and be a worshipper for all time."

It was therefore with some trepidation, mixed with curiosity that Morris the next morning walked into the Smedley Company's store on Niagara Street. Mr. Smedley's grouchy 'morning' seemed grouchier than usual—surely here was a case of creating a "sales-atmosphere."

"I find that it is getting more and more difficult to get service out of Chicago,

Morris; I suppose that you folks are so busy looking after the golden West that you don't care for us old fogies who are still afraid of the Indians. It is the home jobber whom we have to fall back on after all."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Smedley. A couple of Eastern roads have been changing their Chicago freight-terminals — and that knocked things out badly for a time—but it is all right now."

If this had been a month earlier, Morris would have made an issue—would have insisted on seeing invoices and bills of lading—and there would have followed a season of argument ending in his being given a complimentary order. But, the Morris of to-day was not following blind impulse—he was expecting real business—and that would only make its appearance after he had prepared the proper environment.

"I had a look at your show-window as I came in, Mr. Smedley, and think that I caught your idea as to your next display—following out an idea like that week after week takes with the public, does it not?"

Now Smedley, after his preliminary skirmish had been accustomed to settle down for a fifteen minute wrangle on political questions—then to give Morris a hundred dollar order—such had been the programme for ten years past. The unexpected tactics of Mr. Morris disconcerted him—particularly as he had no scheme laid out for the next window display. So he snorted:

"You know what I am going to show next week do you—well you have a guess—what is it?"

Morris was treading a path new to him—but he kept moving:

"Your idea of putting a lot of fixtures into the window at one time is to give an impression to the public that you are carrying a large stock, and that is an impression well worth cultivating too."

"I see you guessed it—now you have a try on next week's window—what is that going to be like?"

Mr. Morris' mind was making double quick time—he knew that his explanation of the Smedley Company's window-trimming plan was a revelation to the

head of the concern—he could not help but admire Mr. Smedley's acceptance of what had never existed—now if he could only make his next suggestion count for business:

"Well, your next display will be just the opposite as to quantity—where this attracts by the amount of goods shown—that will command admiration by its simplicity and artistic merit. You will drape the floor and background in black—then you will place in the centre just one fixture—a white pedestal lavatory—one of these, of course—"

And the wily Morris pulled out of his pocket an illustration of a brand new fixture. Ralph Smedley took the proffered plate; as he glanced at it a cynical smile twisted his lip:

"Really, James, you are an excellent guesser—you have outlined my ideas even to the punctuation marks. But this particular fixture was not the one I had in mind—just something like it—though this will do. What is it worth?"

But Morris had learned a good deal in the last half hour—enough to keep him from mentioning prices at this stage."

"Then as you realize—it is in overhauling old work that the profit lies—there is where you cut out competition—that's your plan, of course. With this lavatory in the window every woman passing will picture a similar one in her bathroom. So you are safe in figuring on at least thirty such fixtures sold in two weeks."

Morris was amazed at his own imaginative powers, but he kept right on, thinking and talking lavatories. He understood now about the growing esteem that Collins felt for Miss Smyth.

"The combination cock with pedal waste is an idea that takes too—no soap-begrimed nickel-plated work there."

When James Morris walked out of Smedley's office he had in his pocket an order for forty pedestal lavatories, all trimmed—an eighteen hundred dollar order. And he heard Mr. Smedley say to his clerk:

"Just 'phone this requisition for fittings down to the Pan-American Supply Company."

That requisition was the hundred dollar order that had been saved for Morris

—and Morris knowing it, was thankful that it went to the local jobber.

In the letter Morris sent Renwick that night appeared this clause:

"I just concentrated my mind on that pedestal lavatory—I did not do much talking—not near as much as usual—but I kept advancing arguments in my mind—not voiced at all—why Smedley should buy that style lavatory and buy it from me, not next week but now."

III.

"What are you looking for, Morris?"

It was some months later—the speaker was John Renwick.

"I am looking for that resignation of mine that you put away in your desk.

"Oh, I tore that up long since—I thought you were too busy sending in high grade orders to ever want to see it again."

"Then I shall have to write another," calmly said Morris.

"What's the matter, James? You surely must feel by this time that you have a cinch on the trade—why you have doubled your sales in the last three months and have gotten in on a line of goods that show clean profit. What do you want to resign for now?"

"Just because I have learned to know my own abilities and others have discovered them, too. Ralph Smedley has offered me a big slice in his company if I will go in with him—he to look after construction work and I to secure new business; he says he realizes now that there is such a thing as salesmanship even in contracting work."

"Well you are not going—so just write Smedley and tell him so—come in here a minute—" and Renwick dragged Morris past the olive-hued Byshee who guarded Moses Irons' door into the presence of the square-jawed iron master:

"Here's this man Morris about whom we were talking this morning—hunting for a piece of paper on which to write his resignation."

"I thought you said Morris was a sensible man" Moses Irons spoke reproachfully.

"I still think he is—but that old grouchy Smedley who never has gotten a job except as lowest bidder wants Morris to become a lamb of sacrifice, and Morris is looking for the knife."

Moses Irons walked over to where Morris was standing and put his hand on the salesman's shoulder:

"James, for more than seventeen years you and I have been more to each other than employer and employe—you sold goods for me when I had to go out and buy them, giving the accounts as collateral—and you sold lots of them, too—then came the fire bringing a change in our line—something dropped with both of us then—I saw it first and gathered in this red-headed whirlwind—on whose coat-tails one can play dice.

"Then you saw your own weakness and man-like felt that you should no longer be a drag on us. I heard that talk between you and Renwick six months ago. John here could not have put up so strong a talk as that even a month earlier than he did: he had practiced his scheme or plan of suggestion without having analyzed it—then came the episode with Miss Smyth and—Collins—was it not, John? Renwick far above such human emotions was still able to apply the same rule to business—and you were big enough to catch the idea and coin it into dollars.

"I need both of you—Renwick and I were talking of you this morning—we are going to open that New York office and show Easterners that a freshwater manufacturer can sell at tidewater. You are going to take that office as manager—we are paying you two thousand now—it doubles till next year and then we will do still better."

Moses Irons' hand crept along Morris' shoulder till his whole arm lay along it:

"James, it behooves us old chaps who are alone in the world to hang together—as for that confirmed bachelor of thirty-five, Renwick, there watch his smoke—Did you say his name was Collins—John?"

And the olive hued Byshee outside the door joined in the laugh.

The City Man as a Farmer

Can Intensive Farming be Made Practical and Profitable for the Inexperienced Man From the Urban Community?—Some Practical Advice on Increasing the Crop Producing Power of the Soil.

By Edgar J. Hollister in the Craftsman Magazine.

THE first question asked of one who advocates a return to farming as the most natural and reasonable method of earning a living and providing a home and a competence for the future, is: What about the practical side of such a scheme? Would it be possible for a workman used to city life and to the factories and possessing little knowledge of farming to cope with the difficulties which frequently prove too much for the man who has lived all his life on the farm and whose father and grandfather before him have followed the plough? Also, the question is likely to come up as to the actual results to be obtained by modern methods of intensive agriculture. Reports of experiments made by experts is one thing, but the actual putting into practice of these methods by the man who is more or less inexperienced in dealing with the soil is another and generally there is a difference between the two so wide that the two results hardly seem to apply to the same thing.

With regard to the first question, I should say that the practical difficulties in taking up farming could soon be surmounted by an intelligent, energetic man, however inexperienced, who was willing to learn all he could from reliable sources and to gain his own experience as rapidly as possible by keeping a strict account of everything done on the farm and profiting by every failure as well as by success. We purpose in this and succeeding numbers of the Craftsman to give all the practical information, advice and suggestion that lies within the scope

of our own experience and upon which we are therefore entitled to speak with authority. Owing to the activity of the Department of Agriculture, the sources of more technical instruction are also abundant, and when a man's mind is once turned in this direction it will find plenty of good stuff to feed upon. As to the actual results of intensive agriculture, I can only say that after years of a varied personal experience, covering a variety of climatic and soil conditions in this country and Canada, I know that it is possible by the use of intensive agriculture to double all of our agricultural products and that each farmer can by taking the necessary care not only increase his own profits very materially, but bear his share in bringing the general productiveness of the country to the point so imperatively needed in view of the demands of our increasing population. In some ways the man who goes to the farm fresh from other occupations has an advantage over the man who has stayed on the farm, for the reason that his inexperience is balanced by a certain mental alertness that comes from being vitally interested in a new thing.

In my mind there is no question that we have reached a period in our national growth where it is absolutely necessary to take more interest in the matter of increasing the crop producing power of the soil. We are only beginning to feel the pinch of this necessity, but the conditions that now exist are bound to increase, and we have our choice between beginning now to apply the remedy or of delaying action until widespread distress compels

us to force the adoption of some such reform. The chief difficulty is that the people at large do not see the necessity as it is seen by statesmen and thinkers who grasp the whole situation and realize its significance; and until we can formulate a practical plan by which those who are suffering under present conditions will be enabled to take up the work of cultivating the soil with the idea of getting a large yield from a small area, progress must necessarily be slow. The tendency of human nature is to get all it can and let the future take care of itself, but we seem now to have reached a period in our national growth where the future must be taken into consideration and a return to agriculture brought about as almost the only means by which our national strength may be increased and our prosperity put on a permanent basis.

FOR proof of the effect of such a movement upon our national life, we have only to turn to the history of the more densely populated countries of Europe, where such conditions as we are coming to existed long ago. One of the most significant evidences of the responsibility which rests upon the farmer is found in the payment of the enormous war indemnity which was required of France by Germany before the German army of occupation would be withdrawn from Paris. The treaty of peace stipulated that this indemnity was to be paid in specie, and it was then that the small farmers from all parts of France rose to the situation and brought to the government all the gold and silver coin they had saved, taking in exchange the French paper money. The debt was paid and the country spared further humiliation from the presence of the German troops. Since then, France has not only redeemed her obligation, but is to-day financing other countries. Her people are so contented that very few find any inducement to emigrate, and the thrift and prosperity of the small farmer and shopkeeper in France has grown to be proverbial.

Another instance of a country where small farming by intensive methods is made the basis of national strength is found in Japan, where forty-five millions of people—of whom thirty millions are agriculturists living and working on an area less than the

State of New York, have been the means of building up and equipping a nation which in a few years has come to rank among the foremost of the powers. Intensive agriculture in Japan is the outgrowth of conditions. The country is rough, and farming is carried on under unusual difficulties. In many instances the land has to be made into a series of shelves, with raised ridges on the hillsides to prevent the soil from washing down into the valleys. And so great is the value of this land that the Japanese are devoting considerable attention to finding plants that will grow on these ridges and yield profitable food supplies. It is hardly too much to say that in this intensive farming of small tracts of land lies the secret of Japan's marvelous advancement, for it is nothing more nor less than scientific thrift, and the turning to the utmost account of every resource of the country, a state of affairs diametrically opposite to that which obtains in America to-day.

In this country of vast size and apparently illimitable resources, it is hardly to be wondered at that the intensive farming of small tracts of land has not, up to the present time, been considered a general necessity. Under certain conditions and in small communities in various parts of the country it has been and is carried on with a marked degree of success. For instance, at Norfolk, Virginia, where the climate is mild in winter and where the soils are of a sandy nature, making easy all the processes of agriculture, market farming has reached a wonderful degree of perfection. All the northern markets are made accessible by the fact that cheap transportation by boat is easily obtained, and when these transportation facilities were extended to Florida, many farmers moved further south, where fruit and vegetables might be produced and sent to the market in the early winter. Again, the climatic conditions near Kalamazoo, Michigan, coupled with a limited area of the kind of soil best adapted to the production of celery, induced a group of Hollanders in the early seventies to take up the growing of celery, an industry which has since made this city famous. The thrifty Hollanders drained the tamarack swamps, peat bogs and river bottom lands in Kalamazoo, and, merely by the practical application of good principles of farming, they developed an industry that

brought to the city banks annual deposits in the neighborhood of six hundred thousand dollars. The total area under cultivation is about seventeen hundred acres, which has been cut up into small farms containing from two to five acres each. As the production of the celery crop is largely hand labor, each family shared in the cultivation of its own farm, and communities were rapidly built up where fifteen hundred people are now gaining an ample livelihood. The industry was developed in other parts of the State, on limited areas, adapted to this particular crop. Modern methods of fertilization and cultivation have been introduced and the standard of the crop has been raised so that the net profit in most cases ranges from two to three hundred dollars per acre.

For some years the Department of Agriculture has been advocating the practical application of intensive methods on farms where the dairy industry might be used as an additional means of livelihood and for the purpose of restoring the fertility of the soil. Tons of valuable literature have been distributed among the farmers and those interested in the problem, setting forth the advantages that might be gained from proper drainage of the soil, the selection of seed and a system of crop rotation. Much good has been accomplished by these means, but one difficulty has been met which seems apparently insurmountable. The Department work has been simplified more and more that the farmer might better understand how to put into practice the fundamental principles that govern success in agriculture; but by reason of his desire to expand and cultivate a larger area than his energy and capital would permit frustrates to a great degree his own efforts. Instead of putting all the care upon a small tract of land necessary to make it as productive as possible, he almost invariably turns to the purchasing or renting of more land to farm in the same old way, hoping that with good weather he might realize larger returns.

Nevertheless, these obstacles are largely due to faulty standards and methods that are either extravagant or over-conservative. Enough has been done even in this country to show the results that may be obtained by intensive methods of farming, and it is my belief that all that is required to make such a movement general in its scope is to

bring within the reach of the workingman a plan that he can undertake with a reasonable prospect of success. The matter of securing land would be comparatively easy in the New England States, in New York or in New Jersey, where there are a number of farms well located and with an abundant water supply that can be purchased at a price ranging from ten to fifty dollars per acre, according to the condition of the buildings. Throughout the Northern, Central and Western States, where the land is not so rough, the prices would run from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. The advantage of the Eastern lands is that they lie in a much more thickly settled part of the country, and where it is possible to restore the soil to a fair state of productivity, it is better for the small farmer to be located somewhere near a city or a large town, as this provides his market and does away with exorbitant charges for transportation.

Within easy reach of New York and the coast cities there are large areas of salt meadows and swamps that are not only favorably located, but may easily be reclaimed for cultivation. There tracts may be purchased at prices ranging from five to one hundred dollars per acre, and when they are diked and reduced to cultivation by modern methods and treatment, they could easily produce a net income ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre in common crops and five hundred to one thousand dollars per acre when used for the production of such special crops as celery, lettuce, asparagus and other vegetables. This is not theory, but a matter of which I speak from actual experience. In the New England States there are large tracts of land well located and with a good water supply which range in price from ten to twenty dollars an acre. A portion of this land is now under cultivation and the remainder is covered with small timber, so that agriculture and forestry could be taken up with a very encouraging prospect for success.

The most encouraging feature in starting such an enterprise is that a beginning can be made by a few people, say from five to ten, and the acreage required need not exceed fifty to one hundred to give each person sufficient land to cultivate. As a rule, in getting property of this kind, not much ready money is required, as most of it is

mortgaged and the mortgage could be taken over with the place, leaving the first payment required very small. If the location chance to be a very desirable one, the group of people settling there would be wise to take options on surrounding lands, and thus avoid competition which might come from speculators in such real estate, who would inevitably be attracted by the first appearance of a settlement. In selecting the location, the first requisite is a good and convenient supply of wholesome water. What is termed loamy soil is preferable, with a small portion of low muck ground, where the outlet for local and main drainage of the whole farm is ample to meet all necessities. If there happen to be wood lots and orchards, so much the better, and stone piles are an advantage.

In the beginning a small portion of land, say three acres, could be set aside for the building site. One acre of this might be planted with such fruit as would permit the keeping of poultry in the orchard for the greater part of the year. When the fruit ripened the poultry could be confined or temporarily removed without much detriment. The variety of fruit trees planted could embrace peaches, plums, pears, dwarf apples and cherries—about seventy-five to one hundred trees, which should come into bearing the second year after planting. This acre could also furnish room for keeping one hundred laying hens in small colony houses scattered over the area. The net income from these hens can safely be estimated at one hundred dollars per annum, and by the fourth year the fruit should also net a return of one hundred dollars, which income would materially increase as the trees grew older. On the remaining two acres surrounding the house would be a lawn with shrubbery, shade trees and flowers. The rest of the land would be devoted to the farm proper, one-fourth of which should always be in clover, which is most useful as a reconstructor of the chemical and physical conditions of the soil. The area planted to clover could be changed every year and a half from one part of the lot to the other, arranging it so that every part of the land would be planted to clover at least every fourth year. While the chief returns from the clover crop would be in the increased productivity of the land, there would still be a revenue of at least ten dollars on the clover

hay harvested, and also a pasture would be furnished for the poultry during the time of their removal from the orchard while the fruit was being harvested.

On the remaining three-quarters of the land vegetables and small fruits might be continuously cultivated, producing sufficient for home consumption and preserving, and leaving a goodly crop to be marketed. In addition to the income to be derived from the sale of fresh fruits and vegetables, and of canned and preserved fruits, jams, jellies and the like, there is a great demand for pedigree seed stock. The seedsmen and gardeners pay fancy prices for tomato seeds and selected corn and beans, all of which could be produced not only for the revenue that would come from their sale, but for the opportunity thus offered to gain a practical knowledge of the breeding of plants up to a high standard with a view to increasing the yield, improving the quality and hastening the time of ripening of all such crops—features much to be desired in intensive agriculture.

In the methods by which these results may be obtained, the question of drainage occupies a prominent place, as the benefits derived from a good system of drainage are far-reaching. Tile drainage of land is the most practical method, but the expense of it has militated against its general use. If, however, the tillers of the soil could once realize the advantages to be derived from such methods of draining and the profits likely to accrue from such an investment, the introduction of tile drainage could not fail to be more rapid. The most practical way would be to lay a line of tile along one side of an acre lot and see what it would do. The expense of this would be trifling in comparison with that of putting in a system of tile drainage throughout the whole area, and the increased revenue from the part so drained would not only encourage the cultivator to drain the rest, but would materially help him in paying for it. This principle applies to all methods of intensive agriculture.

By the systematic manipulation of a three-acre plot, the gross revenue from the poultry, fruit, vegetables and seeds should reach at least one thousand dollars a year. This result, however, would depend upon the putting into practice of such methods as have now been found to be practical and that govern success.

Some Neglected First Principles

By Ambrose Bierce.



WHAT shall a sturdy man do who has not "the price of a meal"? Clearly, he must go to work and earn it. But if none will give him work? Right here we impose the death-penalty for his failure: we sentence him to starvation.

He can escape this punishment in no way that is lawful: we have had the foresight to see to that, by laws against robbery, theft, and mendicancy. Mere vagrancy, too, is a crime: if "without visible means of support" a man may be sent to jail. If, like "the Son of Man," he "hath not where to lay his head," he will be safer from the rest of us if he pack it about with him, remaining awake or sleeping afoot. He might sleep in the park or on a wharf, or in some other unconsidered place. That would be no great hardship to society, but it would do him good, and we have provided against it.

Laws against robbery and theft are just and necessary; those against begging are necessary and unjust. What makes them unjust is that we do not assure work to those able and willing to work. To say to a penniless and hungry man, "You may ask for employment, but if it is refused you shall not ask for bread"—that is a monstrous and shameful tyranny.

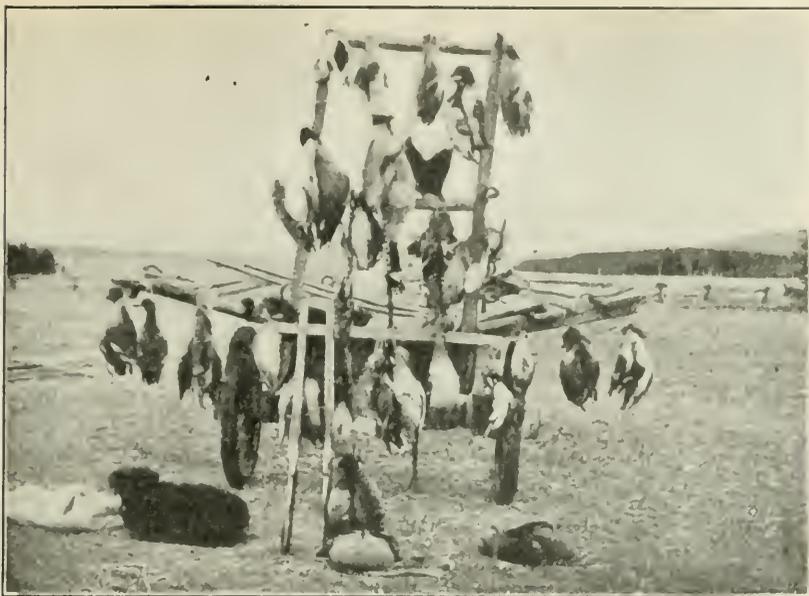
There is only one way out of this moral *impasse*. Since the state cannot permit the individual to rob or steal, and will not permit him to beg, it should provide him with employment; there is no other way to preserve his life and his self-respect. So plain is this duty of society to the individual that it is no less than astonishing that it ever could have been overlooked, or questioned when pointed out.

The employment should not, of course, carry a wage that would tempt the recipient to withdraw himself permanently from private industries, but it should be sufficient to keep the wolf outside his door—to tide him over his period of sharpest need.

This is not an anarchistic proposal; no proposal can be that if it aim to remove an imperative compulsion to lawlessness. If it is socialistic, then socialism may claim the glory of advocating an indisputable reform—the adding to the Ten Thousand Commandments thundered from the political Sinai one with a negative that is not prohibitive but benevolent, carrying not a threat but a promise: "Thou shalt not starve."

Gentlemen of the legislatures, how long do you purpose indulging yourselves in the happiness of contemplating indigence as a capital offence?





A Good Bag.

A Fall Shooting Trip in British Columbia

A Week's Expedition Spent in the Nicola District with Varying Success—Smallness of the Bag Attributed by One of the Party to the Want of Reverence Displayed While Passing a Well-Known Indian Grave—A Touching Legend and Some Curious Peace Offerings.

By R. Leckie-Ewing in the Badminton Magazine.

I WAS unable to get off after big game in the fall, so was glad to accept the invitation of an old school friend to a week's shooting in the Nicola district of British Columbia. I had not hunted nor shot in this part of the country before, but had often heard enticing accounts of the duck and goose shooting which could be had on the numerous lakes and rivers for which the Nicola and Kamloops districts are famed.

Towards the middle of October, I started off and joined our party of four guns in Kamloops. Here we made final arrangements and got together the usual shooting outfit: blankets, tents, dogs, guns, ammunition, etc. The dogs, to my eye, appeared to be rather a scratch lot: an old clumber, a setter, an Irish water spaniel, and my curly retriever bitch and young pointer. Fortunately, as it turned out, the work they

had to do was simple, consisting almost entirely of retrieving dead or wounded birds from off the shores, or else bringing them to hand out of the water. It is a common thing to see setters and pointers used for this work in America, and as far as I can see it has no bad effects upon their behavior when doing their usual work.

In previous years blue grouse and prairie chicken had been fairly plentiful in the country which we traveled through and shot over. The last-named have been placed in a close season for three years, but we saw very few grouse of any description during our entire hunt. They appeared to have left this part of the country altogether.

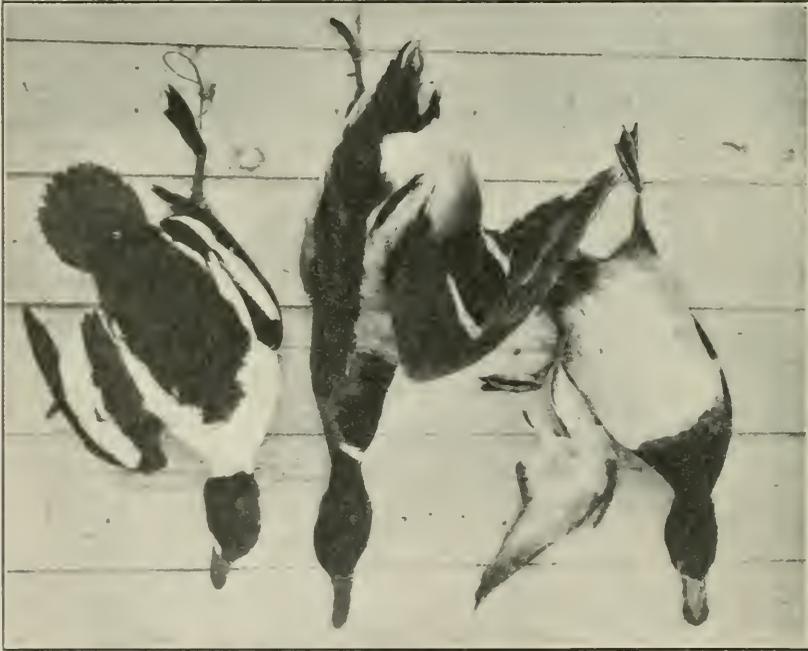
It is extremely difficult to account for this state of affairs; doubtless the birds have some good reasons for migrating, but to the sportsmen these are hidden: the feed, climate, etc., are pretty much the same

every year. It is the same with big game; cariboo, elk, deer, at one time abounded in many districts where now they are practically extinct. The depredations of cougar, lynx, coyotes, eagles, hawks, and other vermin, may and do account to some extent for the scarcity of birds and deer, but not for the wholesale migration of the game.

The scarcity of grouse on the present occasion somewhat lessened the pleasure of our sport; but as our main object was the shooting of duck and geese we did not mind so very much, and confined our attention to the numerous lakes and slues which

thrive and fatten on the rich and nutritious bunch grass which grows to perfection on the estate. Some splendid low-lying meadows, hundreds of acres in extent, afford sufficient land to grow roots, oats, and wheat for winter feed. When we arrived harvesting was in full swing, some thirty or forty horses being employed in the various operations of carting, threshing, hauling, etc. The weather was perfect and the crops bumper ones.

Unfortunately this fine weather, so acceptable in many ways, was bad for our sport, as both geese and duck had not yet



Golden Eye, Mallard, Scaup.

abounded in the country which we shot over.

A long drive of nearly seventy miles, which we accomplished in the excellent time of ten hours, brought us to our destination, the Douglas Lake Cattle Ranch, where we were most hospitably received by the owner, who made us, our horses, and dogs welcome for our five days' shoot. This ranch is the largest stock one in the country; it consists, I believe, of some fifty square miles of land, and carries some thirty thousand head of stock. The cattle

arrived from their northern homes. There were, of course, a good many local birds on the lakes and rivers, but we depended to a great extent upon birds flying from north to south. Many of these stop for weeks on their way, and rest and feed on the waters over which they pass. Our heaviest bags ought also to have been made at flight-shooting, but in clear, fine weather the duck either avoid regular fighting altogether, or else they fly so high that they are almost always out of range. This latter condition prevailed; and in the flighting-



At the Grave of the Indian Lovers.

ground where in former years a bag of thirty or forty couple was the usual thing for a night's shooting, we did not on the present occasion get half this number. How,

ever, we had some excellent sport shooting over the various slues and lakes which were spread over the entire estate. To get over such a large extent of country we had to



Jenny Tatley-Ann, a Buxom Siwash Belle.

have horses; some of us rode, whilst our cartridges, lunch, game, etc., were stowed away in saddle-bags. The other four guns had all shot over the same ground before, consequently no mistakes were made, and the lakes were always approached so that one or other and often both sets of guns always got some shooting.

The usual mode of proceeding was for a couple of guns to approach the far end of the lake by a circuitous route, whilst those at the near end (after allowing time for the others to get close to the water's edge) would walk slowly forward, and either fire at any birds which rose within range, or else put up the duck which happened to be on the water. In this manner some good shooting could always be had, and very often the birds, when once disturbed and shot at, would fly round and round the slue before they finally mounted high in the air and made off. Sometimes a dozen or more would be accounted for out of a single small sheet of water. In some shallow marshes snipe were fairly plentiful, and if we could have spared a day or two shooting them alone we could have made some very fair bags, but each day was mapped out for its particular round of duck-shooting.

On account of the late harvest the geese had not settled to any regular habits of feeding in the stubble fields, so we were unable to make anything like a decent bag of these fine birds. Large flocks were often seen, but these were either flying too high to shoot at, or else lay huddled up in big black masses in the middle of the larger lakes, where it was quite impossible to get at them. A few weeks later my brother, a friend, and I managed to pay a flying trip into this part of the country, and although duck were not much more plentiful we managed one evening to get into a place where it was very evident no flight-shooting had taken place that fall.

With the sportsman's common want of forethought, we came out with far too few cartridges, and long before the magnificent flight of both ducks and geese was over we had expended every single shell, and were left standing, cursing our own carelessness in not filling up our cartridge bags. A long, narrow slue, with splendid cover of toolies and rushes at one end, was where we had taken up our stand. The flight started with mallard, teal, shovellers and

pintails, and flocks both large and small came passing and repassing our hiding places, giving us some splendid shooting, and keeping the dogs busy retrieving the birds we were bringing down. Towards dusk the geese began to arrive; we could hear their honking long before they appeared in sight, and all, or nearly all, came within forty yards, flying right over our heads; but even at this range, with 12-bores and 4 and 5 shot, out of every ten birds you may hit scarcely more than one will be killed, or at any rate drop within half a mile of where he is shot at. This proved to be the case on the present occasion, and with the few remaining cartridges we had it was aggravating in the extreme to hear the pellets rattling on the breasts and wings of the huge Canadas which kept sweeping with steady flight over our heads. At last my supply of shells was exhausted, and I thought the fun was at an end. In an out-of-the-way pocket I came across a couple of snipe cartridges loaded with No. 8 shot. Not much use, I thought; but I rammed them into my gun, and scarcely had I done so when a flock of some twenty geese lit right in front of my brother. He saluted them with a right and left which sent them straight across to me. They were flying just a few yards above the water and coming straight for my face; it was pretty dark, but I singled out the leader, who by this time was within twenty yards of me: he dropped nicely to my first barrel, and with my second I thought I had another, but although he staggered badly, as well he might, he managed to struggle off, to my greater regret, as I had hit him, and it was too dark for me to mark him down. The one I got, however, was a monster, and it was a long time before my retriever managed to drag it to shore. This was the end of a most exciting if somewhat disappointing flight-shoot.

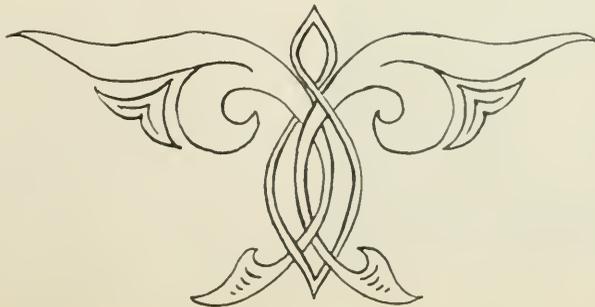
But to return to our first trip. With varying success, our bag at the end of five days had assumed fair proportions, and although far below what my friends had shot in previous years, we had nevertheless a most enjoyable time, and returned with some fifty-odd couples of duck, a few brace of ruffed grouse, and some twenty snipe. My camera was not idle, and I got some good photographs of a most beautiful country. One of our party put the smallness of our bag down to the want of rever-



A Group of Canadian Wild-Fowlers.

ence which was displayed while passing a well-known Indian grave. The legend attached to it is a somewhat touching one. About a century ago the daughter of the Siwash chief, a very lovely girl, fell madly in love with a scion of a poorer tribe. Her father would not allow her to marry the brave of her own choice, but had compelled her to accept a more wealthy party. Rather than give her lover up, and be forced into so unwelcome an alliance, she clandestinely met her sweetheart at the rock which now stands as a monument to their undying devotion; for it was there that they took their own lives, and were found dead by the irate

and tyrannical old chief. The curious habit which still prevails of leaving peace-offerings on this stone attracts the attention of the few white men who happen to know the legend. We got out of our rigs to pay our respects, but it certainly gave one something of a shock to see the quality of gifts which were lying about on the stone: matches, pieces of string, buttons, an old pipe, a few empty bottles, etc. Apparently these are left by the passing Indians in all good faith, and are duly collected by the present representative of the clan, who, it seems, is a buxom Siwash belle, known by the unromantic name of Jenny Tatley-Ann,



Characteristics That Make a Successful Man

Everything Attempted is Wrought to a Conclusion and not Until it is Properly Completed is Senator Frost Satisfied—Some Outstanding Features of the Success of a Prominent Manufacturer, Parliamentarian and Public Spirited Citizen.

By G. C. Keith.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed,
Your sustenance and birthright are."

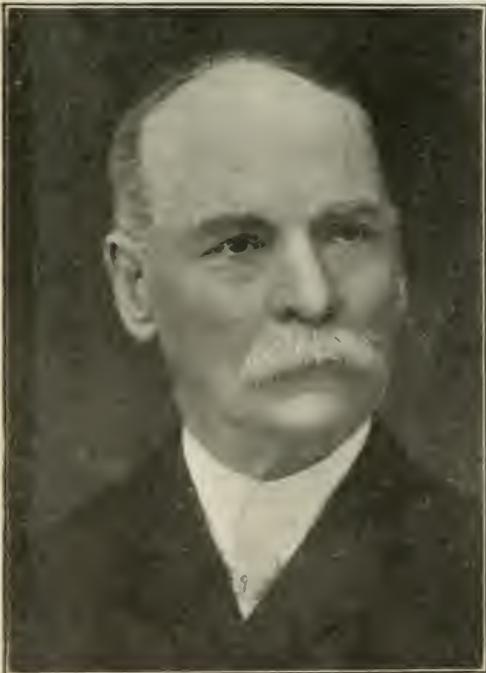
IF genius may be described as those sterling qualities which stand for honesty and fair dealing, capacity for work and general executive ability that makes a man indispensable to a community, then we may say that Senator F. T. Frost is a genius. From 1876 to 1883 Mr. Frost occupied the chair of the Reeve of Smith's Falls. Being instrumental in changing the village into a town he became in 1883 its first mayor

by acclamation. He has always had a deep interest in the affairs of the town in which he was born and has never lost an opportunity to advance its interests whether in the council or as a member of the School Board where he served many years.

Mr. Frost is one of the heads of the Frost & Wood Co., large manufacturers of agricultural implements and, with his brother, Charles B. Frost, for one cannot be mentioned in the commercial world without the other, broad and deep foundations have been laid for a great industrial enterprise which finds its expression in the high chimneys and great buildings in Smith's Falls, and large warehouses elsewhere in the Dominion.

The big enterprise of which these two men are now the honored heads was founded by their father, Ebenezer Frost, away back in 1839, the business at that time consisting of the manufacture of a few plows and stoves. Those were not the days when the proprietors of a shop sat in a glass-enclosed office and dictated letters to their stenographers. They were days when the proprietors filled the many duties of the shop and office and personally supervised every detail.

Perseverance was an innate quality of the early pioneers and this was inherited by Senator Frost and has been reflected all through his business and public life. Hopefulness is one of the outstanding features of his character. Since 1863, when their father died, Charles B. Frost and Senator Frost have been directing the destiny of their company. For about twenty years Alexander Wood was in



SENATOR F. T. FROST.



The Residence of Senator Frost, Smith's Falls, Ont.

partnership with them but the Messrs. Frost took over the business in 1885, maintaining the name Frost & Wood until it became a joint stock company in 1899 when it was changed to the Frost & Wood Co., Limited. The business has shown a steady growth ever since but was greatly checked by the disastrous fire of February 8, 1906, when the manufacturing part of the plant was destroyed by fire and it is only now regaining its position again as one of the large implement industries of the Dominion. It was a hard blow but there is an old saying "a person never knows what he can do until he has to do it." It certainly must have looked like a hopeless task to try and replace their plant and still keep on business. The spirit of perseverance, however, showed itself. The smoke had scarcely cleared away before they had a staff of men at work and in less than a year a new plant with double the capacity of the old one was erected on the site, equipped with the most modern machinery on the continent. It took

plenty of nerve and a lot of hard work but, as a circular they issued said, "Every knock's a boost," they are now in a better position for manufacturing than before.

But his commercial life shows only one view of Senator Frost's qualities of perseverance. In 1896 he was elected to the Federal Parliament for North Leeds and Grenville. It was an up-hill climb but, after four successive defeats against great odds, he had the satisfaction of achieving his object to which his native town largely contributed. During the four years as member he showed such a capacity for work and clear insight into questions of the day that it was an open secret that he was in close succession for the ministry which would have given good satisfaction throughout the Province of Ontario. But "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" and in 1900 he met defeat once more and was relegated to private life. His work was recognized, however, and in March, 1903, he was appointed a Sen-



The Public Library, Smith's Falls.

ator by the Crown much to the satisfaction of his friends from whom he received many letters and telegrams of congratulation from all parts of Canada and elsewhere.

A plain unassuming man is Senator Frost and excitement does not wean him from his home. He has no hobby but takes a great interest in British history. Accompanied by his estimable wife he has twice visited Europe and studied the customs of the European countries, taking special delight in Italy with its beauties, and the British Isles showing the culture of centuries. His home, a handsome one, is a model of beauty surrounded as it is by trees and lawns, shrubs and flowers arranged in the most exquisite taste. His den is a favorite place with him and, when not attending to his many duties, he is usually found there but never idle. He is ever ready to lend a hand to any worthy object and the Public Library which is one of the adornments of the town is due to the generosity of his brothers and himself. When Andrew Carnegie offered money for a library the Messrs. Frost generously donated a like amount for its maintenance.

Senator Frost is a Presbyterian and is a regular attendant at St. Paul's where Mrs. Frost and he are active workers in the Church and Sabbath School, of which the Senator was Superintendent for many years.

Mr. Frost is greatly interested in and is very popular with the young men and has been honorary president of Smith's Falls hockey, lacrosse and baseball for years.

His good judgment, common sense and aesthetic tastes, have added still more to his duties. His capacity for work seems unlimited and he never shirks any of it. Everything attempted is wrought to a conclusion and not until everything is properly completed is he satisfied. It is a creed of his from which he has never departed. In his home, in business and public life it has ever been a maxim to do things well and to this he attributes his whole career. In their machinery lines is written a character—one hundred cents is given for a dollar and to this he attributes the growth of their large industry.

In 1902 Mr. Frost was appointed a member of the Ottawa Improvement Commission and the work of these men is making that city famous for its beauty besides giving an impetus to other Dominion cities to undertake similar improvements. The great aim of the Commission is not only to adorn the Capital but to give rich and poor alike a higher conception of life, an atmosphere that encourages culture and refinement, and a loyal pride in the city that stimulates to true living with better conditions and pleasant surroundings. These improvements will absorb all the Government lands around Ottawa. Rockliffe Park will be one of the beauties of the Dominion with its miles of splendid roadway already completed and more under construction. Driveways from Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, to the Parliament Building also along the Rideau Canal for miles and various parks in different parts of the city have been completed or are under construction. When the whole scheme of the Commission is completed, Ottawa will be one of the most attractive and fascinating cities on the continent.



The Three Sisters of the Rockies, near Canmore.

No Sport in the World to Equal Mountaineering

Although the Recreation is Participated in by Comparatively few People—The Exhilaration of Making an Ascent up the Steep Incline—Some Excellent Rules for the Guidance of the Novice in the Exciting Pastime of Revelling in Nature's Most Stupendous Handiwork.

By George D. Abraham in the World's Work Magazine.

THERE is no sport in the world like mountaineering. Its pleasures are not marred by the slaughter of innocent animal life, nor discomfiture to any of our fellow beings, and perfect health and physical fitness, such as no other sport can give, are numbered among its greatest rewards. But its pure joys and benefits are shared by relatively few people, for mountain climbing for the sake of recreation is a sport of comparatively recent times. The ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1854 by Mr. Justice Wills is generally recognized as the beginning of the genuine sporting side of mountaineering. In recent years, however, mountain clubs have been formed in many parts of the world and the number of those who appreciate the pure joys and benefits of mountaineering is increasing. Fortunate are those who have tasted of these and renewed health and strength far above the cares and troubles of the world, among the crags and silent snows of the everlasting hills.

It is a mistake for the American to imagine that he must go to the Alps or the Himalayas in order to find peaks worthy of

his ambition. A vast range of mountains stretches across North America from far south of the United States to Alaska. Mount St. Elias (18,092 feet) is the most notable culminating point in the icy North, and its ascent was the object of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition in 1897. A tremendous expanse of slightly sloping glacier had to be crossed in order to reach the peak. Its ascent required a month of strenuous exertion, but on July 30th of that year his party stood on the longed-for summit, and the Italian flag was left floating in the Arctic breezes.

Mount McKinley, which rises in Alaskan territory to a height of nearly 20,500 feet above sea-level, is supposed to be the loftiest peak in North America. Dr. F. A. Cook, who was a member of the Peary Arctic Expedition, succeeded in reaching its summit in 1906. In his book, "To the Top of the Continent," he describes it as the steepest and the most Arctic of the great mountains of the world.

The Canadian Rockies have been called "the Switzerland of North America" on account of their natural beauties and at-

tractions. Dr. Norman Collie has organized a number of American climbing clubs for expeditions among these first-class peaks. One of these, Mount Assiniboine, is 11,839 feet above the sea, and has been described as the Canadian Matterhorn.

As a stimulus to American interest in the vigorous sport of climbing, it is worth while to recall that the Rockies are in extent vastly greater than the Alps, and that it is not at the present time known which is the highest peak. The average height of the mountains is from 10,000 to 11,000 feet. Mount Forbes, in the northerly part of the group, is generally supposed to be the loftiest, the summit reaching nearly 14,000 feet above sea-level. There is also rare sport to be found in the Appalachians and in other parts of the United States.

There is, of course, especial interest in being the first to reach the summit of a great mountain, but there is always sufficient interest awaiting anyone who scales a lofty peak for the first time. It matters little, for instance, how many people have strode the crest of such a peak as the Matterhorn. Its individuality is still there, and to each climber who makes his first acquaintance with its snow-covered slabs and shattered ridges the element of novelty is scarcely wanting. After all, the climbing is the main thing.

For climbing foothills and for work in the lower altitudes of the more majestic peaks, little advice is needed, even by the novice. There it is simply a question of physical fitness, of endurance, and of some ingenuity. But the conquest of such difficult summits as some of those shown in the accompanying illustrations requires expert advice and a sort of apprenticeship. The present article is intended merely as a help to the beginner, assuming that he must make his beginning without the aid of an experienced mountaineer to guide his efforts. It would obviously require an entire volume to enter into the details of rock-climbing and snow-craft on the first-class peaks.

THE DANGERS OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

A short time ago a newspaper contributor suggested that, as a remedy against accidents "warning boards should be placed on all dangerous places, and danger signals on all the treacherous crevasses." It would be an education worthy of the Fresh Air Fund

if that writer could be lured to the comparatively small Glacier des Bossons on Mount Blanc, and be shown its thousands of crevasses that would require labelling—and the surface is constantly changing. Any sport that defies to any great extent the laws of gravitation must of necessity be dangerous, and what recreation is worth its salt unless it possesses a spice of danger? But foresight and prudence can do much to lessen the dangers.

The man who makes it a rule to climb only in absolutely settled weather will have little to fear from the danger of sudden storms. It may be remarked that as long as the wind blows from a northerly or easterly quarter, or from any point between these two, any sudden changes that occur are scarcely likely to prove serious. The only way correctly to gauge the direction of the winds in the higher altitudes is to watch the movements of the clouds. The really unavoidable danger is that which arises from comparatively small stones, or pieces of ice that become detached and fall unexpectedly. They may be loosened by the action of frost followed by the warmth of the sun, by sudden changes of wind, by another party on the mountain, or by a variety of smaller causes. Yet accidents from this source are surprisingly rare.

Judged by the fatalities, the easiest parts of a mountain are the most dangerous. After a hard struggle on the upper crags, human nature is apt to treat the lesser with disrespect. Novices are especially apt to underrate the risks, as was shown by an amusing entry in the visitors' book at a well-known climbing centre: "Ascended the Pillar Rock in three hours, and found the rocks very easy." This was probably written by a young climber with more self-assurance than experience. The entry immediately below this is written by a well-known Cambridge don, who adds: "Descended the Pillar Rock in three seconds, and found the rocks very hard."

The following advice may be helpful to some who may engage in this sport without the opportunity of an apprenticeship under an experienced climber. The rules are merely the application of plain common sense.

RULES FOR MOUNTAINEERING.

(1) Start climbing mountains near home. Learn to walk slowly uphill, and how to

NO SPORT IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO MOUNTAINEERING

find the route by map and compass in misty and stormy weather; do not attempt any of the more difficult rock-climbs.

(2) Let every article of equipment be of the very best quality; pay constant attention to the condition of the boots, more especially the nails.

(3) Always begin a climbing holiday gently, after a few training walks.

(4) Procure the very best guiding assistance available.

(5) Do not undertake a serious expedition with untried companions.

(6) Never attempt a high mountain when it is out of condition; three days should be allowed after stormy weather.

(7) Do not climb in bad weather; if a storm should arise during an ascent, turn back at once if the slightest doubt should exist.

(8) Always be clothed to withstand the coldest temperature that is likely to be encountered.

(9) Take sufficient food for the wants of the party if they should be required to spend the night out.

(10) Allow at least an hour to intervene from the time of waking to the hour of setting out.

(11) Get equipment together the night before.

(12) Do not delay putting on the rope.

(13) Never climb alone, or with less than three men on a rope if any snow work is to be attempted; hold the rope firmly but do not jerk it in any situation.

(14) Let the best man lead going up, and take the last place on the rope in the descent; the leader's decision should be final on all questions.

(15) If a slip on the part of any member of the party would prove dangerous, only one climber should move at a time, and the rope should be anchored.

(16) If a slip on the part of any one climber would be certain to precipitate the whole party, the route should be immediately forsaken.

(17) Do not pass underneath or over cornices, nor cross slopes of snow that are swept by avalanches.

(18) The spirit of rivalry in any form should never enter into a mountaineering expedition.

(19) Never glissade down a slope of any length unless you have ascended it less than three hours previously.



Mirror Lake at Laggan.

(20) Eat and drink as much as possible, but especially avoid contaminated water.

(21) Always climb slowly, deliberately, and carefully; a slip, even when harmless, is something to be ashamed of.

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER'S OUTFIT.

First of all, the famous saying, "A soldier is no better than his feet," is equally true of a climber. I have no hesitation in saying that a pair of properly nailed boots are the most important details of a climber's outfit. The leathers for the uppers should be of the best zug or chrome, soft and absolutely waterproof. The heels should be low, and they, as well as the soles, should project fully a quarter of an inch beyond the uppers when new, for even with this allowance they will become almost flush with the uppers after a few days' use. The laced pattern is preferable, and the tongue must be so sewn as to be watertight to the top. The tab at the back should be of strong leather.

The nailing of climbing boots is a fine art. There is no more trying experience after the first day's climbing than to find that half or even more of the nails have gone from their appointed resting places in one's boot sole. The greatest skill is required in driving the nails direct, for it is

imperative that no hole should be previously bored in the leather, otherwise they will come out, sooner or later. This is one secret of successful nailing, and the other is composition of the leather that forms the sole. Boots advertised as having waterproof soles should be avoided, for the process of waterproofing them renders them too spongy to hold the nails for any length of time.

The outer row of nails should be of wrought iron, not cast iron, or steel; these outer nails should overlap and secure each other firmly, and should continue around the sole as far as the heel. I am strongly averse to the use of large nails for the inner part of the sole. A useful hint for drying the boots thoroughly after a wet day on the mountains is to fill them with oats, or even straw. Next morning they will be found to have retained their shape and suppleness. Judicious oiling will further improve them.

The rope may be considered next to the boots in importance. The choice of the best climbing rope is a simple matter, for there is only one make to recommend—the famous Alpine Club rope with the red worsted thread running throughout its length. It is made with three strands of the best manila hemp, specially prepared to resist damp-rot. For ordinary ascents in the Alps, not less than a 60-foot length would be necessary for a party of three, but for the more difficult courses fully 80 feet would be required. Alpine Club rope weighs only one pound per 20 feet. An almost endless variety of knots is used by climbers. The “bowline” and the “reef” are mostly favored for the two men at the ends of the rope, while the “middleman noose” is the best for the intermediate members of the party. The purpose of the rope is to secure the safety of the entire party, particularly the less experienced members. When roped, it may be stated that the ability of the party is about equal to that of the leader. The rope should be closely tied about the waist.

For the ice-axe, one must go to Switzerland and the neighboring Alpine regions for the best and only serviceable specimens. The balance of the axe demands foremost notice. It ought to balance about eighteen inches from the head. The shaft should be of selected, straight-grained ash, and the head of the axe ought to be of wrought iron tipped with steel. Careful tempering is re-

quired to obtain the necessary degree of softness. The novice starts out with his implement held more or less horizontally in his hand, but the expert carries his axe with the head tucked tightly between his arm and body, while the spiked shaft projects forward and downward. Carried thus, it can scarcely be considered one of the dangers of the Alps.

The Rucksack is an ordinary bag made of canvas, with adjustable leather straps for suspending it from the shoulders. Its interior should be lined with waterproof mackintosh. This lining ought to be left loose at the top and threaded through with a tape for tying up the opening by means of a draw-string.

A small lantern, with mica sides, is desirable. Dry matches are, of course, a necessity. Goggles are indispensable for Alpine climbing, but the glasses should be of a neutral tint, not blue. A drinking cup of rubber or aluminum is easily carried. A good compass, mounted in a small but strong case, is another indispensable article.

The clothing throughout should be of wool, as far as possible. Certainly the underclothing should be woollen. The Norfolk jacket is undoubtedly the best form of coat and it should contain at least six pockets. A warm waistcoat is a great comfort, and the most important feature of it should be a thick flannel lining down the back. Professional guides often climb in trousers but amateurs favor knickerbockers. Personally, I prefer them unlined, for they are more easily dried. The Alpine hat is a familiar sight, but an ordinary cap is sometimes better. Gloves wear out quickly, so several pairs should be taken. They should have only one division for all the fingers and one for the thumb. A woollen muffler is a genuine luxury, and a woollen “sweater” proves a pleasant companion.

It will readily be understood that duplicates of all articles of wearing apparel should be carried. Even if the climber is not “wet through,” it is refreshing to have a change of raiment after a hard day on the mountains.

AILMENTS AND SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Sunburn is one of the most prevalent and annoying troubles. Its worst form is caused by reflection of the sun's rays from newly fallen snow, but most people suffer acutely from an ordinary glacier walk. Toilet lano-



Sentinel Pass, Paradise Valley, Laggan.

line is the most efficacious preventative, and boric acid ointment will assist the healing process if the skin cracks or peels off and the face becomes extremely painful. At the beginning of a climbing holiday, it is a good plan to wash one's face in water as seldom as possible, and shaving is an inadvisable luxury. On returning to the hotel after a few excursions above the snow-line, it is comforting to wash the face in warm milk and complete the operation by drying the tender skin with a very soft towel. Boric acid powder is excellent for abrasions and for blistered feet.

The eyes often grow painful after long exposure to the bright light on a snowfield. A few drops of a solution of cocaine will generally relieve the irritation immediately. Other simple remedies will suggest themselves.

In all sports it falls to the lot of few men

to excel, and in mountaineering this is especially so. The real expert realizes better than anyone else the smallness of his best efforts, and never is an expedition undertaken without his adding to the almost endless store of technical knowledge that is required if he is safely to indulge in mountaineering. The great mountaineer is the man with all his senses on the alert; and though, despite his comparative insignificance, he may revel in nature's most stupendous handiwork, he must never neglect the laws which govern his craft, nor forget for a moment the penalty of neglecting them. Indeed, it has even been suggested by a friend who was asked to read some of the instructions contained in this article that a suitable title would be "how not to break your neck on the mountain, by one who has tried it!"

Sir William Macdonald and Practical Education

Some Striking Characteristics of the Man who Stands Alone as One of the World's Greatest Reformers—The Aged Philanthropist and Benefactor Allows Himself to be Interviewed for the First Time—Some of His Manners, Methods, Ideals and Gifts.

By C. D. Cliffe.

“I AM a solitary man. I do my own thinking. I do my own acting. I am sorry you ever suggested the idea of writing anything about me, because I do not like it.”

So spoke Sir William C. Macdonald the other day, the noted philanthropist, benefactor to McGill University and education generally, and highly successful business man of Montreal. This, then, in one para-

graph explains one side of the man. To call him a merchant prince would be no compliment. To say anything but just plain, unvarnished truth would be a waste. Cut out all platitudes and Sir William stands alone as one of the world's great reformers. His munificent donations to education running into millions have established a monument to his memory “more lasting than bronze,” especially as it will dispense through countless generations numberless blessings to the land he serves.

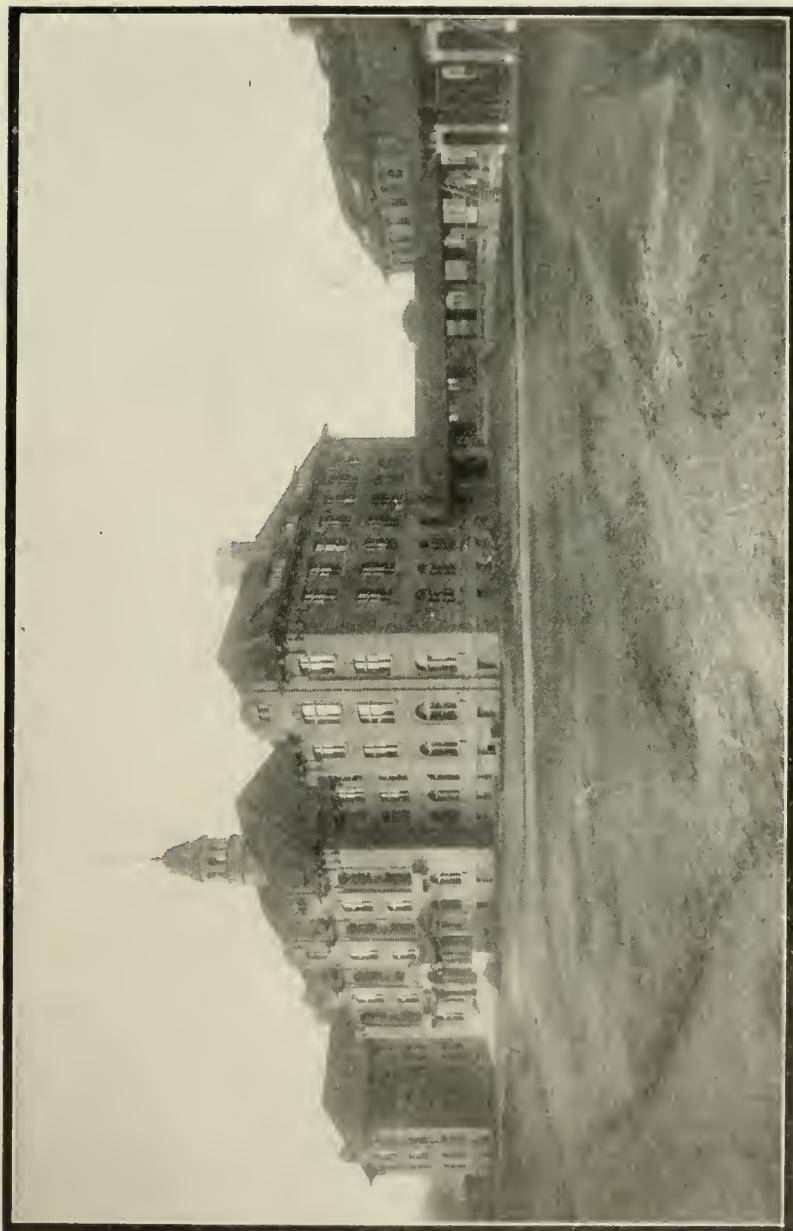
“A foolish consistency is the hob-goblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do.” So wrote Emerson, and it applies aptly to such benefactors when the fanatics say, “How did he make his money?” “Is it tainted?” “How much did he pay his half-capable employe who was discharged?” etc. “Whisper it not in Gath,” etc., for it would be a weary world, were it not for the open-handed generosity of the Carnegies, the Strathconas, the Mount Stephens and the Macdonalds.

Sir William Macdonald has been over half a century in the tobacco business. He has always been as near independent as human beings can be, because he believed early that when men get the crook out of their backs, the hinges out of their knees, and the cringe out of their souls, they are free.

From his earliest childhood in Glenaldale, P.E.I., where he was born in 1831, his dominant characteristic has been thoroughness, an ambition to be first in his classes, first in competitive games in the field, and, later, first in affairs. Those who have



SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD.



Main Building of Macdonald College at St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

known him all these years believe him to be just such a man all through—a man in whom the people could easily believe; they heard his voice, the very intonation of kindness, they looked upon his strong, lithe form, have seen the gleam of his honest eyes, and felt the presence of a man—a man who wants nothing and gives much—a man who has given more than his life for this country's education. When asked how he came to turn his mind towards education improvement; if it was want of education in his own life, etc., he smilingly replied: "Want of education applies to all mankind." So there is the key to his benevolence, the subtle basis of his scientific economy for education.

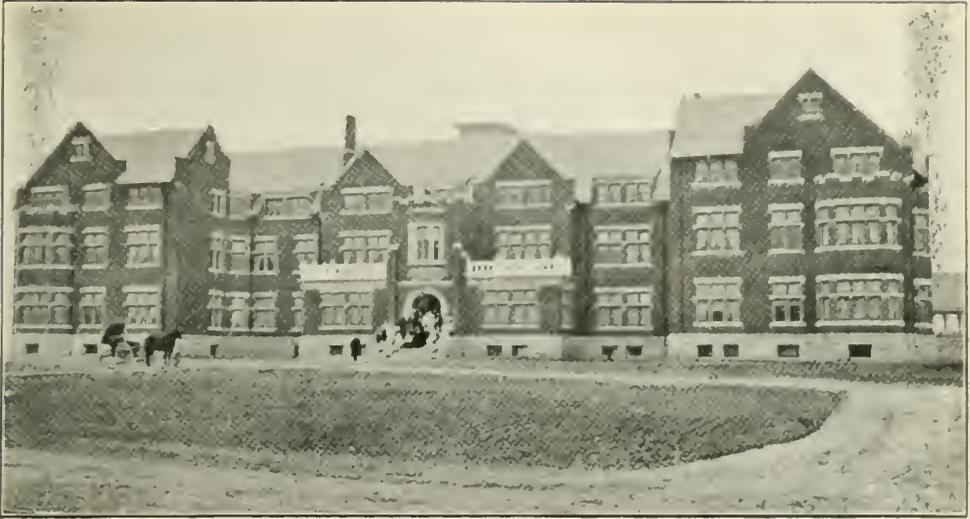
In the little Central Academy at Charlottetown, P.E.I., the future millionaire, knight and benefactor, was educated, his capacity for absorbing knowledge was marked. The traits of the rugged Scottish ancestry were his, even to a theological stiffness at home which robbed his mind of much of its humor. In fact, it is well known that reformers must be color-blind—they see only red or purple and nothing else. Young Macdonald left home early, and, to use his own expression, he escaped much religious rigidity. Morgan's Book of Men states that he was of Roman Catholic family. This is wrong. Sir William says he is opposed in toto to the Roman Catholic doctrines and to much of the Protestant.

His parents, though not wealthy, were people of prominence, and were, best of all, thinking people. His father, Donald Macdonald was a well-known figure in the East, and was for some time President of the Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island. His mother, Anna Matilda Brecken, came of good old United Empire Loyalist stock, and was very fond of William, her youngest son.

She it was who instilled into the young man the right principles of life, the careful thrift and the evenness of mind which have served him well. It is said by those who know that Sir William's abiding affection for his mother prevented him from marrying at an early age, and so he never took the step at all. It is, however, from his grandfather that Sir William inherits much ability. He was Captain John Macdonald, eighth chieftain of the Clan Macdonald, of Glenaldale. He was a leader of men and a benefactor, living a life devoted to public

good. After founding the sterling Scotch settlements of Tracadie, Scotchforth, Glenfinnin and Fort Augustus, all known throughout the Province of Prince Edward Island to-day for their sound Scotch worth, he served during the American War as captain of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, organized by Col. Allan Maclean for the defense of Quebec.

His young grandson was proud of his stirring parents, and it is easy to see that Sir William inherited the power to lead and rule men, by his mental strength, his excellent physique and the combination of poise and sympathy which go to make up the equipment. The Macdonalds were like most of their race, they always bought the things they should have bought, and never left unsold the things they should have worked off. William was at work early, although he acquired a fine education. He spent one year in the employ of Daniel Brennan, in Charlottetown, which is merely an incident, and is more honor to that man than to Sir William, now, as it was really the only man he ever worked for. At 23 years of age, a time when most young men are just beginning to find their feet and often are just "getting out of college," young Macdonald left his native district and started business for himself as an importer and commission merchant in Montreal, subsequently going into the tobacco business. From crudest beginnings he has developed an immense business, and, incidentally, a large fortune. Employment is given to a large number of hands and the business ranks as one of Canada's leading enterprises. His business methods and his opinions have been kept as secret as if in watertight compartments. Even in the matter of his donations to McGill College, he loathes even the mentioning of it. He has given nearly two millions of money alone to McGill, to say nothing of his five million-dollar college bearing his own name at St. Anne de Bellevue, and his hundreds of thousands distributed in other ways. He is the largest shareholder in Canada's largest bank, the Montreal; is a director of it, as well as many other important financial and commercial institutions; is life governor of numerous charitable and beneficent institutions and a supporter of many, unknown to the public, yet he holds up his hands in apparent agony and cries out, "LEAVE ME ALONE. I DO NOT



Macdonald Hall at Guelph, Ont.

WISH TO HEAR ABOUT IT." Though Sir William seems to have shut himself in he has never been a recluse nor has he ever been in danger of dying at the top from mental asphyxiation.

Asked why he did not now advertise his tobacco, he said he had for years used the papers freely. This, with a good factory system and a very high quality in his products, laid the foundation for the largest individually owned tobacco business in the world. He would have been equally successful in any other business. The methods he employed in his great career form the strongest object lesson for the present-day business man. Questioned further about his business and some of his peculiar methods, Sir William said he would be shocked to have any reference to his private business.

Many acts of munificent man to man charities, kindnesses to old employes, donations to needy and suffering ones are known to the writer, and when the idea of mentioning them was heard by Sir William he exclaimed, "Horrible! Horrible! I am sorry I ever met you." What then can be done to dissipate the misunderstanding that is abroad regarding such men. Self-seekers invariably brand such a man as "the meanest man on earth," "An old curmudgeon," "A shyster millionaire," "He made his money by grinding down his staff," etc., and all the other puling stuff that is emitted

from incapables and jealous fortune seekers who hate, because this man or that man declines to dip down in his pocket and pass out his hard earned money whenever asked.

"Misunderstood, indeed! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Carnegie was misunderstood, and Rockefeller and Stratheona and Mount Stephen, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh.

Sir William is on close and friendly terms with many of Canada's greatest men. He is friendly with his employes, and most of his customers. He does not dictate their religious opinions or tell them how they shall vote. He respects their convictions and they respect his. He has made money and is making money. But his first object in life has never been to make money—it is to be true to himself, and serve the public.

He has been well paid for his services.

"There is that which giveth and yet increaseth," etc. Cool, practical and courageous, his feet are always on the earth, even though his head may be sometimes in the clouds. Think what it would mean to have his services at the disposal of the nation! Firm, resolute and incorruptible, unmoved by flattery, unshaken by fear, just and tenacious in conviction, he has enriched Canada by a modest and noble example of strength and fidelity. He has given a rebirth to education; has quickened the aspiration of our children and planted firmly

a heritage worth more far than a mint of gold.

In his home, and this is dangerous ground, as far as displeasing Sir William is concerned—one finds all the earmarks of a voracious student. He has a fondness for fine books, loves the work of fine artists and engravers; joys in communing with the thoughts of great souls who have worked and loved and failed and died to help the world's freedom. That he thinks his own thoughts or is a freethinker is his own business. He is familiar with Emerson, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Morris. His heroes are men like Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Paine.

The students at McGill convocations have been heard to say, "Bill, we need the money." But Sir William only smiles and gives more. Those who do not care for him do not know him.

Those who think Sir William anything but a high-minded gentleman of superior attainments, are like the old maid who had a profound belief in the rascality of man—it was all founded upon hearsay.

The man is a picture of what is known as character. Character is like an Alexandrian puzzle, read it backward, forward or across and it still reads the same thing. He wears a full beard, which is now flecked with grey, but to see that long, square lower jaw, with the chin almost sticking out, it is so prominent; pursed lips, the long, nicely curved nose with just the hint of a hook, topped by a broad, well-shaped, bare head, the forehead bulging out just over the eyes, which twinkle through his glasses, and the thought of mastery, control, serenity—success strike one with even ordinary observation. The face itself is smooth and rosy as if its owner had never known a care, while at 77 he walks as straight as a lance and with a step as firm as a lad of twenty.

At Christmas, 1898, he was knighted by her Majesty Queen Victoria for his services to education. His great work has been, however, latterly. James Wilson Robertson, now principal of the Macdonald College at St. Anne, had been for many years very successful in Canada as a dairy expert, and later as Agriculture Commissioner for the Dominion. Some years ago he had a plan for interesting the young people of the Dominion in the work of agri-

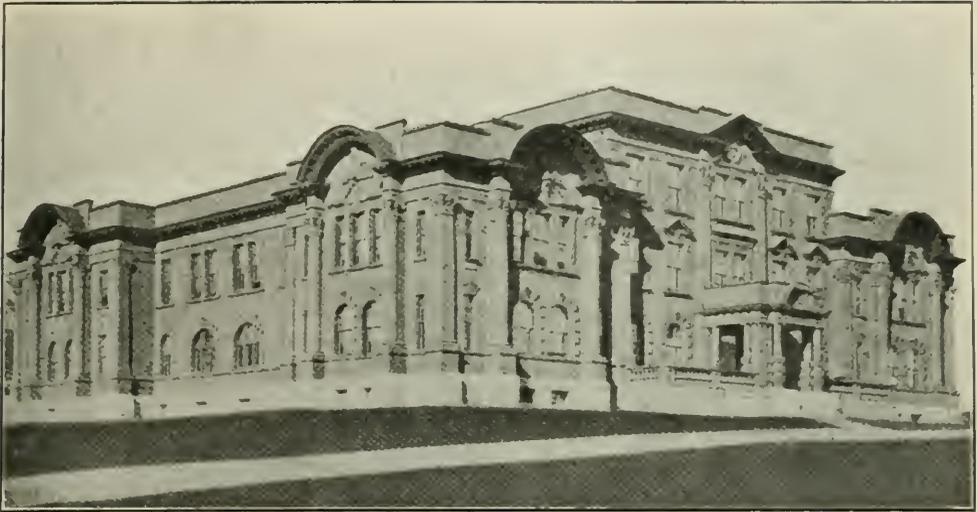
culture. He had offered \$100 in prizes to boys and girls who would send him the largest heads of wheat and oats from their father's farms.

The response was most gratifying, and Prof. Robertson saw its future possibilities. He enlisted the support of Sir William Macdonald, who offered \$10,000 as prizes. As a result the yields of grains increased 27 and 28 per cent., and from this movement has grown the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, who estimate that in three years crops have been increased in value by half a million dollars.

From seed grain Professor Robertson interested Sir William in manual training. Professor Robertson had studied the best systems in vogue in the United States, England and elsewhere, and adapted their best features to his manual training schools. He founded twenty-one of these, attended by 7,000 children. Sir William contributed the whole cost for three years, and then left the municipalities free to continue the schools if they wished. In every case they have been continued, and the movement is spreading rapidly. In Ontario the number grew from three to forty.

Another move was to consolidate rural schools. Professor Robertson took up this work with his characteristic energy, and again enlisted the sympathies of Sir William Macdonald. In these consolidated schools the course was broadened to include gardening, sewing, cooking and manual training. Dr. Robertson felt that our elementary education system was too bookish, that it did not appeal to the skill of hand and eye which calls out intelligence, and prepares for the home, the farm and workshop, or the mill, where most boys and girls spend their lives. These schools were successful beyond all anticipation. The attendance was larger, the education better and broader, the results more permanent and effective. In these schools selected seed was sown in the gardens, attention paid to the value of rotation of crops, the protecting of crops against insects and fungus diseases.

The educational movement of these two men was now so broad that teachers were required to be trained. Recognizing this need, Sir William has provided at Guelph two large buildings fully equipped for instruction of teachers. Here are courses for manual training, household science, cook-



Macdonald Institute at Guelph, Ont.

ing, sewing, etc.; also a course in nature study and gardening. At St. Anne he has taken all that he found best at Guelph and in other colleges, and combined them into a system as unique and perfect as is possible to obtain.

The farm consists of 561 acres, divided into three parts: the campus, 74 acres, with plots for illustration and research in grains, grasses and flowers; the small culture farm of 100 acres, for horticulture and poultry-keeping, and the live stock and grain farm of 387 acres. All the buildings are modern, fireproof structures, models of simplicity and good taste.

The college has three departments:

School for Teachers, which takes the place of the former Provincial Normal School. In this special attention is paid to the needs of the rural districts.

School of Agriculture, which aims to provide a training by combination of theory and practice.

School of Household Science, to impart instruction in all that pertains to good housekeeping.

In the School for Teachers, there are five classes—elementary, advanced elementary, kindergarten, model school instruction and pedagogy.

The School of Household Science gives instruction in a wide range of subjects, including the study of foods, cooking, household economics, clothing materials, dress-

making, millinery, fuels, ventilation, home nursing and hygiene and home art. These courses admirably supplement those of the School of Agriculture and show the wonderful educational instinct of the principal. In the School of Agriculture, boys are taught how to win wealth from the soil, the dairy, the cattle farm and the poultry yard. How to earn a good income is taught here and how to spend it wisely and carefully is taught in the department of household science.

Professor Robertson's work has been a natural growth. From seed selection and manual training grew the movement to reorganize rural schools. From consolidated rural schools grew the plans for the great Macdonald College at St. Anne. The question naturally arises, Will he succeed in the larger sphere? To know the man is to say "Yes."

St. Anne has won more than a national reputation. Delegations from the United States and Europe have visited Macdonald College in numbers. Prof. Robertson has so won the confidence of Sir William Macdonald that together they go forward developing ideas and applying them to the advancement of education and "the building up of the country." Sir William has put over five millions of dollars into the movement for the betterment of rural conditions by means of education. Not many men are able to inspire such confidence as

to receive co-operation and backing so magnificent. This is as true of the one man as of the other, for Prof. Robertson says Sir William has ever been the predominant partner in ideas and good-will, as well as in wealth.

Recently the Quebec Society for the Protection of Plants was formed at the Macdonald College, with Professor Wm. Lochhead as President, and Brother Liguori, of La Trappe, as Vice-President.

The purpose of this organization is to study and control the insect and fungus pests that cause so much loss to farmers. Probably there is as good work to be done for agriculture in this way as any.

It will help to show the cause of loss, and when the cause is defined the remedy will be more readily discovered and applied.

It has been said that Sir William's characteristic virtues are commonplace, and that it is easy to give money when you have it, then may Heaven send us more such commonplace men. He has accomplished a work which would have broken a genius and driven a creature of public flattery to despair. If this is not greatness, no man need desire to be great.

His donations to education may be

enumerated as follows: \$20,000 to endowment for Mechanical Engineering; erected the W. C. Macdonald Engineering Building, valued with its equipment at \$350,000, with an endowment for its maintenance; endowment of Electrical Engineering, with the sum of \$40,000; erection and equipment of the Physics Building, valued at \$300,000, and two Chairs of Physics, with endowments amounting to \$90,000; the endowment of the Law Faculty with \$150,000; a further sum of \$150,000 for the maintenance of the Engineering Building; \$50,000 towards the endowment of the Pension Fund; erection of a new building for the Department of Chemistry, Mining and Architecture at a cost of \$500,000, making a total of \$1,650,000 in this list. In December, 1897, he founded a new Chair of Chemistry in McGill, and contributed a further sum of \$250,000 towards those departments with which his name was associated.

A short time ago the McGill Engineering Building was completely destroyed by fire, and it is now in the course of reconstruction. Thanks also to private work on the part of Sir William.

MAXIMS AND MORALISINGS

The sincere alone can recognise sincerity.—*Carlyle*.

Wisdom preaches temperance, not mortification.—*Seneca*.

Every step of civil advancement makes every man's dollar worth more.—*Emerson*.

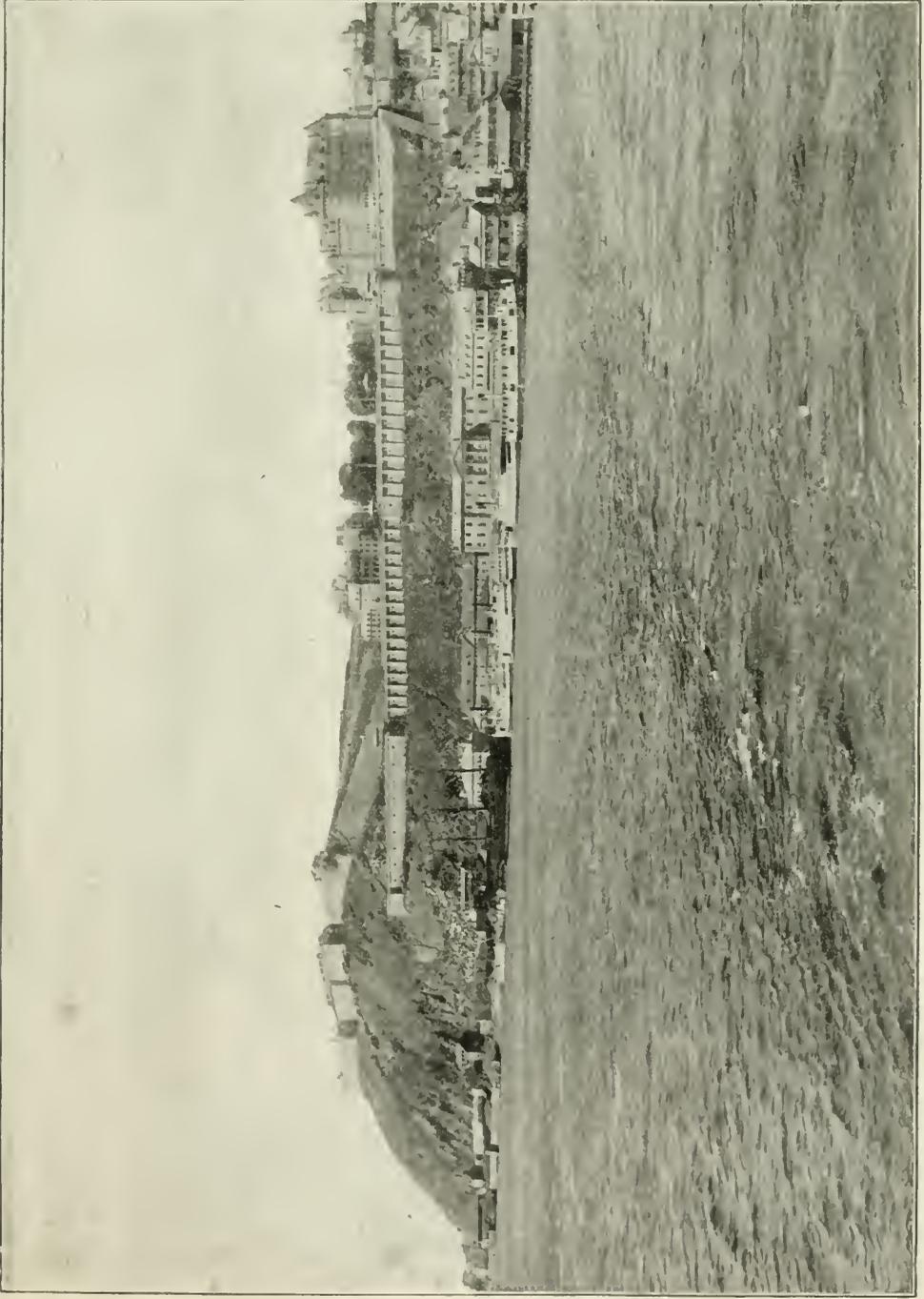
There is no fine thing but loses something of its grace by being misplaced.—*La Bruyere*.

An unmarried man is an untested man—in most cases a shirker of responsibilities.—*Mrs. Craigie*.

When a man gets engaged it must be a slight upon all the rest of his female acquaintances.—*Lyndon*.

Discretion generally means having a good memory for the lies you have told.—*John Oliver Hobbs*.

The good of mankind means the attainment by every man of all the happiness which he can enjoy without diminishing the happiness of his fellow men.—*Huxley*.



Citadel and Dufferin Terrace, Quebec.

Winning Fresh Laurels in Australia

By G. S. Herbert.

TO the dramatic world, Canada has made no brighter or more charming contribution than Miss Margaret Anglin. Having achieved a singularly eminent position in her profession on this side of the Atlantic, like that intrepid warrior, Alexander the Great, she is naturally in search of new worlds to conquer, and is now visiting Australia.

Her antipodean tour has been signally successful. In Sydney, New South Wales, where she recently made her debut in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," she scored a pronounced triumph. Her work is accorded the highest praise by press and critics, while the large audiences, which have greeted the talented Canadian lady, have evinced their appreciation in a measure hitherto unknown in the Southern Commonwealth. Miss Anglin's numerous admirers have with pleasure read the despatches referring to the splendid reception accorded her in every city and the marked enthusiasm that she has aroused. Her tour promises to outrival the most sanguine expectations.

Miss Anglin's rise to fame has been rapid. She is the daughter of the late Honorable Timothy Warren Anglin, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons at the time of the Mackenzie regime. It was during the session of 1876 that she was born in the Speaker's Chambers. Inheriting some of her histrionic talent from her mother, who was recognized as a delightful amateur actress, the early bent of Miss Anglin's mind for the stage soon manifested itself. She was educated at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montreal. At the age of eighteen she graduated from a school of dramatic acting in New York City. Her initial engagement was with a Stock Company, in which she took divers roles and played them most acceptably, travelling through the Maritime Provinces. Returning to the metropolis she appeared in "Shenandoah." She also made a hit as Lady Ursula, and later, as Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac," she gave unmistakable evidence that a brilliant future awaited her. Fresh laurels were each season showered upon her as a decidedly clever emotional actress—one whose faithful, conscientious and consistent work has been clearly demonstrated in many memorable productions. With James O'Neill, Henry Miller, Charles Frohman, and others, she has starred and left the impress of her gifts and power on vast gatherings in all the leading theatres of the continent.

That she is reaping new honors in the play houses of another land is most gratifying to Canadians, who have, during the past few years, followed her career with intense interest. Miss Anglin is a sister of Mr. Justice F. A. Anglin and A. W. Anglin, Esq., of Toronto.



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

The Talented Canadian Actress who is now Touring Australia.

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Mountains, Ancient and Modern. Ade Burgh—
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Pioneers of Export Trade. U. D. Eddy—
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American Trading Around the World—World's
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The Standard Oil Co. C. M. Keys—World's
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Technique of Foreign Trade. E. N. Vose—
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Control and Use of Our Water Powers. C. H.
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 Developing a Specialty Market—Office Appliances.
 Building up the Personnel—Office Appliances.
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Accounting Methods for Small Municipality. C. C. Hunt—Book-Keeper.
 Accounting Methods for Navigation Company. R. L. Bright, Jr.—Book-Keeper.
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 Difficulties of Translation. Rev. J. F. C. Hogan—Irish Monthly.
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 The Tipping Dementia. W. Bennett—Bohemian.
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 Backsliding of Ezekial. J. F. Wilson—Pacific Monthly.
 The Spider Man. H. Wickham—Pacific Monthly.
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Symphony in B. Flat. E. Atkinson—Everybody's
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 The Unchartered Valley. K. Rossiter—Overland Monthly.
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 Lord Cromer's Advice to Boys—Spectator (July 4).
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 Respect of Others' Rights Wins Respect. J. A. Howland—West. Home Monthly.
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Physical Effect of Business Integrity. E. Christian—Book-Keeper.
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Englishman and Soldier. "Tommy"—Young Man
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 Story of Duke Kung. A. Ford—Overland Mthly.
 Galisha. A. Grow. E. Maxey—Overland Mthly.
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 Sixty Years in the Wilderness. H. W. Lucy—
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 Mother Stanislaus. K. Hogan—Irish Monthly.
 Famous North Country Evangelist—Young Man.

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Letters of Some Interest—Irish Monthly.
 A Draught of Solitude. Rev. M. Watson—Irish
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 Royal Visits to Canada—Canada (June 20).
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 Civilization in Danger. Rene L. Gerard—Hibbert
 Jnl.
 An Appeal to Those at the Top. Sir E. Russell
 —Hibbert Jnl.
 The Right to Constraint. Prof. W. M. F. Petrie
 —Hibbert Jnl.
 Cult of the Vagabond. J. Mortimer—Idler.
 Wade's Method of Determining Longitude. E.
 J. Scott—Geographical Jnl.

Big Facts About Latin America. John Barrett
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 Watch-Dogs of the Treasury. P. E. Stevenson—
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 Saving Three Countries from Drouth. H. H.
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 Moral Suasion in Work of Prohibition. sRev.
 B. F. Riley—Watson's Jeffersonian.
 As the Lawyer Sees It. L. Arata—Circle.
 Some Outdoor Honeymoons—Circle.
 Sears of War in the Shanandoah. John D.
 Wells—Metropolitan.
 Romance and Tragedy of the Inland Seas. J.
 O. Curwood—Putnam's.
 Chinese Absence of Feeling. C. D. Perkins—Pa-
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 Why Moqui Indians Perform the Snake Dance.
 J. W. Schultz—Pacific Monthly.
 Ship Must Sail on Time. E. Poole—Every-
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 Shadow World. H. Garland—Everybody's.
 Centennial of Lincoln and Darwin. W. R. Thayer
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 Swiftmess of Justice in England. F. M. Bur-
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 Outcome of Southern Race Question. A. B.
 Hart—North. Am. Rev.
 The New Ireland. S. Brooks—North. Am. Rev.
 Quebec Tercentenary. Jno. A. Ewan—Canadian.
 The Color Line. R. S. Baker—American.
 National Sensitiveness. Will Scarlet—Overland
 Monthly.
 The Cowboy Baronet. Sir G. Cave-Brown-Cave
 —London.
 Celebrations at Quebec. E. Bosborn—Pall Mall.
 West Country Fishermen. E. Phillpotts—Pall
 Mall.
 Prohibition—From Foreign-Born Citizen's Point
 of View. M. Bianucci—Am. Bus. Man.
 Philosopher Judge in India—Asiatic Quar. Rev.
 Japanese Monographs. C. M. Salwey—Asiatic
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Municipal and Local Government.

Burden of Rates and Remedy—Spectator (June
 27).
 Speaker of the House of Lords—Sat. Rev.
 (June 27).
 Vindication of the Police.—Sat. Rev. (July 4).
 Local Government Board. G. Haw—Cont. Rev.

Nature and Outdoor Life.

Deceitful Insect. E. Jarvis—Lone Hand.
 Monkey Puzzle and Its Kin. H. Clarke—Lone
 Hand.
 Noble Bird-Citizen. M. F. Hudson—Overland
 Monthly.
 Bird Watching at Lighthouse—Chambers's Jnl.
 Are Wild Animals Born Wild—Living Age (July
 4).
 Common Sense in Care of Horses. N. Newham-
 Davis—Suburban Life.
 Hunting Woodchuck Without a Gun. E. F. Bige-
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 American Horse. C. B. Whitford—World To-Day.
 Photographing the Great Northern Diver. B. Dale—Country Life in America.
 Balanced Aquarium. C. O. Morris—Country Life in America.
 Animals That Live in Houses. C. Hawkes—Circle.

Political and Commercial.

Taft of Ohio, Bryan of Neb. H. L. West—Forum
 Accession of Mr. Asquith. A. M. Low—Forum.
 Neglected Aspects of Entente Cordiale. Ignotus—Living Age (July 4).
 Between Socialism and Militarism—Living Age (July 4).
 All in Convention Array. J. M. Chapple—National.
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 Making of Presidents. J. M. Chapple—National
 Indian Debate—Sat. Rev. (July 4).
 South African Crisis—Sat. Rev. (July 4).
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 Parliamentary Government and Our Indian Empire—Spectator (July 4).
 Turmoil in Persia—Spectator (July 4).
 Guillotine and its Consequences—Spec. (July 4).
 Sir Edward Grey and Macedonia—Empire Rev.
 Mulai Aziz and Mulai Hafid—Empire Rev.
 Caste System in India—C. Powell—Emp. Rev.
 Awakening of China. A. C. Lambert—Emp. Rev.
 Handwriting on the Wall. C. E. T. Stuart—Lin-ton—Empire Rev.
 Liberals and Egypt—Empire Rev.
 How We Administer our Native Dependencies. Maj. A. G. Leonard—Empire Rev.
 Polish Question in Prussia. J. Koscielski—Cont. Rev.
 Future of India. N. MacNicol—Cont. Rev.
 Food Adulteration—Lone Hand.
 Coming Struggle in the Far East. S. Saito—Pacific Monthly.
 Japan's Object Lesson in Corea. W. B. Hulbert—Pacific Monthly.
 How Aggressive Japan Is Dominating the Pacific. W. T. Prosser—Pacific Monthly.
 Birth-Year of Japan. P. Robertson—Pac. Mthly.
 Falliers, Ideal French President. A. Cohn—Am. Rev. of Revs.
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 One Way of Governing Malays. E. W. Wright—North Am. Rev.
 Repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. T. B. Edgington—North. Am. Rev.
 The Socialist Manifesto. Goldwin Smith—Canadian.
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 Lancashire and India; Relation to Imperial Preference. Sir R. Lethbridge—Asiatic Quar. Rev.

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 Luxemburg Succession. L. Appleton—Cont. Rev.
 The Socialist Bugaboo. W. Mailey—Success.
 Our Era of Commercial Greatness. O. S. Straus—World's Work.
 Triple Entente. Calchas—Fort. Rev.
 Britain and Belgium. Sir H. H. Johnson, K. C. B.—Fort. Rev.
 Challenge of Socialism. Dr. J. B. Crozier—Fort. Rev.
 Restoration of Unionist Party. W. G. H. Gritten—Fort. Rev.
 Who Will Choose Our Elisha?—World To-Day.
 Philippine Assembly. J. A. LeRoy—World To-Day.
 Oregon, Home of Direct Legislation. E. E. Decon—World To-Day.
 Republican Platform for 1908.—Watson's Jeffersonian.
 Did Sherman Law Cause Panic in 1893?—Watson's Jeffersonian.
 Mr. Watson's Letter of Acceptance of 1896—Watson's Jeffersonian.
 My Conception of the Presidency. Wm. J. Bryan—Collier's (July 18).

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 Plains of Abraham. A. L. Fraser—Canadian.
 Tasso and Leonora. G. Sterling—Cosmopolitan.
 The Old Garden Seat. S. Gibney—Pall Mall.
 A Prayer. S. G. Bugbee—People's.
 Cradle. C. A. M. Dolson—People's.
 The Deathless Thing. G. N. Wiley—Smith's.
 Chevalier of the Rocking Horse. N. B. Turner—Lippincott's.
 A Fragrant Prayer. A. Furlong—Irish Monthly.
 A Song of Devon. W. L. Randell—Living Age (July 4).
 England's Fields. L. Roberts—Liv. Age (July 4).
 To-Day. R. Loveman—Home Mag.
 At the Sign of the Smile—National.
 There is no Failure. Thos. S. Mosby—Success.
 Heimweh. W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez—Ainslee's.
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 Back to the Farm.—Scribner's.
 Sunshine Boomerang. Capt. J. Crawford—Watson's Jeffersonian.

Railroads and Transportation.

Baghdad Railway—Spectator (June 27).
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Religions and the Church.

New Methodist Bishops. F. C. Iglehart—Am. Rev. of Revs.
 Spiritualism. W. G. Kidder—Overland Mthly.
 New Light in India. R. N. Puri—Overland Mthly
 Huge Church Parliament. C. S. Kent—Londoh.

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Beecher and Christian Science. M. B. White—Cosmopolitan.
Mr. Balfour on Faith and Materialism—Sat. Rev. (June 27).
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Imperial Conference. Rt. Rev. Bishop Welldon—Living Age (July 4).
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Science and the Purpose of Life. Dr. F. Nansen—Hibbert Jnl.
Religionist and Scientist. Rev. G. A. J. Ross—Hibbert Jnl.
Religion and Our Schools. Prof. J. Dewey—Hibbert Jnl.
Enlightened Action. True Basis of Morality. Prof. A. H. Lloyd—Hibbert Jnl.
Romantic Element in Ethics of Christ. S. G. Dunn—Hibbert Jnl.
Problem of Immortality. Prof. R. Ericksen—Hibbert Jnl.
Religion of Sensible American. D. S. Jordan—Hibbert Jnl.
Church of Scotland. Rev. A. J. Campbell—Hibbert Jnl.
Burden of Language in Religion. W. J. Williams—Hibbert Jnl.
American Episcopal Church. G. Hodges, D.D.—Cont. Rev.

Science and Invention.

Aerial Navigation. R. Bchaefter—Lone Hand.
Electric Theory of Matter. W. A. Shenstone—Cornhill.
This Trolley Wheel Cannot Jump. M. H. Salt—Am. Bus. Man.
Vapor Preservation of Food—Chambers's Jnl.
High Seas of Space. T. F. Baldwin—National.
Why the Sky is Blue. W. G. Bell—Windsor.
Scientific Results of Antarctic Expeditions. 1901-4. Prof. J. W. Gregory—Geographical Jnl.
Subjective Science. E. M. Caillard—Cont. Rev.

Sports and Pastimes.

Big Game Conditions in N.B. A. Moore—Rod and Gun.
Night With Coons. W. Carrell—Rod and Gun.
Our Vanishing Deer. J. Dickson, O.L.S.—Rod and Gun.
Shotguns and Their Loads. G. B. Smith—Rod and Gun.
Open Season for Hunting and Fishing Throughout Canada—Rod and Gun.
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Diary of Country Cricketer—Blackwood's.
Reindeer Stalking on High Field of Norway—Blackwood's.
Moose Hunting in New Ontario, Can. G. C. Hacking—Badminton.
Ladies' Golf—Spring, 1908. Miss M. E. Stringer—Badminton.
Mountaineer's Equipment. M. Steinmann—Badminton.
Public School Cricket. Sir H. Gordon—Badminton.

Tiger Experiences in the Central Provinces. E. Dobbs—Badminton.
Fads and Fancies Before the Camera. W. B. Hayward—Bohemian.
Rocky Mountain Endurance Race. M. Muir—World To-Day.
Fishing for Yellow-Tail off Santa Catalina Island. A. R. Dugmore—Coun. Life in Am.
Sport in all Kinds of Water Craft. W. P. Stephens—Coun. Life in Am.
Running a Gasoline Motor-Boat. H. Greene—Country Life in Am.
Vital Facts About Sailing. L. A. Camancho—Country Life in Am.
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Olympic Games in London. E. G. Hawke—Am. Rev. of Revs.
World's Greatest Pastime. W. Henry—London.
Virtues of Unorthodox Cricket. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower—Pall Mall.
Real Olympic Games. A. E. Johnson—Pall Mall.
Boxing for Boys. F. W. B.—Pall Mall.
Imperial Cricket Trigonometry—Sat. Rev. (June 27).
The Fisherman's Nightingale. A. T. Johnson—Idler.
Yachting on Finest Harbor in Dominion. N. M. Browne—Rod and Gun.
Cycling Through British Columbia. S. O. H. Pope—Rod and Gun.
British Bisley. W. Rowson—Rod and Gun.
Still Hunt With a Camera. F. B. Doud—Rod and Gun.
Hunters' Experiences in North Countree. W. H. Allison—Rod and Gun.
In Glow of the Camp Fire. W. A. Warren—Rod and Gun.
Fishing in Kootenay, B.C.—Rod and Gun.
Successful Moose Hunt. A. Phillips—Rod and Gun.
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Some Women of Pinero's. W. H. Rideing—Nth. Am. Rev.
The Summer Show. A. Dale—Cosmopolitan.
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On the Road With the Players. C. B. Davis—Outing.

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Important Manitoban City—Canada (June 20).
A Prairie Capital—Canada (June 20).
People of the North Georgia Mountains. I. Dooly—Home Mag.
French Peasant in His Fields. V. Thompson—Outing.
Romance of an Old Cape. T. F. Day—Outing.
Brodie Castle—Scottish Field.
Dunure and Vicinity—Scottish Field.
A Patriotic Pilgrimage—English Illus.
Fine B. C. Falls. C. F. Nelson—Rod and Gun.
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 Skyland in the Andes. M. Wilcox—Putnam's.
 Quebec 300 Years After Champlain. L. E. van Norman—Am. Rev. of Revs.
 On the Other Side. T. A. DeWeese—Am. Rev. of Revs.
 Ten Days at Atlantic City. F. D. O'Malley—Everybody's.
 Home of the Sea Gull. E. W. Mahon—Canadian.
 Country of the Mad Mullah. H. S. S. Harden—Canadian.
 The New Forest. E. P. Weaver—Canadian.
 Seeing Seattle. N. A. Arndt—Overland Mthly.
 Romantic Cruising Ground. F. H. Mason—Pall Mall.
 Last Home of Oliver Goldsmith. W. Bell—Pall Mall.
 In Iceland. I. Malcolm—Cornhill.
 Letters from an American Girl Abroad. Mrs. J. Van Vorst—Smith's.
 Birds' Eye View of Malta. M. Nolan—Irish Monthly.
 Interesting Facts About Australia. T. H. Smeaton—Chambers's Jnl.
 On an Indian Canal. Col. J. K. S. Moncrieff—Blackwood's.
 Gaping Ghyll. R. Farrer—Blackwood's.
 Et in Arcadia Ego. P. R. Butler—Blackwood's.
 Travels with a Donkey. F. W. Huard—Century.
 When We Were Tramps—Century.
 Across the Desert in the Southwest. H. J. Peck—Scribner's.
 "Castlewood." Villa of Louis Bruguere. B. Ferree—Am. Homes and Gardens.
 Japanese Garden of "Yademos." J. F. Carr—Am. Homes and Gardens.
 Huck-ween Lodge. F. D. Nichols—Am. Homes and Gardens.
 Glimpses of old Annapolis. E. Singleton—Am. Homes and Gardens.
 At the Throttle of a Flyer. W. De Wagstaffe—Travel.
 To the Midnight Sun. F. L. Warr—Travel.
 New York to Boston by Trolley. S. I. More—Travel.
 Shoshone Falls. H. P. Kieffer—Travel.
 Along Thames Waters. B. Wilby—Travel.

Vacation.

Real Camping in the Wisconsin Wilderness. A. E. Bartlett—Suburban Life.

A Piazza Vacation. H. W. Clarke—Sub. Life.
 Where to Spend the Holidays.—Gentlewoman (July 4).
 How to Enjoy a Tour. H. L. Towle—Circle.

Woman and the Home.

Some Women of Pinero's. W. H. Rideing—Nth. Am. Rev.
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 Fifty Years of Fashion. Ignota—London.
 New Crop of English Beauties—London.
 The Littlest Woman in the World. A. Brisbane—Cosmopolitan.
 Royal Housekeeping. C. Beerbohm—Smith's.
 The Out-of-Town Girl in New York—Smith's.
 For the Girl Who Wants to be Pretty. F. Augustine—Smith's.
 Women and Politics—Sat. Rev. (June 27).
 Practical Talks to Women. E. S. Moody—Snow-hand Writer.
 The Housemother's Problems—Harper's Bazaar.
 Luncheons for Hot Days. J. Grenier—Harper's Bazaar.
 The Girl Who Comes to the City—Harper's Baz.
 Club Houses Owned by American Women. B. D. Knobe—Harper's Bazaar.
 When the College Girl Comes Home. A. B. Stimson—Harper's Bazaar.
 Canning and Preserving of Fruits. M. R. Flicker—Suburban Life.
 Suffragettes in Canada—Empire Rev.
 Rebellion of Woman. T. Billington-Greig—Cont. Rev.
 Liberalism and Women's Suffrage. Hon. P. Russell—Cont. Rev.
 Canning Fruit. I. G. Curtis—Success.
 Mistress of Great Tew. J. A. R. Marriott—Fort. Rev.
 Ladies' Golf—Spring 1908. Miss M. E. Stringer—Badminton.
 Women in Journalism. E. Farley—Bohemian.
 Ideas for College Girl. E. Parsons—Woman's Home Comp.
 Cold Dishes for Hot Days. C. T. Herrick—Woman's Home Comp.
 Meat Substitutes. F. M. Farmer—Woman's Home Comp.
 Seasonable Dishes. F. M. Farmer—Woman's Home Comp.
 Women Who Travel in Sleeper. C. F. Boldtmann—Woman's Home Comp.
 Letters to Girl at Columbia University. Jean McLean—Watson's Jeffersonian.
 Confessions of a Middle-Aged Woman—Circle.
 Midsummer Meals and Their Making. C. F. Benton—Circle.



The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some New Books Worth Reading.

- The God of Clay—By H. C. Bailey.
The Call of the South—By Robert Lee Durham.
Love and the Ironmonger—By F. J. Randall.
A New Self-Help—By A. Bryant.
Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead—By James P. Haverson.
Their Wedding Journey—By William T. Howells.
Spinnster Farm—By Helen M. Winslow.
The Making of Personality—By Bliss Carman.
Night Riders—By Henry C. Wood.
Captain Love—By Theodore Roberts.
Bahama Bill—By T. Jenkins Hains.
The Kingdom of Canada and Other Essays—By J. S. Ewart.
The Lure of the Mask—By Harold McGrath.
Chateau Royal—By J. H. Yoxall.
Mrs. Bailey's Debts—By Charles Eddy.
Matthew Porter—By Gamaliel Bradford, Sr.
The Old Loyalist—By A. R. Davis.
Anne of Green Gables—By L. M. Montgomery.
By Their Fruits—By Mrs. Campbell Praed.
The Strenuous Career—By Madison C. Peters.
Gleam O' Dawn—By Arthur Goderich.
True Stories of Crime—By Arthur Train.
The Profligate—By Arthur Hornblow.
A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador—By Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard.
Get-Rich-Quick—By C. R. Chester.
The Chaperon—By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
Jack Spurlock—By G. H. Lorimer.
Canadian Wilds—By Thomas A. Reynolds.
The Tragedy of Quebec—By Robert Sellar.
The First English Conquest of Canada—By Henry Kirhe.
The Cliff End—By E. C. Booth.
A Chance Acquaintance—Wm. D. Howells.
Old Quebec—By Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude Bryan.
The Span of Life—By Wm. McLennan and Jean McLlwraith.
In Old France and New—By Wm. McLennan.
The First Century of Methodism in Canada—By J. E. Sanderson.
Captain Love—By Theodore Roberts.
The Romance of the Reaper—By Herbert N. Casson.

* * *

Best Selling Books.

- The best selling books during the past month in Canada were :—
Barrier.—By Rex Beach.
Mr. Crowe's Career—By Winston Churchill.
Prima Donna—By F. M. Crawford.
Jack Spurlock—By G. H. Lorimer.

- Chaperon—By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
Get-Rich-Quick—By G. R. Chester.

* * *

Bright Sayings From New Books.

A reason why men fall in love so much less than they used to do is largely due to the decay of the imaginative faculty.

Woman has ever been man's favorite grumble vent, from the day when he got out of his first scrape by blaming the only available woman.

Probably when the last trump shall sound, the last living man will be found grumbling loudly at the abominable selfishness of woman for leaving him alone, and the last dead man to rise will awake cursing because his wife did not call him sooner.

Women only want extravagant pleasures when they are miserable. It is generally the wretched wives, the unhappy, restless spinsters, who run up bills and fling away money. They feel that life is cheating them, and they must have some compensation.

"If I am horrid, darling," a girl once said to her lover, when trying to make up a quarrel she herself had brought about. "it's only because I love you so intensely." "Then, for God's sake, love me less and treat me better," snapped the outraged lover. And we can sympathize with him.—From "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It," by M. C. Braby.

I once heard from an American, that English people while taking pains to be reserved on the surface, are strangely communicative under it.

I would rather a man spoke of his heart than . . . his stomach.

In the time of our grandchildren the morning caller will doubtless come whirring through the air, instead of walking along the ground, and alight with a chirrup on her neighbor's balcony—and privacy will then be a thing of the past.

The telephone has enlarged the field of modern vexation as much as the telescope has enlarged the field of modern vision.

We are constantly told to do our best, we are never told to say our best; if we were the world would be a different place.

Man has been equipped by Nature with nine pockets; woman with only one, and that one she cannot find.—From "Topics for Conversation," by Lady Bell.

A live woman is better than a dead saint, any day.

A sour apple suits a jaded palate better than a sweet one sometimes.

Some men must have love, or hate. Anything between the two is too tame for their nature.

Is there a man born who understands all the moods of a beautiful and bewitching woman?

All women who rule come to grief sooner or later; for a woman, even in the most dangerous moments, will turn aside from her ambitions to glut her eyes with love.

Hedge round a woman with spears, and a man will fret his soul out to get her; but let her run free . . . and he doesn't care who has her.

He says he will die for his country, and so he will—die of old age.

A nation wept for him—for a day—and then left his wife and children to starve.—From "Marozia," by A. G. Hales.

One always has time for what one really wants to do. It is only a question of wanting hard enough.

Half the uncharity of life arises from our choosing our own pet virtues, and then being angry with our friends for not containing them; whereas if we took them for what they are and asked for nothing more, we should at once be juster, kinder and happier.

Pleasant things only go to those who have pleasantness already in themselves. That is what it means when it says, "Unto them that have, more shall be given."

The people who boast of intimacy are never the people who possess it.

We are less apt to resent the discovery of our secret feelings than the taking of them as a mere matter of course.

We all want to do the best thing for ourselves, and ignorance is the only thing that takes us wrong. Nobody deliberately does the worst for himself.

If you want to be happy in life, don't be too stubborn or consistent in your convictions.

All boys are sentimental and want to rebuild the world—but the old world goes on just the same.

Sometimes, people do not realize that they want a thing until the chance has gone by. There are sometimes pleasant things waiting for you at your feet, waiting for you to pick up—and isn't it a pity to overlook them because you are so busy hunting for things afar off.—From "The Ways of Rebellion," by Reginald Farrer.

I don't think I should like to be married at all. As a philosophic bachelor relative of mine, whom ye ken weel, once accounted for his single blessedness: "I don't think I could stand seeing a strange woman about the house."

You would be surprised if you knew how many persons live in comfort in Queer Street. . . . It is not that the clever rogues are very common; it is that the fools are so abundant.

We are all fools in some respect or other, but the majority of mankind is hardly in possession of even that one redeeming ray of light

which enables it to realize its liability to be made a fool of.—From "Letters From Queer Street," by J. H. M. Abbott.

An expert in human nature can sit with his back to an hotel entrance when a host of tourists comes rushing for rooms from an incoming train, and he will pick out the English parson abroad nine times out of ten by the simple intonation of his voice as he asks for a bed.

Best behavior is not generally human nature.

They have a saying at St. Moritz that the first year you lose your hair, the second your manners, and the third your character.

The natural right of an Englishman is his sense of conventionality.—From "The Canon in Residence," by Victor L. Whitechurch.



ELINOR GLYN

Author of that Much Discussed Book "Three Weeks." She was Born in Toronto.

Once upon a time all artists wore velvet coats and long hair, but nowadays many of them look more like gentlemen than artists.

Art and commerce seem to be drawing continually closer to each other, and Limited Liability Companies now paint pictures.

A young friend of mine who was married the other day was showing me over his newly furnished house. "What pretty pictures," I said. "Whom are they by?" "The Stores," he replied.—From "Puck Among the Pictures," by Walter Emanuel.

The speculations of a child provide better food for the soul than the tame philosophy of a man who has spent his youth in acquiring a smattering of dead languages, and his later years in organizing tea-parties and bazaars.

Little Missionaries were children who pledged themselves to try and convert to a higher

moral standard all those with whom they were daily brought into contact. Generally, they were so to conduct themselves that when they died no one could regret their death.—From "The Church and Thisbe Grey," by John Le Breton.

A wife is not a yard of tape, but it is advisable to get both one's wife and one's tape of the right character and substance.

I sometimes envy the costermonger with his barrow, but I suppose his ambitions and disappointments have a strong generic resemblance to my own, and are quite as irritating.

The millionaire is more often the product of accident than design. Just as the accident of birth may endow a man with a peerage, and the proprietorship of a county, so the tentless wanderer may, by the accidental discovery of a nugget, be transformed into a Croesus.—From "The Unfortunate Duke," by Frederick Wicks.

All wise women avoid doing anything that they cannot do well.

The Service is no longer a stepping stone for ambitious men. It's a temporary stepping stone for snobs and outsiders, and a brick wall against which born soldiers break their spirits.—From "Keepers of the House," by Cosmo Hamilton.

* * *

General Notes of Interest.

There has recently been issued from the pen of James P. Haverson, a well-known Toronto newspaperman, a bright and most entertaining volume, entitled, "Sour Sonnets of a Sore-head." In a forceful, colloquial way many incidents and experiences are told. There is a rich fund of truth and everyday wisdom pregnant in each sonnet, and the versification is decidedly clever. The volume is a natty one and is appropriately illustrated by Mr. Fergus Kyle.



WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S HOME.

"The Vale," in Chelsea, London, Eng., residence of the author of "Joseph Vance," "Somehow Good," etc.

The stray dog always shows his teeth to an outstretched hand.

If one were to stop to count fifty before one did anything, the world would be peopled with Druids.

A thing is only dangerous when you stop to think that it is.

Self-deceit supplies to life what the sun gives to a landscape. Both curtain off the dark places with a shimmering veil of gold, and make the remembrance of certain days, hours, even minutes in the years recur through life like the melody of a song.

Men's lives and women's lives are different. What a man can do and forget is unthinkable for a woman.

An American edition of the book will also be issued.

Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard has written a most thrilling and realistic narrative entitled, "A Woman's Way Through Labrador," which has just been published by William Briggs, Toronto.

The new book of "Sowing Seeds in Danny," by McClung, of Manitou, Man., has just been issued.

An exceedingly helpful and stimulating volume is that entitled, "A New Self-Help," by Ernest

A. Bryant. It is admirably illustrated and tells in a pleasing way the tale of success won in many paths of endeavor, not only by men and women of the past, but also of the present. The workers of the world, who have performed their labors faithfully and well, are freely referred to and the author, in a few prefatory remarks, cogently points out that the aim of the book is not to glorify the money-makers. It is most comprehensive in its scope. All persons may deserve success, which is interpreted as meaning "nothing more than doing what you can do well." The publication, which is by Cassell & Co., gives a complete survey of the whole field, and a glimpse into the careers of men who have done things.

Milton's tercentenary in December will be the most important literary anniversary of 1908, but in 1909 the makers of festivals, the writers for reviews, the retailers of reminiscence will be overworked. In that year will occur four great purely literary centenaries—those of Tennyson, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edward Fitzgerald.

It is not a common experience for an author, particularly a poet, to live to witness the sale at high prices of his first editions. A copy of Swinburne's "Rosamond and the Queen Mother," however, has just been sold in London for £32. The book, of course, is a first edition, and dates back to 1860.

William Dean Howells is expected to return by the end of this month. Latterly he has been staying in London, where he will remain until his departure for Boston. Mr. Howells has been abroad, chiefly in Italy, since the beginning of January. He will spend his summer as usual in Maine.

Charles Battell Loomis has just completed the manuscript of a new book of humorous stories for his publishers, Henry Holt & Co., and is now said to be "boning" up on the Latin languages preparatory to writing a South American story, an occupation which is engrossing his leisure at his summer home at Torrington, Conn.

Harold McGrath is the most domestic of men. But every Saturday night he goes off to his Syracuse club and stays as long as there is any one left to swap a story with him. This is generally a long, long time, and it is a wee sma' hour generally before the spirit moves him homeward. Then he takes a cab. But the cab is never allowed to draw up in front of his house. It is always stopped before a little church around the corner. His wife, observing this curious practice, asked why. "It is very simple," said the author. "If I clattered up to our door at this unearthly hour, the neighbors would be raising their eyebrows. But if I stop at the church, only God knows about it."

Rev. Madison C. Peters, the noted orator, lecturer and writer, has written a beneficial work entitled, "The Silent Career," or "Short Steps in Success." It is filled with sound, practical advice and nuggets of wisdom. Running throughout is an optimistic spirit that inspires the reader to be up and doing. It is a most readable and edifying volume.

At 64 years of age, William De Morgan wrote the first chapter of "Joseph Vance"; a year later, in 1905, at his wife's solicitation, he finished the novel and sent it to a publisher. It was rejected; the long-hand manuscript of some 280,000 words must have seemed appalling, and



THEODORE ROBERTS
A Talented Member of the Roberts Family
and Author of "Captain Love."

someone suggested that it would have a better chance if typewritten. The typing was put into the hands of an intelligent woman, who was soon complaining because her girls were reading the manuscript and crying over it instead of copying it. She told this unusual experience to a publisher and "Joseph Vance" was soon between covers. "Alice-for-Short," written mainly in 1906, was published in May, 1907, and "Somehow Good," written in 1907, appeared in February, 1908. Mr. De Morgan is the son of Augustus De Morgan, a noted mathematician and logician, and professor in University College, London. The elder De Morgan wrote a modest shelfful of books, including a series of mathematical works and "A Budget of Paradoxes," on which Holmes comments so delightfully in "Over the Tea Cups." The son in this connection he says, "I plead guilty to 30 of an artistic and inventive turn of mind. In years of ceramics."

Humor in the Magazines

A CLERGYMAN was about to leave his church one evening when he encountered an old lady examining the carving on the front door. Finding her desirous of seeing the beauties of the church, he volunteered to show her over, and the flustered old lady, much gratified at this unexpected offer of a personally conducted tour, shyly accepted it. By and by they came to a handsome tablet on the right of the pulpit.

"That," explained the good man, "is a memorial tablet erected to the memory of the late vicar."

"There now! Ain't it beautiful?" exclaimed the admiring old lady, still flustered and anxious to please. "And I'm sure, sir, I 'ope it won't be long afore we see one erected to you on t'other side."

Andy McTavish was "no feelin' juist well," so he went to the doctor and stated his complaints.

"What do you drink?" demanded the medico. "Whuskey."

"How much?"

"Maybe a bottle a day."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Two ounces a day."

"Well, you must give up whiskey and tobacco altogether."

Andy took up his cap, and, in three steps, reached the door.

"Andy," called the doctor, "you have not paid for my advice!"

"Ahm no' takkin' it," snapped Andy, and he shut the door behind him.

Pat, Mike and Dennis were down in the trench digging a drain.

"Heigho," said Mike, "phwat wud ye do, Denny, me bye, if yez had a million dollars?"

"Phwat wud I do, is it? Well, I'll tell ye; s'ure the first thing'd be wan av thim uttermobiles, and the next'd be a big diamon' in me shirt front. Phwat'd you be aither doin', Mike?"

"I think the first thing, Denny, I'd buy th' owdl woman a grand house, a fine dress and meself a new pipe and a fast horse. Phwat wud ye be doing, Pat?"

"Well, I'll tell ye," replied Pat thoughtfully. "I'd go up to the finest hotel I could find and rint the best room in the house, and thin I'd go t' bed and tell 'em to call me at six in the mornin'."

"And phwat'd ye be doin' at six in th' mornin' wid a million dollars?" inquired the puzzled Mike. "Well," replied Pat, "I'd wait till they'd come and knocked in me durr, and thin I'd yell: 'Go to th' devil—I don't have t' git up!'"

A certain spinster was being condoled with because she had no husband. "Why," she said, "I don't want a husband. I'm just as well off. You see, I have a dog and he growls; I have a parrot and he swears; I have a cat and he stays out nights. Now, why should I get married?"

A school girl was required to write an essay of 250 words about an automobile. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought an automobile. He was riding in the country when it busted going up hill. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

An Irishman out of work applied to the boss of a large repair shop in Detroit. When the Celt had stated his sundry and divers qualifications for the job, the superintendent began quizzing him a bit. Starting quite at random he asked:

Do you know anything about carpentry?

Shure.

Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?

Shure.

How would you do it?

Shure, I'd poke me finger in his eye.

An old woman resident of a Yorkshire village took a social pride in attending all the funerals within reaching distance of her home. There was a funeral one day in the next village which she could not attend, but a neighbor of hers was there. That night she called on the neighbor and said:

"Well, Nancy, I heard you wor at t' funeral."

"What kind of a funeral wor it?" Nancy sniffled.

"Why, it wor a werry mean affair," she said. "There wer no but a few biscuit and sich."

"Ah," said the old woman, "them's the sort of ways I don't hold to. I've lost five, but, thank 'evens I've buried 'em all with 'am."

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVI

SEPTEMBER 1908

No 5



Beautifying the Capital City of Canada

How Ottawa is Being Made to Reflect the Intelligence, Progress, Refinement and Artistic Temperament of the People—Transformed Within a Decade From an Overgrown Lumber Town to a Civic Paradise—An Appreciation of the Work of the Ottawa Improvement Commission.

By G. B. Van Blaricom.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

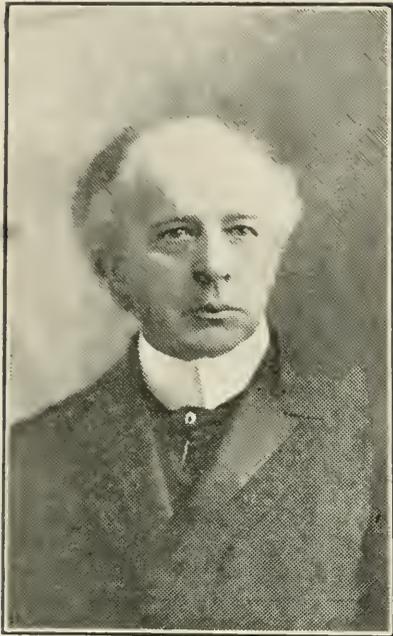
—Keats.

OTTAWA the beautiful! In the last decade the appearance of the capital city of Canada has been completely changed. If you have not visited for some years that centre of legislation how true, then, is the oft-heard exclamation, "You would not recognize the place." What has brought about the transformation of Ottawa, the erstwhile overgrown lumber town, to Ottawa, the city of lovely parks and delightful drives, of pleasant retreats and rustic bridges, of flower-decked boulevards and airy kiosks, of fascinating footpaths and cool breathing spaces?

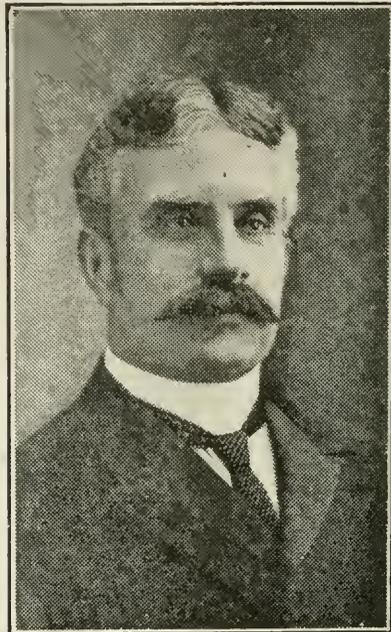
The Ottawa Improvement Commission, which was created by Federal authority on December 21st, 1899, is largely responsible for the satisfactory state of things presented in the capital to-day.

Entertaining residents from another city

or visitors from a far off land, it is necessary no longer for a citizen of Ottawa to offer apologies for the look of the capital which formerly had to be excused on various pleas or ready pretexts. Now all things are changed. The capital is, indeed, the reflex of the country—a living exemplification of the fact that the twentieth century belongs to Canada. The national spirit of enterprise and intelligence, art and refinement, beauty and culture, progress and prosperity, are nowhere typified—yea vivified, to a greater degree than in Ottawa. The city in which the seat of government is located, should be a leader—a representative spot, and in many respects a paragon. As a show place, as an ably administered urban community, all should be able to point to it with pardonable pride. Like Tarsus of old, Ottawa is to-day no mean city. It is feeling the effect of prosperity, of a natty, well-groomed appearance, fully conscious of its splendid future. This is evidenced by the Greater Ottawa scheme. The suburbs are beginning to come in, Ot-



Sir Wilfrid Laurier



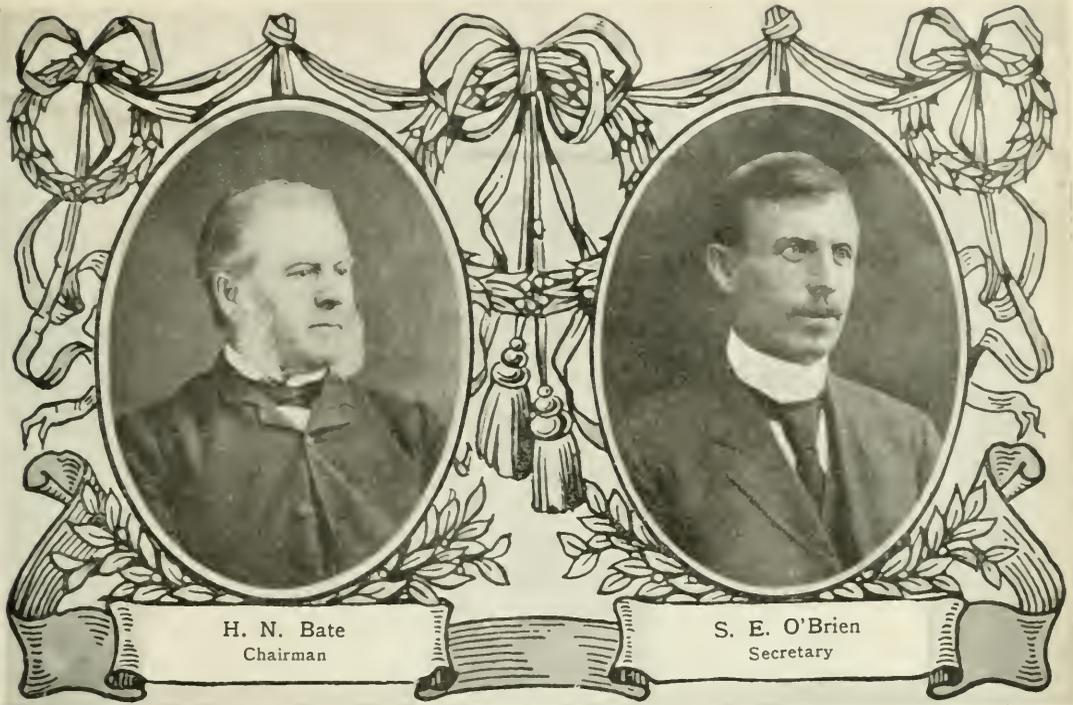
Mr. R. L. Borden

Prominent Canadians who are Ever Proud to Proclaim Themselves Citizens of Ottawa.

taka East and Hintonburgh being annexed last year. Like the current of a mighty river the municipality is gathering strength and power as the stream of civic progress flows steadily on. The population has augmented to such an extent that this fall the figure is expected to touch the 80,000 mark—an increase of 20,000 since the Federal census in 1901. The taxable assessment will likely reach \$48,000,000.

A brief retrospective reference may not be uninteresting. What Washington is to the United States, Paris to France, and Berlin to Germany, it was often thought Ottawa should be to Canada. Successive Ministers, Ministries and Governments delayed action or were not thoroughly convinced of the necessity and propriety of making a decidedly forward move. The sidered by several public bodies, the Cana-

dian Press Association being among the first. Lieut.-Col. J. B. MacLean, who was President of that organization in 1897, in his address to the members, strongly urged (question was eventually taken up and con- the wisdom and importance of making the capital so attractive in character that it would be distinctly national. Hon. W. S. Fielding introduced a bill in the Commons in 1899, which was carried after some spasmodic opposition and jealous jibes from the press of other cities, which narrow-minded spirit has since been lived down. The measure was entitled "An Act respecting the City of Ottawa," and under it provision was made "for the payment of an annual grant of \$60,000 to a Commission of four members, under the name of 'The Ottawa Improvement Commission,' for the acquisition of property in the



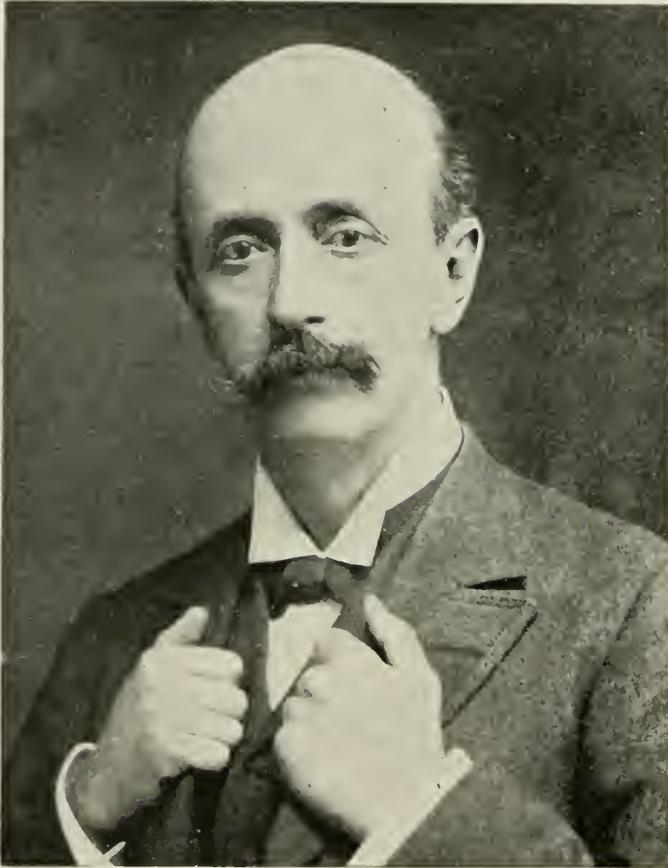
City of Ottawa, or vicinity thereof, for the purpose of public parks, streets, drives, etc., and the performing of all improvements, repairs, etc., required in connection therewith."

The Commission for the first three years was composed of four members—three appointed by the Government and one by the civic corporation. The original Commissioners were Henry N. Bate, C. R. Cunningham, Joseph Riopelle and Thomas Payment, then Mayor of Ottawa.

Mr. S. E. O'Brien was appointed secretary by Commission. Mr. Robert Surtees, for nearly a quarter of a century City Engineer of Ottawa, was chosen as engineer, and Mr. Charles Murphy as solicitor. There has been no change in the officers, except that Mr. Surtees passed away September 29th, 1906. Since then the landscape work, road making and other improvements have been carried forward under the direction of Mr. Alexander Stuart, a gentleman fully qualified by training, taste and experience, to continue the plans and propositions of his faithful predecessor, who had designed all the Commission's works and satisfactorily superintended their execution.

In 1902, the number of Commissioners was doubled, and the following added: Sir William Hingston and Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, Montreal; Hon. F. T. Frost, Smith's Falls, and George O'Keefe, ex-M.P.P., Police Magistrate of Ottawa. On the death of Sir William Hingston, February 7th, 1907, Sir Sandford Fleming was named as his successor. The augmentation gave the Commission a more thoroughly representative character. Public men from other portions of Canada would have been selected, rather than have all the Commissioners from Ottawa, Montreal and near-by points, only that regular meetings being held every month and special ones at intervals, it was deemed advisable to have members who could attend on short notice.

All the members of the Cabinet, and particularly the Prime Minister, take a deep interest in the work of the Improvement Commission. After the return of Sir Wilfrid from the Colonial Conference last year, in replying to Ottawa's address of welcome as a city, he said: "If the occasion ever occurs that I should relinquish my present position, I shall go into private life. There is only one position that I could accept,

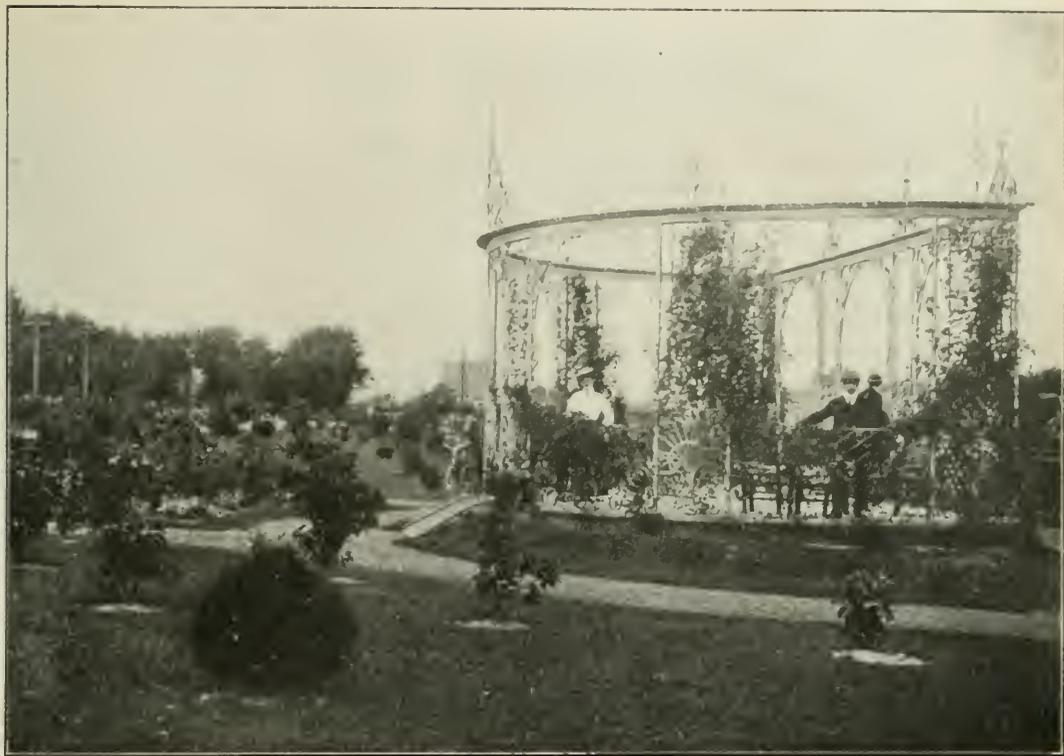


His Excellency Earl Grey

Who Takes a Personal Interest in the Work of the Ottawa Improvement Commission.

and it would be to become a member of the Improvement Commission of Ottawa." It was on the occasion of another great welcome when Sir Wilfrid, who had just been elevated to power, used the term "Washington of the North" when referring to his interest and desire to make Ottawa beautiful, attractive and picturesque. The phrase has been a happy one—one that has remained. It is probably used now as a synonym for the city almost as repeatedly as "Capital."

The original Act of 1899, by which the Improvement Commission came into being, provided for an expenditure of \$60,000 annually for the period of ten years. Four years later the Act was further amended to provide that this sum be paid each year to the Commission for ten more years, or until 1919. It was also felt that going along on a hard and fast expenditure of \$60,000 hampered the Commissioners in their plans, preventing them undertaking improvements or propositions of a large



Rideau Canal Driveway, showing Pagoda.

national character, and having them expeditiously carried out. The regular allowance of \$60,000 was too local, limited and restrictive. Accordingly, under the amended Act the Commission has the power to borrow on debentures, bearing interest not exceeding four per cent., a sum not greater than \$250,000, to buy land and effect improvements requiring a larger expenditure than is available out of the early grant.

The Commission since December 21st, 1899, has received by means of the annual grant of \$60,000, and the sale of debentures (up to March 31st, 1908, when the last financial statement was issued), \$800,448.89. The total expenditure at the same date stood at \$795,044.98. It is expected that by the end of the present year nearly \$1,000,000 will have been expended by the Commission in adorning and ornamenting the capital city.

Some of the largest individual expenditures are: Rideau Canal driveway, \$170,236.61; maintenance, \$48,023.02; National

Park, \$115,115.79; King Edward Avenue, \$92,237.39; Minto Bridge, \$41,152.74; Strathcona Park, \$45,985.87; Clemow Avenue, \$23,013.30; Causeway over Dow's Lake, \$24,315.85; city streets, \$15,512.24; Patterson Creek Parks, \$14,052.43; C.A.R. subway, \$13,197.24; Rockcliffe Park, \$5,965.76; Rockcliffe Park maintenance, \$8,018.20, etc.

To attempt anything like a detailed description of all the plans, improvements and changes, or to do them anything like adequate justice, would fill volumes. The briefest outline will have to answer on the present occasion.

The Avenue, as it is familiarly called, is, next to the Canal driveway itself, the most noticeable work. King Edward Avenue, from Government House gates to Rideau Street, crossing Minto Bridge, over the Rideau River, is a dream of beauty and loveliness. To the east of Government House splendid drives have also been built to Rockcliffe Rifle Range, which is located about seven miles from the Russell House.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

The view afforded of the famous Gatineau country and Laurentian Hills is magnificent in the extreme. Rockliffe Park comprises over eighty acres, and the National Park one hundred and fourteen. The scenic attraction is fascinating and most diversified in character. In some respects the beauty of these parks stands alone amid the great handiworks of nature.

Earl Grey has taken much interest in the labors of the Improvement Commission. With respect to the improvement at Rockliffe, his Excellency and Countess Grey, who are both skilled in amateur gardening, offered many valuable suggestions. The Commissioners in their report of the work for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1906, took occasion to thank their Excellencies, and added: "By personal direction of his Excellency, a number of trees have been felled and underbrush removed where the growth was too thick, thus giving picturesque glimpses of the river flowing past the park and opening up beautiful vistas of the Laurentian Mountains in the distance."

The Rideau Canal driveway is the most stupendous and costly of all the schemes which have been carried to completion. Formerly the western bank of the canal was a neglected, weed-grown, uneven stretch or reserve from one to two hundred feet in width, and used at some points as a dumping ground. The metamorphosis is marvelous. Now no city in America can boast of a grander or more artistic driveway. The main roadway is 24 feet wide and four miles long, the principal entrance being at Cartier Square, corner of Elgin Street and Laurier Avenue West. It skirts the canal, occupying entirely what was the old Government reserve. A subway was built under the C.A.R. tracks, and the driveway continued through Lansdowne Park to Bank Street. From that thoroughfare it runs westerly to Dow's Lake, and the Experimental Farm, and over this route two roadways have been built practically all the way. Across Dow's Lake a causeway half a mile long has been constructed. The causeway is made with a Telford limestone foundation and lime-



King Edward Avenue, looking from the North.



Rideau Canal Driveway, entrance from Bank Street.

stone macadam, and is drained on each side with agricultural tiles—a decidedly inexpensive but substantial construction. Foot-paths extend throughout the whole length of the driveway. Several rustic summer houses or kiosks have been erected, and an artificial lake, filled with aquatic plants and spanned by a rustic bridge, has been formed east of the Exhibition Grounds. The greater part of the canal bank along which the driveway extends has been protected by a cribwork retaining wall. Work on the Rideau Canal driveway began in July, 1900, and was practically completed by June 30th, 1905. The total cost, not including the C.A.R. subway, \$162,352.85. An alternate route has been made whereby visitors to the Experimental Farm may return by way of Clemow and Monkland Avenues, making about six miles of driveway in all.

In accordance with an agreement entered into with the city in 1904, Rockcliffe, Strath-

cona and Somerset Parks were leased to the Commission for fifteen years, and the Commission has repaired and greatly improved these delightful retreats. In June, 1903, it was decided by the Commission to construct a large park in the vicinity of Rockcliffe. The tract of land lying along the Ottawa River, between Rockcliffe Park and the Dominion Rifle Range, and containing about 110 acres, was secured at a reasonable price, 71 acres being purchased in 1904, and the remaining 40 acres since June 30th, 1905.

The last important work in the general scheme of the Commission is the construction of a driveway from the western end of the Experimental Farm northward to the Ottawa River, to connect with the trio of small islands at Remoux's Rapids—a distance of nearly five miles. The islands will be connected with the shore, and with one another by light bridges of fantastic design.



“THE SISTERS” BY RALPH PEACOCK.

A romance of so unusual a character as to seem almost too fictionlike to be true has culminated in the marriage in London of Mr. Harold Titcomb, a young New Orleans mining engineer, and Miss Ethel Brignall, who is well known in art and amateur theatrical circles.

Mr. Titcomb on a visit to the British metropolis wandered into the Tate Gallery, where he saw a painting by Mr. Ralph Peacock called “The Two Sisters,” a picture of two rosy cheeked, golden haired English girls. Mr. Titcomb fell in love with the younger of the two girls and set out at once to find out who she was. He first wrote to the artist asking for a copy of the picture. Mr. Peacock replied, giving him the name of a friend who would undertake to copy the picture. This correspondence led to personal interviews, then to close friendship between Mr. Peacock and Mr. Titcomb, and at last in Mr. Peacock’s studio Mr. Titcomb was introduced to the original of the younger girl in the painting, Miss Ethel Brignall, who happens to be a sister-in-law of the artist.

It is fortunate Mr. Titcomb fell in love with the younger sister, for the elder is the wife of the artist. Not satisfied with the possession of the copy of the picture of Miss Brignall, Mr. Titcomb promptly showed a desire to secure the original, and he became a suitor for the lady’s hand. In due course the lady consented, and her family consenting also, the wedding was celebrated.



A Mud Highway, of Which There are too Many To-day.

What Good Roads Mean to the Business Man

Public Sentiment has Already Been Awakened, but the Efforts of the Mercantile Community are Needed to Crystalize Sentiment Into Action—Impassable Highways are a Great Drawback to the Comfort and Prosperity of any Locality.

By C. M. R.

WHETHER the business man in the country town realizes it or not, the question of good roads is one with which his interests are closely allied. It is quite possible that in the past the relationship between the extent of business in a town and condition of the roads leading to that town has not been fully understood, hence the apathy, or at best half-hearted sympathy exhibited by business men towards projects having for their object the systematic improvement of the roads.

Few subjects deserve such attention by the country merchant as that associated with providing good highways leading to the town in which he does business.

It must be obvious to every such merchant every time the roads are in a condition which prevents farmers' wives and daughters from coming to town, the opportunity of doing business which their presence there would afford is lost, and may it not be quite possible that some of the growth of the business done by city mail order houses with persons resident in the country may be traced more or less directly to the fact that poor roads make

journeying to town a hardship to the women of the family, at least.

These are points in this question which have a direct bearing upon the business of the country merchant, and they seem to justify the statement that these retailers are under a responsibility to themselves to further to the extent of their ability any movement towards better roads which may be promulgated.

Fortunately for the retailer, though, it must be confessed, most frequently without the active support from him which should have been accorded, a great deal has been done along this direction in Canada, and there are indications that in some quarters at least, the importance of this project in its local as well as national aspect, has been appreciated.

The direct benefit accruing to the business man alone constitutes sufficient reason for his active interest in the good roads question, but there is an indirect benefit, which, after all, perhaps furnishes the strongest argument in favor of his support of this project.

Good roads mean more prosperous farm-

ers. Every dollar spent in improvement of highways adds many dollars to the wealth of the farming community served by it, in the increased facilities which good roads afford for successful farming.

Good roads are essentially a business proposition. They represent an investment which will bring handsome returns by increased property values, and facilities for transacting farm business at a greater profit. When a loan company is asked to advance money on farm property, the class of roads leading to the farm is one of the prominent considerations in appraising its value. A farm with good highways approaching it will sell more readily than will one which has to be reached over neglected and badly constructed roads. Quoting a recent statement by the president of a leading Canadian bank, "Our counties and townships in the older parts of the province, are, as municipalities go, comparatively rich, and there is no obvious excuse for roads which in the spring and autumn, for many weeks together, are of very little use."

Good roads are of vastly more importance to the development of any country than is commonly attributed to them. A vague impression prevails that railways have superseded them, and that so far as industrial, commercial and social progress is concerned, the condition of the common

road is of little consequence. A more indefensible position could not be taken. Railways mean above all, further development, and that development demands the improvement of country roads as feeders to the railway, and for communication with the adjacent country. Every nation that has achieved supremacy has been a builder of roads. Good roads are not merely an index of, but a means towards national greatness.

In Ontario alone the rural roads are costing more than \$2,000,000 for maintenance, but while this is the actual expenditure, there is, in addition, a tremendous toll of time and energy wasted in traveling over bad roads; energy which would be spent profitably were the country's highways in good condition. This and the many other inconveniences of bad roads, handicap farming to an extent, the sum of which is seldom realized.

There is, however, an improvement in progress, and during the last few years a great deal has been done. In Ontario many counties have adopted a system of county roads, and this has invariably been followed by the existence of very much better conditions. The Government, in order to encourage this movement, set apart \$1,000,000 to be used as grants to counties taking advantage of the provisions of the Act passed. By this Act the Government pays



A Well Gravelled and Thoroughly Drained Road in Hastings County.



A Pleasant Road in Summer, but too Flat for Wet Seasons.

one-third of the cost of improvements effected in counties working on the county system.

In places where the farmers themselves, as the class most directly benefitted, are not sufficiently appreciative of the advantages represented by good roads to interest themselves in an effort to secure them, merchants will be consulting their own interests by heading a movement with this as its object. It may be that public sentiment has already been partially awakened and that the efforts of merchants to crystallize such sentiment into action will meet with a ready response.

It is possible that an association has been formed, but if there is no such organization the merchant should lead in organizing one. His business will be helped through his being identified with the movement, and he will benefit even before his efforts and those of his neighbors have resulted in the improvement of the highways.

It has indeed become generally recognized that this matter of roadmaking can no longer be carried on by means of the antiquated system under which the farmers

supplied their labor. It is admitted that the work must be done in a scientific manner and under the direction of both the Provincial and the county authorities.

Here is where the retail merchant comes in. He usually occupies a position of prominence and authority; he has special opportunities for impressing right views upon his community. He could, for instance, utilize his display windows for exhibiting the difference between good roads and bad ones. Photographs of the old-fashioned dirt road and of the modern highway can be obtained at small expense, and if displayed in the window, with appropriate printed matter, will attract wide attention. Nor will they in any way interfere with the display of merchandise. On the contrary, the photographs will attract people to the window, and after the spectators have absorbed the ideas presented in the views they will turn their minds to the merchandise.

One such man can accomplish a great deal if he is energetic and enthusiastic and appreciates the far-reaching effects which will accrue to the business of a town leading to which is a system of good roads, easily traveled in all weather conditions.



The Oldest Working Journalist in the Dominion

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Former Premier of Canada, is at His Desk Every Day Although he is Now in his 85th Year—An Unique Personage in Canadian Public Life—For Seventy-four Years he Has Been Identified with One Printing Office.

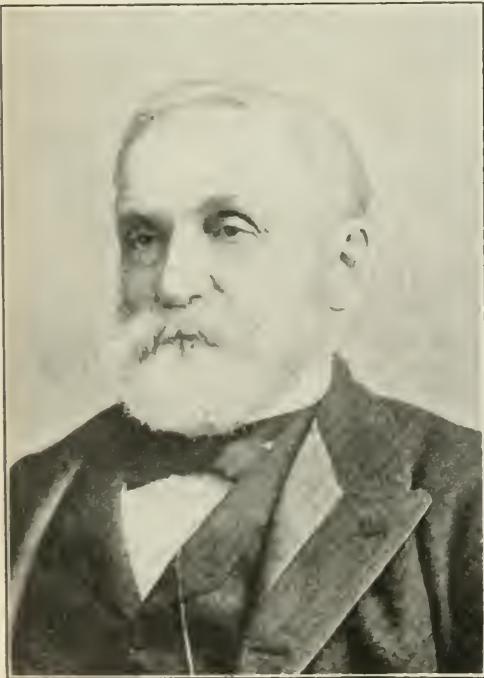
By G. W. Brock.

THE oldest editorial writer in Canada, actively engaged at his desk every day, grinding out leaders for his paper, is Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

He is a decidedly unique personality in Canadian journalism. He is not only a former Premier of the Dominion, but he has been identified with one paper longer, perhaps, than any other man in the world. Away back in 1834 he walked in the Intelligencer office in Belleville, Ont., and asked for a job. The late George Benjamin was

the proprietor, and he gave young Bowell who was then a lad of twelve summers, a position as "devil." From this humble beginning he climbed steadily, not only to the editorship and subsequently ownership of the publication, but to the highest office in the gift of the Canadian people—First Minister in the Government of a country to which he came as a poor boy in 1833, locating in Belleville with his father, a carpenter of Rickinghall, Suffolk, England. Sir Mackenzie has been connected with the Belleville Intelligencer for a continuous period of seventy-four years, and to-day, although he is in the 85th year, he works longer and more diligently than many men of half his age. When Parliament is not in session you can always find him at his desk in his home city.

A few days ago I found him in the sanctum, pen in hand, writing an article on the political situation in the Maritime Provinces. He sits erect and as he walks to and from work even a stranger could not fail to observe the pleasant countenance, soldierly bearing, sturdy appearance and sprightly step of the venerable knight. Sir Mackenzie has been a somewhat picturesque figure in Canadian history from the date that he entered the Commons in 1867 as the representative of North Hastings until twenty-five years later he was appointed to the Senate. He was leader of the Conservative forces in the Upper Chamber until two years ago, when he asked to be relieved from the duties. After considerable persistence on his part his wish was granted, and Senator James Loughheed appointed as his successor. With two or three exceptions, Sir Mackenzie Bowell is



Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

the oldest citizen of Canada in public life to-day.

His paper was established as a weekly in 1834. In the year of Confederation it made its initial appearance as a daily—forty-one years ago.

"Yes, my general health is good," remarked the knighted editor after a hearty greeting. "I scarcely know what a day's illness is except for an occasional touch of rheumatism." Placing a hand on his right arm he added, "except for that I could not feel better."

"Do you ever set type now by way of diversion?" was asked.

"Oh, occasionally. I remember while on a Western trip in 1895, during the time that I was Premier, I called at the office of the Calgary Herald to see the plant and observe the working of the Mergenthaler type casting machines, that office being the first to instal them in the West. We got talking of old times and the art of setting type. In answer to a bantering inquiry as to whether I had forgotten all about the "art preservative" and my right hand losing its cunning, I picked up a stick and set several lines of brevier. The little incident was written up at considerable length in the columns of the Herald under the heading, if I remember correctly, 'Canada's Prime Minister Sets Type in the Herald Office.'

"When Minister of Customs, at the age of 69 years, I rode on horseback from Fort Macleod to the Columbia River, via the Crow's Ness Pass, the route now traversed by the Crow's Nest Pass Railway. I had on a rough suit at the time, and when we arrived at Revelstoke I walked into an office there and asked for work. The proprietor did not recognize me. I told him that I was a tramp printer in search of employment and anxious to get East. He sized me up and said rather regretfully that he had no position vacant, much as he would like to give me a helping hand. I thanked him and left. It was only a few hours after that he ascertained of my visit, and, hunting me up, we had a hearty laugh at the episode."

The former Premier has a marvelous memory for incidents of early days. His mental powers are as alert as his physical. "I can remember faces as well as ever," he added, "but, of course, I can not recall names as easily as I could once. I remem-

ber when I had got through serving my time, after being a full fledged journeyman for several years, I resolved to leave the *Intelligencer*. I came down to the office and told Mr. Benjamin of my intentions. He did not want me to go. He said that he was getting old and if I would remain I could take the entire management of the office, pay all the running expenses, and have half of the profits. He said that he would attend to all the editorial work and would not ask me to invest a cent in the business. This I considered a generous proposition, and I was not long in accepting the partnership plan. That evening I went to see my fiancee and told her of the totally unexpected offer that had been made to me by Mr. Benjamin. She was delighted to hear the good news. I declared my prospects were now so promising that I thought we could get married, and the happy event came off a few weeks later. The following year, 1848, in company with my brother-in-law, Rodney Moore, of this city, we bought the business. Three years later I took over the whole thing, and have been identified with the establishment ever since. Since the general elections of 1896, when the change of Administration at Ottawa occurred, I have devoted practically all my time to the business, except when engaged at the Capital, and I have made it pay well. Of course, during the session I am away nearly all the time. The fact that I was absent from the Senate only ten days altogether during a sitting of eight months, and over, will give you some idea of how good my general health is. This is a record to which I naturally refer with some pride."

It is a coincidence somewhat out of the ordinary, that the first proprietor of the *Belleville Intelligencer*, George Benjamin, should have held several public offices, and that Sir Mackenzie should have followed him, not only in the ownership of the newspaper, but in various public capacities in which his predecessor served, with this difference, that his successor went a step or two higher in every sphere of activity. Mr. Benjamin represented North Hastings in Parliament for two terms, passing away in 1866. Sir Mackenzie ran his first contest in the same riding for the Canadian Assembly in 1863, but was unsuccessful. He was elected, however, in 1867, and sat for that constituency until called to the Senate

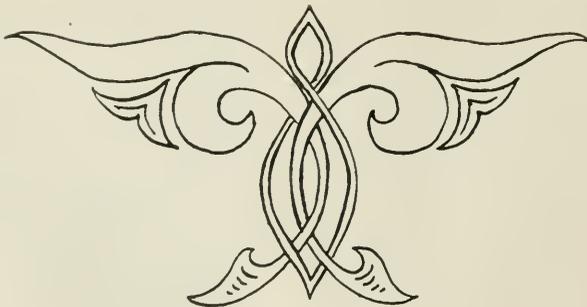
on December 5th, 1892—a period of twenty-five years. He was created Minister of Customs in 1878, which portfolio he held for fourteen years, and was then made Minister of Militia in the Abbott Administration. The following year, in the Thompson Ministry, he was Minister of Trade and Commerce, which department he organized. On the death of Sir John Thompson, December, 1894, he was called upon to form a Ministry. His Cabinet was sworn in December 21st, 1894, at which time he received as a recognition of his services the honor of knighthood. Sir Mackenzie resigned the Premiership April 27th, 1896, being succeeded as First Minister by Sir Charles Tupper. There are only two ex-Premiers of the Dominion living to-day—Sir Mackenzie Bowell, in his 85th year, and Sir Charles Tupper, in his 88th year.

Mr. Benjamin was a member of the Common School Board of Belleville for some years, and also its chairman. Sir Mackenzie was also a member of that body for seventeen or eighteen years, and its chairman for ten. He was also presiding officer

of the old Grammar School Trustees for several terms.

Mr. Benjamin was an enthusiastic Orangeman, and rose to the position of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of British North America. Like his predecessor on the Intelligencer, "Mack" Bowell, as he was familiarly styled by his fellows and constituents until invested with knighthood, joined the Orange Order at an early age. He advanced grade by grade, was made Grand Master of Ontario East, and later Grand Master of British North America. In 1876, at Derry, Ireland, he reached the top round of the ladder, being elected President of the Imperial Triennial Council, the highest office in the world eligible for an Orangeman.

"Do you see this watch," concluded the veteran journalist. "That timepiece is just fifty years old. It is an English gold watch and was presented to me by the brethren of Hasting County on the Twelfth of July, 1857. The inscription can be plainly seen to-day and a portion of the lettering reads: "In testimony of their respect for him as a man."



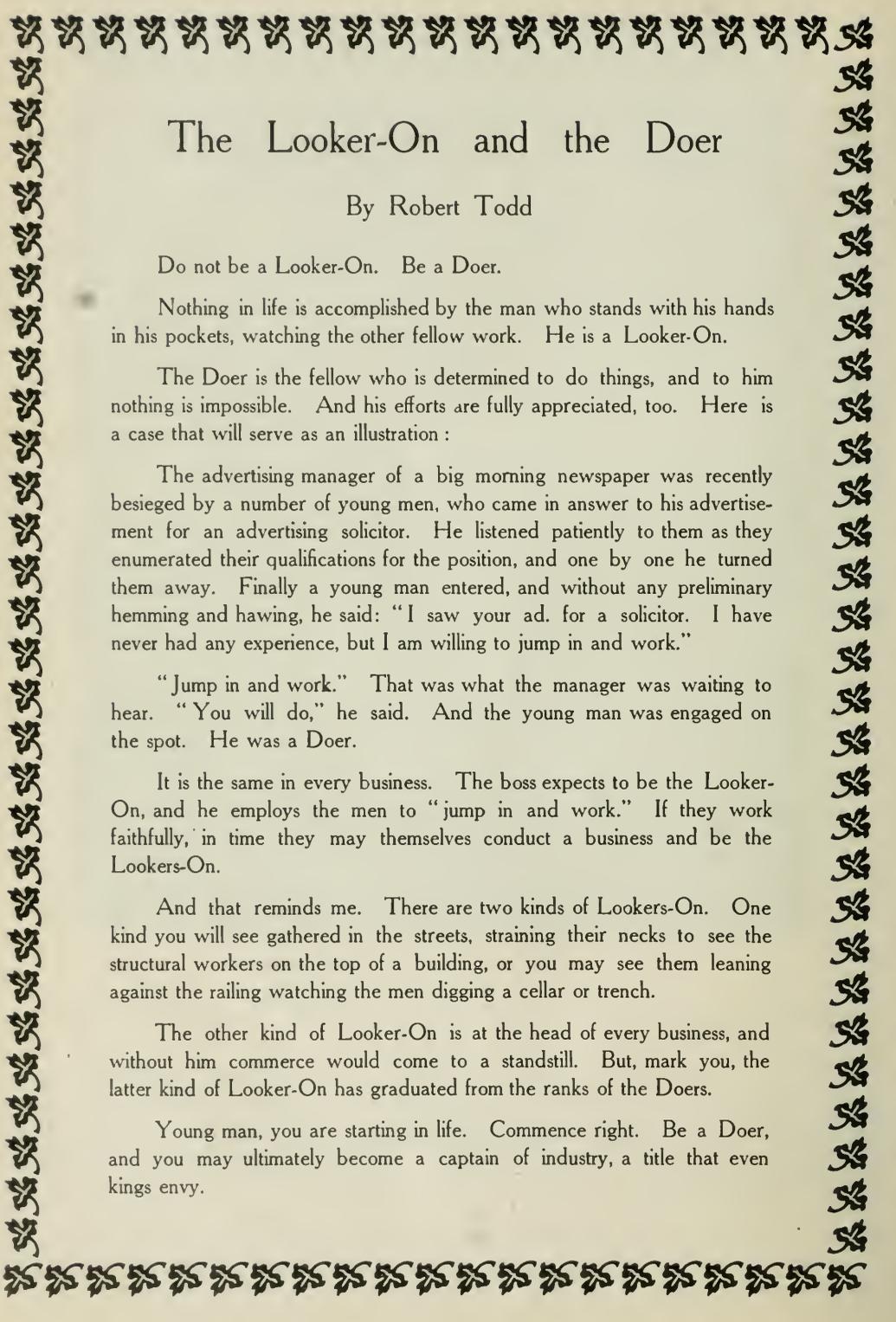


SIR JAMES PLINY WHITNEY

The Second Premier of Ontario on Whom the Honor of Knighthood has Been Conferred.

Not since the late Oliver Mowat was knighted in 1902 has a Premier of the banner province of Canada been similarly honored until a few weeks ago. Until 1896 the people of Ontario prefixed the name of their Prime Minister with "Sir," but that pleasure has been denied them for several years. Once more the old order of things has been restored, with a knighted statesman at the head of Provincial affairs. The new distinction, Sir James Pliny Whitney, rolls easily from the tongue, and the circumstances under which the title was conferred upon him and upon Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, are particularly happy. Sir James regards the investiture of his insignia not so much in the light of an honor to him personally as to the great Province of Ontario arising out of the grand tercentenary celebration last month at old Quebec. The title Knight Bachelor bestowed at the hands of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has brought additional lustre to the Province, and Ontario's much beloved premier.

Sir James Pliny Whitney, so far as politicians and political leaders of the present and past are concerned, may be styled "somewhat different." He possesses not the suavity, the sunny disposition, the unctious, diplomacy or tact of a Macdonald or a Laurier, and yet who will say that Sir James has not proved an unparalleled success. In him the people repose unbounded confidence, and believe that if he has ever erred in his twenty years of legislative life the mistake has been of the head and not of the heart. He has established a new order of things in the way of receiving deputations, listening to divergent interests of interviewers, implementing election promises and standing splendidly by public rights. He resorts to no subterfuges, practices no trickery, sets no traps. He is blunt, frank, outspoken, gruff, and even dictatorial at times, but herein lies, perhaps, his greatest source of strength. The people believe in him they have a champion of their interests, a man who stands by his word and, when occasion requires, strikes straight from the shoulder regardless of who falls or how hard they drop.

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The Looker-On and the Doer

By Robert Todd

Do not be a Looker-On. Be a Doer.

Nothing in life is accomplished by the man who stands with his hands in his pockets, watching the other fellow work. He is a Looker-On.

The Doer is the fellow who is determined to do things, and to him nothing is impossible. And his efforts are fully appreciated, too. Here is a case that will serve as an illustration :

The advertising manager of a big morning newspaper was recently besieged by a number of young men, who came in answer to his advertisement for an advertising solicitor. He listened patiently to them as they enumerated their qualifications for the position, and one by one he turned them away. Finally a young man entered, and without any preliminary hemming and hawing, he said: "I saw your ad. for a solicitor. I have never had any experience, but I am willing to jump in and work."

"Jump in and work." That was what the manager was waiting to hear. "You will do," he said. And the young man was engaged on the spot. He was a Doer.

It is the same in every business. The boss expects to be the Looker-On, and he employs the men to "jump in and work." If they work faithfully, in time they may themselves conduct a business and be the Lookers-On.

And that reminds me. There are two kinds of Lookers-On. One kind you will see gathered in the streets, straining their necks to see the structural workers on the top of a building, or you may see them leaning against the railing watching the men digging a cellar or trench.

The other kind of Looker-On is at the head of every business, and without him commerce would come to a standstill. But, mark you, the latter kind of Looker-On has graduated from the ranks of the Doers.

Young man, you are starting in life. Commence right. Be a Doer, and you may ultimately become a captain of industry, a title that even kings envy.

Just an Error of Judgment

How an Impulsive Act on the Part of a Zealous Insurance Adjuster Led a Jury to Record a Decision Against the Company who Contested Payment of a Policy on the Plea that Arson had Been Committed.

By Elliott Flower in Putnam's and the Reader Magazine.

A SOLITARY watchman stood in the doorway of the burned store and looked anxiously up and down the street; he was disgusted and hungry.

"Wonder how long I got to stay here," he grumbled. "He was goin' to have a man to relieve me by six o'clock, an' nobody's come yet."

Several people stopped and looked curiously at the wreck of the store, and then went on. Presently a tall, gaunt man, rather slow in his movements, approached with a leisurely air.

"Where's Watson?" he asked, after a casual, but sharp, glance at the burned store.

"Search me," growled the watchman.

"What's the matter?" asked the stranger.

"You don't seem to be feeling well."

"Hungry," said the watchman.

The stranger seemed to find something of interest in this.

"There's a restaurant across the street," he suggested.

"Ain't I had my eye on it ever since daylight?" retorted the watchman. "My time was up at six o'clock, but nobody's come. I can't leave."

"I'll stay here until you come back," said the stranger.

The watchman was tempted. If people broke faith with him, why should he be so particular? Then he sighed.

"Broke," he said.

The stranger fished a dollar from his pocket and tendered it.

"I've got to stay here awhile, anyhow," he explained.

The watchman hesitated.

"I'm sworn in as special police," he ar-

gued to himself, "but that's no reason why I got to lose my breakfast."

Then he took the dollar and crossed the street.

The stranger watched him disappear in the restaurant, and then he entered the burned building. He surveyed the interior with the comprehensive and critical eye of one accustomed to such scenes, and finally his interest seemed to centre on a particular spot.

"That's where it started," he muttered.

A moment later he was on his knees investigating some charred rubbish.

"Rags under a counter," he commented. "The counter would hide the blaze until it was well started and then carry it to the shelves and goods. There were goods on the counter, too."

The counter was badly charred, but not destroyed, so it was easy to see from the blackened remnants that various things had been on top of it. The stranger investigated everything here, even to the point of smelling it. Then he went at what was left of the rags again, and finally put a few in his pocket.

"Coal oil," he said. "Rags saturated with coal oil. I can't be sure of the counter and the things on top of it, but there was probably coal oil there, too. He meant to see that it got a good start."

He went back to the door and waited until the watchman returned. A moment later the watchman was relieved, and shortly afterward Abel Watson, the owner of the store, arrived with his son and a lawyer.

"I am Gifford Oakes, insurance adjuster," said the stranger by way of introducing himself.

"My lawyer, Mr. Halling, and my son,

Joseph," returned Watson, introducing his companions. "I suppose we might as well take up the question of loss at once."

The presence of the lawyer did not impress Oakes favorably. Except in complicated cases, or where there is likely to be a dispute, a lawyer is not deemed necessary to the adjustment of insurance, and it looked as if Watson anticipated trouble.

"I have seen something of the premises," said Oakes significantly, "but I am ready to go over the ground with you."

He watched Watson narrowly as he said this, but the latter hardly seemed to notice the remark.

A regular policeman had taken the place of the special watchman, and he followed them into the building. Oakes went directly to the charred counter and called attention to the charred rags.

"This interested me particularly," he said.

"Why?" asked Watson imperturbably. He certainly had magnificent nerve, but there was an anxious, frightened look in his son's eyes.

"Because," Oakes answered slowly and deliberately, "the fire started in this pile of rags."

"Spontaneous combustion possibly," suggested Watson.

"And the rags had been saturated with coal oil," added Oakes.

"I advise you to say nothing," put in the lawyer. "He's trying to trick you. If he thinks there is anything wrong with this fire, we'll let him show it in court."

"Why should I be silent?" retorted Watson. "That coal oil idea is absurd. There was none in the place."

"There will be time enough to talk," argued the lawyer, "if they dispute our proof of loss when we file it. But I don't think they'll be foolish enough to fight."

"I don't think you'll be foolish enough to swear to any proof of loss," asserted Oakes. "Arson is a pretty serious matter."

This shot seemed to hit the elder Watson as well as the younger, for he hesitated a moment before replying. Still, such an accusation would disturb even an innocent man.

"If you have decided that it is arson," said Watson at last, "there is no use discussing the matter further here."

"None at all," Oakes conceded promptly,

"but I shall want to bring another party here before anything is disturbed."

"The policeman will see that no one enters before you return," said Watson. "The police have been in charge since the fire. But," he added thoughtfully, "there's one thing that puzzles me."

"What?"

"The presence of those rags. They had no business to be there, and I can't imagine how they got there."

"It impressed me," said Oakes, "as being rather a strange place for rags."

"It is," admitted Watson; "I can't understand it at all. I shall try to find out about that myself. It may be incendiarism, although I had not thought of that before. I can't think of anyone who would wish to injure me."

"And this fire was started on the inside of a locked store," remarked Oakes.

"That's what puzzles me."

"And the owner had recently increased his insurance considerably."

"Your business," commented Watson, without any show of anger, "doubtless has a tendency to make you suspicious. I think you will look at the matter differently later."

Oakes decided that Watson was a man of resourcefulness and exceptional self-control. He had made a slip in not expressing surprise at the presence of the rags in the first place, but he had come back to it cleverly and had made his point. But Oakes had no doubt in his own mind that it was a case of arson and that Watson never would press his claim for the insurance. In view of the discovery of the rags and the traces of coal oil, the risk was too great. Nevertheless, Oakes was not a man to take chances. He went back to the store with a disinterested witness, and made it clear to the latter that there had been rags saturated with coal oil under the counter. He also put such evidence of arson as he had in the way of the proper authorities to start a criminal prosecution. "That will hold his attention for a while," he mused. Besides, it is the policy of fire insurance companies to give all possible assistance in the prosecution of arson charges.

To Deckler, his superior, he made a report of some length, predicting that there would be no serious effort to collect the insurance.

"Even if the claim is pressed," he said,

"we shall have no difficulty in fighting it successfully. All the circumstances are suspicious. Watson has been having some financial troubles, and he recently increased his insurance. At the time of the fire he was carrying twenty per cent. more than he ever had deemed it necessary to carry before. With this insurance, he only needed the fire to get him out of his trouble. He brought his lawyer with him, apparently expecting a controversy. There were rags and coal oil where the fire started. I think I have made it clear to him that he has no chance to get anything."

Nevertheless, from a strictly financial point of view, Oakes had done a little too much. Watson, in spite of his bold front, was prepared to abandon his claim, but the arson charge made it impossible to do this safely: it would be almost a confession of guilt, and the police and fire departments were investigating.

"If you can't collect the insurance," his lawyer told him, "you might as well prepare for jail. If you can collect it, you will knock the bottom out of the arson case. You've simply got to go ahead now."

There could be no question as to the soundness of this advice. More than money depended upon collecting the insurance; so Watson filed his proof of loss.

"Nerve!" commented Oakes. "He certainly has magnificent nerve!"

"We'd better see what we can do to strengthen our case," suggested Deckler. "I concede that the evidence you already have is pretty strong, but it would help matters if we could show positively that Watson or his son or some employe was in the store after it was supposed to be closed for the night."

"That's what the police are trying to prove," said Oakes.

"And they haven't succeeded," added Deckler.

Which was true. There was the evidence of the coal oil and the rags, but no one could be found who had seen any one enter or leave the place after it was closed for the night. Nor could anything of value be learned from either Watson or his son. The latter seemed anxious and worried when he was questioned, but he stuck rigidly to the assertion that he knew nothing of any rags or coal oil, and he would say nothing beyond that. The elder Watson was apparently the personification of

frankness. Never before had he carried as much insurance as his stock warranted, and the very fact that he was in a tight place financially made it important that he should run no risk. It was necessary to increase his insurance in order to protect his creditors in case of fire, and he had done so. The explanation was reasonable. And Watson began suit.

Strangely enough, as the time for the trial approached he became suddenly more aggressive and confident. This, under the circumstances, was bewildering. He had begun with a sort of dogged defiance—like a man who is driven into a corner and has to fight. His lawyer had gone so far as to intimate that a compromise would be acceptable. In fact, it was evident to Oakes and Deckler that the case had reached a point where the amount of insurance paid was a minor consideration. Watson and his lawyer were not fighting for insurance money, but merely for the moral effect on the arson case. Any payment whatever would be a concession by the insurance company that the fire was an honest one.

This unquestionably was their position at first, but there was a decided change later. Watson lost his worried look and became smilingly confident. His lawyer was almost boastful. The latter served formal notice on the insurance company that all compromise propositions were withdrawn. As his overtures had been in the nature of hints rather than formal propositions, this action was unnecessary; but he explained that he wished to remove the possibility of any misunderstanding. The police had made no progress and were awaiting the outcome of the civil suit. That ought to bring out evidence that could be used in a criminal prosecution later.

"The course these people are pursuing is rather mystifying," Deckler told Oakes. "I can't see anything in it but a bluff, but all reports indicate that they are making the bluff an unusually good one. Even young Watson has become cheerful and bold, and we once thought we had reason to believe that he would break down and confess."

"But we have the evidence," argued Oakes. "Of course it will be a jury trial, and juries are usually prejudiced against corporations, but they can't get away from the coal oil and rags."

"And we'll give them a little surprise," added Deckler, "just to discourage others

who may be tempted to put us to the trouble and expense of calling a bluff. We'll make a little sensation for the reporters by having Watson and his son arrested in court as soon as the verdict is read. The police have delayed the arrest in the hope of showing a direct connection between them and the saturated rags, but it won't be safe to wait a minute after the verdict in the civil case."

"If it is for us," suggested Oakes.

"How can it be anything else?" demanded Deckler.

"Give it up," answered Oakes.

They were even more sure of their ground when Watson's lawyer made an unexpected and final effort to settle the matter out of court. That certainly was in line with the idea that they were bluffing, although the lawyer's demand was for the full insured value of the goods destroyed.

"To try the case," he said, "will only add to your expense and ours. We have no doubt of the result, but we do not wish to add unnecessarily to the expense."

It was brave talk, but Deckler had no doubt that an offer of even a trifling sum in settlement would be promptly accepted. So he made no offer.

"Our legal department," he replied, "encourages us to believe that we have practically no chance to lose. Before we would consider the payment of even a nickel we should like to have the evidence of arson explained away."

"That is precisely what we shall do," said the lawyer calmly.

"How?" demanded Deckler.

"It does not seem to us wise to uncover our case before we go into court," replied the lawyer.

"I suppose not," retorted Deckler sarcastically. "You merely want me to accept your unsupported statement that there were no rags or coal oil there."

"On the contrary, they were there, and we expect to show how they came to be there. I merely thought I would give you a chance to settle first."

"Did you think we'd do it?" asked Deckler.

"No," answered the lawyer. "I didn't think you'd have sense enough, but Watson insisted. The expense of a trial will be considerable."

"Well, we go to trial," announced Deckler shortly.

This the lawyer promptly reported to Watson.

"There wasn't more than one chance in a million that I could do anything," he explained, "but it was worth trying for that chance. We don't want to go into court if we can get the money without doing so. I think we can win, but the risk is considerable. Of course, I couldn't uncover our case or they might find a way to checkmate us. It had to be a bluff, but there were two ways that we might gain something: If I secured a settlement, no matter how small, it would kill the arson case; if he considered it a pure bluff, he would consider it evidence of the weakness of our case, and this might lure the company into carelessness in presenting theirs. Success sometimes hinges on trifles."

Meanwhile Deckler was wondering whether the lawyer was a fool or an unusually smart man, whether he really expected a compromise or had made his proposition with some ulterior and undiscovered purpose. He was far from being one of the stars of his profession—in fact, this was probably the biggest case he ever had handled. But Deckler only knew that he had made a most surprising move, and that he had seemed to be confident and somewhat amused when he went out. Indeed, he had said something about the satisfaction of putting the joke on the company by making an offer that it would regret it had not accepted.

All in all, it was a puzzle. The most searching investigation failed to uncover any evidence that would help Watson, and yet Watson was apparently cheerful when he appeared in court for the trial of the case. He had been closely watched, but there had been nothing to indicate that he even contemplated running away.

"And in his position," commented Oakes, "I think I'd skip if I got a real good chance."

"Perhaps he thinks he will have time enough for that after the civil case is tried," said Deckler, "but I rather think we'll fool him."

Yet they still lacked the evidence that would directly connect Watson or any of his employes with the burning of the store. He had the motive, and the store had been deliberately burned. There was no one else who could have any possible reason for setting the place on fire. Even Watson

declared that, so far as he knew, he had no enemy who would do it. All the circumstantial evidence was brought out clearly and forcefully—the increased insurance, the financial complications that threatened disaster, the coal oil and the charred rags. To the surprise of the insurance people, almost no effort was made to minimize the importance of these facts by cross-examination. Watson's lawyer, in presenting his case, was content to rest upon the mere statement that there had been a fire, that the loss was almost total, that the goods scheduled were actually on the premises, and that the cause of the fire was unknown so far as his client was concerned. Watson himself conceded frankly that the insurance money would relieve him of a very great embarrassment and that the fire was really a fortunate thing for him. His frankness with respect to this made a most favorable impression and gave more force to his positive denial that he knew anything about the rags and coal oil.

"But they were found there after the fire, were they not?" he was asked on cross-examination.

"Yes, sir."

"You personally know this to be a fact?"

"I saw the burned rags myself," he replied. "I can swear to that. As for the coal oil, I am not familiar with the various inflammable oils, but there were traces of something of that nature. It may have been kerosene or turpentine or gasoline for all that I know, but others present called it coal oil, and I have no doubt they were right."

"You knew nothing of this until after the fire?"

"Nothing at all. We kept no inflammable oils on the premises, and we had no such pile of rags."

His son testified to the same effect, and so did other employes. The store had been locked when they left for the night, and it was still locked when the firemen arrived. In effect, it was merely Watson's denial as opposed to the positive evidence of the presence of the rags and the oil at the point where the fire started. And Watson naturally would deny any knowledge of the origin of such a fire. The insurance people were confident that no jury would give insurance in the face of this positive evidence that the place was set on fire by someone who had a key at a time when the fire

would be advantageous to the owner. They made this as clear as possible and rested their case.

Then, in rebuttal, Watson's lawyer called Daniel Devine. Oakes did not recognize the name, but he recognized the man, and it recalled an incident that he had almost forgotten. Devine was the special policeman who was on duty when he arrived to investigate the fire. After bringing out the fact that the policeman had been detailed to watch the burned store, the lawyer asked:

"Did you leave your post at all before you were relieved?"

"Yes, sir," answered Devine.

"How did you come to leave?"

"This man," indicating Oakes, "gave me a dollar to get something to eat when he came there in the morning."

"Got you out of the way, did he?"

"Well, I didn't think of it that way then. I hadn't been relieved, I was hungry, and he said he would keep watch while I was gone."

"Did you see what he did?"

"I saw him go into the store."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long did he stay?"

"Fifteen or twenty minutes. I was in a restaurant across the street, but I could see the doorway."

"He was there long enough to dump some charred rags under the counter and sprinkle a little coal oil about, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all," said the lawyer triumphantly.

Watson looked over at Oakes and laughed. Oakes gave Deckler an apologetic glance.

"It was a fool thing to do," whispered Oakes, "but the man himself suggested that he was hungry, and it looked like a good chance for a little quiet investigation. I must have been crazy."

"I think so," returned Deckler, and Oakes was too humiliated by his error of judgment to resent it. "But," added Deckler, "no man is infallible."

"It was done on impulse," explained Oakes.

"It has killed this case," said Deckler. "The average juror is always suspicious of a corporation."

The jury were out less than fifteen minutes. They were of the opinion that an in-

surance company is always looking for the best of it, regardless of means employed, and that an adjuster would not hesitate to resort to trickery in order to improve his record by saving his company money.

"And now," said Deckler, rather bitterly, when the verdict had been read, "will you kindly slip out into the corridor and tell the deputy out there that you made a consummate ass of yourself and we don't want the warrant served on Watson? Then," added Deckler generously, "we will forget about

this case so far as our personal intercourse is concerned."

Oakes gave Deckler a grateful glance. He would not forget it, but he would be glad not to have it mentioned.

Watson and his lawyer passed while Oakes was explaining to the deputy sheriff. Watson laughed again, and the lawyer suggested that the company ought to have compromised the case when it had a chance to do so.

Oakes did not trust himself to speak.

A FEW THOUGHTS

It is the mind that makes the man.—*Ovid.*

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.—*Eliot.*

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.—*Delareme.*

None can be called deformed but the unkind.—*Shakespeare.*

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.—*Disraeli.*

An ounce of convention is worth a pound of explanation.—*Mizner.*

The way to conquer the foreign artisan is, not to kill him, but to beat his work.—*Emerson.*

Men astonish themselves far more than they astonish their friends.—*John Oliver Hobbes.*

In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rousing thee, let this thought be present: "I am rising to a man's work."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

No delusion is greater than the notion that method and industry can make up for lack of mother-wit, either in science or in practical life.—*Huxley.*

Friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
—*Dryden.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.
—*Bulwer Lytton.*

What the Postal Service Means to Business

There is no One Branch in Canada so Important, yet Its Servants are Ill Required for Their Labors—The System of Promotion Should be Followed on the Same Principle that Banks and Other Corporations Adopt.

By Ira Stratton.

THERE is no longer room for doubt that the country generally is taking its postal service and its postmasters more seriously than it did a few years ago. There is a better appreciation of the value of good service. But it is also evident that not yet does the country take the service and the postmasters as seriously as the importance of the work demands. If it did the Civil Service Bill would just about stop where it is until it made some provision for certain classes of postmasters.

There is confusion in the public mind, many people not knowing but what the postmasters are a part of the Civil Service. There is indifference in the public mind because some people do not appreciate good service, do not realize that they need it, and others think that all is done that should be done to encourage the postmaster to do his work. For both the indifference and the confusion of mind the postmaster is measurably responsible. In many cases his non-conception of his responsibilities and his rights is weak and faulty. In many other cases it is of the high type which, with as much encouragement as might well be afforded him, would spell out the very best possible sort of service.

Much newspaper space is devoted to discussion of what it is wise to do with, and for, the civil service. Much time of Parliament is taken up with it and our legislators are taxing their brains as to what will be fully fair to the service and encourage it so as to do the best for the country. No one branch of public service means so much to the business of the country as our postal service. But there is nothing to encourage skill, accuracy, or the exercise of brain in the postal service,

so far as the commission postmaster is concerned. There is no possible advancement for him unless his community develop. And in past years the effect of such development has been killed, so far as his returns go by the reduction in postal rates. There is no promotion for him. There is no other increase for him; there is no superannuation for him; there is no retiring allowance for him; there is no holiday season for him. It is all a long day, long year, year after year with him, his only hope in preferment resting in the progress of his community, a problem of which he is necessarily only a small factor. He works early and late, risks his health, wears his patience, acquires experience, only to go the same round for the same money. The money may vary, but if it increases more help is required. There may be a special increase granted by a considerate chief to offset some of the many reductions, but it never goes so far as to touch the increased cost of living. We are not saying but what the present Postmaster-General is the most considerate that has been. When the public mind is ripe and the public's representatives are seized of this he will do more.

It is now time to speak of the remedy. Unquestionably as far as possible the postmaster should be divorced from other businesses, callings and pursuits. It is my personal opinion that as soon as an office is of sufficient importance to be made a money order office the postmaster should be given a certain minimum salary. As soon as that office got large enough to command a salary at all reasonable, it should be kept separate from all other business. The postmaster should be expected to know his work thoroughly. It should be from the

lowest grade of these offices that postmasters be taken for the grade next higher and so on. As soon as a postmaster begins to devote his full time to the work he should feel that larger duties, heavier responsibilities, and greater pay are not far distant if he does his work well. A postmaster who has been efficient in a village of 500 people is a better man for the office in a town of 1,000, than is a man strange to the work. When he has proven his ability in the town of 1,000 there is the town of 1,500 or 2,000. Away at the end of the blue line is the inspectorship or the postmastership of a city.

Many postmasters do well from a mere sense of duty, others are susceptible to the promptings of self interest. Self interest adds zest even where duty prompts, and we believe the promotion idea would bear

excellent fruit. That the country has not demanded this is evidence that the country does not take its postal service quite seriously enough. Banks and other corporations having agents adopted the principle long ago.

An arrangement providing for such promotion would put the post office work into the hands of those who wanted to do post office work. They would study the business in all its bearings. They would be careful of their records, etc. The service needs arrangement and the real postmaster needs it. We would have something of the sort if the public really understood what good postal service means.

The postmaster can help to bring it about. It will add dignity to their position and in the end cash to their exchequer.

MAXIMS AND MORALISINGS

The proper study of mankind is man.—*Pope.*

God helps them that help themselves.—*Franklin.*

Half the evils of the world come from inaccuracy.—*Helps.*

The best history has to give us is the enthusiasm it arouses.—*Goethe.*

Nothing astonishes men so much as common-sense and plain dealing.—*Emerson.*

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest.—*George Eliot.*

Women ought to be studied like the weather; both afford a life-long interest to careful observers.—*Lyndon.*

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or a lady.—*Huxley.*

The Young Man as a Factor in National Life

Should be Given as Much Support and Encouragement by the State as is a Western Pioneer — If the Door of Higher Education was Opened More Freely the Youth Could Make use of the Greater Knowledge Acquired in Enhancing the Well-Being, Progress and Prosperity of the Community.

By John Hunter, M.D.

IT is quite as true in the psychic, or mental sphere, as it is in the physical, that a great many mental acts, like physical ones, are performed automatically. We talk about persons, or events, with just about as little conscious effort as we exercise in taking one step after another in walking. The little "tots" leave home in the morning, as a matter of course, because their parents "have started them to school." When the bell rings, there is a little flurry and hustle—caps and books are seized, a rush made for the street, quickly followed by a wave of the hand, a shout, or a whistle, if a companion is in hailing distance. The father is away at his vocation, and the mother, after adjusting what the children have left in disorder, goes on with her household duties. Neither parents, nor children are conscious of the part these school days are playing in life's drama. Children have been going to school from time immemorial, so that generation follows generation, practically unconscious of the fact that school life constitutes one of the most important epochs in the "brief span" of our earthly existence.

When children grow into boyhood and girlhood—the stage of adolescence—the sub-conscious gradually merges into conscious mental activity. A purport in life begins to loom up before the youth. At home, too, father and mother have begun to talk over matters. What had better be done for John is becoming an interesting problem. The "bent" of the son for some special vocation: and the parental wisdom and experience generally settle the question. The boy is now approaching, or has reached, the close of public school life.

Up to this period, the State has tacitly performed something of the function of a silent partner. It has provided the necessary school buildings, paid teachers' salaries, and, in many cases, furnished free text-books and supplies, paper, pencils, etc., out of funds levied as taxes. Beyond demanding compulsory attendance at school, the state leaves the care of its young citizens to the parental instincts, fortified by knowledge, experience, and affection. Hitherto school life has been placidly passing along under the guidance of teachers and parents, but the time is now approaching when the choice of a new course becomes imperative. The student, either bids farewell to school life and enters upon some vocation — agricultural, industrial, commercial, or begins on what is known as a secondary, or academic course of education. It is with the latter that the question comes up as to the importance of: "The Young Man as a Factor in National Life."

It is on the threshold of the high school, collegiate institute or college course, that students come in contact with the authority of the State. They are told that they must pay the "entrance examination" fee, and tuition fees—increasing in amount—are exacted throughout the whole course. Recently an item was printed in the public press to the effect that the governors of the University were considering the proposition of increasing the fees in some of the departments. Even the suggestion of such an act was met with strong disapproval from many sources.

Now the question of (1) raising the fees; (2) retaining the present rates, or (3) total abolition of all tuition fees, can only be

equitably adjusted when the student is assigned his proper status in national life. Is the young man a segment in the circle of habitual life or only "a fly on the wheels"? If only the latter, he should be charged tuition fees—for the ride he is getting.

We have to go back, only a few decades, even if we have to go back at all, to find this idea held very prevalently, viz., that an academic education was specially designed for the purpose of enabling those who obtained it to get above, and away from hard manual labor. How many of the older graduates left home inspired by the parental injunction, "Get an education so that you won't have to slave away on the farm, or in the workshop." This delusion was a hydra-headed one. It assumed either that knowledge is like a person's clothing, or the contents of his dinner pail; reserved for individual use only, or that the nation can be progressive, and prosperous, quite independently of any help that can be rendered by members of the so-called "learned professions." The absurdity of the first delusion is apparent from the fact that knowledge is as diffusible as the sunshine. The intelligent conversation, the cultured speech, the instructive book—all alike exert a widespread, beneficent influence.

That the second delusion is also unfounded is proven from all history and experience. Without the special knowledge of the clergyman, teacher, or author, society would be "groping in darkness" in regard to many of the greatest problems in life. Without an intelligent exposition, and enforcement of the principles of justice, honor and integrity, neither life, nor property would be safe. Without the knowledge and enactment of sanitary measures the race would be decimated ever and anon by plagues produced by communicable diseases. The most casual reflection on the complex interests involved in a high state of civilization is quite sufficient to establish the fact, of an imperative need for technical knowledge far beyond what it would be possible to impart in our public school system.

The modern farmer has a very different problem to solve than his ancestors had. In their time the soil was fertile, and would grow abundant crops. Now it is impoverished and entirely new methods have to be adopted to make farming remunerative in

the older districts. The "output" of the factory half a century ago consisted of a few simple implements, and these were purchased in the immediate neighborhood. The large, modern plant has to manufacture, not only the most complicated machinery, but has to seek markets in the "uttermost parts of the earth." The "general store" on the street corner has been transformed into the great departmental emporium, with its legions of employes. It is very evident that the old delusions about the purport of an academic training is no longer tenable. In our complex civilization the college youth is a vital segment in the circle of national life. Not only the progress and prosperity of the nation, but its very existence is just as dependent on the exercise of the technical knowledge he acquires in college and university as it is on manual labor, on the skill of the artisan, or on the acumen of the business man.

If these statements be incontrovertibly true, is it not the imperative duty of the State to recognize its obligations to the students? It grants free homesteads to the pioneers who will go and improve these lands, and make them valuable. It impoverishes its treasury in subsidizing railroads to enable the farmer to get his produce to the best market. It promptly assumes the obligations of providing facilities for public school education, and the preservation of law and order in new districts. It has also been quite customary—until recently, at any rate—for the municipality either to give a free site for the factory or some special inducement by way of tax exemption. In other words, the State or municipality by the free grant of land, or site, comes to the assistance of the farmer, or the manufacturer, and places within his reach the means whereby he can not only earn a livelihood, but become rich. This is done by the State or municipality, on the assumption that this outlay will be far more than compensated for by the benefits to be derived from the labors of the farmer and the manufacturer. On the whole, results have been quite satisfactory. The progress and prosperity of both State and municipalities, have been enormous, enhanced by the increased production of grain and of manufactured goods.

Now what are the State and municipalities doing for the students who wish to take an academic course? The answer is,

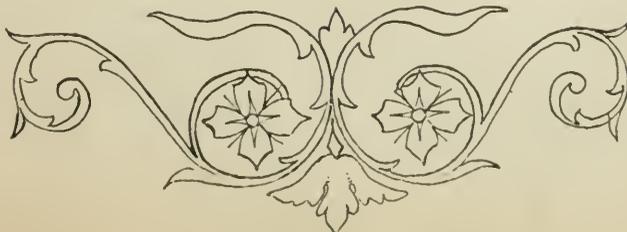
"look at our high schools, collegiate institutes, colleges and stately universities." "Have not these been built and are they not maintained at public expense?" But like the land and the factory site they are valueless until energetic, intelligent young men occupy them and take the knowledge acquired in them, and make it of service in enhancing the well-being, progress and prosperity of the community, and of the State. Now, as a citizen, and in common with every other citizen, the student bears his legitimate share of the burden of general taxation, but should he be compelled to pay an extra or special tax by way of tuition fees, in order that he may acquire knowledge, the use of which is of vital importance to the well-being, progress and prosperity of the community, and of the State?

Does not the assumption by the State that it is doing its whole duty to the students, while it is extorting these tuition fees from them, recall an incident in a recent Sunday school lesson. Saul was ordered to destroy the Amalekites, and all their substance. When he met Samuel he said, "I have performed the commandment of the Lord." Samuel said, "What meaneth then the bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" Saul said, "The people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God." Was not Saul's excuse a miserable subterfuge for his own, and his people's avarice? Would not our students be quite justified in saying that all the excuses—for no reasons can be advanced—put forward for extorting tuition fees are but miserable subterfuges for the avarice of the municipalities and of the State? They would be perfectly justified in doing so were it not for the fact that the public, through ignorance, rather than from avarice, allow these fees to be extorted

from the students. Teachers, professors, legislators and the press have all alike failed in not educating the public on the vital importance of secondary, or academic education to the welfare, progress and prosperity of the community and of the State.

Let the public become fully cognizant of the fact that our students' corps are the recruiting grounds from which the State selects men and officers for many of the most important positions in life, that by a little more generosity from the State many of these recruits could come into service far more efficiently equipped for the discharge of their duties, and our legislators will soon be told, not only to abolish all tuition fees, but to place in the hands of every student free text-books and supplies. As these text-books would remain the property of the State they would answer many generations of students and the cost would be but trifling.

In conclusion, as there is so much in common between student and pioneer life, justice demands like treatment. Student and pioneer live on hope—not present, but future reward is the talisman of both. Isolation, self-denial, untiring industry, is their common lot. Why should the State treat them differently? All the State asks of the pioneer for its free grant of land to him is that he improve his opportunities and bear his portion of the common burden of taxation. The student, by his help in the home, and in his board bill at college, is paying his share of the common taxes, but unlike the pioneer who has the free use of the homestead, the student, in tuition fees, has to pay a special tax when he wishes to improve the opportunity the State's educational institutions provide for the secondary, or academic course. Is the State dealing fairly, or impartially with the student population?



The Existence of National Sensitiveness

Is a Cheering Sign that Civilization has Advanced and That the World is Growing Better—A Fuller Understanding Between the Races Exists, While There has Been a Decided Growth in Dignity and Mutual Respect.

By Will Scarlet in *Overland Monthly Magazine*.

I DON'T know why the old-style vaudeville was called a "variety" show, for the truth is, there was no variety about it. The same old dancing and singing, the same old horse-play and slap-stick comedy—much of it excellent in its way—came every week. And most monotonously of all came the Hebrew impersonator, who wore an old-style Derby down over his ears and walked on his heels; the stage Irishman with a florid complexion and often with green Galways, the dude Englishman with an absurd monocle and an accent that never was on sea or land, and the man from over the Rhine, with a chest where other people wear their waists and a marked proclivity for Teutonic consonants.

An audience of to-day would not tolerate for ten consecutive seconds the old-style national character impersonations. It is rare, indeed, to find a vaudeville actor nowadays possessed of sufficient nerve to essay a portrayal of the stage Irishman; and, in any case, he dare not don whiskers of emerald hue or allude to household pets of the porcine variety, or trill overmuch that fascinating Celtic "r." The Yiddish comedian we still have with us, but he is fast losing popular favor, and has refrained for ever so long from making allusions to bankrupt sales and infants who have swallowed nickels. "Bah Jove!" and "dontcherknow" are not to-day in the vocabulary of the stage Englishmen for good and sufficient reasons. Likewise, the German comedian—whom we dare no longer designate as "Dutch"—must have taken a correspondence course in physical culture, for his erstwhile paunch is very considerably reduced.

These things are significant. They illustrate the fact that during the last two-score years national sensitiveness has been gaining ground. The stage Irishman and the stage "Dutchman" and the rest were, of course, gross caricatures; but once they were tolerated, even enjoyed. To-day they are hissed and hooted and greeted with stale eggs. "Our sacred nation" has become a holy thing indeed. Neither in magazine skits, nor in stories, nor on the stage, are national caricatures suffered to exist without vigorous and effectual protest. Plainly, we don't want that sort of thing any more.

And why don't we? One reason is, that the members of the various races have attained a higher standing in American life. When, for instance, did the odious stage Irishman reach the height of his celebrity? It was at a time when the men of the Irish race were as a class engaged in menial occupations, when Mr. Murphy worked on the railroad with pick and shovel, and Mr. Brady wielded the janitor's broom. To-day, you find Irishmen working on the railroad—but not with pick and shovel; and if you ask the average janitor what time it is, you are not likely to hear him answer in the rich and classic brogue. On the contrary, Irish names and Irish faces are seen to-day in places of honor and responsibility, which they have reached through the operations of the eternal law of the survival of the fittest. If this doesn't go far to explain the passing of the stage Irishman it would be interesting to know what does.

Another reason for the national sensitiveness that exists here and now may

THE EXISTENCE OF NATIONAL SENSITIVENESS

be found in the better understanding between the various races, an understanding that is here and here to stay. The "sheeny" caricature we do not tolerate, because we are in a position to see how untrue and unjust a thing it is. We know now what we didn't know once—that the Jews, while being splendid business men, are not close-fisted, small-souled, potato-hearted gougers. We have rubbed shoulders with Mr. Goldstein, have eaten his bread and salt and drunk of his wine—which he always seemed reasonably happy to pay for—and we have learned that he doesn't walk on his heels and doesn't wear a hat many sizes too large and doesn't gesticulate with his hands at right angles to his forearms. So we do not favor any more the wretched Hebrew monologue.

Similarly, even in the face of all our hereditary doubts and traditional prejudices, we have found the German a thoroughly decent fellow. He lives next door and we are in a position to know whereof we speak. What opened the door to our conversation was the fact that the man from over the Rhine minds his own business—a delightful trait which, somehow, the "variety" comedian had never given him credit for. Then the scales fell from our sadly sophisticated eyes, and we beheld in Hans a hard-working, clean-living, conscientious and otherwise desirable human being who got solace and maybe inspiration from that long-stemmed pipe and huge stein, but who was rarely haled before the police judge for disorderly conduct. So went down another manikin.

Our new and growing attitude to Hans and Mr. Goldstein—springing largely

from our better knowledge of the gentlemen—has had its effect on them. To use a hackneyed but expressive phrase, they have our moral support. This means something; but the fact that they know they have it means more. When they air their national sensitiveness they need have no fear of our smiles or jeers; they know that our sympathies are with them, and accordingly, when occasion arises, they are not afraid to protest often and protest loud. National sensitiveness thrives most when it is nursed and petted, and to-day we are coddling it in a way and to an extent hitherto unknown.

And this coddling process is an augury that makes the optimist rejoice. It is as a finger-post whereon is writ large that he who runs may read, "The best is yet to come." The world, after all, is not a bad sort of world. At any rate, it is surely becoming a better world—a truism which the very existence of national sensitiveness amply proves. For national sensitiveness could not exist were it not sanctioned, at least tacitly; and it would not be sanctioned—tacitly or otherwise—were not men good-natured and forbearing and kind.

National sensitiveness, then, is not a thing to be deplored. In the first place, deploring it wouldn't do any good. But, besides that, the existence of national sensitiveness is a cheering sign that civilization has advanced—and is advancing. In the millenium, indeed, it might be out of place; but the millenium is not yet. Let us be contented, if not satisfied, with the portents that flash in our sunlit skies assuring us that even better things are on the way.



Foreign Parasites and Their Prey

How Rogues, Tricksters and Swindlers Innumerable Make Dupes of Multi-Millionaires and the Newly Rich While Abroad by Selling Them Alleged Heirlooms and Works of the Old Masters at Fabulous Figures—Many Ingenious Ways of Separating Visitors From Their Cash.

By Vance Thompson in the Broadway Magazine.

OF all men the American is the most guileless. On his own ground he is master of himself and of his possessions. Indeed he is fearsome and predatory. But once abroad in the world strangers may do as they will with him. Red-shirted mountaineers sell him gold mines; farmers jockey him in horse trades; French noblemen marry his daughters out of hand; and the rogues of the world, great and small, play with him as little children play with a lamb tied up in ribbons.

You would not fancy—no one who had met him would fancy—that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was in any sense of the word guileless. It is not the general impression. And yet innumerable rogues, tricksters, swindlers, forgers of one sort and another teach their children to bless the name of Morgan nightly before being tucked into their beds. And other American millionaires. One and all they have paid tribute to the rogues of the Old World. It is not that our rogues are better than yours; but the American money-getter goes outside of his legitimate business when he meets in the way of trade the suave dealer in spurious antiques or forged paintings. When Mr. Morgan goes forth to buy wonderful brodered tapestries of Spain—"once the property of the Bourbons"—he invites disaster. Those castles in Spain (where the tapestries come from) are too far away from Wall Street. And it is a rule, immutable and melancholy, that the New Yorker, or, for that matter, any astute American, is wise in the ways of men only so long as you keep him corralled among his kind on that island, river-girt, triangular, and imperial. When he fares abroad he is clad in guilelessness as in a garment; and therefore the rogues thrive.

One might tell many tales of mighty men who have been thrown—like a worm in an ant-hill—to the rogues of Paris. Perhaps it wouldn't be quite fair. They paid ransom to oblivion. And yet Paris fairly swarms with sophisticated folk—with deadly criminals—who live on the fear and folly of those who have walked unscathed in Broadway for half a lifetime. How shall you know them? That were hard to say. I think, at the moment, of a rogue who has made many victims. He lives in one of the fashionable hotels. He has a wife. He once had respectable kin. He is a forthcoming, accessible, and courteous man. You would not hesitate to dine with him. Why should you? And yet this man is lean and dangerous as the guillotine. Robbery is his pastime; some day he will add murder to it—and then we shall see him no more. In the meantime he has half devoured more than one innocent little wolf from Wall Street. He is a solitary, this rogue, he works alone—and single-handed the other night (a revolver in the single hand) he took from a Middle West publisher more than that good man dreamed of spending in many years. One may beat a lone rogue or run away from him. The "gangs" are deadlier.

At this hour there are probably twenty bands of "confidence" men in Paris. They are made up of Americans, Canadians, Australians, Englishmen. Well dressed, amiable, good talkers, they haunt the best hotels, the theatres, and the American bars. Usually they know some one that you know, for they are well traveled and have seen the world. Of course their methods vary. The "game" most popular at present was invented about fifteen years ago by a thief known as "Glass-Eye Alfred."

He made over two hundred thousand dollars out of it in ten years or so; then he went to prison for a short term. He will be out this summer, and though he is seventy-two years old, he will find plenty of work in his curious trade.

This is "Glass-Eye Alfred's" trick:

You are a man of wealth and (being an American) of innocence; in your hotel or in a theatre you meet a chatty man from home. While you are hobnobbing with him a third larron comes carelessly up and is introduced. At dinner—for of course you dine—the newcomer confesses that he is a man of wealth; also his uncle has just died leaving him a fortune of which a certain portion—say twenty thousand dollars—is to be distributed to the poor. Doubtless, too, he will add that he is on his way to Rome in order to give some of the money to the Pope. Need I tell you what happens? He asks you to distribute part of the money in gifts to the deserving poor of your acquaintance. But are you a man to be trusted? As a test of confidence you are asked to hand over a few thousands to the chatty man from home, who first made your acquaintance.

Too simple, you say?

Too simple by far if you are sitting in a Broadway cafe, with the noise of that thunderous thoroughfare, in your ears. 'Tis a different thing in Paris. You would be wholly convinced of it could I mention the names of some of the men who have fallen into the trap. One victim, who made no concealment of the matter, was Mr. James Rice, of Columbus, Ohio. The buccaneers got from him \$5,000, his diamond ring, his watch and chain. One of the swindlers was caught and convicted. Usually the victim prefers to say nothing and pocket his loss. There was a man from South Africa who lost \$60,000 in this wicked game of Glass-Eye Alfred's devising.

He was a stranger and they took him in.

Thieves, swindlers, bullies with revolvers—even the ingenuous Broadwayfarer may escape them; but there is a fearsome person. You have met him in Naples; a prassophagian rogue. He has whispered you of a marvelous little statuette in Terre-cuite of Tanagra—a Drunken Silenus, a Young Girl Mastering a Bull—and only \$600.

And you bought it; it stands in your cabinet to-day; you could have had it at the

Neapolitan shop round the corner for precisely \$1.20, neither more nor less. It is at Naples, too, that one buys the amphoras, the Etruscan vases with Homeric paintings; forgeries all; and forgeries so clever that both the Louvre and the Berlin museums have exhibited them as veritable antiques. Only a few years ago the Baron Edmond de Rothschild bought \$60,000 worth of these Neapolitan trinkets, which had been "dug up at the foot of Mount Vesuvius"—if you please. It is no wonder that the less-tutored American is victimized. And it is my business here to point out the commonest rogueries of this sort; a serviceable business I aver; for in these days everyone comes to Europe and everyone "collects"—if it be only postage stamps or hotel labels.

Apropos: you have seen the home-coming suitcase spangled with labels of various great hotels from Petersburg to Palermo; it's a ten-to-one shot even these labels were false—you may buy them by the score in London; they are even given away with the popular English magazines. A deceptive world!

There is a tremendous trade these days in armor. He is indeed a poor millionaire who has not taken home the metal fighting shell of a Crusader; now it is exactly true that there is not one genuine suit of mail in the United States. There are two in the Metropolitan Museum of New York (so rich in fraudulent works of art) and both of them are false. Their history is interesting. One was made by the elder Rand-car out of a few ancient scraps of armor, while the other was vamped up out of a few fragments of the famous suit of armor once in possession of Sir Horace Walpole which was rescued from the fire and bought for a few dollars. It was Zerspitz who tinkered up this thing of lead and white metal at which you have so often reverently stared. Some day I shall write the romance of these venerable frauds.

Do you remember the "Luther autographs" discovered a few years ago? Many of them crossed the Atlantic to keep company with the "Dickens manuscripts," the letters of Madame de Pompadour, of Louis XVI., of Lafayette, of Byron and Walter Scott. Germany is the headquarters of this sort of fraud, but they do them very well in Paris, too. Photographic processes have brought the "historic, authentic autograph

letter" of any celebrity you please within the means of the humblest traveler.

Of old the antiquary lay in wait for you in a dingy shop—shallow and malodorous, it was like a hawk's nest filled with bones and feathers and strips of fur and skin; you entered defiantly or not at all. The time has changed all that. Now you and I glide in our eight-cylindered cars along the white roads of France, dining at quaint inns, loitering in country places. And that reminds me of a Normandy inn I know; it is by a pleasant river. Under its ancient rafters of smoky oak a half-dozen centuries have revealed, drinking deep. To-day the motorists stop there. In the dining room there was a wonderful bronze clock, ancient, superb. I admired it from afar. It might have been real. Three American ladies, whose car was purring outside the window, were enraptured. I heard them bargaining for it. The indignant proprietor refused all their offers; it was an heirloom; it had stood there since his great-grandfather's day; it had been given by a queen to her chief cook—his ancestor; he would never part with it. Oh, shameless man, he sold it for Yankee gold and bank notes! The proud women took it away in their car. Two days later, homing toward Paris, I dined again in the Normandy inn. And there stood the clock or his brother! Once more I saw it sold, the clock the queen had given to her cook in the long ago. And I am quite sure another one was brought down from the Paris warehouse the next day. It was an imitation worth \$20; it had been sold for \$400. You see, the antiquary has extended his web. Even the peasant aids him. The old china you buy in the wayside hameau from the honest dame who had it from her great-aunt, is false like all the rest. And the miniatures in dusty, tarnished frames? And the "pourtraicts" of Joan of Arc? It were hard to say how much of this rubbish has gone oversea in the cabin trunks of trusting Americans. We are a simple folk.

Especially when we are millionaires.

Surely you remember the eminent book lover who bought the "letter of Columbus"—the famous letter written by Columbus to announce the discovery of America to the Catholic kings—for the modest sum of \$4,500; later it was in his destiny to learn that the letter was a photogravure worth about \$2.50. Simple folk.

Years ago in a London hotel I met a little Fenchman; he was urgent, persuasive, and fat; in his buttonhole shone the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; and he took me up to his rooms in the hotel and offered to sell me the Rembrandt of Pecq. I often think of that little rogue. He found an American to purchase that forgery for \$15,000. And the American who bought it was the predecessor of hundreds and thousands of his countrymen who have been gulled in the same way. The American who travels now buys pictures. Coral souvenirs have ceased to satisfy him. And whether he buys "ancient paintings"—"smuggled out of Italy"—or modern works of art he is cheated ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

The tricks of the picture dealer?

They are not to be counted. Here is one which was played quite recently. A dealer ordered from a poor devil of an artist a tavern scene in the old Dutch style, signed in the corner with a facsimile of Jan Steen's signature. When the smoky look of age had been given it, the dealer eyed it with approval.

"Splendid!" he said to the needy artist; "it's a pity you shouldn't have the credit of it—pray sign it with your own name. It may make your reputation."

The poor devil, delighted, painted over the signature of Jan Steen and set his own name there. Three weeks later the picture started for New York, consigned to a Fifth Avenue merchant of paintings. But by the same boat went an anonymous letter to the custom-house officials warning them that an attempt was being made to smuggle in a chef-d'oeuvre of the Dutch school, worth \$40,000. The picture was seized. Experts were called in. The scraped off the signature of the poor devil of an artist and found underneath that of Jan Steen. The importer had to pay a fine of fifty per cent.—that is, \$20,000; and, in addition, \$8,000 duty. Three days later, however, he sold his Jan Steen (guaranteed by the United States Government) for the round sum of \$50,000; thus he made a fair profit, for the original cost of the painting was \$14—seventy francs paid to the poor devil of an artist.

There is a greater trade in the good school of 1830. The Atlantic liners carry over bales of Corots. False Bouguereaus go by every steamer. It is a business like any other. There are factories in Mont-

martre and Montparnasse. I can take you—though I dare say you will go without taking—to a dozen places in Paris where you can buy, say, a false Daubigny for forty or fifty dollars. Were it authentic it would be worth \$2,000 easily; and that is the price the artless millionaire will pay for it. Such pictures are painted by struggling art students at forty cents an hour. New York is full of their work. The false Van Gorgs are made in Germany; a factory turns them out by the hundred and has received for them over three hundred thousand dollars from the American sales alone. I know of one that was sold in New York for \$850; its value was—at a liberal estimate for frame and canvas—\$8,50.

No; all is not well with the moneyed American whose tastes are fashionably artistic; pitfalls beset his path and rogues lie in wait for him. Nor do I see how he is to be saved. Old Europe is like the woman in the tower; ceaselessly she queries:

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see them coming?"

"I see a white cloud of dust on the highway, sister."

"Joy, sister, they are coming!"

Now they are the Americans in motor cars, or, it may be, afoot.

For verily, ancient and ghoul-like Europe lives upon those who come to her from overseas. Think of Paris alone. Every day of the year 6,000 visitors are registered in her hotels. Last year over fifty thousand Americans came hither, spent their money, went their ways. And ever as they went they walked among pitfalls.

There are, to be sure, guides.

They are admirable in their way; unwearying and imperturbable, they conduct the long files of awestruck English from the Louvre to the Pantheon, from Notre Dame to Pere la Chaise. There is not a word to be said against them. It is the other kind of "guide and interpreter" who is more dangerous than Glass-Eye Alfred himself. He hangs about the door of your hotel, he waylays you on the boulevards, with his smirk and his "Want a guide today, sir?" Or he comes upon you out of the darkness as you are strolling softly home. He has a waxed mustache; his face is the color of wet plaster; and there is a leer in his eye. The unjust laws of France

do not permit you to beat him about the ears, without paying a heavy fine; but even that is cheaper (and more reputable) than seeing Paris in his company. He will lead you into places you should not visit; then he will blackmail you—if you have reputation to lose—for having visited them. In any case he will leave you lighter of pocket and heavier of heart.

There is an element of the miraculous in the safety with which the Americans, from many cities and villages, walk the mined pavements of Paris, losing at most a little money, an occasional reputation. It might be so much worse. Sham aristocrats, sham "friends from home," adventurers and adventuresses de haut parage come from all the capitals of Europe to ambush them at every corner. Roguish tradespeople live but to rob them. Even the foxy peasant has his share. But one thing is true: Unless the wayfarer, greed-bitten or folly-loose, collaborates with the rogue, nothing very serious can happen to him.

Many a time I have wakened in the night to wonder over the adventure—was it adventure—of the man who came to Paris with a pretty bride. He was a Princeton man, by the way, and that fact may recall to your mind the tragic story. He had lived in Paris a number of years. For his wife he had proposed a home in the Avenue des Champs Elysees. A few days after their arrival they were sitting there in pleasant society, American and French. A letter was put into his hands. He read it with perceptible trouble of mind.

The carriage was ordered. He bade the coachman drive to Saint Denis. There he dismissed him, telling him to go home. That was all. The next day his wife went to the police. The third day a garde-chasse in the forest of Fontainebleau discovered the body of a dead man under a heap of leaves. It was that of the young bridegroom; there were three balls in the back of his head—and neither his money nor his jewelry had been taken.

I do not explain it; it never was explained; and with all its mystery it may stand for the eternal symbol of what waits—just round the corner—for every traveler in a strange land. For neither you nor I know what may happen when we receive a letter and, ringing the bell, order out the carriage.

New Thought Creates New Life

Nothing Else Will so Exhaust the Vitality or Whittle Away Life as Violent Fits of Hatred, Bitter Jealousy, or a Determination for Revenge — How the Law of Suggestion Works and the Influence That Comes From the Exercise of Refined and Uplifting Thought and Sentiment.

By Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

A CHAMPION prize-fighter says that he does not train for his contests. "The weight question," he declares, "is the least of my troubles. I can make one hundred and thirty-three pounds with ease, and while it is not generally known to the public, I will get down to this weight by thinking about making it. I get rid of flesh by always keeping in mind that I must make the weight. I just keep telling myself that I've got to get down to the notch. The articles leave nothing for me to do but to be at weight, and I will continue to keep this in mind."

As will be seen later in this article, the famous experiments of Professor Anderson, of Yale University, prove that the strength of muscles can be increased immensely by mental action alone, without any physical exercise whatever.

We hear a great deal about the power of the mind over the body. Why, the whole secret of life is wrapped up in it. We do not know the A, B, C of this great, mysterious power, though the civilized world is rapidly awakening to its transforming force. The prophet, the poet, the sage, from earliest times have felt and recognized it.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing power of your mind," Paul admonished the Romans. "'Tis the mind that makes the body rich," says Shakespeare. "What we commonly call man," writes Emerson, "the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend."

To-day even the prize-fighter, the uneducated, as well as the educated, the man who lives on the animal plane even as the man who lives on the spiritual plane, in fact, all sorts of people, are beginning to see that there is some tremendous force back of the flesh which they do not understand. The rapid growth of the metaphysical movement shows how actively this idea of man's hidden power is working in the minds of all classes.

As early as 1858, many years before anybody else thought of doing so, Professor Moses G. Farmer, inventor and scientist, lighted his residence in Salem, Massachusetts, by electricity. Others in different countries used the same mysterious force, without knowing just what it was. The magnet was used in a great variety of ways, and probably those who first utilized it thought they had each discovered a different principle. Yet all these little systems were only the manifestations of one mighty electrical force, which is destined to emancipate man from most of the drudgery of life, and to cater to his comfort and convenience in innumerable ways.

So the various manifestations of what, for the want of a more expressive term, we may call the New Thought, appearing in one place under the name of Christian Science, in another as Mataphysical Healing, in another as Mind Science, Mental Medicine, etc., are all indications of, and point toward, one mighty, divine principle, which is destined to revolutionize our civilization.

The old is always an enemy of the new. Conservatism, prejudice, long entrenched habits and ideas, can not tolerate change. Yet, notwithstanding that this whole meta-

physical movement has been fought desperately by the established order of things, it has steadily, persistently gained ground until scores of churches, some of which had opposed the newcomer most desperately, have now adopted one of its leading principles—the healing of the body.

There are already more than a half thousand Christian Science churches, and scores of New Thought churches and New Thought schools. What is called the Emanuel Movement has been taken up by a great many orthodox churches in Boston, Chicago, New York and many other places. Metaphysical schools are springing up under different titles in all parts of the civilized world. People are beginning to get hold of little bits of one great divine truth, one vast and beautiful whole, which is destined to bring harmony to many heretofore conflicting methods of reaching a common good by furnishing a universal principle upon which people of all sorts of faith and creed can unite.

Some of our best physicians, who only a few years ago ridiculed mental healing, are beginning to adopt the principle—so far as they know how—in their practise; especially the power of suggestion. They are finding that their patients are often more affected by mental medicine, by their calls, their encouragement and good cheer, than by their pills. They are finding, too, that the mental attitude of the patient has everything to do with the effect of the disease, that it often proves the turning-point in a crisis. The result of all this mental influence is a very marked falling off in the use of drugs. Many of our leading physicians give but very little medicine, because they have very little faith in it. It is now well known that scores of eminent physicians employ metaphysical healing in their own families and often for themselves. Even the regular medical schools are taking up the subject of mental medicine in their lecture courses.

Hampered as this great movement still is by the errors and extravagances of overzealous followers, and also by the fraud of charlatans, who take advantage of the opportunities it offers to impose on the credulous and ignorant, there is no doubt that the basic principle of this metaphysical movement, has opened up many possibilities of mind building, character building, body building, and even business building, which

are destined to bring untold blessings to the world.

We are beginning to see that we can renew our bodies by renewing our thoughts; change our bodies by changing our thoughts; that by holding the thought of what we wish to become, we can become what we desire. Instead of being the victims of fate, we can order our fate; we can largely determine what it shall be. Our destiny changes with our thought. We shall become what we wish to become when our habitual thought corresponds with the desire.

"For each bad emotion," says Professor Elmer Gates, "there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body. Every good emotion makes a life-promoting change. Every thought which enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less permanent.

"Any one may go into the business of building his own mind for an hour each day, calling up pleasant memories and ideas. Let him summon feelings of benevolence and unselfishness, making this a regular exercise like swinging dumb-bells. Let him gradually increase the time devoted to these physical gymnastics, until it reaches sixty or ninety minutes per diem. At the end of a month he will find the change in himself surprising. The alteration will be apparent in his actions and thoughts. It will have registered in the cell structure of his brain."

There is nothing truer than that "we can make ourselves over by using and developing the right kind of thought-forces."

Not long ago a young man whom I had not seen for several years called on me, and I was amazed at the tremendous change in him. When I had last seen him he was pessimistic, discouraged, almost despairing; he had soured on life, lost confidence in human nature and in himself. During the interval he had completely changed. The sullen, bitter expression that used to characterize his face was replaced by one of joy and gladness! He was radiant, cheerful, hopeful, happy.

The young man had married a cheerful, optimistic wife, who had the happy faculty of laughing him out of his "blues," or melancholy, changing the tenor of his thoughts, cheering him up, and making him put a higher estimate on himself. His re-

removal from an unhappy environment, together with his wife's helpful "new thought" influence and his own determination to make good, had all worked together to bring about a revolution in his mental make-up. The love-principle and the use of the right thought-force had verily made a new man of him.

He is a fortunate man who early learns the secret of scientific brain-building, and who acquires the inestimable art of holding the right suggestion in his mind, so that he can triumph over the dominant note in his environment when it is unfriendly to his highest good.

That man is truly great who at will can master his moods; who knows enough of mental chemistry to neutralize a fit of the "blues" with the opposite thought, just as a chemist neutralizes an acid which is eating into his flesh by applying an alkaline antidote. A man ignorant of chemistry might apply another acid which would eat still deeper into his flesh; but the chemist knows the antidote of the particular acid that is doing the mischief. He can kill its corrosive, eating quality in an instant, for he knows the secret.

So the mental chemist knows how to counteract the corrosive, wearing, tearing, power of the despondent, depressing thought by its cheerful antidote. He knows that the optimistic thought is sure death to the pessimistic. He knows that harmony will quickly neutralize any form of discord; that the health thought will antidote the ailing, sick thought; that the love thought will kill the hatred thought, the jealous thought.

Many of us keep our minds more or less poisoned much of the time because of our ignorance of mental chemistry. We suffer from mental self-poison and do not know it. Neither do we know how to antidote the poison passions which are working havoc in our bodies.

Nothing else will so exhaust the vitality and whittle away life as violent fits of hatred, bitter jealousy, or a determination for revenge. We see the victims of these passions worn out, haggard, old, even before they have reached middle life. There are cases on record where fierce jealousy and hatred raging through the system aged the victims by years in a few days or weeks.

Yet these mental poisons are just as

easily antidoted, conquered, as physical poisons which have well-known antidotes. If we are sick with a fever we go to a physician for an antidote; but when jealousy or hatred is ranging within us we suffer tortures until the fever gradually wears itself out, not knowing that by an application of love which would quickly antidote it, we could easily have avoided not only the suffering but also the wear and tear on the entire system.

As there is no filth, no impurity, in any water which can not be removed by the science of chemistry, so there is no human mind so filthy, so poisoned with vicious thinking and vicious habits, so saturated with vice, that it can not be cleared up by right thinking; by the counter suggestion of the thing that has polluted it.

An acid is instantly killed by the presence of an alkali. Fire can not exist in the presence of its opposite, carbonic acid gas or water. We can not drive hatred, jealousy, or revenge out of the mind by will power, by trying to force them out. Love is the alkali which will antidote them. The way to get rid of discord is to flood the mind with harmony; then the discord vanishes. The way to get despondency and discouragement out of the mind is to fill it with encouraging, hopeful, cheerful pictures. The discouragement, the despondency, flee before their natural antidotes. Fear, worry, anxiety, envy, moroseness, melancholy, can all be neutralized by their opposites. We need not be passive victims of the harmful suggestions around us.

We little realize what forces lie dormant within us, until they are aroused and stimulated. If we could take a muscle out of the arm and see how much weight it would support without breaking, we should find that it would be extremely small in comparison with the tremendous strength which is actually exerted in a great emergency. In Professor Anderson's experiments with Yale students, he registered the strength of the right and left arms of eleven young men. The average strength of the right arm was one hundred and eleven pounds; of the left, ninety-six pounds. The men were put upon special exercises with the right hand only, with instructions to centre their thought wholly on the left. At the end of a week tests of both arms were again made. The average strength of the right arm had increased six pounds, while

that of the unexercised left had increased eleven pounds, thus proving that the concentrated brain exercise exerted even a greater force in developing the muscles than the physical exercise without the accompaniment of the mental influence. The power which mind imparts to muscle in an emergency is beyond all belief.

Many a delicate woman, who could scarcely wait upon herself, has, when some great catastrophe removed her husband and swept her property away, risen to the occasion and not only taken care of herself but also supported and educated her children. Power came from somewhere which made her equal to the emergency, and enabled her to do that which seemed absolutely impossible. We do what we have to. We never know what we can do until an emergency great enough to call out our reserves confronts us. Then the dominating power of the mind gives abnormal strength to the body and sweeps all obstacles before it. The mind is king; the body is its servant.

The whole body is really a projected mind, objectified, made tangible. It is an outpicturing of the mind in material form. When we look at a person we actually see the mind, or what his thinking has made him. It is well known that real gray brain matter can be developed to a very remarkable degree in the tips of the fingers, as is illustrated by the blind, who can even detect shades of color, quality, texture, and other things by their marvelous sense of touch. Now, this is a projection of the brain to the tips of the fingers, showing that our thought permeates the whole body.

Why is it that a deaf, dumb and blind person instinctively feels the presence of a grand or of a vicious personality near him? It is because of the powerful radiation of his character from every part of the body.

All this shows what a dangerous, what a fatal thing it is to hold in the mind a wrong suggestion, for it tends to become a part of us, and, before we realize it, we are that suggestion or thought.

We all know that it is constant contemplation of good things, of holy things, that incites to the doing of them and makes the saintly person; that the constant dwelling upon and contemplation of the beautiful, the sublime, the noble, the true and the effort to incorporate them into the life, are what make the beautiful character. The life follows the thought. There is no law

clearer than that. There is no getting away from it.

Probably the majority of criminals were never told what a dangerous thing it is to harbor criminal thoughts, to contemplate criminal acts. They were probably never told of the power of suggestion, that the life must follow the ideals, that the thoughts are incorporated into habit, and that habit rules the life. They dwelt upon the thought of crime so long that before they were aware of it they actually committed the deed.

A criminal who has served twenty-five years in the different penitentiaries in New York State says that he did not have the slightest conscious thought of ever becoming a criminal. But he had a natural love of doing things which seemed impossible for others, and when he went by a rich man's residence he could not help thinking out different ways of entering the house at night, until he finally attempted it. He took great pride in going from room to room while everybody was asleep and getting out without waking any one. Every time he did this he felt that sense of triumph which follows difficult achievement. He said he did not rob so much for the value of the things he stole as to gratify his passion for taking risks, and he could hardly believe it when he found himself actually doing the things he had so long contemplated. He had held the thought of stealing so long in his mind that it had become a part of his very nature.

The jealous man who thinks he has been seriously wronged harbors the thought of revenge and thinks of ways and means of getting "square" with his enemy until he finally takes his life. He may not have intended it at first, or even thought it possible; but his mind became abnormal by harboring the jealous thought. His love of revenge grew until finally his mind became unbalanced and he committed the terrible deed.

Think of the awful responsibility of the "yellow press" in throwing out in picture, in cartoon, in print, the daily suggestion of murder, of suicide, of crime in all its forms, of scandal, with all the insidious suggestiveness which lives in detailed description! The time will come when the man who publishes these frightful descriptions of crime will be regarded as an enemy of his race.

On the other hand, think of the tremendous influence of the suggestion which comes from the contemplation of great, heroic characters and noble deeds, from the contemplation of beauty in all its infinite variety of expression, of sublimity, of grandeur in nature and in human life.

The law of suggestion is just as exact in its working as the law of mathematics.

If a child is brought up in a vicious atmosphere, where the suggestion of vice is constantly held in his mind, where the animal portion of his brain is over-developed, and there is no compensating stimulus in his environment to bring out the good qualities or characteristics, then, unless he develops an unusual creative mental attitude to enable him to combat the evil suggestions about him, his mind will become unbalanced, set toward evil.

One-sided development, a lack of brain balance, is the cause of most, or all, of the viciousness and crime in our civilization. We are creatures of suggestion, and especially is childhood extremely sensitive to it. The child is a human seed of infinite possibilities, and its development depends very largely upon its environment. Its brain is like the sensitive-plate of the photographer, which responds to the slightest stimulus. How quickly children reflect the characteristics of their environment, whether vulgar or refined, criminal or uplifting, base or noble!

We are just beginning to realize the immense possibilities of brain-building, of faculty-developing, in the young. A woman living in a poor section of a city recently visited one of the kindergarten schools to thank the teachers for the im-

proved manners of her children. She said in effect that neither she nor her husband had ever had any training or education, that they were rough and coarse, and that the first suggestion of good manners was brought into their home by their children from the kindergarten. The children of those poor people had become courteous and considerate of the other members of the family.

Their little "Manners" plays, "Justice" plays, "Courage" plays, "Sympathy" plays, and the other morality plays which they had acted in the school, and which they delighted to play at home, interested the parents almost as much as they did the juvenile actors. The sweet, kindly, and helpful dispositions which the children brought into the home revolutionized it.

It is well known that brain activity creates brain structure, and in this lies the hope of the race, not only for a larger, grander mental development, but also for the creation and improvement of character in the changing of thought and habit.

One of the great problems in establishing wireless telegraphy was the neutralizing or getting rid of the influence of conflicting currents going in every direction through the atmosphere. The great problem of character-building is to counteract, to nullify, conflicting thought-currents, discordant thought-currents, which bring all sorts of bad suggestions to the mind. Tens of thousands have already solved this problem. Each one can apply mental chemistry, the right thought-current to neutralize the wrong one. Each one can solve his own problem, can make his character what he will.



The Supremacy of Christian Ethics

The Test as to Whether Crime and Criminals Will Inevitably Decrease or Increase—Adoption of the Indefinite Term System Strongly Favored as Likely to Find a Permanent Place in the Judicial System of all Civilized Countries—Too Much Maudlin Sentimentality for the Malefactor.

By W. P. Archibald.

THE work of reformation, also the rehabilitation of a criminal, is one of the most arduous undertakings which can be conceived. To strengthen repressive action, and at the same time to introduce more humanity into the operation of our laws—to sometimes ask for indulgence rather than rigor, without abandoning any of the indispensable guarantees of social order, and of justice—is the paramount principle and practical object of the parole system of Canada.

When the parole system was first advo-



W. P. Archibald
Dominion Parole Officer.

cated, and adopted, about nine years ago, many said of those who pleaded for its adoption by the Federal authorities, that their ideals were placed too high. In criticism they were sometimes reproached with attempting the impossible; and their generous conceptions of humanity were greeted as chimeras. In some instances they were referred to as "tainted with sentimentalism," and sometimes feebleness; but their faith in humanity remained unshaken. Under a careful administration of the parole law much has been accomplished in the uplifting of the unfortunate and erring, who, while suffering justly by imprisonment for their wrongs inflicted on society, are given the opportunity to regain their social footing in the very community in which they have offended.

I know, perhaps, as well as any one engaged in prison work that there are some of the sick who do not wish to be cured (I mean incorrigibles who need to be kept where they cannot harm); but this is no argument that all who are sick are incurable, and that there are not means within our reach to help in their restoration. Judging from years of experience I must say that I find perversity is the exception. I have constantly affirmed in the past that human nature is, at bottom, right, loyal and generous. We find that in the darkest and most ravaged heart there may survive, as in the ruins of a temple, a last lamp, forgotten by the last priest, which, when lighted, burns still for truth and goodness.

The question is not of substituting for penal laws a sort of philosophical indifference which would compromise public security. It is the question of stimulating

moral forces and developing generous instincts, which are able to prevent the offence or the crime committed; and after the downfall, of raising and rehabilitating the guilty. No one possessed of logic or honest sense maintains the irresponsibility of the being who has done wrong. That would be to affirm the inutility of correction or recompense. It is true that the physical life, the education, heredity and environment, exercise a direct influence on criminality. Legislators have taken account of these inevitable reactions in the preparation of laws and the gradation of penalties.

We hold that the principles of the parole system are just. Chastisement, without a possibility of pardon and forgetfulness, discourages and degrades; the hope of parole, or of a pardon, evokes to effort and helps to restore. It puts principles into practice, and inspires hope in the convict; while on the other hand, it determines when the convict should be discharged from prison, with a suitable environment congenial to his or her rehabilitation through the channels or forces of industry. The system of providing the assistance of a patron or a friend to help the delinquent in his struggle to regain his lost status as a social unit, is producing some splendid results.

Every intelligent Canadian recognizes the futility of combating crime by simply attacking the criminal—a system of cutting down the weeds without going to the roots. In seeking to determine the causes and the movements of crime, I find that the responsibility of criminality is not to be attributed alone to the material author of the offence. Society must be protected, but has society not been responsible for the downfall of many? The pace which some try to keep up in the social life proves a cause of temptation, and to the weak it has resulted in the ruination of many of the best men this world has ever known.

In dealing with these matters, however, we must always maintain a horror for crime, and to any responsible being, nothing justifies an act of criminality. This fact has modified considerably the sentiment concerning a convict of late years. Prevention is better than a continual punishment, and our system of justice does not exclude charity. There is no justice without charity, and there cannot be any true charity without justice.

Classification of crimes is comparatively an ancient method; the classification of criminals is comparatively modern. In Hebrew, Oriental and Roman codes we find attempts at classification of crimes, and the estimate of guilt seen in the varying weight of penalty attached to the offence. The classification of crime in even the best penal codes is more or less arbitrary. Under the Hebrew law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" the matter was much simpler, but, when it comes to measuring the money value of an eye or a nose, or the length of imprisonment, which forms an equivalent for its destruction, it is not easy to secure equity. Thus, while the State has a fixed Criminal Code, and a maximum and minimum of penalties, a study of the sentences actually imposed in our courts of justice, show the most curious variations and sometimes even contradictions.

The estimate of the comparative enormity of the offences made by convicts themselves are sufficiently curious, as when the "drunkard boasts he has not been a thief," and the "thief boasts he has not been a drunkard"; but these ethical judgments of the criminal are hardly more contradictory or amusing than those which have been taken from our own laws in their administration. When it comes to the application of the penalty, the only final relief for arbitrariness is the adoption of the indefinite sentence system, especially for habitual offenders, which is working most satisfactorily in several Continental countries, and is now under consideration by the British Government. On principle, nothing justifies the imprisonment of a man except that satisfactory proof is forthcoming that his freedom is dangerous to society. Now, if we accept this principle, two consequences follow logically from it:

First, that none should be imprisoned except those whose liberty would be a danger to society.

Second, that these should be imprisoned, not for periods fixed in advance, but just as long as their freedom may be a danger to society.

The second of these conclusions is embodied in the principle of the indefinite sentence system. Many are anxious to see it adopted in Canada in conjunction with the parole system, which is giving such good satisfaction at present. We send to prisons a number of recidivist criminals for a fixed

number of months or years, according to the name given by law to the particular offence of which each person is convicted. This is no more scientific in operation than if the sick were sent to the hospital for a number of days, determined in advance by the temperature or the pulse at the invasion of any disease. Do we not send the contagious sick to the hospital and they must be detained until cured. The analogy is a fair one by which it is contended, that no man should be imprisoned until it has been ascertained that he is of a criminal character, and when this is established, he must be imprisoned until he is reformed, or until he dies, and I am satisfied that some of our criminal class should spend their life and die in imprisonment or detention.

But the first of the two conclusions which I have named is of still higher importance. To imprison a man is to impose upon him an utterly unnatural life, to cut him off from the general influences which form the mind and character of men; and to consign him to the companionship of much that is vile of the human race, is a serious matter. It is to mark him for life as a person unfit for freedom and for congenial associations with his kind. The force of this influence is so great that many never overcome it. The habitual criminal class is made up principally of men who have received their education in crime in the prisons. Under these conditions too great care cannot be taken in sending a man or a woman to prison on a first offence, especially if the offence does not reveal a serious criminal character.

Should we undertake to locate the beginning of crime we would of necessity have to revert to the beginning of the human race. To us the beautiful innocence of early Eden remains only in the imagination, and the everlasting fact of wrong and crime thrusts itself across the opening consciousness of men. The story in the Genesis of human history, where crime and punishment come together, suggests valuable information upon the manner of dealing with crime and the criminal of our age, for there is no change in those wild and disordered passions of men out of which there follow all the ills and sorrows of the social fabric we term life. Cain, striking down his brother in the early days, is the type of the long line of criminality that stretches through time, and with which we

are struggling to-day in the dealing with the problems of crime and the treatment of the criminal. The divine justice administered is also an example to all right society that seeks to protect itself, and punish guilt. If you follow the story closely you will find nothing of the maudlin sentimentality connected with it that blurs the lines between good and evil in our day, for the criminal would have us forget the sorrow caused by his act and the injury he has caused to his victim. I have never pleaded for the removal of a just penalty which man, or the hand of justice, has generally attached to the commission of crime. I have nothing to do with that speculative philanthropy which confounds moral will with disease, and finds the greatest criminal generally to be the greatest unfortunate, deserving, not chains, but tears and release.

On the other hand, there are those who are within the reach of reform and rehabilitation, and these are being helped in a practical way. In Canada one of the greatest factors in the reformation of the criminal is found in the parole system. Out of some 1,645 released conditionally during the past eight years, over 1,000 have earned their full liberty, while only a fraction over two per cent. of the entire number released have returned to a life of crime, and to-day about 500 men are engaged in the hard uphill struggle to regain their lost footing in the social world, and are reporting themselves monthly with this object in view.

The social well-being of man cannot endure unless punishment full and terrible falls in proper degree on every known crime, and if the punishment is greater than the criminal can bear, it is because of the greatness of his offence. The fountains of human pity should not be stirred to remove the penalty attached to the offence of the criminal, but curative measures can be safely adopted whereby a criminal can redeem his wasted life. To make punishment a vengeance, taking out hope and heart from the delinquent, is not meeting the needs of the situation.

I cannot help but state the conviction that one of the dangers of our dealing with criminals to-day is in the fact that the law expected to be thrown about the innocent, is practically given and used to protect the criminal. What I mean is this, the desire to provide such a defence for all accused persons so that no innocent man should suf-

fer, has brought us to a point where it is difficult to prevent the guilty from escaping just punishment, but it is better even thus than to punish an innocent person. In the operation of British law it is necessary that the indictment, the jury trial, the sentence, the execution, when found necessary, should move on with an evenness of tread that leaves no room for merely technical delays, producing a wholesome fear for the wrongdoer.

Crime being a steady factor in human society, philosophy, no less than Christianity, finds it is urgent that every possible reform shall be made in the case of the criminal, so that society shall be thoroughly protected not only during the term of imprisonment, but also from his activity when he again passes out into the world (a free man) through the parole system or by discharge. With this fundamental proof, held alike by the "enlightened selfishness" of the world, and the devoted unselfish altruism of the Christian religion, it is impossible to escape the problem which is ever present: What is best to be done with the tide of human vice which is steadily reaching our penal institutions and ebbing out from them again? There are at the present time about 1,433 of a population in the penitentiaries of Canada, and about 2,000 in the jails and Provincial prisons of our country. There is no sterility in crime. It grows and spreads. It propagates itself by generation and contagion. It works as silently, as mysteriously, as effectually as leaven. To deal wisely with it requires the utmost patience, charity, etc.

The question of how to deal with the criminal classes must ere long be met by the application of more potent remedies than are now applied, such as will meet the cause of moral deformities, produced through contagion or accident. Countries to-day vie with one another to devise "sugar-coated" systems to cure criminal habits. Eminent jurists and magistrates have strained statutes in their behalf, and many good people keep beseeching the great Creator to set aside immutable laws and thus relieve the abnormal conditions of mankind.

Remove the certainty of death from a trip over Niagara Falls in an open boat, and such trips would soon become a holiday pastime. So it is with the commission of criminal acts: remove the chances of

just punishment for criminal offences, and each act committed will only be a stimulant for the commitment of more atrocious ones. There is altogether too much maudlin sentimentality for the criminal, and a system which does not inflict punishment is a dangerous menace to both citizen and State.

On the whole, social environment and public opinion have ostracised vice and crime, and driven them to cover, where they can be practised only by stealth. Never before in the history of the world have life and property and all legal rights been more securely protected against a lawless invasion than at the present time; especially is this true in the British Empire, of which Canada is privileged to comprise a component part. We are units of an Empire in which law and order are regarded as essential to life, and we feel justly proud of our systems of government, the freedom and the protection of the citizen, and the operation of our criminal laws.

The indefinite sentence system has met with some opposition from a few of the leading and prominent European jurists. It has also its strong advocates, and in the prison reforms of France, Russia and Italy, we find this system strongly urged and recommended.

I have read the various criticisms, and find their opposition based on purely theoretical grounds. I firmly believe that it is only a question of time for this system to find a permanent place in the judicial system of all civilized countries.

This system will make it clear enough to distinguish between the accidental and the professional criminal—to give the first offender an opportunity to recover his footing, and show the second offender that while he is determined to lead a criminal life he can have no footing whatever.

The last analysis of the question of crime, and the treatment of the criminal, is the vital question of the supremacy of Christian ethics. If the Christian religion declines, and its forces weaken, crime will inevitably increase. If the principles and the spirit of true Christianity gain added power in the life of our Canadian people, crime will surely decrease.

A Christian faith looking forward in confidence to the ultimate triumph of Christian ethics can hardly fail to expect a progressive decline of crime, and in the future its final extinction.

Stover, the Strategist

How a Life Insurance Director, About to Resign From the Board, Interviewed a Medium and Was Told by her Many Strange Things, as a Result of the Cunning and Foresight of an Agent, who Later Insured the Director for a Large Sum, Thus Preserving the Prestige of the Company.

By Archie P. McKishnie.

MR. GLEASON, president and managing director of the Rock Bottom Life Insurance Company, looked up as Mr. Stover entered.

"How are you?" he said heartily, reaching a fat hand across the table.

"I got your wire, sir," returned the young man, taking it. "What's up?"

"Have a cigar," invited the president, shoving a box forward and striving to wipe the trouble lines from his face with one of the smiles that had helped make his reputation.

Stover took a cigar, lit it, and leaned forward in his chair expectantly.

"Windover is going over to the Dublin Life the first of the month," said Mr. Gleason. "It is my wish that you succeed him as inspector of agencies. Do you accept the proposition?"

Mr. Stover blew a ring of smoke ceilingward.

"What's the salary?" he asked, with characteristic abruptness.

The president pressed the tips of his fingers together and puckered his brow.

"Is it as good as writing one hundred thousand as an agent?" asked Stover.

"Yes—better."

"All right, then. I accept."

Once more the fat hand of the president was extended; once more the younger man took it. Then he arose.

"Nothing else, sir, was there?" he asked, taking up his hat.

"N-no."

Stover, noting the hesitation in the other's voice, sat down again.

"You met a gentleman as you were coming up, did you not, Mr. Stover, a big,

pompous looking man in a Newmarket coat?" asked the president. "Well, that was Mr. Samson, one of our directors," he explained, as Stover nodded.

"I've heard of him," said Stover. "One of R. B.'s directors?"

"Yes, and I very much fear we are going to lose him. He is a peculiar man; consequently he has strange opinions. I might say that he is exceedingly erratic. One of the latest ideas he has formulated is that insurance is a hoax, a sham, a gold brick, offered by clever rascals to a guileless public. Egad, Stover, Samson is a pig-headed idiot, that's what he is, sir."

"Perhaps he would be better off the board," ventured Stover.

Mr. Gleason gasped.

"It would be the worst thing that could possibly happen, young man," he asserted. "Would not the public ask, 'Why has the great Mr. Samson withdrawn his name from the Rock Bottom board?' And what would the great Mr. Samson's answer be, sir? Eh? Simply a shrug and a curl of his aristocratic lips, that's what it would be. You're no fool, young man; you know Samson, and you know the public. It can make a lot out of a shrug, a sneer, but there's not enough about such to give us a suit for damages."

"That's so," said Stover, crossing his legs and frowning.

"I wish he could be induced to remain on our board, Mr. Stover," sighed the president, "but now that he has allowed himself to believe that there is no virtue in insurance, I presume we can not expect him to do so."

"Doesn't he carry any insurance him-

self?" asked Stover, looking up in surprise.

"Not a red cent," laughed the president. "Funny, isn't it?"

"See here, Mr. Stover," he added, lowering his voice, "the withdrawal of Samson from our board is something we don't want to occur. Remember, he has a certain amount of influence, and there's no telling but our opposition may bait him to use it against us. Of course, he can't say anything against a strong, clean company such as ours, but he can look wise, which is infinitely worse. No, I tell you, Stover, we must keep him with us until he has ridden his latest hobby to death; then he'll be all right. Now, young man, tell us what to do. I have the greatest respect for your advice. Now, how can we do it?"

"Why not sell him a couple of hundred thousand insurance?" suggested Stover. "He'd have to believe in it then."

The president started.

"You're not serious, surely?" he gasped.

"Yes I am, too," replied Stover. "He's wealthy enough to stand two hundred thousand."

"Of course he is, Stover, of course he is. He's wealthy enough to buy a tea plantation in Japan, too, but I guess he won't do it."

"You mean, that you consider him a hopeless case?"

"Exactly. You couldn't give him insurance, let alone sell it to him."

Stover smiled.

"I suppose you've all tried him on it?" he queried, easily.

"Every man of us, Stover, myself included, and I'm pretty fair at the business, my boy, pretty fair."

"You are, I know that," said the young man, earnestly. "But you forget that there is one man on the R. B.'s staff who hasn't had a fling at him yet."

"You mean yourself, Stover? Yes, of course you do. Well, you may try him if you care to, but I tell you it will be a waste of time and energy."

"I don't mind taking a chance," said Stover, drawing on his gloves. "I believe I can insure him, but I must take my own way."

"Take your own anything you want, take anything I've got, take the whole R. B. if you wish it—and if you can insure Sam-

son, hanged if I won't say you're the only man in the world could do it."

"Good-bye!" said Stover, laughingly, as he passed out.

He went direct from the offices to High Park. The season was autumn, and there would be scarcely anybody there to interrupt his thoughts. Stover felt that he must do some quick, hard thinking now, if he ever did. He was bound he would insure the great Mr. Samson—but how?

He sat down on a bench and pulled out his pipe. For more than an hour he smoked and thought. At the end of that time he shook his head.

"No good!" he said, finally.

A brown sparrow alighted on a sprig just above him, glancing at the agent with a cunning, bright little eye.

Stover watched him smilingly. He had heard that little birds often told people things. He wished one little bird might tell him how he could sell Samson two hundred thousand insurance.

As he knocked the ashes from his pipe, he heard the leaves rustling and looked round. A tall young fellow in a wide felt hat and long mackintosh was coming toward him.

He threw himself down beside Stover on the bench, and the two gripped hands.

"Hazy," grinned the newcomer.

"Lazy and a bump," answered Stover. "Of all things unexpected, Peterson, old boy." He shook the other's hand, the corners of his mouth working. "I haven't seen you since we left college."

"Nope, and maybe I wasn't glad to catch sight of you here, Stove. How's your tobacco?"

"Lots of it," laughed Stover, tossing the pouch to his friend.

The long fellow filled his pipe and puffed it furiously.

"What you doing, Stove?" he asked, between puffs.

"Insurance," answered Stover. "And you, Pete?"

"Oh, I'm a kind of gentleman's gentleman, in a way," returned Peterson. "I'm private secretary to one of the high muckey-moos here."

"You don't say! Like it?"

"Tolerably. You see the gent I work for is an odd one. He has taken a fancy to me, I think, but you can't tell how long it will last. His fancies wear away quickly, as a

rule. And then he takes the funniest, most outlandish notions. You can't guess what his latest hobby is, Stove?"

"No. What is it?"

"I don't know as I should mention it," laughed his companion, "but it's all right between two old cronies like us two, I guess. You see, he's taken a notion to have a spirit medium read him his past and future."

"Well, I never," said Stover, staring. "Got some deal on, likely, and wants to know how it will swing, eh?"

"That's it, exactly. You've hit it, old boy. It's insurance stocks."

Stover's eyes opened wide.

"Yes?" he said.

"So I'm going to find out a good spirit medium for him. I'm on my way now. I'm blest if I know where to look for one. Can't help me out, Stove, can you?"

"I believe I can," cried Stover. "I just happen to know a medium, and she has the reputation of reading the future to a dot. She charges a hundred dollars a trance, though," he added. "Perhaps the gentleman would care to go that high. He can get mediums, I presume, for less money."

"Oh, Mr. Samson doesn't care a fig how much it costs, Stove."

"Mr. Samson?" gasped Stover. "Did you say Samson?"

"Yes, of course I did. You know him, likely. Everybody knows Mr. Samson."

Stover crammed his hands deep in his pockets. His mind was working like lightning. By and by Peterson saw a smile dawn and grow, until it became a long, satisfied grin.

"I was just thinking of another fellow by that name," explained Stover, with a chuckle. "I'll tell you about him some time, but tell me," he cried, growing serious, "does Mr. Samson wish to visit the medium, or have the medium visit him?"

"If possible, he wants the medium to come to his office," Peterson replied. "I wish you would arrange it for me, Stove," he pleaded. "You know what to do, and it's something out of my line."

"Why, of course, I'll be only too glad to. I'll call on Madame Videabritt on my way back. Did he specify any time, Pete?"

"Yes, half-past eight this evening."

"Well, I tell you what you do. You come on over to my club with me and have a game of billiards. You needn't worry; I'll

see the medium gets there at the appointed time. I want to talk over the old days when we used to room together, and I'm also curious to learn more about your eccentric employer, Mr. Samson."

"All right," cried Peterson. "Come on. I'm with you, and I'll tell you all about him."

When the friends separated at 5.30, there was little about the great Mr. Samson that Stover did not know. He hailed a cab and whispered a direction to the driver.

When they pulled up at a theatrical outfitter's establishment, Stover alighted, and, motioning the driver to wait, entered. Ere long he emerged with a bundle under his arm. Then he gave the driver the number of his house address.

"Call here at 8.15 to-night for a lady," he said, as he alighted. "Can I count on you?"

"Yes, sir. Eight-fifteen it is, sir." The driver whipped up his horse and vanished.

That evening, as Mr. Samson paced up and down his luxurious office floor, a tall, veiled lady was ushered into his presence. He came forward, rubbing his perspiring hands together. His small blue eyes held a look of almost fear.

"Be seated, madam," he said, bowing.

"You wish to have your past and future read," said his visitor, in a voice that chilled him to the marrow.

"Yes," he rejoined, his teeth chattering.

"One hundred dollars is my fee," said the voice.

"Eh?" cried Mr. Samson, the word money bringing him back to himself. "Oh, yes, of course."

He wrote out a cheque for a hundred dollars, and placed it on the table before the madame. For the life of him, he could not hand it to her. He was afraid.

The woman stood up.

"I will now commune with the spirits," she said. "Nor must you interrupt me for five minutes. By then my trance will be perfected. In five minutes you may ask me what you wish to know, and by the aid of the spirits I will answer you truthfully. I must have the lights turned low."

Tremblingly, Mr. Samson reached up and turned down the gas. The medium commenced to revolve slowly as on a pivot. Faster and faster did she turn, until, in the hazy light, to the man's staring eyes, she

resembled a brown tombstone rocked by a gale. He backed slowly against the wall, his hands spread out, his mouth working.

It seemed to him an hour after that the voice came again, floating to him, as he stood there, as though coming from the bowels of the earth.

"Ask and be told O, Man," said the voice.

Samson swallowed hard and tongued his dry lips.

"Who am I?" he asked at length.

"James Samson, banker," came the answer.

"Tell me of my past," he commanded weakly.

"You were born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on June the 10th, 1854," came the answer. "You were educated in England and were left a fortune by a great uncle, Spencer by name, in the year 1880. The following year you shot a man by the name of Thompson, and were arrested for murder. You were acquitted on grounds of self-defence, and shortly after you came to Canada. Here you took up the banking profession, which vocation you have followed ever since. You are a heavy speculator and a shrewd one. You have fifteen thousand of Drift-Draft gold shares, which are an excellent investment. You have copper shares, upon which you will never realize. You are a heavy stockholder in the Rock Bottom Life Insurance Co., and a director of its board. You have a wife and two daughters. Your wife's name is Annie, the eldest daughter's name is Annie also, and the younger one you call Amy. You have lost two children

"In heaven's name, stop," cried Mr. Samson. He was wet with perspiration, and his breath was coming in quick gasps. "It is of the future I wish to ask you. I asked you of the past but to test you. Tell me then; would you advise me to leave my money in the Rock Bottom Life Company?"

"Yes. It is the safest of all your investments."

"Ha! And the copper stocks?"

"Sell them at once."

"And the Drift Draft gold shares—what of them?"

"Hold for six months; then sell."

Mr. Samson was becoming his own man again.

"Can you tell me," he said, smiling, and

forcing his pudgy hands with difficulty into his pockets, "can you tell me how long I am likely to live?"

"Yes," came the answer. "But we could not advise you to ask the question, O mortal."

"Why?" cried Samson, his short hair rising and a chill creeping up his spine.

"Do you wish to know how long you may live?"

"Yes," he answered with difficulty.

There was silence for a moment, as though the spirits were communing together. At length came the hollow, sepulchral answer.

"Alas, you may not see another year."

Mr. Samson staggered against the table.

"Oh, ah!" he groaned, weakly.

He sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"You may never see another year." The words, hung before him in letters of fire.

"Would you have us advise you, O man?" came the voice.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "Tell me what to do."

"Insure your life," wailed the voice, "and by so doing protect your loved ones. By doing so, you may change what the horoscope here shows us. If you would have us advise you, insure your life for no less than two hundred thousand dollars."

"Oh, oh," panted poor Samson. "Can I have a week to decide?" he asked, struggling to his feet.

"No, nor a moment. The spirits wish to depart. Tell them now, will you do it?"

"Yes, yes, I will do it soon."

"It must be to-night," warned the heavy voice.

"But the insurance offices are all closed to-night," cried the man.

"Decide quickly," came the voice. "The matter of which you speak can be arranged."

"Yes, yes. I will insure, and to-night," pleaded Samson.

"Then wait here, and—Remember—to—wait."

The words died away slowly. Mr. Samson once more sank into his chair, and bowed his head upon the table.

When he lifted it, he was alone. The medium had vanished, also the cheque.

He arose and turned on the light, just as the door opened and Mr. Stover, of the Rock Bottom Life entered.

"You are Mr. Samson?" he asked. "Ah, you were expecting me, I believe."

"Who are you?" asked the bewildered Samson.

Stover raised his eyebrows. "I am Mr. Stover, of the Rock Bottom Life," he said. "I understand you want insurance, and want it to-night."

"Yes, I do. I want two hundred thousand dollars insurance, and I can't get it too quick."

"Which kind of insurance do you wish, sir?"

"Any kind you care to give me, young man, only be quick about it."

"I think a short term policy would be best for you," advised the agent, sitting down to the table.

"How much?" asked Mr. Samson, after he had signed the application.

"It will cost you \$12,000 a year," answered the agent, placing the application in his pocket.

Without a murmur, Mr. Samson wrote out a cheque. The agent took it, wrote out a company's receipt, and arose.

"I think it would be well to finish it to-night, sir," he said. "The doctors are out in the hall. I will send them in."

He thanked Mr. Samson for his business, and modestly withdrew.

An hour later Mr. Samson sat alone in his office. He had had a strenuous two hours of it, if ever man had. He was bewildered and sad. He was thinking of what his life had been. He hated to have to leave it, it had been well worth living. He told himself that had he known sooner that he was liable not to see another year, he would have made a few changes in it. Well, it was too late now; unless, as the

medium advised, the placing on of the insurance might alter his horoscope.

He sighed, and, rising, put on his overcoat. He turned out the light, locked the door, and walked down the hall like an old man. For the first time in years he was going home without his before-bed cigar alight. As he turned from locking the outer door, a tall, cloaked individual brushed against him and pressed a piece of paper into his hand. Astonished, he held it under a gas jet, and as he read it, his face grew cheerful, and his old expression of confidence came back.

On the paper were pencilled these words:

"Because you have accepted with willingness the advice of the spirits and acted upon it with despatch, be informed by them that you may see another year, and, for all that we can see, many of them."

"THE MEDIUM."

Next morning Mr. Samson called upon Mr. Gleason, president of the Rock Bottom Life Company.

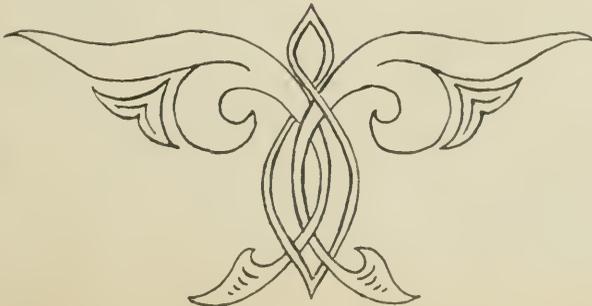
"I want you to leave my name on the board of directors, Jim," he said pleasantly.

"Then you've changed your mind about it, Mr. Samson, eh? I thought you would."

"Well, yes, I have. You see, Jim, I've put on a little insurance in the R. B. myself. Naturally, if I didn't believe in insurance, I wouldn't put on any, would I? And if I didn't think the R. B. the best, I wouldn't put on R. B. insurance, would I?"

Then they both laughed and shook hands.

But there is only one man who knows who the spirit medium was, and that man is Stover.



The Discovery of Mrs. Dugan

How She Managed to Make Six Dozen Lamp Chimneys out of Twelve Old Bottles Which had Been Filled with Champagne, and it was, Indeed, an Outrageous Crime Witnessing Them go to Waste.

By Ellis Parker Butler in Good Housekeeping Magazine.

WAN day whin Oi was afther rum-magin' in me cellar, Oi found wan dozen champagne bottles goin' t' waste, an' 'twas a pity t' see thim go t' waste. Oi tuck a look at thim an' Oi seen they was all in good condition, excipt they was full av champagne-wather. Puttin' th' twelve bottles t' wan soide, Oi went inta th' back yar-r-d, where th' grapevine do be, an' from th' grapevine Oi tuck wan av thim long curly tendrils. A frind av mine so happened t' be th' prisidint av th' United States Steel Company, an' Oi sint him th' long curly tendril from th' grapevine, an' Oi said, "Wud he mek me a duplicate av it in timpered steel?" Shure, he was glad t' accomydate me, because wance me old man was afther buyin' a share av steel stock from him, whin no wan seemed t' want anny.

'Twas not six weeks whin Oi resayved back from th' presidint av th' steel trust th' timpered steel imitation av th' curly tendril av th' grapevine.

Onta th' upper ind av this, an' cross-ways, 'twas no thrick at all t' fix a clothes-pin. Oi thin pressed th' sharp point av th' lower ind av th' steel tendril inta th' cork av wan of th' champagne bottles, an' twisted th' tindril around. Thin, by pullin' sharp upward on th' clothes-pin, an' at th' same time houldin' th' bottle toight betwane me knees—which Oi had covered wid rosin to prevint th' bottle slippin'—Oi drew out th' cork.

Oi thin removed th' cork from another bottle, an' emptied th' contints down th' drain, excipt a small tumblerful, which Oi also drank.

Oi thin removed th' cork from another bottle, an' emptied th' contints down th'

drain, excipt a small tumblerful, which Oi drank.

Oi thin removed another bottle from th' cork an' emptied th' drain down th' contints, excipt a small tumblerful, which Oi drank.

Oi thin bottled another small remove—from th' tumbler—excipt a small corkful—which Oi drained—an' contented th' drank down th' bottle.

Oi thin tankled a bump from 'nother dottle an' Oi mean Oi dunkled a tump from 'nother cottle—you see, me frind, Oi mean Oi drankled a kump—Oi mean Oi cackled a—Oi mean Oi conkled—Oi—Oi—well, annyhow, Oi did it t' all thim twelve bottles.

Thim bottles was now all impty, an' Oi steadied th' house wid wan hand an' counted th' bottles wid th' other. There was twenty-seven left out av th' dozen!

Be this toime th' house was revolvin' rapid, an' Oi sot on th' floor an' counted th' bottles as they wint by. There was sixty-four av thim. Oi clumb t' th' kitchen table an' produced out av th' drawer th' can-opener, on th' hind legs av which was a glass cutter. Oi crept back carefully t' th' bottles, and seated mesilf in th' cinter av thim, and thim goin' around me continuous. By pritindin' indifference t' thim, an' springin' at thim whin they was off their gyard, Oi was able t' catch thim wan at a toime. Whin Oi had thus caught a bottle Oi held it firmly down—by lyn' on it—an' wid th' glass cutter Oi cut off th' bottom an' th' neck av it. These Oi put t' wan soide, an' what remained av th' bottle made an excellent lamp chimney.

Whin Oi counted thim, Oi found Oi hed siviny-two!



A Harvest Scene in Western Canada.

Vivid Impressions of the Great West

What the Record Breaking Harvest Now in Progress Really Means to the Dominion — The Big Things Canada Possesses and in Which This Country Leads the World are a Constant Reminder Never to Forget our Sense of Responsibility and Appreciation.

By G. C. Keith.

A BUMPER crop! No other word can describe the harvest of 1908. Reports from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba bear tidings of the high standard of quantity and quality of the record yield of 1908. In some sections forty bushels to the acre have been gathered, which is in no way regarded as extraordinary. About 6,000,000 acres were under wheat crop this year, and the total yield will not be less than 120,000,000 bushels, as compared with 80,000,000 bushels last year. In Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba the increase of area in wheat is 468,000 acres.

Seeding operations opened early and fine growing weather continued during the summer months. What hopes and fears filled the hearts of the farmers as the season advanced, no one can tell. Would rain ever come? Yes, it came and just when it was needed. Those days when it grew cool and then quite cold told of hail in the air. Some poor farmer's grain was laid low, but the sun shone and the grain erected itself,

the heads filled out and a smile illuminated the yeoman's face again. With mingled feelings he watched his grain until the harvest—and what a harvest! Seventy millions of dollars to jingle in the pocket and furnish capital for further extensions. A Klondike never meant so much to any country as those large, red storehouses along the railroads, filled to overflowing with A1 Canadian wheat.

The steam horses are already busy hurrying the product eastward, and the new G.T.P. will have a share in carrying the 1908 crop. Twenty-four million pounds of binder twine have been consumed in Western Canada, due to the exceptional conditions which required two and one-half pounds per acre. With the immensely increased facilities this bountiful yield of wheat will be marketed five months earlier than usual, every available box car being put into use. Another opening oceanwards through Hudson's Bay, the third largest inland sea of the world, will at some future time be available for the shipment of West-

ern grain. Hudson's Bay extends far into the centre of Canadian wheat fields, and transportation by water is cheaper than by land. We realize in a measure the vastness of this inland sea, lying wholly within British territory, when it is remembered that it is six times the combined size of the Great Lakes with their connecting rivers.

Canada has the largest consecutive wheat field in the world. The largest grain mill in the British Empire, the Ogilvie, is in Montreal, and has a capacity of 4,400 barrels of flour every 24 hours. The biggest elevator in the world, with a capacity of seven million bushels, is at Port Arthur, and the G.T.P. will build a ten million bushel elevator at Fort William.

At the present time the eyes of the world are looking towards the rolling prairies, watching the wheat as it is being prepared for the markets. If one chances to reach the West in a rain or snowstorm his first impressions will be rather of a sticky nature for no words in the English language can describe Western mud. Through Manitoba the country is rather flat, but in Saskatchewan and Alberta may be seen the great rolling landscape. It was one Saturday night that I realized how beautiful is the unbroken prairie. I was huycking along the old government Yellowgrass trail towards Regina. It was raining a little, but I was anxious to get up north, and my pony was loping along at a steady gait out of sight of any shack, when suddenly the sun broke forth in the west and disclosed to view the first complete rainbow that I had ever seen. The sun shone



Moose at Banff.

on the hundreds of acres of beautiful roses and daisies, sparkling with the raindrops, and methought of the words of Bryant:

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations far away.

And like Bryant my thoughts went back to the Mound Builders, who first lived in the West and the Redmen who followed and how now in the autumn one can gaze on miles and miles of golden grain waving in the wind waiting for the reaper to bind it for the storehouse.

It may be interesting to trace a little Western history and follow its progress from the time the great Hudson's Bay Company's explorer, Alexander Mackenzie, traveled westward, he being the first white man to cross Canada to the coast, which he reached in 1793. Previous to this Mackenzie had discovered the river which bears his name and opened up new country for the Hudson's Bay fur trade. Nestling in a little depression near Mount Brown is a beautiful little lake out of which flows to the north a stream under the name of the Athabasca River, then as the Slave River and lake, and finally the great Mackenzie. From this little lake at Mount Brown flows another stream and this winds its southern way through the States under the name of the Columbia, and it was down this stream Mackenzie went to the coast in 1793. For his discoveries Mackenzie was knighted in 1801.



Driving to a Town just Two Weeks Old.

VIVID IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT WEST

While Mackenzie was making discoveries inland, Captain Cooke was roaming up and down the British Columbia coast. The Spaniards, too, had exploring parties, and many Spanish names are still retained along the coast. It was after a midday on Capt. Cooke's vessel that Vancouver Island was named. Vancouver afterwards made important discoveries and drew maps of British Columbia for the British Government. It was not long after this that gold was discovered in British Columbia, and there was a rush of lawless bands of Mexicans, Texans, Californians, Yankees and a

ple, and each of the new Provinces is four times as large as New York State, and their total territory is as great as Central Europe. Canada itself is the same size as the European continent. For comparison take a map—a world's map. Note that Germany could be put down in Quebec and not fill it, Spain could be placed in the Lower Provinces, France in Ontario, and still leave room, while Russia—European Russia—could be put in the Northwest and bolstered in with all the petty kingdoms. Turkey could be dropped in Lake Superior and brought up with a purer administration.



A Level Country for Miles Upon Miles.

heterogeneous mass of Chinese gold diggers who flocked into the country. Then after this some semblance of government was instituted and from that time progress was made.

In the other Western Provinces, however, there was little or no progress until the C.P.R. was completed in 1886. Since then there has been a steady growth. Some idea of the size of the West will be gained when it is remembered that the old district of Saskatchewan alone has been estimated to be able to support over 200,000,000 peo-

In connection with the wheat fields, Hon. Clifford Sifton issued a book which illustrates what a great wheat belt we have for Indian Head is the largest local wheat receiving station in the world. One picture shows Uncle Sam and John Bull driving through the Canadian wheat fields, Uncle Sam is standing up with his hands shading his eyes from the sun, and he says: "Well, brother John Bull, you may have a great country, but I cannot see it for the wheat."

The West is like a huge cauldron into which all nations are pouring their people,

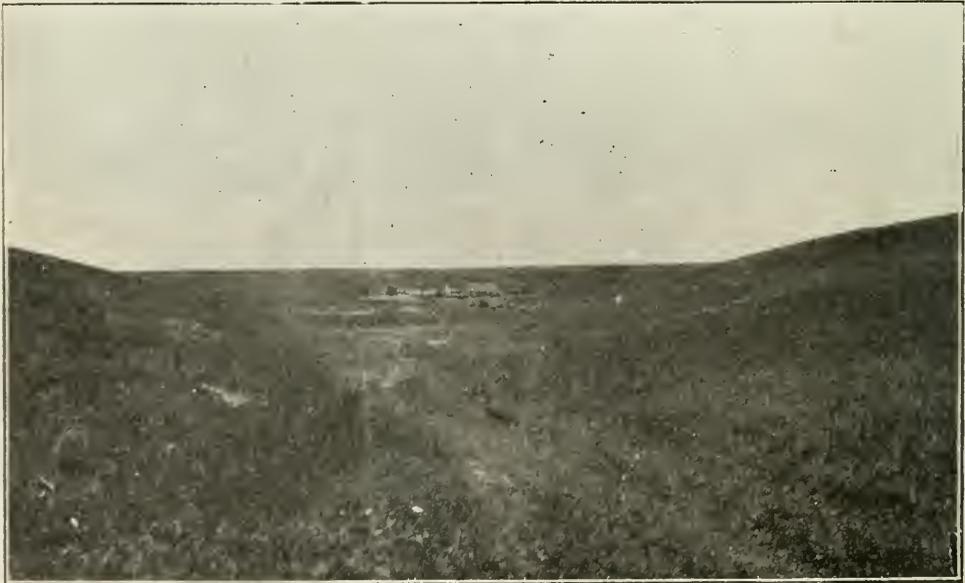


Threshing Operations on the Prairie.

and they are being boiled down into a Canadian nation. The best portrait of the West is another picture in Mr. Sifton's book. It shows a happy band in a Canadian wheat field, led by Johnny Canuck, who wields the baton, all singing joyfully together, "The Maple Leaf Forever." There is Uncle Sam looking a little thinner than usual, the stripes on his trousers a little narrower than ever, John Bull, a little more

corpulent and prosperous than usual, the Irishman with his shillalah and shamrock, the Scotchman with his bagpipes, the Frenchman, the German, the Gallician and others, and with Johnny Canuck at the head, they all join in one grand harmonious chorus—"The Maple Leaf Forever."

There are yet millions of acres to be tilled; the mineral wealth has been practically untouched, and that of Ontario and



A Homestead Located Between the Hills.

British Columbia is just waiting for engineers and prospectors to reveal it. With the advent of the G.T.P. and the Canada Northern, along with the older C.P.R., who can say what future lies before us!

When the sun rose o'er Cape Breton and rolled its ceaseless course westward on Dominion Day, 1867, it bathed in a flood of light a country containing as great, if not greater, possibilities than any other opened to civilized man. For was it not the beginning of our Canada as a Dominion, with an enviable climate breeding a hardy race to be known henceforth as Canadians, a Government founded on the principles of liberty and freedom, and behind all a lib-

erty-loving people with illimitable resources in the field, the forest, the mine and the river. Since the founding of Quebec three hundred years ago, wonderful progress has been made. Let us not, however, be carried away by our prosperity and potentialities, but remember the beautiful lines of warning in Kipling's Recessional:

If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe --
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law --
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget -- lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!





The Taft Family Rendezvous at Murray Bay.

From Left to Right: Mrs. Henry Taft, the Secretary, Mr. Chas. P. Taft, Mr. C. P. Taft's Daughter and Mr. Henry Taft.

How Mr. Taft Spends His Holidays in Canada

The Pleasures and Pursuits of the Presidential Candidate at His Summer Home on the Banks of the St. Lawrence — If Elected Will his Executive Office Debar Him From the Privilege of Enjoying his Annual Outing Outside the Domain of Uncle Sam? — Some Glimpses at the Home Life of the big Republican Statesman.

By A. S. Warner.

HON. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is a stupendous figure in the eyes of the people just now—and for some years he may occupy even greater pre-eminence in the world's galaxy of distinguished rulers.

Who can tell? November next will reveal the tale and permit a deeply interested public mind to learn definitely whether the Republican candidate for the highest office in the gift of the American commonwealth will hold sway for the coming quadrennium at the White House. The possible future

President is a decidedly picturesque personality. Even as a private citizen he could not evade a certain degree of publicity. His size, weight, build and smile would command attention anywhere. Additional interest is aroused in Canada in the former Secretary of War and his Presidential aspirations from the fact that, for the last fifteen years, he has been in the habit of spending several weeks with his wife and family at his summer home, Murray Bay, Quebec, where his brothers, Charles P. Taft, the Cincinnati editor, and Henry W.



Hon. Wm. H. Taft.

Taft, the New York attorney, also have hot weather abodes.

The home life of Mr. Taft is an ideal one, and his happiest hours are those passed in the companionship of the members of his own fireside and nearest relatives. Every summer on the north shore of the noble St. Lawrence he is a welcome guest, and the little village of Murray Bay holds a warm spot in his affections.

Twenty-two years ago Mr. Taft was married to Miss Helen Herron, daughter of Judge Herron. They began wedded life on Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, when the Secretary was a poor but ambitious lawyer. Mrs. Taft has proved to be an earnest, sympathetic and cultured helpmate of her illustrious husband. Their family numbers three bright members, Robert, the elder boy, being a clever student at Yale; Helen, the sixteen-year-old daughter, a brilliant pupil at Bryn Mawr, and Charlie, the ten-year-old lad, is the nerve-racking centre of the home.

Mr. Taft and his family will not be at Murray Bay this season. This annual pilgrimage and pleasure they will have to forego owing to all the time of the great

Republican leader being occupied in campaign work, preliminary to the strenuous struggle two months hence. Until the outcome of the battle of the ballots is known, the Tafts have removed from their handsome home in Washington to Cincinnati, but their friends speak of the Ohio city as only their "temporary abode." President Roosevelt has sought relaxation for years at Oyster Bay, Long Island, a fashionable American watering place, but Canada finds favor with Mr. Taft as it does with thousands of others from across the line.

Naturally the sayings, doings, thoughts and habits of Mr. Taft have of late been recorded frequently. For instance, his personal appearance is the constant bogey of his wife; his disregard for correct attire is due to his antipathy of all pretence and sham. William Allen White, a Kansas newspaper editor and a personal friend, tells a good story of the Secretary's visit to the Czar of Russia during his trip around the world last year. Taft was to call upon Nicholas at nine o'clock in the morning, and had a two-mile ride from the house where he was stopping to the Emperor. He arose about six very quietly, so as not to disturb his wife, and proceeded to dress as quickly as possible. In the darkness and his hurry he forced his toe through one trouser leg just above the knee. The trousers were his "Sunday" pair—the only black pair that he owned—so he called a bell-boy and instructed him to have them mended as quickly as possible. When they were returned half an hour later they looked decidedly the worse, and Taft sat down to remedy the botched job of the Russian tailor. A quarter of an hour's work resulted only in a second rent finding its place beside the original one. Smilingly Taft arose, found an old black sock, cut off the foot, and drew the remaining portion up over his knee so that it would show through the holes in his trousers. Then he donned the "best" suit and drove off to keep his appointment with the Ruler of all the Russias. Mr. Taft is big-hearted, and, in a quiet way, he does much to relieve misery and want. He was once heard to declare that the only way he could be sure of keeping two suits in the house was to wear his second best under his new one. The smile of the man is proverbial. It reaches down to his heart, and his laugh

is a jolly, whole-souled one—not a forced cachinnation.

No better story of the geniality of Mr. Taft has been told than that by Alex. Pujols, who, in *Success Magazine*, says: "It was in Iloilo, Island of Panay, P.I., where I first saw the great and only original genial hand-shaker and dispenser of good-humor—William H. Taft. If there was any one that had a certain vocation down to a science, it was Taft. He was the one that introduced the 'glad-hand' system from one end of the Philippine Archipelago to the other. Wherever he went, it was with the hearty hand-shake and the hand-to-heart talk that went straight to the affections of the simple native.

I well remember when Taft arrived in Iloilo. About a thousand natives in holiday attire welcomed him, also the president of the town, who was a small, dried-up little man, weighing probably eighty pounds. It was with great ceremony that big Taft was handed from the steam launch to an open carriage. As he sat down he seemed to expand and spread all over the seat until almost nothing could be seen of the mummified little Filipino who sat next to him.

After a drive through the town—of course Taft had been grasping the hand of every one he could reach—they arrived at



Taft Attends the Union Church on Sunday.

the president's home. Taft started to alight first, and as he backed out of the carriage one side it sank down, lower and lower, the little president following close up. Finally Taft was on the step. The nervous little Filipino was trying to give assistance. Suddenly Taft removed his great weight from the step and the open carriage snapped back to its original position with a sudden jerk. The little president, just as if he had jumped off from a spring-board, shot over the other side of the open rig into the street.

There was no doubt that the big Secretary wanted to laugh, but that was out of the question. As they walked into the house together, Taft, genial as usual, said: "I know you were getting impatient waiting for me. It's my misfortune to be big, clumsy, and slow. If I could only get down to your manly size, my dear Mr. President, if I were as nimble and spry as you, I would always make my exit like that." And Taft rippled all over with joy as he started to distribute glad hand-shakes to every one within reach."

At Murray Bay he enjoys relaxation and release from official cares. Among his pastimes are golf at which he is an adept, tennis, picnics, taking long strolls and enjoying the splendid outlook from the wide



On the Dock to See the Arrival of the Boat.
Secretary Taft, his Brother Charles P. Taft,
and his Brother's Daughter.

HOW MR. TAFT SPENDS HIS HOLIDAYS IN CANADA

piazza of his home. Many a summer morning has seen him swinging off down the laurel and wild honeysuckle paths with his arm through a heavy picnic lunch basket and his family beside him. If the master had a holiday, why should not the servants get one too?

On the golf links in careless outing garb—sometimes without a collar—he will play for hours, and it is reported that few men can defeat him on the links. He can make 18 holes in splendid score. He has the gift of humor, can tell a good story himself and is not slow in appreciation of the point or mirth in a tale related by another. Tennis is another hot weather diversion of Mr. Taft, and in this recreation his young son, Charlie, can generally vanquish his father.

Many stories, some of them true and others probably conjured up, are told of the stalwart Republican candidate. He has never been known to visit a barber shop if there was any other way to get shaved. "Yes," he said recently, "I wish that I could cut my own hair, too. I always shave myself." The bulky Secretary does not bestow tips for every-day services. He is not niggardly in the matter of personal expenditure, but he is not a friend to the too prevalent and annoying habit of giving a hand-out to those who perform ordinary attentions for which they are well paid. On the high road to success, prosperity and home building he has been greatly helped by his thoughtful and tactful wife. Mr. Taft, a score of years ago, was an attorney with his future to make. When he received



Mr. and Mrs. Taft on their Piazza.

a liberal retainer or a generous fee he would bring it home. Tossing the bank notes into the lap of his spouse he would, out of the largeness of his heart, exclaim: "There, my dear, go and get some pretty clothes—a barrel full of 'em." His faithful companion would, perhaps, buy herself a new gown, but the major portion of the donation was stowed away for a rainy day. Thus they worked hand in hand in the great labor of home building and providing for any future contingency or needs. Mr. Taft is an optimist and has abiding faith in American people and American institutions.

An interesting point is that, while he has for years spent his summers at Murray Bay, will he, in the event of being elevated to the Presidency, be able to occupy his lodge on the St. Lawrence? It is an unwritten law that the President during his tenure of office does not leave the territory over which his jurisdiction extends. The head of the Administration has never done so, although there is no statute against his roaming beyond his own domains, should he desire to travel. The question is an interesting one, and the query arises, would he be President *de facto* while away? Would not the Vice-President have to temporarily discharge the duties and relations of that exalted office, sign all official papers and for the time being act as official executive? When the Governor-General of Canada strays beyond the confines of the broad Dominion some one—generally a judge of



Mr. Taft, his Daughter Helen and Son Charles.

the Supreme Court or the Minister of Justice, is sworn in as Administrator pro tem. Should the President of the United States seek rest and health abroad during his regime, he could not, it is maintained, exercise while away the executive powers and judicial privileges of his position. This is the view generally accepted, and no President of Uncle Sam's domain has, within the memory of the present generation, been "lost, strayed or stolen." If successful in the contest next November, Mr. Taft will probably have to pass his summers for the next few years on American soil or on some soil over which his country possesses a protective or satrapical authority. In other words, the destination of his pleasure peregrinations will be limited by his jurisdiction. Such being the situation—unless precedent is shattered—the habitants of Murray Bay as well as the periodical so-

journalers at this delightful retreat, will sadly miss him and the charming members of his happy household. The French-Canadian villagers, who know the jovial, kind-hearted Secretary as simply "M'sieur Taft," will mourn the removal of a lively member of the heterogeneous group who go down to the dock to witness that event of the day—the incoming of the boat. At the little church which he attends on Sunday and modestly declines a front pew, even when conducted to it, preferring much to sit near the rear, he will also be much missed, while on the golf grounds, the streets and in the stores—in fact, in all places where folk most do congregate—his absence will be regretfully felt, for, does not Murray Bay, in many respects, look upon the possible President as her very own?

SOLITUDE.

The solitude of hills, or of the sea,
 The solitude of dense far-stretching woods,
 Have naught in them of loneliness for me,
 Who love the songs of elemental moods.

But in the city streets, where myriad feet
 Pass here and yon in hurried onward press,
 'Tis there I find a wilderness complete,
 And taste the woes of utter loneliness.

—John Kendrick Bangs in the Cosmopolitan.



Jacques Cartier Square, Nelson Monument and City Hall, Montreal.

A Man Who Stands by His Convictions

Some Outstanding Characteristics of the Man who is Head of the Commercial Capital of Canada — Mayor Payette of Montreal is Rich in Prophetic Vision and a Leader who Really Leads — An Enthusiastic French-Canadian who Took Prominent Part in the Recent Tercentenary Celebrations.

By C. D. Cliffe.

“EVERY man should be taught some useful art. His hands should be educated as well as his head. He should be taught to deal with things as they are—with life as it is. This would give a feeling of independence, which is the firmest foundation of honor, of character. Every man knowing he is useful, admires himself.”

These wise words were reported to have been spoken by Mr. Louis Payette, Mayor of Montreal, when referring to the value of technical schools. They serve well to preface a reference to him, now that he has been prominently in the light that blazes on conspicuous people; partly through his strong service to the city and partly through his speeches in Paris and at Quebec in connection with the Tercentenary celebrations.

To be Chief Magistrate of Canada's

greatest city, the place where he was born, 54 years ago; to have accumulated a comfortable competence and to be honored and respected by all who know him, is the enviable lot of Mr. Payette, who is that rare product in civic life to-day—an honest man. At the Commercial Academy of the Christian Brothers at Montreal, an even featured, dark-haired, good-looking boy is remembered especially for his exemplary conduct; his aptitude and accuracy in mathematics; his keen appreciation of relative values, and his cautious, penetrating observation, all of which characteristics have marked him in his successful life work as builder and contractor. His father was a successful contractor, and it is not surprising that he began early in the work. Prior to branching out for himself, he managed his father's business. Young Payette

saw into the future away back in the eighties and early qualified himself by a special course in architecture and mathematics suited for construction. What a man does is what he is. Thus much of Mayor Payette's character is revealed in what he has done and what he is doing.

Thrift was in the young man's blood. Behind that broad, energetic forehead was born an earning capacity that made itself felt early. Long before the restlessness of coming manhood led him to visit the United States on a business widening pursuit, he was operating in the market as one of the leading builders in Montreal. Education is a matter of desire, and young Payette traveled about the big cities of the United States observing by practical methods the art of construction. He noted how to build big things, such as railways, bridges, docks and wharves. The wanderlust satisfied, he returned to Montreal where activities were calling him. He had mastered the builder's art. Structure followed structure, and his name became one to conjure with in construction. So then when the C.P.R. were a little particular about the erection of the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Mr. Payette was given the contract. So perfectly was the work done right on time and without a hitch, it was only a matter of time when the Place Viger Station and hotel in Montreal was placed to his credit. He also completed the fine extensions to the Windsor Street stations and offices; the C.P.R. Telegraph building on Hospital Street, and many others, including the St. Laurent College, La Presse building, St. Louis School, Hochelaga Bank of Quebec, and other bank buildings in Ontario, to say nothing of many sumptuous residences dotted all over the City of Montreal and other cities in Eastern Ontario and Quebec. His own private residence on Laval Avenue, Montreal, is a model and speaks for the man. Not only is it magnificent from an architectural point of view, but it is absolutely covered with flowers of various descriptions. Again the character of the man is shown by silent symbols. Glance inside the house and more is revealed of the Mayor's aesthetic qualities. On every side are signs of simple elegance and good taste. Lovers of art would at once be struck by the paintings by Canadian artists, the works of Maurice Cullen, Cote and dozens of others who have been

helped and practically encouraged by Mr. Payette. In fact, on his recent visit to Europe, his secretary remarked that the Mayor declined to purchase when in Paris, any pictures of artists not Canadians. His house is replete with other works of art, but this fad of helping Canadians deserves all praise. The Mayor loves good books, is proud of his literary France; joys in fine miniatures, in portraiture, and, above all, delights in the art divine, being himself a violinist. When he really wishes to forget his civic worries he resorts to his violin, and he is no mean student of the instrument. All his life from his direct and truthful childhood, firmness of character and honesty of motives have ruled his life.

He was early in life considered a leader among his own people, and as he matured, his interests were notable in schools, churches and society generally. Along in 1900 he was noticed especially for a public utterance which was to the effect that the world had reached a point where as a vital problem, the production of wealth was secondary to the question of how it should be distributed. It was, then, a natural sequence, a cumulative consequence, that when St. Louis Division desired a good alderman in 1902 he was elected readily. His presence in the City Council was felt at once. Sane, cool, courageous, and serenely hopeful. Ald. Payette listened to everybody, made no sign, and then did what he thought best, which was often directly opposite to his advisors. Time almost without fail, proved his judgment to be correct. He is inclined to be so strong in his defence of his views as to be called stubborn, yet he is rich in prophetic vision. He succeeded Mayor Laporte as chairman of the Finance Committee, and Mr. Laporte styled him as the strongest leader of the Council Montreal ever had. He was one of the few leaders who really did lead. He never spoke out of his turn. When the time came for him to act he hit the nail on the head and generally carried his point or had it done for him. It was again a sequence that last February when Mayor Ekers resigned that he heartily endorsed Mr. Payette as candidate for Mayor. He was elected by a handsome majority and was supported by the wealthiest and most influential men of the city.

During Mayor Ekers' regime, Mr. Pay-



Louis Payette, Mayor of Montreal.

ette was a power to all his ruling. When the trying problem of making a satisfactory contract with the Light, Heat & Power Co.—the contract of a monopoly—was before the Finance Committee, it will be remembered that Ald. Payette brought in experts from McGill and elsewhere to test the situation. He spent nights in sitting over this matter, and finally when he was ready he went before the City Council and made a proposal which at the time was not appreciated. He had the courage to stand up and defend his plan by saying that the Light, Heat & Power Company had the city by the throat and it behooved the Council to make the best possible bargain of the inevitable. The daily press fumed and stormed, declaring that he was in the hands of the monopolists, but the stolid chairman of the committee faltered not. Again, as in every single case, time has proven him to be correct. Next November the contract made two years ago with this Light, Heat & Power Company expires. Nothing is being done to renew that contract, which was for \$60 per arc lamp per year. Never in the wide world, so the writer is informed by one of the Power Company's leading men, will this contract be renewed at less than \$90 or \$100 per lamp. Had Mr. Payette's proposition been given attention at the time, it was a case of signing a ten or twenty-year contract at the \$60 rate. It is the old story of being misunderstood and being bigger than one's environment. Character is evolved best by those who forget character and lose their lives in public service. Privately, the Mayor favors a Board of Control, and is a bitter enemy of the patronage system now in vogue at the City Hall. Grafters get no sympathy from the Mayor. His reputation is unflecked. He is generous to a fault to all suffering people and his donations to the leading charities, regardless of creed or race, would run into very large sums. His opposition at the Mayoralty contest was fanatical, and it must have been satisfactory to Mayor Payette, not only to have won easily, but to find that a few months after, that the man who wanted to be Mayor and who had villified not only himself, but former Mayor Ekers, was arrested on a serious charge of defrauding a bank of which he was manager.

To be close to Mayor Payette is like ranging alongside a sensitive, highly strung

mechanism electrified with life, so suggestive is he of sustained power and action. His walk is deliberate and yet quick; he is well built and straight, well groomed and keen appearing. Clear and cold of eye, immobile of visage, firm of jaw, with an unyielding mouth, his face is, nevertheless, flooded with kindness. He talks in a low, soft voice, through which runs a genuine and attractive French accent, and there is about him the sense of fine courtesy so characteristic of his race. In short, he is adamant and velvet, a bad man to have for an enemy, but a good one to have for a friend. He is life governor of Notre Dame Hospital, is a J.P., a member of and officer in a dozen or more important French benevolent and fraternal orders, including Union St. Joseph and the Artesans. He is a member of the leading clubs, French and English, and a director of several leading financial and other corporations.

He lost his only son at the age of 25 years, who was a musician of great merit and known well in artistic circles in Montreal.

His only daughter is at present in Paris where she accompanied her distinguished father during June last at the Tercentenary celebrations. She remained there after the father returned home. Mayor Payette made a notable speech in Paris which was quoted all over the world. When he returned on July 8th to attend the celebrations in Quebec, he gave the following interesting interview:

"From every point of view my visit to France has been crowned with success. Wherever I have been I have not failed to tell our brethren overseas that we are today part and parcel of the great French people, that we remain devoted to our motherland, but that we are loyally attached to England, which has never put any obstacles in the way of our expression of our devotion to France.

"The celebration at the Sorbonne, on June 14th last was a brilliant success, of which the Duplex Committee, who organized it, have every reason to be proud. Canada, her past, her present and her future, afforded us a subject for discussion for three hours before three thousand Frenchmen. This has produced in France a strong movement sympathetic to Canada, and it is easy to understand now how the visits of our great public men, such as Sir



Residence of Mayor Payette, Montreal.

Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Messrs. R. Prefontaine, J. I. Tarte, L. P. Brodeur, R. Lemieux, W. S. Fielding and Lomer Gouin have left behind them deep impressions by which our country cannot fail to profit.

"During my sojourn in Paris, London and Brussels, I interested myself keenly in several matters of interest to Montreal—above all, those concerning the issue of our loans and the improvement of our roads as well as the general improvement and embellishment of our city. I found that on the other side of the Atlantic they do not enter upon such matters without having first prepared and approved of a general scheme, and that the work done each separate year always conforms to the principles of this general scheme. In this way their cities are made beautiful for strangers' eyes to behold. I propose to make certain representations to the City Council on this subject at a later date.

"Accompanied by Mr. Doumic, I had the pleasure of meeting the Minister of Fine Arts in Paris. We asked him to endow Montreal with a number of plaster casts for our proposed museum, and with the assistance of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, we have reason to believe that our requisition will be successful. In London I made the same request to the British authorities.

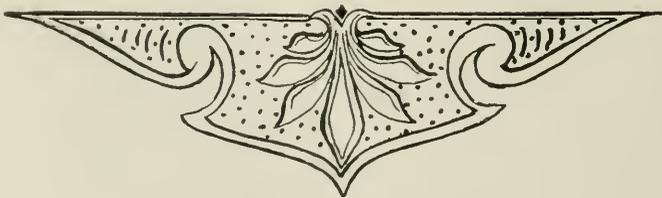
"This spring there has been a more than usual invasion of Paris by visitors, and the cost of living has increased consider-

ably in consequence. On the streets all languages are spoken, English above all, for Americans and Englishmen are unquestionably in a great majority among the tourists. The 'entente cordiale' between France and Great Britain is a very real and live sentiment to-day, so much so that, as a French writer has pointedly said: 'Both countries are held together by the Channel.' '(Les deux pays se tiennent par la Manche.)'

"In London, apart from a colony of a hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen, there is a large number of French tourists fraternizing with the English everywhere, but more than anywhere else at the Franco-British exhibition, which is being held in London at the present time.

"This exhibition, which I have visited and gone over in detail, has been a brilliant success, and my Canadian pride was flattered when I saw that the most impressive pavilion, and the one most beautifully decorated, was that of my own country. Those who conceived the idea of holding this exhibition and put it into execution deserve our heartiest congratulations, for their success has been complete."

Mr. Rene Bauset, the assistant city clerk, who accompanied the Mayor as secretary, is equally enthusiastic over the tour, and he, too, was particularly impressed and flattered, as a Canadian, by the splendor of the Canadian pavilion at the Franco-British exhibition, London.



Study the Art of Compliment

If we Hope to Get Much Enjoyment out of Social Life we Must Take the Trouble to Show Ourselves Well Disposed and Must Know How to Turn Indifferent and Insignificant Occasions to Account.

From the London Spectator.

DURING the last few generations the cultivated world has lost something of its frank appetite for praise. Dr. Johnson's acquaintance who made a living by writing flattering dedications and selling them for a fee to literary aspirants would be unemployed to-day. Ready-made compliments do not please the majority. We have become incredulous. Doubts about our own talents and virtues are easily aroused. We cannot enjoy flattery unless the flatterer can persuade us, if not that we merit his encomium, at least that he means it; and we cannot give strong praise unless we can persuade ourselves that it is more or less deserved. Bribery and servility, of course, exist; but they are at a discount among the educated. A former generation were like schoolboys. The upper classes could swallow any kind of sweet thing with which the literary pastry-cooks of their day could present them. The more luscious it was the better they liked it and the more highly they paid for it. What the great ask for and accept becomes acceptable in a lower class. In many ways speech was rougher than it is now. An age of compliments was also an age of insolence, and perhaps extremes of bitterness and sweetness in some degree counteract one another. Nowadays we have become more refined. We could not stand the blows, nor stomach the praise, of the past. Flattery which we perceive to be flattery covers us with confusion—unless, indeed, we belong to very conspicuous places in the world, and the sugary offering is wrapped in a newspaper.

No doubt the times have changed for the better. With inevitable intervals for reaction, the times always do. Yet there was

something to be said for the frankness of another day. We all profess so much unconsciousness now, and the profession is something of a sham. The great are still conscious of their rank, the rich of their power, the gifted of their talents, and all but very good people of their virtues. They are more than ever anxious to be reassured as to the real worth of all these advantages. So many disturbing doubts have lately been instilled into the public mind. Have they a right to their money? Most rich men are conscientiously convinced that they have, but the atmosphere is full of questions, and confirmation is agreeable even to the convinced. Is there anything real at the back of the notion of birth? All highly born people, and very many others, think that there is a great deal, but the matter is, as every one admits, arguable. Talent is commoner than it used to be, and its degrees are matters of opinion. As to virtue, an uncomfortable idea is gaining ground that men must be judged by the amount of good they do rather than the harm they leave undone. Altogether, we are all as anxious as ever for polite assurances, only we cannot accept just any sort. "How great and manly in your Lordship is your contempt for popular applause." Dryden wrote to Lord Sheffield—a sentence which could no longer be written by any literary man to any lord in creation. The recipient would laugh, though he might still like to have the idea more delicately conveyed to him. A noble Lord of to-day who read a dedication beginning: "I fear it may be considered a boast rather than an acknowledgment to say that I have received the highest honors from the Lord T——," would think that a begging-letter had been,

by a printer's error, substituted for a preface. Snobbishness has taken new forms. Society has, at least in theory, been democratised. Moral monopolies are claimed no longer. We are all sure, whoever we are, that we have as much right as any one to all the gifts and all the virtues, and, in theory at least, do not think them unbecoming in any one. The following complimentary epitaph, written by the poet Thomson for the tomb of a great lady would be nowadays impossible. She possessed, we read, "virtues which in her sex and station were all that could be practised, and more than will be believed!" We hear a good deal to-day about the antagonism between the sexes; but no one would venture to suggest that the greatest even of the pre-eminently masculine virtues was "unbelievable" in a woman, and no one regards any virtue as quite impracticable (or unseemly) even in a duchess.

Genius, of course, can always rise above fashion. The fashion of extravagant praise could not mar the beauty of Ben Jonson's poems. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" has not lost a ray of lustre in three hundred years, nor have the beautiful verses which Ben Jonson wrote to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, telling her how he had imagined a perfect heroine:

"I meant to make her fair and free and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great.
I meant the day star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like effluence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride——"

and then declaring that he has found his ideal in his patroness.

There is still an art of compliment, and it is still practised worthily and unworthily. The flatterer of to-day deals little in words. He acts, and, above all, he imitates. We all imitate each other with a pitiful diligence. All classes try to dress alike, talk alike, and

even think alike. With a sad want of dignity, men and women fear to take their own line—to show the kind of hospitality which best befits their incomes, to wear the clothes most convenient for their work, to talk upon the subjects which interest them, to express the disapprovals which the class above them ridicule, and the admirations which offend the fashion-leaders of literature and art. Where the many are thus influenced by the fashion of imitation, it is not wonderful that the few become flatterers. Clinging to individuals who are, as they think, above them, they study to please by all permissible means, find new methods of offering incense, and by copying closely proclaim their sense of their model's perfection.

The art of compliment may, however, be well worth the study of all those who value the pleasantness of life above its pleasures. Graciousness is never out of fashion. We must tell our friends from time to time what we think of them. There are reserves which blight the whole beauty of life. But we must be at the pains to tell them in the right way, for friendship in some of its aspects is an art. Again, if we hope to get much enjoyment out of social life we must take the trouble to show ourselves well disposed, and must know how to turn indifferent and insignificant occasions to account. This cannot be done without consideration. A "pretty speech" is a form of present, one of those little gifts which, according to the French saying, cement great friendships; and when one desires to make a present it is worth while to try to find out what will best please. They are happiest who know by instinctive sympathy, but surely those who take pains to find out have nothing to be ashamed of. Setting aside the great essentials of happiness, health, family affection, and the love of work, it is probable that nothing—no amusement and no hobby and no "pursuit"—contributes so much to the pleasantness of life as the traffic in kind speeches. It may become an affectation or even an insincerity, but as long as it is kept within due limits by the allied spirits of frankness and common-sense, it makes for peace, good-fellowship, and contentment, and is part of the art of life.

How She Answered the Call of Home

The Method by Which a City Stenographer Saved a Return Ticket and Convinced Her Flattering Associates That all is Not Gold Which Glitters.

By Carl Williams.

"I SUPPOSE that all this seems very tiresome to you," said pretty Nelly Briggs as she slipped into a chair beside Carol. "It's not much like your swell parties in the city. They must be grand."

Carol smiled and nodded an absent-minded assent. She was beginning to hate the farce she was playing. Ill-health had sent her back to Broadwater, and her old associates in the little town had taken it for granted that because her few dresses were well tailored and her feminine knick-knacks were better than those sold at the Boston Store, she had prospered mightily.

She had not told them that the dresses were last year's styles purchased at the bargain counter after infinite sacrifice, and that the knick-knacks which seemed so precious in Broadwater eyes were the odds and ends of remnant sales. She had permitted them to believe that her life was one round of gayety, and it was all that they in their wistful imaginings pictured.

She was beginning to hate herself for the acted lie. At first it had been very pleasant to receive the homage of her associates; to read the nice things that were said about her in the Broadwater Bulletin, and to speak grandly of "in town," but now she found that it had set her upon a pedestal apart from the rest and she was minded to step down and mingle with the crowd.

Only two days remained of her vacation, and this dance had been arranged in her honor, marking the termination of a round of festivities. As the guest of honor Carol shared her dances impartially with all applicants, dividing a dance between three or four of the boys, but Nelly's remark had dampened her pleasure in her belleship.

It was not at all like the parties in the

city. The town hall was no more dingy than the places at which were held the only dances she attended. More, it was clean and bright, and no insistent calls of the waiter jarred the sensibilities and reminded the merrymaker that patronage of the bar was considered indispensable.

A piano and cornet constituted the orchestra, and they were playing last year's selections. Carol smiled as she contrasted their playing with the fifteen-piece bands at the summer parks near town, but the atmosphere was altogether different, and with a sigh she realized that in a few days she would be going back to the tawdry glitter of the city, where she was only one of the lookers-on at the real events, and where her own field was restricted to the people in her boarding house, the few congenial girls in the church club to which she belonged and the half-dozen men in the office where she spent her days bent over a typewriter.

Seth Morey came up to claim the first half of the next waltz, and as she placed her hand in his he said, as Nelly Briggs had done before him:

"I suppose it all seems foolish to you. I guess you're used to men in dress suits and all that."

Carol thought of the men who danced with their hats on the back of their heads, and only smiled in reply.

"I'm thinking of coming to the city next fall," continued Seth. "I guess I need a little polishing up."

"You're better off where you are," said Carol wearily. "If you'll take my advice, you'll stay here."

"Of course we can't all be as clever as you and get ahead as fast," he said, stiffly.

"There's Tommy Madigan. I think he has the second chance at this dance."

Carol knew as well as Seth that Tommy was not next in turn, but she accepted the exchange and went whirling about the hall with him, while Seth sat in a corner, glowering upon the crowd of dancers, and fiercely assured himself that he was foolish to imagine that a girl like Carol would care for a country fellow like himself, after she had met so many smart men in the city.

Humbly he admitted the truth of her suggestion that he could not make progress in town, and he succeeded in becoming thoroughly miserable.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked as she came from the dressing room in her smart coat and furs.

"If—if you won't be cross again," assented Carol, slipping her arm through his. "You know very well," she added as they descended the stairs, "that Tommy Madigan was not next on my list, and yet you got angry because I urged you to stay at home instead of trying your luck in town."

"I know I was foolish," he assented a little sadly. "I'd stand no chance with those city-bred fellows. You always were clever and could get ahead."

"It isn't that," explained Carol. "I'm going to tell you all about it, Seth. It's all been a big mistake. Everybody up here supposes that I am doing so well that I can afford to come home for a rest without waiting for the summer vacation. That's not it at all."

"But you're here, and it's only April," he reminded her.

"I'm here," she went on, "because I broke down trying to live and dress myself and do everything on seven dollars a week. I had to have nice clothes or I could not get a place. I had to put my money on my back instead of into my food. They have no use for a girl who does not convey the impression that the office is a prosperous one. I'm sick and tired of it all and I loathe the idea of going back."

"You wouldn't care to stay on here," he declared incredulously. "You don't have

half the fun. This was a big event to-night for us. Just contrast it with the times you have in town."

"I have, that's what makes me so miserable," she confessed. "In town I don't go to the great balls you read about, unless it's to stand outside in the street and catch a glimpse of the rich people as they go in. My balls are in halls smaller than this town hall, and they're horrid. When I go to the theatre it's to climb to the top gallery to hang over the rail and see only a part of the stage."

"And you'd rather stay here, in Broadwater?" he asked. "You'd rather live in this sleepy old town than in the city, with all the lights and life?"

Carol looked about her. An April rain that afternoon had left the air cool and sweet. The scent of moist earth and of growing things filled the air with fragrance and the moon touched with kindly light the little huddle of houses gleaming white against the soft, new green of the budding trees.

Then she thought of the city, with its noisome streets, the trenches smelling of gas pipes and sewers, of the reeking pavements and the harsh glare of the electric lights.

"You don't know—the city," she said, with a little sob in her voice. "It's a vampire, merciless and menacing. It sucks your life blood and throws you aside for fresh victims."

"Then why go back?" asked Seth quietly. "I haven't spoken before because I thought that you never would be content with Broadwater again, but if you want to stay, dear, can't you stay—as my wife?"

"I have the return half of my ticket," she objected. "I can't waste that."

"I'll get one, too," he suggested, "and we'll go together—on our honeymoon."

"I'd like to go back to the city—for a honeymoon," said Carol shyly, "it seems a shame—to waste the ticket."

"We'll save it," cried Seth jubilantly. "I'm grateful to the city, since it sent you back home—to me."

What Cities are Doing for Their Children

How Play Grounds, Roof and School Gardens are Being Established Which Will Result in a Better and Stronger Type of Youthful Citizenship—The Moral Influence and Uplift Will be Almost as Great as the Physical.

By George Ethelbeth Walsh in the Craftsman Magazine.

ONE of the most urgent problems the modern city has to face is the need of making such provision for its children that they will develop morally and physically into good citizens. A "childless city" is an inconceivable proposition; yet, if we are to accept the conclusions of some writers, the little ones are not wanted and their presence in the streets constitutes a public nuisance. But no one can quite imagine "race suicide" carried to the extent of totally eliminating all the boys and girls from our cities, so must a solution of the problem gradually work itself out.

In New York especially, the "race suicide" question is of secondary importance to the problem of what to do with the children already with us. A picture of a crowded street in the tenement districts is illuminative. In the foreground and background there are children—babes in the arms of mothers, boys and girls playing in the middle of the street, mischievous urchins climbing fire-escapes or fighting among themselves, half-grown children lazily gossiping or hanging around the corner saloons, all trying to find some outlet for their animal spirits. The middle of the street in some sections is so crowded by children at play that it is almost impossible for a wagon to thread its way through them safely at any speed greater than two or three miles an hour. The toot of an automobile horn is a signal for a general rush for the sidewalks, accompanied by pushing and shoving that endangers the lives of the smaller ones. Through some of these crowded thoroughfares run street car lines, and it is manifestly not so much the carelessness of motormen as it is the fault of present congested conditions that

an annual toll of many innocent lives is exacted by our street railway companies.

In summer the condition of the tenement children is rendered almost unbearable. The sultry temperature drives them from stuffy tenements, and the hot pavements scorch and hurt them. They attempt to play a little in the shadow of the brick walls of their home in the early morning and late afternoon hours, but at midday they become languid and slothful. At night they seek the roofs and fire-escapes where they may catch a little of the passing breeze, and through the torture of it all they slumber fitfully until the dawn of another day repeats the story.

The city owes certain debts to the children which are just beginning to be realized. They are not intellectual debts, but physical and moral. The physical debt has been contracted through the artificial environment imposed upon the children. The cities have attempted to rob them of their birthright of free and independent expression of their physical natures. They have taken away their playgrounds, their fields and woods, their trout and fishing streams, their very dooryards. The result has been that the children have degenerated morally and physically, and the citizens of the future must suffer as a consequence. The work of restoring these natural rights to the city children must develop through years of planning and farsighted policies, and the children mutely demand it. It was no choosing of theirs that they were brought into the world between brick walls and hot pavements.

Children, to retain their physical, moral and mental balance, must have breathing and exercising space and a normal de

velopment of all their faculties through association with natural conditions. This is the problem which many cities are seeking to solve. Compulsory physical exercise does not always produce the desired results. The physical training in public schools for this reason falls far short of the ideal. The children find no pleasure in it, for to make pleasure out of exercise the imagination must be stimulated. This is best accomplished in games, and outdoor games under congenial surroundings are always the most productive of good.

Taking all the factors together it is the city's duty to provide open air playgrounds for its children, workshops for the development of their creative instincts, farms and gardens for the healthful exercise in the cultivation of new life, and places of amusement, such as indoor gymnasiums, bowling alleys and swimming pools for recreation in winter. These are the things which the normal country child has provided for him by the very nature of his environment, and the city has robbed its children of them through artificial conditions, and these are the things that must be restored if the children of the cities are to produce types of future citizens the nation needs.

New York is facing the problem acutely. Chicago is only a little better off, and the other large cities are treading the same thorn-strewn road. The park systems are being extended at a great expenditure of public money, and these breathing spaces are being more and more used for the children. Not many years ago the parks of New York City were beautiful places to look at and pleasant strolling grounds, but they were not in any sense of the word playgrounds. To-day they are turned over to thousands of children for open-air recreation. Any day in spring, summer and fall, tennis, baseball, cricket, lacrosse and other games are in progress in Central, Van Cortland, Riverside and other municipal parks. The old sign, "keep off the grass," is rapidly disappearing. The city is partly atoning for its past neglect of the children by opening the parks for their unalloyed pleasure. The change has in no way injured the parks, but rather has increased their value by making them useful as well as ornamental. In the boroughs of Bronx and Queens provision is being made to accommodate the vast army of children

who in the near future will people the outlying districts. New York is spending millions for its parks where a few years ago it spent thousands. It is true that these expenditures are made only indirectly in the interest of the children, but whether they have this purpose distinctly in view or not they must prove a blessing for future generations of boys and girls.

The small parks in the congested districts of the city are of more importance in the solution of the city-child problem than the larger playgrounds in the outlying districts. The few additional "breathing places" on the East Side of New York where open air gymnasiums are established have proved a great boon to the little ones. The river front parks, with their free swimming and bathing houses, have cost the city millions of dollars in the past ten years, but they no more than represent a part of the debt the city owes its children. The contemplated extension of these parks and swimming piers includes also more recreation piers, indeed, the need of the city is for sufficient recreation piers, river front parks and swimming places to accommodate the whole population of boys and girls. Within the next ten years many more millions of dollars will be expended in this direction.

Chicago has had similar experiences with her small parks and recreation centres. The attempt made in that city to provide within the city limits a comprehensive system of small places for the recreation of the poor is the most costly yet undertaken by any municipality. The fourteen recreation centres have already cost Chicago seven million dollars and from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars annually to maintain each one. In these playgrounds there are clubhouses, gymnasiums, baths and athletic grounds. The attendance on all pleasant days has been so large that the city authorities feel that the money has been wisely invested. The extension of this system of outdoor recreation centres for children is now being considered, and as fast as the money is appropriated new small parks will be opened and equipped. Chicago is better prepared to cope with such an experiment than New York, for it has no such narrow congested section as the lower East Side of the metropolis, and the cost of land for park

WHAT CITIES ARE DOING FOR THEIR CHILDREN

purposes in the poorer quarters is much less.

The question of establishing outdoor recreation centres in the older parts of New York is one that involves an immense outlay of funds, and the solution of the problem must be reached in other ways. One that has been suggested is to utilize the roofs for playgrounds. Half a dozen schools have playgrounds on their roofs, and many commercial buildings have roof gardens and gymnasiums where young and old can play at games at the noon hour. But to make this innovation of real value to the children of our cities the roof playgrounds would have to be planned on a comprehensive scale. At present there are many acres of flat roofs which are wasted. The construction of extensive systems of playgrounds on these by the city would relieve the congestion in the streets below and make the mortality among children far less than it is to-day. No city has yet made any extensive attempt to utilize the roof space for park purposes and playgrounds, but New York is reaching the point where it must look for more space either above the ground or below. It is not likely that the children's playgrounds will be placed underground and the only other place left is above on the city's roof.

Architects no longer leave out of consideration the question of utilizing the flat roofs, and many of the new buildings designed have model roof gymnasiums and gardens. Some of the model tenements are provided with similar equipments where the occupants can safely turn their children loose to play. A number of new plans of model tenements now under consideration will emphasize the use of the roofs for recreation centres more than ever. These contemplate the building of complete outdoor gymnasiums, gardens and playgrounds for the younger children, including trees and plants, all surrounded by a high wall to prevent accidents. In the summer time these roof gardens of the tenements could be utilized for sleeping purposes, and it is proposed to erect poles thereon so that several tiers of hammocks can swing to the cool breeze. The importance given to the value of outdoor sleeping for consumptives and others suffering from pulmonary ills has led to the consideration of such improvements in the tenements. It is one of the surest methods of combating

the "white plague" now so threatening to the densely crowded tenement people.

One of the greatest needs of boys and girls in our cities is the opportunity to cultivate the soil and learn the secrets of nature's growth and development. The work of making flowers and plants grow has long been recognized as having great influence in awakening dormant faculties in the child's mind. The country boy is brought up under such environment that he learns from infancy secrets of nature which the city boy of the tenements may never understand. Years ago the present movement to bring nature closer into the lives of the poor children was started by encouraging the growth of flowers in pots and boxes. On a summer's day one may see the window sills of the poorest tenement houses decorated with flowers and green plants. The fidelity with which some of the poor will tend their few plants indicates their appreciation of even such glimpses of nature. Following this cultivation of plants in the tenements, the public school authorities took up the question of teaching students in the schools the art of flower and plant cultivation from seeds. Some of the schools have excellent gardens in their windows where the children daily get practical illustrations of how nature increases her species year after year.

But this has not been enough, and the school garden has been evolved from the few indoor attempts at window gardening. The school garden has flourished in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland and many other towns and cities. The first school garden was started seven years ago under the auspices of the Boston Normal School. To-day there are a dozen such gardens in Boston and the suburbs where boys and girls have the opportunity to do manual work and learn real gardening and farming. The school garden as a factor in village improvement has spread throughout the land, and scores of small towns and villages have established such gardens for their children. At first these gardens were used only during the warm seasons of the year, but now they are kept open from frost to frost and in a few instances attempts have been made to roof over a part of the land with glass, and carry on operations through some of the cold months.

The establishment of such gardens by

the different cities is no longer in the experimental stage. Their value has been fully demonstrated, and the cities owe it to the children to make such provisions for their welfare. Topography here as in many other respects is an important factor. New York is more hampered in this respect than most cities, but school gardens planned for the boroughs of the Bronx, Richmond and Queens mark the spread of the idea. More and more will the boy of New York and other large cities have the opportunity to "garden" and "farm" his small place even though it is only a few feet square. There are many waste places and empty fields close to the densely populated districts of the cities which could be utilized temporarily for such school gardens and the movement is gaining headway to induce the cities to pre-empt these for the children.

A number of cities have entered more or less tentatively into the work of establishing summer camps for the children within their boundaries. The Fresh Air Fund, which has done such noble work in the past, is not sufficient for the future. It would prove less costly in the end for the cities to acquire wild land within a reasonable distance and establish summer camps for the children where they could spend weeks and months living in tents and out of doors. These summer camps under the control of proper men and women would prove valuable beyond any present estimation. The land could be obtained at a nominal cost and the city could send its charges there every summer, especially the sick and

weak. Camping, farming and playing in the fresh air would within a few short months transform many an undersized and backward child.

These summer camps should multiply in the future as rapidly as parks and recreation centres have in the past. With them will come gardens and workshops. It is estimated by philanthropists who have studied the question that such farms and workshops could within a few years be made almost self-supporting. The handling of tools is a necessary part of every boy's education and instead of compulsory work in the shops it should be made selective.

The duty of our cities has not been thoroughly appreciated in the past, but the boys of the future will have a better time of it than those of the past or even of the present. In return for the immense sums expended in their interest the cities will get better and stronger children. The average type of citizenship will be raised. The moral influence will be almost as great as the physical, and this will affect our percentage of crime. There will be less need to increase our cost of police protection at the present rapid rate and our asylums and hospitals will not be filled so steadily with the wrecks of humanity. The normal child is a strong, healthy animal, physically as well as morally, and anything which robs him of this birthright must be abolished or its influence counteracted. We cannot abolish the city, but we can modify its environments so that it will less systematically and persistently destroy the little ones.

"It is not the amount of power we possess that counts. It is the way we use it."

"The duty that lies nearest is often the one we fail to see, yet is the one that most needs doing"

"The secret of life is not to do that which one likes but to try to like what one has to do."

"Happiness is increased not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart."

"There would not be so many tired people in the world if men would stop climbing hills before they got to them."

The Failure of the Professional Woman

The Fair Sex is by Temperament Mentally Unfitted for Struggle in the Open Arena
— Any Professional Employment has For her the Aspect of a Temporary Makeshift
or an Amusement — Her Ultimate Thought Generally is and Should be Marriage.

By Mary O'Conner Newell in *Appleton's Magazine*.

“THERE was no warmth for me on all those altars. * * * I was always to return to myself, be my own priest, parent, child, husband and wife. * * * The life! the life! Oh, my God! shall the life never be sweet?” Before woman was recognized as a Cause, and long before business barriers were let down for her, she who was given a more immediate intellectual recognition by brilliant men than has ever been accorded to any other American woman, Margaret Fuller, wrote and felt thus. The words sum up the whole conflict of the woman in professional life, which is the almost always enforced choice between public life and the home, between business and true wifehood and motherhood.

Over her own signature, the most admired actress in America to-day writes: “Had I the great decision to make over again—and knew what I know—it would be for those things which would surround me with a family and a few intimate friends. Art denies us the one thing in life that I have come to believe is best worth while, a strong personal influence exerted within a small circle, benefiting a few, and these few supremely.”

In answer to the question of what he thought of the woman in business, a man said he had known but three kinds—the kind that married, the discontented, unhappy kind, uneven in its work, and the desexed kind. The last, he said, was the only successful kind. It was the third-sex exit from the dilemma that Voltaire took with priests.

The “thoroughly feminine” woman in business, as men regard her, is the most common phenomenon of all, and at the

same time the despair of the statistician. She is one in whom the spirit of coquetry rules, innocently or otherwise. Often she makes a cometlike success, through the combination of pretty dress, pretty manners, and a seasoning of professional information which, by wiles too deep for average penetration, she employs with deadly results in conquest. How the staid dictums of Cooley on “Torts” or of Butler on “Diagnostics” could be added to a woman’s armory of coquetry is as unfathomable a riddle as woman herself. Marriage, however, swallows up this charming invader with saving frequency.

Others of the kind we see failing and falling into the rear ranks all around us—perennial seekers, permanent applicants, who have not even made a success of a sort, women equal to keeping a home beautifully, but homeless, that is, lodging in hall bedrooms, or striving precariously to keep life together and satisfy home instincts in studios or tiny flats, all with bees of restless ambition buzzing in their bonnets.

This sort mostly think that it can paint or write. One woman comes to mind, for years the bane of editors, and still to be feared. Wherever you find her she is keeping house, and doing it well under the most exasperating conditions, such as sharing kitchen privileges or keeping lodgers, just to meet the rent. No caller ever comes so inopportune that she will not make tea or lunch for her; and for a him she has been known in the late hours of the evening to concoct a pie, biscuits, or a cake, in pure love of showing off housewifely accomplishments.

There are many of her type, leaving out



"The natural haven of such women is marriage."

THE FAILURE OF THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN

the ability to keep house, which few professional women possess, be it said. They are the care—I was going to say curse—of editors, theatrical managers, art dealers, and business men generally, who dread them for the hopeless work they do, but employ them at intervals, because the womanhood of the women makes its appeal, and because they feel a charitable inclination to avert disaster, for the work of such women is always presented with the intimation, delicately conveyed, that starvation is imminent.

The natural haven of such women is marriage, or else they become hopeless derelicts, and worse, under the guise of following a skilled profession.

Then there is the class of women who do their work bravely and conscientiously, and refuse to trade upon the fact that they are women or seek concessions that would not be made to a man. Neither do they carry their personal troubles to business with them. If mental equipment, training, and health are equal to the demands, they become brilliant lights in their professions. Of such women there are a few, but the fact is, that they are too few to count in the balance. Most professional women of the conscientious, hard-working sort are always tired out and nervous, often sad and discontented, or they fall into the third class, the desexed, as men see them.

We all know her, for she goes everywhere, sees everything, and knows everybody, does her work well as a rule, but whether her work is well done or not, she herself has evolved from a decentred, aimless state into a something that dainty women find inexplicable, and that men call "a good fellow," while thanking Heaven in their hearts that all women are not like her.

The desexed woman anchors herself firmly, and experiences a certain complacency in doing so, to the bleachers of life, paying her little quarter as cheerfully as may be. Then she tries to see the game from a man's point of view. She drinks and "skates" just as a man might, sits around until morning in all-night restaurants, exchanges conversation on all subjects, sustains herself with a cocktail on rising and a cigarette at intervals, and tries to believe, and even convinces men, that there is no woman's nonsense about her.

To sheltered women she is incomprehensible. Other women see in her one answer to the problem how to be happy with nothing to think about but work, and are appalled.

Of course, women as a class have not become enmeshed in professional and business life, which are about the same thing, through their own desires, but through the working of economic forces beyond their control. The socialization of home industries has altered women's status, and in many cases forced them upon the world. But in the world they are not making the place for themselves that they formerly held in the home, as equal factors with men. It is clear that, in the professions today, men are quite equal to the demands. There is no function of leadership, in other words, that any woman possesses that some man cannot exercise as well as she. The doors of opportunity are being closed to her again, because opinion seems to have crystallized into the belief that woman has not "made good," in the sense that she can stand alone, well supported, successful, and unanxious, upon her own work. One does not mean necessarily that the professional woman has failed, that she has not earned a living, or made a reputation, or both, but that she has not made herself an indispensable part of professional life, a factor of undisputed worth.

The opinion even of women on this subject is strangely unanimous. They are not satisfied with the position in which they stand in business nor with what they stand for. They have become unsettled about themselves and their ability to fight successfully shoulder to shoulder with men, given the opportunity, and are looking to themselves, for a wonder, to see if the explanation lies within.

Woman has failed to "make good" her pretensions to consideration as an independent leader and thinker in the professions and in business. Almost nowhere in the high places do we find women. Very few are they among physicians of note, few among lawyers, and few as executive heads of colleges or holders of professorial chairs, few among the ranks of editors. And in the teaching and newspaper fields they have had great opportunities, whatever may be the case to-day. As actresses, they seem to be made or marred at the will of the manager, as was exemplified in a

recent noted case. They have had control of fortunes; they have had sway in kitchens; they have always taught; they have always acted; yet men are the great financiers, cooks, teachers, managers of theatres. In no profession are women independent factors, standing on their worth, snapping their fingers at clamor, as certain strong professional men do, whom to name would be invidious. "Here's to woman, once our superior, now our equal," is true neither of what it alleges of the past, nor what it asserts of the present.

George Meredith says in one of his novels: "The men called great who have risen to distinction, are not men of brains, but men of aptitude." Whether this be true of men or not, it is eminently true of many business women, in this sense, that women of mediocre abilities in their professional line are those who shine most brilliantly in the limelight of publicity, through the exercise of "aptitude."

The fields of club life and municipal charities have been the forum used by ambitious women to give the impression of professional success not really theirs. Just as public opinion often proclaims a successful politician to be a great lawyer, so the newspaper has often built up for a successful club woman with letters after her name, a reputation as a leader in her chosen profession.

Upon examination, it turns out that the success of a great many women of wide professional repute is only club-made or municipal-charity earned. The leading women of any profession are of necessity too busy, as a rule, to have time for clubs or active public life. By this no unkind reflection is intended, merely the statement of one fact. The fact of the usefulness of the philanthropic work to which club women devote themselves is evidenced by the splendid mass of philanthropic legislation in which it has resulted. An eminent lawyer said not long ago: "I was inclined to take the club woman lightly until certain investigations brought me into the field of legislation for children and dependents, and I noted that the vast body of it had been engineered by women through clubs. Since then, I take off my hat to the woman's club."

"Lots of girls don't succeed in work because they don't believe in work." This explanation of woman's nonsuccess came

from one end of the scale of working women. "Women don't know anything—very much," said the cleverest business woman I know, when asked for a clue to the cause of failure in general. "Kipling's 'Lord, what do they understand?' applies to more women than the objectionable servant girls he spoke about," said she. "Not that I believe that men have all the brains, but their experience in a shrewd worldly environment helps to conceal what they don't know, whereas woman's evolution from simple home surroundings favors exaggerating her ignorance."

A wonderfully capable, retired woman physician, who, too, holds that women have not lived up to the promise of earlier years in the professions, gave this answer: "Women expect too much for too little work. They are the victims of their vanity. They think they should know intuitively everything that a man is content to learn by long experience. They expect the success of a lifetime for a few years' work. They will not 'dig,' they will not wait."

Putting his head to the problem, a man writes thus judicially: "Women will not take the same trouble as men to protect their industrial efficiency. They are mentally lazy, though capable of extraordinary endurance when impelled by sympathy or affection."

It comes about to this, that woman will not pay the price of success, for one reason or another.

To begin with, women are temperamentally unfitted for struggle in the open arena. They are and ever will be, as long as they are attractive, lovely and lovable to their own and the other sex, with certain rare exceptions, creatures to be swayed by the sympathies, to be appealed to through the heart. If professional reasons, that is, the common sense of business life, stand in the way of succoring unfortunates, to the womanly woman it will always be, so much the worse for business, not, as with the man, so much the worse for the "down and outer." The ideal of the sex does not include coolness of judgment.

Neither has woman a sense of abstract justice, a working sense, that is. In other words, she takes everything personally. If any of her family has suffered from the inroads of the burglar, she thinks burglary should be made a capital offense. If some one dear to her has narrowly escaped dan-

ger through being mistaken for a burglar, she holds thereafter a brief for all criminals of the burglarious type. If she would only announce the grounds for her beliefs, much that is mysterious to man about her ratiocination would be clear. But she never does.

No one likes a woman less for all this, only, in the phrase of the society world, "she does not belong." The world outside the home is so conditioned that sympathy, sweetness, tender-heartedness are all liabilities of the most dangerous type. Woman comes to the contest burdened not only with them, but with a more highly specialized nervous organization, a deficient education usually for the task before her, even when she has the college "isms" at her fingers' ends, and a love for home life that active business life in almost every instance prohibits.

No man faces in business the alternative of giving up home and children. There is some one always willing and glad to provide these for him, if he has the inclination and ability to support them.

What an object the woman is usually who has persons dependent upon her for support. All know the type. As one woman expressed it, who has made a varying struggle, never successful from the purely business point of view, but made modestly so by the sympathy she has aroused: "I remind myself of a cat with one kitten, seeking ever a permanent lodgment, and never finding it: picking the kitten now out of one corner and putting it in another: driven from the corner, carrying the small morsel of being to the seat of a chair: routed from that by superior claims of man, seeking the barn, only to return to the house and do it all over again."

So it is with the mother who tries to practice a profession and not separate from her child. Oftentimes the object of sympathetic assistance, always devoted to a ceaseless, if not fruitless struggle—for the situation is out of joint, anyhow. The physical care of the child, which should naturally devolve upon the mother, must be delegated, now that she is the bread-earner. Hence the unending chain from boarding house to boarding house, to relatives, back to mother again when the strain of parting becomes too heavy, then a trial of flat life, then a period of boarding out again, then

back to grandmother, and so on and on, until the child is "raised."

Doubtless a woman could do, but doubtless a woman seldom does, all that is necessary to reach the very topmost rank in her profession, and the explanation is this, first and foremost, that, floating in the misty future of every woman's contemplation is the mirage, shall we call it? of marriage that shall bring economic freedom. Just about the time a professional man is ripest, and receives his first conspicuous promotion, his former feminine colleague is most thoroughly engrossed with maternal duties, having had all of a "career" that she cared for. Therein lies the chief weakness of woman's position in the professions, though her crown of glory otherwise.

"Liberty! Independence! I hate the words!" burst out a usually taciturn school teacher, at one of the Saturday morning gatherings of a group of school teachers. She was very pretty, but stern, and had never given indications of a soft heart, wherefore she had been raised above all the others to a principalship, and a salary that would have supported a family in comfort.

"Liberty," she shouted like a new Patrick Henry, "liberty for what? To be alone, to have no one that cares, and not to care to do anything. Independence—of what? Of all that everyone is seeking. What's the use of getting a larger salary every year, what's the use of traveling, of cultivating one's mind? Will anyone tell me what's the use of it all!" Shortly afterward she resigned, and married a chiropodist—and the world wondered.

Working at any professional employment has to a woman the aspect of a temporary makeshift or an amusement. Her ultimate thought generally is, and should be—why not?—marriage; and marriage, not her choice of a profession, is to be the final arbiter of her destiny. She may go on—in many cases she would prefer to go on—or she may stop. All depends upon the "inexpressible he." Even the few who purpose continuing to the end of their days their professional course uninfluenced by marriage are deflected from their charted course by marrying.

With amusement, as well as with a sense of the hopelessness of expecting women to stand upon their own feet as professional people, I heard the mother of a daughter

who had been graduated with distinguished honor in an unusual profession for women tell, with no apparent feeling of inconsistency, that her daughter, just married, was studying her husband's profession, with a view to adopting it and abandoning her own. Here was a woman who had chosen her own profession—a strong-minded woman, men would call her, and a masculine profession—had fought against heavy odds in college and beyond to establish her right to pursue it, and straightway, upon marrying, did the characteristically feminine thing, threw her profession out of doors, and dedicated her fine mind to her husband's service forever.

When women who are leaders make such sacrifices gladly, can one believe that the rank and file will ever establish their claims for consideration as independent intelligences?

While on this point, something might be said of the part that many women play in supplementing, even in supplying the intellectual resources of their husbands to make them what they are in their professions. A wife behind the scenes does oftentimes more to advance a man's worldly station than a whole library of Blackstones. If brilliant women got half the mental assistance from husbands and brothers that many men get from wives and sisters, it is quite probable that I should be here explaining why professional women succeed, instead of why they fail. Many great men have not been the greatest stockholders in the marital mental copartnership, though they have drawn the biggest dividends. Women are nobler than men in this respect.

I remember, at a dinner at which many professors were present, asking in all innocence if a Professor Palmer, whose name was mentioned, was "the husband of Alice Freeman Palmer."

"Ho, ho!" and "Ha, ha!" they laughed. "Listen to that! Brilliant Professor Palmer has become simply 'the husband' of Alice Freeman Palmer. See what becomes of a man who marries a famous woman!" Not a man present would have objected to being identified as the holder of such-and-such a professional chair, or as the partner in a business firm, but they would resent being known as "the husband of" anybody, from Aspasia downward. To a man they would have shrunk from a marriage that would have lifted

them into the bright white light of public acclaim, if the spot light was intended primarily for the woman.

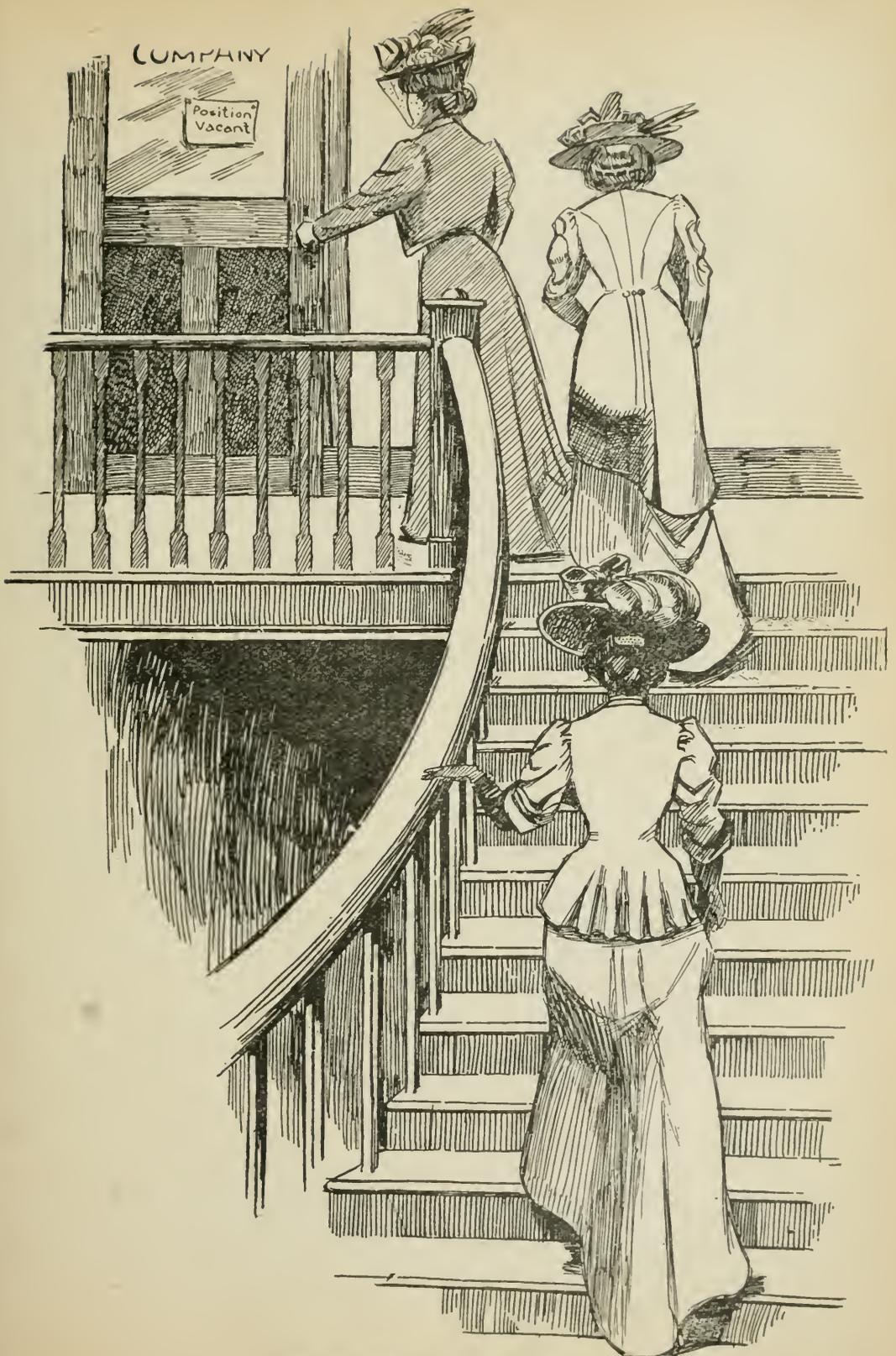
So you see there are reasons and reasons why women do not keep on with their professions after marriage.

The argument that men will not give the exceptional woman an opportunity, owing to prejudices and personal conceit, even now when woman has established an equal right to work at a professional calling, may be disposed of under the head of impermanency through possible or probable marriage. If a woman is as capable an applicant as can be found for a position—which she seldom is—and does not get the position, she has not been kept out of it because of prejudice, but of well-founded knowledge that she cannot be counted upon as a fixed quantity.

The lack of the ballot accounts for something in weighing the failure of women to reach their greatest efficiency—humorous paragraphs to the contrary notwithstanding. Only the other day a prosy, slow-going city accountant, far removed from the sound and fury of the suffragette movement, told with glee how he had held back for weeks the expense account of a woman city employe, though he had no doubt of its correctness. "What right has she, anyhow, to be drawing six thousand dollars a year of the city's money, when a man like me only gets twelve hundred dollars?" said he. "She ain't got no vote, and employing her don't win no voters."

A leading suffragist, admitting the present unsatisfactoriness of the situation with respect to woman's advancement, attributed it to working under men's conditions. Said she: "If we cannot work under conditions imposed by men let us make conditions of our own. Why suffer passively the exactions of a man's world? There are enough of us to make it a woman's world. Say we cannot keep an even, uniform pace in our professions for a lifetime, as men do; let us get the ballot, reorganize things, and make the work world a world that we can live comfortably in, since live in it we must, comfortably or uncomfortably."

Taking things as we find them, women must work under men's conditions, and that she has not yet learned to do. She has the disqualifications which are imposed by nature, but sometimes it seems to the observer that she overcomes her natural



"Perennial seekers, permanent applicants."

handicaps with far greater ease than she surrenders the self-imposed ones or those that are the result of wrong training. As has been said, women will not work hard enough, nor wait long enough, for the success they crave. They despise anything short of spectacular results that shall say to the beholder: "See, I'm but a young woman still. And here I am, at the top round of the ladder, while men many years my senior are still toiling at the bottom." Too often a spectacular young woman at the top is there only by newspaper report. And when ripe knowledge in her line is wanted, the plodders are the ones to impart it.

About conserving physical and nervous energy, most professional women know nothing. A remark frequently heard from women is: "I can turn out twice as much work as Mr. Blank." They overlook the fact that Mr. Blank has set a pace that he will keep comfortably possibly for forty years, and that they will not last ten at the rate they are going.

They do not save their strength in the way men do, by amusing themselves when not professionally engaged. Instead, they "fix over" their dresses, clean their flats, work on Christmas presents, and so on. "Puttering," Clara Barton declares, "is what causes more professional women to break down than any other one thing." She says that a woman cannot afford the luxury of being her own seamstress, housekeeper, nurse, and so on. "When you are not working at the business which is your very life, rest or play, don't putter."

Added to other handicaps, women burden themselves with unsuitable dress. A man's clothes are loose, his shoes sensible, and his hat light and easily removed. He has no frills or fripperies about himself or his clothes to consume time in dressing. Infinite patience is required to adjust a woman's clothes so that they will stay "put," beginning with her hat, which, however sensible, still must be held on with pins, and be taken off with difficulty. She has much hair, which requires time and attention, and she adds the wearing of a veil to the rest of her cares. Loose as her clothes may be, the styles compel her to bind her neck and waist and feet. The simplest shirt-waist costume, straps her in and exhausts part of her energy. Before she begins work, she has put enough en-

ergy into dressing and wearing the clothes to carry her through half a day, especially if the season is unsuited to what she has on, which it usually is. In buffeting rains and wind, holding on a hat that is as a sail to a tacking ship, with skirts that wind and bind, with hair disheveled, and feet probably wet, she manages to reach her place of business, to begin a fair contest, as she thinks, with mankind.

Lack of business foresight in women is notorious, when it comes to saving money. Since they do not intend to be permanent, they squander their incomes and accustom themselves to a more lavish scale of living than the men who wish to marry them can afford, with the common result of unhappiness after marriage. Or if unmarried, as the years pass on, they begin to hear the tread of a new and fresher generation at their heels, as men have heard it for business ages—only men have had the foresight to prepare for it. Then comes the chilling apprehension of ultimate poverty, a future with no money saved, a smaller income or none, luxurious habits to support, no one to turn to, no family to love, nothing to represent forty or fifty years of living, twenty or more of professional experience, and much money earned. Courage and enthusiasm have ebbed. Life has become a thing to be feared.

There follows the state of mind which results in the daily tragedies in the newspapers, as when, last February, a capable woman, self-slain, wrote: "I am not afraid to compete, even in New York. I could build up as good a business here as I had in San Francisco, but what is the use? Even though I should attain the success for which I would start, it could not bring a single hope into my life or joy to my heart, so, wherefore struggle?"

It would not do to leave out of a consideration of woman's failure to attain the success hoped for from her, an allegation often brought against the conscientious sex, if I may so call it, that is, that it is dishonest and untrustworthy in business life. This is the way one man who has dealt with many professional women put it: "Women are too tricky and elusive. You cannot pin them down to anything, or believe what they tell you, if their interests lie in another direction. I can tell if a man is living, but a woman—never! That is why I am coming to have as little to do

with them in business as possible. It takes a woman to handle a woman." Brokers tell me that a woman will go with open eyes into a deal in which she foresees success. Let failure ensue, and in nine out of ten cases, I am told, she will try to repudiate her bargain. She has no code of business honor, and some say no sense of honor at all. The accusation works hardships to her in business.

Woman is being driven back into the home—and in many cases there is no home. It behooves her to examine into her position more closely, take herself more seriously as a business factor, and strengthen her intrenchments, if she wishes to remain, or must remain, on the field of fight. She should copy men more assiduously with respect to business foresight and business honor, lay aside the vanities of sex and its wiles, mend her manner of dressing—in a word, model herself on man's pattern.

Can she do so? Will she? And if so,

will life be worth living to her after such a labor of readjustment and conformation?

In mind, the business woman always figures to me as one tilting insecurely on a high office stool, straining her own and the onlooker's nerves—man, as one sitting back comfortably in an armchair, looking and feeling able to advise anyone on the question of success.

Only as the mother, the Madonna della Sedia, with babe in arms, little ones clustered about her knee, does any woman attain the magnificent serenity, the poise of man, secure in the business world which he has created after his own image and likeness. Let me close as I began, with a quotation from Margaret Fuller, who became Ossoli, and the mother of a son:

"In earlier days I dreamed of doing and being much, but am now content with the Magdalen to rest my plea hereon, 'She has loved much.'"



The Thirteenth Move

How a Millionaire Capitalist Adopted Patient and Peculiar Methods to Capture a Lonesome Lady, for Whom, he Frankly Confessed Before the Hastily Performed Nuptial Event, That he Did Not Entertain the Slightest Affection.

By Alberta Bancroft in McClure's Magazine.

IKEY stood on the street corner and fingered her veil to keep passersby from seeing her lips tremble. She was sure that she was going to cry right there in the open and she was furious about it because she did not approve of weepy females.

"If you dare," she whispered fiercely, "if you dare, I'll — I'll — you shan't have that nickel's worth of peanut candy, or those currant buns, either."

This threat proving effective she turned, head held high, and entered the bakery.

There was the usual Saturday afternoon crowd, jostling on the shoddy thoroughfare. To-day the jostling was intensified; for the car strike was on in full blast, feeling ran high, and demonstrations were being made against the company. Now and again a car passed slowly up or down the street, drays and express wagons blocking its progress wherever possible, scab conductor and motorman hooted at by San Francisco men and beplumed ladies for their pains.

Ikey looked at the mob in disgust. Then she hurried around the corner and away from the scene of commotion.

"And to think that it has come to this, that I can't ride up and down in those cars all day long—just to show 'em."

The beach was what she really wanted—one of those little sand hummocks with juicy plants sprawling over it, that protect one from the wind and yet reveal beyond ravishing glimpses of cliff and breaker and sapphire shining sea.

But the beach was not to be found in

the heart of town. And she was too tired to walk there—not having had any lunch and being very angry besides. And she would lose her "job"—her miserable, wretched, disgusting, good-for-nothing job (Ikey loved adjectives), if she rode. For any and all women connected with any and all union men had been forbidden to use the company's cars. And business houses—who had anything to gain from it—had promised their employes instant dismissal for even one ride. And the firm that employed Ikey would lose three-fourths of its trade if the union boycotted it.

So the sand-dunes would have to wait. But there were some vacant lots, backed by a scraggle of rough, red rock, only half a dozen blocks away. If luck were with her, the loafers might be in temporary abeyance and the refugee tents not unduly prominent.

Luck was with her. And Ikey sat down on the lea of the little cliff, quite alone, spread out her buns—you got three for ten cents these catastrophe days—and faced the situation.

The landlady had raised the rent.

Ikey could have screamed with laughter over the situation—if only the matter were not so vital.

"This'll make the thirteenth move for you, Ikey, my love, since the eighteenth of April—and the thirteenth move is bound to be unlucky. But you'll have to go, sure as Fate; for you can't stand another raise. The Wandering Jew gentleman takes the road again."

She pursed her lips as she said it. She had invented the appellation for herself



The Girl Lay Back in the Big Arm Chair and Looked Around the Room.

after nine moves in three months. "I don't know what his name really was," she confessed—there was no one else to talk to, no one she cared for, so she talked, sub voice, to herself—"but it must have been Ikey. I'm sure it was Ikey—and that I look just like him." And deriving much comfort from this witticism, she went on her way.

"Ikey, the Wandering Jew, on the move again," she repeated. "But where to move to, that is the question. It's funny

what a difference money makes—her eyebrows went up—"or rather, lack of it. I've never considered that until recently."

Then her eyes fell on her shoes.

They had been very swagger little shoes in the beginning—Ikey had made rather a specialty of footgear—but they were her "escape" shoes; and their looks told the tale of their wanderings. Also she had no others since.

She wiggled her toes.

"You'll be poking through before long, looking at the stars," she told them severely. "Imagine your excitement."

And her suit.

Ikey looked away so as not to see the perfect cut of it, the perfect fit of it, the utter shabbiness of it. It was her "escape" suit, too. She has slept on the hills in it to the tune of dynamiting and the flare of the burning city. She would never have another like it—never. For her job—

Her job.

She leaned back suddenly and closed her eyes. Her job. The rage of this noon was coming back again; rage, and with it a strange, new sensation—fear. She had never known fear before, not even during the earthquake days. "Only at the dentist's," she told herself, giggling half hysterically behind closed lids.

And back of it all—back of the landlady's unconcealed dislike and latest slap, back of the disintegration of a wardrobe that could not be replaced, and the question as to whether her "job" had not become an impossibility since to-day—and that job simply could not become an impossibility: one had to live—back of all this was the dull hurt, smothered and always coming again, that Bixler McFay had not taken the trouble to look her up when his regiment came through on the way to Manila.

"You may as well face that, too, while you're about it." Ikey observed sarcastically. She opened her eyes with a snap and bit into the first bun.

"The regiment was only here three days," a little voice inside of her whispered fearfully.

"Three days!" Ikey's scorn was unbounded. "If he had cared, he could have found you in three hours—and he always said he cared. It's a thing you've got to live with. It's nothing so unusual. It happens every day. Why can't you treat it like a poor relation?"

And her thoughts went back to Fort Leavenworth, and the gowns on gowns she had worn, all burned up at the St. Francis last spring, with the rest of her things, a week after she had reached the city; and Cousin Mary, suave and elegant and impressive as her chaperon;

and herself, petted and made much of on all sides, and incidentally pointed out as the richest girl on the field, and an orphan; and Bixler McFay, handsome, brilliant, devoted, always on hand, always protesting—

A whimsical, sarcastic little smile curved her lips for a moment. The earthquake had certainly made a difference. A vision of Cousin Mary arose—not the suave and elegant chaperon of a wealthy young relative, but a frightened, self-centred, middle-aged woman, who had taken the earthquake as a personal affront put upon her by her young charge and insisted on being the first consideration in no matter what environment she found herself.

Then came another vision. She recalled her parting with Bixler McFay in the late winter, when she had left Leavenworth for the Coast, saying it wasn't decent not to know anything about the place where all your income came from, and he had left Leavenworth to rejoin his regiment in Arizona. How his voice had trembled that morning as he bade her good-bye, declaring he should always consider himself engaged to her even if she did not consider herself engaged to him; begging that she wear his class pin, or at least keep it for him if she would not wear it, because the thought of its being in her possession would comfort him in his loneliness.

It had comforted her in those first dreadful days after the fire to think that he was alive and on his way to her. It never entered her head but what he would come at once: when friends were looking for friends and enemies were succoring one another, how should he fail her?

And then—not one word. Not even an inquiry in the paper; when that was about all the papers were made up of for days after—column after column of addresses and inquiries, along with the death notices.

And afterwards—not one word—

II.

"I won't pretend this is accidental, Miss Stanton."

Ikey looked up startled, began to curl her feet up under her skirt, decided that it was not worth while—he was only

one of the boarders—and offered buns and candy with indifferent promptness.

"There's a gang of toughs coming down over the hill. Strikers, maybe. I thought they might startle you."

He seated himself unceremoniously on a rock near by.

Ikey settled back with a little comfortable movement against her own rock and raised her eyebrows.

"The proper thing for me to do at this stage is to inquire in a haughty voice how you happened to know I was here."

"I followed you."

There was no hint of apology, and she looked at him more closely. She had sat opposite him at the unesthetic boarding-house dining-table for the past six weeks now. He ate enormously—but in cultured wise—never said anything, was something over six feet tall, wore ready-made, dust-colored clothes, and was utterly inconspicuous. "Like a big gray wall." Just now it was the expression of his face, intangibly different—or had she never taken the trouble to notice him before?—that fixed her attention.

He was looking straight at her.

"I've been following you ever since you left your office," he said after a deliberate pause; and Ikey's eyes grew large and frightened as she took in his meaning.

"Then you saw—"

"I did." There was another pause. "It won't happen again." His tone was quite final. "Why do you lay yourself open to that sort of thing? Don't you know that the burnt district is no place for any woman at all these days—not even one block of it? Why don't you ride?"

His voice was quite cross, and Ikey could have laughed aloud. This, to her, who had the burnt district on her nerves to such an extent that she dreamed of the brick-and-twisted-iron chaos by night—the miles of desolation, punctuated by crumbling chimneys and towering walls—dreamed of it by night and turned sick at the sight of it by day. Did this stupid hulk of a person think she liked the burnt district—and to walk there?

After all, his attitude was less funny



"I insist, you are no gentleman."

than impertinent. She would be angry. It was better. She would respond icily and put him in his place.

At least, such was her intention. But she discovered to her amazement that she was trembling—her encounter of the noon was responsible for that—and her teeth seemed inclined to hit against each other rapidly with a little clicking noise. So it seemed on the whole more expedient to blurt out her remarks without any attempt at frills or amplification.

"Why don't you ride?"

Ikey gathered herself together.

"My dear Mr. Hammond, there is a street car strike on here in San Francisco. No union wagons run out this way—and I lose my position if I use the cars."

He was welcome to that. She looked off into the distance while he assimilated it.

"I had not thought of that," he said at last slowly. "In that case there is but one thing to do. You must stop that work at once."

"And stand in the bread line? Now? Along with—those others?" A little

smile twisted her lips. "I should look handsome doing that."

"But surely—"

His tone was beginning to be puzzled. So was his expression. Ikey ascertained this by allowing a glance to brush past him.

Suddenly he had changed his position. He was beside her on the ground, facing her, staring her out of countenance.

"We may as well get the clear of this right now—"

"It is needlessly clear to me, Mr. Hammond."

"But not to me. In the first place—"

"I will not trouble you—"

"It is no trouble. In the first place, has that fellow followed you, spoken to you before?"

"Never—never like that."

She wondered whether he had noticed her unsuccessful effort to rise and put an end to the interview.

"Do you know who he is?"

"He is the junior member of the firm I work for."

"What! Well, I am glad I smashed him." Then he added quickly, "This, of course, puts an end to your going there, at once. You've been at it too long anyway. It's stopped being a joke, and as a pose—"

"Pose."

The intonation was subtle. A moment's bewilderment, and he burst out, "You're not doing this because you—have to?"

"That—or something."

"But—but—Good Lord, child! Where is your money?"

With pomp and ceremony—but languidly withal, for her head was beginning to ache, and she wanted desperately to cry—she laid her purse in his hand. But she did not look at him.

The big hand closed over the flat little thing impatiently.

"I am referring to your bank account."

"And by what right—"

"We'll settle that later. The banks have opened up again—"

"That's all I have."

"But what has become—You're not going to faint?"

"No."

"Then what has become—"

Quite against her will she was beginning to find herself faintly amused. Of all pigheaded, impertinent people, this individual with whom she had hardly had more than five minutes' conversation, except at meal times during the past six weeks, was certainly the worst.

"I really must know, Miss Stanton, what has become—"

"I gave it away."

"You—gave it—away!" Italics could never do justice to his intonation. He was staring at her as though he considered her demented. "To whom?" came his indignant question.

After all, why not tell him? It was none of his business; and he was desperately impertinent; but she was desperately forlorn; and, though it could not better the situation to talk about it, it might better her feelings.

She slipped farther down against her rock; and he bent forward, listening intently.

"I gave it to—a relative. She was living with me at the time of the fire. We had only just come up from Los Angeles—because I wanted to—I had some property here; all my income came from it; and I felt I ought to know more about it—in case anything happened. And after the earthquake she acted as though I had led her up to the—jaws of death—and pushed her in—and later she was so afraid of typhoid—and everything. And so—at last, when the banks opened up again—I gave her all the money I had in the bank—and she went East right away—and I stayed here."

"With nothing?"

"I had fifty dollars. I was doing relief work at the Presidio, waiting for the vaults to cool off—I had a lot of paper money in a box there—and for the insurance companies to pay—and for the man who looked after my affairs to get well; he'd been hurt in the earthquake. But he didn't get well; he had a stroke, instead, and died. And his partner—they were lawyers—went away; all their books and papers and everything had been burnt up, and he didn't seem to think he could ever straighten things out; and when the vaults were opened, the paper money I had in the box was

all dust—and the insurance companies haven't paid."

She shrugged her shoulders delicately over the situation, already disgusted with herself at having descended to disclosing her private affairs to a stranger.

Meanwhile, "So that's it," the stranger was saying. "I've wondered a lot."

"You needn't have troubled."

"No trouble," he blandly assured her, "Houghton always was an ass"—(Houghton was the younger lawyer. How had he known? the girl wondered)—"lighting out for Goldfield when he ought to be here, straightening out his clients' business. And so you went to work on some beggarly salary, instead of seeing about having your property put in shape again. Why didn't you lease, or—"

"I couldn't find out where it was," she retorted, furious. "I'd only been here a week when the fire came; and not for years before that."

—"and not put yourself in a position where you get insulted by some little scrub who isn't fit for you to walk on—Are you going to faint?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter?" inquired the clod at her side.

"Nothing," she fibbed promptly. How different this creature was from Bixler McFay! Bixler had never pried into her private affairs, or evinced an interest in her possessions, or insisted on answers she did not wish to give, or pursued topics she did not care for. Bixler had none of the bluntness, the pigheadedness, the brutality of this—but then, there was no comparing the two. Only, she had vowed not to think of Bixler any more. He was not worth it.

"Nothing's the matter with me," she said. "Only, when I got back to the boarding-house after—after downtown to-day, the landlady said I'd have to pay sixty a month or leave at once, and—and she hadn't saved any lunch for me, and—"

"And you've been eating—"

He looked at the candy-bag and the morsel of bun with horror.

"I thought they'd cheer me up," Ikey

murmured meekly, "but they've made me feel—kind of queer."

"That settles it." The big hand came down forcefully upon his knee. "We'll get the thickest steak you ever laid your eyes on in about two minutes. But first—we'll get married."

"What!"

III.

What happened after that Ikey could never clearly remember. Bits of ensuing conversation came back to her, memories of the sickening rage, the stupefying bewilderment that possessed her, and the exhaustion that followed. But order there was none. And she was sure she never got the whole of it.

At one stage in the proceedings she had observed in a haughty voice that she did not care to have his sympathy—or pity—take that form.

"Oh, it's not that," he assured her pleasantly; "but I'm tired of knocking around the world alone. I need an anchor. I think you"—he looked at her impersonally, but politely—"would make a good anchor."

"You mean you want me to reform you!"

He smiled a careful smile.

"No-o. I don't feel the need of reforming. There's nothing the matter with me—"

"How lovely to have such a high opinion of oneself."

"Yes. Isn't it? But as I was saying—"

At another stage she tried to take refuge behind the usual platitude: she did not love him.

He considered this—at ease before her, his hands in his pockets.

"Well, when it comes to that, I don't love you, either"—Ikey gasped—"but I don't consider that that makes any difference."

Another break.

Then, "What'll you do, if you don't?" he had asked her in a businesslike manner. "You're just on the verge of a breakdown"—She knew it; and his tone of conviction did not add to her sense of security—"Another scene like to-day's would upset you completely. You say you have no friends or relatives here; and there's no one you want to go to

away from here. And besides, I can look after you a great deal better than you can look after yourself."

There must have been much arguing after that. There must have; for she had not the slightest intention of being disposed of in this mediæval fashion. But in the midst of some determined though shaky sentence of hers, he had said quite kindly and finally that they need not discuss the matter any further—besides, she had to have a good stiff lunch right off—and had piloted her carefully, but with no overpowering air of devotion, out of the empty lots, around the corner, and into an automobile.

"It was all the fault of that wretched beefsteak," mourned Ikey an hour or two later. "If I'd only had it before, it never would have happened—never. I shall always have a grudge against it. What am I to do now?"

The automobile had conveyed them smoothly, first, to a clergyman's, of all people; next, to a restaurant; then, to the boarding-house, where her few belongings had found their way into a telescope basket; and now it was conveying them through the bedraggled outskirts of the city into the country beyond.

A hatchet-faced chauffeur was manipulating things in front; while the unspeakable man in gray sat unemotionally beside her in the tonneau and looked the other way.

"What am I to do now?" The bewildered girl found no answer to the one question of her mind. "Why don't you faint?" she asked herself severely. "Why don't you faint? If you had an idea of helping me out of this pickle, you'd do it at once, and never come to at all, and then have brain fever. It's the only decent solution. Instead of that, here you are, feeling—actually comfortable."

She stared ahead of her with miserable eyes.

"It was all that miserable beefsteak. The thing must have been six inches thick. Beast; why couldn't he have taken me to the restaurant first? Then I'd never have gone to the clergyman's. And that license. Where did he get it? We never stopped for one—he just pulled it out of his pocket, as though it

had been a handkerchief. Ikey, you're married, married—do you quite understand?—to a man who wears ready-made clothes and doesn't love you and lives in an attic boarding-house bed-room. And what is he doing with this automobile? And what is his business? Oh, he's probably a chauffeur; and he's borrowed his employer's bubble; and this other chauffeur in front's his best friend and ashamed of him on account of the beefsteak business. He'd better be. But what shall I say to him? What shall I say?—Oh—h"—heaven-sent inspiration—"I'll say nothing at all. I will be—so indifferent."

On and on and on went the machine. The girl closed her eyes upon the dusty, dun-colored landscape.

"Serves me right for turning over my bank account to Cousin Mary and—and —"

She had fallen asleep, propped up in her corner of the machine—worn out by this climax to the weeks that had gone before.

The man at her side turned and looked at her. His face no longer wore its placidly and conventionally polite expression.

IV.

"The thirteenth move. Didn't I say it would be unlucky!"

Ikey had fled to the garden, letter in hand, to review the situation. The low clouds threatened rain. But what did that matter? The house stifled her with its large, low, mannish rooms and continued reminder of Arthur Hammond; and she had to think—think—think everything out from the very beginning.

That first evening—when she wakened in the dusk at his side in the automobile and stared bewildered at the dim outline of the low, rambling brown house tucked away among shrubbery under a load of vines—how quick he had been to reassure her, to explain that a friend of his, who had expected to come here with his bride, had had to go to Mexico instead and had asked him to occupy the bungalow until their return. A woman and a Chinaman went with the place; and she would have the run of a large garden. She could get rested there; and he could go to and from town every day.

And the days that followed—how careful he had been; how matter-of-fact and unemotional; never touching her; never making any sudden motion towards her; never referring to that short ten minutes at the clergyman's; never going near the two rooms the respectable English house-keeper had conducted her to that first evening.

"Almost as though he were trying to tame a bird," she had thought half whimsically, after the first days, when the feeling of weariness and fright had worn down and a great relief and great thankfulness had taken its place, that she should never see the boarding-house again with its sneering, insulting landlady, or the office where that man with the eager, shifty, cruel little eyes held rule.

And so she had set herself about it, resolutely, though bewildered, to be an anchor to this big, unemotional young man who had so suddenly come out of the background of her existence and was occupying all possible space immediately behind the footlights.

She did not at all know what an anchor did, or said, or how it acted. But the very perplexity for some reason or other sent her spirits skyhigh. And she pottered about the garden with him, and whizzed about the country in the automobile—it belonged to the same friend who wanted him to look after the place—and poked about the queer, rambling house, content to see no one else and talk to no one else and amazed at herself that this should be so.

Only once had he made any reference to their situation, when he suggested that it might be as well under the circumstances for her to call him Arthur.

"I shall never call you Arthur. Never," she told him hotly. "I loathe the name. Always have. It sounds so deadly respectable."

"You don't care for respectability?" His tone was so affable.

Ikey considered. "It may have advantages, in some cases. But—"

"Then what am I to be called?"

She might have retorted that she should call him nothing at all: he never addressed her by any name. Instead, she answered, "Boobles."

"Boobles?"

"Boobles," she repeated firmly. And then came laughter. Ikey's rages had a way of breaking up in inconvenient bursts of hilarity these days.

But what difference did that make now? What difference did anything make?

"I don't see," Ikey said to herself desperately, "what makes me so stupid. I'm afflicted with chronic mental near-sightedness. Most distressing. This is really a tragedy I'm mixed up in—a tragedy. And tragedy's a thing I never cared for."

She collapsed miserably on a bench and stared at the letter.

"It's queer how tragedy and going to sea give you the same feeling."

It was not pity—oh, no—that had made him want to marry her. And it was not love. And it was not because he needed an anchor. Not he. He was not that kind. It was simply because she was his opportunity. Yes; that was the word. And she had never suspected.

Not that afternoon in the vacant lot, when he had inquired so exhaustingly as to her bank account.

Not the next week, when he appeared from town in the middle of the afternoon, all unheralded and paler than ordinary, with papers to sign, and the exhilarating news that the insurance companies had paid up, and a new bank-book with her name and comforting fat figures in it.

How desperately glad she had been over that. For hot shame possessed her at her appearance—shabby clothes and hardly any of them, when his ready-made dust-colored garments had immediately been replaced by the well-fitting blue serge that was her special weakness in masculine attire. She had invested heavily in frills and slowly regained her self-respect.

And not when he had appeared with a list of her property—how had he come by that list?—stating that he had made arrangements to lease certain pieces and rebuild at once on the others, and asking her approval of the final arrangements.

She had not suspected him then, either, idiot that she was. She had been too busy being rested, being thankful, being happy in the big garden, tucked

away from the people who had failed her and the ghastly city and the memory of its great disaster.

She turned to the letter again. Bixler McFay had always written a good letter. This time he quite surpassed himself.

Heart-broken, unreconciled; his hopes shipwrecked; his faith destroyed. How could she have treated him so? She had been practically engaged to him; and she had left him a prey to every horrible emotion at a time when one word would have put his mind at rest. No clue as to her whereabouts by which he could trace her.

She passed that over with her little crooked sarcastic smile. She had telegraphed and written both—and the second letter had been registered. He had probably forgotten that little fact. But it was of little consequence now. The sting lay in what followed.

And then what did he learn? the letter inquired. That a man he supposed to be his friend, a fellow he had met daily in Arizona for a couple of months at a time, had systematically pumped him about her, had taken means of ascertaining her financial status, and, recognizing her as his opportunity (that was where the word came from) had rushed off to San Francisco, married her hand over fist, and launched himself as a capitalist—on her capital. And she had allowed it.

The girl dropped the pages in her lap. Her little fist came down on top of them.

"It's a despicable letter," she told herself hotly. "And what he thinks to gain by it, I don't know. He just wants to make trouble.—And he has," she breathed with a downward sigh.

The question was, what to do now. And pride stod at her elbow and pointed out the only course.

This Arthur Hammond, this big, quiet, self-contained, efficient, indifferent young man—whose opportunity she was—must never know that she knew, or, knowing, cared.

That was the only solution. Pride forbade a scene—on this account; on hers; on Bixler McFay's; on everybody's, when it came to that. No one should know—anything.

"After a while I shall get quite old and pin-cushiony," she assured herself, "and pricks won't prick; and nothing will matter. I must be quite affable, and quite indifferent, and always polite—for women are only rude to men they care about." Her lips trembled. "It's all happened before, hundreds of times to hundreds of women—and money is very interesting to men—and there's no reason why this shouldn't happen to you, Ikey, dear—and a hundred of years from now it won't make any difference anyway.

"But I'll never tell him anything again—"

For latterly she had told him many things about herself—young lonesomenesses that nothing could dispel! family hunger for brothers and sisters and all the ramifications of a home; and, half unconsciously, her utter content with the present. She turned hot at the thought of it all.

"But one thing I won't stand." She jumped up and made for the house. "He shan't have my photograph on his dressing-table."

She had seen it there one day on passing his open door, and had wondered, wide eyed, how he came by it—it was one she had had taken in the East—and had felt unaccountably shy at the thought of asking him about it.

She tore into the house, to get it, to destroy it, to tear it into tiny bits, and trample upon it—at once, without a moment to lose—when, rushing up the porch steps, she collided with the one person of all others she least expected to see.

V.

Late afternoon. The house was very still. Outside, the rain was falling, falling, and the shrubs bent under their burden of shining drops. Inside, the fire crackled and whispered and the girl lay in the big armchair and looked around the room.

The fireplace, the big, rich rugs; the dark paneling; the fine, unemotional pictures—no wonder the whole place had reminded her of Arthur Hammond. She ought to have known. She ought to have known.

She heard his step in the hall. His door banged, once; twice; again. Then,

his voice asking Eliza some question, and the murmur of the housekeeper's reply.

Then he came in.

She did not speak or move, and his, "Good-evening" was presently followed by the easy question: "What's the matter?"

Then she turned on him.

"Is it true that this house belongs to you?"

A pause. Then he answered slowly.

"Yes."

"And the grounds?"

"Yes."

"And the automobile—is yours?"

"Yes."

He stood quietly watching her. She knew it, though she did not look at him. She took a deep breath.

"Those insurance companies have not paid," she said in a stifled voice. "You told me they had. You—you gave me—Where did all that money come from I've been spending?"

"Well, I suppose originally it was mine."

"Then it's true you are a millionaire?"

"Ye-es. Just about, I guess."

"And my property—all those buildings that burnt up were mortgaged and—and I couldn't have rebuilt—and everybody knew it—except me. The money that's putting them up again—"

"I arranged about that. But what difference does it make?"

"What did you do it for?"

"I thought you'd feel better to have an income again—and on account of other people, too. It made me hot to have you treated as though you were—just anybody at all—simply because your income happened to be short for a time. And—and I thought you'd rather have it that way than take it from me—at the first," he ended lamely.

She jumped up and confronted him, white with rage.

"How dared you do that? How dared you? How do you suppose I feel, being in this position—to you?"

"I hope you don't feel at all. And besides— But how did you find out about this?"

"Cousin Mary has been here," the girl burst out, losing all idea of keeping any-

thing back. "She had all sorts of things to say; how badly she'd been treated—how she was shipped off East, and I never wrote to her, nothing about my affairs, or that I was married, or anything. She couldn't talk enough. She said everybody sympathized with her, because her prospects were ruined, because the companies I'd insured in wouldn't pay and my land was mortgaged so I couldn't rebuild. She knew that—and she'd never told me. And then she spoke a piece about my conduct in getting married and never telling her a word about it beforehand. She said she was mortified to death to have to learn about my marriage from strangers—strangers—just accidentally. But there wasn't anything she didn't know: that you were a millionaire, but very eccentric and not given to going around like a rational being—in society; and that you had places around in different States and always made it a point not to know your neighbors, so you wouldn't have them come dropping in interfering with you; and that you were amusing yourself now with putting my affairs on their legs again; and how lucky it was for me; and how strange it was, when I was making a brilliant marriage, not to make it, at least, in a dignified, even if not in a brilliant manner, with a church wedding and all. There wasn't anything she didn't know. I believe she used detectives to find out. And she ended up by saying that she had a lovely disposition and would forgive me—I could have killed her—I was her only first cousin's only child—and she was coming here to live."

"The deuce she did!"

"But what did you do it for?" She turned on him furiously. "What did you do it for?"

"Yes—but where's this Cousin Marv?"

"We had a scene—at least, part of one: we didn't either of us say half we wanted to—and she's left. She'll probably decide in the end, though, that her disposition's lovely enough to overlook it, and insist on making her home with her eccentric millionaire cousin-in-law—What did you do this for?"

He stood there, frowning in perplexity. Then with a sigh of relief, "Supposing

we sit down," he said, as one who has a happy inspiration. "I don't know as I can explain this to your satisfaction—exactly. But I'll try. It seemed to me—Don't you know, I thought— Hang it all, that King Cophetua business—was that the chap's name?—never did appeal to me a little bit. I'm dead sure that Beggar Maid had it in for him from the start for his beastly condescending ways to her. And I was afraid you might think—you see, it seemed to me that when your affairs were back in the position they ought to be, perhaps you'd feel better towards me."

He looked at her with boyish entreaty in his eyes. It was as though she were suddenly in the room with a new person. The expression of his face left her breathless.

"Then you came to that boarding-house deliberately to—"

"I did. Deliberately to let you get a bit used to me. It might have upset you to have a perfect stranger come up and marry you off-hand."

"But—but"—she gasped.

She was flushed to the eyes. Suddenly he turned and switched on the electric lights. Then he turned back and looked at her—hard. The rose deepened.

"You said that day—that day—that day, you know—"

"Well?"

"You said most distinctly that—you didn't love me."

He turned an exasperated face toward her.

"—if I'd come up with the confession that your eyes set me crazy and the impudent tilt of your little nose was very much on my nerves? Supposing I'd told you that you bowled me over the moment I saw you— It's God's truth. I saw you at the theatre in New York just before you left for Fort Leavenworth. I followed you there, but nothing that wasn't brass buttons seemed to be having an inning; and I didn't care to meet you at all, unless I could win out. So I left and went down to Arizona, where there was some land business I had to look after. Then McFay came down there and talked a good deal with his mouth; and I was sure it was all off and

was doubly glad I hadn't met you. Then came the news of the earthquake and the fire; and I kept waiting for the beggar to get leave and go to you—and he didn't go. And then one night he—well, he was drunk, or he wouldn't have done it—but he talked some more with his mouth; and so I knew what to expect from him and—er, removed your photograph from his rooms—he hadn't any business having it around for men to stare at, anyway; and then I came here to find you; and—and that's about all, I guess."

He laughed an embarrassed laugh.

"I was pretty well done for before—it seems to me everybody I met kept talking about you—but the boarding-house business finished me completely. There were you—you'd lost more than all that trash put together, and had been badly treated, and all—but you held your head high and never peeped and made that dining-table a thing to look forward to beyond everything. No wonder the landlady hated you. I could have kneeled down and kissed your little boots—not that you'd have cared about it especially."

He laughed his boyish, embarrassed laugh again.

The girl turned away.

"I won't be humble," she whispered to herself tremulously. "I won't. It's a wretched policy for women, and the effects are dreadful on men."

She trailed away towards the other end of the room.

"I'm not Ikey any more. I'm not the Wandering Jew. The thirteenth move is a glorious move, and I've come home—to a man in a million."

Aloud she observed disdainfully, "The whole performance from beginning to end has been unspeakable—simply unspeakable; and I insist—"

She had reached the bay window and pressed her little nose tight against the window-pane.

"I insist you're no gentleman," came her muffled shaky voice from behind the curtains, "or I wouldn't have to be standing here quite by myself, waiting for you to come over here and—and kiss me."

A Character Sketch of the New Bryan

The Democratic Nominee for the Presidency is a Vastly More Intellectual, Moderate Minded and Mature Man Than he Was in His First Campaign Twelve Years Ago - A Serious and Somewhat Conservative Statesman Actuated by the Highest Principles of Ethics and Morals.

By Willis J. Abbot in the American Review of Reviews Magazine.

SOMEWHERE the other day I read the statement that the Bryan who was nominated at Denver is not intellectually or ethically the same Bryan who carried the Chicago Convention of 1896 off its feet with his "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech.

This assertion is only about half true. The Bryan of 1896 had youth and its fire. The Bryan of to-day has more maturity, more knowledge of the world, and more poise. But it is to be questioned whether there has been so much change in Bryan as there has been in the temper of the people to whom he made his appeal twelve years ago, and to whom he is renewing practically the same appeal, with the exception of one issue, to-day.

The people who in 1896 could see in him nothing but a hot-blooded zealot have come to look upon him as a serious and somewhat conservative public man, actuated perhaps more than any one in public life by the highest principles of ethics and of morals. But the change has not been in Bryan. Even in the bitter campaign which first made him a great national figure, I, having known him rather intimately and having studied his character for nearly four years before that campaign, said that if Mr. Bryan should be elected he would disappoint his more radical supporters and please the people in the Democratic or any other party who wanted to see a straightforward business administration conducted quietly, without seeking for dramatic effect, and not in any way directed for the overthrow of honestly existing business institutions. The talk in that campaign concerning anarchism and repudiation was political buncombe altogether. No man could be farther then from

anarchism that was Mr. Bryan; none to-day believes more fully in the ability of the law or the lawmaking bodies to find a remedy for practically every political or economic ill, provided the lawmakers and the law expositors are responsive to the will of the people and alive to the people's needs.

A man who holds views of that sort is as far removed from anarchism as the north pole is from the south. Yet he held these views in 1896 when the cry of anarchy was raised. He holds them still. One wonders whether it is a new Bryan, or a newly



Hon. W. J. Bryan.

awakened public conscience and public intellect, with which we shall have to do in the campaign of this year.

But the silver question. There indeed is a marked and material change in the apparent attitude of the man. He no longer preaches silver. But he says very frankly that the need which was supposed to exist in 1896 for a greater volume of currency because of the then existing scarcity of gold has been met, not as we then would have met it by coining silver with gold at a fixed ratio, but by the discovery of new goldfields, which have enormously increased the output of that metal, and added prodigiously to the world's stock of metallic money.

There is no sixteen-to-one idea in the Bryan mind to-day. There is no apology for the dogma of 1896, nor any attempt to revive it. Yet I am not so sure that even on this point Mr. Bryan has changed so much as the community to which he must make his appeal. We were told in those days that to continue coining silver as money of ultimate redemption amounted to repudiation and dishonor. But as Mr. Bryan pointed out in conversation with me only a few days ago, the very public men who thought it was perilous to make dollars out of silver have now passed a currency law which will enable the banks to issue money based upon railroad bonds, upon commercial securities, upon any asset which a speculative bank cashier may take and which an overburdened Secretary of the Treasury may perfunctorily approve. The Bryanite point of view, even to-day, with silver no longer an issue, would doubtless be that a precious metal dug out of the earth, possessing the intrinsic value which any limited product of labor must possess, and having a special value for use in the arts, was at least as good a form of money as bank-notes, based on railroad bonds or upon the notes of speculators or captains of finance. However, as Jay Gould once remarked, when the Erie printing presses were running overtime, "The American people are mighty partial to bonds." Still it does not appear that on this point Mr. Bryan has changed as much as public sentiment has changed, though he has frankly, during the last six years, declared that the question of bimetallism had passed out of the arena of political discussion.

When one looks back on that bitterly de-

nounced Chicago platform of 1896 one wonders why the denunciation was so fierce and how the public mind has changed so greatly on the issues it announced. The Roosevelt of to-day is very much like the Bryan of '96; for many of the demands made in that platform have been accepted and some of them given legislative effect by the President. Many planks in that platform were of immediate importance only, but most of those which were then fundamental remain fundamental to-day, though there may still exist some difference of opinion upon them.

What was known then as the attack upon the Supreme Court has at the moment I am writing this come up in a new form in Republican councils, for the question as to whether the Republican platform should contain a plank expressing unqualified confidence in both the Federal and the State courts received such general discussion both pro and con as to indicate that even within the Republican ranks there is a very considerable sentiment in opposition to the deification of any and all men who might happen to be appointed to the bench.

The old Bryan was not averse to criticising a court, and while the new Bryan has had less to say on that particular point, there is no reason to doubt his continued belief in the views of the first campaign.

The income tax was an issue in 1896. Its principle has been accepted in many States and approved by the President, though the Supreme Court decision still blocks its enactment into Federal law.

So it would be easy in discussing the changing conditions since the first Bryan campaign to show that the people and the opposition party had come nearer going over to Bryanism than Bryan has come to deserting his early ideals.

Yet he is a new man in many ways. When first nominated, barely beyond the constitutional age prescribed for a President, he knew his own country, but none other. Since that time he has made frequent trips abroad, has made one trip around the world, has visited every one of our colonial possessions, and indeed is better equipped to discuss the foreign relations of the United States and its colonial problems than any man in public life.

Of course, I know that the instant rejoinder to this statement would be the mention of the name of Secretary Taft. But

the difference between the studies of the two men is that Secretary Taft has traveled as an official, has gone about the Philippines, Panama, and our other outlying possessions in somewhat of the state of a proconsul. He has been feted everywhere, and subordinate officials have had ample warning to prepare conditions so that they would meet with his approval. Mr. Bryan has gone merely as an unofficial American citizen, eminent, no doubt, and with a name known in all parts of the world. But for him there were no warships to act as yachts, no saluting cannon, and no incentive on the part of any man to conceal from him the facts which he set forth to seek.

And so the simple but not unsuccessful country lawyer of Lincoln has since 1896 become one of the most widely traveled men living. But his new strength of to-day—not his intellectual, but his political—strength, is derived rather from his travels within his own country than from those expeditions which have taken him to the ends of the earth. Ever since his first campaign Mr. Bryan, with the commendable purpose of providing for his family and advancing the cause which he typifies and represents, has followed the business of a lecturer. In this honorable calling, in which, by the way, he was preceded by such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, James Russell Lowell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and is joined to-day by such public men as Senator Beveridge, Senator La Follette, Senator Tillman, Representative Champ Clark, and former Senator Dubois, he has not merely achieved a competence, but has been able to visit every nook and corner of these United States of ours. The Bryan of 1896 knew Washington, for he had been an efficient Congressman there. He knew the Mississippi Valley, for he had early taken an active interest in the development of waterways—to which, by the way, the President is now committed—and had attended all the conventions held to further that cause. But he had not traveled from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore.; from Fernandina, Fla., to Santa Barbara, Cal. He had not dropped into scores of small towns in every State and made himself known to the millions of people who to-day flock to cheer him whether he preaches on the "Prince of Peace" or delivers a political speech on the principles

of Democracy. The present-day Bryan is known to a million men where the one who came somewhat nervously at first to that historic rostrum in Chicago in 1896 was known to scarce a hundred.

Probably no man in the United States, not even the President himself, has so wide a personal acquaintance and so many followers who are not merely loyal, but sometimes to a degree fanatical as he. And this following has been built up without the aid of any patronage, State or national; with no offices to give, no favors to dispense. And that it is a continuing following has been shown by the way in which during the last year, or more properly, during the last four months, the prominent politicians of the Democratic party who are not wholly admirers of Mr. Bryan's attitude have been compelled by their constituents to concede to him delegation after delegation, until his nomination was assured.

And there is, too, another difference between the new Bryan and the old, though this is a material and not a moral difference. But in 1896 Mr. Bryan went to Chicago unheralded and unsung, not even provided with credentials to the convention which afterward nominated him, but merely at the head of a contesting delegation. Many stories have been told after the fact of carefully laid plans for his nomination. There were no such plans. Governor Altgeld, who has been credited with arranging the coup which resulted in the nomination, was, in fact, the last of the strong leaders in the convention to yield to the demand for it. But this year the new Bryan went to the convention with two-thirds of the delegates either instructed for him or personally devoted to his cause.

The Bryan of 1896 was ridiculed very unjustly for his poverty; the Bryan of 1908 is attacked very unjustly for his wealth. But I remember well that in '96, when some of the assertions that he had been unable to earn a living for himself in the practice of the law stung him somewhat, he showed me his account book for the first two years of his practice as a stranger in Lincoln. The records showed a rather singular success for a young and almost unknown lawyer. Mr. Bryan has always owned his own home. In '96 it was an attractive and not too small a frame house within the town limits of Lincoln. Some people then sneered at him because he did not live in a style

more becoming a Presidential possibility. To-day they sneer because, with advancing years and as the result of indomitable energy and the utilization of his mental power he has built himself a beautiful house outside of the City of Lincoln.

If Mr. Bryan cared more for money and less for ethics than he does, the income which he derives from his paper, the *Commoner*, might readily be tripled. His advertising manager in Chicago some time ago almost wept as he told me of the obstacles which were put in his way when he attempted to secure advertising. I am only guessing at it, but I think the circulation of the paper exceeds 200,000 copies weekly. Any journalist or publisher knows what might be done with such a circulation. But the *Commoner* carries only a beggarly two or three columns of advertising. The reason is that the owner of the *Commoner* clings to the idea that its advertising columns are just exactly as much a part of the paper as its editorial columns, and that if he is responsible for the editorial "we," he is equally responsible for any advertisement which appears in the paper which secures its circulation through his national prominence.

This is not particularly an illustration of the "New Bryan." I thrashed that issue over with him at least eight years ago. Then I discussed with him the question of the responsibility of the owner of a newspaper for the advertisements which appeared in its columns. He held then, as he holds now, the conviction that the advertising columns of a newspaper should be kept clean of all announcements for which the owner would not personally stand.

There is nothing new in this attitude on the part of Bryan. From his very earliest days in public life he has insisted upon making his private business affairs run parallel with his public utterances and beliefs. There are men in public life who believe that they can sit in the United States Senate or the House of Representatives and represent all the people while as attorneys they represent a very few of the people whose interests are necessarily opposed to those of the many. Mr. Bryan is not one of this sort. He discontinued the practice of law when he went to Congress first, and has never resumed it.

In these later days a sense of his respon-

sibility to the millions of people in this country who have put their trust in him, and who look upon him with an admiration amounting almost to idolatry, has impelled him to give up any sort of legal work, any kind of personal activity which would withdraw him in any degree from the fight for the people in which he has been enlisted. I know that Mr. Bryan's entrance upon this campaign means to him a struggle, a task, which if he could set it aside, he would not undertake. But while the Bryan of 1896 was a youth flushed with ambition, eager to rush to the forefront as he then did, the new Bryan is a man not desiring so much the honors that are proffered to him, but rather feeling, with a solemn sense of responsibility, his duty to take up the battle for true Democratic principles and to lead a party long out of power to ultimate victory.

I remember well, and so too will most New Yorkers, the wonderful and impressive parade of New York business men during the 1896 campaign, which filled Broadway from the Battery to Forty-second Street, and which was held as a protest against Bryan. The new Bryan has been asked within the last few months to address many of the associations which then paraded—associations of bankers, of publishers, of manufacturers—and has found a hearty welcome and a respectful hearing at all.

I recall, too—for in that '96 campaign I was deeply interested—the bitterness of the financial community in Chicago against Bryan and all his works; but now he cannot pass through the city without being invited by the bankers and the commercial men, who then excoriated him, to address their organizations.

And, finally, I recall the somewhat bitter speech made by Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of New York, at the Coliseum in Chicago, in which he could say no words too harsh about the Bryan of 1896. When a short time ago Mr. Bryan's friends found him selected by President Roosevelt to be one of the five unofficial citizens chosen, because of their eminence, to advise with the governors of the United States, they thought that whatever Mr. Bryan himself might think, at least the President and the President's advisers and associates thought there was indeed a new Bryan.

A Thorough Believer in the Democracy

A Canadian Newspaper Man who Believes Firmly in Trusting the People, Elevating Conceptions of Public Life and Raising the Standard of National Ideals—J. A. Macdonald is the Man Responsible for the Growing Independence Within Party Ranks now Manifesting Itself in Canadian Journalism.

By M. J. Hutchinson.

IT is said that the members of two professions—teaching and preaching—most easily and naturally gravitate into newspaper work. The majority of editors in Canada, who have not been reared in the publishing business, who have not through hereditary inclination or force of circumstances followed this calling, have at some stage of their respective careers used the rod or the tongue. Why? There seems to be a kind of affinity—a remarkably close connection—between teaching, preaching and writing. They are so correlated and intermingled that the transition is not as sharply defined as in other trades or businesses. Every preacher is or should be to a large degree a teacher, and every sincere teacher must believe in the efficacy of preaching certain truths, principles and ideals. In the editorial writer all these qualities should to a greater or less degree be combined—he instructs, guides, reasons, analyses, corrects, reprimands, points a way or suggests a remedy. He is or should be a mental pioneer blazing the road for needed reforms, and the amendment of many abuses and wrongs. If he properly exercises his functions, if he lives up to a just appreciation and realization of his privileges and possibilities, he is a leader, a teacher, a preacher.

Many of us can remember what a fruitful theme for debate in our school days was that most trite of all topics, "Resolved, that the pulpit is more influential and has wrought greater good to the world than the press." Perhaps the reverse might be the subject of a heated discussion, some evening in a crowded hall. Like other debatable problems on some abstract or theo-

retical theme the conclusions reached are not always final. We may settle them to our own satisfaction, but the votaries of each profession will still contend that his is the more useful and helpful in uplifting the world and enlightening mankind. Probably the strongest combination—the greatest agency, is where the press and pulpit are co-laborers, working hand in hand; heart to heart, in effecting good, whether moral, religious, commercial or political.

Among the men who have left the clerical ranks to enter journalism there is no more striking example than Mr. J.



J. A. Macdonald in his Office.

A. Macdonald, editor of the Toronto Globe. It is true that the step was not all taken at once into the stern, strenuous struggle of daily newspaper grind, some years having been spent by him in the more restricted field of religious publications. To-day he is directing the destinies and shaping the course of a great party organ. One of the busiest of men, he does not allow the routine duties of journalism to sap all his energies. His active support and hearty sympathy have been enlisted in many splendid causes. He has played a prominent part in the comparatively new yet vigorous laymen's movement in the church, the laymen's aggressive missionary efforts of the day, the political platform, the elevation of national morality and honor, and cleanliness, purity and probity in public as well as private life. He is a firm believer in the great underlying principle of the democracy. In a recent address before the Baptist Young People's Union of America, in the City of Cleveland, he discussed the obligation of members of the church as citizens of the nation in which he proclaimed that democracy in its essence means the kingship of the nation. Kingship is not a bed of roses or a gorgeous pageant. It is bearing burdens, facing obligations, doing duty and rendering service.

The views, political and otherwise, of the man may not appeal to all, but it is only fair to accord him the award of earnestness of purpose and sincerity of aim. In an appreciative sketch, written some time ago by Professor Shortt, of Queen's University, one reference is of particular interest: "Having a keen interest in the expressions of modern society for their own sake, and having from a broad outlook on life acquired certain well founded standards, in which intellectual foundations and moral purposes are harmoniously related, Mr. Macdonald steers a confident though watchful course in all weathers. But though his attitude be confident it is not arrogant. To accomplish anything one must act with decision, though not claiming one's knowledge to be complete or one's judgment final."

Not only is Mr. Macdonald a believer in the democracy, but he strives to lead fellow-Canadians to a higher estimate of their country and standards of every day life. "See to it," he recently said, "that the rush

for wealth and the boast of mere bigness do not kill for you and your children that love for Canada and devotion for Canadian honor without which this country never can be great."

Of Scotch ancestry, born in Middlesex County, forty-six years ago, a graduate of Toronto University and Knox College, Mr. Macdonald early in his career displayed an unusual aptitude for journalism and during his theological course edited Knox College Monthly. He was also a contributor to the Canadian Presbyterian. From 1891 to 1896 he was pastor of Knox Church, St. Thomas, Ontario. Some twelve years ago he founded the Westminster, a weekly Presbyterian paper, which absorbed several other papers then in existence. While directing it editorially that journal had a large influence in determining the policy of the church on leading questions. In 1902, Mr. Macdonald succeeded Mr. Willison as editor of the Toronto Globe on the resignation of the latter to enter independent journalism. In tabloid form this is the life story of the man who has figured conspicuously in the affairs of the fourth estate. It is interesting just here to note that while editor of the Westminster, Mr. Macdonald "discovered" Ralph Connor (Rev. Dr. Gordon), the celebrated Canadian novelist. Dr. Gordon was then an unheard-of Canadian minister. To-day his books are read more widely in the Dominion than those of any other Canadian writer. Dr. Gordon submitted his first manuscript to Mr. Macdonald, who saw much merit in the work and encouraged the author to devote his gifts to enrich the realm of literature.

Though there is a slight impediment in his speech, Mr. Macdonald is one of the most effective public speakers on the platform to-day. When he is aroused this impediment soon disappears and with great force and power, his words invariably command attention. He is full of fire and enthusiasm—fairly aflame with emotion and conviction. At certain climaxes he causes the blood to flow in the veins like lava. He stirs, quickens and on some themes literally enthalls men, leaving an impression on their mind and consciences that lingers and conveys home the truth. This is especially true when addressing religious bodies or on patriotic occasions. On the political platform he is more off-hand and deliberate

in his style of oratory and his somewhat quaint way of presenting facts and different phases of the issues places his hearers in good humor and even in a hostile assembly he is assured of a favorable hearing.

Of the Township of West Williams, in Middlesex County, where he first saw the light of day, and the limpid stream, the Sauble, that winds its way through the farms of that distinctively fertile Scotch settlement, where nearly every surname begins with "Mac," he cherishes the fondest recollections. It was there that the morning of his life was passed. Recently he paid a visit to the haunts of his youth and renewed associations and old familiar scenes. Such memories as cluster around the objects of boyhood days grip the mind, delight the soul and cling to the heart. "These recollections," he said, before the Caledonian Society in Toronto on a Hal-



Pioneer School Which he Attended, Now a Blacksmith Shop.

re-echo has not died away. He vigorously denounced the corruption and malfeasance of office which was sapping the life of the Liberal party in Ontario and threatened to destroy its very existence. He also fearlessly condemned the educational policy of the Federal Government with respect to schools in the Northwest. A storm of protest in each case was raised by some Liberals, but it is safe to say that, out of such action and rugged treatment—this strong individualism—a movement, daily gaining in strength, has sprung up toward independence within party lines, and is now characteristic of many leading journals in Ontario and even some beyond the confines of this Province.

Mr. Macdonald has his enemies. All men of fighting blood and aggressive spirit have. There is no gainsaying, however, that he is a determining factor in molding public life and ideals.



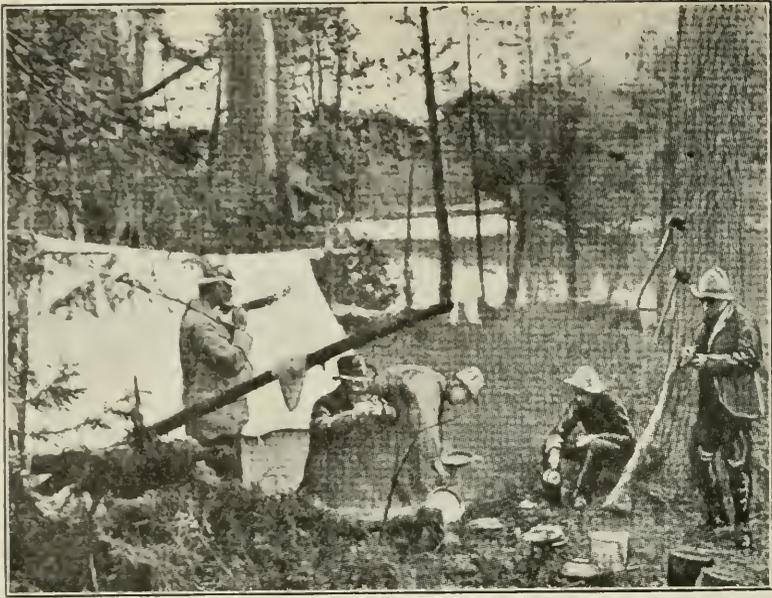
By the Sauble Where he Fished.

low'een night (when recalling the pranks, pastimes and gatherings of early days), "are no vain or flickering illusions of the brain. It is by such things men live, and in the thoughts which such memories stir, is the strength and beauty of our mature years. * * * Who among us has not proved the worth and recreative power of the ties which bind us to those simpler scenes of life? * * * The points made sacred by old associations are not so much points on the map, as passions in the heart, and of all men who live the men of Scottish blood must keep tender and true, their memories of youth and native land."

As a political journalist, Mr. Macdonald has not failed to openly—even incisively—criticize his party friends. His famous "Barnacle" editorial is still talked of; its



Pioneer House Where he Was Born.



A Scene in Camp.

A Moose Hunting Jaunt in New Ontario

One Must Reckon on Plenty of Hard Work, but the Search can Scarcely Fail to End Successfully — Good Fellowship and Camaraderie are Nowhere so Exhibited as in a Camp Where the Members are Congenial—Without These Qualities the True Element is Lacking.

By C. C. Hacking in the *Badminton Magazine*.

THAT the moose is the king of all big game in North America is well understood, though it may not be generally known where these mighty monarchs of the forest are mostly found. The railway guide books attribute his habitat more particularly to the country lying on the north shore of Lake Superior, and to the Kippewa Range in the Temiskaming District. Last autumn I happened to have some business in the neighborhood of Dinorwic, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, 190 miles west of Fort William, and, falling in with some of the descendants of the original Ojibways, naturally talked of the forest and the game therein. It did not take long to arrive at the conclusion that an opportunity of making intimate acquaintance with the moose was presented; so after a hasty consultation with

my newly-found friend "Reggie," we secured the services of two of the native sons of the forest, and the moose hunt was an assured fact. Reggie was from across the sea; his great desire was to get a head to send home.

Early one morning we pushed off into the creek, loaded to the gunwale, on the way across Wabigoon Lake, to pick up the Indian guides. At the mouth of the Long Lake River, we went ashore and soon had a camp fire blazing. My son desired to try my new-fangled rifle, and before the kettle boiled he was back with a brace of partridges neatly decapitated, which made an excellent addition to our breakfast of bacon and tea.

While enjoying the inevitable smoke an Indian and squaw paddled by, and our guide, after a palaver with them, told us

that the man had killed a moose the night before about a quarter of a mile farther up, and that they were going after it. Thereby hangs a tale. They had come on it at close range, and, after firing the first shot, she (it was a cow) attacked them. The man emptied his rifle into her at point-blank range without the slightest effect, and then, reaching over and grabbing her by the nose, told the squaw to knife her; however, the cow got her head under the canoe and lifted it almost out of the water. He let go, and, clubbing the empty rifle, smashed the enraged brute over the head, eventually killing her, but reducing the weapon to splinters. After skinning her, six steel bullets were found immediately under the skin, none having penetrated. The guide said it was impossible to kill a moose with a rifle if it is first injured badly enough to attack, as, he assured us, it became insane, and by some unknown process the hide became impervious to bullets! This was something new to us, and close questioning could not solve the puzzle. All the Indians to whom I afterwards talked about it had the same belief. This man was an old hunter, and was armed with a high-power Savage rifle. No doubt many people will ridicule this little story, but the fact remains that the incident occurred as stated.

Embarking again we paddled into the river, the guides saying we had to go about six miles up to reach moose country; but we are inclined to think that an Indian's idea of distance is somewhat crude, and agreed among ourselves that sixteen miles was nearer the actual distance. Arriving at last, we were quickly unloaded and had the tent up, fire made, and a very appetizing dinner under way. It was evident we were in the moose country, as a fresh moose-hide was stretched on poles, showing that our camp site had been occupied a few hours previously to our arrival.

The weather was perfect, and after eating we were soon stretched on the soft grass enjoying a smoke. I asked Fred, the head guide, when we should get moose. He looked at the sky, sniffed the air.

"Huh! No moose now."

"When moose come?"

"Huh! Bymby."

We all went to sleep. About five o'clock Fred shook me.

"Moose come; catchem moose now!"

He had been sleeping too. How did he

know? He pushed the cedar canoe into the water, and took his place in the stern. I was in the bow with Reggie and the despatcher amidships. There did not seem to be anything to say; so no one spoke, but all had that tense feeling of excitement which is indescribable. Then Fred rose, and, giving a sniff and grunt, said, "Big moose!" The paddles dipped in silently, and the heavily-laden canoe almost jumped through the water.

After proceeding for about ten minutes the guide, knowing we were close to the quarry, stopped to listen a second, and passed the word to me to look out for him. Rounding a bend, there he was, about sixty yards ahead; and to one who had never seen the monarch of the woods in his native haunts it was worth a long trip. "There he is for you. Go for him," said the guide. And I did.

The beast looked about as big as a freight car, as he stood broadside, his great head and antlers thrown back, and giving an angry stamp with his fore foot, as if resenting our intrusion. The first shot nailed him behind the shoulder. He plunged forward only to get two more, which brought him down on his side, and it was all over. After waiting a few minutes, he raised his big head and tried to get up, but another one on the jaw finished him. The guide said, "Big moose dead. Go to camp. Get some supper."

After paddling slowly back, we were poking up the camp fire twenty-five minutes after leaving it. It took a long time, though, to tell the story by the camp-fire that night, but when we got under the blankets we were mighty pleased moose-hunters.

Our troubles, however, were yet to come. The guide had us up at daybreak, and after a hearty breakfast we went off to secure our prize. We found him in the brush about fifty feet from where he was first hit, lying in two feet of water. Our object was to get him into the channel and tow him into camp. Snubbing the canoe to a tree, and getting a line around his horns, a long pull, a strong pull, an a pull all together, only resulted in various unmentionable phrases, Ojibway and common Canadian predominating. One hind leg and the lower horns were locked fast to the brush, and we could not move him.

We meant having the head, but it looked



On Lake Kipawa.

like a big job to get it. We had a good big knife and an axe, and did not find much trouble in skinning the upper side down to the shoulder, but that was only a small part of the work. We could not turn the beast, as he must have weighed fourteen hundred pounds, and the head and neck were a foot under the water, which was icy cold. After sawing and chopping for three hours, however, the splendid head parted. It was not much trouble to cut off one of the hind-quarters, the balance being left for the guides to get out with more help. We returned to the camp quite convinced that, while it was great sport to shoot that moose, it was mighty hard to retrieve him.

That evening we paddled up the river two miles, coming upon another moose about dusk; but the Indian saw it was a cow, so we let her go. Having arranged with another party from Fort William to join them in a few days for a hunt on land, we were satisfied with what we had got and broke up camp the next morning.

We paddled across the lake to Dinorwic, bringing our camp outfit and the moose head, and loitered around Dinorwic all day, waiting to hear from Fort William. Eventually the command came to join the party at English River, 110 miles west of Fort William. Arriving at Ignace, we were told by the trainmen that they had gone on to Martin Pit, where we found them camped in an old boarding-house beside the railroad.

In the morning moose signs were good, there being several fresh tracks at the

water-hole close to the camp; but nothing resulted in the day's hunt, so we decided to move camp farther east. We therefore hustled on our outfit and unloaded at Mile Post 109, pitching the tent about a mile back on the north side of the railroad, in a country where two of our party had killed two bulls one day the previous autumn.

After an afternoon's reconnaissance we found the country had been recently burnt over and was no good for our business. We were hiking again the next morning, and at Mile Post 102 we decided to remain permanently during the hunt. There was a capital ground half a mile from the railroad, and soon we had the camp in shape for a week's stay. Camp life in the woods is an oft-told tale, worn threadbare, though I cannot refrain from saying that ours was the most pleasant I have ever spent out of many fishing and hunting expeditions. Good fellowship and camaraderie are nowhere exhibited as in a camp where the party are congenial. Without these the true element of sport is lacking, no matter what the bags may be, and the sooner the party breaks up the better. After a hard day's hunt our camp-fire was always enlivened by the good spirits of all, and each took a share of the many duties that make for pleasure in the woods. One of us, Hollingshead, knew every inch of the ground, and it was due to him that the hunt was an unqualified success.

The first day there was about two inches of snow on the ground, which made tracking easy, and two moose fell to Hollingshead and Bradley. "Hollins" had a long shot at a bear, wounding him pretty badly, but not overtaking him.

The second day Reggie gave us an exhibition of his gameness. When returning to camp he got a shot at a big bull about a quarter of a mile from the camp, and on following the trail saw that he had hit him hard. This was his chance to get a head for overseas. Forgetting, perhaps, that a moose can make a lot of ground in a day, he kept on till nearly dark, and in crossing a muskeg dropped into a water-hole up to his neck, which dampened his clothes most thoroughly, but not his ardor for the chase. The rest of the party made camp about six o'clock in a blinding snowstorm. Reggie failed to show up. Being a sort of guest, we were getting pretty anxious, for it was now pitch dark, and I saw that Hollings-

head as well was uneasy about him. After firing our guns and constantly hallooing, we were much relieved to get an answer. In fifteen or twenty minutes we heard voices approaching the camp, and soon three other hunters came in who had joined us in the afternoon, and whom we had invited to stay overnight; but no Reggie. To our anxious inquiries as to whether they had seen anything of him, they said they had not. It was impossible to do anything in the way of searching for him in the inky darkness, but knowing he had a reliable compass and had been used to the woods we felt more at ease than we otherwise should have done, though there was little sleep in camp that night. On Sunday, at daylight, everyone was astir. Hastily breakfasting, four of the party started to find his trail. About ten o'clock Reggie marched in. He had been so intent on getting the moose that he had not noticed the darkness falling. When he fell into the hole his matches were soaked, and he was about five miles from camp, in the middle of a swamp, unable to see his hand before him. Concluding he could not make camp, he made the best of the situation by building a wind-break, and waited for daylight. He came in quite unconcerned, but disappointed that he didn't get the moose.

Two more moose were shot on Monday. They were killed about five miles from

camp, and the question of getting them in now arose. While the gang were out cutting up the meat, seven more were seen; but we had enough, and not a shot was fired, the day being pretty well taken up in packing what we had.

In all the stories we read of moose-hunting in the lower provinces, "calling" seems to be the only method of hunting. No such thing was ever heard of in this country, than which there is no better in the Dominion. The only thing required is a guide who knows the districts in which they range; then killing is a comparatively easy matter. Of course it must be understood that hunting in a wilderness such as I am writing of is not all ease and pleasure. One must reckon on plenty of hard work, but a hunt in almost any part west of Fort William to Wabigoon Lake can scarcely fail to end successfully. Hunting is confined almost entirely to local sportsmen, mostly from Fort William, very few outsiders coming in.

Moose, caribou, red deer and bear will always be plentiful, the country being unfit for anything but game. It might be mentioned that red deer are very plentiful, having been driven in from Minnesota by wolves during the past four or five years; and as there are no dogs in the country to run them out of it they are likely to thrive and be plentiful.

The True Beauty

By T. Carew in *Appleton's Magazine*.

He that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from the star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires:—
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

Has Twice Welcomed Royalty to Ancient Capital

Sir George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec, Has on Two Different Occasions Extended Cordial Greetings to Royal Guests During his Term of Office — Qualified by Birth, Breeding and Brains to Preside at any Function, he Has Had a Signally Successful Business Career.

By E. T. D. Chambers.

FEW Canadian cities have had their municipal affairs presided over by a chief magistrate who can prefix "Sir" to his name. The usual title for a mayor is his Worship, but to old Quebec, which has so signally celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its birth and foundation, a distinction has come in the shape of knighthood for the occupant of its civic chair, Sir George Garneau.

At the investiture, held at the Citadel of Quebec on July 23rd, Mayor Garneau was created a Knight Bachelor at the hands of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the other participants in a similar honor at the same time being Sir James Whitney, Prime Minister of Ontario, and Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec.

Following closely upon the honor of

knighthood by the Heir-Apparent to the throne, Sir George Garneau was created a Knight of the Legion of Honor of France by the President of the French Republic, the intimation of the fact having officially reached him through Vice-Admiral Jaureguiberry, head of the mission from the Government of France to the Quebec celebration.

The new distinction that has come to Sir George and Lady Garneau is appreciated by the citizens of Quebec who feel themselves honored by the knighting and decoration of their Chief Magistrate. Amongst the congratulations to Sir George Garneau from various parts of the world none are more highly prized than those from the many who have known him for years in his various business relations.

Sir George Garneau is a son of the Hon. Pierre Garneau, M.L.C., and was born on the 19th November, 1864. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary, and graduated in engineering from the Montreal Polytechnic School, being the gold medalist of his year. He was, for some time, assistant engineer on the construction of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, but gave up the practice of his profession to enter the business of P. Garneau, Fils & Cie, now the Garneau Company, Ltd., of which he is Vice-President. This firm is one of the most important in the Canadian dry goods trade, and has business connections from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Sir George has always taken a very active interest in public affairs, having been a member of the Quebec Board of Trade and of its Council for several years. He is extremely fond of the natural sciences, especially chemistry, and has held for some time the chair of Professor of Analytical Chemistry at Laval University.

When he first became Mayor of Quebec,



Sir George Garneau.

two years ago, he was elected to the office by the City Council, in accordance with the provisions of the city charter at that time. A year ago the charter was amended to provide for the election of the Mayor by the entire body of the city's qualified rate-payers. The first election of Quebec's Chief Magistrate under the new enactment took place in February of the present year, when Sir George was unanimously re-elected to the civic chair. This action on the part of the citizens of Quebec was not only a mark of their appreciation of Mr. Garneau's civic administration during the last two years, but also their expression of the desire to have at their head during the Tercentenary fetes, a representative citizen of whom they have every reason to be proud, and one so admirably qualified by his distinguished presence and manner to do the honors of the city at a time when it entertained so many important celebrities, including the direct representatives of royalty. In this connection it is interesting to note, that while the Mayor had the honor in 1906 of receiving and welcoming Prince Arthur of Connaught to Quebec, it fell to the lot of

his father, the late Hon. P. Garneau, while Mayor of the city in 1870, to receive and welcome the father of the young Prince of to-day, in the person of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, then Prince Arthur.

In social affairs, Mayor Garneau is ably seconded by his accomplished wife, who is a daughter of Major Benoit, formerly secretary of the Militia Department at Ottawa, and one of the leading favorites of Quebec society. Sir George and Lady Garneau are the parents of an interesting young family of eight children.

The Mayor is an ardent sportsman and fond of athletic sports. An accomplished angler, he is also quite at home, so to speak, when tracking the "antlered monarchs of the forest" on snow-shoes, over the frozen snow and has to his credit a number of very fine heads of large game.

He is President of both the Tercentenary Committee of Quebec and of the National Battlefields Commission, appointed by the Dominion Government to take charge of the project for the establishment of the Battlefields Park on the Plains of Abraham.

THE TRADEMARK

The common father of past and present and surety for the future.

The embodiment of all trials, sorrows, adversities, aims, endeavors, successes.

The hall-mark of honor, faithfulness, diligence and justice.

The soul of every concept.

The ashes of the builder.

In substance, the silence golden; in spirit, mightier than sword or pen.

—A. A. Briggs.

How George H. Ham Dispenses Sunshine

The Charm of His Remarkable Personality Wins Him Countless Friends—His Wit, Jokes, Tact, Stories and Equanimity are Proverbial—A big Railway Man he Is Equal to Any Emergency, and As An Ideal Host he Has No Superior.

By Robert J. Carron in the Railroad Man's Magazine.

TO deny acquaintance with George H. Ham is to confess ignorance of Canada's greatest institution, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Who is George H. Ham? Why, he is George Ham, that's all. The poor man has not an official title to bless himself with, he never did have a title, and there are no present indications that he ever will have one. If he ever does get his deserts, he will be designated as ambassador-at-large for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

To Sir William Van Horne belongs the credit of discovering Ham. At the time of the discovery Ham was an alderman of Winnipeg and the editor of a paper of limited circulation, but unlimited nerve. Canada needed the Canadian Pacific Railway, and needed it badly, and a devoted band of men were risking bankruptcy and nervous prostration to make the great enterprise a success.

At the same time another portion of the population, whose names are now forgotten, were striving with an unreasoning vehemence that would have done credit to anything in that line which could have been gotten up on this side of the boundary, to nullify every effort of the empire-builders.

Into this situation Ham threw himself with a pen that cut both ways in an effort to inoculate the obstructionists with the saving grace of common sense. So valiantly did he champion the cause of the railway that Sir William Van Horne, though he wasn't Sir William then, stopped off in Winnipeg one day to see what manner of man it was who wrote such powerful editorials.

He saw, and immediately surrendered unconditionally to the charm of Ham's re-

markable personality, just as so many others have done. Since then George Ham has been an integral part of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a part of no mean importance.

He toils not, neither does he spin; yet no man connected with the company is more widely known than George Ham. Indeed, it would be within bounds to say that no man in Canada is better known throughout the world than he.

No, he is not a lobbyist. On the contrary, he takes such extreme care to avoid even a suspicion of anything of the sort that he never goes to Ottawa while Parliament is in session. Yet the press gallery at the Capital, abetted by some members of Parliament, recently gave him a dinner and a gold watch as an inadequate expression of their esteem.

Ham has a desk in the great granite pile on Windsor Street which is the headquarters of the company. There is a legend that he was once seen sitting at it. If this is true, it must have been a chance meeting, just as two globe-trotters might happen to come together at Singapore or Ballarat, or any other remote spot.

For, whenever any one around headquarters has a moment to spare, he improves the time by ordering Ham's desk moved to a new location. That desk has worn out five sets of casters, according to official count, and is now on its sixth set in its peregrinations from room to room and floor to floor.

That is because Ham is not there to protect his rights. The last place in the world to look for Ham with any reasonable hope of finding him, is at his office.

HOW GEORGE H. HAM DISPENSES SUNSHINE

For, paradoxical as it may seem, although he has no job, he is the busiest of men.

It is something not soon to be forgotten to see George Ham dart into headquarters and then, standing at his desk, go through a stack of letters and telegrams with one hand, lay out soiled linen and repack his travel-worn black bag with the other, dictate to his stenographer, entertain a guest, be interviewed by two or three rival reporters, and talk with sundry representatives of various departments on company business, all at one and the same moment.

It is one of Ham's idiosyncrasies to maintain that the only place in all the Dominion where laundry work can be done is at Montreal. Whether he is at Vancouver or Halifax, his linen must go to the metropolis to be done up.

It takes close figuring at headquarters, sometimes, to make connections, but, thanks to the enthusiastic co-operation of the operating staff, the parcels somehow always manage to get to him at the right point.

They tell a story about a period of torrential rains in Northern Ontario which nearly put the main line out of business for a few days. The Pacific express had been struggling west, held up every few miles at a washout by mud-battered, perspiring section-men, and delayed by slow flags.

Things were so discouraging that the engineer wouldn't hook her up even when he had a stretch of sound track. The conductor, impatient with this lack of enterprise, hit upon a ruse to spur the engineman on to renewed effort. Calling the flagman, he said:

"Bill, go ahead and tell Jim we've got Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's car on and he's simply got to get to Vancouver in time to catch that Australian boat, and he'd better hit 'em up a little."

This message being duly delivered, Jim turned with a scowl upon the flagman and thus expressed his sentiments:

"Sir Thomas, eh? Tell him to forget it! I ain't agoin' to ditch this here train, not even to please Sir Thomas."

When this was reported to the conductor that worthy official had an inspiration.

"Go back and tell Jim we've got George Ham's laundry in the baggage-car, and



George H. Ham.

he'll be expecting it at Sudbury as he passes through on his way to Toronto."

"Well, why in blazes didn't you tell me so long ago?" snapped Jim, upon receiving the second communication.

Whereupon he proceeded to roll them along at a gait which produced an epidemic of heart-failure in the coaches. Spurred on by the responsibility of that linen, Jim is alleged to have made up three hours in sixty miles.

Ham is a haven of refuge for distressed newspaper men and a beacon of hope for those who would like to be newspaper men. Any past, present, or prospective employe of any publication who needs a pass, a job, a loan, or a confidant for a troubled mind is sure to have his wants supplied if he appeals to Ham, provided that gentleman can wheedle the pass out of the passenger department or borrow the money. At least the applicant can count on consolation and wise counsel.

But George Ham performs other functions which are regarded by the management as of more importance even than these. For instance, whenever the Canadian Pacific has guests to entertain it is

Ham who acts as host. And it is surprising how many parties of Englishmen of various degrees of distinction there are requiring entertainment during the course of a year.

Also, there are numerous visitors from other lands whose achievements or position are deemed to entitle them to attention from the road. That is why Ham rarely sleeps two consecutive nights in the same town.

Wherever the strangers hail from, they always go home filled with enthusiasm for Canada, for that is the end and aim of Ham's existence. If there are any statistics, scraps of general information which lend local color, or good stories about the Dominion that Ham doesn't know, you may be sure they don't count. Also the visitors carry home a cordial esteem for their host.

His tact is boundless, his equanimity unassailable, his flow of quaint humor as inexhaustible as a mountain brook. His fame as a wit and an after-dinner speaker has been carried around the world by home-going travelers. He has even been made the hero of a poem by Neill Munroe, which relates "How Laughter Came to Canada."

Ham's most famous speech was made under unique circumstances. He had been ailing for some time when one spring morning in 1905 the malady took a sudden turn for the worse. The physician who was called in, after making an examination, said:

"Mr. Ham, you have a clearly defined case of appendicitis. You will have to be operated on at once if your life is to be saved."

"Not on your life, doc," replied the patient. "They say you are sure death with your little knife, and I am going to have one more good feed before I cash in."

"The boys are giving a dinner to Ussher, the assistant passenger-traffic manager, to-night, and I'm going to be there. After the dinner you may do your worst."

Incredible though it may seem, Ham actually did carry out his avowed intention to attend the dinner, though he was suffering great pain. Not only did he attend, but he made the brightest, wittiest speech of his life. Before the applause had died away he was in a cab on

the way to the hospital, where he underwent the dangerous operation for appendicitis.

For a time his life was despaired of. In fact, a report was circulated that he was dead, and one paper, accepting the report without verification, published a touching obituary of the genial Ham.

On returning to his office, Ham's first act was to have this obituary framed in sombre black and hung above his desk with this legend in his own irreverent chirography beneath:

"Not yet, but soon."

He never fails to hang a fresh wreath of immortelles upon a corner of the obituary frame whenever he returns to Montreal.

In his capacity of vicarious host Ham, of course, must needs extend many invitations to partake of liquid refreshments. It need hardly be said that he exercises great discretion on his own behalf on such occasions, for otherwise he would scarcely have won fame for eminent fitness for diplomatic missions.

Yet, there came a time when even he, the pink of discretion, felt the need of reform, and this is the way of it:

In St. John, New Brunswick, there was one particular barber who always got Ham's patronage when he was in that city. One day Ham rushed into his favorite's shop and requested a quick shave.

He noticed that the barber was haggard and that there was a strange look in his eyes, but thought nothing of it until the barber, after stropping his razor, began making vicious slashes in the air with it a few inches above his customer's nose.

"Here! What are you trying to do?" demanded Ham, not daring to move for fear of losing a few fingers or features.

"I'm cutting the heads off those snakes. Don't you see them?"

"Great Scott, yes!" replied Ham, springing from the chair. "Hold perfectly still for a minute and I'll help you. Watch 'em while I go and get an ax."

The barber was taken away in an ambulance with a fully developed case of delirium tremens, while Ham went for a walk to steady his nerves. Meeting three acquaintances, he greeted them with his accustomed hearty cordiality, winding up with an invitation to have something. On the way to the nearest place Ham suddenly stopped and said:

HOW GEORGE H. HAM DISPENSES SUNSHINE

"Gentlemen, I have just seen a horrible example of what this fool habit of treating leads to. If I buy you some whiskey it will only fill your stomachs with pains, your mouths with folly, and your consciences with remorse.

"I won't do it. I prefer to retain your esteem. I am going to treat you to something sensible. Come and have a necktie with me."

His three friends entered into the spirit of this chastened form of treat with great enthusiasm. Going into a haberdasher's shop, each of the three selected ties at two dollars and fifty cents each, the most expensive ones in the establishment.

Now it just happened, through perverse Fate, that at that particular moment Ham only had four dollars and eighty-five cents in his pockets. To make matters worse, the shopkeeper was not only a stranger, but he was cold-blooded and suspicious.

Ham was equal to the emergency. Putting his hand into his pocket as if about to pay for the ties, he suddenly concentrated his gaze upon one of them and requested leave to see it for a moment. With a great show of indignation he pointed out that the material was not silk, but a cheap imitation thereof.

By judiciously accusing the shopkeeper of attempted swindling he contrived to provoke an angry retort which gave him the desired excuse for stalking out in high dudgeon without making a purchase. Once on the sidewalk, Ham turned to his friends and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, this reform movement is indefinitely postponed."

The supreme test of Ham's tact came when he was detailed to conduct a party of fifteen Canadian women journalists over the line to Vancouver and back. A private car was assigned to the party, whereupon the officials who had extended the invitation began to borrow trouble over arrangements.

The knottiest problem, in their estimation, was to assign the drawing-room without arousing jealousies and heart-burnings which would spoil the trip; for, it was pointed out, fifteen women could not be assembled without giving rise to grave questions of precedence. Ham settled it all off-hand.

"Easiest thing in the world," said he;

"I'll take the drawing-room myself." And he did.

Soon after the party had started, some depraved person around headquarters conceived the idea that it would be a great joke to send this telegram, purporting to come from L. O. Armstrong, the colonization agent, to the Mormon bishop at Lethbridge, Alberta, the centre of a large Mormon settlement:

George Ham, rich Mormon from Wyoming, with fifteen wives in private car, will arrive Lethbridge, Thursday, 12th, looking for new location. Advise that he be treated well in hope he may decide to settle. He would be most valuable acquisition to colony.

L. O. ARMSTRONG,
Colonization Agent, C.P.R.

When the train with the journalists' car attached arrived at Lethbridge, the entire Mormon population, attired in its Sunday clothes and headed by the bishop and the elders, was drawn up on the platform to receive the visiting brother and his fifteen wives. Ham was much perplexed by the unexpected warmth of his greeting.

Not until some of the brethren began to question him about his various marriages, desiring particularly to know just where and how he had managed to corral such an all-star connubial galaxy, did it dawn upon him that somebody had been trying to play a joke. But he was game. He carried out the role that had been thrust upon him and departed amid the affectionate adieus of the brethren, promising to return and buy some land after keeping an important engagement at Moose Jaw.

As for the lady journalists, being unlightened regarding the incident, they resumed their journey enraptured with the striking example of true Western hospitality they had just witnessed. With such consummate diplomacy did Ham manage his charges that upon their return to Montreal they formed an organization, elected him an honorary member, and presented him with a gold-headed umbrella.

Last summer a large party of English newspaper men came over for a tour of Canada. They were not mere working journalists, but owners and publishers, and Great Editors with Reputations.

Ham was assigned to escort the party over the Canadian Pacific. So anxious was the management to make a good impression that Ham was called into secret conclave and especially and particularly cautioned to be on his dignity and not to attempt any unseemly levity with such a notable assemblage.

When the party arrived in Montreal it was received by a party of distinguished citizens in the most approved English style with such frigid solemnity that ordinary travelers passing near involuntarily buttoned their coats and turned their collars up around their ears. The visitors looked as gloomy as true Britons might be expected to look on such a hospitable occasion, and conversed in monosyllables.

Ham, who had purposely arrived late, greeted each visitor with his accustomed easy cordiality, and when he had been presented to all horrified the anxious Cana-

dian Pacific Railway officials by slapping the most sedate of all the great editors on the back and calling out a hearty invitation to:

"Come on, boys! This way to the dining-car!"

With the refreshments Ham served out a continuous flow of jokes diluted to suit the British taste. Within an hour the gloom had rolled away like a fog-bank before a July sun. Everybody was calling him "George," and he was addressing them by any term that came handy.

Thenceforward for the eight weeks they were under Ham's charge, those Englishmen ~~of~~ the time of their lives. When they returned to Montreal they gave a dinner in his honor, presented him with an elaborate dressing-case, and addressed a glowing eulogy of their vicarious host to the Canadian Pacific management in a round robin.

That's George Ham. And that's all.



How Insect Enemies Destroy Books

They Create Untold Havoc Among Costly Bound Volumes — The Bread Borer, the Beetle, the Book Louse and the Familiar Cockroach Attack and Devour in Their Raids the Paper and Binding of Expensive Editions —

From the Scientific American.

MORE books and manuscripts have been destroyed by insects than by fire, water, rats and mice combined. The ways and means of exterminating them are interesting, and should prove helpful to the man or woman anxious to preserve

costly bound volumes on library shelves. One of the most formidable of the insect pests is the bread borer (*Anobrium panicum*), which is found in all climates, not only in libraries, but in rye bread, whence its specific name. The beetle is one-twelfth inch long, downy, light brown, and striped lengthwise. The eggs are laid between the edges of the leaves, in scatches in leather bindings, chinks due to imperfect pasting of backs and fly leaves, etc. They hatch in five or six days, in summer, and the larvae at once bore through the bindings, following the lines of paste. The worm is brownish white, cylindrical, slightly arched and has thirteen segments. The head is



Silver Fish, Magnified About 3 Times.

brown, scaly, and armed with mandibles which "only cast iron can resist," according to one naturalist. The worm bores long, narrow tunnels through paper, leather and wood, leaving a trail of sawdust mixed with white excrement. The sixteenth century beechwood cover, herewith illustrated, is a

fine specimen of this bookworm's work. Growing rapidly and molting repeatedly, the worm finally enlarges its tunnel to the size shown in the cardboard covers of the Valerius Maximus. Pupation occupies twenty days and takes place in enlargements of the tunnels very near the surface so that the perfect insects have to bore through only a thin shell, leaving the large round holes so common in old bindings. Pairing takes place in early summer in the tunnels which are not abandoned until the supply of food fails, when other quarters are sought. Sometimes not a single worm or beetle is found in a volume riddled with holes—a fact that has puzzled many a librarian.

Of the various methods that have been recommended for ridding libraries of borers the only effective one consists in exposing the infested volumes to the vapor of carbon disulphide, by putting them in an airtight metal-lined box with a saucer of that liquid. Thirty-six hours of this treatment suffices to kill beetles, pupae, larvae and eggs. The unpleasant odor of the disulphide disappears after brief exposure to the air and the only objection to the use of this substance is its inflammability and the explosive character of its vapor when mixed with air. Hence the fumigation should be done in the daytime in a well ventilated room and the box should not be opened near a flame. On the other hand, the process possesses the merit of cheapness, as the disulphide costs only 9 cents a pound and an ounce suffices to fumigate a box of 70 cubic feet capacity. Another species of *Anobrium*, the striped borer, found commonly in houses, bores through the shelves and



"Chylotus Eruditus," a Useful Book Worm,
Magnified about 10 Times.

furniture of libraries, but does not injure the books directly, unless they are bound in wooden boards.

The larva of the Dermestes, on the other hand, has a particular fondness for bindings of leather and parchment. In May or June the females enter the library and lay their eggs, usually, on the edges of books in contact with the wall. As soon as the larvae are hatched they begin their work of destruction, not making long regular tunnels like the borers, but going in all directions and gnawing and disintegrating the bindings in an extraordinary manner. Sprinkling with benzine and fumigation with carbon disulphide have been recommended for their destruction.

Dr. Hagen, of the Museum of Cambridge, Mass., has found traps baited with cheese very efficacious.

Another beetle, the Anthrena, is occasionally very destructive to books, though it prefers skins, furs and "stuffed" animals.

Far worse is the Lepisma, or "silver fish," so-called from its shape and shining scales. It is a little wingless insect of the order Thysanura, which undergoes no metamorphosis, and infests wardrobes and kitchen pantries as well as libraries. The most destructive species may often be seen scurrying away from a book suddenly opened in summer. It has a large head,

from which the body tapers to a pointed tail, terminating in three bristles. Its favorite food is paste or glue, to obtain which it destroys titles, labels and heavily sized paper, respecting only the parts that are covered with ink. It may be caught by cutting notches in the edge of a small box, and inverting the box on a plate containing paste spread on paper. This trap should be placed in the darkest corner of the room. The insects enter through the notches and are easily surprised and destroyed at their banquet. Pyrethrum powder also destroys or stupefies them, but perhaps the best way to get rid of them is to move and air the books frequently, and kill every insect discovered.

Psoques or book-lice are often dislodged from old books kept in damp places and may be seen on library shelves in summer. They are almost omnivorous, but especially fond of paste and mold, in search of which they perforate bindings. Their depredations are often erroneously laid to the charge of the bookworms. Pulverized camphor has some effect in driving away the book-lice, and they have a natural and formidable enemy in the Cheyletus eruditus. This blind acarion, or mite, which Latreille unjustly denounced as a book-worm, has an oval body, a soft skin, relatively large jaws, and long legs terminating in hooked claws. It swarms in old volumes but it destroys the book-lice, not the books.

The familiar cockroach attacks and devours in its nocturnal raids the paper and

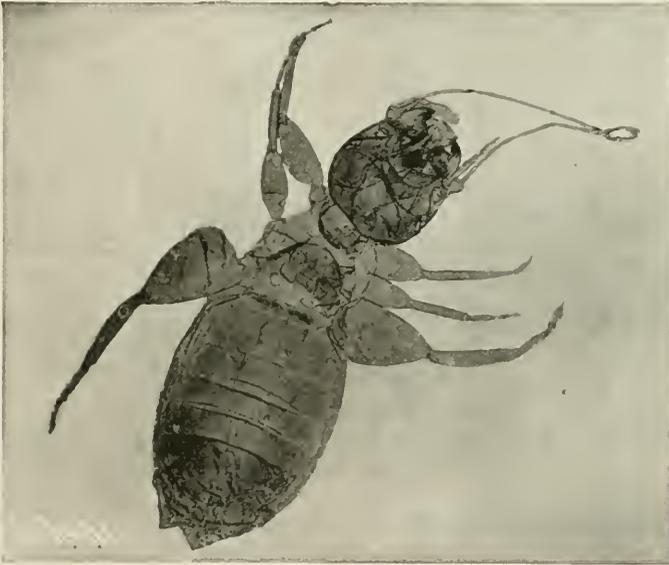


Bread Borer, Magnified about 4 Times.

HOW INSECT ENEMIES DESTROY BOOKS

bindings of books as well as flour, sugar and other provisions. The species best known in Europe is the Oriental cockroach (*Blatta orientalis*) of Asiatic origin. In the male the true wings are well developed, but the wing cases do not cover the abdomen. In the female both wings and elytra are rudimentary. The head is short and bent sharply downward. As in all Orthoptera the larva closely resembles the perfect insect, but is wingless. The female lays her eggs in April or May, and then dies. The larvae grow slowly, undergoing six or seven changes of skin. Although the cockroach produces only one brood a year it increases rapidly, especially in the tropics.

tion as possible, is strewn on the shelves. In the morning the cockroaches are found paralyzed, and may be swept up and burned. In Germany the gases produced by the combustion of gunpowder are used. The process, as described by Pergaude, consists in compressing slightly moistened gunpowder into cones like those used for Bengal lights, and igniting them, when dry, in the fireplace—a favorite resort of cockroaches. The poisonous gases drive the insects out of the cracks in which they pass the day, and suffocate them, so that they can be gathered and cremated. The process was devised for the purpose of destroying the cockroaches that infest fire-



Book Louse, Magnified about 60 Times.

In the State library at Albany, N.Y., the bindings of a hundred volumes were destroyed by cockroaches in a short time.

Another species, the American cockroach, has become acclimated chiefly in hot-houses and well heated dwellings in France and England, but it has long ravaged libraries in Brazil, Peru and Mexico, where its depredations were mentioned by a missionary friar as long ago as 1654.

Among substances inimical to cockroaches we may mention, first, pyrethrum powder. The powder, in as fresh a condi-

tion as possible, is strewn on the shelves. In the morning the cockroaches are found paralyzed, and may be swept up and burned. In Germany the gases produced by the combustion of gunpowder are used.

Traps for cockroaches have long been in use. They are of various forms but all are based on the same principle. The simplest is a glass tumbler or other vessel with smooth vertical walls, baited with a little flour. The insects easily reach the edge of the vessel from the floor by crawling up inclined flat strips of wood, placed there for that purpose. Then they fall into the vessel, from which they cannot escape by climbing its smooth walls.

Where Quality Counts More Than Quantity

The Relative Basis for Determining Advertising Values—Vastly More Money Lost Through Mistaken or Over Estimated Mediums Than in Any Other Way—The Value of Publicity in a Magazine and the Constituency That it Reaches.

By M. M. Gillam in Printers' Ink.

A PRETTY close watch on the advertising field for the last thirty years has brought a number of conclusions very clearly into my mind. One of the most important of these conclusions, as I take it, is in regard to the advertising value of circulation.

The tendency on the part of both the agent and the man who pays for the advertising is first, last and all the time, when considering a medium, particularly a daily newspaper, to lay greatest stress on the amount of circulation it is supposed to have. This is a mistake. No such basis is or can be found. The number of readers that can be had for any publication signifies much, but the character of those readers signifies very much more.

The popular notion that an advertising rate should be a definite quantity, like that for a bushel of corn or for a yard of cloth, for instance, is an absurdity. There is no such standard. There can be no such standard. One newspaper differs from another in advertising value as much as one star differs from another in glory. And this in spite of any question of circulation.

Lord Northcliffe remarked to me in London on one occasion: "The European edition of the New York Herald has an average circulation of less than twenty thousand, but I am willing to admit that an advertisement of a transportation line or a specialty store, or an automobile, or a hotel, or a health resort, or of anything else that especially appeals to a traveling American or Englishman, is worth more to the advertiser than the same announcement would be if inserted in my Daily

Mail, with eight hundred thousand circulation."

In further talk on this general subject he said: "We send thirty-one thousand copies of the Mail to the Continent every morning. But who do they go to? To Englishmen who are abroad to make money. The European edition of the Herald goes to English reading travelers who are abroad to spend money."

There you have it in a nutshell. The whole proposition is there. The advertiser who would weigh the merits of those two papers on the basis of copies circulated would go wrong woefully. Lord Northcliffe frankly admitted that on a basis of forty to one the balance was still on the side of the small circulation.

This is an extreme case, I admit. The European edition of the Herald is unique. But the principle underlying the case is precisely the same that underlies the advertising value of every newspaper. There is no city in America that supports several papers where the careful observer cannot see an illustration more or less marked of this difference in the advertising value of circulation. Every alert New York business man knows that the Herald, the Tribune and the Post, for instance, have an advertising value for substantial propositions that is out of all proportion to their circulation, when compared with the volume that some other papers send out. So, too, of the old time Ledger, in Philadelphia, and the Sun, in Baltimore.

Practically the same condition exists in regard to magazines. Some of these publications have circulations that run well up to the half million mark and yet reach con-

WHERE QUALITY COUNTS MORE THAN QUANTITY

stituencies of small individual buying power.

The only way to learn what the advertising value of any periodical really is is to judge by results. In the absence of such data there are earmarks that the man skilled in these things will not overlook. If a publication is attractive to a class of a community or to the people of a section of the country the fact will be patent, and there will be an advertising value to its circulation that is exactly proportioned to the number of copies read and to the appeal that the advertised thing makes to the taste and to the buying capacity of the readers.

Right here is where the services of a bright, square, well posted advertising agent comes in as a profitable investment. Very few business men have the time or the training to even approximately master the newspaper situation. To do it even fairly well requires a broad, clear, analytical mind, unbiased judgment and a world of experience and observation. The costly folly of poor copy is admitted, but I believe that vastly more money is lost by advertisers through mistaken or over-estimated mediums than in any other way.

I have been much interested in watching the course of the new Southern magazine, Uncle Remus. This is a publication that seems to have a mission—to represent the best thought of the Southland. Yet in doing so it is not partizan, it is not sectional. "Uncle Remus," whose death occurred recently, was a national—an international—character, and a magazine bearing his name is at once on friendly terms with a multitude of readers. On the lines it is now following I do not see how it can fail to win hosts of friends North and South.

I should consider such a magazine a fine advertising medium for anything that will appeal to a thoughtful, earnest, intelligent constituency of average citizens. The more of them there are the better, of course; but I will be amazed if there is not

business for any reasonable advertiser in such a medium, even if it had but ten thousand circulation instead of the more than two hundred thousand that Uncle Remus claims.

A prominent department store advertiser in New York told me recently, when talking of a city publication with nearly one hundred thousand circulation, that time and time again he had tried that medium for his store without one response that could be traced. I cannot conceive that such a condition could exist with any publication that had a loving, believing following.

When in East Aurora, N.Y., lately, Fra Elbertus showed me the analysis of medium values prepared by an advertiser of national character and covering two years. It had been first shown to him that day. Perhaps twenty magazines and near-magazines were on the list. The Philistine stood No. 1 (lowest) in cost of business bringing. Now, the article advertised was just as appealing to Century or Saturday Evening Post or Woman's Home Companion readers or to any other constituency on the list, but I could only conclude that Philistine followers are more apt to be thinkers and doers, and that any given thousand of them will turn in more responses for a thing that tempts them than two or three times the number of the sip-and-go, bumble-bee-in-a-clover-patch sort that read most magazines.

Again I point to the moral of it all—that the wordly wise advertiser will study the character of his mediums as closely as he can, he will catch results, he will be impressed by surface indications of all sorts—then he will try to make such offerings as will be winsome to the readers he appeals to. He will not hit the bull's-eye every time, but he should never score a clean miss if he is not carried away by the myth that circulation is the all-in-all as a basis for determining advertising values.

The Physical Effect of Business Integrity

It Pays to be Honest, From the Mental Tranquility That Comes as a Reward From the Practice of this Virtue, if From no Higher Motive—Health and Happiness are Measured Wholly by the Esteem in Which a Man is Held by His Fellows.

By Eugene Christian in the Bookkeeper Magazine.

EVERY young man who starts out into the great business world is confronted, sooner or later, by the question, "Does it pay to be honest?"

In all probability he has heard this question discussed hundreds of times by his good mother, the minister, the moralist, his sweetheart, and, perhaps, his father. He may have had a few object lessons pointed out to him where some dishonest man has had trouble, lost his fortune, been ostracized from society or maybe got into jail.

The reward suggested for business integrity by his parents was self-respect—the reward of the moralist was standing in his community or social recognition. The prize named by the new theology was flitting from star to star like a yellow butterfly dining on dew in a daisy field. The reward offered by the minister was a pair of reversible wings a million years hence, but the true reward, the prize of most value, the account for business honesty upon which he can draw every minute he lives, in all probability has never been thought of or brought to his attention by any of his instructors.

The young man has formed his opinions. He has a whole decalogue of business determinations—of high and well defined purposes. He gets out into the hard business fight. He sees things as they are. These things mold and shape his opinions and his opinions mold and shape his conduct.

He sees the race-track gambler, dignified by the title of turfman, prosper. He sees a bucket-shop open business with a cedar pencil and a tab of paper and thrive and assume that arrogance born of the dollar mark. If he is on the inside he sees banks, trust and insurance companies use

the people's money against the people's interest. He sees men called financiers do things to a thousand people that would land them in the penitentiary were they to do the same thing to anyone of these people individually.

He sees men doing things every day behind the charter of a corporation that the law would not permit them to do as individuals. He sees all these things done by men just like himself. He sees them prosper, he sees them make more money or get more of the people's money by a single crooked deal than he could make in 194 years accurately figured out with his fountain pen.

He has never met any of these men except probably the banker and the bucket-shop keeper, and they, well-groomed, looked very happy, very saucy, very independent, very important. He has heard the other people talked about, written about, has seen their pictures in the papers.

He sits down some quiet rainy evening and figures it all out about as follows:

The bucket-shop man or stock-broker "makes the money," and the money means—well—. The bankers and trust company people get the money somehow and the public regards them as big sterling men. The financiers get the money, too, and plenty of it. They get talked about—get their pictures in the papers and have red automobiles and go to Europe every once in a while.

The argument of his dear mother about self-respect is very good, but self-respect is so often measured by what others think we are; the standing of the banker and trust company men does away with the "position in society" argument, the "star to star"

THE PHYSICAL EFFECT OF BUSINESS INTEGRITY

scheme has been lost in the smoke of business battle, and the "reversible wing" theory is too far from the point of delivery, so the chances are ten to one that his conduct, business integrity, high, moral aspirations and common business honesty will be shaped very largely by his environment.

Though a little pessimistic, this is the truth about the majority of young business men, especially in large cities.

But there is another side to this story, which if he was made thoroughly acquainted with might change his whole business career, or at least to some extent dim the glare of gold and the "great white way." It is this: Science has recently discovered, that the mental condition, more than any other one thing governs the secretion of the saliva, gastric juice of the stomach, bile of the liver and pancreatic fluids. These four solvents govern most entirely the digestion and assimilation of food and excretion of waste and these things govern health absolutely.

If every young business man was made thoroughly familiar with these facts, his pride in the power that robust health gives and the admiration bestowed upon its possessor by both women and men would influence and shape more business destinies than all other forces combined.

In every city there are large business industries that are operated on plans of absolute honor and integrity. It has been the privilege of the writer, who for many years visited every large city in the United States

annually, to become acquainted with the founders of these great concerns, whose age in many instances had gone far beyond three-score years and ten, and I am convinced that in nearly every one of these cases extreme age and good health was due largely to the state of mental tranquility produced by honest business dealings; while on the other hand we see all around us striking examples of the "pace that kills."

The average life of the financier in our large cities is less than fifty years, and those who exist in the strife of money getting and succeed in living beyond this period are physical wrecks, totally unable to enjoy the best things in a beautiful world.

One, among the richest men in New York, who consulted me recently about his health, said, "Ah, money to the winds, it is not worth the candle; it costs too much to get it, and too much to keep it." We buy money with blood and tears, hopes and fears.

The desire to display and "show out" is a dominant trait with nearly every young man at some time. Money merely supplies the calcium; but as he grows older he grows more thoughtful and philosophic. He finds that no calling is worth a copper that does not have for its ultimate purpose a public good. He finds that his health and happiness are measured wholly by the esteem in which he is held by his fellow men. This esteem cannot be secured by the mere changing of money—the shifting of coin.

A woman knocks out a man altogether when it comes to ingenuity.

I wonder if since the world began a man has ever helped a woman to any achievement.

Mrs. Grundy is too old in the world's law to forgive a woman an error—unless she is rich enough to pay for her good repute.

The world is so pitiless—it will forgive you crimes if you are successful, but if you fail, mistakes would be counted as a sin past mending.

The men who do the big things are like war horses; they can stand the roar of the cannon and the thrust of the bayonet; but the fly-stings irritate them past endurance.—From "The Speculator," by Olive Christian Malvery.

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Cleverest Tramp in America. L. G. Wright—Bohemian.
Chevalier Ginistrelli. A. E. T. Watson—Badminton.
Thos. B. H. Cochrane, J.P., D.L., At Home—World (Eng.) (July 29).
David Masson. R. S. Rait—Fort. Rev.
Richard Mansfield. P. Wilstach—Scribner.
Chronicle of Friendships. W. H. Low—Scribner.
John Muir. B. Mittard—Suburban Life.
Private Portrait of Emperor William. O. Mirbeau—American.
Tragedy of Michael Stamp. J. Barnett—Cornhill
At Home With John Muir. G. G. Clarkson—Overland Mthly.

Ruler, and Sportsman too. Blumantle—London.
Jas. S. Sherman. W. E. Weid—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
Jno. W. Kern. F. A. Ogg—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
Mr. Cleveland at Princeton. H. Van Dyke—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
Grover Cleveland as a Public Man. St. C. McKelway—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
Great American Journalist—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
Two Live Men of Battle Creek. E. Hubbard—Human Life.
Jas. S. Sherman. G. Ranlett—Human Life.
Millionaires Who Work for a Living. E. Wildman—Human Life.
Jas. R. Keene. A. N. Lewis—Human Life.
How We Three Visited Fra Elbertus. A. H. Lewis—Human Life.
Hon. Jim Horse James. E. Cave—Recreation.
One Man's Life. G. W. James—National.
Senator Isaac Stephenson—National.
C. F. G. Masterson, M.P., B. Mathews, B.A.—Young Man.
Hilaire Belloc, M.P., B. Mathews, B.A.—Young Man.
Two Princes of Science. R. Hudson—Young Man
John Barrett, R. A. Wilson—World To-Day.
Grover Cleveland. H. N. Carson—Broadway.
Last of the Cattle Kings. F. Strother—World's Work.
Impressions of John D. Rockefeller. F. N. Doubleday—World's Work.
A Born Philanthropist. C. Morris—Circle.
Romance of an Empress. K. Durland—Woman's Home Comp.
Mr. Jos. Bruce Ismay—World (Eng.) (Aug. 5).

Miscellaneous.

Spiritualism. R. Hughes—Pearson's (Am.)
Man of Ambition and His Home. Hon. C. S. Deneen—Ladies' Home Jnl.
What Money is Really Good For. L. Abbott—Ladies' Home Jnl.
The Remittance Man. W. E. Edmunds—Westward Ho.
The Case of the S.S. Arran. P. Vaux—Westward Ho.
Diminishing Increase of Population. W. G. Resciter—Atlantic Mthly.
Collecting Antique Chairs. A. B. Perrett—Good Housekeeping.
Fight Against Duelling in Europe. A. de Bourbon—Fort. Rev.
The Contracting Engineer. B. Brooks—Scribner.
Some Sundials—Eng. Illus.
An Old Scrapbook. J. Oldworthy—Eng. Illus.
Is Alaska Becoming a Rich Man's Preserve? W. T. Prosser—Pacific Mthly.
What to do About the Negro. R. S. Baker—American.
The Sampler, Beautiful and Otherwise. K. Wyman.
Advanced Thought: Incorporated. A. E. Thomas—Collier's (Aug. 8).
Nationalities of Hungary. Count J. Mailath—Cont. Rev.
The King Plays. G. C. Widney—World To-Day.
Mohammedan Constabulary in Mindanao. J. G. Harbord—World To-Day.
Making an American Aristocrat. W. A. Johnson—Broadway.

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- Strange Musicians from Strange Lands. O. Baldwin—Travel.
- White Race in the Tropics. S. P. Verner—World's Work.
- Reign of Lawlessness in Kentucky. J. L. Mathews—Success.
- Making the Desert Blossom. W. E. Weyl—Success Irrigation Problems—Success.
- One Church and the Social Problem—Woman's Home Comp.
- House of Wistaria Water. J. Webster—Woman's Home Comp.
- The Nature Man. Jack London—Woman's Home Comp.
- Does Prohibition Pay? T. White—Appleton's.
- Osteopathy. E. M. Downing—Metropolitan.
- Brussels Sugar Conference. Dr. R. Broda—International.
- Old Age Pensions in Australia—International.
- Postal Service Extension—Craftsman.
- Ethics and Aesthetics of the Push Cart. M. Winthrop—Craftsman.

Municipal and Local Government.

- Working Local Option Law in Small Kentucky Town. A. Sachs, Jr.—Am. Bus. Man.
- Good Roads Campaign—Overland Mthly.

Nature and Outdoor Life.

- Collection of Carnivorous Plants. S. L. Bastin—House and Garden.
- Hop Toads. E. M. Beals—House and Garden.
- Manitoban Collection of Native Wild Fowl. R. M. Matheson—Rod and Gun.
- How Amateurs Handle Wild Animals. B. Dale—Westward Ho.
- Sketching from Nature. J. Kyle, A.R.C.A.—Westward Ho.
- Eulogy on the Dog. G. G. Vest—Westward Ho.
- Story of Bully. C. D. Stewart—Atlantic Mthly.
- The Wasp. H. Bastin—Pearson's (Eng.)
- Two Birds, a Toad and a Squirrel. E. H. Stratton—Suburban Life.
- Gum Trees. B. Young—Lone Hand.
- Luminous Owls and the "Will o' the Wisp." T. Digby—Living Age (Aug. 1).
- How I Trap Wild Horses. C. P. Barnum—Sunset
- Game Birds of the Pacific. H. T. Payne—Sunset
- Aristocratic Persian Cat. F. H. S. Morrison—Country Life in Am.
- How Horses Should be Shod. R. W. Woolley—Country Life in Am.
- Love Among the Chickens. B. G. Wodchouse—Circle.

Political and Commercial.

- Glance in Passing. Don Marquis—Home Mag.
- Trail-Blazers of Commerce. Agnes D. Cameron—Home Mag.
- Political Campaigning in Eng. and Am. E. Porritt—Atlantic Mthly.
- Alleged Desire to Isolate Germany—Spectator (Aug. 1).
- Turkish Revolution—Spectator (Aug. 1).
- Mr. Birrell's Triumph—Spectator (Aug. 1).
- The Persian Crisis. A. Hamilton—Fort. Rev.
- Socialism—Real and So-called. E. B. Box—Fort. Rev.

- Towards Union in S. Africa. J. S. Mills—Fort. Rev.
- British Agriculture and Tariff Reform. J. H. Schooling—Windsor.
- Turkey and Europe—Sat. Rev. (Aug. 1).
- The Success of Preference—Sat. Rev. (Aug. 1).
- The Vicious Circuit—Sat. Rev. (Aug. 1).
- Harnessing Socialism. E. Poole—American.
- American Loyalists and Australia. J. O'Byrne—Lone Hand.
- Government by Execution. Count L. Tolstoy—Living Age (Aug. 8).
- The American Election—Living Age (Aug. 8).
- Political Nervousness in Germany—Living Age (Aug. 1).
- Anarchy. M. G. Kidder—Overland Mthly.
- Mr. Bryan's Convention. S. E. Moffett—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
- What Are Japanese Doing in Formosa? W. C. Gregg—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
- A King of Canada. C. F. Hamilton—Collier's (Aug. 8).
- Denver Convention. J. M. Chapple—National.
- My Socialism. H. G. Wells—Cont. Rev.
- Consul's Busy Day. A. P. Wilder—World To-Day
- Dollars Behind the Ballots. F. A. Ogg—World To-Day.
- Colonialism. P. S. Reinsch—World To-Day.
- Campaign Contribution. A. H. Lewis—Broadway
- Present-day Slavery in Mexico. C. Malato—International.
- Danger of War Between Italy and Austria. F. Tellmann—International.
- Extermination of Natives in German Southwest Africa—International.

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- Too Late. J. P. Haverson—Canadian.
- August—S. A. White—Canadian.
- The Haunted Brother. F. L. Stanton—Home M.
- The Gentle One. E. Barker—Lippincott's.
- End of the Road. E. C. Litsey—Lippincott's.
- The Prairie. B. E. H. Murison—Westward Ho.
- Kiss Her. T. A. Daly—Westward Ho.
- Morrice Water. S. N. Cleghorn—Atlantic Mthly.
- Merry Minded Gardner. B. E. Wade—Sub. Life.
- Song Up Summer. C. E. S. Wood—Pacific Mthly
- The Interval. H. French—Living Age (Aug. 8).
- The Hidden Word. M. E. Martin—Living Age (Aug. 8).
- The Able Seaman. W. L. Randell—Living Age (Aug. 1).
- The Fire Bearer—Living Age (Aug. 1).
- He Did. O. W. Noble—People's.
- Squandered Lives. E. C. Dolson—People's.
- Give Me a Man. W. P. Hatch—National.
- Gladness of Nature. W. C. Bryant—National.
- A Child's Birthday. D. F. MacCarthy—Irish M.
- An October Night. J. O. Tryon—Broadway.
- The Grey Town. A. Fitch—Broadway.
- Across the Hills. C. B. Going—Success.
- Wind of the Atlantic. C. B. Going—Success.
- Glow-worms. W. Struthers—Ainslee's.
- The Cry. T. Garrison—Ainslee's.
- The Poet. A. Trebor—Appleton's.
- The Sentinel. Scott. R. G. Welsh—Appleton's.
- Midnight Lunch Room. E. Barker—Craftsman.
- In an Old French Garden. G. H. Conkling—Craftsman.

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Railroads and Transportation.

- Am. Railroad Rates Compared with European. S. Thompson—Am. Bus. Man.
Railroad Regulation in America. C. S. Vrooman—International.

Religion and the Church.

- Education of the Poor—Irish Mthly.
Abbe Loisy and Modernism—Cont. Rev.
Salvation of Christianity. Rev. C. F. Asked—Appleton's.
Evolutionary Vistas. E. Reich—International.

Science and Invention.

- Telegraphy. J. Corbin—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
Story of the Picture that Moves. J. R. Meader—Bohemian.
The Aeroplane. R. Schaeffer—Lone Hand.
Electric Theory of Matter. W. A. Shenstone—Living Age (Aug. 8).
The Gyroscope. A. G. Webster.—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
Some Applications of the Gyroscope. J. F. Springer—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
Sight and Sound Magic in Wireless Agency. R. Sloss—Broadway.
Airship is Here. F. Todd—World's Work.
Australia's Share in Solar Research. W. G. Duffield—Empire Rev.
Technical Age. Dr. R. Broda—International.
Present and Future of Aerial Navigation. J. H. Ledebor—International.
Progress of Polar Exploration. Dr. R. Hennig—International.
Developments in Wireless Telegraphy.—International.
Calming Sea by Compressed Air.—International
Owen's Bottle-making Machine—International.

Sports and Pastimes.

- A Poacher of Renown. E. Hickson—Canadian.
Not All of Hunting to Hunt. Pen—Rod and Gun
Fishing Around Montreal—Rod and Gun.
Duck Hunt in New Territory. Sagwa—Rod and Gun.
Nocturnal Duck Hunt. L. W. Bengay—Rod and Gun.
Successful First Deer Hunt—Rod and Gun.
Morning Shoot in the West—Rod and Gun.
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Facts About Bass. M. W. G. Purser—Rod and Gun.
Royal N.S. Yacht Squadron. N. M. Browne—Rod and Gun.
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Romance of Motoring. H. C. Green—Atlantic M. National Game. R. L. Hart—Atlantic Mthly.
A Cromarty Shooting—Scottish Field.
Game Prospects for 1908. A. Acland-Hood—Badminton.
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- Motor Gossip. H. B. Money-Coutts—Badminton.
ton.
Champagne of Cricket. Sir H. Gordon—Badminton.
After Reindeer on the Vandrefjeld. R. A. Cross—Badminton.
Sailing on Terra Firma. A. P. Knowles—Badminton.
Portable Pastimes—Windsor.
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Throwing the Discus and Javelin. G. S. Robertson—Badminton.
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How Mountains were Made in the Depths of the Sea. Prof. T. J. J. See—Pacific Mthly.
Trout Streams of the Missions. C. F. Holder—Pacific Mthly.
Hunting Extinct Animals in Alaska—Overland Mthly.
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Pleasures of Caravaning. I. H. Stone—London.
Hunting the White-Tailed Deer. Jos. S. Seabury—Recreation.
Off-Shore Sailing. W. S. Quigley—Recreation.
Duck Shooting in the Dakotas. C. Tinan—Recreation.
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- Two-Wheeled Camping Excursion. W. L. Churchill—Recreation.
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Amateur's Experience Photographing Wild Moose and Deer. C. M. Whitney, M.D.—Coun. Life in Am.
Learning to Drive a Motor Car. C. H. Claudy—Country Life in Am.
How I Built My Portable Hunting Lodge. W. L. Hudson—Country Life in Am.
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American Motor Flight. J. L. Williams—Collier's (Aug. 8).
American Athletes Meet the World. C. Ware—World To-Day.
Wonders of the Camera. C. H. Claudy—World To-Day.
Gentle Art of Photographing Rattlesnakes. D. Coolidge—Metropolitan.

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- Personality of the Actress. H. Charlesworth—Canadian.
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Theatrical Reminiscences of Brighton. P. Mander—Eng. Illus.
Shakespeare and a National Theatre. C. Shibley—Living Age (Aug. 8).
Art of Illusion. D. Belasco—Sat. Eve. Post (July 25).
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Indian Tribes of Labrador. C. H. Easton—Canadian.

How I Helped to Make a Railway—Rod and Gun With Campers of Alpine Club of Canada. D. B. Taylor—Rod and Gun.

From Algonquin Park to Lake of Bays by Canoe—Rod and Gun.

Scientific Travelers in Alaska—Rod and Gun.

The Ruined Cities of Ceylon. F. Burnett—Westward Ho.

Prince Rupert. O. D. Fleming—Westward Ho.

The West as a Field of Immigration. R. E. Gosnell—Westward Ho.

Newport—City of Luxury. J. T. Lincoln—Atlantic Mthly.

Life in an Indian Compound. M. A. Chamberlain—Atlantic Mthly.

Glenbuck House—Scottish Field.

Musselburgh and Its Environs—Scottish Field.

London. Then and Now. C. Van Morden—Pearson's (Eng.)

London Sea-side Suburbs—Eng. Illus.

Oyster Beds of Concale. G. Brook—Eng. Illus.

Short Cut from Upper Lakes to Atlantic—Canada (July 25).

Luxurious Adirondack Camps. A. M. Kellogg—Broadway.

From the Oldest World. L. Esson—Lone Hand.

Week in Canadian Backwoods—Chambers's Jnl.

Old Mansions of Paris. P. H. Ditchfield—Chambers's Jnl.

Tomb Hunters of Egypt—Chambers's Jnl.

The Simplon Tunnel—Chambers's Jnl.

Gaping Ghyll. R. Farrer—Living Age (Aug. 1).

San Francisco—Overland Mthly.

Building Operations in San Francisco—Overland Mthly.

Dona Rita's Relics. M. F. Hudson—Overland M.

Romantic House of the Castros. S. Newsom—Overland Mthly.

Fragment of Ancient Continent of Lemuria. A. H. Taffinder—Overland Mthly.

Guatemala's Transcontinental Route. M. A. Hays—Am. Rev. of Rev's.

Forest Preserve Near the Metropolis. Dr. E. L. Partridge—Country Life in Am.

Augusta: A Model Town. E. S. Johnson—Good Housekeeping.

Amongst Valaisian Villages. J. F. Leask—Young Man.

Douglas Glacier and Its Neighborhood. J. M. Bell—Geographical Jnl.

Exploration of Prince Charles Foreland. W. M. S. Bruce—Geographical Jnl.

Note on Survey in Newfoundland. H. C. Thomson—Geographical Jnl.

Southern Cyclonic Belt. Col. H. E. Rawson—Geographical Jnl.

Dunderbergs and Their Environs. E. West—Travel.

Suoqualmie Falls. W. McCully—Travel.

Enchanted Land of the Yoho. K. L. Smith—Travel.

Automobiling About Westchester. G. I. Colbron—Travel.

Coaching in the British Isles. C. W. Jacobs—Travel.

Ascent of Jungfrau by Electric Railway. D. Welch—Travel.

Rolling Bridge of St. Malo. Z. H. Beckley—Travel.

Simple Travel in England. H. Fairgrieve—Travel

House of A. C. Bartlett, Esq. B. Ferree—Am-Homes and Gardens.

Residential Park Near Philadelphia. R. de Martin—Am. Homes and Gardens.

The Terraces. F. D. Nichols—Am. Homes and Gardens.

From Vienna to the Black Sea—Appleton's.

Scenery in Rhodesia. Hon. Mrs. W. Fox—Empire Rev.

Come to Western Australia. F. A. Wells—Empire Rev.

Woman and the Home.

What Being a Woman Has Meant to Me—Ladies' Home Jnl.

Renting Rooms to Young Men. T. Grenfel—Ladies' Home Jnl.

Bridal Showers for Autumn Brides—Ladies' Home Jnl.

Which Novels are Wise for the Young. H. W. Mable—Ladies' Home Jnl.

Smart Little Touches for Girls—Ladies' Home Jnl.

What Nature Really Intended us to Eat—Ladies' Home Jnl.

Well Dressed Woman in Simple Clothes—Ladies' Home Jnl.

Girl Who Makes Her Own Clothes. H. Koues—Ladies' Home Jnl.

Helpful Suggestions for the Stout Woman—Ladies' Home Jnl.

What it Means to be an Enfranchised Woman. E. Meredith—Atlantic Mthly.

Pretty Girl at Washington. A. Lanston—Bohemian.

Defeat of the Hooligan. C. T. L. Clarke—Idler.

Business of Millions a Year Managed by a Woman. M. H. Salt—Am. Bus. Man.

Sex Equality and Adult Suffrage. T. Billington-Greig—Fort. Rev.

Good Variety of Pickles. A. B. Maynard—Suburban Life.

The Store Girl's Chance. A. Austin—Smith's.

Methods of Reducing Your Weight. F. Augustine—Smith's.

Passing of the Untrained Woman. M. B. Hartt—Good Housekeeping.

Emancipation from the Dressmaker. M. McC. Williams—Good Housekeeping.

Is the Cellar Clean?—Good Housekeeping.

Betty-Bob Housekeeping Co. M. H. H. Morse—Success.

Women—To-day and Yesterday—Appleton's.

Kind of Women Colleges Produce. G. S. Hall—Appleton's.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

The best selling books during the past month were :—

Canada.

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Prima Donna. By F. M. Crawford.
Barrier. By Rex E. Beach.
Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
Somehow Good. By William De Morgan.

United States.

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Barrier. By Rex E. Beach.
Coast of Chance. By C. and L. Chamberlain.
Chaperon. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
Husbands of Edith. By G. B. McCutcheon.

England.

Jack Spurlock, Prodigal, by G. H. Lorimer, was the best selling book in England.

SOME NEW BOOKS WORTH READING.

Sowing Seeds in Danny. By Nellie L. McClung.
Gabrielle, Amethyst. By Miss F. W. Musgrave.
Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead. By James P. Haverson.
The Cradle of New France. By A. G. Doughty.
Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs. By J. Castell Hopkins.
Through the Mackenzie Basin. By Charles Mair.
Sir James Douglas in Makers of Canada. By Hamilton Coats and R. E. Gosnell.
The Lost Dragon. By Edward S. Ellis.
The Voyage of the Wishbone Boat. By C. D. Riley.
The Rival Campers Ashore. By Ruel Perley.
Hope, the Heart's Unbroken String. By John A. Hutton.
Acadian Lays. By Wm. Inglis Morse.
The Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Dominy's Dollars. By B. Paul Neuman. Paper.
The Angel and the Author—and Others. By Jerome K. Jerome. Paper.
Milly and Olly. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Paper.
The Mystery of the Yellow Room. By Gaston Leroux.
The Irresistible Current. By Mrs. I. Lowenberg.
Weiga of Temigami, and Other Indian Tales. By Cy Warman.

The Moth and the Flame. By Alice Maud Meadows. Paper.
The Awakening of Anthony Weir. By Silas K. Hocking.
The Mountain, and Other Poems. By George Benson.
The Undergroove. By Arthur Stringer.
British Imperialism in the 18th Century. By Gerald B. Horton.

BRIGHT THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

Certain small fires have been known to light world-wide conflagrations.

However noble it may be, it doesn't pay to tilt at wind-mills. . . . Not unless you wreck the wind-mill.

Changing the angle of the sun-dial doesn't affect the time of day.

Many worthless people are popular because they don't tread on any one's toes.

Few men are fools on all points of the compass.

Comedies do not necessarily require a wide stage, nor tragedies an amphitheatre for their enactment.

There is no blast so powerful, so withering, as the blast of ridicule. Only the strongest men can withstand it.

If some keen American lawyer would really put his mind to the evasion of the Ten Commandments, the high heavens themselves might be cheated.

American men of affairs are too busy to consider position. They make it as a by-product.

It is natural for a man to like to hear the points of his character discussed by a discerning woman.—From "Mr. Crewe's Career," by Winston Churchill.

When I was young, a girl was satisfied if she got a husband; she didn't trouble about a particular sort. Now she wants an archangel.

It's the fault of the age, that silly sentimentalism that can see nothing but virtue in the criminal and nothing but cruelty in punishment.

There are only two classes of people in the world, those who don't care what they eat and those who do.

It's very ill-bred to be in earnest when nobody else is.

I asked him what his ideal of a perfect dinner was, and he said he didn't care. Now there must be something wrong about a man who doesn't care what he has for dinner.

There is no smart set. It's an expression of the half-penny papers. The leisured rich have

existed before Pompeii, in every class in every clime, and their creed is always the same. It is materialism, tempered by fads. If the women don't gamble and bet, they found societies for the prevention of wearing spangles by aerobats, on account of the cruelty to the tinfoil.

It's not the strong arm of the law that staves off the tragedies of life; it's the soft hands of little children.—From "Lady Lee," by Florence Warden.

Girls require advertising like any other saleable article, and if they were not given the opportunity of meeting eligible men, how could they be expected to make good marriages?

To most people there is only one side to every question, and that is the side that appeals to them.

There are none so blind as those who idealize.

There is no more insidious weakness of character than a love of patronage which comes disguised as a wish to be kind.

There is nothing more unpleasant than to be disillusioned about one's character, and to discover hidden meannesses which have hitherto lain unsuspected.

It is a sign of weakness to issue commands which you cannot enforce.—From "The Tavistocks," by E. Aceituna Griffen.

I have seen a music hall performance given by eleven sisters, all of the same size and apparently all of the same age. She must have been a wonderful woman—the mother.

A philosopher has put it on record that he always felt sad when he reflected on the sorrows of humanity.—But when he reflected upon its amusements he felt sadder still.

Marriages are made in heaven—but solely for export.

Charity is an insurance, at a decidedly moderate premium, in case, after all, there should happen to be another world.

Philosophy is the art of bearing other people's troubles.

It is a simple science, philosophy. The idea is that it never matters what happens to you provided you don't mind it. The weak point in the argument is, that nine times out of ten you can't help minding it.

Philosophy is the science of suffering the inevitable, which most of us strive to accomplish without the aid of philosophy.

We can most of us forgive our brother his transgressions—once we have got even with him.

The modern heroine misbehaves herself with nothing below Cabinet rank.—From "The Angel and the Author," by Jerome K. Jerome.

PARAGRAPHS OF INTEREST.

One of the brightest and most readable books just issued is "Sowing Seeds in Danny," by Nellie L. McClung, the talented Canadian who resides in Manitou, Manitoba. It is published

in the United States, by Doubleday, Page & Co. and by Mr. Wm. Briggs in Canada. The story is a fascinating one and an enthusiastic reader very truthfully remarks: "Twice have I read it from end to end, and then have gone back to re-read certain passages again and again, and to me it is the sweetest, the sanest, and most accurate picture of the ordinary every-day life of the farms and villages of the whole west that has been written, or is ever likely to be written. It has been written by a true daughter of the west, with an observant eye, a keen sense of humor, and a rare gift of expression."

A valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical as well as general history of western Canada has been made by H. A. Cody, B.A., rector of Christ Church, Whitehorse, Y.T., in his life of the Right Reverend William Carpenter Bompas.



MRS. McCLUNG, MANITOU, MAN.
Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny"

D.D., successively Bishop of Athabasca, Mackenzie River and Selkirk. The book is entitled, "An Apostle of the North," and is a fine, large volume of nearly 400 pages, admirably printed and profusely illustrated.

Robert E. Knowles' new novel to be called "The Web of Time," is announced for publication in October. It is a Canadian story and will be attractively produced.

If some Canadian authors turn to Toronto to secure publishers for their books, it is equally true that many look to Boston for the same purpose. At least one prominent Boston put

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ishing house has quite a list of Canadian authors—L. C. Page & Company. The latest addition to this list is Miss L. M. Montgomery, whose home is in Prince Edward Island, and who has written a sweet and charming story of rural life, entitled "Anne of Green Gables." To those who like the simple and appealing, the clean and wholesome, the cheerful and inspiring in literature, this book will be a delight, and Canadians should be proud of an author who can arouse these finer feelings.

It is estimated that during 1907 Germany exported over forty-two million books to foreign countries, valued at \$17,850,000. The countries in which the demand for these German books was greatest are, in order of consumption, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, European Russia and the United States.

According to a report from U.S. Consul-General Benjamin H. Ridgely, Barcelona, Spain, the old-fashioned dime novel industry has been successfully introduced into Spain. At all the newspaper kiosks, French translations of the most popular of these novels have been selling rapidly for a year or more. The books retail at from 4.1 cents to about 6 American cents a copy.

"Western Canada," in the series of "Hand-books of English Church Expansion," has recently been issued. It is the work of Rev. L. Norman Tucker, M.A., D.C.L., general secretary of the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

Palmer Cox, the originator of the Palmer Cox Brownies, is to have a new book this fall called "Brownie Clown of Brownietown," which will no doubt delight many youngsters. Perhaps it is not generally known that Mr. Cox is a Canadian. He was born at Granby, Que., and though he spends his winters in the United States, yet in summer he lives in his pretty summer home called Brownie Castle, in his native town.

The final volume in the Makers of Canada Series is now being put into type and will probably be ready this fall. It deals with the life of William Lyon Mackenzie, and the author is G. G. S. Lindsay.

"The History of the Thirteen Colonies of North America, 1497-1763," by Reginald W. Jeffery, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, is an early fall publication of interest to students of Canadian history. It deals, of course, with the settlement of Acadia.

A notable novel, Canadian in authorship and scene and spirit, entitled, "My Lady of the Snows," will be published early this autumn. The author is Mrs. J. Y. Brown, of Brantford. The story has a two-fold purpose, that of a political novel and the portrayal of a great love and a religious drama. It will have a number of illustrations in colors. The scene of the story is laid prior to the last election during Sir John A. Macdonald's administration.

Mr. Service's "Songs of a Sourdough," which was welcomed on its first appearance in Canada, is meeting with favor on its travels further afield. The London Spectator, in a recent article on "Swinburne and Others," praises the new poet with more enthusiasm than is usual with the Spectator when dealing with Canadian writings. "If Mr. Kipling had never written 'The Feet of the Young Men,'" says the reviewer, "Mr. Service's 'Songs of a Sourdough' would have taken a different form. 'The Call of the Wild,' 'The Woman and the Angel,' 'The Lure of Little Voices,' and a score of others, are pure Kipling in manner. In manner only let it be said, for Mr. Service has a very vigorous talent of his own. He has seen and suffered, and he has an uncanny power of gruesome word painting, as in 'The Lone Trail.' At his best we should rank him high among modern poets of wild nature, for he has the great essential of good literature—something to say."

A London despatch says: "Here is a theatrical surprise. It is that Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the Toronto authoress, is playing the leading part in the performance of the dramatization of her novel, "Three Weeks," at the Adelphi theatre."

London has an interesting new club. It is called "The Publishers' Circle," and is a gradual development of a suggestion made at the last annual meeting of the Publishers' Association. The purpose of the club is to promote friendliness and social intercourse between publishers. The secretary is Mr. Power, of Sir Isaac Putnam's staff, and the principal London publishers—men like Mr. John Murray, Mr. Longman and Mr. Heinemann—are members. Once a month the members will meet for luncheon and to talk over such matters as are of interest to them professionally.

"Holy Orders, the Tragedy of a Quiet Life," is the title which has been given to Marie Corelli's novel, which will be published shortly. As essential elements in Miss Corelli's story the question of the drink evil and the problem of the yellow press have been used.

Humor in the Magazines

BERNARD ROBBINS, head of the legal department of New York's Court of Tears—this charity helps the poor to adjust their marital troubles without going to the expense of law suits—said the other day:

"Such work as mine makes you, if you are not careful, pessimistic about marriage, so that you find yourself telling grimly, over and over again, the story about St. Peter and the widower.

"What, you don't know the story?

"Well, it seems that two souls approached St. Peter side by side, and the youngest was repulsed sternly by the saint on the ground that since he had never been married, he had never known suffering. The older man advanced with glad confidence. He stated that he had been married twice.

"But him, too, the saint repulsed, saying:
" 'This is no place for fools.' "

William Huggins was angry, and he certainly appeared to have some justification for wrath.

"Liza," he expostulated, "don't I always tell you I won't 'ave the kids bringin' in the coals from the shed in my best 'at? It ain't nice, Liza!"

His wife replied coldly: "Just listen to reason, if you please, Bill. You have spoilt the shape of that hat with your funny head, and as you're working coal all day at the wharves, what can a little extra coal dust in your hat matter?"

"You don't see the point, 'Liza," said William, with dignity, "I only wear that 'at in the hevenin's, an' if while I'm hout, I takes it hof my head, it leaves a black band round my forrid. Wot's the consequence? Why I gits accused o' washin' my face with my 'at on. And it ain't nice, 'Liza."

Quietly Jackson crept upstairs. A light was burning in the drawing room, by which he knew that his wife had been waiting for him. But he thought that if he could possibly slip into bed unheard he might gulf his adored one when she arrived with the story that he had been in bed for hours.

Strains of music reached his ears. What perfect madness! One o'clock in the morning and a piano being thumped was not conducive to the friendliest relations with one's neighbors!

Hark! His wife was singing—singing some familiar song.

He strained his ears to catch the words. They floated up to him:

"Tell me the old, old story"—
He proceeded on his way.

"I should like to be excused, your lordship," said a man who had been summoned on a jury.

"What for?"

"I owe a man £5, and I want to hunt him up and pay it."

"Do you mean to tell this court you would hunt up a man to pay a bill instead of waiting for him to hunt you up?"

"Yes, your lordship."

"You are excused. I don't want any man on the jury who will lie like that."

A school girl was required to write an essay of 250 words about an automobile. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought an automobile. He was riding in the country when it busted going up hill. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

Alice toiled slowly up the stairs, paper and pencil in hand, ready to ask questions of the first person she encountered. Being just six, she was at the inquiring age and endeavored to make everybody's life a burden to them.

The first person she encountered was Bridget, the upstairs girl.

"Pwease, Bwidget," she pipes, "gif me ve letters of ve alfabit."

Slowly and impressively Bridget complied.

"An' now, Bwidget," proceeded Alice, "pwease gif me ve letters vat ain't in ve alfabit."

Bridget thought. Then she thought again. She was puzzled.

Finally she said:

"I'll tell ye to-morrow," and went down to ask cook.

Pat: "O! saw in th' pa-per somethin' about a felly thot wor ather hein' blase. Phwat's th' meanin' of blase. O! dunno?"

Mike: "Blase do be th' feelin' thot comes t' a man after he gits so lazy thot loafin' is hard wor-ruk, O!m thinkin'."

It was midnight, and the front door bell rang furiously. A head adorned with shaggy and unmannagable whiskers was thrust out of the

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bedroom window, and a voice that fitted the heard enquired: "What is it?"

"O, is this Mr Higgins?" came a shrill voice from the shade of the doorway below.

"Yes."

"Please come to No. 41 High Street just as quick as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I ain't a doctor—I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives two doors below," and the window was coming down with a slam.

"Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want. Pa and ma are shut up in the folding bed, and we can't get 'em out."

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation. "Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?" "Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "'E was a 'Merican gen'ral." "Quite right. And can you tell me what for?" "Iss, surr. 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth." The rest was silence.

Teacher: "Children, what creature is that in ornithology which has a very long neck, has something to do with trimming big hats, and fights by scratching and often gives cause to men to be afraid?"

Eager Pupil: "I know, teacher."

Teacher: "Well, Sammy, what is it?"

Sammy: "An old maid."

From an eastern city comes a sad story of a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk, according to the Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Come down," demanded the knocker.

"But—"

"Come down!"

The man of many nephews hastened down stairs and peeped around the door.

"Now, sir," he demanded.

"I want to know the time," said the reveler.

"Do you mean to say you waked me up for that? How dare you!"

The midnight visitor looked injured. "Well, you've got my watch," he said.

He was the only man at the tableful of lovely girls, and, like all only men, he was spoiled. So when the belle of the table remarked that she was very fond of pepper and then sited half the contents of the pepper box over her food he sprang an old gag on her.

"It won't hurt you. This pepper is hair-peas."

"What is that you say?" asked the landlady from the next table. "Speak a little louder, please."

He reiterated his remark.

"That isn't true," retorted the landlady hotly. "I do not use adulterated goods on my table."

"My dear madam," said the bland joker, "there are always a lot of p's in pepper."

There was an impressive pause. Then the landlady said in a crushing voice:

"Oh, yes, just as you always furnish part of the dessert."

"I don't understand."

"The chestnuts."

Her Majesty is very fond of visiting the tenants at Sandringham, and some time ago she had an amusing conversation with a poor old woman who was busy darning stockings. Thinking to put the old lady at her ease, the Queen said: "I am sure you cannot heel a pair of stockings as quickly as I can."

"Oh, so the King wears stockings, do 'e?" asked the dame in surprise. "Only you an' me, mum, who mends stockings, knows what terrible bad 'oles men do make in their 'eels."

A certain great preacher who is a foe to all bigotry and narrowness gives the following illustration of how a minister was fittingly rebuked for uncharitableness:

The clergyman arose one Sunday evening with a fresh green walnut in his hand, and held it up so that all might see.

"Dearly beloved," he said, "with this walnut I am going to give you an object-lesson. See me now remove the rind of the nut. This rind is soft, dirty, useless, profitless. It is like the church."

"Now I come to the shell. It is hard, strong, a difficult thing to crack; but there is no nourishment in it. It is valueless, a thing to be thrown away. This shell, my friends, is like the church."

"And finally, breaking the shell, we come to the kernel, which is like our own church. I—"

At this point he opened it to show the kernel—and found it rotten.

A clergyman had conducted services in a theatre in New York. "One of my theatre auditors," he said, "was a Scot from Peebles. This Scot told me that the sight of a clergyman in a theatre reminded him of an experience he once had in London. He went to a melo-drama at Drury Lane. A man in front of him looked familiar. To his surprise he recognized in this man his minister at Peebles. He leaned forward and laid his hand on the minister's black coat. 'Oh, Dr. Saunders McIntosh,' he whispered, 'what wad the people in the auld kirk say if I tell'them I saw ye here?' 'Deed, they wadna believe ye,' Dr. McIntosh answered quickly, 'an ye needna tell them.'"

"Will," said a newly married friend to Will Maupin, the Nebraska poet, "I'm in a quandary as to just what I should call my wife's mother. I don't like to call her mother-in-law on account of all the comic paper jokes on that name, and somehow there's a certain

HUMOR IN THE MAGAZINES

sacredness about the word mother that makes me hesitate to apply it to any but my own."

"Well," said Maupin, "I can only tell of my experience. The first year we were married I addressed my wife's mother as 'say'; after that we called her grandma."

A teacher in a certain eastern school asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. The pupils went diligently to work with paper and pencil, some drawing pictures of soldiers, policemen and fine ladies, etc. They all worked hard, but one little girl, who sat quietly holding her pad and pencil in hand. The teacher observing her, asked: "Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" "Yes, I know," replied the little girl. "I know I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

Wangles was married recently, and there was a regular hail of rice, confetti and old shoes for good luck as he got into the cab. Moreover, on turning round he was struck above the eye by a friendly shoe with rather a heavy heel.

As the cab immediately drove away no notice was taken of the accident, and, despite the large handkerchief tied by his sobbing bride over his injured optic, the blood still flowed down Wangles' face.

When they arrived at their destination the newly created benedict went out to a doctor to get the bleeding stopped.

"How did you come by this, my man?"

"Well, you see, doctor—aw—I got married this morning, and"—commenced Wangles, when the doctor broke in:

"What! Has she started already?"

An ingenious and amusing answer was recently given by a student in the natural philosophy class at Princeton University.

An instructor gave the question: "Define transparent, translucent, and opaque."

"I cannot, professor," answered the student, "precisely define these terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way: The windows of this room were once transparent, they are now translucent, and if not cleaned very soon, they will be opaque."

The worthy Sunday school superintendent of a certain Maryland town is also the village dry goods merchant. He is as energetic and efficient in his religious as in his secular capacity. An amusing incident is told of his attempt to enlarge the scriptural knowledge of a class of little girls.

He had told most eloquently the lesson of the day, and at the conclusion he looked about the room and inquired encouragingly:

"Now, has any one a question to ask?"

Slowly and timidly one little girl raised her hand.

"What is the question, Sally? Don't be afraid. Speak out."

The little girl fdgeted in her seat, twisted her

fingers nervously, cast her eyes down; finally, in a desperate outburst, she put the question:

"Mr. Ward, how much are those gloves for girls in your window?"

Two young persons of Germantown had been engaged, had quarrelled, but were too proud to "make up." Furthermore, both were anxious to have it believed they had entirely forgotten each other.

One day the young man called, ostensibly on business with her father, on which occasion it chanced she should answer the door-bell.

The young man was game. "Pardon me," he said, with the politest of bows. "Miss Eaton, I believe. Is your father in?"

"I am sorry to say he is not," the young woman responded, without the slightest sign of recognition. "Do you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," replied the young man, as he turned to go down the steps.

"I beg your pardon," called out the young woman, as he reached the lowest step, "but who shall I say called?"

"Why doesn't Smith call in his family physician? Has he lost confidence in him?"

"No, the doctor has lost confidence in Smith!"

A clergyman not long ago received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place at the parish house:

"This is to give you notis that I and Miss Jemima Arabella Brearly is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon nex' to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour."

Governor Fort of New Jersey tells this story: An old Quaker woman was a witness in a case which was being tried one day before Judge Garriss in Jersey, and she wore a big poke bonnet which muffled her ears and prevented her hearing the lawyer's questions. Finally the lawyers appealed to the judge, and he ordered her to remove the bonnet.

"I'll do no such thing," she said tartly.

"I am accustomed to having my will respected," said the judge.

"Well, I don't care if you are a judge, that bonnet stays right where it is!"

"Perhaps, madam," the judge put in ironically, "you would like to take my place as judge, too, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," she shot out. "There are enough old women on the bench in Jersey as it is!"

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher.

None of the children seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, as not too plain a cue.

A hand popped up, and the owner exclaimed:

"An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

Improvements in Office Devices

The Combined Typewriter and Adding Machine.

THE two leading time and labor savers of the modern business world are admittedly the typewriter and the adding machine. It has been seen from the first that the adding machine is really an auxiliary of the writing machine. Its great field in practical office work lies in conjunction with the typewriter. To combine the writing machine and adding machine is the problem solved by the Remington typewriter, equipped with the Wahl adding and subtracting attachment.

The combination is used as a combined type-

The attachment is error-proof. Its automatic locking device positively prevents any errors in the tabulation of figures. If an incorrect total is written, it registers the mistake, and compels its correction. It prints the amounts and records the totals as fast as the operator can strike the typewriter keys. When totals are written, the machine clears automatically, and is ready for the next work. The Wahl attachment is noted for its speed. The attachment is not only simple, but complete.

The Music Typewriter.

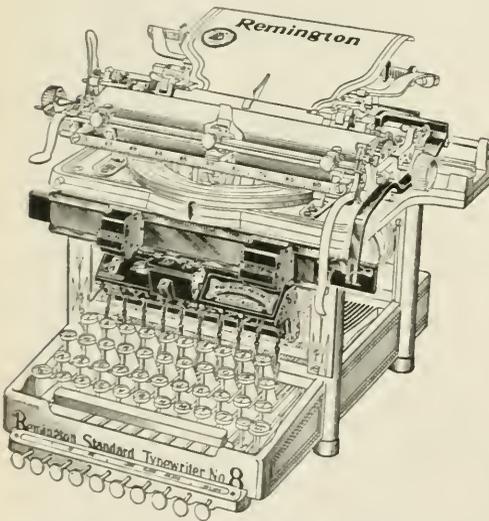
A notable musical invention, known as the "musical typewriter," and called the kromarograph, has been invented by Lorenz Krowar, of Vienna. With the aid of this instrument the composer may produce a type-written scroll without the trouble of making the characters by hand. All that he has to do is to place himself at the piano and give free play to his creative fancies. Every stroke upon the key is registered in regular musical characters upon a paper scroll wound upon a drum. The machine operates through a system of electric contacts with piano keys. The registering apparatus, which resembles the ordinary typewriter in size, may, in order to remove discordant sounds, be placed at a distance from the piano—even in an adjoining room.

Black Paper and White Ink.

Black newspaper with white ink is the all-absorbing topic of discussion among Wisconsin paper manufacturers these days. When the idea first appeared in public prints it was minus the backing of manufacturers personally. But the day after the premier parade of the idea, names of prominent manufacturers who believed the idea possessed much of merit appeared, and then some of the skeptics began to sit up and take notice. Revolutionary as the idea surely is, it nevertheless is commanding the attention of a number of manufacturers, and there are more than a few who now declare that the suggestion merits more than passing interest, and should by all means be thoroughly investigated.

Peter Thom, of Appleton, general manager of the Kimberly & Clark Company, and one of the best authorities on paper making in this country, had the following to say concerning this change:

"The use of black paper instead of white for newspapers is an assured success, as far as the



The Remington Typewriter Equipped with Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment.

writer and adding machine, as a typewriter pure and simple, or as an adding machine pure and simple. Each contributes to the work of the other; neither sacrifices anything to the other. The Wahl attachment interferes with none of the regular functions of the typewriter. It is located where it should be—directly in front of the operator. It is operated, not by a special mechanism, but by the figure keys of the typewriter itself. It not only adds, but it subtracts—not by any roundabout method, but by simple reverse mechanism. The subtracting feature is essential for the insertion of credits, discounts, express and freight allowances, and all similar entries.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVI

OCTOBER 1908

No 6

The Older He Grows the More Active He Is

Lord Strathcona and the Splendid Life Work he has Done in Many Spheres of Activity—Canadian High Commissioner has Been Aptly Referred to as the Most Eminent Personage That the Dominion Can Boast of During the Past Century.

By S. A. Creemore.

REMARKABLE is the record of Lord Strathcona when viewed from any standpoint, private, patriotic, commercial, national or imperial. It is probable that Canada will not develop again such conditions that will result in giving to the world a Scotch-Canadian of his type, one who has been aptly styled "the most eminent personage that the Dominion can boast of during the past century."

Four causes are prominently set forth in all references to Strathcona as being in a large measure contributory to his splendid career — ability, experience, ceaseless energy and unflinching courage. He had done his life work before many prominent Canadians of the present day had been heard of. No one has a greater knowledge of Canada. He is part and parcel of its early history—Labrador, Rupert's Land and, what was at one time the great Northwest—now the fertile provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. His services to the Hudson Bay Company, whose employ he entered in 1838, down to the date of his appointment in 1896 to represent the Dominion in London as High Commissioner are familiar as the multiplication table to every school lad. In every national and international post that he

has filled he has shown rare tact, wisdom and judgment. He is a veritable lord of the north. At an age—88—when most men are leading lives of retirement and restful old age—if favored by length of days—the Canadian High Commissioner is crossing the ocean several times a year, attending to his duties in Victoria Street, London, delivering speeches at notable gatherings in the Old Land or making generous grants for worthy objects, that will ever cause his name to be remembered and recalled with gratitude and reverence. Even at the recent Tercentenary celebration in Quebec he was a visitor and took the warmest interest in its success. His great name will, in countless ways, remain linked in ties indissoluble with the people of Canada. He never for one moment lost confidence in its promising future. When others were inclined to waver and falter he stood firm. His faith was never shaken. Any project, no matter how large, to which he gave support, forged ahead in spite of fate or foe. He proved himself a man of splendid vision and implacable trust in any worthy proposition to which he gave freely of time, money and service. The backing of Strathcona in the industrial, commercial, railway or educational world counted. He stands to-day head

and shoulders above his fellows as the greatest representative Canadian. It has been well said, that there can never be another such man in Canada because there never again will be the times that will make such a man possible. He is as unostentatious in dress and conversation as the most humble subject.

As Canadian High Commissioner he has, during the last twelve years, rendered the Dominion and the Empire a service that can be appraised at its true value only when the history of succeeding generations comes to be written and reviewed. The rumor is periodically revived that Lord Strathcona intends to resign or that he may be appointed Governor-General of Canada, but the venerable

peer and princely benefactor still goes on from day to day working as diligently as he did a generation ago and will, in all human probability continue to do so to the very end. It is a distinctly Strathconian characteristic.

The very latest rumor was that Lord Strathcona was to receive at the hands of His Majesty the King, a further advance in the Peerage, owing to his distinguished public services. This report also had it that the High Commissioner was anxious to retire, and that he would gracefully and worthily fill an Earldom in a reasonable period of time. While prophets propose fact often disposes, and no sooner do despatches from various centres appear indulging in specula-



Lord Strathcona.
Canadian High Commissioner.



Lord Strathcona's Private Office in London.
Severely Plain and Simple in its Furnishings. On the Walls hang Photographs of Canadian
Scenes and Many Group Portraits.



Office of the Secretary, W. L. Griffiths.
This forms an Ante-Room to Lord Strathcona's Office, the Door to Which is Seen on the
Left. Many Callers are Daily Received by Mr. Griffiths.



General Reading Room in the Canadian Offices.

This is a fine Large Room entirely Lighted from above. The handsome Carved Oak Fireplace is an Imposing Feature. The Visitors' Book is on the Wall Desk, by which two Ladies are Standing.

tions as to what will eventually be the lot of the veteran statesman than come official denials intimating that Lord Strathcona has no desire whatever to retire.

The Canadian headquarters in Victoria Street are always the Mecca of visitors from the Dominion. Hundreds call at the offices every week, where they register in the visitors' book, read the daily papers from the various leading Canadian cities and are assured of a warm welcome. There is something about the atmosphere and surroundings that makes them feel thoroughly at home. The touch of kindredship and congenial association is everywhere in evidence. The secretary, Mr. W. L. Griffiths, who is an energetic coadjutor of the High Commissioner, receives a large number of callers each day. Tourists from American centres are also cordially greeted and any informa-

tion that may be helpful or any service that may be rendered, is freely accorded.

From the accompanying views an excellent idea may be obtained of both the exterior and interior of the Canadian apartments, which are large, airy and inviting in appearance. The walls are adorned with pictures of Canadian personages and scenes and portraits from the various provinces of Canada make a sojourner from over the sea feel that after all he or she is not far from the scenes of home and home ties. The members of the staff are courteous and obliging. They all work in harmony and never lose an opportunity to uphold the prestige of the Dominion, to present its best traditions and to make known in the widest possible manner the resources, wealth and splendid inheritance of a land to which thousands have come from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.



John Keyes, a Famous Cayuga Indian, who Died Some Years Ago. The Mask Hanging to the Right of the Door was one Used by Him in Religious Ceremonies.

Where Women Have to Cast Their Votes

Selection of the Members of the Council of Six Nations Indians Rests Entirely in the Female Portion of the Various Bands—Ancient Traditions and Weird Customs Which Still Prevail, Rapid as Has Been the March of Civilization—The Indian as he is Seen To-day at Work and Worship.

By Roy Fry.

PAGANISM is not dead.

Even in the light of the twentieth century it still flourishes.

But its days are numbered, for as Browning declares: "Progress is the law of life."

It is a far cry to the sixteenth century when in the northern part of this continent Paganism found its sway in the hearts of the Indians, whose devotion to the Great Spirit was not less ardent than their love of strife and conquest which characterized that sanguinary age.

But long as has been the efflux of time, great as has been the progress of the succeeding era and rapid as has

been the all-conquering march of civilization, Paganism has survived in part.

Through all the civilizing influences of advancement have been maintained the ancient traditions and weird customs of the past, until to-day, these stand forth alike as reminiscents of the decline of Indian supremacy on the one hand, and of the growth of the ascendancy of modern civilization on the other.

Thus, in the closing days of its domination, is the present an opportune time for the consideration of some of the salient and peculiar features of Paganism as practised by the Indians of to-day. For this purpose a treatise of the Pagan cus-

toms of the Indians of the Six Nations' Reserve, located in the Counties of Brant and Haldimand, in the Province of Ontario, is presented, although it should be made clear at the outset, that but eight or nine hundred of the three thousand or more inhabitants of the Reserve are now regarded as Pagans, the remainder being civilized. Even the Pagans themselves disclaim the name.

The Paganism of the Indians finds its chief expression in their religion. In five centuries this has undergone few changes and the Pagan Indian of to-day is as devout in his respect for and sacrifices to the Great Spirit as were his forefathers, who, through the medium of their spirit worship, hoped to attain to the "happy hunting ground" which they held to be the ordained destination of the valorous and the faithful.

Taking the form of festivals or feasts the Pagan religion of the Indians is not without its dramatic as well as its devotional side. For the most part these feasts are fixed for certain stated periods of the year and partake of the form of thanksgiving dances, which are held at the Longhouses, or places of worship. These gatherings of jubilation are usually called forth by success or prosperity which have favored the Pagans in their material enterprises. Thus, it happens that the majority of the festivals are attendant upon certain seasons of the year, marking the progress of the cultivation of the land. Among the intervals of the calendar thus honored are one in the spring in commemoration of the planting of the corn, a second at a somewhat later period to herald the ripening of the wild berries, a third in July or August during the stages of the cultivation of the corn, and a fourth in the fall after the grain has been harvested. In addition to these there is the notable assembly in February for the "Killing of the White Dog," a ceremony which in its character and aspects is somewhat more sacrificial than the others.

There are four Longhouses on the Reserve. These are really the Pagan churches. Crude in their construction and offering few facilities for large gatherings, these are, nevertheless, maintain-

ed from year to year, and during the feast periods are always centres of attraction, both on the part of the Pagans themselves and the civilized residents of the communities in which they are to be found. At the head of each is a preacher or speaker, who is chosen by the adherents by means of a peculiar electoral process, the machinery of which consists of a wooden bowl and large beans, the latter being black on one side and white on the other. The bowl having been filled, the beans are strewn over the floor and in accordance with some previous arrangement as to what shall indicate a selection, the speaker is chosen. The outcome is involved in the position and form which the beans assume on being hurled from the bowl. Usually the dignitary thus called to be the official head of the Longhouse continues in office for a year.

The Longhouse derives its name from the fact that it is considerably longer than it is wide. At the one end is a door for entrance and at the other an elevation for that portion of the congregation which furnishes the music for the proceedings. Equipped with rattles and small drums, usually the handiwork of the Indian women, these members maintain a lively performance throughout the services. The attendants are ranged on either side on benches which extend the entire length of the structure. In the centre is sometimes a table. The feature of all such gatherings, which are held at stated periods but on no particular days, is the dance. To the weird tunes of the rattlers, the Pagans, as the spirit moves them, rise from their places, very often slowly or one by one, and join with others in circling the centre portion of the floor, dancing around the table to doleful sounds and music. Gradually all join this ring until the happy throng is complete. On such occasions the speaker delivers an oration in which the value of morality and a good and useful life are emphasized. This constitutes the outward expression of the Pagan religion. Few of the Pagans attend other churches and only then when they have openly avowed Christianity. Nor do they recognize such anniversary festivals as

WHERE WOMEN HAVE TO CAST THEIR VOTES.

Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Year's. Their essential belief is in the Great Spirit.

Perhaps the most important feast of the year is the February assembly, which is known as the "Killing of the White Dog," which is accomplished with a most elaborate and spectacular ceremony. On this occasion all of the Pagans gather at their Longhouses and for three or four days the festival reigns supremely. Herein are well illustrated the Indian's fidelity to spirit worship, his primitive conception of the importance of sacrifice and his ardent love of paint and feathers.

Arrayed in the war costumes of their tribes and bedecked in their hideous masks, some of which have been handed down from generation to generation from the earliest days, the worshippers assemble, and to the familiar pulsating whoops of the band, perform their war dances in honor of the Great Spirit, to whose appeasement are burned incense and tobacco, which are thrown on the blazing hearth. The culminating feature of the last day, just at dawn, after the festivities have reached their height, is the killing of the white dog, which must be spotless. Adorned with white ribbons and



Masks Used by Pagan Indians in Religious Ceremonies and in Driving Evil Spirits from the Sick.

otherwise prepared as an acceptable sacrifice, and having been duly slain with Pagan ceremony, the dog is offered to the flames.

Closely allied with the spiritual welfare of the Indians are their bodily needs. Thus, it is that the historical medicine man is sometimes in attendance at the religious gatherings. His real work, however, is in the sick room. The Pagans still believe that all the ailments of the flesh are due in some measure to the provoking of the Spirit and to this end employ the medicine men, of whom there are still many on the Reserve, to visit them in order to disperse the wicked spirits and give them relief. In some crucial cases, where the sickness is acute as many as fifteen of these dignitaries with their masks and regalia, are engaged in their professional capacity. The customary course is to administer medicine, usually peppermint and tree-bark, mixed with water, and to dance around the bed of the patient, on whom they also throw ashes, which with their whooping and grunting, are calculated to frighten away the spirits and thus afford relief. These methods, of course, are being superseded to a great extent, although they are still extant. The presence of physicians on the Reserve, together with a practical demonstration of their skill in the healing of the sick, have led many Pagans to accept treatment, which is more in keeping with advanced science than are the somewhat primitive methods of the peculiar medicine men.

Passing to the domestic side of the Pagan life among the Indians it must be said that on the whole the conditions are not so bad as might be supposed. The family circle is well maintained and throughout the Reserve there is a love of home and a well grounded conception of its duties and obligations. The typical shanty or hut of the last decade is gradually being replaced by more comfortable structures, which, while yet crude in many instances, are still indicative of a better type of civilization. The relationship existing among the members of families is normal and happy. An ample allotment of land, given the Indians by the Government, together with

interest on money invested with the Government, is sufficient to afford a basis of comfortable livelihood, which in many cases is an incentive to effort, both in the cultivation of land and the accumulation of funds. Many of the Pagan houses are pretty well furnished, while in others, among the civilized Indians of the Reserve, are evidences of refinement, such as pianos, organs and other musical instruments. The general advance and prosperity of the Reserve are shown from year to year by the many splendid exhibits at the annual fall fair at Ohsweken, held under the auspices of the Six Nations' Agricultural Society. Educational facilities, which are afforded by ten schools on the Reserve, are also doing much for the enlightenment of the younger generation in the various branches of study.

In speaking of the younger generation, it may be of interest to note, before passing to the system of Government and some of its Pagan peculiarities, that the young folks among the Pagans are not accorded much latitude in the choice of life-partners. According to the accepted custom governing such matters the parents of the prospective couple arrange all details in this relationship, not necessarily on the advice of the parties most deeply concerned. The parental word, however, is final, and the decree is always accepted, usually resulting in a union that seems to be about as happy as the ordinary marriage.

Wendell Phillips is authority for the statement that "government is only a necessary evil." While modern statesmanship may discern the evil the Indians at least recognized the necessity hundreds of years ago.

One of the earliest evidences of concerted action for governmental and protective purposes was the federation of the sixteenth century, embracing five Indian nations. Later this was augmented, becoming known as the Six Nations, representatives of which now occupy the Brant County Reserve.

As at present constituted the Six Nations' council, which is the governing body of the Reserve, comprises some 75 members who bear the same Indian ap-



Pagan Indians Gaily Attired for Their Annual Feast.

pellations as did their predecessors who founded the system of government at the time of the federation. This is one of the interesting historical peculiarities of the body, which, while it is hereditary in its constitution, differs from other similar institutions in that it vests the selection of its members in the women of the nation.

The various nations are composed of clans, which constitute the basis of council representation. These clans are known as the bear, fox, turtle, wolf and other like distinctions. When through death or otherwise a vacancy occurs in the council representation the clans affected gather and choose one of their oldest women, the choice in this connection being made by the women of the clans. This woman in turn selects the new chief from among the available men of the clans concerned, and he ultimately takes his seat in the council and assumes the Indian name of his predecessor.

On being thus honored the recipient,

by the dictates of usage, is required to give a lavish feast at the Longhouse, where his followers assemble in honor of his elevation. Representative chiefs grace the occasion, which is marked by war dances and the cooking of a fatted ox in iron pots in the open fire-place. While the process is under way the festivities are maintained, often opening at an early hour in the morning, with the feast at noon, addresses in the afternoon and dances in the evening until a late hour. Thus, acclaimed by his people, the new dignitary goes to the council, where he is welcomed in suitable terms and formally introduced to his fellow-members.

The council meets at stated intervals in the Council House at Ohsweken, which has been the "capital" of the Reserve since the removal of the council chamber from Middleport and the erection of the present structure in 1863. The council itself presents some features of interest which are of Pagan origin.



Council House of the Whole Six Nation Indians at Ohsweken.

At the head of the body is Mr. Gordon Smith, the representative of the Government, in his capacity as superintendent of the Six Nations. With him are ranged the official interpreter and the speaker of the council. On one side of the house are seated the Mohawks and Senecas and on the other the Cayugas, Oneidas, Tuscaroras and Delewares. Directly opposite the superintendent's dais are the Onondagas, who are the fire-keepers of the council.

In the original federation difficulty was experienced by the promoters of the union in securing the co-operation of the Onondagas and as an inducement to their entry they were accorded special privileges in the governing body. They were constituted the "fire-keepers," which in

the early days was a most important post, as on them devolved the duty of summoning the council by lighting the traditional camp fire, and of maintaining the same during the ensuing session. In time the right became theirs to summon or disband the council at will. If they desired to convene the body they ignited the fires or if it was their wish to curb discussion during a council of war they merely permitted the embers to die out.

While no longer fire-keepers in the original sense, the Onondagas still have wide powers in the council. When a subject is submitted for debate it is first discussed by the Mohawks and Senecas on



Long House, Where the Animal Feast and Religious Meetings are Held in Brant Township, near Ohsweken.



A Typical Indian Shanty.

their side of the house, and after much speaking, the members of these nations, through their speaker, announce their decision. The nations on the other side of the house then debate the issue, and, in turn, through their speaker, also announce their decision. If both sides of the house are agreed the Onondagas, as fire-keepers concur and pass the verdict to the speaker of the council; if, however, the sides are divided, the fire-keepers decide the question by exercising a casting vote. Thus are their superior powers and influence

demonstrated. The Onondagas are also the keepers of the wampum belt, the insignia of authority, which is always laid on the table of the house during the sitting of the council.

In the council all the nations speak their own language except the Delewares, who are represented by but one chief. Seneca is not spoken much. All understand one another fairly well. The official interpreter makes all explanations and announces all decisions.

The work of the council is of great benefit to the people of the Reserve, and is a potent factor in the settlement of disputes, the administration of matters of local government, and the advancement of the best interests of the people in general. Still there are signs that in the not-distant future there will be influential agitations for a change of system, as an outcome of which there will probably be a much smaller and more representative governing body in the form of an elective council, thus superseding the hereditary system which has directed the destinies of the federation through

so long and notable a period. Gradually some of the leaders of the old regime are dying out and the new era is dawning. Notable in this connection was the passing a few years ago of John Keyes, a leading Pagan Indian, who was the last survivor of the Tutela tribe, which once occupied Tutela Heights in Brant County.

Even the so-called Pagans themselves object to the title, and it is but just to them to state that they have officially disclaimed the name, maintaining that while they still exercise their privilege of embracing and perpetuating the religion and customs of their fore-fathers, they are not Pagans in the accepted sense of the term in that they have definite beliefs and are a law-abiding class, bent on the pursuit of the simple life and improvement along whatever lines that do not conflict with their traditional teachings. Not long since they passed a resolution in council, deprecating the use of Pagan references. While they reject revealed religion they lay claim to definite deistic beliefs.

A STUDY OF MEN

Some men have that within them which always spurs them on; while some need artificial initiative, outside encouragement.

Some men extend themselves under stern discipline; some respond only to a gentle rein.

Some men need driving; some coaxing. Some need the spur; some the sugar lump.

Some men do their best with work piled shoulder-high; some must have it given them a piece at a time.

Some men thrive on discouragement; some cannot work without cheerfulness.

Study men—the men over you, under you, around you. Study them and learn how to get from each the most that is in him.

—From *System*.



"Kildonan," the Private Residence of Senator Mackay, Montreal. A Winter Scene.

A Man Who Has Helped Many a Young Man in Business

Senator Robert Mackay, of Montreal, who is a Director of Sixteen of the Largest Companies in Canada, is a Public Spirited Citizen who Inspires Confidence and Whose Personality Impresses all who Come in Business or Social Relationship with Him.

By C. D. Cliffe.

STRONG men make commonplace events important. Some years ago there was a more or less heated controversy in the Montreal Harbor Commission and the President of the Board, Senator Robert Mackay, made a number of notable utterances. For instance, he described duty as that which sternly impels in the direction of profit, along the line of desire. He was referring to certain men who were trying to call it duty when they were swindling. Following this—and the two are quoted to show the character of the man in one way—the Senator defined backbiting, to speak of a man as you find him when he can't find you. This, said with a fine Sutherlandshire accent, is very convincing and forceful and it is no wonder that the alleged grafters were afraid of the President.

Senator Robert Mackay is one of Montreal's strong coterie of moneyed Scotchmen, who stand out as a rugged, solid character, and whose native sterling worth has sometimes been underestimated by critics. The old adage about the Scotchman keeping the Sabbath and everything else he gets his hands on

sounds well and glancing at the big financial and other commercial houses in Montreal one would be lead to conclude that the city, though it is three-quarters French in its population, is actually owned by the Scotch. Senator Mackay and the Mackay family are names interwoven with the commercial and social history of Montreal and in fact of Canada. The Senator is the sole survivor of the notable family of Mackays and is one of the city's multi-millionaires. The Witness described him once "as a man of high personal character, shrewdness and ability."

In the beautiful county of Sutherlandshire, Scotland, the Mackays were a power for generations and at Caithness, the native place of the Senator; at Kildonan and Clibrig, where they lived, they were noted for the thrift and that rarest of gifts which marks the sons of Scotland all over the world—commonsense.

Sixty-eight years ago Hon. Robert Mackay was born and it is remarkable that in that very year his uncle who had preceded him to Canada some years, started a dry goods business in Montreal in his

own name, Joseph Mackay. He was afterwards joined by his brother, Edward, and later again by two nephews, brothers of the Senator and finally by the subject of this sketch. The business was carried on for years under the name of Mackay Bros. and was noted all over Canada for its high standing and wealth, being considered easily one of the largest houses in the Dominion.

While attending the public schools at Caithness Robert was known for his regularity of habits, for his carefulness, his fine physique and accuracy about most things. His active young mind heard with much interest of the doings of his uncles out in Montreal. He had the restlessness of the Scot and so at the age of 12 years his parents allowed him to come to Canada. Naturally he was sent to the high school, such as it was then, but at the same time his thrifty uncles, Edward and Joseph, kept him occupied during spare hours at the big warehouse and store on McGill Street. He can recall that the very year he landed the Bank of Montreal, of which he is now a director, issued for the first time bank notes watermarked, just like those of the Bank of England. As a boy he saw the first piers of the first Victoria Bridge built and how in September, 1854, dollars were used instead of pounds. To show how recent everything is Mr. Mackay can recall that the Allan Line steamships service was founded the year of his fifteenth birthday. He smiled the other day when he recalled having to work in Henry Morgan's old store on St. James Street. He said "Henry never gave me a cent either. Of course, I only worked there during the summer holidays; my uncles sent me there to keep me out of mischief." His two brothers, James and Hugh Mackay, were men of great ability. Hon. Hugh was member of the Legislative Council for Quebec and was known for his shrewdness and daring in the grain market. Many a man in Montreal remembers how Hugh Mackay cornered the grain market to his advantage. So then Robert had a fine schooling with clever business men and he, as a lad, could drive a bargain with the best of them. He never showed the

flashy qualities either as a salesman or a talker, but he was always successful and that is reputable in all Anglo-Saxon countries. He was always a sound, direct, practical thinker and doer. His whole family were similarly constituted and were noticeable for their affection one for the other and for any suffering and needy ones. The munificent donations to charities by the whole family live as monuments to their worth.

The Mackay Institute for deaf mutes, one of Montreal's finest institutions, is a tribute to the memory of the late Edward Mackay and has been given support constantly by his nephews and niece. In a chronological record of Montreal events one sees that in May, 1883, Edward Mackay died, leaving \$100,000 to charity. He was very fond of his nephew, Robert, and Robert well merited his faith and approbation. At the death of the other members of the firm of Mackay Bros. the whole business fell to the responsibility of Robert. After many years of success, the Senator decided to retire from the business and wound up Mackay Bros. in 1893 owing to the multiplicity of calls upon him in social and public life, coupled with the management of a large estate. For twenty-five years and more Robert Mackay had worked early and late and had shown capacity and concentration. During that period he married Miss Baptist, of Three Rivers, and to them were born four boys and two girls, all of whom are residing in Montreal, with one exception, the eldest son, Angus, who is now a mining engineer in Boston, but was for some time engaged in newspaper work in Montreal. Hugh Mackay is a prosperous lawyer and another son is attending McGill University. One of the daughters is married to Mr. F. Loring, a prominent man of affairs in Montreal, while the other daughter, Miss Mackay, lives at home, both being much admired socially in the most exclusive circles. The magnificent family residence on Sherbrooke Street is named Kildonan. It has gardens like some rare old ancestral mansion of Britain. The grounds extend back about 600 feet and are beautifully terraced. Those who are fortunate enough to be guests at Kildonan

know what it means to have a Highland welcome and know the graces of a real home. The Senator, his wife and family, are noted for their hospitality. Their summer home at St. Andrews, N.B., is named Clibrig, after a lovely spot in Sutherlandshire, and is described as the most beautiful residence at this fashionable resort. Their church is the Crescent Street Presbyterian and the Mackay family are known for their strict adherence, not only to the church, but to the actual doing of kind acts, costing personal sacrifice not based on their wealth. Mr. Mackay himself is a home man of simple habits and is not a lover of the blaze of publicity. More time to spend with my wife and family is his highest and most laudable ambition. In business life he is a close student of politics and their relation to commerce, being a Liberal by conviction and inheritance.

As a young man he was a well-known participant in debates. What is most notable is that in later years the Senator has developed a fluency of speech which has surprised most of his nearest friends. He never has rhetorical lyddite, but his brain is clear on all public questions and his open-handed honesty makes his word strong. Some politicians live in crevices and when they scent danger, they, like the turtle, draw in their heads—and this they call humility. For this kind of a counterfeit Senator Mackay has the profoundest contempt. He lost his elections like a gentleman and never complained of the inability of his helpers, etc. He is plain and does not like parlor soldiers. His nature rose always higher than his instincts. He was known for his open-handed honesty and his mind has never been used as an attic in which to stuff disused antiques. A thorough optimist, Mr. Mackay invested his money in the companies of Canada that have grown to be "big" things. His vision was broad and sound. To-day he is a director of sixteen of the largest and best dividend paying companies in the Dominion. He achieved the coveted directorships of the Bank of Montreal and the C.P.R. in one day, which is, to say the least, unique.

The promoters of companies for years

looked upon Robert Mackay as a "cinch," meaning an easy man to get money from. However, as the promoters grew older and the public knew him better, a different conclusion has taken its place, for no man, however clever, has recorded having surpassed the Senator in a business deal. He lost money chiefly in backing of the Montreal Herald in the old days, but that was no fault of the Senator's. However, the writer recalls being on the editorial staff of the old Herald in 1896 when the company failed. The paper was likely to cease publication, had not Robert Mackay put up the collateral to prevent such a misfortune. As it happened, a strong company took the paper after the Liberal victory in '96 and Senator Mackay was made president, which position he still holds. He stands a good chance, it is said, of retrieving his fortunes under the present able management.

It was a natural sequence that he should have been called to contest St. Antoine Division for the Federal House in 1896. This is the finest English-speaking constituency in the city and was for years a Conservative hive, having as its representative Dr. Roddick, one of the city's most popular men. Mr. Mackay was defeated by Dr. Roddick twice in this contest and again in 1900, but in each case he made a splendid showing and was very close to victory. In 1896 he was appointed president of the Harbor Commission, which position he held with credit to himself up to the time of the formation of the present system under Major Stephens in 1907. The Senator was one of the strongest promoters of the change of system as the worries of the position were absolutely trying to him. In 1901 he was called to the Senate and his appointment met with the approval of both parties, he being an ideal representative.

During the regime of the Harbor Board under Senator Mackay many criticisms were made regarding the management, not particularly blaming him, but the whole Board. It can be said, however, without disparagement or fear of contradiction, that Robert Mackay was the strong champion of honesty and open-

ness, so much so that he made himself disliked. He never personally winked at anything that would suggest a "deal" and was the terror of the political heeler and grafter.

To look at Senator Mackay himself would inspire confidence. The heather is written on his face. His well-shaped head poised on broad, erect shoulders, and the full beard flecked with grey but originally a brownish black, hiding a square jaw of smiling determination strike one with the impression "There's a strong character."

One could think of his hand being calloused by work but never his heart and this is known by his unflinching generosity on all sides. If there is a fad known to him it is that of helping young men in their business careers. He has helped artists and newspaper men, in fact, dozens of varieties of young men to get a start and says that it has been a source of great pleasure to him to do these things. Yet about him there is no dominant mark of physiognomy, gait, gesture or speech. From meeting him you do not come away with a picture of him or even a subjective portraiture in fine lines. He has discussed nothing, insisted upon nothing, expressed no special views of life—has not even told you a story to remember him by, or served to point an anecdote for you to tell of him. Yet you have been impressed. From the instant of meeting there has been an aura created by the presence of a man. The sense of his impressiveness is due to the fact that Senator Mackay is a man of feeling, sentient, alive to his own weakness, and his own strength, not in the small sense of the word or phrase, but a strong man of feeling in his whole complex nature. He feels with his perceptions, his mind, his common sense. He has the kindest human sympathy. He has a near sense of life, a glowing interest, a genial curiosity; and from this warmth is the light of seeing and developing in later years the difficult art of public speaking. This is the aura, the something that makes men say "Some people think he is not clever, but he is, just the same." It is something that is in the man and it has broadened and

deepened with his growth. It is his whole Scottish nature rather than any pronounced trait that baffles the word picture-making.

On May 7, 1900, at the special request of the officers of the 5th Royal Scots Highlanders of Montreal, Senator Mackay was appointed honorary lieutenant-colonel of the regiment in which two of his sons are officers. Glancing over the regiment's history one sees in many places the record "the entire transport and expenses of this trip were defrayed by the honorary Colonel." Only recently he gave the money to this same regiment



Senator Robert Mackay.
Honorary Colonel of 5th Royal Scots, Montreal.

to attend the Tercentenary celebration.

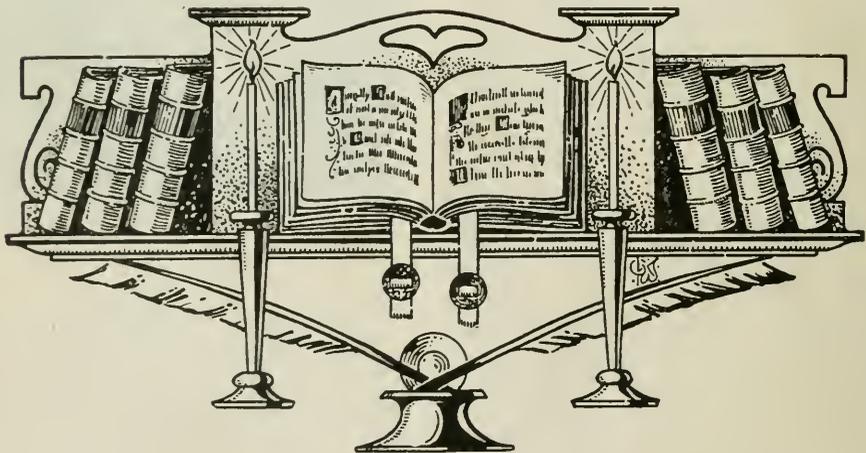
He is a director of the following companies, besides being governor of several hospitals and other beneficent institutions: Bank of Montreal, C.P.R. Co., Canada Paper Co., Vice-President the Bell Telephone Co., Dominion Textile Co., Dominion Iron and Steel Co., Dominion Transport Co., Edwardsburg Starch Co., Lake-of-the-Woods Milling Co., Vice-President Merchants' Cotton Co., City and Districts Savings Bank, Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co., Montreal

Rolling Mills Co., Royal Trust Co., President of the Shawinigan Water and Power Co. and Vice-President of the Royal Victoria Life Insurance Co.

His clubs are the St. James and Mount Royal, including also several Old Country clubs of exclusive character.

Donald Mackay, of Toronto, the "grand old man" of the dry goods trade in Canada, celebrated his 94th birthday recently. He is an uncle of Senator Robert Mackay. He has aged some during the last few months, but he has still a full head of hair with very little gray in it. A year ago he ran a hundred-yards race in the Queen's Park, where his residence is, and he was quite as active as the young man less than half his age. Ontario Bank troubles have told a little on him and much sympathy is felt for

him, although he has not been included in the court proceedings. The authorities looked into the matter at the beginning and concluded that he was in no wise responsible for the troubles. He remained as a director of that institution against his will and from a sense of duty. On his birthday he received hundreds of congratulations and best wishes for many happy returns. Mr. Mackay's firm, Gordon, Mackay & Company, was established originally by his brother-in-law, the late Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Mackay now takes but little interest in its affairs, though still being the controlling financial factor in the concern. He came to Canada from the North of Scotland with his brothers, who founded Mackay Bros., wholesale dry goods, in Montreal, and who were, in their day, a very large factor in the commercial life of Canada



A Corner in the Price of Drinking Water

How a Young Doctor got Even with his Prospective Father-in-Law by Resorting to the Same Sharp Business Tactics as the Latter, who had massed Wealth by Cornering the Visible Supply of Flour — A Practical Demonstration of a Hint and what it Cost the One who Gave it.

By Albert F. Bonney in the National Magazine.

“WATER will cost you a dollar a drop, here, Mr. Morton.”

The millionaire looked up at the young man with weary eyes, then smiled faintly. “A good joke, Doctor,” he said. “Blamed, if it isn’t,” he added after a moment’s pause.

The young doctor’s face hardened. “You will find that I am not jesting, sir,” he replied with ominous politeness.

An expression which changed swiftly from curiosity to alarm swept over the features of the helpless man as he turned uneasily on his wet, sandy couch, his face flushing.

“This is no time for trifling, Doctor Green,” he cried in sudden anger. “I am very thirsty, and wish a drink of water at once. Will you kindly supply me?” looking at the river which flowed by a half rod away.

Before answering, the young man threw an armful of wood on the fire which, blazing up, redly painted on a background as black and soft as velvet every detail of the scene. Florid and pudgy, the millionaire lay with one leg bandaged from ankle to hip, the ends of green willow splints showing under the multi-colored clothes which held them in place. His smoothly shaved face was white and drawn with pain, while an attire once elegant was wet, torn and plastered with mud. From out the river ooze which covered his ample chest a diamond winked mockingly in the wavering firelight.

Still less presentable was the swarthy young giant who stood looking down silently on the prostrate man, the unpleasantness of his aspect enhanced by a smear of blood which had clotted on cheek and neck, evidence of a wound under his matted black curls. A frown deepened the habitual wrinkle between his black brows which,

rank grown, seemed only to deepen the shadows in his fathomless eyes.

“I understand fully, Mr. Morton,” he said finally, “and you have my answer. Wait, and I shall, I think, be able to make you understand. Last Thursday evening, only three days ago, I called on you and asked that you give me the hand of your daughter in marriage. Oh, I know that I am reciting ancient history; however, it is necessary that I go over it. You told me, and quite bluntly, too, that I have no faculty for accumulating money, notwithstanding that I have an income of about \$4,000 a year from my practice.”

“But—”

“But I do not save, or invest any of it, you would say. Well, let it go at that, and I will resume my argument. You were so kind as to tell me that with that one defect in my character removed you would have no objection to me as a son-in-law, then you spent two hours telling me how you started in life without a dollar, and even went on to detail, as an example of financial craft, I suppose, how you once cornered the visible supply of flour, selling at \$10, \$15 and even \$25 a sack what cost you but \$1.04.”

The old man moved, then gave a groan of pain.

“You will do well to lie perfectly still, sir,” admonished the young man, his professional instincts aroused, “for you have a bad leg there.”

Angered by his own helplessness the injured man glared at the stream which ran by just out of his reach, the firelight which touched the ripples on its surface hiding the thick and filth of the recent flood, then his eyes sought the doctor’s face.

“I want a drink,” he snarled.

“I hear you,” said the young man quietly, “but I wish to finish my little retrospec-

tion. Leaving you, I went and informed Myrtil, as you requested me. She rebelled, as you know, but I had given you my promise to comply with your wishes, and that ends that night's history."

"I want a drink."

Without heeding the interruption the young man continued placidly: "A few hours ago I was leaving Myrtil after spending with her the two hours weekly which you begrudge us, when I met you at the bottom of that long flight of steps which leads from the street up to your house, just as a rush of water swept you from your feet. We had been warned more than once that the big reservoir above the town was weak, as you know, and I believe we shall find that the flood came from that."

"I have been trying for a year to get the town to fix it," growled the old man. "I want a drink," he added sharply.

"Well," resumed the doctor, "when I saw the water my first thought was for Myrtil, but I instantly realized that no flood could reach the high terrace on which your house stands, and I sprang into the water and was so fortunate as to get hold of you and a plank at the same time, and supported by that we were swept away together. You had been rendered unconscious by a blow on the head, and remained so until after we were landed on this little island. I managed to set your broken leg, no small task," professional pride cropping out, "with the conveniences I had, as both bones below the knee are shattered; and that brings me up to the present moment."

The suffering man looked up appealingly. "I want a drink," he cried hoarsely.

The young man looked at him with unmoved features. "You may have a drink, Mr. Morton," he said quietly, "but as I have a dead immortal cinch on the water supply here, as one would say out West, it will cost you a dollar for every drop you use, as I informed you at the first."

The millionaire averted his face for a moment, then glared up into the black eyes. "Well," he panted, "I cannot lie here and die of thirst, so give me a drink."

"How much will you have, sir?" he asked briskly. "I have here a little price list which I prepared, and here is your cheque book which fell from your pocket when I laid you down. I have cleaned and dried it, as you see. Now, water at a dollar a drop is \$480 an ounce, \$3,840 a half pint,

\$7,680 a pint or \$15,360 a quart. There are four quarts to the gal——"

"I—I will take a—give me a —er—four ounces." He snapped out the last two words savagely.

The doctor averted his face quickly, hiding the grin which would come, then tendered the old man the cheque book and his pen. "Your order amounts to \$1,920," he said politely. "Kindly sign. Thanks," folding the cheque as he turned away. Returning, he pressed a rusty can to the old man's lips who drained it, then lay looking longingly at the empty vessel.

The young man threw more fuel on the fire. "I am keeping up a bright blaze as a signal to those who will be searching for our bodies," he said.

"Where are we?" asked Morton.

"I do not know, sir," replied the doctor, "but it seemed that we were hours in the water, and that we traveled miles; still, it was just 11 o'clock when I left Myrtil, and but 12.45 when I had finished setting your leg, so we could not have come very far."

"Give me a pint of water," interrupted Morton, signed the cheque, and seized the water eagerly when it was offered to him. Draining the can to the last drop he sighed contentedly, and his thirst assuaged he was somewhat more cheerful for a time, but he was feverish, and it was not long before he was wiping his cracked lips with a dry tongue. However, he tried to bargain with the doctor.

"It is no use to argue, Mr. Morton, for I have a corner on this drink," declared the young man slowly and firmly, a white, sinewy finger punctuating each word, "and I propose to take advantage of it and thus prove my faculty for accumulating money—and incidentally make a stake," he muttered to himself. "You may curse and scowl, but it will do you no good. I do not know how much longer we shall be here, an hour, perhaps, or a day. I propose to keep the fire burning brightly all night, and when daylight comes I shall make a big smoke to attract attention; however, while we are here you pay a dollar for every drop of water you use."

The enraged man snatched at the cheque book. "Give me another pint," he snarled, signed the cheque and flung it from him.

"Correct," said the doctor as he glanced at the slip of paper before folding it away with the others. "This is even colder and

A CORNER IN THE PRICE OF DRINKING WATER

clearer than the other," he said when he returned with the water. "You see I dug a pit in the sand to filter the water, as that in the river is pretty thick." The old gentleman drained the cup in three gulps, then closed his eyes. "You should drink more slowly, sir," admonished the doctor, smiling when the millionaire made no reply.

Time and again before the foggy morning came did the sufferer waken to buy

The doctor nodded. "For our bodies, certainly, for they will not imagine that we are alive," he replied.

"When will they get to us do you think?" asked Morton wearily. He looked at the water can as he spoke.

"Soon, I hope," replied the doctor soothingly. "You can rest assured that a searching party will start as soon as they miss us, and in this case they will at once work down



"However, while we are here you pay a dollar for every drop of water you use."

drink, each time finding the doctor watching at his side patient and wakeful. He would call for drink, sign the cheque without a word, drink the water, then drop off into lethargic slumber. When he wakened the last time and saw that morning had come he looked about him eagerly.

"A thick fog," he muttered. "Do you think a search will be made for us?" he asked abruptly.

stream as rapidly as possible. I would go for help, if it were possible, but the stream on both sides of the island runs like a mill-race. We must be at the rapids, some twenty miles below the city, which I have heard about.

"I wish you would wash my hands and face," said the old man petulantly, interrupting the doctor's speculations.

Bringing the can full of water the young

man did as he was asked, then combed the scanty gray hair. "You will miss your daily shave," he said smiling.

"I wish that was my only trouble," was the peevish reply.

Taking out pen and paper, the doctor figured a moment. "You may write me a cheque for \$15,360, Mr. Morton," he said.

The old man scowled at him. "For what, pray?" he demanded.

"One quart of water, used to bathe you," offering his pen. "I'll do nothing of the kind," declared the enraged old man, his eyes red with rage.

"Oh, very well," said Green carelessly, tucking the pen back into his pocket, "but let me tell you now that you will not get another drop to drink until you do."

The two men looked at each other for a long minute, then the eyes of the old man fell as his tongue swept his dry lips. He let his eyelids fall and lay chewing assiduously on nothing for awhile, then stole a furtive glance at the river, another at the patient man at his side, finally yielding to nature's demands and filled out a cheque which he passed to the doctor, who suppressed a start.

"This—This is for thirty thousand seven—"

"I want the other quart to drink," interrupted the sufferer, and Green smiled as he put the cheque away carefully. Bringing the water, he assisted the old man to drink. Finally satisfied, the millionaire went to set the can down when he let it fall, spilling nearly half of the precious fluid. With a smothered curse he flung the empty can away, then lay glaring at the doctor until he fell asleep.

They were weary hours for Green, who fed the fire with wet drift-wood, which sent into the still air a dense column of smoke. Once, when the old man wakened, the doctor suggested that he swim the rapids and bring help, but the helpless man shuddered.

"What if you were drowned?" he gasped. "I'd be left here to perish in horrible torment. No, stay with me, I want a drink." a grim smile touching his pallid lips for an instant.

Notwithstanding that Morton was burning with fever and racked with pain, he finally rebelled, refusing to sign another cheque. He shook his fist at his companion in impotent rage.

"Doctor Green," he cried, "you are a brute, a— a fiend! You are taking advantage of my helpless condition to extort money from me. You—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Morton," interrupted the doctor, "I am taking no advantage of you, only of opportunity. The old fellow came knocking at my door, and I have him by the whiskers. Do you not remember telling me so lately as last Thursday evening that a man is justified in taking advantage of any and every opportunity to make money. That the inexorable law of supply and demand—"

The rage of the millionaire was almost unbounded. "But who in the name of the Fiend would ever have thought that I—"

An admonishing hand waved before his flaming face. "Gently, gently, Mr. Morton," cooed the doctor, "that has absolutely nothing to do with the case," he argued, "any more than hunger had to do with your flour deal. They had to have bread, you have to have drink. You had the flour, I have the water, and that is all there is to it. I do not ask you to buy, sir, but as the river water is not potable I dug a little pit and now have a supply of clean, cold water, and of that I will sell you, if you wish to buy. I am only following the hint you gave me last Thursday evening, Mr. Morton, and until our friends get to us—"

By a desperate effort, which wrung drops of perspiration from his brow, the millionaire propped himself up on his elbow and shook his fist in the doctor's face.

"I'll not sign another cheque," he screamed. "I'll be damned if I do. Do your worst. Let me perish of thirst. I'll stop payment on the cheques. I'll—I'll—"

Loud cries from across the river caused him to stop, and he fell back exhausted as Green sprang to his feet and ran to the water's edge to answer the call. When assured that the two men on the island were the ones they were seeking the men hurried away, and presently the doctor saw a boat coming down the stream manned by two men. Springing ashore they shook Green's hand eagerly.

"However did you escape?" asked one of the men.

The doctor told his story briefly.

"We were looking for your bodies," said the man, "for we never dreamed that we should find you alive. How is Morton?"

"Lying there with a broken leg," replied

the young man. "What caused the flood?" he asked.

"The big reservoir broke," was the reply. "The water was seven feet deep in the business part of the town, and had it happened earlier in the evening the loss of life would have been appalling. Four men were drowned as it was."

The doctor now devoted his attention to the injured man, getting him ready for the return trip. He was putting his little syringe away when Morton asked:

"Can we not get a message back to town, Mr. Wellington?"

The man laughed cheerfully. "That has been attended to long before this, Mr. Morton," he replied. "There is a little town a mile from here, and Thompson went there so soon as we knew that you were alive." Then aside to the doctor: "Is he ready to be moved?"

"In a few minutes," replied Green, watching Morton's drooping eyelids, then he knelt and held the can of water to his lips. "You can give me a cheque for this tomorrow," he said slyly.

Numbed with drugs, the old man was almost unconscious of the trip back to the city, and when in his own bed at once sank into a deep sleep. Green refused to leave him until the broken leg had been attended to, and calling in a couple of brother surgeons they soon had the injured limb in a cast and the patient put to bed. After a time Morton opened his eyes and looked about him.

"Where is Myrtil?" he mumbled.

The two doctors exchanged glances and left the room, and the girl came in, her eyes red from weeping. She paused to receive her lover's caress, then hurried to her father's side.

"Oh, Papa," she choked, "I was so frightened. How do you feel now? Is there anything I can do for you?"



"Presently the doctor saw a boat coming down the stream manned by two men."

"I—I want a drink of water," he muttered.

The doctor sprang to the sideboard and filled a glass which he offered to the old man, who reached to take it, then paused, looking up into the young man's face.

"What is this to cost me, doctor?" he asked.

The young man's face flushed and his deep eyes glowed. "That? That is ice water, Mr. Morton," he replied as he drew the wondering girl to him, "and I am afraid it will cost you your daughter."

The old man took the glass and drained it without a word.



A Problem for Two

A Ticklish Financial Crisis in Which a Young Woman Played a Spectacular Part in Helping the Man She Admired Safely Pass Through a Terrible Ordeal—How a Sweet-heart May Sometimes Come to the Rescue, Even in the Management of a Bank.

By Elliott Flower in Putnam's and the Reader Magazine.

SHE played and sang for him, but he was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he was guilty of the unpardonable sin of forgetting to turn the music for her.

Then she took him by the hand, led him to an armchair, pushed him into it, drew up another chair, and seated herself directly in front of him.

"You are in trouble," she said, resting her elbows on her knees and her pretty chin on her hands, and looking him squarely in the eyes. "What's the matter?"

"I am troubled," he admitted.

"What about?" she demanded.

"The bank," he answered.

"Oh," she returned, with a sigh of relief, "I was afraid it was something serious—that perhaps you couldn't get that little house that we looked at."

He smiled faintly at this. Nothing was serious to her that did not directly concern their matrimonial plans.

"Perhaps I can't," he said, "but that's only an incident of the trouble."

"An incident!" She looked at him bewildered. How could a matter of such importance be an incident?

"Well, it would be an incident of the failure of the bank, wouldn't it?" he asked.

"Is the bank going to fail?"

"I don't know." His anxious frown deepened. "I may force a failure."

"How absurd!" she cried, laughing. "You force your own bank to fail! Why, of course you won't."

"Oh, you don't understand!" he exclaimed; "you can't understand! It all depends upon the decision I reach between now and to-morrow morning. We can't continue without taking the money

offered; we can't take the money offered without putting it in jeopardy. To refuse deposits is to force an immediate failure; to accept them involves a risk."

He did not tell her that a prison sentence was included in this risk.

"You must do what is right, of course," she said soberly.

"But what is right?" he cried in desperation. "That's what I've been trying to decide; that's what's driving me crazy! I hoped for a little respite with you this evening, but the problem is on every page of your music and rings out with every note of the piano. What is right?"

"Why don't you ask Daddy?" she said. "He knows everything about business matters."

He did not reply to this suggestion at once: there were many things to be considered. Peter Quan was a depositor—one of the largest depositors in a bank that had no very large deposits. He was also a cautious man of business, and a cautious man, knowing the situation, would make all haste to withdraw his deposit. Such a withdrawal at this time would be a serious—probably a fatal—blow. Much as the young man would like to favor Peter Quan, his father-in-law-elect, if a crash became inevitable, he was naturally averse to inviting the crash. Nevertheless, he decided to take this risk.

"I'll submit the problem to your father," he said gloomily.

"He's in the library," said the girl. "I'll go with you."

This decision cost Oliver Cottrell a hard, if brief, struggle. The Holton State Bank was dearer to him than anything else in the world except Susie Quan: he had made the bank, and he was its Vice-

President and Cashier. The President was a figure-head. Cottrell, scarcely thirty years of age, was the only man in authority who had had any banking experience or training; his judgment was accepted and his word relied upon in all things, as was natural, perhaps, in view of the fact that he had organized the institution. It had one larger and older rival—the Holton National Bank—and the rival carried about all the large accounts of the town. But the State Bank, with its capital of \$50,000 and deposits of \$400,000, had seemed to have an excellent future before it, and Cottrell felt that he was almost surely sacrificing that future when he carried his case to Peter Quan. The situation was hazardous at best—his own judgment might compel him to close the next day—but this was like giving up his last chance without a struggle. Still, having decided, he went ahead without hesitation.

Quan looked up at them with a smile when they entered the library; then his smile changed to a look of puzzled inquiry. What could be the meaning of so much gloom? He put down the book he had been reading and motioned Cottrell to a chair. The girl, anxious but unable to understand more than that the trouble was serious, sank into the cushions of a couch and waited.

"What's the matter?" asked Quan.

"The bank," answered Cottrell.

Quan gave an exclamation of surprise; he understood the seriousness of any sort of a bank trouble.

"Insolvent?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Cottrell. "I think I can pull through, if there's no run, but you know the law."

"Yes," said Quan, "I know the law."

"It is insolvent if it fails," said Cottrell; "otherwise it is not."

Quan nodded his head understandingly; the meaning of this rather extraordinary statement was clear to him.

"If it should be closed within the next month," Cottrell went on, "it would be declared to have been insolvent at this moment; if I accept deposits to-morrow morning, and fail later, I will certainly

be held to have accepted those deposits after the bank was insolvent."

Quan again nodded understandingly; he knew the penalty, but it was not a thing to be discussed plainly before the girl.

"But I think I can pull through," Cottrell added desperately. "A rumor of trouble would close us up sudden, but, barring that, I think I can pull the bank through."

"But you are insolvent now," said Quan, with slow directness.

"Technically, yes; but no bank ever closed yet that was not technically insolvent for a time before actual insolvency was admitted. Oh it's an unjust law!" he cried angrily. "No responsible officer of a bank in trouble can be safe under a strict interpretation of that law: it is so easy to see when a bank became insolvent after it has failed, and so difficult to see that it is insolvent until the final blow comes. Only the coward—the man who surrenders weakly—can be sure of escape; the man who fights for his bank does so at personal risk, and can be saved only by the liberality of those in authority—a liberality that is almost forced by the cruel injustice that the law, unmodified, would do."

"We must take the law as we find it," said Quan.

"A prosecutor with a grudge would have the head of any closed bank at his mercy," insisted Cottrell; "no bank ever failed that was not, by actual figures, insolvent before it stopped receiving deposits, and yet banks in worse plight than some of these have pulled through. It's an awful situation to face, Mr. Quan."

"In its main purpose and effect," asserted Quan, "the law is wise and good, whatever of injustice may be possible under it; but, anyhow, we must deal with it as it is. Your bank is insolvent——"

"Technically," interrupted Cottrell, holding tenaciously to his point. "You can't say that a bank is more than constructively insolvent if it does not fail, and I believe I can save it."

"How do you stand in the matter?" asked Quan bluntly.

Cottrell did not grasp the meaning

of this for a moment; then he flushed quickly.

"My record is absolutely straight," he declared earnestly. "Faulty judgment in the matter of some loans and securities is all that can be charged against me; I have covered up nothing, and no borrower has had more from the bank than the law allows."

"Why, of course," the girl put in, as if even a hint of anything else was an absurdity, if not an insult. She had been trying, without success, to follow the conversation understandingly, and she felt that she had to say something. Her father paid no attention to the interruption, but Cottrell gave her a grateful smile.

Do the directors understand the situation?" asked Quan.

"No."

"You should put it up to them."

"They'll put it back to me," retorted Cottrell. "I talked with two of them this afternoon, and they rely on me; I talked with the president, and he relies on me. It's my bank; I've managed it and made it, and I've got to decide. Not one of them is a practical banker; not one of them really understands; not one has ever had to do anything but look wise and approve my reports and suggestions. I've called a meeting for to-morrow before the bank opens, but the decision is up to me."

A glimmering thought of the \$9,000 of his own money that was in the bank flickered through Quan's mind. If the bank remained open another day he could withdraw it; otherwise it would have to take its chances with the other deposits. He could ill afford to lose that money, but—

"Close up!" he said with decision.

"Oh, Daddy!" cried the girl with almost a sob.

"Think what it means!" pleaded Cottrell. "There will be a loss to everybody that may be unnecessary. With fair luck I can pull through; if people don't get frightened—if nothing leaks out—I've got a chance. Think what it means to me—and Susie."

"I am thinking of that," said Quan judicially. "According to your own state-

ment the bank is insolvent this minute; the books will show it. You might be able to pull through, but the chances are you could not—"

"The chances are I could."

"You have no right to risk it."

"Risk what? the \$450,000 already in my keeping? or the trifling sum that will be deposited in the next few days? A failure would tie up all of that money and lose much of it. I think I can save it all. Do you mean to tell me I mustn't try? If I fail to save the bank, the actual loss will be no greater than it would be if I closed up to-morrow morning—perhaps less. A little would be added to the sum in jeopardy, but that is all. Must I abandon that \$450,000 trust to protect a few thousands? I tell you, Mr. Quan, I don't want the additional deposits; if I could refuse them without closing the bank, I'd do it—I'd fight it out with what there is—but it can't be done; I've got to choose between the interests of the \$450,000 already in my keeping and the paltry sum that I shall have to accept for deposit to keep the trouble secret, and one choice—the fair, the right choice in this case—means additional risk for me. No man can say that my bank must fail on the present showing—I don't think it need fail—but I've got to make it fail now, or suffer the consequences if it fails later."

Quan considered this passionate protest thoughtfully and discovered a new point of view.

"What's the exact situation?" he asked.

Cottrell went over it briefly, while the girl, pale and nervous, listened eagerly to details that she could not understand. In effect, the bank had some bad loans and some uncertain and temporarily unmarketable securities. How much loss there would be on these no man could say. Much of it might be secured in time; if not, the average profit-showing indicated that it could be charged off within a reasonable period. But the bank clearly could not meet its obligations at that moment: a whisper, a breath might wreck it. The situation was perilous but not hopeless, although it looked much worse to Quan than Cottrell's deep

personal interest would permit it to look to him. A receivership—always costly—would mean a heavy loss on the questionable items, especially at this time; without a receivership the \$450,000 of capital and deposits might be saved intact. But there was the risk.

Quan left his chair and walked up and down the room, followed by the anxious eyes of Cottrell and the girl.

"You must see him through, Daddy," whispered the girl.

Quan heard, but he gave no sign of hearing. He was not a rich man, and the \$9,000 now in the bank represented all his ready cash.

"You are insolvent," he said at last. "The only safe thing to do is to close the doors."

The girl gave a little cry and buried her head in a sofa-cushion.

"What would you do?" asked Cottrell.

Quan, who had paused when he spoke, resumed his deliberate walk up and down the room.

"Are \$450,000, a bank, a man and a girl to be sacrificed to save a few thousands from risk?" Cottrell persisted tensely. "Is the bank nothing? Must I ruin myself and throw away the money already in my keeping for the sake of a comparative trifle that I don't want but can't refuse without disaster? What would you do?"

Quan continued his walk in silence for a minute or two; then he stopped suddenly in front of Cottrell.

"No man can decide for another in a matter of such deep personal significance," he said. "I have told you the safe course to take, but it is for you to decide whether it is the proper one."

"Oh, Daddy, help him!" pleaded the girl, looking up tearfully.

Quan gave her a quick look and turned again to Cottrell.

"Of course I shall treat this as confidential," he informed him.

"Of course," said Cottrell, failing to grasp the entire significance of this.

"Being confidential," Quan added, "I shall base no action upon it in the matter of my own money."

Then Cottrell understood: Quan would not withdraw his deposit, and that was

a matter of great importance. But, somehow, Cottrell felt that this put him in the position of taking an unfair advantage of the older man.

"Oh," he said quickly, "I release you from any implied obligation as to that."

Quan resumed his walk, frowning as he considered the details of the situation. He could practically force the closing of the bank by merely threatening to withdraw his money if it remained open; he might even save his own money and still close the bank, if Cottrell decided to open in the morning, by acting on this release then without previous notice. It was easy to justify this, too, on the ground that it insured the personal safety of the young man, whatever the latter's inclination might be.

"I do not wish to encourage you to run a dangerous risk," Quan said at last, very deliberately, "but my deposit will remain undisturbed for the present. You may consider that there is \$9,000 in your possession for which there will be no immediate call and upon which you will have to pay no interest. Beyond that the problem is yours."

Cottrell did not thank him: the understanding was so perfect that any expression of gratitude seemed unnecessary and out of place; but he fully understood all that this meant, including his own responsibility.

"I shall decide before morning," he said. "It seems to me worth the risk, but I shall go over it all many times before the directors meet."

The girl clung to him a minute, then tearfully let him go.

"Daddy," she cried, throwing herself into her father's arms when they were alone. "oh, Daddy, you're going to help him, aren't you?"

"Little girl," he replied gently. "I've done all that I can; he must make his own fight now."

Quan opened his mail absent-mindedly the next morning. His thoughts were busy with the Holton State Bank: he pictured the all-night mental struggle through which Cottrell had had to go; he put himself in Cottrell's place, considering the certainties and uncertainties of every possible course of action: he

reflected on his own interest through his daughter; he speculated as to the result.

Would the bank open for business?

He felt quite sure that it would, and he was not at all certain that he ought not to have taken such action in the matter of his own deposit as would have prevented it. There were risks that no man ought to be allowed to take; on the other hand, the money already involved was entitled to as much consideration as the little that would follow it. The situation was exceptional in some details.

A bank draft dropped out of a letter he was opening, and it was large enough to shut off the consideration of outside matters abruptly. The accompanying letter explained that a certain old mining deal that had cost him considerable money since he first became involved in it some years ago, had been closed up. He was not getting back the total of his investment, spread over many years, but his partner in the venture assured him that they were lucky to come out with so small a loss.

He pushed the rest of the mail aside and picked up the draft. There was money ready to his hand—a large sum. Cottrell's problem became merely incidental to his own: they were allied, but he had one to settle for himself. His personal account was in Cottrell's bank; Cottrell's bank was shaky, to say the least; Cottrell's bank already had \$9,000 of his money; should he risk any more? Had he a right to risk any more? In justice to his family, ought he not to use this check to reopen his account with the Holton National Bank—an account that he had closed up when he went over to the state bank?

But that consideration of family—the very thing that should speak for conservatism—brought up the pitiful face and plea of his daughter. "You'll help him, Daddy, won't you?" And, unless matters were much worse than represented, this ought to pull him through.

"Devil take it!" muttered Quan, angry with himself, "I ought not to do it, but of course I will."

His watch told him that it was ten o'clock, so the bank was just opening. However, there was no hurry about the

deposit, and he went back to his mail. Having settled the question, he dismissed it temporarily from his mind.

A little later, as he was finishing the dictation of his correspondence, his cashier appeared in the doorway.

"There's a run on the State Bank, Mr. Quan," he said; "I thought you'd like to know."

"A run on the State Bank!" repeated Quan slowly.

"Yes, sir. I don't know what the trouble is, but a run started as soon as it opened this morning. Very likely it's just a foolish scare."

"Very likely," returned Quan. "I don't think I shall disturb myself about it." But somehow the words did not ring true, and his face expressed a different view. "They are paying off, of course," he suggested.

"Oh, of course."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Quan quite unmindful of what he was saying. And then, as the cashier was about to retire, "By the way, Briggs, you must have some of those old National Bank deposit slips out there, left over from the days when I did business with them."

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me some."

It was not necessary to hit Briggs with a club in order to get an idea into his head. If you had asked his opinion of the State Bank situation any time after that, he would have told you that he had reason to believe it was in a very bad way. But he brought the deposit slips without comment. Quan filled one out. He hesitated a little over it, but he filled it out. Then the telephone bell rang.

"I'm coming to the office, Daddy," was the message that came to him in quavering tones.

"You'd better stay where you are, little girl," he advised gently.

"I'm coming to the office, Daddy," she repeated. "I've sent for a carriage. Oh, Daddy—" It ended with a sob.

He scowled at the National Bank deposit slip and the draft, lying on the desk before him. Then he tore up the slip, and a moment later he made out a new one.

"He hasn't a chance," he said to himself, apologetically. "He's gone, and keeping open only makes it worse—for him."

The picture that this brought up was painful, harrowing; but he put draft and slip in his pocket and went out to wait for his daughter on the sidewalk.

When she arrived he quickly took a seat beside her and instructed the driver to proceed to the Holton National Bank.

"Oh, Daddy," she cried hysterically, "we must save him. I telephoned him that we would when I heard what was happening."

"Why, little girl——"

"Oh, we must, Daddy!" she pleaded. "Think what it means to him—and to me. Somebody said it might send him to jail," she added in almost a whisper.

"If he tries to keep open——"

"He is trying; I told him to." Her little head went down on her father's shoulder, and she began to sob convulsively. "I—I know you can save him, Daddy, you're so wise and good and strong, and— Where are we going now, Daddy?"

"To the National Bank."

"Oh!" The clouds seemed to clear suddenly, and she looked up at him with a new hope. "To get some money for him?"

Quan hesitated, but only a moment.

"Yes," he said, "to get some money for him."

A large crowd was in and around the Holton State Bank. A few there were who had the confidence to make deposits, but the great majority were withdrawing their money. Within the bank Cottrell was directing affairs, outwardly confident but inwardly despairing. The day had opened with good news: certain of the bad paper promised to be good, the prospects of a manufacturing venture to which advances had been made having become unexpectedly bright. But there was no immediate help in that, and, somehow, a rumor of trouble had got abroad.

"With a little time," groaned Cottrell, "we could pull out safely, but they are giving us no time."

Nevertheless, he paid and paid and paid, with outward cheerfulness and con-

fidence, hoping that this apparent readiness would stay the run.

Then there came to the front entrance to the bank a carriage containing a man and a girl and many sacks and packages.

"Officer," called Quan from the carriage to one of the policemen keeping the crowd in order, "clear a path there! I want to take some money into the bank."

Money! Those who heard surged about the carriage, but the policemen sprang forward and drove them back.

"Clear a path!" ordered Quan sharply, "and give me a guard! I want to make a deposit."

There was a struggle, but a path was cleared. The turmoil occasioned by this served to direct the attention of others to what was going on, and, for a moment the interest of all except those nearest the paying-teller's window and actually within the bank centred on the carriage.

Out of it stepped a girl—the proudest girl that ever emerged from any carriage! She had been crying, but she was now radiant in the thought that she—little, helpless, unsophisticated she—was the chosen messenger of hope and relief. In her arms she carried gold in bags to the limit of her strength, which was not great. It was better so, for this would require more trips and give a larger idea of the total. Quan did not overlook even the little points when he put his mind to a problem, and he remained on guard in the carriage.

With a policeman on either side, the girl took her burden of gold to the receiving-teller's window.

"What's this?" asked the teller.

"A deposit by Peter Quan," answered the girl, speaking out bravely that all might hear. She had been coached by her father as they brought the money from the National Bank.

"How much?" asked the teller.

"I'll make out a deposit slip as soon as I get it all in," answered the girl.

The teller was wise: he opened a bag and let the coins jingle on the counter. The ring of gold has a very reassuring sound.

Back and forth the girl went with her police escort, sometimes carrying pack-

ages of bank notes and sometimes bags of coin. Some of the coin was silver, and some of the bank notes were not of very large denomination, but the crowd did not know that, and, even so, the deposit was a very large one. No such sum of actual cash ever had passed under the eyes of any man present.

The movement at the paying-teller's window began to drag; men who had fought for a place in line seemed to hesitate when they reached the goal they had so eagerly sought. Their eyes strayed to the growing piles of cash, stacked plainly in sight, behind the receiving-teller's grating. One man dropped out of line with the remark, "What's good enough for Pete Quan is good enough for me." Another, pushing his check through to the paying-teller, suddenly changed his mind. "Give that back," he said sheepishly; "I guess I don't need any money to-day." The man behind him, being thus brought to the window, passed on without a word; the next took his money apologetically; the fourth tore up his check ostentatiously and started for the door; several, farther back in the line, dropped out and watched the girl with a pretence of mere idle curiosity; a new arrival excitedly asked about the rumors.

The man to whom the inquiry was put,

having himself retired from the line only a few minutes before, yawned wearily.

"Oh, some blithering idiot started the report that the bank was in trouble," he answered.

"Is it?" asked the new arrival.

"It's got the Bank of England beat to a frazzle," was the reply; "it could pay off the national debt."

The run was broken; only three men remained in front of the paying-teller's window, and they were at some pains to explain that they were only drawing a little for their immediate needs.

The girl sprang lightly and happily into the carriage after her last trip. Cottrell had met her at the window and his eyes had told her what he could not put into words, but he had been able to assure her that, with this respite and the reassuring news from certain of the doubtful risks, the bank was wholly safe. His voice trembled a little when he said it, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes. A man does not escape so great a peril without showing some emotion, especially when it is his sweetheart who comes to his rescue.

So she was quite happy—so very, very happy, after this period of mental stress, that she snuggled up to her father, put her head on his shoulder and fainted.

A Boston firm recently offered a prize for the best definition of what constituted success. A Kansas woman was awarded the prize, and this was her answer:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche, has accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose money a benediction."

The Executive's Buffer

How Leaders in the World's Great Industrial and Business Concerns Devote Their Time and Attention Only to Large Matters—The Men They Employ to Steer Them Clear of Trivialities, Annoyances and Undesirable Visitors—Importance of the Private Secretary and his Special Work.

By Kendall Banning in *System Magazine*.

THE test of what is most valuable to a man is to find what he treasures, economizes and protects most.

Applying this test, it is the great executive's time that is his most valuable possession. Not money, for that he can gather or borrow. Not men, for those he can hire and train.

But his time is restricted, and compared to the work he must do it is impossibly short. And it requires the most accurate system in his method of work, the most careful selection as to just which out of the myriad of possible details shall be placed before him, and the most tactful personal subordinates—in order that he may get the best production out of that most valuable possession, his time.

The functions of a private secretary are to relieve his chief of work. Of course, there are other functions, too, and they vary widely in individual cases. But the aim of each, when reduced to its lowest terms, is to save the time and energy of the principal.

The duties of a secretary of a big business executive range from those of a stenographer up to those of a personal representative who handles all business except such as requires the final decision or personal presence of the principal.

As a rule he guards his chief rigorously. He handles the greater part of his correspondence: he makes his appointments; he interviews his callers; he answers his telephone; he schedules his duties; he sidetracks cranks; in brief, he reduces the actual work of his chief to its fewest and simplest terms, besides being intimately conversant with his business affairs. Indeed, so effective are some secretaries

that only a very small percentage of the business that comes to the office penetrates into their chief's sanctum at all.

An example of the daily work of the typical secretary gives an idea of the work which is required in the offices of the big executive.

Of the many hard working business executives in the country, Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, has the reputation of being one of the most industrious. This does not mean that his hours are the longest—although as a matter of fact he reaches his office shortly after nine o'clock in the morning and stays until five or six—but that to an unusual degree he eliminates the wastes of both his time and energy. From the moment he enters the office until he leaves, Paul Morton means business—serious, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder business that includes no side issues.

Mr. Morton is a typical western product. From the beginning he has been associated with western concerns, young, vigorous, growing. He has borne business responsibilities that have left him little time for pleasantries or formalities. He has stripped his conversation at his desk of all verbiage, and his manner of all frill. Visits to his office are brief and to the point. Paul Morton has carried this western manner to the east, and is accomplishing as much by it in New York as he did in Chicago.

In his purpose to concentrate himself only on matters that cannot be delegated to others, Paul Morton has had the support of his secretary, John Nordhouse, another westerner. Mr. Nordhouse was formerly connected with Mr. Morton's

father, J. Sterling Morton. After his death, he became secretary to the son. Paul Morton brought him to Chicago when he became vice-president of the Santa Fe railroad. He brought him to Washington when he became Secretary of the Navy, and he brought him to New York when he became president of the Equitable. This long association with Mr. Morton has given Mr. Nordhouse an intimate knowledge of his chief's business and social associates, and has qualified him to handle the greater part of the business that comes to the office.

Less than a quarter of the mail addressed to Mr. Morton ever reaches him. Circular matter is eliminated by the mailing department of the Equitable. Correspondence that passes this first barrier goes to Mr. Nordhouse's desk. Over half of it is in turn referred to the various departments to the business of which the correspondence relates, and when answered is stamped "By reference from the President's office." The remainder, which consists of inquiries that require Mr. Morton's personal attention, is placed upon his desk every morning. His replies are either outlined to Mr. Nordhouse or dictated to a stenographer as circumstances require. When this correspondence is cleared away, the way is paved for the day's work.

The duties for each day are written on a calendar pad on Mr. Morton's desk. These duties are tabulated weeks in advance by Mr. Nordhouse, but only the engagements for the present day are listed on Mr. Morton's pad. A duplicate schedule is kept by Mr. Nordhouse, whose duty it is to remind Mr. Morton of each meeting which he should attend and to announce each visitor as he arrives. In this way Mr. Morton's time is kept occupied with really important matters; the rest are handled by his secretary.

The only telephone connection with Mr. Morton's office is via Mr. Nordhouse. Does the speaker want information about the Equitable? He is referred to the proper authority? Does he want Mr. Morton's views on certain political issues? Mr. Morton does not give interviews on these topics. Is he a personal

friend? The name must be recognized by Mr. Nordhouse.

Probably ninety per cent. of the telephone calls are thus disposed of by Mr. Nordhouse. The same proportion of visitors are similarly handled. The remaining ten per cent. represent telephone calls and visitors whose business can be attended to only by the principal. But they must all receive the O.K. of Mr. Nordhouse.

Mr. Morton's office is a sanctum that can be invaded only by Mr. Nordhouse, who alone has authority to enter unannounced. Officers of the company occasionally enter when their errands are pressing, but even they stop to inquire of the secretary if Mr. Morton is engaged—as he usually is. And the official watch-dog is always there to guard him from intrusion.

Unlike most eastern executives, Mr. Morton transacts practically no business from his home, or at his clubs. He rests while away from the office as completely as he concentrates himself while in it. He is easily accessible to all who have business of real interest to him—after it passes the inspection of Mr. Nordhouse. But he wastes no time with idlers. His letters are as short and crisp as his interviews. He does business on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. It is the job of Mr. Nordhouse to keep the number of these points down to the minimum.

Like many other active executives, Thomas F. Ryan arrives at the office late and leaves early. That does not mean, however, that his working hours are short. On the contrary, Mr. Ryan is one of the busiest and most sought-after men in New York. It is because of this latter fact that his time spent at his office is purposely brief, and is devoted exclusively to the reception of visitors who call by appointment, and the consideration of matters that require his personal attention that day. These matters are brought to Mr. Ryan's attention, so far as possible, in order of their importance, in the form of a tabulated list prepared by Mr. James W. McGlone, his secretary.

To the secretary falls the duty of keep-

THE EXECUTIVE'S BUFFER.

ing a record of all the business obligations of Mr. Ryan. To the former they appear as a long list of appointments and duties that are scheduled for several days in the future. To Mr. Ryan, however, they are in the form of a short list of duties for the present day only—duties that must be met within the next hour. In this way Mr. Ryan is enabled to concentrate his attention upon the subject immediately at hand and to avoid the sub-conscious anticipation of problems or appointments to come—a highly important relief for an executive whose interests are varied and responsibilities exacting.

At times Mr. Ryan has attended as many as thirty directors' meetings a week, and in many of them he has taken a prominent if not leading part. Such meetings, of course, are slated for days or weeks in advance. Mr. Ryan, however, drops them from mind entirely until the conferences leading up to them fall due or the meeting hour is at hand.

In this way his energies are reserved for each problem individually—a freedom that can be appreciated by any business man who feels the responsibility of fulfilling his impending appointments and of keeping track of his time. Should visitors be present at a time that is scheduled for other appointments, Mr. McGlone reminds Mr. Ryan of the fact and the interview is concluded. In this way also is Mr. Ryan relieved of the responsibility of excusing himself from a caller; the act is accomplished in such a courteous but firm and business-like manner that no alternative remains to the visitor but to leave.

But a considerable part of Mr. Ryan's work is done before he arrives at the office at all. At his home on Fifth Avenue is an office where he is secluded from all of the business world with the exception of that small portion of it which has direct and intimate associations with the executive. Here he retires after breakfast and is met by Mr. McGlone with a map of the day's work. Such correspondence that cannot be attended to by Mr. McGlone, acting for his chief, is taken up by Mr. Ryan personally and the replies are outlined or, in important

cases, dictated by him. By the time that Mr. Ryan reaches his desk, usually about 11 o'clock, the details of the day's work have been attended to and the remaining hours are devoted to the solution of the big problems.

Between 1:00 and 2:00 Mr. Ryan takes his luncheon, which is usually brought in on a tray. Occasionally he goes to the Lawyers' Club with business friends who meet him by appointment. At four o'clock or earlier the work of the day is concluded and Mr. Ryan leaves the office, usually for a relaxation at his home.

Does anyone want an interview with Mr. Ryan? His correspondence goes to and is answered by Mr. McGlone, either with or without the knowledge of Mr. Ryan, dependent upon the nature of the request. Does anyone want to talk to Mr. Ryan by telephone? Mr. McGlone is on the wire.

Does anyone wish to see Mr. Ryan personally at the office? Mr. McGlone is there to see him. But unless the business is of real interest to Mr. Ryan, the outsider will get as far as Mr. Ryan's official buffer—who authoritatively handles ninety per cent. of the business which comes to the office.

Mrs. Hetty Green, who has the reputation of being the richest as well as the most active business woman in the world, resents the implication that she fails to do her secretarial duties herself. Her office is in the Chemical National Bank on Broadway, where she has been assigned a desk in one of the compartments on the banking floor. Here she is not only safe from intrusion, but has immediate access to the officers of the bank, which handles her interests.

Generally speaking, the bank is Mrs. Green's secretary, but specifically, Mr. Newton D. Phelps, who is connected with the bank, attends largely to Mrs. Green's work and to this extent is her private secretary. Mrs. Green comes to the bank daily, issues her instructions through Mr. Phelps, who, as an official of the institution, carries them out.

Mrs. Green is difficult to approach, as she refers all inquiries and callers to the bank, which, as an impersonal agent, is

thus enabled to relieve its patron of a very large proportion of her labors.

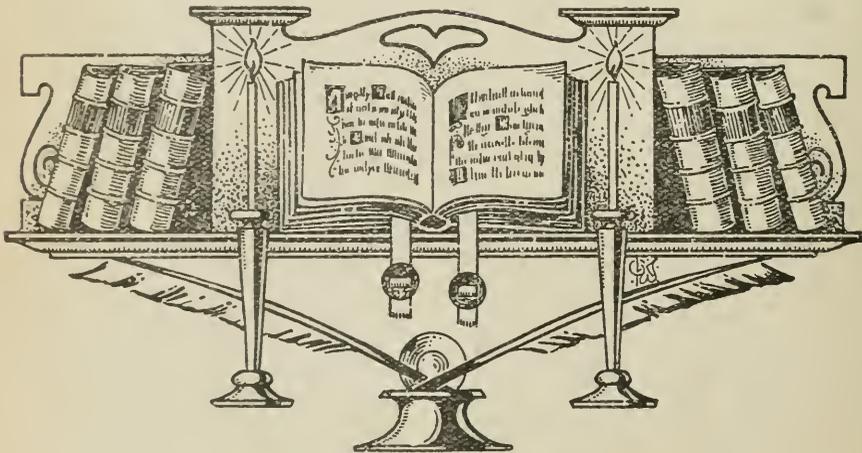
If anyone has any proposition for John W. Gates, the famous stock broker, he must first convince Mr. Harry Evans of its soundness. Mr. Evans has been connected with Mr. Gates as office boy, stenographer and finally as secretary for thirteen years, and is not only well-versed in Mr. Gates' methods, but knows practically all of his business and personal friends and associates.

Mr. Evans reaches his office at nine o'clock in the morning. For an hour he goes over the mail, tabulates Mr. Gates' duties for the day, including committee meetings and appointments, and takes up the details of the office routine. At ten Mr. Gates arrives and takes up the matters brought to him by Mr. Evans, giving his attention first to matters of special moment that Mr. Evans has selected. From ten until one o'clock, the lunch hour, Mr. Gates is busy receiving callers or attending meetings—sometimes six or

eight committee gatherings a day. Each visitor must first give his name and state his business to Mr. Evans in case he is not known, but as the big majority of Mr. Gates' callers are his business associates, a stranger is a comparative rarity.

Like a few other secretaries, Mr. Evans has direction of most of Mr. Gates' personal business, and checks up and pays his household and club bills in much the same manner as the office bills are paid—a duty that saves Mr. Gates no small amount of time and energy.

To economize time during business hours, Mr. Evans acts as notary public for Mr. Gates. As the office has some demand for such services, Mr. Evans fills the important role at considerable convenience to the firm. Mr. Evans never accompanies Mr. Gates on his trips, but remains at the office to carry on the routine; all important communications are forwarded to Mr. Gates, together with such reports as enable him to keep in touch with his interests.



Masterson's "Bargain" Motor Boat

How he was Bound to Have a Pleasure Craft, and the Vicissitudes which he Encountered Finally Drove the Amateur Enthusiast Almost to the Verge of Utter Collapse — Drastic Measures Taken to Get Rid of the Sting.

By George Allan England in the *Outing Magazine*.

I.

BILL MASTERSON, he bought the Wasp, anyhow, so it's his loss, not mine. We all told him not to, but Bill was adamant. Know what adamant is? Of course! Ever see any? Why—er—no. Neither did I; neither did anybody; but we all know about it just the same. Bill was like it.

He paid one hundred good American bucks for the contraption—think of that will you?

"Naw, don't!" I told him. "Don't you give fifty! Why, she's second-hand——"

"But only three years old!"

"And her engine's all burnt out——"

"But she runs!"

"And she leaks——"

"But she floats!"

"She——"

"But——!"

"Oh, well!" I snapped. Then I walked away and left him on his lop-sided dock, gazing out over the lake. I saw it wasn't any use to argue. Two or three motor-boats were spudding away, here and there; that put-put-puttering of theirs was heavenly music to Bill. So I just shut up and vamoosed with all kinds of dignity.

"Go it, Bill, if you want to!" I reflected as I went up on my front porch and sat down in my big cane rocker. "Thank the Lord I've got horse-sense enough not to get the chug-chug fever!"

Then I lit a panatela and opened my paper for the trotting news. Horses—ah! Now you're shouting, mister! There's some fun in horseflesh, but gasoline—pshaw!

II.

Next morning Bill took a trial trip with Hallman, the owner of the Wasp.

That sealed his fate. Hallman sure was a good one with machinery—knew precisely how to juggle the boat along, what with adjusting the woozler, keeping the jiggeree turned to a hair, breathing twenty to the minute and parting his mustache by calculus.

He and Bill passed me as I was sitting on my porch, feet on rail, smoking as per usual and reading turf. They both waved hands at me; kind of patronizing waves, exultant and gasoline-proud. You know how it is—anybody propelled on land or water by an olfactory-engine has full license to look down on everybody else as unsoaped proletarians. But there, I'm not going to moralize. All I want is to set forth what happened next—to Bill.

Seems like that was his first and only lesson in chauffeuring, for Hallman, d'you see, was going back to Boston next day. Simply had to dispose of the Wasp before he went; otherwise wouldn't have taken two hundred for her. I know, because Bill told me. Well, anyway, you can't learn all the hair-trigger-dingbats of a gas engine in one lesson. We—that is, Bill—found that out later.

He and his missus came over to supper with me and mine, that evening. And he certainly did talk wise. He also emanated rare perfumes of benzine and bilge water; and his hands were in full mourning. But he beamed, just the same, and between bites it was:

"Cut her off a trifle, and—advance the spark, see?—pass the bread. Thanks. You want to tighten the grease-cups once a day, and—I'll thank you for that butter. Then you let the oil drop fifteen per minute; steak? Yes. If she back-fires, that shows she's getting too much—tea? of course. Yes, that is good cake. Must

clean the muffler once a month. Another cup, if you don't mind—and you've got to strain it through chamois to keep the dirt out——”

In spite of the ladies, I almost said 'Well!' again.

III.

That night, Hallman brought the Wasp round to Bill's wharf and left her. Then a check for a hundred changed hands, and Bill owned a motor boat! Also the ex-owner made his polite-adiieux and hurried back to town; but he left an instruction book, so Bill felt safe.

"Naw, don't!" I advised Bill again, when he proposed taking a moonlight spin in the Wasp that very evening. We were all of us down on the wharf, of course, rubbering away to beat the cars, and Bill was explaining it all to us—Bill, who used to love his rowboat so much, and his canoe—used to paddle round the shores where the maples and alders over-arched, or lie and smoke under the willow shade. None o' that for him now! No, sir, he looked like Tubal Cain or Vulcan or some of those other Old Testament fellows, down in the bilge of his boat, telling us all about it while we goggled at the rods and cylinders and things and tried to believe we liked the smell.

"Better not," said I, as he insisted on his moonlight spin, wanting to glide o'er the silvery sea and all that sort of thing (he claimed). He even quoted some poetry, with his face smooched. "Naw, don't! Better wait till morning, till you can run by the book, eh?"

Bill snorted at that. "Book nothin'!" he retorted. "I can run her by touch, that's what! Seems like it's a kind of instinct already. Guess I'm a natural born mechanic. Come on for a spin!"

I objected, but Bill was so persistent I had to give in at last. I warned him beforehand, though, not to expect me, a horseman, to take any real interest in his old boat.

Bill never minded that at all—just told me to sit down and keep still. Then he shoved off and jumped in—at least, part of him jumped in—about half. The rest of him flopped horribly in the water, like

a dying sea serpent. Mrs. Bill and my missus shrieked while I hauled Bill aboard.

Pretty soon we were ready to start again. I sat down on the boat's back piazza, ready for anything, everything.

The Wasp really was a good looker, y'know; twenty-footer, torpedo model and all that, painted with silver paint like a steampipe. The paint and varnish had got peeled off in spots and the engine was rusty, but that didn't feaze Bill. Nothing could.

"Keep still, you!" he commanded, "and we'll be off in a moment!"

Bill as a prophet was all to the strictly bad. He jiggled with things for a while, and then beckoned me with a Napoleonic gesture.

"Come up here and take the wheel," he directed. "When she starts she goes fast, and I want to keep her out of these blasted lily pads, see? You can steer, of course?"

"Surest thing ever!" I asseverated, as I went forward and seized the spokes. I sat down again and waited, watched to see the Wasp dart ahead like a thing of life (the way boats do in books, eh?) but she didn't dart for a cent. Bill picked up the starting-crank and adjusted it to the fly-wheel. He cranked the engine. She didn't catch. Cranked her again. Ditto. The third time, his crank slipped off the wheel and something went "bop!" onto the floor-boards.

"Oh! Oh-oh!! Oh!!!" yodeled Bill, with one knuckle in his mouth. He danced as he sang.

"Is it—is it skun?" I ventured apprehensively.

"Skun?" He grabbed the finger with his left hand and went like he was pumping water. "Skun? Look!"

"Gee!" said I, peering in the gloom. "Better wrap that up in your handkerchief before you try again, hadn't you?"

Bill wrapped it up, groaning; the next two times the handkerchief sort of lightened the blow as his fist hit the boards.

"What in—Halifax is the matter with this here crank, anyway?" asked Bill, in a cross between a prayer and a shriek, as he danced, dripping, on the floor-boards. I never heard a profaner word than that



"Kind of patronizing waves exultant and gasoline proud."

Halifax. It was just blood-curdling. All this time, you know, the Wasp had been drifting, accompanied by little sympathetic squeals and bits of advice from the ladies, drifting out among the lily pads. The moon kept playing hide-and-seek with the knitted clouds.

"Guess I've got too much gasoline on," said Bill at last, when he'd grown calmer. "I'll shut off a little."

Bill shut off a little, and cranked her again, several times. Still she wouldn't catch. We drifted out farther and farther.

"Got a match?" quoth Bill. "I'm going to have a look, here, and see what's wrong."

"Aw, don't!" said I. "Can't you smell the vapor? Are you ready for the Great Beyond? I'm not, anyway; you'd better go slow!"

"Pshaw!" boasted he. "Who's afraid?"

"Me," said I. "What's that?"

Something sounded over the waters: "Put-put-put-put-putty-put—"

"Must be Freeman's launch coming round the point—let's wait and see. He'll tell us what's wrong, all right!"

We waited. The ladies, discouraged, retired into the camp. Pretty soon Freeman's dory-built boat came sputtering in to dim view.

"Hey! Freeman! Freeman! Hold on a minute, will you?"

"Anything wrong over there?"

We allowed there was, and he came in 'longside us and cut off; brought his boat to a stand at our gunwhale. He had an electric flash-lamp. Leaning over into the Wasp he flicked it round the motor. After a couple of minutes he said, looking very wise:

"Here—you're disconnected, that's all."

And he pointed to a battery-wire that lay supine on the bottom of the boat where Bill's feet, milling round in agony, had caught and wrenched it away from the commutator-umptometer-thing. Bill murmured "The Maiden's Prayer" and went to work splicing the wire. Then he cranked the engine again and—by Jing! she caught! Caught as fine as silk! We were off!

Say, it was fine—I had to admit it, myself. Barring the fact that our—I mean his—propeller had twisted up and was lugging along about a hayrackful of submarine flora, the Wasp behaved splendidly. She hardly intermitted at all, but tended strictly to business and split the waters like a miniature liner. Bill was radiant. He tended the engine, while I steered. I never saw a man tinker with anything so whole-souledly as Bill did with that little engine. He caressed her, coaxed her, fed her, crooned to her—I didn't know but he'd take her in his lap and rock her to sleep before we got back from our tour

round the lake. But he didn't have to—she went to sleep all by herself, about half a mile from shore, on the way back; and this time no fiddling and no fussing had any effect on her; she was plumb hypnotized and we didn't know the combination word to wake her with. After about an hour's hard labor we gave up—got out the oars and rowed her home. She rowed heavy, too.

"Never mind!" said Bill, "you'll see some goin', to-morrow."

IV.

Next morning, Bill's knuckle was swelled up like a drum-major's chest. He could hardly bend the finger at all, but he remained enthusiastic. I heard him at 5 a.m. puttering with the Wasp, baling her out, tink-tink-tinkering, talking to himself. "He's sure going plumb off his nut," thought I, turning over for another nap.

Bill tinkered till breakfast time, when he came in with a smeared face and Erebus hands, and bolted his grub. Then he went right out to the Wasp again. I went out, too. She certainly did look fine, riding at the wharf—long and graceful lines, shiny silver paint and all. She was an all-right boat, I had to admit it. The only drawbacks were that she seemed to be taking in water all the time from somewhere, and that she wouldn't go.

"The leak's right there," said Bill, pointing to the stern. "Water must be coming in round the propeller. She needs packing, that's all."

"Yes," thought I, "packing and shipping to Patagonia," but I didn't say anything. I didn't want to gaff a crazy man too hard. After a while, "Found out what the matter is with the engine?" I asked casually.

"Why—er—er, yes, in a way. The mixing-valve seems to have come apart somehow. There's a kind of disk-and-spindle business in here, see? and the disk's come off the spindle, that's all. It keeps coming off, in fact. I've poked it on twenty-two times already this morning. Now, if I could only unscrew this piping, here, and turn the valve over, so, why, I might get at it. But—"

I climbed down into the Wasp. After

a minute's inspection: "Why don't you just unscrew this cap, here?" I asked. "You can get at the inside that way a whole lot quicker." I'm no mechanic, of course, but you see I still had my usual human brains left me, which Bill hadn't.

"Why—er—I thought that was all one solid piece."

I had to smile. "Here," said I, "gimme that wrench!"

In about three minutes I had the thing open and the spindle-disk-woozler out of it. Then I hammered 'em together and put 'em back.

"There," said I, "I guess that'll hold her for a while."

"Thanks, awf'ly," said Bill with abject gratitude. "Try a spin with me this morning?"

I had been planning to ride my bay mare, "Aline," out to Berlin Plantation that day; but somehow I wanted to stay with Bill and see how many more kinds of dum fool he was going to make of himself, so after a little cogitation I accepted. "But I'll let him run his boat to suit himself," thought I. Conclusively I told myself that whatever happened I'd never get up any real interest in motors. Horse flesh for mine, every time.

"Say," asked Bill sort of apologetically, "would you mind getting some of those weeds off the propeller for me? I'd do it myself, only my hand's all bandaged, y' see. All you've got to do is roll up your sleeve and reach down—and—and then—" He told me all about how to get those weeds, as though I was a babe. I only smiled, as I took my coat off and rolled up my sleeve. Then I dangled myself over the side of the Wasp. By stretching my arm almost out of its socket I could just grab a few of the lily stalks at a time; I never though there were so many lilies in the whole lake as there were on that propeller. I got 'em all off, though, after a while, and rose up in an apoplectic condition. There was my Missus and Bill's, on the wharf; wasn't it disgusting? They were making remarks, too. I gathered that they thought I was on a par with Bill; they said something about my being in the same boat with him, anyway—I just had to shut my jaw, or I'd have said something back. Women—humph!

Well, we had a bully little trip, that time; it was fine and dandy! The engine worked like a charm. Starting away from the wharf we fouled the propeller on a sunken log and had quite a time getting it off; but Bill and I shoved with the oars, and the ladies pulled on our hitching strap—cable, I mean—so we managed to clear after a while. And, as I was saying, we had a slick little run down to the village landing. That is, almost down there. When we'd nearly arrived, the mixing-valve began to go chink-chink-chink, and the engine stopped. The Wasp swung round in the trough of the waves and stopped, too.

"Spindle's out again," announced Bill, cheerfully. "Here," and he handed me the wrench.

"Let's row in," said I. "It looks like it was going to rain."

"Pshaw," answered he. "Row nothing! The Wasp has got to move under her own power, or not at all, that's what!"

So I fixed the spindle again, and the rain came down and wet us both—the just and the unjust. It took me half an hour, that time, because I tied the disk on with a piece of copper wire that I borrowed from the electrical connection. When the job was over, things were all over me—grease, for example, and soot and dirt and smut. But when I'd coupled up, the engine went A-One—that is, after Bill had skinned two more knuckles and I'd barked one. Rain had no effect on

the Wasp. I know, because we ran her all the rest of the day, up and down the lake, and the rain never once stopped Plucky little engine, I tell you. The way she'd shoot that craft through the waves peel 'em off to the sides or fling' em all over her, and swirl up the cream at her flat stern was just beautiful to see. Horse-flesh you say? Mumm—yes, horses are fine; but then, a fellow ought to be broad, tolerant, ready for any sport, sympathetic with all, eh?

Bill and I were kind of tired, that night, what with running the Wasp all day, but in spite of sarcastic and foolish remarks from the women folks we sat up talking things over till about one a.m. I decided before going to bed that I'd send for a few catalogues of motor boats. No—wouldn't own one as a gift, but I'd like to be informed on the subject, just like anything else. Aw, what you grinning at?

Bill must have overslept next morning, for I found myself up and out on the wharf before him. (My Missus says it was before five, but I know it was half-past.) Lo and behold, no Wasp! I looked and peered, but not a thing of her



"They were making remarks too."

could I see. It was a rough, showery morning, with a heavy off-shore wind. Well, all of a sudden I spotted the boat a mile or more down the lake, driving and wallowing plumb for Major's Island where the surf runs so high on the sharp rocks. She had somehow slipped her moorings and gone adrift. I saw there wasn't any time to lose, so I hopped into Bill's skiff and got busy. Rough? Bumping the bumps would be Nirvana by comparison. But I caught her, just the same, right this side of the Island. Scrambled aboard and hustled to start the engine. She wouldn't spark any more than a dead elephant; and all the time ker-splash! the big waves were sousing me.

Not a particle of life in the blamed engine—not a scintilla! She'd flop her wheel, grunt and die every time, with me out in the middle of that big lake like an ant on a shingle. Got careless with the current, and six batteries with the induction coil to shove 'em cavorted through my anatomy till I managed to let go. But they do say electricity's good for the nerves—afterward.

Then, all of a sudden, Lord knows why the Wasp caught! I drove her up against the wind and waves like a runaway train and brought her home triumphant, slapping and dashing spray, heaving, plunging—say, it was great! Whew, but the Wasp could go when she had a mind to!

V.

She was half full of water again when we went out to look at her next morning.

"Good thorough repairing, that's what she needs," opined Bill.

"Overhauling, inside and out," I added. "I'm with you!"

So we got some tar and oakum at the carriage shop, and tools and stuff, and sailed in.

First of all we took the engine all apart and dug out the goo; then we packed the leak and hammered it full of tar. Somehow a stick wouldn't do to jam it in with, so we had to go at it barehanded. Tar is spready stuff, that's right. Then we put the engine together again. Did it O.K. except for bending the shaft a trifle. Oh, there was one little bolt that didn't seem to fit anywhere, though I must say we

hunted conscientiously for a place to put it. Slicked everything all up about seven o'clock (no, didn't want any supper I tell you!) and decided to go for a spin.

For some reason she wouldn't explode. We looked in the book. It said that sometimes the cylinder needed blowing out. I told Bill I'd crank if he'd blow.

"Sure!" said he, and inverted himself at the mixing-valve with a lungful of air. Bill, upside down at the valve, see? waiting to blow.

"Now!" I hollered, giving the crank a hard throw. Say, what d'you think? The engine blew first! So Bill lay round in the bottom, trying to extinguish his whiskers and shrieking things at me. (Burnt hair smells disgustingly, don't you think so?) No matter, the Wasp was going anyway—backward. I steered. After a while Bill protested, but I told him I didn't dare stop, for fear we couldn't get going again. Then he rose up and tried to argue with me, but I kept him at a distance with the starting-crank, and gradually be quieted down.

So we had a fine little moonlight run, after all. Naw, it didn't matter which end was first. She ran just as well either way. Fine accommodating boat, the Wasp.

We ran round the lake a couple of times, next morning, but there didn't seem to be quite so much fun in it. The Wasp was just a lee-tle mite aggravating. We didn't seem to have stopped that leak, after all, and what with the tar round the place, the bilge got full of smelly black water; also the propeller hammered on account of being bent, and the engine had locomotor ataxia or something about all the time. That there spindle-busticator came off again, too, and we got water into the muffler and the engine back-fired and coughed and blew hot water all over us; and Bill skun his knuckle again which was careless of him, just when it was almost healed. Then, on top of everything, the spark-plug got to leaking when we were a mile from home, and squeegeed gummy goo-y stuff out on top of the cylinder, and the spark went all to the bad, so we—we got out the oars. You know the rest. Got home just before lunch; met the women

folks coming in from a drive with the Hamlins. Couldn't help noticing how nice and slick "Aline" looked; something about her generous lines that isn't half bad, eh? Looks strong and reliable and sure to go, any old time, and all that sort of thing. Seemed like Bill was casting sheep's-eyes at his canoe, too, but I couldn't be sure. Motor boating's grand sport, though, elegant! You go tearing along through the waves, spray flying, hair flapping, and all that, and—and—naw! the dirt doesn't matter! Dirt's healthy; you've got to eat a peck, anyway, haven't you?

VI.

Funniest thing, deuced odd, poor old Bill went off his trolley all of a sudden, just as we were getting through lunch. Something must have set him off; a look or a sniff from Mrs. B., or something. Anyhow, he jumped up, his chair clattering over backward, ran to his room, dashed down wildly with his loaded revolver in hand, and made a run for the wharf. We all jumped up, too, and "Save him! Quick!" screeched Mrs. Bill. Out we



"Got a match," quoth Bill.

rushed. There was Bill, casting off the mooring line like a maniac.

"Bill! Bill! What you up to?" I yelled, waving the carving knife that I still held in my hand at him. The ladies covered behind me; I advanced cautiously.

Bill turned on me.

"You stand back," he gibbered. "I'm going to assassinate this here Wasp right now, that's what! You, too, if you try to stop me! Keep off!"

"I'm with you, Bill," I yelled. "Hooray! Lemme at it—!" And I made a dive for the boat, too. The ladies, squealing, did a quick duck for the camp.

I grabbed the painter of our rowboat and jumped aboard. We shoved off, put oars to the dev'lish old torment and rowed her out into deep water, maybe a hundred yards from shore. Then Bill hauled out his pistol and just naturally filled the hull with bullet holes—punctuating his shouts with oratory. In spurted the water, six big streams, through the jagged punctures. The Wasp was dying. We freighted her with execrations, climbed over into our rowboat and cast off, watching, eager as wolves that watch the wounded stag die. Down she drooped, and still



"Filled the hull with bullet holes."

down, going under by the head; that is, for a while. Somehow she didn't go 'way under; something seemed to be holding her up. What—the—deuce?

"Air tanks, of course," said I all of a sudden. "One in each end; she'll float till judgment day with those zinc boxes of hers!"

"Lemme at 'em," shouted Bill. His eyes looked bad; I saw he meant trouble. "Lemme at those tanks, quick! I might repent; I've got to kill her before I do."

We jumped aboard once more. Bill seized the screwdriver and I grabbed my carving knife and we just everlastingly went at those air tanks, I tell you. Down on our knees in the water we stabbed the Wasp to death as fast as frenzy and the power of human muscle could do it.

"Plunk! plunk! You will skin my knuckles, will you? You will twist up in the lily pads—and tangle the line—stab—and ooze goo—and burn my whiskers—stab! stab!—"

"And smell and sputter and break down and bust up and leak and get loose and rattle and rack and jam and clog—stab!

—and squeak and have heart failure and scald me and faint and die?—"

"All right then, die! Die!—"

Stab! stab!—

Say, we murdered the Wasp in A-One style, no mistake. In rushed the water and out gug-gug-guggled the air and down went the venomous thing, down, down, down in fifty feet of cold dark water; down, down, never to rise again if we can help it!

We jumped into the rowboat just in time, and watched the Wasp disappear with grim, glum, supreme satisfaction. She went down with a swirl. The last bubble didn't come up for five minutes. We waited for it.

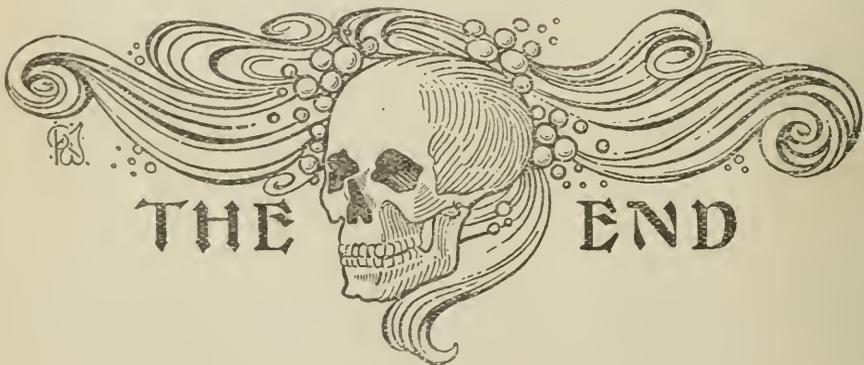
Then said Bill, said he:

"Next time you catch me monkeying round a good thing in broken-down, used-up boats, d'you know what I want you to do?"

"? ? ?"

"Snake me right square away as quick's you can before I get—"

"Stung!" said I.



A Common Place Business Career

The Men Who Have Come Back Home to Finish the Fight for a Competency for Themselves and Their Families are as Solid a Class as One Can Generally Find in Any Business Community.

By Forrest Crissey in the World To-day Magazine.

IF you shoot at a rabbit and miss it, just wait where you are and it will swing around and give you another shot. So with folks. The ordinary man is fairly certain to bring up again at the place from which he made his start, especially if he gets a cold deal out in the world which he goes out to conquer. The country towns of the United States are well sprinkled with this kind of men—solid men, in middle life, who have “come back to stay.”

I guess there are at least a million men who belong to the Back Home Club. Most of them have failed to set the world on fire, while a lot of them have made good in a quiet sort of way and there is something solid and settled about them as a whole.

But there is generally a real story behind these back-home folks. For years this didn't occur to me; perhaps I never would have thought of it if a writer—who once worked on the local newspaper and finally came back and bought a country home in Strawberry Point—hadn't once remarked to me that the place had more good stories in it than you could find in a year's file of the best magazine published. That opened my eyes, and I made up my mind to put in my leisure evenings this winter setting down on paper my own experiences. Some day that boy of mine may like to look them over.

Now a good starting point will be to ask the question: About where do I find myself to-day? In years I think of myself as a young man—but my oldest daughter is sixteen and I am a little past forty. My house is pointed at as one of the big old places of the town; it occupies nearly half a block and I have fixed it up

with the idea that it is to be my home for time to come. I told the carpenter that I wanted the front door to be a good one and a wide one, because I expected that some day a few of my friends would carry me out of that door, when I was all through.

My little red leather private account book shows that I am worth about \$40,000; but the real estate which I own will be worth more than that by the time it passes into the hands of my children—if they don't get it before it's good for them to have it. I am one of the directors of the local bank and some of the townfolk accuse me of running the politics of the place. Well, I've had to, for business reasons, to a certain extent. I guess I employ about as much labor as any man in the community.

What has it taken to get to this point? How has the journey been made? Well, I started by working my way through the town school by taking care of horses and cows. My folks were too poor to do anything for me after I was thirteen, except in the matter of board. It was harder for a boy to earn a quarter than to pick up a dollar now. I never received above fifty cents a week for any one job of choring, and most of the stables which I tended brought me twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five cents. But, by getting up early and working late, I managed to make my chores bring me about \$3 a week on the average. The whole point of it is that when I finished high school and got my diploma I had saved up about \$300. Then I was ready to go into business!

It seemed to me that a high-school graduate ought to be able to go into something that wasn't dirty and common,

so I got the agency for an insurance company. That was genteel and the right sort of thing for an educated man! It took about eight months of soliciting insurance to separate me from all but \$150 of my savings. Then I began to look for something common and dirty enough to pay. I was then eighteen.

The best chance I could see was in the livery business with a bus line as a "feeder." With my \$150, and credit with the men who had known me from childhood, I scraped together a few old rigs and rented a big stone barn. Then I hustled. There wasn't a train which I failed to make, early or late. And traveling men who wanted to be driven to the smaller towns of the country never found me afraid of any weather which they were willing to go out in.

Livery stable help is not generally of an ambitious kind; but I simply had to get the work out of men and boys I hired—and I got it! The lessons I learned in that old stone stable in the art of handling men have been worth thousands of dollars to me.

Well, at the end of ten years I sold out that business for \$7,500 and saw my way clear to making a comfortable fortune in short order. The World's Fair was just opening in Chicago and I rented a stable in the most fashionable quarter of the South Side. When I had started into the livery business at Strawberry Point I said to myself, "If I can ever own this old stone building, a half a dozen good rigs—buggies which show their varnish, and horses a young man likes to drive when taking his girl out for a ride—I'll be perfectly satisfied; I'll never ask for anything more." But when that had been realized I only laughed at my boyish dream and said: "I'll be satisfied when I own, clear from debt, the best livery establishment on Chicago's South Side!"

My Chicago location was all right and so was my outfit; but there was no money! The panic of the nineties was at hand and it took me only a year or two to lose every cent I had saved in the previous ten years. I was broke, but Strawberry Point folks didn't know it. I had made good there and so I figured that there was the place for me to

start over in. I was sure of finding some friends and some credit there, so I determined to join the Back Home Club.

There was no opening in the livery business there, so I started a little lumber and coal yard. Once more I said to myself: "If I can do a one-team business and clear the stock from debt I'll be satisfied." My ambition had dropped a peg or two by my World's Fair experience. I hired a boy to run the little ten-by-twelve office while I hustled the business and did the work. In six months, however, I had things going and had to put on another team and another man.

About that time my competitor sold out to a company of city men. Suddenly I woke up to the fact that the carpenters who had been buying of me right along were going to the other place for their lumber. Old friends who had always done business with me would get my figures on a bill for a new barn or house and would not return. Contractors who had been my steady customers dropped me like a hot cake and bought all their materials at the other place.

Of course it didn't take me long to discover what was the trouble: I was up against the trust. Of course it was in a small way, but the methods and the result were the same. The company against which I was competing was simply a retail outlet of a big wholesale lumber business in the city. The idea was to put me out of business and then control the field. They had pulled the carpenters and masons away from me by giving them commissions on all materials used by them and bought at that yard; the contractors were cinched by a heavy cut of prices, and so were the farmers and other independent buyers.

This company had all the capital it needed, and more, while I had practically none and was doing business on my credit. Night after night I studied over the situation and could see nothing but ruin ahead, unless I could think of some way out of the ordinary course of business by which to dispose of my stock at a profit. Just as I was about in despair, the idea came to me: Why not meet the situation from the other end? Why not make your own trade by going into the

contracting business yourself? Times had become fairly prosperous again and there was considerable building going on in the town and the surrounding country. There was also a good demand for inexpensive cottages for working people.

Here I asked myself whether I had any training which would serve me as a basis for beginning this new venture. At the time I started in the lumber and coal business a little thing had happened which opened my eyes to the necessity of being able to size things up at a glance. One summer evening a threshing-machine man drove into my yard and said he wanted a little jag of soft coal—about five hundred pounds—with which to finish up a job. He had a combination water tank and coal wagon which is commonly used in connection with the threshing engine. I weighed his wagon and told him to go to the shed and throw on his coal. He was gone so long that I stepped out to the shed to see what was the trouble. On the way I noticed a little pool of water, but thought nothing of it at the moment.

"I'll be there in a minute," he called out as he saw me coming. When he drove on the scales I was astonished to see the scale-beam indicate a lighter load than when he weighed the wagon alone. Peering out of the window, I could see the top of the load of coal. Then the truth of the situation flashed upon me in a moment.

"Have I got about five hundred?"

"You've got a ton," I answered. "The only trouble with you is that you let a lot more water run out of that tank after weighing in than you intended. You overdid the matter by about a ton. Now go and unload that coal and never come into this yard again."

That taught me that I must learn to size up things in the rough and right on the jump or I would be cheated continually. So, from that time, I made a practice of guessing every load that came to the scales or passed the office window. By keeping continually at this practice I acquired the ability to estimate the weight of a load of coal or grain and the number of feet of lumber in a load and do it very closely.

Many farmers came to the scales to weigh their loads and I soon learned that the tricky ones had a knack of adding about three hundred pounds to the weight of a load of grain even when the man at the scales was trying to get the correct figures. After driving upon the scale platform with the load they would settle their horses back as hard as possible, thus depressing the load. Then, when they later weighed the empty wagon, they would reverse the process and have their horses pulling ahead until the tugs were tight. This, of course, had a tendency to lift and make the wagon weigh lighter. By repeatedly guessing wagonloads of brick and lath I finally became expert in arriving at the number in the load.

Well; as I looked back at all this practical training, I concluded that it would certainly help me in going into the contracting work, and that I could learn the contracting business in the same way I had learned the lumber and coal trade.

The first contract I secured was for the building of a five-roomed schoolhouse. I kept tab on how many brick each mason laid in a day, and on how many feet of flooring each man put down. The building of that schoolhouse was a school to me, and no mistake! Of course I might have left these details to a foreman, but when the job was through, what would I have known about what was a fair day's work for a carpenter, a lather, a plasterer and a brickmason? Nothing!

Then, on credit, I bought some vacant residence property in a new part of town, and began building some inexpensive houses. This was a different problem, and I studied every detail of labor and material cost. At night, when not engaged on the specifications of some cottage under actual construction, I put in my time on books of plans, until I became a sort of architect-in-the-rough. I was in the fight to win, and I spared myself nothing that promised to help out in the long run.

Soon I was able to estimate the cost of a house with very satisfactory accuracy, and could plan a house of good appearance and of convenient arrangement, on which the actual cost of construction was low. Generally, I was able to sell these

houses outright at a fair profit, sometimes before they were completed. When a home was finished and I could not find a customer for it, I rented it to a hard-working and progressive tenant. Later, I would say to the tenant: "Why not buy this house, put a small mortgage on it for funds to make a limited cash payment and then pay on the house each month just what you would hand me for the rent?"

This plan worked well, and as I multiplied the number of cottages, I found less and less difficulty in getting what money I needed from the local bank. The banker saw that I was doing business, that I had a knack for trade and that a powerful opposition had not been able to close up my yard. This made me a "good moral risk" in his eyes, for I had, to a certain extent, turned defeat into victory.

Lumber is a good thing to trade, and I soon found that I could trade lumber for building lots. Sometimes the men I traded the lumber to would give me a contract for the labor used in putting the material into buildings. Again, when I built cheap cottages on my own lots I could use up odd sizes of lumber, sash and doors which I had found unsalable. All this helped to make the yard, as a whole, pay a good profit. In other words, the very thing which had promised to put me out of business had driven me into a new line, or rather side line, in which I had done well. At the end of my second year in the lumber yard, after I had been up against trust competition for about ten months, I was as good as whipped; one year later I had turned the corner and was in fairly good shape again.

But quite as important as this, I had learned a whole lot about the building trade. I had put up several small brick buildings, and had learned to look at a brick wall and tell closely how many bricks it contained and how much it cost to lay it. To be able to put a time book against a mass of material and know, off-hand, what the average result should be was more to me than I realized at the time, for the big test of it was to come later.

In fact, it came with the location of a

big state institution a few miles away in the country. The contract was a large one, and I determined to get it, and get it on the square, without a cent of graft. I secured the contract and started in on the job in January, when everything was frozen tight. The railroad was under promise to run a spur out to the place for the transportation of materials. But the spur did not materialize. I saw that the materials would have to be hauled by team if the two "cottages" were finished on time.

The first days of that hauling were awful. The best and strongest teams could get through all right, but the poorer ones were continually getting stuck. The other teamsters would let the one with the stuck load shift for himself, with the result that there was a "cripple" somewhere along the road most of the time. Then I organized a system, putting the poorest teams at the head; then those behind had to come to the rescue in order to get the road cleared. I rode in a light buggy and was right on the ground to take personal charge of matters when trouble showed up.

Owing to the great expense of hauling the materials, I not only made nothing on the \$50,000 contract for the first two buildings, but actually had a loss of \$3,500, which looked decidedly depressing to me. But I took good care that no one should know or suspect this.

There was only one way out of the situation for me, and that was to get the contract for the other and larger buildings, and get the railroad spur put in. As I had made good on the first contract, under great difficulties, I had an advantage in asking for the others. Finally I secured them; they amounted to \$158,000, and covered three more buildings.

This time there was no default on the building of the railroad spur, for I realized that all my hope of profit was seeing the rails down and the materials going over them.

But even the track didn't leave me without plenty of troubles. That winter a hard freeze came November first and stayed until next April without a break of open weather. Only a contractor can understand what that means. Every

A COMMON PLACE BUSINESS CAREER.

workman had to have a salamander going at top heat in order to do his work and all the water used had to be artificially heated. This made construction slower and also more expensive in every way.

But every night I knew just how many bricks and stone had been laid that day and what the work had cost. Each mason averaged 1,500 bricks a day, and those who couldn't or wouldn't keep the pace had to give way to those who could. The care of the actual construction work was light in comparison with the financial end of the deal. When work shut down, December 18, there was \$38,000 worth of material on hand and \$23,000 due and unpaid from the state, with every last man to whom I owed a dollar for either labor or material howling loudly for his money.

That December was a hot-house culture in finance for me. After I had made a few attempts to get the money due me, I could fairly taste graft in the atmosphere. When you find an official hunting for strips of red tape to stand on in order to keep your money away from you a little longer, there's only one conclusion to come to, and that is that he is holding his hand behind his back for you to drop a little hurry-up coin into it.

I needed that money worse than I'd ever needed anything before. I had started out on the plan that I'd run the deal straight and clean from start to finish and so I simply set my teeth together and determined anew to fight the thing through on that line. It seemed to me that a grafter must naturally be a coward, and I took my cue from this conclusion. Once more I demanded my money and coupled with it the statement that the money was going to be paid and without any rake-off to anybody. This was put

up to the man who was blocking the payment, both by word of mouth and by letter, and a copy of the letter I wrote him was also sent to the surety company which was on my bond for the fulfillment of the contract. The play was a bold one, and in the open. Perhaps for that reason it worked well. I got my money—all of it. Do not think that all state boards are on the order of the one with which I had my fight, for they are not. Since then I have handled another big contract for another state board without any delays or difficulties whatever. And the man at the head of that business was a woman!

In looking back over the years since I started in the livery stable business, at the age of eighteen, I can see a few things clearly: that if you have made a good record as to honesty and hard work, the old home town is about as good a place to do business in as any you are likely to find; that if you are willing to become the absolute master of the details of your business, so that no one can fool you or pull the wool over your eyes, you can go to the head of the class, because few are willing to pay the cost; that a crisis or an emergency is often another name for a larger opportunity; that one need not be afraid to tackle a new and a bigger job, if willing to go at it from the bottom instead of the top, and put into it all the hard work and downright grubbing that he put into his first business venture as a young man. If I were to add anything to this, I would say: Don't despise being a Back-Homer. The men who have come back home to finish the fight for a competency for themselves and their families are about as solid a class as you are likely to find in any community—and you will find them in every town in the whole land.



A Bank Entirely Free From Private Interests

How the Reichsbank is Conducted With its 480 Branches — Although no Interest on Deposits is Paid the Increase in Business is Enormous — An Institution That can Issue Notes According to its Needs and Whose Shares can be Traded on the Stock Exchange.

From the German Export Review.

THE Reichsbank is not a Government institution; on the contrary, it is a stock company, whose shares can be traded on the stock exchange, like those of any other corporation, but it holds an exceptional and privileged position, in so far as it is exempt from German commercial law, being subject solely to the banking law of March 14, 1875, by which it was created. Control of the bank is confined by law to the supervision of a central committee as an advisory and consultant body to a board of directors and its president. The central committee represents the stockholders, and the directors and its president are appointed by the Government. The bank is free from the influence of any private interests, even that of the stockholders, save as their committee is consulted by the board of directors. The imperial chancellor has the right to supreme control, but practically the responsibility for its management rests with the board of directors, and most of all with its president.

The president receives an annual salary of 40,000 marks, with the privilege of residing in the bank building, rent free. The vice-president receives a salary of 18,000 marks per annum, and each of the other seven members of the directorate from 9,000 to 15,000 marks per annum, with an allowance of 1,500 marks each for rent. A mark is a coin containing exactly five grains of fine silver, value 23.82 cents. As the income of managers of private banks, because of extra percentage remuneration, largely exceeds the Reichsbank salaries, the directors repeatedly resign their positions to take offices in private banks.

The capital of the Reichsbank is 180,000,000 marks, and, notwithstanding that no interest on deposits is paid, its deposits at the close of 1907 amounted to 658,000,000 marks. Its business has increased to such

proportions that 480 branches have been established in that number of communities throughout the Empire.

The Reichsbank has the right to issue bank notes according to its needs, but is compelled to hold as a reserve in its treasury, as security for its circulating notes, at all times an amount of German money equal to one-third of the notes issued. This German money means gold, silver, nickel, and copper coin, and thalers issued by the former independent German States, gold in bars, or foreign coin, the remainder to consist of discounted promissory notes, with maturity limited to three months and guaranteed by responsible solvent creditors.

The reserve fund of the bank includes as security for its notes legal tender. In doing so the legislators took into consideration the non-circulating and non-interest bearing gold held in reserve by the Government in the Julius Tower, at Spandau, near Berlin, amounting to 120,000,000 marks. The volume of legal tender uncovered by metal which has been issued by the Government as "Reichskassenscheine" amounts to the value of the gold reserve at Spandau, which is supposed to represent the metal reserve for this legal tender, although there is no legal stipulation to this effect, hence its classification in the assets of the Reichsbank. The Reichsbank is required to cash immediately upon presentation at the Central Bank at Berlin all its notes in German money recognized as current and all notes presented at its branch institutions so far as the cash supplies and money needs of the branches permit.

The issue of bank notes above the fixed legal limits involves a tax of 5 per cent. on all notes not covered by metal, and necessitates a rise in discount whenever such an

emergency arises. The total amount thus paid by the bank to the Government as note taxes since 1898 up to January 1, 1907, was 17,000,000 marks. The bank's metal reserve and legal tender on January 1, 1908, covered 41½ per cent. of the bank notes issued, the legal minimum of the reserve being 33 1-3 per cent.

The annual dividend of the bank is 3½ per cent., the remainder of the profits being divided between the Imperial treasury and the stockholders, the first receiving three-fourths and the latter one-fourth thereof. Including the regular dividend of 3½ per cent., each share yielded a total profit of 8.22 per cent. in 1907.

THERE IS NO FAILURE

There is no failure. Life itself's a song
Of victory o'er death, and ages long
Have told the story old of triumphs wrought
Unending, from the things once held for naught.
The battle's over; though defeated now,
In coming time the waiting world shall bow
Before the throne of Truth that's builded high
Above the dust of those whose ashes lie
All heedless of the glorious fight they won
When death obscured the light of vict'ry's sun.

There is no failure. If we could but see
Beyond the battle line; if we could be
Where battle-smoke does ne'er becloud the eye,
Then we should know that where these prostrate lie
Accoutered in habiliments of death,
Sweet Freedom's radiant form has drawn new breath--
The breath of life which they so nobly gave
Shall swell anew above the lowly grave
And give new life and hope to hearts that beat
Like battle-drums that never sound retreat.

There is no failure. God's immortal plan
Accounts no loss a lesson learned for man.
Defeat is oft the discipline we need
To save us from the wrong, or teaching heed
To errors which would else more dearly cost--
A lesson learned is ne'er a battle lost.
Whene'er the cause is right, be not afraid;
Defeat is then but victory delayed--
And e'en the greatest vict'ries of the world
Are often won when battle-flags are furled.

—Thomas Speed Mosby in Success Magazine.

What Happens to the Grouch

By Herbert J. Hapgood.

“THE fellow's enough to turn milk sour. He may be a good man, but I wouldn't have him around.”

The above was delivered by a business man and applied to an employe of an acquaintance. He had just returned from his friend's office, and this was his prompt judgment, forcibly expressed to his own partner.

It happened that I knew the fellow who was the victim of the grouch habit and could sympathize with him, says H. G. Cutler in the Worker's Magazine. He was an unduly sensitive man, even to the point of painful self-consciousness. Remarks and actions cut him to the quick which would glance off unnoticed from the man with the thicker hide. Outside of all business considerations he had also had much trouble; had heavy family responsibilities, which weighed down his naturally elastic spirits. He brought his heaviness with him to the office; could not throw it off; had no response for the joke of a fellow clerk; could not even drag himself out of his gloom to be pleasant to his employer, even though he saw that it was to his advantage to do so.

Not knowing anything of his private life or his disposition, his associates at once put him down as a “grouch.” Those who worked by his side commenced to let him alone, thinking that he was offended at them. Each, in turn, became convinced that “for no earthly reason he has it in for me,” and was barely civil to him. As he felt himself gradually shut out from good companionship, the “fellow who was enough to turn milk sour,” and who really had nothing whatever against anyone in the office, commenced to feel himself unjustly treated, doggedly clung to his work, and spoke to no one unless it absolutely was necessary to the furtherance of his task. Day by day the situation became more embarrassed for everyone, and all on account of the one man who had brought his grouch into the office.

The boss himself saw it, and one of his valued customers who had been to the victim of the grouch on some matter connected with his department, and had received precise information, it is true, but unmellowed by a smile or an eye twinkle, buttonholed said employer and said: “Tom, what sort of a fellow is that you've out there, anyway? He's always like a thunder cloud.”

When work happens to be slack Jones is the first to be let out, although measured by his real value as a worker there is no better man in the house. And when, at some future day, there is a vacancy in that house, does the boss, or anybody in the office, ever think of offering it to poor Jones? Never. One such season of pervading gloom, sourness, and general discomfort is enough for a business lifetime.

The Littlest Woman in the World

Princess Weenie Wee, the Smallest Living Human Being, is so Tiny that a Large Rat Could Kill Her—What the Race of Mankind Would Have Been had its Members in the Beginning Been as Diminutive as This Female, who is no Bigger Than an Ordinary Four-Months-Old Baby.

By Arthur Brisbane in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

THE writer of this article, good-naturedly permitted to choose his own subject, elects to discuss a small colored lady called Princess Weenie Wee, undoubtedly the smallest mature human being now living.

The real and very sensible name of this microscopic young lady is Harriet Elizabeth Thompson. She was born at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

You will look at the pictures in this article before you read the words. We humans, when it is possible, use the eye rather than our recently acquired power of reading. We have been looking at things for a hundred thousand years or more. Reading has been known to the great majority of us for only one generation.

Having studied the pictures and become interested in this smallest, feeblest full-grown member of our human race, you will possibly explore this article for further information. With this strange little woman for a text and an attraction, one might succeed in fixing attention on almost any important dismal subject. I might discuss here the advisability of having people own the corporations instead of having corporations own the people. You would read on patiently hoping to hear about the dwarf. If the article dealt exclusively with the trusts and great public questions, you might not read it at all.

Were the desire to fix your attention on strange, foolish speculation about the fourth dimension, or the superfluousness of poverty, hunger and sorrow in a mercifully governed and very rich world, you would still read doggedly on, much against the grain, hoping in the end to hear about the dwarf and how she hap-

pened to have her picture taken beside the street-car-step.

There's a lesson in this article for clergymen anxious to fill their churches, for editors that want readers, for all human beings that want to fix and hold attention. Begin by pointing out some little thing, and the world will listen to big things. If this article were headed, "Serious Discussion of Problems Most Important to the Human Race," several hundred thousand readers would skip it with marvelous celerity.



The Diminutive Colored Princess Pressing an Electric Button

But when it presents to the attention of the world a negro woman, eighteen years of age, no bigger than the ordinary four-months-old baby, when it pictures and described the smallest living adult human creature, everybody reads.

No more irritating suspense. We have accepted the statement that an African midget will attract attention, where a scheme to irrigate the desert of Sahara would be passed by. We proceed to discuss the strange, fascinating, solemn little African woman that stopped growing when she was just over two feet high and is able, because she stopped growing, to earn more money in a real circus than Mr. Roosevelt can earn in the White House.

It would be interesting to know how many other human beings earn large salaries because they stopped growing, and how many have been prevented from earning money because they grew too big to please the mass of intellectual midgets that pay the world's salaries.

There's nothing complicated in the life story of this little human being. But it is interesting to think of her position in the world to-day and of that position as it would have been a few hundred years ago. Her career and her earnings illustrate interestingly the fact that the people have become king.

In earlier times this dwarf would have been a toy in the dining-hall of some king or duke. She would have made funny faces to amuse a brutal master, who would have amused himself further by using her to humiliate and irritate "great" ladies and "great" gentlemen, putting her before them, encouraging her to mock them.

In the old time this tiny being would have divided with some jester the honor of amusing a dull-minded, unimaginative sovereign. To-day she divides with various jesters called clowns the honor of amusing us Americans, the dull-minded and unimaginative king that we call The People. As the toy of sovereign people she earns her living under the canvas roof of a modern circus, instead of earning that living under the leaden roof of some old stone castle.

Human nature doesn't change rapid-

ly. We read with contempt of the ruler finding intense delight in the grotesque body of a dwarf or the humiliating antics of a jester, and we, the sovereign people, find our intense delight in the littleness of a midget, the somersaults of a clown, or the stupid peril of a woman in an automobile whirling in mid-air.

You would like to know something in detail about these pictures.

A photograph was taken on an ordinary flight of steps—giving a good idea of height. Those that have climbed the steps of the pyramids with a guide pulling in front and a guide pushing behind can see that in the life of this dwarf every staircase is an Egyptian pyramid, and every curbstone a huge stone wall.

See the midget's hand photographed against the hand of an ordinary human being. Are you plagued with the foolish superstition that makes men and women study lines in their hands and pay cunning palm-readers? Then the lines in the hand of this little dwarf may help to cure you of foolish belief in palmistry.

When you take the chocolate-colored hand of the Princess Weenie Wee, unfold the little fingers and put back the thumb, you find lines and wrinkles, "life" lines, "head" lines, "money" lines—lines enough to throw some great palm-reader into ecstasies. What do those lines mean? Nothing at all. Nothing has happened to that little woman, nothing will happen, except death putting an end to her big salary, to her little body, and to nature's unfair treatment of her.

The lines in that hand, like the lines in your own, are lines that were formed in the closed hand of the unborn child, all accidental, like the wrinkling of rose petals in the rosebud. Before you worry about some "life" line that stops short, or some other line that goes too far, think about this well-named Princess Weenie Wee and her complicated meaningless palm.

This curious little woman is often frightened when a child speaks to her suddenly. And she is nervous in the streets with the crowds of human beings. But circus and a menagerie seem perfectly natural to her. In her imagination, the lion with his roar, the kangaroo

with the marsupial reticule in front, the wart-hog, the giraffe, and the hippopotamus are the commonplaces of every-day life. She looks upon an elephant as man's natural conveyance, and cannot realize that her every-day circus companions seem wonderful and strange to other human beings.

Of the pictures that which has the most meaning shows the little dwarf mounted on a chair, pressing an electric button. It means that this frail, little being, utterly unable to cope with life in the old conditions, utterly useless in this world before man had mastered nature's forces, could now do as important mechanical work as the biggest man living.

For if, in spite of her smallness, this little creature had the right brain to guide her tiny finger, she could direct and control the whole power of Niagara Falls, its millions of horse-power. And by pressing that button in the photograph this little body could release and direct forces that would light streets and homes and move the population in a city of five millions.



Princess Weenie Wee on an Ordinary Staircase.



The Hand of the Smallest Woman Compared with an Ordinary Hand.

This little creature could direct the biggest steam-shovel at Panama, digging out more dirt than could be dug by fifty thousand full-grown men, or she could manage a giant crane able to lift a locomotive or the biggest stone in the pyramids.

She reminds us of the fact that physical size, on which man originally relied so largely in his struggles against nature and the animals, counts no longer. That little woman with a Gatling gun arranged to suit her size could smilingly defy a large herd of rhinoceroses and elephants mixed.

What sort is this smallest human being? Just like the ordinary American woman, only smaller. She has a very solemn face, her head is perhaps a little big for her body, for she retains in part the proportions of infancy. She has a well-developed forehead and a very earnest, pathetic expression.

She is excellently adapted, temperamentally and intellectually, for leadership in our modern society—especially in that which is called the "highest fashionable society." For she always talks about herself, and about what she likes and

what she does. Ask her any serious question and she will reply, "I like pork chops," or "I like chicken."

She is fond of jewelry and wears a good deal of it—funny little rings with funny little stones, just like the funny big rings with funny big stones for which bigger women struggle and sigh.

This smallest woman will think earnestly for quite a long time and then say, "I like my red dress the best." She usually wears the red dress. It has passementerie and a "train" or tail. And while she is on exhibition, entertaining the sovereign people, she walks up and down incessantly on a little platform with a railing twelve inches high to prevent her falling off. A baby elephant is exhibited near her, a preposterous little trunked creature that drinks milk out of a bottle and screams when hungry. The smallest woman doesn't try to conceal her jealousy of the smallest elephant and of the attention that it receives. She is a woman all the way through.

What would the race have been, what would have happened to human beings had they in the beginning, been all as little as this woman? The race would have been destroyed long ago, and the earth would now be sailing through space without us, the wild animals ruling, jungles growing thicker, deserts and swamps bigger, while waiting for an animal of appropriate size to climb through evolution into the dominating place, to become the earth's guardian and gardener.

A race of creatures as little as this one could not have survived. A big rat

could kill her. An ordinary cat would be to her what a tiger is to you. A fox-terrier could carry her away as a lion carries a heifer. If we should all become as small as she is, now that we rule with steam, electricity, gun powder, and movable type, the world might still go on and a midget race could rule it.

But we couldn't have started on that basis. We had to be as big and as powerful as we were, and at the same time not much bigger, not much more powerful physically.

If we had had strong claws, big jaws, we could have survived without thinking. Perhaps that is why the gorilla able to fight a lion, is still only a gorilla, while we, his despised weaker brothers, have become earth-ruling men because our weakness forced us to think.

That is wandering far away from Princess Weenie Wee, the smallest human being. You can see her in the great circus, buy her photograph and acquire impressions of her, her place, and her meaning in our society.

We must seem to her feeble little mind a strange collection of good-natured giants, carrying her to and fro, supplying her with the needed pork-chops chicken, and red dresses, keeping her warm, just as kind-hearted giant nature takes care of us, carrying us around in the warm sunlight, giving us the food and the dresses that we need, keeping us amused and contented with earth, our circus, happily ignorant of the real cosmic life in which we are all atomic dwarfs.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Where Progress and Education Join Hands

How the Frontier Laborer is Taking Advantage of the Instruction Imparted in Camp Schools — The Way in Which the Crude Material Flowing to Canada is Being Transformed Into Loyal, Self-Respecting Citizens — The Process of National Assimilation and Its Requirements.

By Alfred Fitzpatrick.

MOST people will now admit the general principles that education is for all men, not for any one privileged class, that it means the development of the whole man—his intellect, will, affections, personality—and that it is the duty of the State to educate. In the past the tendency has been to educate one class and neglect another as in the Ancient Greek State, where ignorant slaves, who, because ignorant, became brutal and vicious, did all the manual labor; while the other class, philosophers, had leisure to study, and who consequently degenerated to mere effeminate refined gossips. We have not wholly grown away from these tendencies. Men are being fitted for positions that do not exist. Thousands of young men and women are graduated from schools and colleges who are incapable of doing anything practical in the way of earning bread and butter.

A long course in college apart from contact with the world, is a one-sided kind of education, and is wholly inadequate in this busy work-a-day world. On the other hand a great army of men is forced to toil without mental or social uplift, and are mere ignorant slaves. The average boy leaves the public school from the third reader. These boys, as well as those who escape the school walls, without any education, should be followed with the advantages of an education to the woods and mines to the farthest confines of civilization.

After experimenting in lumbering, mining, fishing and railway construction camps in

Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, covering a period of eight years, I am convinced that the great majority of our frontier laborers need only the time, the place and the teacher to take advantage of an education, while earning their daily bread. I began my work by preaching to these men, but found it would require the "gift of tongues" to make oneself understood. My congregations were comprised of every nation under heaven.

One of the great problems confronting Canada and the United States at the present time is assimilation: How to take the crude material constantly flowing into these countries and make loyal, self-helping, self-respecting citizens out of them. In technical language it is how to bring homogeneity out of a heterogeneous influx of foreign immigration. The already congested populations of China, Japan, India as well as of many European countries are increasing at an alarming rate. They will soon spill over



Absence of Occupation in a Sleep Camp.



Grand Trunk Pacific Construction in Manitoba.

somewhere, and recent events have shown we are doomed to at least periodic floods, if not to perpetual inundation.

The things most urgently needed for the solution of this problem are a common medium of communication, and an environment suited to their needs. These are the first steps towards assimilation, towards a correct understanding of our national life and citizenship. This common language can only be imparted by instructors. Well qualified teachers should be placed at every camp in the land. This provision, of course, implies a school building and time to learn, a reasonable day's labor.

We and our children have this privilege partly at the expense of these very men. Why should not they themselves have it? Is it necessary to confine education to towns, cities and other organized settlements?

Correspondence schools reach a small percentage of men in the mining camps and railway employes, and in some cases are doing good work. They, however, cover only a small fraction of the available ground. Owing to the illiteracy of a large percentage of men in the lumbering, mining and railway construction camps, there is a work here these schools cannot overtake. Men who can neither read nor write can only be benefited by a resident instructor. Men who have an elementary education will be more likely to add to their knowledge under the direct inspiration and incentive of a teacher. Besides the influences for good in camps of young men of right habits and ideals cannot be over estimated.

In the absence of state initiative some individual employers and corporations have made most commendable efforts to improve the condition of their workmen. They have come to realize that to help a man on to his feet is a greater work than to accumulate millions; that wealth earned at the sacrifice of every noble ambition of the men who play the manual part in its production cannot lead to happiness; and that riches earned by slaves, whether in cotton field, forest or mine, prove only to be a curse and a source of national and family dissension. Railway companies are learning that em-

ployes of good and regular habits increase public confidence, and are spending money on reading rooms, libraries and car schools. A few employers, too, in the lumbering and mining industries are taking steps to ameliorate the lot of their men.

The public is more or less familiar with the history of our experiments to ascertain practicable methods of educating the shanty-man, miner, fisherman and navy. It may suffice here to say that we have endeavored by actual experiment to find out how best to pro-

come the incarnation to them of the life or purity, goodness, and self-sacrifice. This summer twenty-two teachers were at work in railway construction and mining camps. In the winter season the work is carried on in mining and lumbering camps. Approximately during the eight years of our experiments ten thousand men have had the privileges of a night school, many foreigners have learned the English language, and twenty thousand men have had a chance through access to good literature to live in decency and keep in touch with the outside world.



Reading Tent, T. & N.O. Railway Construction.

vide an atmosphere that would at once furnish educational facilities for the men, and be an incentive to higher things. Our method is to procure a building or tent at the camps, man it with an instructor, and ask him to make it serve the purpose of night school, library, club, reading room and undenominational church. These instructors are nearly all university men who join the camps as actual laborers, use the axe, pick and shovel, teaching by example during the day, and by both example and precept during the evenings. They rub shoulders with the men, come down to their level, and be-

These reading camps thus afford not only a measure of refinement and culture for manual laborers, but also manual training of the most practical kind for teachers.

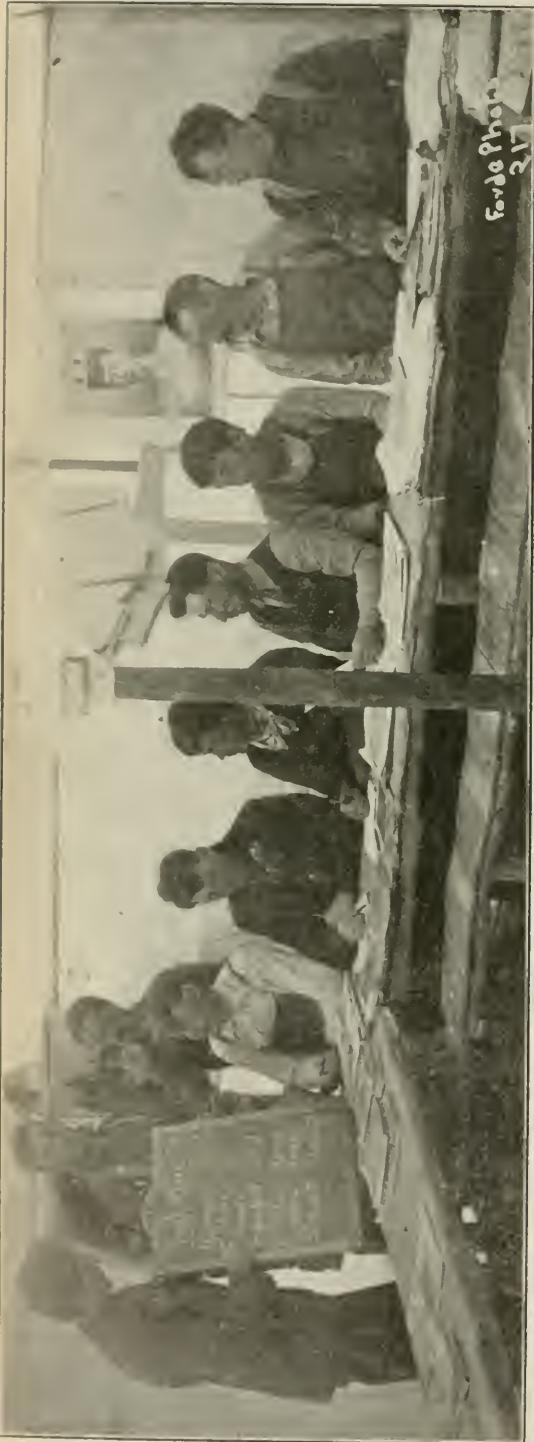
The cost per capita has not been out of all proportion with that of public school education. One child in an Ontario school costs \$14.26; in a Manitoba school \$35.08, and one man in a camp school \$3.50. This year \$10,000 are needed to meet the obligations of the work. It may be asked are the results adequate to the outlay and would it be wise for the state to undertake this work on a

large scale? We unhesitatingly answer yes. It would be a capital investment for the state and only the state can accomplish it.

The principal objections to the education of their men on the part of some employers are (1) That the men are shiftless, that they have hereditary taints, that their troubles are largely biological in origin and therefore incurable, and that they have no desire to rise above their own level or acquire an education; (2) That the nature of their work is not conducive to study, that they have little time to learn, and that when their axes are ground and horses groomed and fed it is time to go to bed.

In answer to these objections it may be said: a good ancestry is unquestionably very important. Mr. Galton, of London, in his book, "Hereditary Genius," shows from many examples that as a rule the sons and daughters of the good and great are themselves good and great while the descendants of the vicious are degenerate and profligate. This is no doubt true, but a good environment in the former and a bad one in the latter case, was largely the cause of their respective conditions. In fact, science has fairly well demonstrated that environment, like "simple faith, is more than Norman blood." In fact, Mr. Lester F. Ward in his latest book, "Applied Sociology," clearly proves that genius is as common in the laboring class as in the so-called higher orders.

It is quite true the men have too little leisure for a proper application of their faculties to study. The greatest of all hindrances, greater than the indifference of some employers, greater even than "defects of will and taints of blood," is long hours of labor; a ten-hour day often supplemented by over-time. This can only be overcome by state control. Nothing but legislation can regulate the length of day during which men shall toil and nothing but public opinion will effect legislation. Have we not the sad spectacle of men working 15 hours a day even on public works operated by the Government? It matters not whether this is by the will of the foremen and superintendents or by that of the men



Galician Immigrants, Studying English, G.T.P. Construction Tent, Saskatchewan.

Forde Photo
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Camp Reading Tent, G.T.P. Construction, Touchwood Hills, Sask.

themselves; the remedy is the same. The voice of the people must force legislation and public inspection. An eight-hour day at hard, manual labor is long enough. This has been granted in some occupations but had to be wrenched from the employer by the force of organized labor. Why compel these men to organize and fight for so obviously a wise and humane concession? To give contractors and employers generally a free hand in determining the length of day and conditions in which their men must toil, without providing intellectual food for the mind, is to curse our fellow men by selling them to slavery.

The nature of the labor in which these men are engaged does not in any way raise a barrier to study. In fact, in moderation it is the greatest possible aid to it. Happily the exploitation of our great industries, especially lumbering necessitates manual labor of a high order. It affords the kind of exercise one of our greatest statesmen and scholars, the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone, chose as his pastime. It brings every muscle into play and that, too, in a pure outdoor atmosphere, and not in the vitiated air of a

workshop or gymnasium. It is absolutely what is needed in the absence of adequate manual training on the part of these young men during their childhood and school days. All boys and girls should be taught to work with their hands. The lack of this training is the great defect in the education of most of the children of the wealthy. It is a fruitful cause of poverty, because many well-to-do people suddenly suffer a reverse of fortune and not knowing how to work with their hands are helpless in the struggle for existence, and become the objects of charity. There is no doubt but that a fair amount of manual labor is good for us all. The labor of the world is unequally divided. Professional men would be clearer headed and stronger physically and morally if they did at least a few hours' manual labor every day. Tolstois is the most conspicuous example of a thinker who advocated this theory: The honor and success of his life is ample proof of the practicability of his theory. It is by combining the physical, intellectual and spiritual that men grow into perfection. The development of the physical only may result for a time in

great brute force, but it is short lived because the man is developed on one side only. He becomes immoral and this soon saps his mere physical strength. The opposite is equally true. The man who is a mere book-worm, whose mind only is developed, likewise degenerates.

The idea of consolidated schools is divine "God setteth the solitary in families." It brings the advantages of graded first-class schools to the children of the isolated settlers. It is socialistic in its scope and tendency, but so is the public school. Socialism, whose re-

our frontier camps, consolidation is already effected without expense to the state. The nature of the work in which these men are engaged necessitates their living together in groups. This affords the opportunity for the education and regeneration of a class of men from whose ranks have come a large percentage of the drunkards, thieves, tramps, and criminals of our land. Their education surrounding them with a suitable atmosphere of positive prevention, of good influences and opportunities, would convert thousands of drunkards, of low-



Interior of Reading Camp, Cobalt.

forms are of that type, is a god-send to humanity. Sir W. C. Macdonald, Professor Robertson, and the exponents of the principle of consolidated schools generally, saw that the education of children scattered far and wide in remote districts was difficult and expensive, and that segregation was necessary. Where segregation or consolidation is accomplished as in towns and villages, education is easily practicable, but in sparsely settled country districts it can only be effected at considerable expense. It is, of course, worth the expense. But in the case of

lived non-taxpayers into clean living tax-paying citizens, and would create a most valuable asset for the state. Tens of thousands of these men would not only improve their minds by the reading of good literature, and by study, but they would save their money and would marry.

There could not be a better opportunity for men to study than in camp, away from all the counter attractions of the town, city or village. The neglect of this opportunity on the part of our governments to surround these men with home-like influences, with the tools with

WHERE PROGRESS AND EDUCATION JOIN HANDS

which to mould and fashion their characters, is to leave them open, unfenced to every evil influence. It is one of the greatest crimes of all the ages. It is to allow their minds to be full of thoughts that sap their manhood, that make them effeminate and think only of the saloon and its attendant evil, the red light house. It is this very absence of occupation that degenerates mind and body and damns the soul. It begets the spirit of Herod, the spirit that massacred the innocents. It unfits men for the duties of home, for the love of home and fatherhood. It makes them reckless of the responsibilities of home and long only for evanescent pleasures without the sanctity, joys and sorrows that make home worth while. Their minds become the charnel houses of thoughts that eat out the vitals of their better selves and leave them dead to higher things. They see visions and dream dreams, but not the visions and dreams outlined and suggested by a perusal of the works of our great authors, Isaiah, Paul, Carlyle, Shakespeare, Emerson, etc., but dreams and visions that no one can see and hear without being less a man. This criminal neglect on the part of the state breaks down the fences and bulwarks of young men's characters built by the prayers, tears and hearts' sacrifice of fathers and mothers in the home and exposes them to every enemy of man.

The advocates of manual training and consolidated schools are unquestionably on the right track. They saw that the school children were effeminate and dwarfed physically and aimed at saving them by developing both sides of their natures simultaneously. What Sir W. C. Macdonald and President Robertson have initiated and shown to be so eminently practicable the state should adopt and carry into universal effect. The state should not the less provide the great army of camp dwellers with well qualified instructors, well equipped school buildings—with an adequate and suitable intellectual environment.

The salvation of these men is largely a matter of education and is therefore the work of the state. This work will never be a success, never be undertaken



Common Education on C. T. D. Construction in Saskatchewan

Fraser Photo

generally, until backed up and carried on by the state. The Reading Camp Association, nor any other corporation, not even the church, is able to cope with the task. The church is divided and therefore doomed to failure should it attempt it. The work needs the wealth and authority of the state. So long as it is carried on by any other institution it is subject to the whims and veto of every illiterate foreman, walking boss, or superintendent who wishes to show his authority. Were it not that the state champions the cause of public school education, how many sparsely settled farming communities or even villages would have well regulated schools?

Ontario should be the first to undertake this task. It has started in the right direction by contributing a small amount to the Reading Camp Association, by employing two splendidly qualified teachers in the mining camps, and by establishing and operating a system of traveling libraries. It can well afford to do all that is necessary to be done. Over a third of its total revenue comes from woods and forests alone. Its revenue from mining is increasing by leaps and bounds. It has the best forests, the richest silver, nickel and copper deposits of the world and when their mining and manufacture are being fully carried on it will have proportionately the greatest number of miners, woodsmen and navvies.

Our Provincial Government spends a large proportion of this revenue in endowing public schools, colleges and libraries in the older parts of the province while it largely neglects the frontier



A Typical Camp Instructor on C.P.R. Double Tracking at Kaministikwia.

laborer. Money is being spent on portable schools for the floating, largely foreign, population of Toronto. This is most commendable; but why not provide portable buildings and teachers for the men who chiefly contribute to making these portable schools for Toronto possible? A great deal is being spent on students' residences in Queen's Park; but why should the state build a fence around the characters of the boys who attend Toronto University only? Why should old Ontario receive charity from New Ontario? Is it any wonder separation is advocated by some influential citizens? Should not a fair proportion of the public revenue be set apart for educational purposes in these frontier districts? This is pre-eminently a matter of public concern, a matter for immediate action on the part of the state. No part of the world is safe so long as any other part of it is vile. The danger is greater when at our doors. Plague, chol-



Double-Deck Boarding Car "Jumbo,"

Sometimes Used on Railway Construction.

era, smallpox, fever and other contagious and infectious diseases come to us in the steerage of passenger steamers, in clothing, in the wind, from the foul slums of large cities, from filthy homes on farms, in towns and villages, and from mining, lumbering, fishing and railway construction camps, in not a few of which the ordinary sanitary regulations are not observed. But these are not the greatest dangers that arise from idle men housed together in cramped and filthy quarters. Men whose spare time is occupied in gambling, drinking, listening to or taking part in the low jest, song, and story, soon become depraved. Their moral diseases, which, alas, are also all infectious and contagious, and which are the result of this lack of social and religious restraint, are of a much more serious character. It goes without saying that the men themselves who reap the immediate benefit of this accommodation the employers who thereby secure a better class of men and better quality of labor, should contribute to this work, but it is above all the duty of the state, as the free institutions under which has grown up an enlightened and well-to-do citizenship have been largely endowed by

the toil of these lonely denizens of forest and mine. The men who have filled these advance posts of civilization have hitherto been asked to make brick without straw in that which is most vital to the development of their characters. They have borne the burden and heat of the day in the exploitation of our greatest industries. They have largely contributed to make possible our free public schools, colleges and libraries by their toil, while as yet, between themselves and the social and moral influences of civilization there is a great gulf fixed. Shame. The trifling expense of making provision of this or a similar kind at every camp in the land is nothing compared with the benefits to be derived by ourselves and those whose wretched condition we try to improve. It will cost the country less to provide bath-rooms, laundries and reading camps than the revenue that would be derived from the additional number of good citizens. An enlightened and healthy citizenship is a better asset than ignorant and filthy slaves. Camp schools are incomparably cheaper than soldiers, paupers, drunkards and criminals.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of [cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright.—Thomas Carlyle.

Dancing is Only an Expression of Life

Miss Maud Allan, the Canadian Girl, Speaks of Her Work and Says
There are Many who Wilfully Misconstrue her Innocent Salome Dance
— How she Regards her Work and the Methods That she Adopts.

MISS MAUD ALLAN, the Canadian girl who has created such a sensation in London by her marvelous dancing and is expected to appear in New York this month, in speaking of her work in a recent interview, says:

"My dancing is, as it were a continuation from where the ancient Greeks left off and by combining our modern music with their movements I attempt to put into the rhythm of the dance something of the thought of to-day. You see, my dances depend entirely on the music, and just as the arches and the columns of a great temple vibrate to the chords of the organ, so does my soul vibrate to the music of my dances. I know nothing of the technique of dancing, and the arts of the coryphee mean nothing to me. I have sought all my attitudes and movements in the art galleries of Europe, on Etruscan vases and Assyrian tablets, and I have modelled my motions on their crude perspectives.

"And I feel somehow that Salome was as unstudied and as untaught as I. She had seen her women dance perhaps, and she must often have stopped to look at the old Assyrian tablets as I have done, and unconsciously incorporated their pictures in her dramatic interpretation of the tragedy of the moment when she danced before King Herod. She danced by instinct, for dancing, however conventional it may become, is in its essence a thing of instinct. And a tribe in savage Africa would display the same motions of fear, of joy, or sorrow, as we ourselves. Dances express emotions and these dances are neither the swaying to and fro to a valse measure in a London draw-

ing-room, nor the pirouetting on one toe of an Austrian ballerina. Such dancing as that is not the expression of an immortal soul stirred by all the mystery of existence, tortured, as was Salome's soul by the tragedy of her sin. Dancing is only an expression of life. People today never appear to me to possess the idea of what life really is. It isn't giving way to the desires of the flesh; it means being one's own controller, influenced only by the very few. And to so influence people for their good is the only true kingship. I would sooner be the power behind the throne than the king upon it.

"But do you know what was the most exciting dance I ever danced? One morning, long ago, I climbed a fence, and jumped down into a little hollow beneath. I heard a loud hissing, and, looking down, I saw a huge 'rattler' darting at me.' I gave a scream, and then realized that I was standing upon its mate. For the moment I was paralyzed, and then I started to run; another snake, and another snake, and another snake sprang up. I realized at last that I was in their breeding place, and in another moment I saw I was surrounded by literally a hundred of them. I danced here, I dodged there, and I ran the whole time with the brutes in full pursuit; but I flew faster than they, and at last a little stream crossed the wood, and I dashed across it, and they could follow me no farther. Yes, my most exciting dance was in that Californian forest long, long ago." And then, with a quaint turn of her flexible mind, she added: "But not even their venom can equal that of the venom of those who wilfully misconstrue my innocent Salome dance."





Maud Allan, the Clever Canadian Dancer

Whose Dramatic Work has Created a Furore in London for some Weeks. She will Appear in New York this Month.

DECLARATION

By Elbert Hubbard.

I hold these truths to be self-evident :

That man was made to be happy ;

That happiness is attainable only through useful effort ;

That useful effort means the proper exercise of all our faculties ;

That we grow only through this exercise ;

That education should continue through life, and the joys of mental endeavor should be the solace of the old ;

That where men alternate work, study, and play in right proportion the brain is the last organ of the body to fail, and death for such has no terrors ;

That the possession of wealth can never make a man exempt from useful, manual labor ;

That if all would work a little, none would be over-worked ;

That if no one wasted, all would have enough ;

That if none were overfed, none would be underfed ;

That the rich and educated need education quite as much as the poor and illiterate ;

That a serving class is an indictment of and a disgrace to our civilization ;

That the presence of a serving class tends toward dissolution instead of toward co-operation ;

That the person who lives on the labor of others, not giving himself in return to the best of his ability, is really a consumer of human life ;

That in useful service there is no high nor low ;

That all duties, offices, and things which are useful and necessary are sacred, and that nothing else is or can be.



Mrs. Carstairs' Last Bet

How She Contrived to Shock Some of Her Aristocratic Acquaintances by a Rather Startling Plan and Thereby Managed to Get Rid of Financial Worries, About Which She did Not Care to Apprise her Husband.

By Margaret Strickland in the Grand Magazine

NETTIE CARSTAIRS sat alone in her pretty boudoir. Her three guests had departed, and only the cards and scoreboard, which lay on the table remained to tell the tale of the afternoon's dissipation.

"One hundred and fifty pounds!" muttered Nettie, with puckered brows. She gazed into the fire, then: "That woman has the devil's own luck! And it's always my bad fortune to be drawn against her!"

She heaved a deep sigh as she picked up the scoreboard and glanced down the formidable array of figures against her.

"Oh, it's awful! I vow I'll never play again—yet how on earth am I to get clear of these dreadful debts?"

The big Persian cat on the rug at her feet looked up and yawned.

"Ah, Magnificat!" said Nettie, "It's all very well for you to look bored, but you don't understand the situation. You're a dear pet, but if only you could help me to raise £1,000, I should consider you even more useful than ornamental!"

She stroked the cat's head meditatively with the toe of her dainty, beaded slipper.

Mrs. Carstairs was one of the prettiest grass widows in London at this time, and more than one voted her husband a fool for leaving behind him a wife so young and charming. Some were even kind enough to hint as much to him, but, evidently, Captain Carstairs thought he knew his own business best, for, despite all the smiles and shrugs and the remarks of his prim maiden sisters, he sailed for India, and Nettie remained on in the snug little flat in Eccleston Square.

Ever since they had been married

Archie had always promised her six months' stay in London, but for four years he had been a fixture in India, and his wife had dutifully remained by his side.

Nettie was Irish. She had been born and brought up in her native country until she was eighteen, when the Hon. Archie Carstairs, on a visit in the neighborhood, met and fell in love with her. There was a speedy wooing, followed a few months later by a wedding; then, after a brief honeymoon on the Continent, they sailed for India, where for four years they had been obliged to remain. However, the long-looked for leave came at last, and Captain Carstairs brought his wife home to enjoy the promised holiday in London. Since November her life had been one whirl of gaiety, then, unfortunately, Captain Carstairs had been ordered abroad again three months earlier than he had expected. Nettie hated India, and her husband, seeing her disappointment, had kindly suggested that she could remain in England and finish her six months' holiday. She had been quite unable to resist the tempting offer, and it was arranged that he should go and that she should join him in the spring.

Archie had been very generous. Knowing his wife's somewhat extravagant tastes, he had left her a substantial sum to last her the extra three months in London. Unfortunately this had all gone—how she could not imagine—and now, with dressmakers' bills, bridge, and what not, she realized that she had not only run through all the money, but was heavily in debt to boot. The last two months had been a perfect rush—she had been here, there, and everywhere, and had no time to think how

much she was spending. But during the last few days it had been unpleasantly brought home to her. What was she to do, and what would Archie say? She had promised to be so very good and so careful if he let her remain behind, and this was the result!

Now, unless she cabled to him for more money, there was not time to get an answer, for in three weeks she was due to sail. She had no relations of her own, and she knew that Archie would never forgive her if she attempted to get help from his family. They had never quite approved of the "wild Irish girl," as Nettie well realized.

It was a horrible position; the more she thought of it the more difficult it became.

To appeal to any of her men friends never for a moment entered her head, though, if the truth be told, there were many who would have been only too glad of an opportunity to place the pretty Mrs. Carstairs under obligations to them. But, though she knew lots of the society women of her acquaintance got their debts paid in this manner, she would have scorned to stoop to such baseness.

Still, she must find some way out. She could not possibly leave England in debt to the amount of £1,000 and more.

"If only I could pay off that horrid Lady Violet," she muttered as she vigorously smashed a lump of coal with the poker. "She's such a cat! Always so scurly sweet, I know she'd love to see me in an awkward place—but £150!"

"Sir Reuben Van Laun," announced the expressionless voice of the maid.

The next minute a tall, dark man strode across the room towards her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Carstairs? I am, indeed, fortunate to find you in—and actually all alone, sitting among the cinders!"

She smiled faintly as she gave him her hand. He bent over it with exaggerated gallantry.

"I came to ask you if you'd join my party for the Grand National next week," he went on, as he helped himself to a chair on the opposite side of the hearth. "The whole thing will be spoilt without you, Mrs. Carstairs!"

Nettie slowly shook her head, while she still remained thoughtfully gazing into the glowing embers.

"Oh, come, you musn't look so serious—it's not like you, Madame Butterfly!" he said jauntily, yet looking at her in some surprise. "Don't tell me you're going to miss the National! Why, I thought you stayed in England especially for it!"

Again she shook her head.

"I've given up racing."

"Oh, rubbish!" he said quickly. "You'll be telling me next that you've given up baccarat and bridge."

"Yes, I've given up cards too."

He burst out laughing.

"Since when? And for how long?"

Then, seeing her face still thoughtful and troubled, he suddenly dropped his bantering tone.

"By Jove!" he said, looking searchingly at her. "So it's like that, is it? Well, my experience of women's 'never agains' is that they've pulled off some grand coup and intend to do the discreet and retire on their booty, or else—well, that they've come to the end of their resources. In your case, Mrs. Carstairs, I can only hope it is the former."

Nettie, however, had not the slightest intention of making Sir Reuben Van Laun the recipient of her confidences, so, instead of answering him, she simply shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"I see you are of an observant nature, Sir Reuben," she remarked after a few minutes' silence, "but I shouldn't lay down hard-and-fast rules with regard to women, because you'll find them a very uncertain species and quite unreliable."

"Not to mention 'coy and hard to please,'" he finished, smiling. "Well, anyway, I'm glad to see that nasty little pucker has gone from your forehead, and that you can still laugh."

"I'm afraid I seem horribly dull," she said, resolutely shaking off the heavy-weight that was oppressing her. "But to further prove to you the uncertainty of my sex, you will find that I can change in one minute from grave to gay!" And all her pretty dimples showed in a brilliant smile.

"What are you doing to-night?" he

asked suddenly, while his dark, eager eyes took in every detail of her fair face and perfect figure.

"For once I'm going to have a quiet evening at home with Magnificat."

"What? And sit moping over the fire as you were doing when I came in? No, no, we can't allow the prettiest woman in London to court wrinkles and worry like that! Come and have dinner at the Savoy with me, Mrs. Carstairs, and we'll do a theatre afterwards, or anything else you fancy."

At any other time Nettie would have flatly refused—now she hesitated. The idea of the long evening by herself, with only the stubborn fact of those appalling debts as company, was not alluring.

Sir Reuben saw his opportunity and pressed it.

"Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow——"

"To-morrow we pay," she finished, with a touch of recklessness in her laugh. "Very well, I'll accept your invitation, Sir Reuben. What is the time now? Half-past six; all right, I'll go and change—and you——?"

"I'll be back before 7.30 to fetch you," he replied, as he took up his hat. "Au revoir!"

The next minute he was gone, and Nettie retired to her room to dress.

At the appointed hour Sir Reuben drove up in his private hansom and bore off Nettie to the Savoy.

It must be admitted that her conscience was pricking her cruelly as she sat down to dinner, but her companion's jovial manner and the champagne which he kept plying her with soon had the effect of restoring her usual good spirits.

"I think we are rather late for a theatre," he remarked when they at length rose from the table. "It is already after nine; perhaps you would like to look in at the Frivoli for an hour?"

"I'm ready for anything," answered Nettie gaily, her blue eyes sparkling with excitement. "I've only been once to a music hall; Archie doesn't care for them, but I think it would be great sport!"

So to the Frivoli they went, and were soon seated side by side in the stalls listening to the inevitable coon song, fol-

lowed by the still more inevitable cake-walk.

Nettie had by this time got beyond the stage of self-reproach, and was entering into the evening's enjoyment with a thoroughly "sufficient unto the day" spirit. Sir Reuben meanwhile was hugging himself with delight. He admired Nettie tremendously; but although she was frankly good pals with a number of men, she never allowed them to step an inch over the bounds of friendship. To-night, however, he had just caught her in the right mood; she had accepted his invitation, and the rest, he told himself, was merely a matter of time.

"Trixie Vane is the next on the programme," announced Nettie, with interest. "What is she like?"

"Charming, judging by the number of her admirers and the quantity of picture post cards that are sold every day with the lady's portrait on them," answered Sir Reuben dryly. "Personally, I don't admire dark women."

"Here she is!" cried Nettie, as a lady in a short scarlet frock, amid roars of applause, skipped on to the stage. "I guess she must be a favorite—and—oh, yes—she's very pretty!"

"Humph!" sniffed Sir Reuben. "The dress is a becoming one certainly. Now, I should just like to see you in that costume."

Nettie made no reply, but continued to stare straight before her at the stage, utterly oblivious of the eager, admiring glances her companion kept casting upon her. She was far too interested in Miss Trixie Vane to bother about him, though she failed to see anything particularly pretty or edifying in her songs. Still, the dress was, as Sir Reuben had remarked, distinctly becoming—a very dull, gauzy scarlet frock, with the skirt reaching just below her knees, black silk stockings, and very high-heeled shoes with silver buckles. She had a pert little face, and the wreath of scarlet berries entwined among her black locks gave the finishing touch to the whole. But what amused Nettie most were the sly winks and side glances she threw at the men in the stalls and boxes.

"I wonder," she remarked suddenly,

"if it requires a great deal of nerve to appear for the first time on the stage like that?"

Sir Reuben laughed.

"Not for that type of woman—they're as bold as brass! But were it a modest, irreproachable lady like your charming self—well, I should say—'yes.'"

Nettie fancied she detected an underlying vein of sarcasm in the words, and turned upon him defiantly.

"I suppose you think I haven't sufficient dash and go—but you don't know me!"

Sir Reuben looked at her in amusement.

"Don't I?" he said. "I know you possess enough 'dash' to go 'no trumps' on a very risky hand or to 'double hearts' on the strength of the king and three others, but that——" nodding towards the stage.

"Well?" demanded Nettie. "What?"

"Well, I bet you five hundred to one you'd never do it!"

"That I wouldn't appear on a music hall stage in a dress like that?" cried Nettie, with flashing eyes. "Yes, I would—I will—I——"

"Five hundred pounds to one you don't!" he burst out, his dark face ablaze with eagerness. "Mind you, it must be at this theatre, within a stated time, and I must be an eye witness!"

"It shall be within three weeks!" she said, her voice trembling with excitement. "And I'll notify you of the date of my debut!"

"Done!" cried Sir Reuben. "I'll make a note of that—and now, ma belle, I think we'd better be moving."

"Yes—yes," answered Nettie quickly. "Let us go—I've had enough of it."

He put her cloak carefully round her shoulders, and together they left the theatre.

She was very silent as they drove homewards, and Sir Reuben glanced curiously at her from time to time at a loss to understand this sudden change from almost reckless hilarity to sober pensiveness.

"Please do not trouble to get out," she said as they drew up in Eccleston

Square. "And thank you very much for the pleasant evening."

Sir Reuben looked baffled. He had certainly not expected this sudden dismissal, and felt angry at her so persistently ignoring his open admiration and would-be devotion to herself.

"You're surely not going to say good-bye already! Why, it isn't eleven o'clock yet!" he said in an aggrieved tone. "We ought to finish up with supper somewhere."

"Oh, no, thank you!" answered Nettie decidedly as she tried to withdraw her hand from his grasp. "Archie would hate me to do that—besides, I'm tired. Good-night, Sir Reuben."

He muttered something under his breath about Archie and the devil, but Nettie's manner admitted of no further argument. Under her surprised and almost haughty stare he could not do otherwise than release her hand and let her go.

"I won't forget our bet," she called out gaily as she gathered up her skirts and disappeared in at the doorway. "Good-night!"

Sir Reuben with a grunt flung himself back in the hansom and was driven away.

Next morning Nettie remained indoors and was at home to no one. To win that £500 was her one idea now, and a grand scheme of how to do it was gradually forming in her mind. It would require careful management and a great deal of thinking out, but once she set her mind on a thing she was pretty sure to carry it through. So from ten till half-past twelve she shut herself up in her boudoir with only the Persian cat as counsel, the result being that before lunch the following letter was written and despatched to the manager of the Frivoli Theatre, with "Important" writ large on the cover:

DEAR SIR,—I should be much obliged if you could favor me with fifteen minutes' private conversation one day this week, at any hour most convenient to yourself. Awaiting an early reply,—I am, yours faithfully,

Thora Desmond.

She had decided it would be best to conceal her identity, and to take her old

servant Thora into her confidence. Thora had been Nettie's nurse, and had remained with her ever since her childhood. She worshipped her beautiful young mistress, and would have entered into even madder schemes to assist her. On this occasion Nettie knew that she would be a necessary and invaluable confidant, so it was agreed that she should take the maid's name and pose as Miss Thora Desmond to the manager of the Frivoli Theatre.

On the evening of the following day the answer to the letter arrived; the manager would be pleased to grant Miss Desmond an interview the next afternoon at three o'clock.

Punctually at the time appointed, Nettie, with Thora in attendance, drove up to the Frivoli Theatre, and after a few minutes' delay was shown into the manager's office.

"I'm afraid you will think mine rather a strange errand," began Nettie, while a bright flush suffused her cheeks, "but _____"

"I am anxious to learn it and be of assistance if possible," he put in, with a reassuring smile, while his quick eye took in all the details of her dainty personality.

Thus encouraged, Nettie came straight to the point.

"I want to appear one night on the stage at this theatre," she said rather breathlessly. "Just like that Trixie Vane does, in the same style of costume."

"Have you had much experience?" he asked politely. "I haven't heard your name at all in connection with the stage."

"No, I have had no experience," answered Nettie, "but I can sing a little."

"Then it would be rather a risky speculation for me, don't you think?" he suggested, smiling. "You see, Miss Desmond—"

"But I'm not asking for any fee, and it's only for one turn. Oh, I assure you I could do that all right!"

The manager looked at her curiously. That she was a lady he had seen at a glance; but that there was some mysterious game on he was equally sure.

"Are you contemplating taking up this

sort of thing?" he asked, eyeing her sharply.

Nettie laughed.

"You're afraid I might go on to other halls, representing myself as a 'Frivoli Star'? No, no, you can set your mind at rest on that score. This is to be my first and last appearance on the stage."

Mr. Hilson looked at the bright, eager face before him in some perplexity. There certainly was something peculiarly attractive about those innocent-looking blue eyes. At any rate there would be no harm in keeping her in view.

He glanced at his watch.

"Well, Miss Desmond, I cannot promise you anything definite at present—and I can't spare another minute just now; but I will bear you in mind and, should I find an opening, I will not fail to let you know."

Nettie's face fell.

"But unless the date can be fixed within the next three weeks it's no good!"

Within three weeks! What on earth could her game be? The manager was distinctly interested in his fair visitor. Perhaps after all she might prove a valuable find. He held out his hand.

"I must have time to think it over. Come and see me again in a week or ten days."

Then he bowed her out, and she and Thora entered their cab and drove away.

"It's not so easy as I thought!" was Nettie's mental comment. "Still, I've succeeded in rousing his curiosity, which is something, and I'll work the oracle yet, even though I have to bribe him!"

Her mind was still running in the same direction when Thora was dressing her that evening.

"Anyway," she said, with grim resolution, "I shall count that £500 practically safe."

"But, sure, dear mistress, and wid all them dreadful debts, it'll niver be enough!" said Thora anxiously.

"I shall find some means of paying them off," murmured Nettie thoughtfully, as she surveyed her image in the mirror. "And now, Thora, I must be quick—the Trehernes dine punctually at eight and I would not offend them for the world!"

Ten minutes later she was driving towards Lancaster Gate.

"There must be some way out!" she muttered, as she struggled with the buttons of her glove, "and I'll pay off these debts, even though I have to sell my jewels to do it!"

She sat back for some minutes, her brows puckered in deep thought. "If only I could make another bet, that might bring success!"

Suddenly she threw up her head, while her blue eyes sparkled with excitement. "Why—why on earth shouldn't I make the same bet with someone else—two or three others—if I can get them to take it on? Oh, excellent scheme!—I will—I'll have a good try, anyway! And then—then, why I'll make that old manager give in, if I have to go down on my knees to him!"

By the time she reached the Treherne's house her plan was settled. It might require a good deal of tact and diplomacy to lure her victims into the trap, but provided she got the opportunities, Nettie felt pretty sure of the result.

"Yes," she told herself as she mounted the front doorsteps, "that is the way out! And I'll start to-night if I see anything like an opening!"

It so happened that chance favored her project that evening, and it was in this way. After dinner, when they all adjourned for cards, Nettie, much to the surprise of everyone, refused to play.

"Here's another one joined your league, Major French!" exclaimed Mrs. Treherne, turning to a tall, grey-haired man who stood by. "Here's Mrs. Carstairs declaring she's given up bridge."

"Shake hands, Mrs. Carstairs!" cried the Major heartily. "I'm glad to hear it. Most pernicious habit of the age—bridge."

"Well," laughed their hostess, "since you won't be persuaded, Nettie, you don't mind if I take your place, and leave you and Major French to entertain one another, do you?"

"Of course we don't mind," replied Nettie pleasantly. "We'll have some music—eh?"

"Capital idea!" cried the Major. "You shall come and sing something for me,

Mrs. Carstairs. Allow me to escort you to the drawing-room."

So it was that victim number one walked into the net.

After singing one or two songs, Nettie artfully drew the conversation round to the subject nearest her heart by mentioning that she had recently been to the Frivoli and seen Trixie Vane. Then, in much the same manner as she had unwittingly led Sir Reuben to make his bet she wittingly drew the unsuspecting Major on.

"Well, I'll bet any money you wouldn't!" he was saying, for the fourth time, after she had skilfully worked him up to the vital point. "And, although I cannot say I admire the music hall profession for ladies, still I must admit I would dearly love to see you in the role, just once. However, of course it is quite impossible. You acknowledge you have no experience—no influence in that quarter either—and yet you imagine that you could appear in the best hall in London on any date you choose to mention and—"

"What do you bet I don't?" cut in Nettie, with sparkling eyes and beating heart.

"One hundred pounds to a penny! No—£200—anything you like," answered the Major. "I always enjoy a good sporting bet!"

"Right you are!" cried Nettie. "We will consider that booked—£200 to a penny I don't appear at the Frivoli on—let's see, shall we say April 3rd?"

The Major considered a minute, then nodded.

"Yes—suit me admirably," then he laughed. "Just as well you only stand to lose a penny over this deal, because I know the whole thing is out of the question."

"We shall see," smiled Nettie as she rose from the piano. "By the way, you understand, of course, that it is to be a secret between us?"

And the Major's emphatic "Of course" was immensely satisfactory.

So another £200 worth of Nettie's debts was, in her opinion, practically disposed of, and after this she set to work

in grim earnest to select the rest of her victims.

This part of the business required some consideration, but before she fell asleep that night she had carefully gone through the list of her men friends and sifted them down to the few likely ones. Fortunately she knew a good number of people in London just at this time, and she very wisely chose not only the wealthiest, but the ones she knew to be rather reckless when anything like a gamble was concerned.

"Just as well, too, to fix on those who don't happen to know one another," she murmured as she was dropping off to sleep, "in case they should compare notes."

There was no doubt that she laid her plans remarkably well. Each detail was fully thought out, and the clear, business-like manner in which she arranged everything would have astounded many people who looked upon her simply as a harebrained, extravagant, pleasure-loving woman.

On the morning following the Trehernes' dinner party Nettie was up early and out for a ride in the Row, where she knew she would encounter a certain Captain Iredell, of whom she had great hopes. There was a subtle method in all her movements now, and she went wherever she thought there was a chance of meeting one of her chosen few.

It was marvellous the way she played her cards—with what dexterity she led up to the subject, roused their sporting instincts, and ultimately landed her fish. One man she really did run up against by accident, and that was Mr. Swain, a young society eligible, whom she chanced to meet in Regent Street one afternoon. Seizing the opportunity, she lured him to a shop window full of picture post cards of the leading actors and actresses. Among these was a photograph of Trixie Vane in the very costume in which Nettie had seen her. This rendered her task all the easier, and the young man fell eagerly into the trap.

On thinking it all over afterwards, Nettie came to the conclusion that Mr. Swain's was the simplest case of the lot. She had absolutely no difficulty with

him, for he readily offered to bet her £300, and insisted on her having tea with him in Bond Street to seal the contract.

In a week she had succeeded in capturing four out of the seven likely victims, and her eyes grew round with excitement as she made the following entry in her notebook:

Sir Reuben Van Laun....	£500
Major French	£200
Captain Iredell	£100
Mr. Swain	£300
Baron Magawlys	£200

Now, provided all went well, she would have not only sufficient to settle her debts, but quite £250 extra for herself. So it was with determination writ large on her face that she once more sought an interview with the manager of the Frivoli Theatre. She offered straight away to pay him £50 for allowing her to give one "turn" on the evening of April 3rd.

Mr. Hilson's eyes twinkled. This seemed more like business. However, he had no intention of doing anything rash.

"I must have some idea of your vocal capabilities before making any decision," he said.

Nettie promptly gave him "some idea," with a result that was distinctly satisfactory to both parties. Before she bade Mr. Hilson "good morning" a little agreement had been drawn up between them—everything was "fixed up," and even the subject of her costume discussed.

Then followed a busy time for Nettie, for she was determined to do the thing really well. No one should be able to say that she made a fool of herself! She practised her little performance daily, and twice, at the suggestion of Mr. Hilson had special private rehearsals at the theatre.

The fateful evening arrived at last, and half-past eight saw Nettie in her dressing-room, the faithful Thora, of course, in attendance.

She found she was billed as "La Belle Thora," and that her turn was timed for ten o'clock. This left her ample time to prepare and dress.

The day before, she had sent little

notes of reminder to "the five," and each had replied that he would be there without fail.

Sir Reuben would have been indeed surprised had he known that there were four other men among the audience all equally anxious for the appearance of "La Belle Thora"—so would each of the others for that matter—and it was an exciting moment for all concerned when the long-looked for number at last turned up.

There was a minute's delay, and then the daintiest apparition that ever faced the footlights tripped on to the stage. There was no exaggerated bowing and smirking; simply a bewitchingly natural smile and a faint fluttering of the eyelids as she stepped forward and the orchestra struck up the opening bars of her song.

She was dressed entirely in black, spangled with silver—otherwise the style of costume was much the same as that worn by Trixie Vane, in accordance with the bet. Her neck and arms were bare, and showed up in dazzling whiteness against the black velvet shoulder-straps, while the crowning touch was the large diamond star which gleamed in her golden hair. Never before, perhaps, had Nettie Carstairs looked so beautiful as on this night when she faced the audience of the Frivoli Theatre.

There were subdued murmurs of applause as she stepped on to the stage, which were instantly hushed to eager attention when she began to sing. Yet it was nothing grand—simply the quaintest little Irish ballad, sung with just sufficient brogue to betray her nationality. But hers was the kind of voice not often heard at a music hall, and when the last verse came to an end the applause and shouts from the gallery were deafening.

In her wildest dreams Nettie had never expected such an ovation, and her blue eyes shone with gladness as she came forward again and again to make her bow.

There was no doubt that she had taken all hearts by storm, and when it was found that the roars of "Encore!" instead of subsiding grew more insistent, Mr. Hilson politely asked her if she would mind going on again. She did go on

again, and scored even a greater triumph, if possible, than the first; but although "Bravos!" rang from floor to ceiling, she would not be tempted back a third time.

"No, no," she laughed when the manager tried to press her. "Our agreement says only one song, Mr. Hilson, and I have already given two, so you must send on the next artiste now to appease your house."

And she hurriedly returned to her dressing-room, there to be besieged almost immediately with callers.

"Tell them all I can't see them," said Nettie quickly, as Thora came back with the fifth bouquet and card. "Say your mistress thanks them very much for the flowers, but she cannot possibly see anyone now, as she is changing and has to go on somewhere else immediately."

And in spite of the numerous pressing messages in reply, she remained firm in her refusal to see anyone, and artfully eluded her pursuers by leaving her dressing-room by a second 'emergency' exit.

Having reached her carriage safely, she drove rapidly homewards, where she spent the rest of the evening writing notes to the five men who were now in her debt. Major French she invited to call on her at 12.30 the following morning. "I am sailing for India on the seventh," she wrote, "and would like to see you before I go and say good-bye."

To Sir Reuben she said much the same, but appointed 4.30 next afternoon for his visit. Captain Iredell she knew she would meet during her morning ride in the Park; Baron Magawlys she invited to lunch on the fifth, and Mr. Swain to tea the same afternoon. Thus she arranged to see them all and yet prevent any awkward meetings.

She had promised to call on Mr. Hilson at eleven o'clock next morning, to hear his report on her performance, which visit she intended to get over in good time so as to be at home when Major French arrived.

Now Nettie was quite aware that she had made a distinct hit the night before, but she was simply astounded when Mr. Hilson, greeting her with open arms, offered to take her on right away at £100 a week.

"Much as I should like to accept your offer," she said, "I'm afraid it is out of the question, for in three days' time I am leaving England—and, to tell you the truth, Mr. Hilson I only did it for a bet!"

The manager's disappointment was great.

"It's a thousand pities, Miss Desmond," he said. "You are a born actress, as well as a charming singer. I have already had three photographers round this morning to beg you to sit for them! Why, you would have been famous throughout London in a few weeks!"

But although Nettie agreed with him

that it was a great pity, she could only repeat it was impossible. Then, with a cordial farewell to him, she bade good-bye to the Frivoli Theatre.

The "Five," as Nettie called them, all paid up promptly, and every debt was faithfully settled before she left England.

"You scoffed when I said I had given up racing and cards," she said to Sir Reuben, when he called to bid her good-bye. "So you will be further surprised now to hear that I have given up betting! Having made my last, successfully, I intend to do like your 'discreet' women, and say henceforth 'Never again!'"

Why He Lost His Friends

From Success Magazine.

He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from his friends, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He borrowed money from them.

He was not loyal to them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.

He measured them by their ability to advance him.

A Business of Millions Managed by a Woman

As Head of One of the Largest Departmental Stores on the Continent, Mrs. Charles Netcher Gives Some Pronounced Views on Her Business and Its Conduct—An Establishment Where Every Question of Policy is Taken Up and Decided on Its Own Individual Merits.

By Mark H. Salt in the American Business Man's Magazine.

THERE are few women who guide and absolutely control the destinies of a great business—a business that in the aggregate amounts to many millions a year. There is a general idea among men that women are lacking in some of the essential qualities that bring about commercial success: that she is too yielding by nature, too tender-hearted, not enough of a grabber and pusher to make an effective competitor against the aggressive man of business. Yet Chicago has one woman merchant who is

guiding the fortunes of one of the greatest department stores in the world, and doing it in a quiet and unostentatious way, without any blowing of horns or brass band methods. This woman is Mrs. Charles Netcher, proprietor of the Boston Store, the conduct of which she took up on the death of her husband four years ago. In those four years the Boston Store has been transformed as if by a magician's wand. It has doubled and probably quadrupled in size, and its yearly volume of sales have kept pace with the enlargement of its quarters. To-day the business is at its highest stage of prosperity, and its trade will vie with that of any other house in similar lines.

There are no reasons for Mrs. Netcher's success other than her own ability and devotion to business. Naturally one would think that she would have acquired a certain degree of familiarity with the details of the business through the conversation of her husband during his lifetime. As a matter of fact, the one thing that Mr. Netcher would not do when at home was to discuss business. It was practically an agreed thing between husband and wife that business should be tabooed when he was at home. "I get enough of business at the store," he said, "and we can find other subjects of interest at home."

"In a general way only," said Mrs. Netcher, "I was conversant with my husband's business affairs. He was very reticent on such matters. Frequently I would notice that he was worried, and then I always understood that he was thinking over business matters. I knew that he was purchasing property for the enlargement of the store, but it has hap-



Mrs. Charles Netcher.

pened that he had an important deal closed and my first information about it came from reading of it in the papers."

When called upon to take the helm, Mrs. Netcher was not entirely a novice, however. It was probably as much her natural talent for business as any other reason that attracted Mr. Netcher to her in the first place. She was not entirely ignorant of her husband's plans and ambitions for the development and enlargement of his store. These plans had been only partly worked out at the time of his death, but they had been generally formulated. The property on which the additional store buildings were to be erected had been acquired, but the work of demolishing the old buildings standing on the property had not yet been begun, nor were the plans for the new one determined upon. All this Mrs. Netcher had to attend to herself, and at the same time see that the store was run along the usual lines while those great changes were taking place. The success with which this was done is apparent in the fine store that is to-day known as the Boston.

Charles Netcher, the founder of the Boston Store, was a firm believer in the gospel of work. In all the years in which he was in business it is not on record that he ever took a vacation. The only times that he was ever absent from his business was when he was away buying goods. He was among the first down to the store in the morning and the last to leave it at night—provided he left at all. In the early years of the business it was not an uncommon thing for him to work until late at night and then make his bed on one of the counters. Mrs. Netcher possesses the same capacity for work that her husband did. In the four years in which she has been in control of the business she has never been absent a day from it. When other women of wealth are enjoying themselves at the seashore during the heated term Mrs. Netcher will be found at her desk in her little office at the store.

Here she maintains regular business hours, and here the details of the great business are daily focussed under her eye in the shape of reports and by inter-

views with her principal lieutenants. It must not be inferred from this, however, that Mrs. Netcher is either a recluse or a hermit. She is neither, but takes a decided interest in many matters not connected with her business. Her principal recreations are in her home with her four children, in automobiling, and in her church, she being a devout believer in the teachings of Christian Science.

In appearance this merchant princess is of rather imposing presence, being of a robust build and impressing one with the air of calmness and perfect self-possession she displays. She is probably forty years old, with black eyes and black hair, in which there is as yet no sign of gray. She has pronounced views on her business and its conduct.

"I have no hard and fast theoretical set of rules for the conduct of the business," she said to the writer. "Every question of policy is taken up and decided on its individual merits. That was Mr. Netcher's way of conducting his business. In all matters he was the final judge, no matter what it was about the store. He was thoroughly conversant with merchandise of all grades, and while he had to rely on the judgment of his buyers in a great degree, yet they knew his ways and opinions. I don't do any buying myself, but if it was necessary I could, as I am familiar with every article the store deals in. When I say that I do not do any buying, I mean that I do not have salesmen coming to my office to solicit orders. Buying is one of the most important details of my business, and every bill purchased or every order placed comes under my immediate notice. In the case of an unusual order in magnitude I would have to be consulted by my merchandizer, and I would decide as to the advisability of the purchase.

"That explains in a measure what I mean when I say that I have no theoretical set of rules in the business. Here is a better illustration of the same point. In most large stores such as mine there is a certain sum for the purchase of stock allotted to each department. We will say that a certain department has had \$20,000 allotted to it and has expended the money. Along comes a manufac-

turer with a lot of goods that he is willing to sell at 50 cents on the dollar. Now, in the average store, the buyer would be debarred from making the purchase because he had exhausted the appropriation. My buyer would complete the purchase at once.

"There is hardly a day of the year that I do not make one or more trips of inspection through the store. People who imagine that I sit in my office all day are much mistaken. When I go through the store I may notice something that does not appear businesslike to me, and I at once call the attention of the superintendent to it. It may be only a small detail, but I believe in looking after details. I will observe things and comment upon them that a man would consider of little importance, but business is made up of details, and if you look carefully after the details the larger operations will take care of themselves.

"There are many reasons for the success of the Boston Store. One reason is that it is the bargain centre of Chicago. We have facilities for buying at the lowest price and we use them. We never contract bills, consequently we have no complicated accounts to be kept. Buying for cash we are always able to buy at much better advantage than a merchant who buys on time. The cash buyer will always get a much better price and a much better discount. The greater part of our merchandise is paid for before it ever enters the store, and many of our purchases in the eastern markets are frequently paid for before they are shipped to us. We give our customers the benefit of our ability to buy cheaply and are content with moderate profits. If a manufacturer or a merchant has a lot of goods that they are unable to swing and they need the money the chances are that they will come to us. We will take them for cash at a price, no matter how big a stock it is.

"Buying for cash we always sell for cash. We never have any debts owing to us. We also stimulate the interest of our employes by giving them an interest in everything that they sell. This is generally 5 per cent., but sometimes it is more. It depends entirely on the

clerk, then, how much he or she makes, because a percentage is paid on everything that is sold. We do not pay high salaries, but with the aid of the percentage system our clerks make the best wages that are paid by any department store in the city. In some departments it is not unusual for the clerks to make from \$25 to \$35 per week, and in others from \$50 to \$60. We used some years ago to pay this percentage every day, based on the sales of the preceding day. Now we pay it once a week with the salaries. It is much better for the clerk to get the percentage money in a lump than in daily dribblets. In the latter way they are more apt to spend it foolishly, but when they get a good sized sum they will be more apt to save.

"By this system we enlist the hearty co-operation of our employes, with the result that at any time we are enabled to take our pick if we need more men or women. This is our idea of co-operation, and it works well for both sides. It keeps the interest of the employe concentrated on the work and stimulates the sales.

"We advertise largely, both in newspapers and by billboards. We keep the public thoroughly informed of what we have to offer and the prices. We pay for our advertising space the same as we do for our merchandise. The day after it has appeared in a paper we pay for it. We would just as soon pay for it at the time of insertion, the only reason we do not do so being that we may have the opportunity of checking up the advertisement on space and for correctness.

"In time I expect my sons will enter the business and relieve me of much of the burden. First they will finish their education. My oldest son is now eighteen and he will soon enter Yale. Some people have an idea that a university education is not an essential for a business man. Perhaps it is not; I believe that it will not detract from their usefulness in the world. It is also considered by many persons that the only way for a young man to make a success is by working up from the bottom, and in a measure I agree with this theory. But it is not always possible for a boy

to do this; it is not possible for my sons to do so. They will have to begin nearer the top than the bottom, but with the advantage of a liberal education I have no fear that they will prove lacking in capacity when their time comes. They will always have the assistance of men and women who have grown up in the business, some of our employes who now fill responsible positions, having been with the house almost from its foundation."

Of the details of her business Mrs. Netcher, in so far as it relates to the growth and magnitude of the annual turnover, is reluctant to talk. When asked to state what the expansion had been since Mr. Netcher's death, she smilingly said:

"That is something I would rather not talk about. It was one of the rules of my husband not to divulge the details of his business. I believe his policy was a wise one and I follow it.

"Mr. Netcher had no diversions aside from his business and his home. Winter or summer he was down at the store at 6:30 in the morning and would generally get home at 7:30 in the evening. His reading was confined to the daily papers and the Bible. I believe that he had read the Bible six or seven times. He was passionately devoted to his children and nothing afforded him more enjoyment than to play with them.

"He had been with the Pardridges about two years in Buffalo and was then getting \$4 a week. There was another store in the same city that offered him a position at \$8 a week. Boylike, he was anxious to make more money and was inclined to accept this offer, which was from the model store of the city. He talked to his mother about it, and she was very much opposed to his making a change. 'You stick where you are, Charlie,' she said, 'and you will be all right.'

"The thing that determined Mr. Netcher, however, was the fact that in Pardridge's he had an opportunity to work in every department of the store, while if he had taken the offer he would have been confined to one department. Knowledge was what he was after, and

the fact that he did not make the change was a most fortunate one for him."

Any story of the Boston Store would be incomplete without a sketch of its founder. Mr. Netcher was American born but of German descent. He began his business career in Buffalo, N.Y. where he obtained his first situation at the age of 14 in the store of C. W. & E. Pardridge. This was in 1865, and his first job was carrying bundles. C. W. Pardridge, who gave the boy his first job, told about it afterward in the following words:

"He was clinging to his mother's skirt, not in an embarrassed way, but with a sort of an air of doubt. His mother asked me if we were in need of any boys. As a matter of fact we were not, as the sixty or seventy positions we had to offer were filled. I was on the point of telling her so when I looked down at the boy by her side. He was gazing into my face, his eyes scanning me expectantly. There was a sort of determined look about the boy which appealed to me.

"'What can you do?' I asked him.

"'Anything,' he replied, in a matter of fact way, looking me square in the eyes.

"'Well, we don't really need a boy, but I guess I'll hire him anyway,' I remarked to his mother, and he threw off his coat and went to work. This was how Charles Netcher got his first job. He started in as a bundle carrier. His salary was \$1.50 a week. There were perhaps seventy boys employed in the store at the time, and yet from the first day he worked for us he seemed to stand out above the rest. He never seemed to care much for the pleasures that appealed to the other boys. His eyes always were on business. And, above all, he was not afraid to work. He did all that was required of him, did it willingly and cheerfully. And he didn't stop at this. He always was looking for something to do. As a boy Mr. Netcher was extremely quiet. He talked little, and when he did speak he usually limited his conversation to brief sentences which were forceful and expressive. But he was a good thinker. I remember one day when we were considering the advisability of mov-

ing our business to Chicago. Mr. Netcher had then been in our employ several years and had risen from the position of bundle boy to inspector. We were immensely fond of him, and it occurred to me that we might bring him along in case he cared to come. I called him into the office and said, 'Charley, how would you like to go to Chicago to live? Do you want to go there and work for us? Without deliberating or asking questions he replied, 'Yes, sir.'

"That answer indicates the character of man Mr. Netcher was. His mind appeared always to be made up, and when once he set out to accomplish anything it was as good as done. He was a man of few words, but an incessant thinker, and his capacity for work seemed unlimited."

From the time he began work for the Partridges Mr. Netcher's rise was continuous. He went from position to position, always stepping a little higher each time. And always he saved money, although his salary was never a large one, never more than \$25 a week until in 1873 he was given a working interest in the firm. He allowed himself nothing for luxuries and reduced his necessities to a minimum.

In 1873 the Partridges gave Mr. Netcher an interest of 10 per cent. of the profits of the store in addition to his salary. It was then that he originated the name of "Boston Store," which the establishment has ever since maintained. As the business grew Mr. Netcher's income also grew, but he continued living at the same frugal rate as formerly, saving his additional income. In time his percentage of the profits was increased. From his savings he was able in time to buy an additional interest. This from time to time he increased until in 1899 he was able to buy the sole proprietorship of the store from the man who had given him his first position as a bundle boy.

After having acquired the sole ownership of the business Mr. Netcher began to carry out the plans he had formed for its enlargement. This required the purchase outright or the acquirement on long time lease of the entire south half of the block extending from State to Dearborn Streets with the Madison Street

frontage. He had just about concluded the acquisition of this property when he was taken ill, and after an operation for appendicitis died after a short illness.

Mr. Netcher's ideas of work, thrift and economy were well set forth in his will. He specifically stipulated that none of his children should be so provided for as to permit extravagance or a life of idleness. The clause covering this condition reads:

"In making all payments hereinabove and hereinafter provided, as well as in all other expenditures for the support or benefit of my said children, or any of them, or any of their children, it is my wish that the then existing size and income of my estate and of their respective interests therein shall be carefully considered, and that while my children should be encouraged and assisted in all habits of thrift and industry, they should not be given the means of extravagance or idleness."

The will provides that until each child is 25 years of age the trustee shall expend such sums as appear necessary for the education and support of the child. After the child has reached the age of 25 years the trustee may pay over semi-annually the net income of each specific trust fund or may give the child the sum of \$25,000. When the child reaches the age of 30 years \$100,000 may be given him to invest in business.

The high estimation in which Mr. Netcher held his wife's capacity for business was given a striking illustration by his will, under which she was made the sole trustee, with absolute control over the estate. It was a subject on which he thought strongly, the disposition of property by will, and he was frequently known to make comments upon the disposition of large estates and the manner of their control. But so strong was his confidence in the business qualifications of his wife that he was perfectly satisfied that she could undertake the conduct of his store and carry it forward to the commanding position that he had marked out in his own mind for it. The result has been a most striking example of the correctness of his judgment.

How We Elected the Old Man

The Way That Charley's Father Was Made a United States Senator After a Most Exciting Contest and at an Outlay That was Appalling—Some Pointers on How to Wage a Campaign and Keep Your Hands Clean as Exemplified in the Present System of Running for Office.

By Edward Salisbury Field in Putnam's and the Reader Magazine.

WHEN the son of one of the richest men in America came to me and said, "Bill, my Old Man wants to go to the United States Senate," did I hem and haw, and look doubtful? No, sir; that isn't my style. I said, "Charlie, that's an honorable ambition. What is there in it for me?"

I'm ashamed to tell you what the answer was, but it was enough to send me flying off to hunt up Incorruptible Jordan.

Incorruptible Jordan is a wonder in his line, and his line is politics; he's the best lobbyist, appropriation-pusher and bill-killer in the State of — Well, I'm not naming the State, but it's west of the Mississippi River, and it isn't Wyoming, and it isn't Idaho.

Jordan is the sort of man who can talk about the immortality of the soul so beautifully as to bring tears to your eyes, and then turn round and play a game of poker that would make the devil himself envious. Yes, Jordan is a wonder; tall and dignified-looking, with gray hair (he could easily be mistaken for a bishop or a bank president), and as crooked as a ram's horn — except with me. He doesn't dare be crooked with me, for I've a sort of half-Nelson hold on his liberty; but for me, he'd be breaking rock

in a striped suit this minute. As I hurried along the street towards Jordan's office, I did some tall thinking, and the more I thought, the more indignant I became. Why hadn't Charlie's Old Man mentioned the fact that he wanted to be Senator, sooner—last summer, for instance? Here it was the second of January, and the Legislature would convene on the eighth. A nice time to spring this proposition on a fellow. Six days to get sixty-six votes! Wouldn't that jar you? If it hadn't been that Charlie's Old Man was made of money, I'd have been a little discouraged.

I found Jordan in his office.

"Hullo, Bill," he said, as I entered on the run. "What's the matter, man? Is the sheriff after you?"

"Guess again," I said. "The fact is, Jordan, I've got the biggest melon on record, and I want to borrow your knife."

"You've come to the right place, Bill; melon cutting's my speciality. Do we divide even this time, or do I only get the seeds?"

"My dear fellow," I said, "the seeds in this melon will be an independent fortune in themselves. Charlie's Old Man is going to run for U.S. Senator, and you and I are going to elect him."

"Quite so," said Jordan. "I put the



"Charlie, that's an honorable ambition. What is there in it for me?"

idea into his head yesterday at the club."

That's the kind of a fox Jordan is. I didn't know whether what he said was true, then—I don't know to this day—but it was a trump card for him to play, so he played it. Jordan has a nasty way of always playing trumps, confound him!

"I wasn't at all sure that the Old Man would rise to the fly, though," he continued.

"There are mighty few men who wouldn't," I said. "Jordan, my boy, it's going to be a prosperous year in this State; reserved seats in the next Legislature will be worth ten thousand dollars apiece before the session's over."

"Twenty thousand," said Jordan.

"Do you think the Old Man will pay twenty thousand for a vote?" I cried.

"He'll have to if he wants to be elected. There'll be an awful howl when his name comes up at the joint session, if a lot of throats aren't stopped with treasury notes in the meantime. Of course we can buy some of the Cow County contingent for less, but the average price per vote is going to be well above ten thousand dollars, you see if it isn't. Is Charlie to handle the sack for the Old Man?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell him to corral all the thousand-dollar greenbacks he can lay his hands on; they'll come in handy. We don't want to cut our bait too fine," Bill. Fishing for suckers is one thing, and fishing for votes is another."

"That's true," I said.

"And we mustn't let any grass grow under our feet, either; our cue is to get busy poco pranto. Just you sit down, while I make out two lists of noble Legislators."

"Going to divide the sheep from the goats, eh, Jordan?"

"Not at all, Bill; we're only dealing with the goats at present. But there are two kinds of goats—cheap ones and expensive ones."

Jordan wrote rapidly for about ten minutes. He knew his legislature as a priest knows his beads.

"There," he said, when he'd finished writing, "we have fifteen cheap goats, and thirty-two expensive ones. We need

seventy-six votes to elect the Old Man, which means that we've got to buy twenty-nine sheep. I'll be glad of your opinion on the sheep question, Bill."

"I've yet to see the sheep that twenty thousand dollars wouldn't buy," I said.

"You can't bank on what sheep will do, though," Jordan declared. "They're silly animals and easily scared. But leaving sheep out of the deal, the proposition is this: the three avowed candidates for the senatorial toga are Burns, Johnson and Gillesen. Charlie's Old Man is a Republican. Burns and Johnson are Republicans. We must buy them off, of course, though it might be well to leave Johnson in the race, say till after the third ballot, when he could retire gracefully in favor of the Old Man. Naturally, Gillesen is in the fight to stay; he's rich, and his party has a majority in both houses. It looks like a cinch for him on the dope sheet, but money talks, and, fortunately for us, there are lots of Democrats who can understand its language."

"So our tip is to go after the sheep, eh, Jordan?"

"That's it, Bill; us for the sheep. You stick to Charlie and the Old Man's sack, and I'll do the rest. If you'll excuse me now, I'll trot along, for I've a lot of telegraphing to do before dinner time."

"That's the ticket," I said. "The sooner you round up your band of sheep, the sooner Charlie and I can get busy with the sack."

The Senate and the House had been sitting in joint session for two days for the purpose of electing a U.S. Senator. On the first ballot, Charlie's Old Man had received seventeen votes; on the second ballot, twenty-six; on the third ballot, forty-two. Then the unexpected happened; Johnson, the other Republican candidate, didn't withdraw according to programme. He was to have retired gracefully after the third ballot, but he didn't retire, he wouldn't retire—at least, he said he wouldn't.

Of course it was a hold-up, pure and simple. Johnson was to have been given an independent fortune for withdrawing from the race; he wanted two independent fortunes. It was dashed awkward for us. Already there were all sorts of

HOW WE ELECTED THE OLD MAN

rumors of bribery floating about, and investigations were being threatened by Gillemen and his camp. To make matters worse, the men who remained behind Johnson were of the weak-kneed variety, and didn't dare come out openly for the Old Man; it would look too raw they said. With Johnson out of the running, they could do it, but with Johnson standing pat, it was out of the question.

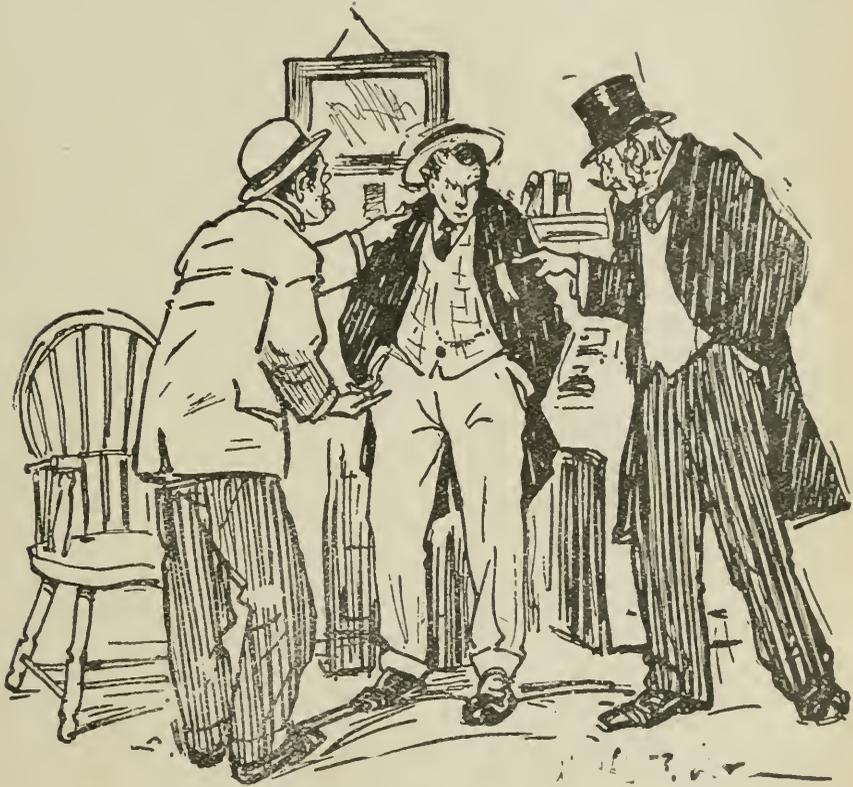
They cursed Johnson. We cursed

"I'll see him in h—— first," said Charlie.

"No, you won't," Jordan replied. "Johnson has got us on the hip, and you know it. Dig up, boy! Dig up!"

Charlie raved and stormed, but he ended by digging up.

We knew he would. If he hadn't we wouldn't have put it into Johnson's head to hold out on him. I don't want you to get any erroneous ideas about John-



"Dig up, boy! Dig up!!"

Johnson. Charlie's Old Man cursed Johnson. But Johnson didn't mind a bit.

Charlie was furious. "That man Johnson is a scoundrel," he said. "He agreed to take a certain price, and if he doesn't take it and get out, I'll brand him as a liar and a thief. I'll show him up to the public for what he is. I'll—I'll——"

"Oh, fudge!" said Incorruptible Jordan. "Cut it out, Charlie. Johnson knows what he's doing. You've got to pay what he asks: there are no two ways about it."

son. He is one of the most honorable men I know; he divided his extra swag with Jordan and me that very night.

The real tug of war was now on; we'd got down to cases at last. The first thing we did, after Charlie bought Johnson off, was to round up all the Johnson men. It wasn't hard work. If Charlie had been a magnet, and the Johnson men iron filings, it couldn't have been easier.

Incorruptible Jordan, who is a great Bible student, put it neater than that, though. Said he, "Bill, be on deck at

eight sharp, and you'll see the sight of your life; the Johnson men are coming round to my office to pray to the Golden Calf, and it's on the books that their prayers will be answered."

It's funny how such things get about, but you can't speak of the Golden Calf in that part of the State to this day without everybody thinking you are referring to Charlie.

Well, the Johnson men came and prayed, Charlie answered their prayers with paper money, and the game was almost played; for now all we had to do was to go out in the open market and buy up seventeen Democratic votes—or so it seemed. Still, there were all sorts of rumors in the air, and Gillemen and his crowd were getting uglier and uglier. They were said to have threatened to kill the first Democratic legislator who voted for Charlie's Old Man, and while there may have been nothing in it, the rumor didn't do a thing but boost the price of Democratic votes.

But there are ways of getting round all difficulties. If the seventeen Democrats we needed were too lily-livered to vote for us, they and some of their friends weren't at all averse to being absent when the next ballot was taken—that is, if they were kidnapped against their will, and run out of the State on a special train. Still, that was pretty coarse work, and we hoped to find an easier way.

So Charlie, and Incorruptible Jordan, and I sat in executive session far into the night, discussing ways and means. Not that we needed to discuss things with Charlie, but it amused him and, as Jordan said, the more difficulties we could throw in his way, the more Charlie's Old Man would appreciate our ultimate victory. I must confess that even I was in the dark as to just what Jordan would do next, but I was sure he saw his way clear, and was sawing wood and waiting for the proper opening.

The next day, Johnson retired from the race as per schedule, after which the Gillemen men fought for an adjournment till evening, but we voted them down, and demanded a ballot. Would you believe it, instead of swinging into

our camp, five of Johnson's men voted for Gillemen! The Gillemen men cheered, our men cursed and all hell broke loose. But that wasn't a circumstance to what happened later, when eight of Gillemen's men voted for Charlie's Old Man.

Wasn't that clever of Jordan?

"Let 'em howl," he said. "We've got a howl coming, too. Haven't they bought off five of our men? It's scandalous. Bill! scandalous! I'd be discouraged if we hadn't got eight of their men in exchange."

"Of course we can always get our five men back," I said admiringly. "I wonder if they're sure of their eight lambs returning to the fold?"

Jordan smiled. "I'd hate to be one of that bunch of eight," he said. "I think to-morrow a few more of our men will desert us, Bill, but there's a good time coming."

"You bet!" I replied.

Jordan's prediction came true; the next day four more of our men voted for Gillemen.

Charlie was wild, especially as no new Gillemen men voted for his Old Man. (Charlie wasn't on to Jordan's game, you see. We had been very careful to keep him in the dark, for the more desperate things looked, the more money he'd spend and Jordan and I, as public-spirited citizens, liked to see plenty of money in circulation.) Yes, sir, Charlie was up in the air good and plenty. That night he cornered Jordan and me, and talked to us like a Dutch uncle.

"This thing has got to go through," he said, "and it's got to go through quick. To-morrow, the Old Man either goes to the Senate, or goes broke."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Incorruptible Jordan.

"There's public opinion to consider," I said.

"It's none of the public's business," said Charlie.

"They think it is, though," I suggested.

"The best way to square public opinion is to buy up the press and the Old Man's done that already," said Charlie. "Besides——"

HOW WE ELECTED THE OLD MAN

"The thing to do is to carry this fight outside party lines," I interrupted. "We must cook up a nice little platform for your father, Charlie; something that will appeal to the rank and file."

"What rot!" said Charlie. "The rank and file haven't a thing to do with electing a Senator; it's the Legislature we're after. "We're not running on a platform we're running on our bank account."

"If you can only persuade your father to keep his mouth shut, and let his money do all the talking, we'll win," said Incorruptible Jordan.

"Of course we'll win!" I cried. "Haven't we got eight Democratic votes already?"

"Yes, and lost nine Republican votes," said Charlie. "Not only that but I'm worried about Ross of Amador County, and Barker of the Black Hill district; I hear they're taking money from the other side."

"Hell!" said Incorruptible Jordan. "You make me tired, Charlie. In the first place, the other side isn't spending any money, and in the second place, even if they were, Ross and Barker belong to us; they're bought and paid for."

"The question is," I said, "will they stay bought?"

"You've got a lot to learn, you two," Jordan replied. "A good politician takes money from both sides, but he votes for the highest bidder. That reminds me, Charlie; the Old Man ought to do something for the Rev. Adolphus Peachtree."

"He's already given him a cheque for his church."

"A rotten lot of good that will do him Peachtree doesn't want cheques, he wants greenbacks. He's a valuable man, Charlie. A parson is always a strong card in the deck, and Peachtree is ready to swear he has seen no signs of bribery in the Legislature."

"Must have been going about with his eyes shut," I said.

"That's the point I'm trying to make," said Incorruptible Jordan. "A man's a valuable man who will go about with his eyes shut these days, and as Chaplain of the House, Peachtree's got a lot of influence. They used to have a blind Chap-

lain in the U.S. Senate, but Peachtree's got him beat a mile."

"All right," said Charlie carelessly, "I'll put him down on the list for five thousand. That will make three hundred and eighty-five thousand we've paid out in the last six days. The Old Man is buying his toga on the instalment plan, but I reckon the last payment will be made before long."

"Speaking of payments," I said, "there's that young ruffian, Jack Boulder of Carson County, to consider. Smiling Smith tossed a bundle of greenbacks through the open transom of his room at the hotel night before last, and the insolent young puppy turned it over to the Attorney-General, I understand."

"I suppose he counted it, and found it



Rev. Adolphus Peachtree.

wasn't enough," said Incorruptible Jordan.

"It was ten thousand dollars," I replied. "Ten thousand dollars in one thousand dollar notes."

"Well, they can't trace them to us," said Charlie.

"It may mean an investigation in the House," I argued.

"It's a poor house that can't white-wash itself," said Incorruptible Jordan. "Investigations don't do any harm, and an investigation just now would do some of those fellows good. There's young Arnold, for instance, who is holding out for twenty-five thousand; with a good scare thrown into him, like as not he'd sell out for ten, and be glad to take the money. An investigation acts like a

bear raid, you see, and if the bottom dropped out of the vote market, it wouldn't worry us any, eh, Charlie?"

"I'm not so sure of that," Charlie replied. "An investigation in the House would mean investigating the Old Man, and——"

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed Incorruptible Jordan. "Legislatures are like chicken houses: they all need whitewashing occasionally. Everybody knows that. It isn't only in this State, it's in every State. It's the same at Washington where they do it on a larger scale. Some old Johnnie has said: 'You can't touch pitch without being defiled,' but that's rot. You can touch pitch all you want, if you've got a bucket of whitewash handy, and the beautiful thing about a Legislature is, the whitewash is always handy—it's got to be. Why, my dear boy, nothing could be simpler! All the House has to do is to call for a vote of confidence in itself. Our majority in the House is bought and paid for, and there you are."

"How about the Attorney-General?" I asked. "He may demand an investigation."

"Yes," said Charlie. "How about the Attorney-General?"

"That's easy," said Incorruptible Jordan, "dead easy. If he gets funny we'll impeach him."

"How in h——"—Charlie began.

"Leave that to me," said Incorruptible Jordan. "He and Dick Ballard used to be in business together, didn't they? Well, Dick has all the old books of the firm. What's more, he's doctored them so that it looks as if Mr. Attorney-General has stolen about nine thousand dollars from him. If worst comes to worst, there'll be a warrant sworn out on Dick's evidence. It's good evidence; I've seen it myself. But why explain further? It's child's play, I tell you, child's play."

"It may be for you," I said. "You're a wonder, Jordan."

"Oh, that's not a drop in the bucket to what I've got up my sleeve," said Incorruptible Jordan.

"I've got a hold on every Legislator who opposes us; if it isn't a chattel mortgage, it's a scandal about his wife. I've got witnesses who will swear to anything, and a Judge on the Bench who'll believe 'em."

"Bully for you, Jordan!" said Charlie. "We're in this game to win, and we'll do it, if we have to drive every lying cur who won't take our money out of the State! I haven't any patience with men like Gower and Smathers and Brady. To hear them talk, you'd think the Old Man was acting dishonorably in trying to buy a seat in the U.S. Senate. It makes me tired! We've got to elect the Old Man to-morrow, Jordan; to-morrow, you understand!"

"I don't know about that," Jordan replied. "There's an axiom about making haste slowly that applies pretty well in this case. It doesn't do to crowd the mourners too hard, my boy. Still, if ——"

"There are no if's about it, Jordan."

"Yes, there are," said Jordan. "There are more if's in politics than in any game on record. But what I was going to say, when you interrupted me, was this: if any one were to say to me, 'Jordan, there's a hundred thousand extra in it for you, if you elect a given person to a given office before sundown to-morrow,' I would say (this is purely a hypothetical case, you understand) why, I should say ——"

"Never mind what you'd say, Jordan," said Charlie. "The money is yours."

Next morning, we elected the Old Man on the first ballot.

Charlie was jubilant. "It was a bully fight," he said, "a bully fight. And I'm glad we've kept our hands clean, for some day the Old Man may want to run for President."

Incorruptible Jordan winked at me from behind a big black cigar. "Yes," he murmured, "thank God we've kept our hands clean!"

The Oldest Religious Band in America

The Children of Peace, Founded by David Willson, of York County, Installed the First Pipe Organ Ever Built in Canada, While a Brass Band, Organized in 1820, Discoursed Sacred Music During the Services—The Erection of the Magnificent Temple at Sharon, Which Still Stands, Occupied Six Years in Building, Contains Nearly 3000 Panes of Glass and Has a Symbolic Meaning Attached to all Its Parts.

By Emily McArthur

THE first pipe organ ever built in Canada and the first brass band organized in the Dominion were leading features of worship with "The Children of Peace," organized by the late David Willson, of York County, in 1814, and believed to be the oldest religious band on the American continent. Although this novel sect has become extinct, some of its quaint structures still stand as memories of a devoted leader and faithful Christian worker.

Tourists passing Sharon on the line of the Metropolitan Railway are invariably attracted by a unique and well proportioned building and make many inquiries relating to the history of those who worshipped there in large numbers in other days. The Temple, which even to-day is the wonder and admiration of all who see it, and the Meeting House surrounded by its colonnade of pillars, remain as they looked over half a century ago, although weather beaten and showing the visible marks of time. The Music Hall and Square House have been removed. The three-storey Temple, with its dome surmounted by a gilded ball on which is inscribed the word "peace," with its 2,952 panes of glass in the windows and spires, and its emblematic altar and music gallery is visited by sight-seers and travelers from far and near.

Various articles having appeared at sundry times, regarding the religious society called "The Children of Peace," which have only been true in part, or unwittingly calculated to mislead the public mind in forming a true conception of the founder and his adherents, the writer will endeavor to give not an elaborate,

but a true history of its inception, rise and progress, together with interesting matters connected therewith; also correct dates, and the explanation of some things attributed to them, not altogether clear to the public mind, which gained partial credence, and were not considered as reflecting very much credit on the society.

The writer is not entering upon a defence of their religious belief, but merely wishes to give their history as it is, leaving an intelligent public to draw its own inferences.

As regards their customs and manner



David Willson

Founder of the Children of Peace.

of living, much has been said to their discredit, which was utterly untrue, and it is but doing justice to their memories to explain those actions of their lives which have been wholly misunderstood and accepted as truth by a misinformed public.

David Willson, the founder of this society, was born of Irish parentage in Duchess County, New York, June 7, 1778. His father died when the subject of this narrative was very young, so that the period of his education was limited to less than one year. While in his minority, he, with his brother, the late John J. Willson, father of Mrs. C. Doan, Aurora, were engaged on a sailing vessel that sailed between New York and the West India Islands. What length of time he was engaged in this business is not now known. His brother continued to follow the business for some length of time after David Willson discontinued his part or interest in it. In the meantime he married before attaining his majority, and by the earnest solicitations of his wife was induced to leave the West India route and emigrate to Canada, which they did in the year 1801. They suffered a severe loss on crossing Lake Ontario. The craft on which they took passage was wrecked, they escaped with their lives, but all their baggage was lost; all they possessed, on arriving at Toronto was the rim of a spinning wheel, and the clothes they had on.

On arriving in Toronto, he applied for, and obtained a Crown deed of the farm in East Gwillimbury (which is now owned, and occupied by his grand-son, Mr. Abb Willson, one of our most prominent men). He and his wife walked up what is now Yonge Street, at that time a blazed road through an almost dense forest, carried their two little sons, John D. and Israel. Their third son was born Aug. 22, 1802, the first white child born in the Township of East Gwillimbury and his cradle was a rough hewn sap-trough, but eventually he became one of the leading men of his time and age, but to our subject. From his earlier years, David Willson was much given to religious contemplation, and sometime after his arrival in this country, he became a member of

the society of "Friends," taking quite an active part in their meetings. Entertaining, however, some peculiar views on religious points, which the Friends did not consider orthodox, he was dismissed from that body, and on his withdrawal a number, six it is said, who entertained similar views, also left the society and attached themselves to Mr. Willson, who became their leader. This was the nucleus of the church afterwards founded by him, and the early combination of the little band known as "The Children of Peace," which began to hold its meetings for worship in 1814. They differed from the Quakers in several peculiarities, were fond of music and introduced both vocal and instrumental in their devotional exercises, were not obliged to conform to any particular style of dress, and no religious tests were required as a standard of faith or godliness.

Their first meetings were held in Mr. Willson's private house, and later on in a log building, which stood upon the site of the present meeting house, until their first church was built in 1819, afterwards known as the Music Hall. It was 40 ft square at the base, 16 ft. high, one storey, no upper room, a door in the centre on each of the four sides and two windows each side of the four doors, each window containing twenty-four panes of glass. It was painted white, the roof being supported by large columns painted a light green.

The first feast was held in 1818, as a harvest home dinner, prepared by the wives and mothers, and was partaken of in the open air, on the site where the Music Hall stood, and was afterwards instituted as the feast of the "first fruits" corresponding to "Lammas Day."

In 1820 a brass band of music was organized in connection with the society, which is the oldest brass band in Canada, and which performed a sacred piece of music during service. A pipe organ was also added to the service during the same year, the builder being Mr. Richard Coates, of Toronto, who was a band-master in the British Army at the battle of Waterloo and in the Peninsular Wars. This was the first pipe organ built in

THE OLDEST RELIGIOUS BAND IN AMERICA.

Canada and had two barrels, ten tunes on each barrel.

Mr. Richard Coates was teacher of the band when organized, he taught each member to perform on his special instrument. This continued for some length of time. The late Jesse Doan, brother of the late Charles Doan, of Aurora, and father of Mrs. Col. Wayling, of Sharon, was the first recognized leader, the time of his appointment is not known, but he continued to lead until September, 1866,

chased at a cost of \$125 and \$141 respectively. All the members of the band thoroughly understanding the different scales, would transpose the music as they played, thereby saving the trouble of re-writing the original score in a different key, if so required. It has been said by competent judges to be the most perfect in tone, time and execution of any amateur band in Canada.

They also cultivated their talent for singing at a very early date, 1819, and



David's Temple, Sharon, Ont.

when through failing health he resigned, and transferred the leadership to his nephew, Mr. J. D. Graham. Jesse Doan made a specialty in the clarionet, of which instrument he was thoroughly master. A number of the members of the band purchased silver instruments in New York, from 1864 to 1867 inclusive, each member owning his own instrument. The two large brass horns owned by Charles Graham and George M. Doan were particularly fine, and were pur-

had the best teachers engaged that were available at that time. The first Professor obtainable was Mr. Daniel Cory, of Boston, whom they engaged for the purpose. He commenced his duties January 11, 1846, and then a systematic training in all the rudiments of singing was engaged in with black-board and all conveniences required. This continued for over two years. The surrounding country joined with the Davidites in the school exercises which were conducted in the

large room above in the meeting house. Mr. Cory held two grand concerts during his engagement here, one in February, 1847, the other in the summer, both given in the meeting house, which was filled with an audience that fully appreciated the entertainment.

In the winter of 1818 a school was organized, the term at that time being "Girls' House," young ladies from about 12 years of age and upwards were placed there to be taught thorough house-keeping and house work, such as spinning both wool and flax, sewing, knitting, and cooking in all its branches. The first building utilized for this purpose was a log house that stood near where the residence of the late Hugh D. Willson now stands. As the number of applicants increased it was necessary to build a house for the purpose. They built a more commodious one where the residence of Mr. John Wasley now is, nearly opposite the Methodist Church. This was in full operation for a number of years, until each one and all married, and left for homes of their own. Up to and during this period the society had greatly increased in numbers, and educational facilities were in a very crude state. They decided to erect a still larger building, which was about 30 feet square, two storeys high, and was known as the "square house" and stood on what is now Mrs. E. McArthur's garden, opposite the meeting house. This institution would now be termed a Ladies' Seminary, a large number of young ladies, not only of this, but of other denominations here received a practical education.

This educational institution was what has given rise to the report that David Willson kept a harem, and the inmates were his concubines, but a baser calumny, was never uttered on an honest purpose, as many who are yet living can testify.

Another matter may be explained here, and that is, why the young women were dressed in white on the feast days, at that time many were in very moderate circumstances and one of Mr. Willson's mottoes being "Equality," he suggested white as the color of their dresses, it being the emblem of purity, and the ma-

terial inexpensive placed it within the reach of all.

In 1825 they began the erection of the Temple, which has long been the wonder and admiration of all who have seen it. It is a three-storey structure 75 ft. in height, surmounted by a gilded ball, on which is inscribed the word "Peace." The first or ground storey, which is the auditorium, is sixty feet square. The second or middle storey is a music gallery where the band rendered a selection of music while the congregation were entering the building. The third storey is a dome, from which there is an open space to the ground floor. In the centre on the first floor stands a small finely finished structure, built by the late John Doan called the Altar, and which occupied 365 days in building, and like the Temple, is square and contains the Holy Bible. It stands on twelve gilded pillars, representing the twelve apostles and is emblematical of the religion of Christ, on the four corners of each storey of the Temple, a spire is placed, making twelve in all, and when illuminated is symbolical of the twelve apostles going out into the world to preach the salvation of Christ to the people.

Mr. Willson had a symbolic meaning attached to each and every part of the Temple. We will give it in his own words as the writer heard him repeat it

"My meaning for the three-storeys is to represent the Trinity. Being square at base meant to deal on the square with all people. The door in the centre on each of the four sides is to let the people come in from the east and the west, the north and south on equal and the same footing. The equal number of windows on each side of every door is to let the north and the south on equal and the same on all the people herein assembled. The four pillars at each corner of the Altar, with the words Faith, Hope, Love and Charity, inscribed on them are the four cardinal virtues, which are the foundation, or in other words the principles on which it is built. The Golden Ball on the top storey with the word "Peace" inscribed meant peace to the world."

On the evening of the first Friday in each September, the Temple was illumin-

THE OLDEST RELIGIOUS BAND IN AMERICA.

ated for divine worship, and presented a very beautiful appearance when lighted there being 2,952 panes of glass in the windows and spires. The illumination of the building was intended to represent Christianity enlightening the darkened understanding of the mind.

The following day the feast of the "first fruits," was celebrated and another service in the Temple, followed by a dinner provided in the meeting house. During the afternoon the band rendered : number of selections on the green in front of the meeting house, or, in other words, an open-air concert. The members also held a feast the first Saturday in June, at first in honor of David Willson's birthday, afterwards instituted as "the passover."

The building was intended to be used fifteen times during the year, never at any time for Sunday worship, viz.: service on the last Saturday of each month, when the members made contributions for charitable purposes. It has generally been supposed that this occupied 7 years in building, after King Solomon's Temple, but such was not the case, as it was begun in 1825, and the first service was held in it October 29, 1831, making the period of erection six years. It was painted white with green facings.

At the time and during the erection of the Temple, it was proposed to erect what is known as the Study, which was erected in 1829. This though of small dimensions, is one to excite interest from an architectural point of view. This building, like the meeting house, is surrounded by a colonnade of pillars, 10 in number, the measurement of the colonnade being 24 ft. long, 16 ft. 6 in. wide. The body of the building, 16 ft. long, 8 ft. wide and one storey high, a door in centre on east and west sides, twelve small spires on the roof and twelve windows, four on each side, two at each end and painted like the Temple, white with green facings. This structure was finished and the opening took place in September of the same year. They had seats placed in front of the building to accommodate the large gathering of friends that availed themselves of the pleasure. The time was spent in speeches and sing-

ing, and social intercourse all in harmony with the occasion, and so the afternoon passed away.

Later on, the second pipe organ, also built by Mr. R. Coates, with three barrels attached to it, ten tunes on each barrel, was put in, and the music produced by this organ was the old time ballads, such as "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Henry's Cottage Maid," "Water Painted from the Sea," "Loch-a-Bar no More," thirty tunes in all. The tone of this organ was particularly sweet and very harmonious to the ear.

The ladies in connection with the society made white, plain muslin curtains to drape the organ; they formed a point at the top, and reached to the floor, slightly drawn or parted in front, and trimmed with blue ribbon, which had a most pleasing effect. The windows were drap-



Meeting House, Children of Peace.

ed in white corded muslin, valances cord and tassels, a bright scarlet valance was fastened around the inside above the windows. It was neat, plain and very attractive. This was the decoration of the Study, at that time. At this time, the members still increasing in numbers, it was decided to build a more commodious church for Sunday worship, which resulted in the building of the Meeting house, a structure 100 ft. long by 50 ft. wide, surrounded by a colonnade of pillar. This building was painted a light yellow with green facings, and has a large room upstairs for Sabbath Schools, and band rehearsals. The main part of the building which was used for service contains another, the third pipe organ, placed here in 1848, built also by Mr. Richard Coates. In this place worship was held every Sunday after the following manner:

Organ voluntary, sacred piece by the band, reading the scripture, hymn by the choir, prayer, anthem, sermon, hymn, closing voluntary by the organ.

Service was also held on Christmas morning at 5 a.m., when the house was lighted by a candle being placed in each window both above and below, followed by a free breakfast, service again at 1 a.m., followed by the Christmas offertory and dinner. The 5 a.m. service was in commemoration of the Saviour's birth at that time in the morning.

In this building the feasts were held; prior to this in the open air in the Temple field. This church was commenced in 1834, finished and dedicated in the summer of 1842, the month and date not now known.

During the early times of this society, it was the custom for a number to go to Toronto and Markham Township to hold a Sunday service, a written sermon being left at home to be read by one of their members. Revival meetings were unknown among them, neither had they any other minister than David Willson, and his service was at all times given free. While he always maintained "The laborer was worthy of his hire," he was averse to high salaries being paid to ministers, preferring rather to give the surplus to the poor, and so this little body grew and thrived, gaining for them-

selves a reputation for morality, upright dealing and honesty of purpose and belief, never asking for assistance outside their own congregation. As Mr. Willson once wrote, "Our wants are few and simple," and thus they passed their lives in helping one another and the poor around them, in their own unostentatious way of serving their Creator. They did their life's work and quietly passed away in the hope of their reward in the great hereafter.

Upon the completion of their numerous buildings the society continued to flourish until the death of David Willson, which occurred on January 19, 1866, at the age of 87 years, 7 months, and 12 days. His remains were interred beside his life partner, in the cemetery one mile south of Sharon, and not in a vault under the Study as was reported by many at the time of his death. The reading of the service devolved upon his oldest son, John David Willson, David Willson having left a number of sermons, prayers and hymns on record.

After this the society began to fail in numbers, many moved away and others identified themselves with other churches. At this time the society has become extinct. The churches still stand as a monument to the memory of the departed.

The Music Hall, and Square House were both removed some years ago.

PRIDE

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak hand with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

—Pope.

The Story of "The Coward"

A Course of Rigid Discipline and Restriction Undergone by a Youth in Order to Live Down and Forget a Weakness as Well as to Overcome a Feeling of Fear and Sense of Shame—The Hidden Meaning of the Sea and its Great Turbulent Heart Helped Him in His Firm Resolve.

By D. G. Beanlands.

THE setting sun cast long shadows on a dusty white road, awoke little patches of white among dark forest trees and shimmered on the rapids beneath a rough wooden bridge. Down the road a farmer trudged, leading his tired horses home and an occasional encouraging "Gid ap" was the only sound to break the summer evening's silence. A man leaned lazily against the bridge's railing and puffed at his pipe.

Then a sudden little pattering of feet on the wooden bridge—a splash—a cry followed by another splash, and he leaned over the railing to see a curly head borne roughly over the rocks by whirling rapids and carried far out into mid-stream. Grasping the rail, he flung his legs over it and stood poised for a leap—the baby hands stretched toward him—he leaned far forward, one hand clutching the rail behind him, and—drew back. He was afraid. His nerve had failed him.

When a moment later the young man raised his head from his hands and looked again there was nothing to be seen on the water. But yes—there, on the rocky bank, was a little red cart—the price of a child's life. With the sight of this toy came a revulsion of feeling against himself; his cowardliness; his utter lack of presence of mind. He sprang to his feet in what was almost a frenzy of impotent anger and shame. He looked up and down the road and across the bridge. No one in sight; no one had seen it. Then, with quick, short strides, he began to cover the distance between the bridge and the village, rapidly turning over in his mind the meaning of his recent experience.

Howard White, honor-graduate of McGill University, was to all appearances

a striking example of athletic, well-put-up Canadian manhood. Over medium height, broad-shouldered, keen featured, he would have passed as an alert, well-balanced student of about twenty-five. One would judge him to be a professional man interested in science or law. It needed a keen observer of man to detect in his slight stoop and his habit of starting at an unexpected noise, the demand that protracted study had made upon his nerves, and for which his doctor had ordered rest, combined with country air and food. He strode on, his sensitive mouth lacking its usual firmness, quivering at the memory of the last ten minutes. And this then, he thought, was to be the result of his hard work—complete lack of nerve—absence of pluck. He, one of the best swimmers in his club, was afraid to take a twelve-foot leap into a running stream—was a coward! The word, hurled by his distorted imagination, caused a deep flush to spread over his cheeks, as though a whip had struck his livid face. With tense muscles he covered the ground, taking a short cut across a ploughed field, his passionate figure the only suggestion of energy in the fast approaching twilight.

Arrived in his room, White slammed the door to, dragged a chair to the window, and seizing a railway guide proceeded to turn its leaves with feverish haste. His mind had worked rapidly during the walk and brought him to a decision. First of all he must leave this place immediately, before news of the child's death reached the village. Second, he must find his new destination.

The doctor had advised sea air as an alternative to the country. What about the Atlantic Coast? Nova Scotia? New-

foundland? But at the thought of the water came the memory of that child's face; his outstretched arms, and the splashing waves that carried him almost playfully to his death. No! Nowhere near the sea. Nowhere near the water! The very idea made his overstrung mind reel—he was a coward. But yes—a sudden thought struck him—he would live by the sea and train himself to overcome this unreasoning fear. He had once been a man; he would be one again if it were possible. He would seek a lonely spot on the Atlantic and wrestle with the sea and his cowardly self. The doctor had said he needed rest—rest from town life and associations. Yes! He would have this, but he knew he needed exercise; vigorous work in the open air to enable him to cast off this restricting fear which handicapped his manliness. Only, no one must ever know; he must get right away among strangers, perhaps alone, and start afresh.

With this resolution, White discovered a tiny village on the Nova Scotia coast and began immediately to prepare for his departure. It would not be difficult to evade his friends, he was unencumbered by near relations, and his literary proclivities would provide the necessary funds.

There was no eastbound train that night, but early morning saw the young man pacing the little station, grip in hand, and a few minutes later the white smoke from the engine was disappearing around a curve in the landscape and losing itself among the distant trees.

II.

"Are they all in?"

"Not yet, sir. One more coming along Ah! Here they come!"

A long dark form was borne by four rough-clad longshoremen who deposited their burden on the sand and unwound the cloak in which they had wrapped it.

Dr. Manson knelt down and thrust one hand up the loose jersey of the prostrate man. The heart gave no perceptible sign of life but he bent an ear to the mouth to catch a faint breath. He was evidently rewarded, for the next moment he drew out the man's tongue,

rolled him over onto his chest and began to work vigorously with his arms, while the men nearby lent what assistance they could.

A large burly seaman, evidently a captain by the respect paid him by the other came up while they were still working at resuscitation, followed by one or two passengers.

"Yes! This is the man," he said. "We owe our lives to him, doctor. He's a hero! Did you say he was alone?" This to one of the longshoremen.

"Yes, sir! We seen your ship on the rocks an' waz tryin' ter think how we cud reach her in such a gale, when we sees a man runnin' to the shore with a coil o' rope. "Come quick!" he cries. "Hold one end o' the rope," and with that begins leaping from rock to rock towards your ship. We couldn't 'a done anything with a boat; too many rocks, sir; but he—he plunges through the surf, across the rocks, like as if they'd been the sandy beach 'stead of points sticking out of a roaring sea."

"We just hung on ter the rope an' watched him, one minute down an' hid among the spray—then climbin' the next reef, an' then tossed about in the big waves near the ship. We thought he was lost for sure, an' we didn't feel him tugging on the rope, it was so long, an' he held the slack. Then next instant we hears a cheer from the men aboard and they'd got it fixed to the bow." Yes, sir! He's a man an' no mistake—"

The half-drowned man opened his eyes: "Where's the ship? Are they safe?"

"Yes, safe! Thanks to your courage," said the captain, seizing his hand in a hearty, sailor's grasp. "But we thought we'd near lost you."

"Lost me? My courage? Thank God I've done it at last!" The man wandered—then tried to speak again.

"Here—take this—you don't need to talk"—the doctor pressed a flask to his lips. "You're coming round alright but you've had a close shave."

"Yes! I'm alright now—but wait! Wait a moment! I'm coming, little child—I'll save you. My God, the waves! They're choking me. Quick! Quick!

Seize the rope! They've got the other end on shore—there!"

He sank back exhausted and suddenly quiet after his delirium. The quick flush had fled from his cheeks and left a deathly pallor in its place. The young doctor leaned forward and grasped his patient's hand; there was no sign of a pulse; and felt his heart, but there was no response. An ominous calm spread over the little group and the whispered words were repeated with an awed reverence. "He's dead! His heart has given out!"

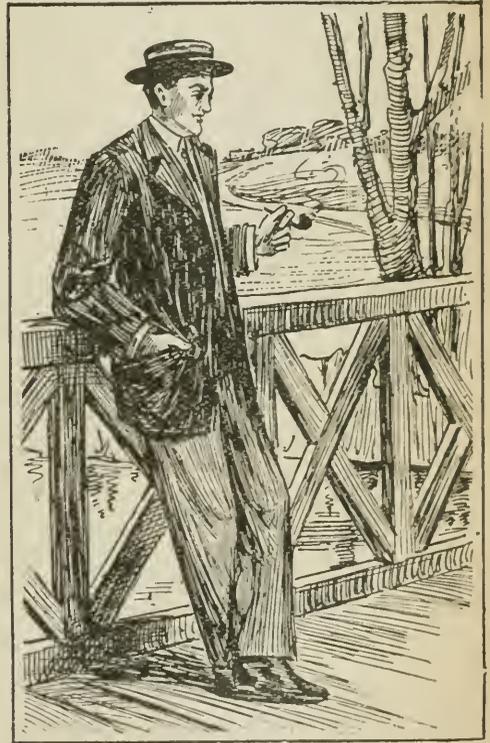
They buried him in the little churchyard by the sea which had claimed his life. None knew from whence he had come or why, except that three years ago a tall, dark young gentleman had been seen in the village and it became known that he had purchased McDougall's hut on an adjacent island. They knew also that he had lived there ever since, wearing the rough garb of the fishermen and seldom visiting them except for provisions and occasional mail. The doctor who was taking temporary duty in the absence of a regular practitioner, undertook to look through the dead man's belongings in hopes of discovering a clue to his identity beyond his mere name. Accordingly, before the funeral, he took a boat and rowed across the now quiet water to the island and climbed the narrow path to McDougall's hut.

Dr. Manson found the door ajar, and pushing it open, walked in. It was a small two-roomed log cabin; the rooms divided by a paper-covered screen of slats with a narrow door-way between. The outer of the two, lighted by a small square window, was scantily furnished, a rough table, a stove and two wooden chairs, together with some shelves filled with books being all that it contained. On a hook near the door hung the dead man's rubber coat and sou'wester, and beneath them a pair of high rubber boots such as seamen wear. In the corner, behind the stove, logs of wood were piled with a plentiful supply of kindlings and an axe, while a broom and a dust-pan and brush occupied another corner. Everything was scrupulously clean and in spite of its bareness showed the fastidious taste of its owner. The other room held mere-

ly a low camp bed, a chair and table and a roughly fashioned chest-of-drawers. More books were piled on these and the backs of the brushes were silver-mounted ebony.

The doctor picked up a brush and examined the initials.

H. W., and he had been told that the man's name was John Monckton. Strange! But then the air of the whole place breathed mystery. He had gathered from the fisher-folk, as well as from his general appearance, that last night's



"A man leaned lazily against the bridge's railing and puffed at his pipe."

hero was a gentleman, but somehow had not expected to find books on science and the latest literary works or ebony-backed brushes in the log-hut, and now the conflicting initials added to the interest which he experienced in examining his surroundings. But surely there would be papers to throw light on the subject. He opened the top drawer of the chest and found his supposition confirmed. It was practically filled with manuscript so

he drew out a few sheets and scanned their neat, firmly-written lines.

Poetry, strong, strange poems of the sea he found, and some seemed familiar. Then glancing at the foot of the page he saw a note to the effect that they had been published by a certain publisher in New York in the previous year. Other pages contained stories, and these, too savoured of the strong, salt breeze, interwoven by a sad, almost morbid threnody reminiscent of the weird minor tones of the old music of the North.

The young doctor was fascinated. He felt a strange influence surrounding him as if he were learning the hidden meaning of the sea, were gaining an insight into its turbulent heart. Page after page he drew out of the drawer, read with a devouring interest, and replaced; until at last, jumping to his feet, he stretched his long arms and legs to their full length and ran his fingers through his thick hair, as if forcing himself to wake from a too-engrossing and rather troubled dream. Yet there remained in the drawer a book—a diary—and this he felt he must examine, hoping to find therein the key to all this enigma. So taking it out of its dark corner, he seated himself again on the shaky camp-stretcher and turned back the cover.

The same strong, even handwriting was here again and the title-page contained this curious inscription:

“The Memoirs of John Monckton—
Coward.”

It was a thick book, being a daily memoir which extended over three years. Manson could only content himself with diving into different parts of it and reading few pages here and there. One paragraph explained the apparent discrepancy between the initials and the man's name.

“It is now a month since I became John Monckton. How the name occurred to me I do not know, but as I needed a name and it flashed in my mind at the same instant, it will do as well as another. A month, only a month since I came to my lonely hermitage; five weeks since the terrible event that caused me to come, and yet it might be a year. Were it not that I am still a stranger to my

fisher-neighbors, who eye me with a curious though not suspicious gaze when I visit their little village, I might almost believe I had lived here always, so completely have I succeeded in throwing off the old life. The sea is beginning to assume a friendly aspect towards me though I doubt not that the winter storms will conjure up that terrible, incomprehensible fear that has made me what I am—a coward. Base word! yet baser self that I should have to apply it to you—for if there were no such word, there would still be the occasion for its use! But I must not allow these overpowering feelings of my weakness to conquer me. I have been a man—I will be a man again. These must be my only thoughts and how to accomplish this end. They say we have two selves—a higher and a lower—and that the strength of one implies the weakness of the other. At present my cowardly self is still in the ascendant. Last night, the wind blew and the trees creaked ominously as if they could no longer stand his onslaughts, but must fall, and falling crush my little hermitage to the ground. I can remember revelling in the music of the wind and waves, yet last night I hid my head beneath the blankets and the marks of nails are still visible in my palms. I—a strong man—tossed in an agony of fear like a timid girl. Oh God! The shame of it is hard to bear, even when there is none to see! To-night, if the storm comes again, I shall force myself to sit up; to watch the thunder-clouds and lightning from my window; to laugh at the claps as they crash overhead. But it is easy to say this when all is calm and light; when the terror of the storm is not present.”

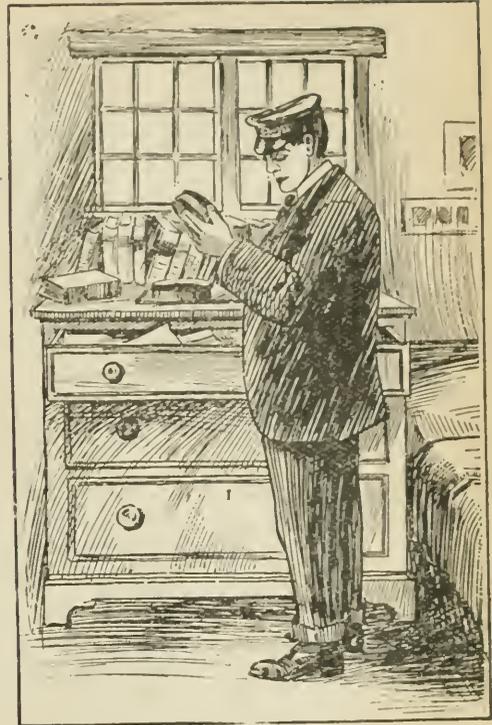
Then again: “It is not enough for me to spend my time fishing and rowing. I need physical exertion but must have something more than my books and diary to exercise my mind. The loneliness will grow upon me and frustrate my attempts at self-conquest. I have decided to write—to make use of the strange fancies borne in my brain by the sounds of the sea. Yet my stories must not be too fanciful or they will only serve to imprint themselves upon my mind and re-

turn to haunt the stormy night-hours. Mine must be tales of hardship; of men who fight and wrestle with the sea for their livelihood and the safety of others. Often have I watched, from my outlook, the fishers as they embark on one of their perilous voyages. How strong they seem; even the women are not weak and yielding as their town-bred sisters. There is a suggestion of the Spartan mothers in their expressions as they bid their men God-speed. Yet, when the boats have left the shore and the first of the fleet are turning the point, followed by a graceful curving line of vessels, I have seen then the younger women's eyes filled with that sad longing that seems to belong to the dwellers by the sea as if they wondered when and where they should meet those brave toilers again; whether their children would in turn grow up and seek their bread upon the waters."

Manson felt himself compelled to skip through many pages of this strange confession, but one other held his attention for some time:

"I have found a market for my writings and the resulting funds are more than necessary to keep up my frugal establishment. Thinking over different ways of disposing of them, I have decided to send a contribution to a Sick Children's Hospital, anonymously, and to continue so doing while I am here. It is a worthy object and perhaps, who, knows, the little child may look down from wherever he is and be glad."

The doctor closed the dead man's diary and leaned back against the wall, re-lighting his short pipe and puffing thoughtfully as he deliberated about what should be done with such an autobiography. Monckton or White, or whatever his name really was, had no rela-



"The doctor picked up a brush and examined the initials."

tions. He had said as much in his memoirs, and these were a record of his private life and thoughts. He hesitated only a short time, however, then left the cabin to descend the rocky path to the cliff. Here he sat down, and tearing the whole book to shreds, scattered them in the quiet sea below.

On the rude wooden cross—the best the village had to offer—Manson had inscribed: "GREATER IS HE THAT RULETH HIMSELF THAN HE THAT CONQUERETH A CITY," but refused to give a reason for this strange epitaph.

Forgetfulness of the clock, keeping alert, grasping the fleeting opportunity, studying for bigger things—these are the fundamentals of getting ahead in the world, and they cannot be emphasized too much or too often.

Visiting Bob's People

How an Engaged Girl Spent a Week Among the Relatives of Her Husband-to-be and Endeavored to Impress Upon Them That she Was a Fit Candidate to be Taken Into the Circle of the Family.

By Jacquette Hunter Eaton in Good Housekeeping Magazine.

"NOW," demanded her chum, settling herself comfortably, and drawing the box of chocolates within reach, "tell me about your visit to Bob's people. "As I look back on the week," summarized the engaged girl, "it seems to me one long, unsuccessful attempt to convince the relatives-to-be that I am not a fit candidate for a home for the feeble-minded. Few married people seem to remember, and few others to realize, what an ordeal the first meeting with 'his' family is to an engaged girl. She ought to take them one by one, with rests between. I plunged madly—you know my penchant—into a town full of them, all total strangers to me.

"Bob was to have visited there at the same time, but a hateful case in Texas was set for that week, so at the last moment he had to telegraph his regrets, and I never felt so alone in my life—a desert island, a small body entirely surrounded by in-laws. I met at least a thousand relatives, and they all seemed to think that Bob had told me the life history of each, and that the details ought to be fastened immovably in my mind.

"Scene one: Bob's married sister, whose little girl was ill, rushed into the library, where I was trying to win my way into Uncle Ebenezer's affections by reading him the stock reports, with, 'Oh, isn't Tommie here? My letter must make this mail, and I can't leave Beth!'

"Then I, burning to be of use, begged 'Do let me go!'

"'If you would!' she breathed gratefully. 'And as you are going out, will you stop at the drug store with this prescription? The doctor said it should be filled at once.'

"Scene two: Miss Helpful rushed down

the street, prescription in one hand, letter in the other.

"Scene three: She hustles into the druggist's with a breathless 'How soon can you fill this, please?' And discovers that she has handed the letter to the clerk, and posted the prescription some blocks back! After some wild telephoning, I caught the doctor, and secured a new prescription, in the meantime dispatching a boy on a bicycle to the train with the letter. But," ruefully, "the family will never forget my stupidity, for, of course, I had to tell them what delayed me."

"You honest dear, 'of course,'" murmured her chum.

"I'll tell you only one more disaster. It was the last day of my stay at Aunt Myra's, and my mind—what there was left of it—was filled with the one idea of leaving my room in perfect order. As a finishing touch, I washed my hands, folded the towel, replaced the cover on the soap dish and neatly emptied the contents of the washbowl into my carefully packed trunk, which stood open at my elbow. And at that precise moment Aunt Myra entered!

"I could never endure it—I should make Bob do something so dreadful that he would be cut off from his family forever—if he hadn't read me extracts from some of his home letters. Uncle Ebenezer wrote that I was a most considerate young person. Bob's sister said I was resourceful in difficult situations—I knew what she referred to. Bob says they spoke of my 'candor,' and 'adaptability,' and his dear old grandmother said I was a real comfort to her. Aunt Myra did not exactly overwhelm me with praise, but do you think," queried the girl, wistfully, "that, if I keep on trying, I can some day make good with Bob's family?"

The Timber Supply of the Future

The Subject of Lumbering in Canada has Become one of Great Interest and Vital Importance, While a Powerful Sentiment for the Protection of the Forests has Been Aroused — The Possible Bearing of the Timber Supply of the Dominion on the Future of the United States Discussed.

By James Oliver Curwood in the Book-keeper Magazine.

SOME time ago I had an interview with the late James A. Calbick, millionaire lumberman of Chicago, then president of the Lumber Carriers' Association, owner of the greatest lumber fleet in the world, and recognized as one of the two greatest lumbermen in America. We were on one of his own vessels, and he said to me, pointing northward over Lake Michigan, "Up there, in Canada, are the forests that will save the United States."

We had been talking over the lumber situation. For two hours I had listened to this timber king's description of the havoc wrought in our forests. He had made millions, and yet he seemed to regret that they had been made. He grieved over the war of devastation in which he had so successfully played his own part, and he saw but little hope for the future. In the end he said: ,

"Up there, in Canada, are the forests that will save the United States. They will tide over our timber famine, give us a chance to recuperate, and by the time our own forests have regained a part of what they have lost we Americans will have learned our lesson, as Germany learned hers decades ago."

In his message to Congress, President Roosevelt voiced this same belief, in another way. He urged for the repeal of duty on wood pulp and for an agreement with Canada that there should be no export duty on Canadian pulpwood. In other words, his effort was to throw open to American manufacturers the vast wilderness regions of the Dominion; or, as one Canadian editor pointedly expressed it, "To nurse back American timber while feeding off Canadian wood."

On the other hand, there has risen

throughout Canada a powerful sentiment for the protection of Canadian forests. Our neighbors on the north have learned their lesson from the United States, and while Americans are regarding with gloating eyes the vast tracts of timber land in the Dominion, the Canadians themselves have awakened to the fact that these forests must be preserved. While they welcome the unnumbered thousands of American farmers flocking into the fertile regions of the great west, they have not brought themselves to welcome this same people in their timber regions. In Alberta, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan, Americans are helping to build the foundations of a nation; they are becoming a people in common with Canadians, their interests are in the rich acres which have been given to them, in their homes, in the future of the country, but in the forests Americans come only to "strip and destroy," as they have done for a quarter of a century in their own country.

For these reasons, and because of the strenuous attempts at forestry legislation in the United States and the opening up of tremendous timber regions by the railroads of the Dominion, the subject of lumbering in Canada has become one of great interest and vital importance. Recently I made my fourth trip through the vast timber belts of our neighbor on the north, following in particular in this last journey the line of the new trans-continental the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is stretching itself like a tight rope through primitive wildernesses which are offering unprecedented opportunities for capital. "Some day Americans will wake up," said Mr Calbick to me. "and then they will go over into Canada and

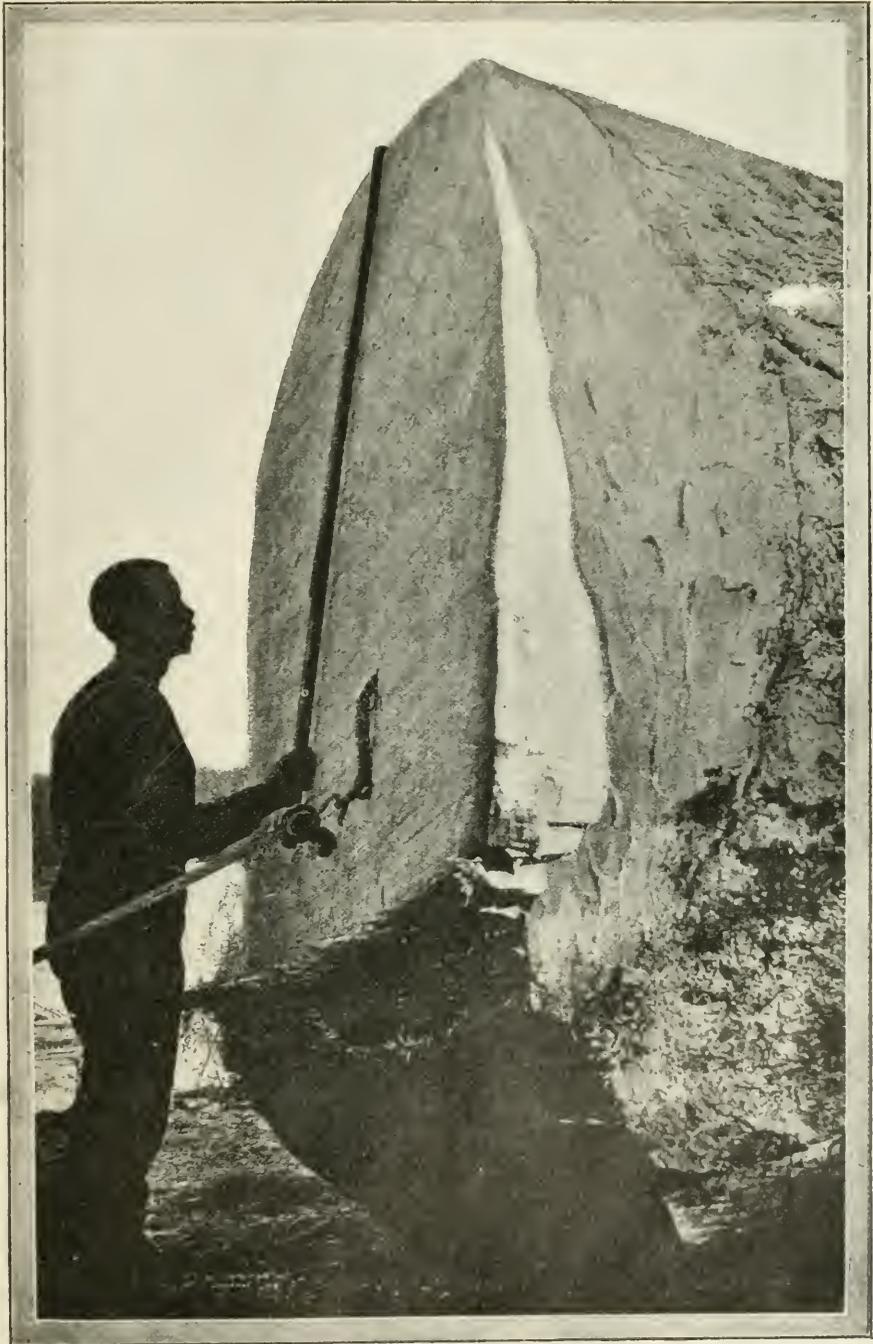
make fortunes, as we made them a generation ago." But since then sentiment in the Dominion has changed and while the forests of Canada are already invaded by Americans, and will continue to offer more and more opportunities to them, it is quite safe to say that they will, on the other hand, be protected from them.

Before going into a detailed description of the forests and lumbering camps of the north it may not be uninteresting, especially to those who have, or expect to have capital to invest, to give some sort of an idea of just what Canada possesses in timber. Much to my surprise I have found that the people of the United States are astonishingly ignorant of the forest wealth of the Dominion. In fact, not until very recently have the people of Canada themselves become aware of the vastness of their country's wooded areas, and as a consequence, it is estimated that fully eighty per cent. of Canada's forests are still unclaimed by private interests. A complete government investigation has shown that the central forest belt begins on the mainland opposite Newfoundland, follows a southwesterly course to the south of James Bay, and then runs northwest to Alaska, stopping opposite the mouth of the Mackenzie River, the total distance being 3,700 miles. At ten almost equal intervals along the belt measurements in width have been made which show that this forest area has an average width of 700 miles, or a total area of 2,500,000 square miles, and that in fully eighty per cent. of it no axe but that of the trapper and the surveyor has ever been used. Reduced to acres, this virgin forest area gives a total of 1,600,000,000, or more than three times the 500,000,000 acres of forest land in the United States, much of which has been partly stripped, and in which are included great areas not known as densely wooded. In addition to the densely wooded belt mentioned above there are fully 500,000,000 acres of forest in the Hudson Bay and far northern country which is not officially recognized as "densely timbered." I have been through some of this country and have found it equal to most of the timber land still remaining in Michigan.

In Canada the white pine, as in this country, has been the first to suffer, and is fast disappearing from Southern Ontario and Quebec, though large areas of it are still standing on lands held by the Crown and in reserves. In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario, the great forests are mostly of spruce, cedar, pine and balsam, while in British Columbia they are mostly of Douglas fir, the giant arbor-vitae, Menzies or Sitka spruce, yellow cypress and the western hemlock. Of course other trees, such as birch, poplar, etc., including a good number of hardwoods, are well represented in the forest regions.

While the great provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in which 60,000 Americans settled last year, are calling to the farmer more than any other country in the world to-day it is not generally known that much of this Canadian timber stands upon soil which has been found to be the richest on the continent. In the three great "wheat provinces" of the west, government investigations show that fully three-fifths of the land is wooded, and that this timber land is equal, if not superior, to the prairie areas into which unnumbered thousands of farmers are flocking. When I made my first trip through the Canadian west in 1899, I found most of the settlers living in crude shacks and log cabins, while last autumn my journey showed the prairies dotted with homes of the most modern kind. There is hardly a locality, even in the so-called exclusively "prairie districts," where the settler cannot get his lumber at prices ranging from a quarter to never more than a half of what he would be compelled to pay in the States, and it is quite common for a community of settlers to establish a small sawmill, so that their lumber costs them next to nothing. It must be remembered that I am now speaking of the great farming areas, and not of the "official" timber belts. In the United States such areas as these are regarded as forest land. I cite these facts only as corroborative of the tremendous and wide-spread forest wealth of the Dominion.

The toll that Americans are beginning to demand of Canadian forests has al-



Sealing a Menster Log in British Columbia.

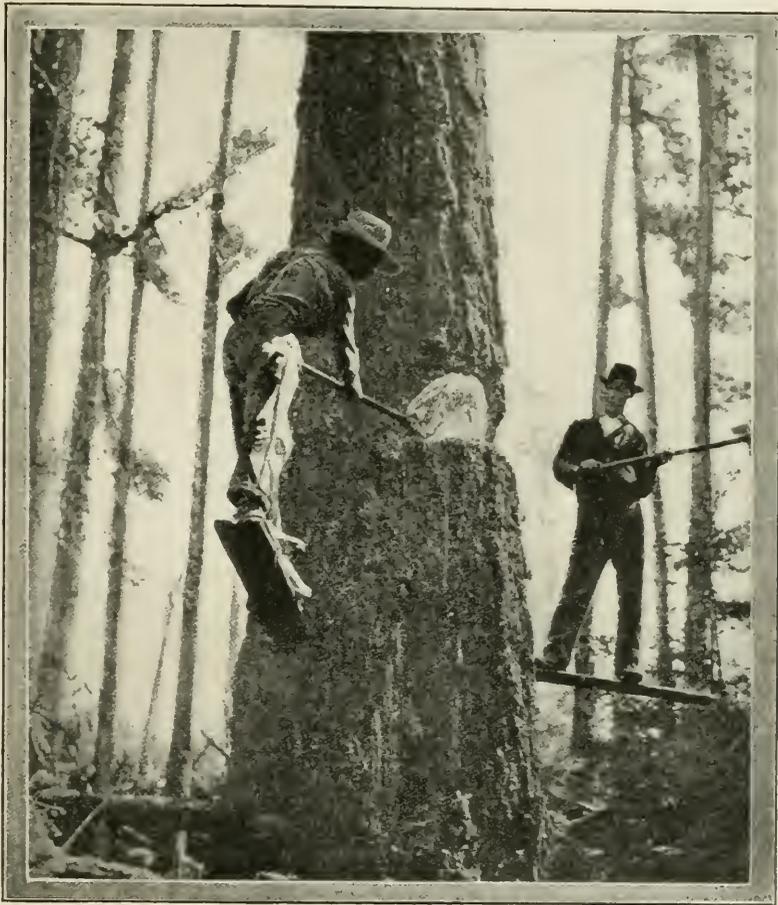
ready reached huge proportions. This year it is estimated that from Quebec alone 1,000,000 cords of pulpwood will be imported into the United States at a cost of eight million American dollars. Throughout Ontario and Quebec American interests are buying up great pulpwood and timber areas, and the opportunities opening up farther west are even greater than those that have already been taken advantage of. What these opportunities are may be seen from the fact that the exports of timber and pulpwood from Canada this year will approximate \$40,000,000. It is believed that this export will increase from 20 to 30 per cent. every year for many years to come, for the United States is literally starving for paper material; and if this material can not be secured in a way hoped for by the President, it must be secured at some other cost. Canadians are aware of this tremendous market, and they are alive to the fact that, with proper legislation, Canada's timber and pulpwood can be doled out to its southern neighbor at great profit for perhaps generations to come. In 1880 there were only 742 paper and pulp mills in this country, producing \$57,000,000 worth of material a year; in 1900 the number had increased to 1,200 mills, and to-day there are 2,000 mills in operation, producing \$200,000,000 worth of paper and pulp. And still the supply is so far below demand that the price of paper has almost created a panic among publishers.

So to-day, in Canada, well informed capital is not especially seeking out the big timber areas. It is investing itself in pulpwood lands. As Colonel Shaw, the well known timber and mining man of Toronto, said to me, the "wise ones are picking up the dense spruce and cedar." Over unnumbered thousands of square miles it can be gotten for a song. Last autumn I struck into the Hudson Bay wilderness from Port Arthur. A few miles from the city I left all lumbering and pulpwood operations behind me. For two hundred and fifty miles northward the primitive wilderness stretched unbroken. My guides trailed for days through pulpwood forests that had not a break in them, and where for weeks

and months at a time the moose, the caribou and the wolf are startled only by occasional prospectors, those "mineral mad Canadians," who pass through countless fortunes standing about them in their seeking for those other fortunes hid beneath their feet. Until one personally buries himself in one of these dense forests of the north it is impossible for him to realize what they are like. Spruce and cedars from six inches to a foot in diameter tower up as straight as arrows, so close in places that even the moose, who penetrates where man can hardly go, finds it difficult to pass between them. Not far from Fort William I saw an acre of stump land from which \$11,000 worth of pulpwood had been taken. This acre was one of about twenty on which the timber rights had been secured for \$3,000.

Recently as three years ago men with capital hesitated at investing money in lands situated in what is commonly called "the wilderness." They figured that it might be a generation or more before the trees could be got to civilization. But all of this is now changed. This year 9,000 miles of railroad are either projected or under contract in the Dominion. A great transcontinental is cutting through the wildest part of the American continent from ocean to ocean. More than twenty branch lines are penetrating the vast forest tracts, and another line will soon be under construction from the Canadian Northern to Hudson Bay. Within three more years there will hardly be a forest belt in Canada that cannot be "worked," and then when they have jumped to half a dozen times their present value investors will, as Mr. Calbick said, "wake up to the situation."

Not only from a money-making point of view is lumbering in the north filled with interest. It is there, in the primitive regions which for hundreds of years have been the heritage of the Hudson Bay hunter and trapper, that one finds the real romance of the lumberjack and the "pulp roller." It is in these camps of the north that one comes in contact with the primitive in man as well as in beast and forest, where you eat moose meat and caribou instead of beef, and meet men such as are



Felling a Giant in a Canadian Forest.

never found in the camps of the United States. Whether it is in the dense forests of New Brunswick, in northern Quebec and Ontario, or among the forest giants of British Columbia, one will find that lumbering life is much different than in the States. Both the forest and prairie regions of Canada are particularly rich in rivers and lakes, and as a consequence timbering is in most places a "twelve month job," as one contractor said to me. During the entire fall and winter the men work in the camps and

through the spring and summer the streams running down from the forests are made to carry the winter's harvest. Because of this wealth of waterways throughout the Dominion timbering can be carried on more advantageously in Canada than in any other country in the world.

When one goes into the far north to study the timber situation about the first object that impresses him is the lumberjack. I was told before going into the forests that he was the most honest man

in the world, and I found him so. He will bring your pocket-book to you if he finds it; he will divide his last biscuit with you; you may leave your camp without guard for days and when you return nothing will be missing—but one thing. That is whisky. Whisky is every man's property, no matter who pays for it, and the average Canadian lumberjack will go through every parcel in your camps in his search for it. If he is discovered at his work he regards the whole matter as a good joke. In most instances he is a composite of French and Indian blood, and if not that he is Finnish or Canadian, for the American lumberjack has not begun to emigrate much as yet. He is, in many ways, a forest nomad. He will work at timbering for a number of months, then spend a winter at trapping, and then set off with the dream of finding a silver or gold mine. He is a hard worker, loyal and honest to his employers while he works for them, and is a part of his forests, caring little for town life. West of Nipigon forest reserve I met one of these forest men coming down to Port Arthur. He had not seen a town for seven years and when he reached the city he could not be persuaded to travel upon the stone walks, but chose the middle of the streets. Neil McDougall, Indian agent at Port Arthur, told me of another man who had not been to town for seventeen years. All of these men of the far northern woods are filled with the wild and picturesque stories and legends of the forests and it is hard for one with a love of nature in his heart to take himself away from their camp-fires.

Farther westward one meets with different timber and different men. Sweeping over the vast fertile farm lands into which our farmers are now going in thousands, Canada's forest belt takes one among the millions of acres of forest giants in British Columbia. To-day British Columbia is by all odds the greatest timber land in the world, and by the wise government supervision which the Dominion is gradually bringing about, it will be made to enrich the nation for many generations if not centuries. In some ways, however, the British Colum-

bia lumbermen are following in the fatal footsteps of their southern cousins. I have seen giant firs, for instance, cut so high above the ground that enough lumber was left in each stump to build a house. The "reasons" for cutting a tree from ten to twenty feet above the ground are the same as were once given in our own redwood forests, where "stump timbering" has now developed into an industry. The foreman of a cutting gang will say that time is saved by chopping a tree where its diameter is not more than two-thirds of what it is twenty feet down, and that "the butt is liable to have a rotten core." Yet on an average not one in ten of these huge stumps are unsound. When cutting a British Columbia giant, from six to ten feet in diameter, two planks are fastened into the trunk from six to fifteen feet above the ground and from these planks the cutters wield their axes and saws. The crash of one of these forest monsters can, under right conditions, be heard five miles away. Near Vancouver there is one man named Sweet who makes a good living from a single tree stump which he has turned into a "dance hall," as is shown in an accompanying illustration. The stump is the one great attraction of Sweet's little resort and settlers and lumbermen from miles around come to the dances which are held there every evening, both winter and summer. During the winter months when the revelers come on snowshoes, huge fires give warmth and light to the picturesque scene.

In closing, I wish to say an additional word regarding the fight which the Provincial Governments have already begun for the preservation of their timber. Notwithstanding the fact that its forests have hardly been touched Canada is far ahead of the United States in this matter. Huge timber reserves have been set aside, and all of the Crown lands, which embrace the larger part of the forest areas, are more or less carefully watched. In British Columbia the timber restrictions are perhaps less enforced than in other provinces. Anyone staking timber on unlocated Crown lands is entitled to a special timber license to "cut and carry away timber" on 640 acres, but must pay an

THE TIMBER SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE

annual fee of \$140 and a royalty of fifty cents per thousand for timber cut. This forest revenue has filled the treasury of the province to overflowing, and the Government constantly holds the whip hand, as it retains the right to at any time increase both royalty and annual fee. The Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are setting the world an example in the way of forest preservation. There are already 10,437,320 acres in Ontario's reserves and the scheme is to rapidly increase these reserves to 50,000,000 acres, which means that Ontario will remain a powerful factor in the world's supply of timber for all time to come. It is estimated that the present reserves contain fully 10,000,000,000 (ten billion) feet of pine lumber. In the Province of Quebec 110,000,000 acres have been set aside in forest reserves, or ten times the area in

Ontario. In both provinces there is a complete system of forest patrol, the individuals of the patrols being known as "fire rangers." These rangers are constantly on guard in the forest regions, their duty not only being to extinguish fires but to prevent them by ceaseless enforcement of the forest laws and by the course of "camp fire education," which they are spreading among the lumbermen, trappers and Indians of the wilderness. In the words of one Canadian lumberman, "the stripping of the United States of timber has been a lesson to Canada, and throughout the Dominion there has developed, and is still growing, a mighty movement for the saving of Canada's forests so that for all time she may retain her rank as the greatest timber country, as well as the greatest wheat country, in the world."

Where Improvements Never Stop

From System.

"Just as soon as any employee thinks that the business cannot get along without him, discharge him," once said John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company. The experiences of many business concerns tend to prove this drastic theory correct. As soon as an employee believes he is invaluable, the natural tendency is to ease up on that alertness and energy that brought him to his position—that really got him his job and made him "hold it down."

At a recent business meeting, Mr. W. J. Hoggson of New York inquired of the head of one of his important departments if he had done everything possible to put it into shape.

"I have practically reorganized and resystematized the entire department" was the reply. "Within a week I don't believe I can make an improvement."

"Well," was the rejoinder, "if your work will be done in a week, I don't see why we need you afterward. As soon as a man has done everything possible, there can be nothing possible for him to do."

The department is still being improved.

The Outwitting of Mr. Bearby

How a Real Estate Firm set Out to Drive a Young and Ambitious Rival From Business, but met With a Sharp Surprise When it Came to Closing a Deal and Trying to Steal a Client From Their Opponent.

By Archie P. McKishnie.

MR. BEARBY pounded ponderously down the street, his heavy tread biting black splashes in the white frost mantle on the pavement. It was a very early November morning. From youth, Mr. Bearby had retained the habit of rising with the lark and getting to work early.

Mr. Bearby paused before an office, across whose window in fiery letters was inscribed: "Bearby & Son, Real Estate Agents," and, while he was feeling in his pocket for the key, peered up and down the deserted street with a greedy expression in his small brown eyes. Traveling back to the keyhole again, his gaze focused itself on another sign, almost directly across the street. It read: "Snively, the Real Estate Man."

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed the bewildered Bearby, a frown puckering his brow. "So Snively has come into the business, eh? Poor, foolish fellow! I wonder what he was thinking of."

Bearby nodded his great head up and down at the sign across the way, and at each nod the bewhiskered face of the man seemed to darken. He tried to take his eyes from the sign, but it held him, somehow. It was a brand new sign, and its letters were red and fiery—much redder and more fiery than was Bearby & Son's sign. They seemed to laugh down at the great Bearby; they seemed to challenge him; they seemed telling him to go to —, to Pentecost, or any place equally far distant.

When Mr. Bearby unlocked his office door and stepped inside, his face wore a sullen look. He opened a table-drawer and drew out a few "House and Lot For Sale at a Bargain" posters, and hung them about the room. Every time his

eyes glanced above the frosted panes of his window, Snively's sign smiled across at him, a meaning, ruddy, yellow shaded smile that made the big man grit his teeth.

He was busy figuring on a piece of foolscap when "Son" came in and hung his hat and coat on its customary nail. He was a tall, dark-haired young man with shifting little brown eyes like his father's. He glanced about the small office discontentedly; then out of the window. Snively's yellow-red sign met him and laughed down in his face, derisively. He drew back with a muttered exclamation.

Bearby, senior, beating a noiseless tattoo on the oak table with his stubby fingers, contemplated him silently. When the son attempted to speak, failed, and turned angrily toward the window again, the elder man's heavy frame shook.

"Rivals in business as well as rivals in love, eh, Jimmy?" he chuckled, mirthlessly.

"The idiot!" gritted the son. "W've got to swamp him like we did Edgerton, Dad. We've got to do Snively up. D'ye hear?"

Bearby, senior, finished doctoring a poster which some small boy had defaced so as to read, "Apply to Bear & Son," adjusted the loose leaves of foolscap in a neat pile, rubbed the right side of his beard up and the left side down thoughtfully, and, after nodding his head sagely for a moment or two, put the tips of his short fingers together and winked his eyes almost shut. Son knew the sign. It meant: "My dear sir, we shall consider the deal closed."

Accordingly, Son allowed his face to work itself into a crafty smile, and, draw-

ing a seat up to the table, he sat down opposite his father.

"Yes, we've got to do him up," spoke the elder man abruptly. "We've got to break his heart right on the start. I think we can do it."

"It won't be easy," flashed the other. "The beggar doesn't know when he's down."

"Oh?" Bearby, senior, lifted his shaggy brows. "Say, Son," he advised, "you'd best let the girl drop and give your whole attention to business. If she prefers Snively to you, well and good. We'll show her that he hasn't got the necessary business ability to make a success of anything——"

"You see," interrupted Son, "I've already hinted as much to her, and she——"

"Ah—of course. I understand. She told Snively, which is quite womanlike, and now he's going to show both you and her. Say! isn't it great. Don't you see the girl's just waiting to see him make good, and when we—you understand, Son. Why, we'll be killing two birds with one stone—see?"

"I see," grinned Son. "Well—how'll we do it?"

"This way. What you do is, get on the right side of Snively. Call on him and wish him good luck, same's I did poor Edgerton. You might tell him that we've got more prospective sales than we can attend to. Tell him he can sell a house to old man Watson, Prince Street. You know old, deaf Watson, who's a little off and is the bug-bear of every real estate man in this town?"

"You mean the old gent who buys everything he sees and hasn't any money to pay for it. Oh, say, that's good. I'll call on Snively this morning and tell him about Watson."

Bearby, senior, arose and crammed his hands in his pockets.

"Yes, you'd best do it right away," he nodded. "I've got to think out a plan of action. You might tell Snively that I'm anxious to see him succeed on account of him belonging to my church. Tell him, if he has time, to drop in on me, as I want to talk to him in connection with our young people's society. Don't for-

get to pump all the information you can out of him. And now, along you go, and good luck to you."

Bearby, junior, ascending the stairs to Snively's office, met the girl descending. She was tall and fluffy haired, and had big, searching eyes as gray as glass. They looked into Bearby as he paused on the stairs for her to pass.

"Just going to look in on the new real estate man and offer him a helpful pointer or two," he said nervously, in answer to her look of interrogation. "I see you've preceded me."

She ignored the sneer as she did the hand he held out to her.

"I don't think Mr. Snively would care to be interrupted now," she said, in a matter of fact tone. "He is talking with a client."

Bearby started, and the girl showed two rows of pearly teeth in a smile.

"Oh, in that case, perhaps I'd better wait until he is through."

Bearby turned, descending a couple of steps, then halted.

"Might I ask if you——" he commenced lamely. The girl anticipated him.

"Yes. I brought Mr. Snively the customer, and——" she laughed teasingly—"I cannot say that it speaks very highly of your business perception to be forced to allow a new man in the business sell your next door neighbor a house."

Bearby caught his breath and his hands clenched as the taunt went home. But he laughed naturally as he descended the stairs, and crossed over to his own office.

He found Bearby, senior, talking into the ear of a slender, pale-faced man with a scraggy beard and a long lean neck, about which was knotted a red comforter.

"I say, I haven't got a house that would suit you on our list, Mr. Watson," Mr. Bearby was shouting.

"Yes, yes—I'll pay four thousand if it suits me, yes." Mr. Watson wiped his eyes on a red handkerchief. "Don't want it fer myself. I say, I don't want it fer myself. Buyin' it fer a niece of mine."

Bearby, senior, looked helplessly at Bearby, junior, who murmured: "We

ought to chuck the old imposter out doors."

"I say, I'm buyin' it fer a niece of mine," repeated Mr. Watson. "Don't want her to know nuthin' 'bout it. I've got th' cash—yes, yes, I've got th' cash to buy it if it cost ten thousand. Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, you've always got the cash until it comes to a show-down," mimicked young Bearby; then, approaching the deaf man he led him to the window and pointed across at Snively's sign.

"He's got the very place you want," he shouted.

Mr. Watson wiped his eyes and adjusted his glasses.

"Yes," he agreed.

"You go over and see him—don't say we sent you, though, or he'll put the price up. You go right over and see Snively."

And he backed Mr. Watson across the room and out of the office.

Father and son, from their window watched the old man hobble across the street and vanish up Snively's stairs. Then they turned and sat down at the table, opposite one another.

"Well, the girl has helped Snively make a sale," exploded Son.

Bearby, senior's, little brown eyes opened and the wrinkles of joy trickled away from their corners like chalk lines before a wet cloth.

"Who's the buyer?" he gulped.

Son sat back and surveyed his father critically.

"You remember the red-headed fellow who opened up the office next door a couple of weeks ago?"

"Yes—'t isn't him, surely?"

"You remember he called on us in a friendly sort of way and you told him he mustn't smoke in the office—remember that?"

"Why, yes, I do. I——"

"And a day or so after he called again to borrow a hammer, and you very kindly invited him to go and buy a hammer—remember that?"

Bearby, senior, nodded.

"Well, that man's name is Lardo and he has got money. He is buying a house from Snively now."

Bearby, senior sat, his bushy brows drawn together and his mouth shocked half-open by the awful intelligence just imparted.

Bearby, junior, leaned back in his chair and contemplated his father's discomfiture with satisfaction.

A step passed down the hall and a key grated in the office next door.

"That's Lardo now," whispered the son.

Bearby, senior, arose from his seat and leaned across the table toward his junior partner.

"I'm going to kill this deal for Snively if it costs me money," he threatened. "It has got to be done—and I'm going to do it."

He paced up and down the room a few times; and when he lifted his heavy head, the little wrinkles of brotherly love and benevolence had been summoned back to the corners of his eyes.

Mr. Lardo, a boyish looking young man, was stamping some letters when the genial Mr. Bearby entered.

"Well, well!" exclaimed that gentleman, gazing admiringly about the plain little room, "you have everything nice here, sir—everything fixed up spick and span. Hope you're doing well in your line."

"Oh, so—so. Might be better, but I'm just new, you see. Sit down, Mr. Bearby."

"Thanks." Mr. Bearby sat down and beamed across at Mr. Lardo.

"I suppose you'll be buying yourself a nice, cosy little home one of these days, eh?"

Mr. Bearby held his breath awaiting the answer.

"Yes, I've made up my mind to buy. Rents are very high in this town, and I have a little money to invest. I have arranged to buy a nice little property on Ginger Avenue. I'm buying through Mr. Snively."

Mr. Bearby was prepared for this.

"My dear sir, I'm very sorry we didn't see you before you settled on this property, because we have a beautiful home that would just suit you, I know at a bargain."

He hitched his chair a little closer to

Mr. Lardo, and beamed upon him sympathetically.

"Might I ask you how much you are paying for the home you have in mind?" he queried gently.

"Oh, it's not a long price, I don't consider. It's three thousand I'm paying. I've just wired my banker in Milton to send me a draft for that amount."

"Then you haven't signed any agreement?" questioned Mr. Bearby. "My dear boy, I'm glad," as the other man shook his head. "I'm glad for your sake. Put on your hat and coat—put 'em on right now and come with me."

He reached for the coat and held it while the amazed Lardo shook himself into it.

"But, you see, I've promised Snively."

Mr. Bearby, his arm linked in that of Mr. Lardo, led him, half resisting, down the hall and out into the street.

"My dear boy, don't let us worry about Mr. Snively," he chided gently. "Here's Bill Black's horse and rig. Get right in, and we'll borrow it for fifteen minutes."

II.

Snively, clean faced and bright of eye, stepped from the Bank of Montreal, light of heart. His first day in the real estate business promised to be a very good one, indeed.

Dubbs, the butcher, stopped him on the corner and drew him aside.

"Say, is it so that you sold old man Watson a house and got your money for it?" he asked.

"Yes. The money's in the bank—four thousand dollars," laughed Snively.

"Well, I'll be tarnation cleaved!" expostulated the butcher. "Then it must be so that the old man has come in for some money."

"Yes. Something like seventy thousand dollars, I'm told," Snively answered.

"And you sold him a house? Well, by hen!"

Dubbs held out his hand. Snively shook it, and left him still muttering.

At the post office he met the girl.

"I wanted to see you," she said, as they walked down the street. "It's about Mr. Lardo. Mr. Bearby—the father—was showing him a house on our street as I

was coming home at noon. It was that cosy little cottage, near our place."

"I know the house—I didn't know it was for sale, though. I believe I have a man who would buy that home, myself And you think Bearby was trying to sell this place to Mr. Lardo? Snively asked his brows knitting.

"I know he was."

"I'm glad you told me. Perhaps I may be able to turn the tables on our friend, Bearby. I have made another sale since I saw you," he laughed, as they parted. "Oh, a splendid one. I'll tell you about it to-night. You know," he added, looking into her eyes, "I'm beginning to think it really takes two to manage the real estate business."

Snively went direct to the office of Winters and Blair, barristers.

"I wish to ascertain if the Crawford cottage on Sapling Avenue is for sale?" he said.

Mr. Blair nodded.

"It is," he answered.

"I'm in the real estate business. Will you allow me to list it?"

"Why, certainly. We want \$2,400. You can sell it for anything above that you wish."

Snively thanked him, and, saying that he would call him up later, passed out.

Half an hour after, as he was writing a letter in his office, Lardo stepped in. There was a half-shamed, half-defiant expression on his weak face.

"I guess we'll call that deal we made this morning off," he commenced.

Snively turned and looked him in the eyes.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't think I want to buy—that is, just yet."

Snively folded his letter, sealed the envelope, and swung round, so as to face his visitor.

"You said you would buy the property. What made you change your mind?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing. I have simply reconsidered the matter. You're not anything out, anyway. I don't see why you should kick——"

Snively arose.

"See here," he said, "I don't want any

bluster from you, understand? I thought you were a man of your word, and—you thought I was a man you could bulldoze. We've both been mistaken. Good afternoon."

When the door closed on the much astonished Mr. Lardo, Snively turned to the 'phone and rang up a number.

"Hello, Charlie," he called. "You know that pretty cottage on Sapling Avenue which you so much admired. Do you want to buy it? If you do, you've got to speak quick. You can get it for \$2,500. You'll take it—all right. I'll make a deposit for you. I'll see you at six."

Snively next rang up Winters & Blair.

"This is Snively speaking. I'll buy the Crawford property myself at \$2,400. All right—it's mine. I'll send a check for a hundred down right now, as a deposit payment."

He hung up the receiver, wrote a check, and despatched a boy, hot haste with it to the firm.

Later, as he was preparing to leave the

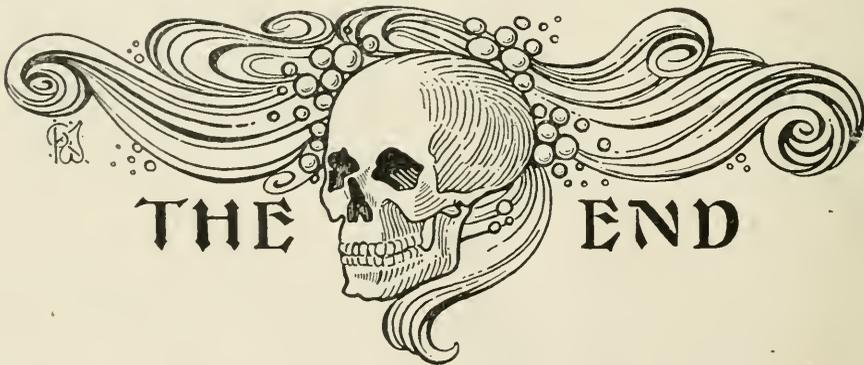
office the telephone rang again. It was Winters & Blair. They simply wished to inform him that Mr. Bearby was there with a client by name of Lardo and that he, Snively, could turn the property over to them at \$2,600, if he felt so disposed.

Snively thanked Mr. Blair, and said that he thought he wouldn't turn the property over to Mr. Lardo.

That night Snively told the girl how he outwitted Bearby & Son, and her slate-gray eyes danced so happily at the recital that he simply couldn't resist the desire to tell her how helpful she had been to him—and—well, other things.

"I'm almost sorry now I didn't keep that Crawford cottage," said Snively, later, "but never mind, girlie—we'll find another, won't we?"

"I wanted you to say that," cried the girl, snuggling against him, "because—oh, because my dear old uncle, Watson—who is rich now—bought me a beautiful home only this morning."



What Constitutes True Leadership ?

Neither Success nor Failure is an Essential Element in the Qualification, but Integrity, Intelligence, Industry and Courage Count for Much—The Splendid Work Done by the Average Man and What He is To-day Accomplishing.

By John Hunter, M.D.

IT would be absolutely impossible to draw a line, that would strictly limit, or mark off the rational, from the irrational, or visionary ideals of leadership. Certain attributes, or accomplishments, seem so inseparably associated with our ideals of leadership, that the latter without the former, would be looked upon almost as a monstrosity.

Our ideal leader is the commander of the victorious army. The premier of the nation. The multi-millionaire of the stock exchange. The guiding spirit of the great corporation, or trust. The head of the vast departmental establishment, or manager of the immense industrial plant. Success must be written in large type over all the exploits of our ideal leader.

The commander of the vanquished army may have fought just as bravely as the victor did. The leader of the opposition may be as broad minded a statesman, or as astute a politician, as the premier. The unsuccessful speculator may be quite as good a judge of the conditions in the stock market as his successful competitor. The guiding spirit of the rival corporation, or trust, may not have been lacking in ability, but the conditions may not have been so propitious for launching the venture. There may not have been trade, or room enough, for another departmental store, or industrial plant. However impossible success might have been to any of these, the very fact that the word failure is associated with their names, or their efforts, debars them from having any consideration in our ideals of leadership.

It is quite humiliating to our "pride of intellect" to be told, that in the final analysis of the elements woven into the

characteristics that constitute true leadership, neither success, nor failure forms any part of them. Success, or failure, is an incident in life, aside altogether, from the factors that constitute true leadership.

In war any one of a score of things may affect the result of the battle. A thunder-storm, swollen rivers, marshy ground, poor ammunition—any one of these may cause a defeat when under happier auspices victory would have been achieved easily. Political success may be just as fortuitous. Many factors enter into the choice of a party leader. Race, or creed may have to be propitiated. The great corporations, or trusts may want a pliable man. Party bosses, and ward-heelers have to be fed. When so many interests—and some of them very conflicting—have to be considered, it is quite evident, why a certain type of man though lacking in a very large measure, most of the essential elements in the qualification of true leadership, becomes premier, and is heralded, in the stamping rhetoric of the rostrum, as a great leader. How often may success be achieved, and millions gathered in at the stock exchange by chance, or down-right fraud? How often is the success of the great trust, or corporation due to the advent of a revival in trade, and of the good times that follow, rather than to any marked business acumen? The success of a few great departmental stores is due, probably, quite as much to a social evolution, as to the tact and ability of the manager. In bygone days there was less diversity in life. People enjoyed spending a few hours in shopping. There was plenty of time to go from one store to another. Now, there is so much to dis-

tract attention in society, in amusements, etc., that shopping is rushed. Everything must be within easy reach of eye and hand. Shrewd business men have met these new conditions and achieved success. What the social evolution has done for the departmental store, an evolution in transportation has done for the great industrial plants. A few decades ago, the manufacturer had to depend on horses and wagons for the delivery of his products. No matter how ingenious he might have been in inventing new machines, or in improving old ones the output had to be limited to his means of transportation. Now, by railroad and steamers he can have his products carried to the uttermost parts of the earth.

It is very evident that success is due to many factors over which the individual or individuals in a corporate capacity, have but little control. He and they do little more than guide their "barks" on the bosom of the great currents created by the evolutions that are taking place.

If neither success, nor failure, is an element in the qualification of leadership what are the essential elements? If the writer had sufficiently vivid imaginative power to conjure up some sublime virtues, as rare as radium, and as difficult to acquire, how eagerly they would be sought after. But when it is said, that they are all to be found in the common virtues—integrity, intelligence, industry, courage, hope—in brief they are all tersely summed up by St. Paul when he says: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue if there be any praise, think on these things." The reader is very apt to say, "Well, anybody can be a leader if he wants to be one." No, reader, there is nothing in the world much rarer than true leadership. The real leader is produced by the rare blending of many virtues, and graces. If any scientist could discover the recipe for blending these his fame and fortune

would be assured. In his make up the genuine leader is like the diamond. This gem when analyzed, is found to be composed of very common elements. It is the rare blending of these into the crude stone and the art of cutting and polishing it that give the diamond its rare beauty and radiance. It is the rare blending of the common virtues, and the restraining and refining influence, of culture, of the society of kindred spirits, of the inspiration from

"That joy the warrior feels,
In a foeman worthy of his steel."

It is out of all these that the attributes of leadership are formed. While many of these may be acquired from culture, experience and environment, the others are innate. It is about as easy to select from the group of babies at a baby-show who are destined for leadership, as it is to pick out the leaders in Parliament, at the board of trade, or at any of the great conventions. The hall-marks of leadership seem to be stamped on the individual at birth, and remain in evidence all through life.

The reader may ask: "What about those who have neither this acquired blending, nor the innate attributes of leadership?"

Their consolation is to be found in the benediction: "Blessed be drudgery." It is claimed that nine-tenths of all productive labor is drudgery. The overwhelming percentage of all the effective work in every vocation is done by the average man and woman. Thrones are occupied, parties led, business conducted, farms tilled, companies managed, books written, papers published, sermons preached, law suits tried, the sick healed, colleges and school taught—all of these things are being done by the average people. There is no reflection implied in the term "average man," for to be such one must possess a large measure of integrity, intelligence, industry, skill and tact. The average man and woman occupy a very useful and prominent place in this busy world.

How Mr. Derbyshire Became Cheese King of Canada

The Large Limbed and Big Hearted Senator has Placed the Dairy Interests of the Dominion on a Pedestal That has Made His Name a Household Word—His Honesty and Fair Dealing in his Relations with the Great Industry and its Development.

By G. C. Keith.

SENATOR Daniel Derbyshire, known throughout the farming community as "Our Daniel," has done, perhaps more than any single individual in private life in Canada to develop the cheese industry along scientific lines. He started the manufacture of cheese in the early seventies in the township of Bastard, Leeds County, Ontario. Previous to this he was a practical farmer and the place of his birth is known by the poetic name of Plum Hollow. He was educated at the classic village of Athens and taught school for a time, entering the cheese enterprise at the age of twenty-eight. He gave up manufacturing to enter the cheese supply business and to launch out as a buyer. So successful has he been along these lines that he is now known as the "Cheese King."

As a builder of this industry he has done much to raise and maintain the standard of Canadian-made cheese which now commands the highest price on the market. While Senator Derbyshire was working to elevate the standard of dairy products in the east, the late Hon. Thomas Ballantyne was busy in Western Ontario and it was through their influence that instructors were employed with the object of improving the quality of the output. While not the founder of the Canadian cheese industry Senator Derbyshire is undoubtedly entitled to the honor of being one of the greatest promoters of co-operative cheese-making as we have it in the Dominion to-day. He is the largest dealer in Canada in cheese factory supplies and furnishes factories with complete equipments.

He has been for years a favorite at dairymen's conventions and knows how to hold the attention of an audience. He

can amuse and all say, "There is no one like our Dan. He is the Burdette of Canada." He takes the greatest interest in the education of cheese manufacturers and in improving the quality of dairy products. Through his influence and that of the men with whom he has been as-



Senator Daniel Derbyshire.

sociated, he has seen the cheese factories of Canada increased in number to about three thousand, nearly all managed by farmers themselves. So popular is he that for over twenty years he has held the position of President of the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association. His fairness in dealing with farmers and people and his keen sense of justice have

made him a prime favorite. If a seller makes a point he always concedes it at once and thus wins another friend. Not only in he a favorite throughout the Brockville district but everywhere where he is personally or commercially known in Ontario, Quebec and New York State. The salesmen are often heard to say "You know we couldn't leave Dan's firm for they always treat us white."

Senator Derbyshire has found time from his business to take a great interest in the affairs of his town and served as Mayor of Brockville for two years. In 1891 his friends prevailed upon him to run for the Federal House but he was defeated in that contest and also in the one of 1900, but was successful in 1904. For his election he was indebted to the favors of his opponents as well as those of his friends. Picture Uncle Dan putting that great hand of his on an opponent's shoulder and saying in his inimitable way, "Well, my friend, how do you think it is going to go?" The answer would come, "I don't like your party Dan, but I couldn't bring myself to vote against you. You won't tell anyone, though, will you?"

Hon. Daniel Derbyshire possesses a commanding figure, stands over six feet and is broad in proportion. He has a buoyant manner, though at first glance one would not think so. His interruptions in the House and in committee created a great deal of mirth and Sir Wilfrid Laurier at once christened him as "Uncle Dan," and the name stuck. As "Uncle Dan" he was introduced to Lord Roberts at Quebec and Sir Wilfrid could not repress a smile when he saw Uncle Dan with his six feet six and Bob's, the diminutive hero of Kandahar and Pretoria, walking together. It was one of the sights at the Tercentenary.

A good story is told about the earlier

days of Senator Derbyshire. He was visiting factories at Lyn and accompanied his friend down to the station where he was to take the train west. They arrived at the station before the train was due and filled in the time walking up and down oblivious to the curious glances of two Americans on the platform. This tale relates back to the days when boots were made with extension or grass edges and Mr. Derbyshire, who has a large foot, wore a pair of these which were apparently size twenty. As soon as Mr. Derbyshire left the station the Americans approached his friend and inquired if the big gentleman lived across the water. "No," he answered, "why?" They replied that they were sure he resided across the river and that he had on a pair of scows to ferry himself over the St. Lawrence. Everyone knows that Dan is celebrated not only for his big feet but for his glad hand, cheery smile and large heart.

He is thorough in everything that he undertakes and this has made him many friends. He never indulges in half-measures. Mr. Ayer, with whom he has been doing business for the past thirty years, is proud of the business methods and straightforward dealing of the man who bought cheese for them for that length of time. His many other associates in the trade refer to the great work that he had done for the dairy business and say that he deserves the name 'Cheese King.'

In 1908 he was appointed a Senator to fill the vacancy made by the death of Hon. G. T. Fulford, of Brockville. It was a deserving honor to one who has done so much to build up and maintain the high quality of the Canadian dairy output and keep the name of Canada to the front as a producer of high-class products.



Canadian National Exhibition Breaks Many Records

The High Water Mark Reached in Attendance and in the Quality and Variety of the Exhibits—Numerous Extensive Improvements and Additional Buildings Proposed—Many Displays Attracted Wide Attention and Aroused the Greatest Interest.

THE Canadian National Exhibition for 1908 is now numbered among the pleasant memories of the past. In many ways it was a record-breaker—in aggregate attendance as well as in high water-mark patronage for a single day, and lastly, but not least, in the matter of a collateral surplus.

The 244 acres of ground were thronged in twelve days by 750,000 visitors, the average daily number of people in the vast arena being 65,000. On Labor Day a new record was established when 135,000 men, women and children passed through the turnstiles and swarmed every nook and vantage point of the park. The cash receipts, which were the greatest in the thirty years' successful history of the Exhibition, will yield the handsome surplus of \$50,000. Thousands upon thousands of holiday-seekers from all parts of Ontario, every province of the Dominion, and from over the border wended their way to Toronto. The hotels were crowded to their capacity, hundreds of private homes filled, the streets congested and the trolley cars freighted down with lively, good-natured passengers. This representative exposition of Canadian art, industry and science is progressively managed while the results from every standpoint stand out above the expectations of the most sanguine.

The Exhibition is a great national institution—the biggest and most comprehensive in its character on the American continent. It was favored with delightful weather during the whole two weeks. Of the progress, resources, wealth and development of the Dominion it is the most representative and complete demonstration attempted by any organization, becoming each year more national in scope and character and more illustrative of the life, activities and in-

telligence of Canada, and the Canadian people. In the course of a very few years it will outrival any of the great World's Fairs.

The citizens of Toronto have in the past come nobly to the support and financial welfare of the Exhibition and Mayor Oliver has already expressed the conviction that another by-law should be submitted to the ratepayers at the next municipal election asking for half a million dollars for additional buildings and improvements to the grounds. Among the proposed new structures are a transportation building, a new machinery hall, a temple of fame, a larger art edifice, a music court, fountains, tennis, cricket and lacrosse grounds with more greensward and avenues.

Speaking along this line at the final luncheon held by the directors in the Administration Building His Worship, in the course of an appreciative reference said that the Exhibition must have better facilities and it was necessary there should be a street car line through the Old Fort. It would vastly improve that historic spot, for the city would put back the old guns, replace the bastions, restore the moats, and make it one of the most beautiful places of interest in the city. Next year there would be a Greater Toronto, extending from the Humber to East Toronto, and including a population of 400,000. The Exhibition had passed the local and national stage, and become a World's Exposition, and it must have facilities equal to its growth.

The Strachan Hat for Young Men.

The process of hat manufacturing is most interesting, and educative, and in the Process Building an excellent exhibit was furnished by Strachan Bros., 130 Wellington Street west, Toronto, who

make the famous Strachan hat for young men. These hats are proving a decided favorite with men who take a self-respecting pride in personal appearance. They are made of the very best material, are correct in shape, style and color and put together by skilful workmen. All the Strachan creations are of English make on American blocks. In the manufacturing process at the fair there were shown an ironing machine, a crown finisher, a brim finisher, a curler, and other machines along with various samples of the felt from its origin on the back of an innocent-looking rabbit until the completed product is furnished in the newest and most becoming shapes. These goods are sold in all provinces of the Dominion and possess a noticeable elegance and characteristic air of refinement which

place them in an exclusive class. Young men know their genuine comparative worth. In every Strachan hat the binding wears, the sweat band lasts, the color stays fast, and the shape holds good. The Strachan is a prime favorite with the Canadian young man, not only for these reasons but because the hat is neat, light and nobby. It is the head-piece of known quality and has been selected by many dealers as possessing the best value offered in the Dominion. The thousands, who watched with eager interest their manufacture, now know how thoroughly good the Strachan hat is, how carefully it is made, and how essentially high-grade it is in every detail of quality, workmanship and finish. It is the acme of all that constitutes a hat giving the wearer general satisfaction and



Manufacturing the Strachan Hat in the Process Building.



Exhibit of Chamberlain Weather Strip Co.

the essence of full value. In either hard or soft makes the Strachan is the standard hat for young men and wearers always stick to it for they know its worth by the criterion of all tests—style, appearance, durability and shape-retaining qualities.

Will Keep Out the Cold.

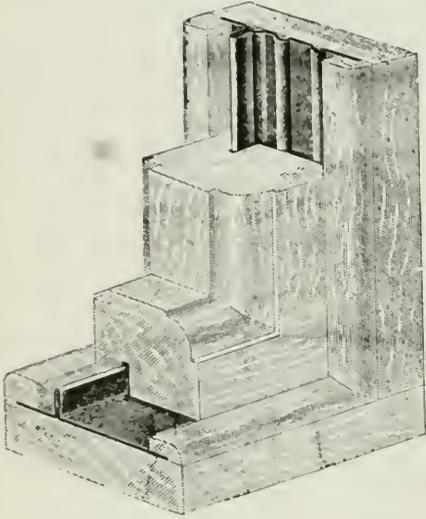
The exhibit of the Chamberlain Weather Strip Company, Limited, in the Process Building attracted much attention during the Fair. Here were displayed windows and doors equipped with this latest and most improved dust and draft-proof device. Mr. R. F. Green, who was in charge of the booth, ably demonstrated the uses of the strip. Visitors not familiar with it were readily convinced of its merits. Those who had had their building previously equipped with the

strip did not hesitate to express their satisfaction, and what stronger testimony of its value could be given.

The accompanying cut illustrates the weather strip. It consists simply of metal, no rubber or other composition easily affected by the atmosphere. Fastened to the pulley stile the folded strip fits snugly into the groove made in the sash on the top, sides and bottom. All drafts, soot, dirt are excluded, while the sticking and the rattling which is a common annoyance in old windows is prevented. A noticeable feature is that while drafts are excluded, ventilation is not hindered, but on the contrary, it is assisted, where ventilation systems are in use. The strip will make a marked saving in the annual expenditure for fuel. In many cases the savings of one year will pay for the equipping of the

entire building. In every case there is an economy of at least 25 per cent.

All modern buildings, offices, apartment houses, hotels, schools have the Chamberlain weather strip. In fact, every up-to-date architect recommends



The Chamberlain Metal Weather Strip.

it. Before the advent of the cold season is the time to investigate its merits.

The home of the weather strip is at Kingsville, Ont.; the Toronto office, 385 Yonge Street. Information concerning the strip will be gladly supplied from either place.

The Electrophone.

This is a new invention that intensifies sound so that those who are deaf or partially deaf can hear perfectly. It is as wonderful and successful as wireless telegraphy and was one of the most interesting exhibits at the Canadian National Exhibition, which has just closed.

Poor hearing and poor eye-sight are both common failings, and as the Electrophone is less conspicuous than eye-glasses and its aid, so valuable and necessary to those with poor hearing, it is coming into use very rapidly and thousands are now worn. They will soon be as commonly used as eye-glasses, even now they are a common sight at churches, theatres, and on the street and the only comment one hears if they are

noticed at all, "What a relief it is not to have to talk so loudly."

Electrophone wearers have the advantage of users of eye-glasses, in the fact that the use of the Electrophone gives the vital part of the ear the constant vibratory exercise, so that in almost all cases hearing is gradually restored, so that in time the use of the Electrophone is not necessary.

The Electrophone, the modern scientific hearing device, is a small pocket telephone, it is so small that the transmitter fits into an ordinary vest pocket or can be concealed in a lady's waist and yet is scientifically graded to meet any peculiarity of hearing.

Aural Specialists, Physicians and thousands of Men and Women who promptly discarded the old devices recommend it to all who are hard of hearing.

Those interested should call for free demonstration or write for a booklet de-



The Electrophone.

scribing same in detail to The Brand Electro Ozone, Limited, 334 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

A Paper With a Velvet Surface.

Correspondence is in itself an art and writing to one's friends is a pleasure when the quality and surface of the paper

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION BREAKS MANY RECORDS

used offer no cause for complaint or regret. Perfection is not reached until many processes of experiment are undergone but in the end a satisfactory product is attained. W. J. Gage & Co., Limited, who made a most creditable and attractive display in the Manufacturers' Building of their popular and high-class brand of writing paper, known

sizes, with envelopes to match. For fashionable correspondence no medium-priced note paper has given such general satisfaction. Holland Linen is a paper of splendid finish with a beautiful velvet writing surface. Its texture is everything that the most exacting can desire, possessing all the refinement and attractiveness of any linen paper and at the



Exhibit of W. J. Gage & Co.

as Holland Linen, believe they have reached the acme in a standard brand of stationery. Sample papereries of this fine line were presented to many visitors to demonstrate the superiority of Holland Linen, which, in the way of society stationery, has achieved a recognition that must be gratifying to the makers. It is manufactured in three shades—white, azurette and grey—and in five convenient

same time affording a smooth, even surface that makes letter-writing a positive delight instead of an irksome or disagreeable task. Holland Linen is put up in neat papererie boxes and is handled by all leading stationers. Each box contains 24 sheets and 24 envelopes. A good motto is to ask for Holland Linen and refuse any substitute from your stationer. As a holiday or birthday gift nothing is

more appropriate or acceptable in the various special lines offered. Messrs. Gage & Co. make a specialty of other lines of finished and high-class stationery in trim papeteries for holiday remembrances.

Gillette Safety Razor.

The business man to-day counts a safety razor as necessary to his outfit as a fountain pen. Not that he cannot get along somehow without it, but he can get along so much better, so much more comfortably and in fact, with so much more all-round satisfaction with it that he would not for its price many times over be without.

Of course there are good safety razors and others, the same as with everything else, but when one thinks of a good safety razor naturally the name Gillette comes to mind first. Gillette claims the distinction of being one of the pioneers in the safety razor business. They maintain that the only way to get real satisfaction out of a razor is to replace the old blade with a brand new one as soon as it becomes dull. To this end they have made the price of new blades so reasonable that with a Gillette Safety Razor a man can have the acme of perfection in a comfortable new-blade shave so cheaply that barbers' bills and honing bills look appalling in comparison. Every



detail in the manufacture of a Gillette Razor is so carefully regulated and thoroughly supervised that none can leave the factory without being perfect in every way. Thousands of visitors to the

Canadian National Exposition viewed the exhibit of this firm with more than ordinary interest and were explained the advantages of the razor by obliging and experienced attendants.

The Better Make of Canadian Furniture.

Beautifully furnished homes in all parts of Canada reflect the progress,



Exhibited by The Toronto Furniture Co.

prosperity and artistic refinement of its people and in helping along this good work no institution is playing a more prominent part or winning wider recognition than the Toronto Furniture Company. In the Process Building at the Exhibition their display of a mahogany dining-room suite of colonial pattern, a mahogany bed-room suite, as well as one in Circassian walnut, ladies' sewing tables in different designs, drawing-room tables, tabourettes and pedestals arrested the attention of all interested in interior furnishings. The manufactured goods of the Toronto Furniture Company have a distinctiveness, individuality and elegance that wins approval of those who appreciate the better make of Canadian quality. The originality of design, quiet dignity, excellent material and genuine worth of the furniture stamp it as being in a class by itself.

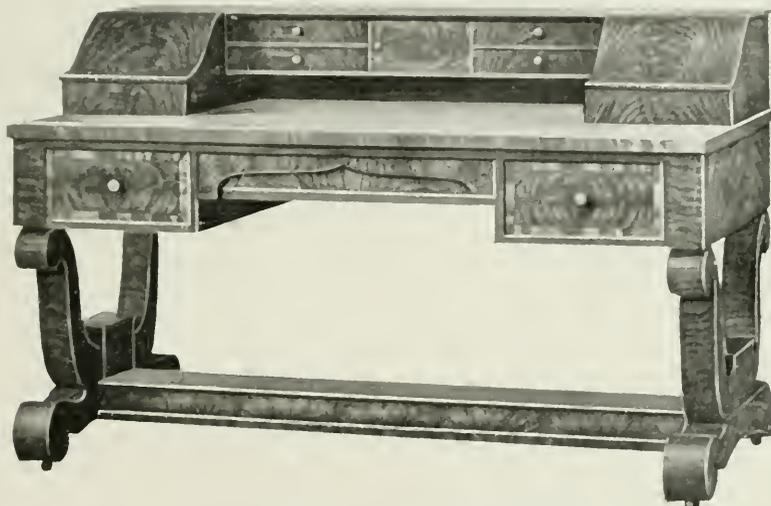
Mr. H. D. Lanz, the manager, was in charge of the display, which was a most

representative and comprehensive one. Dealers from various cities and towns viewed the exhibit and warmly complimented the firm on the variety and superiority evidenced. As an outcome many large orders were booked with the result that the factory at 1012 Yonge Street will be kept busy for some months filling the demand for products which have found their way into so many attractive Canadian homes. In the manufacture of their dining-room and bedroom suites mahogany and Circassian walnut are incorporated, while their white enamel goods find a gratifying sale in all parts of the country. The latter are turned out in three popular styles,

ish. These are made with the same thoroughness as to workmanship, material and finish as marks all the case goods of the firm. In the two years that the Toronto Furniture Company has been before the public they have achieved a position in the furniture world that has placed their lines in all leading furniture houses of the Dominion and created a name and demand for their high-class stock that any organization may refer to with pardonable pride.

Artistic Brass and Bronze Signs.

Among the most unique, chaste and impressive exhibits in the Process Building were the brass and bronze signs,



Exhibited by The Toronto Furniture Co.

while in sideboards four captivating designs, all of the colonial type, are in evidence. Each dining-room suite consists of a sideboard, serving table, china cabinet, chairs and table. In bedroom suites the collection embraces beds in seven designs, eleven models in dressers, chiffoniers in a variety of styles; dressing-tables of various patterns, bedroom tables writing-tables, desks, somnoes, and bedroom chairs as well as cheval mirrors. In ladies' work tables, tabourettes and pedestals the output of the Toronto Furniture Company consists of mahogany and Circassian walnut woods, with inlaid tops, and mostly in dull fin-

tablets, directory plates, and memorials of Messrs. Patterson & Heward, the widely-known sign manufacturers and engravers, 310 King St. west, Toronto. The style, workmanship and finish of effect of sharpness not obtained by casting solid. Their brass signs are of the highest grade, with highly polished, engraved and deep routed letters these goods called forth much favorable comment. Established in 1884, the members of this enterprising firm have built up a business that is favorably regarded in all leading centres of the Dominion. Among their specialties are bronze signs made from sheet metal, giving them an



Exhibit of Patterson & Heward.

(not acid cut). A raven black cement filler is used which is guaranteed for ten years not to crack or come out. The firm also make many designs in brass and bronze tablets, directory plates, embossing dies, book stamps, soap dies, etc. In their well-equipped engraving depart-

ment they manufacture wood printing stamps, brass cylinder press type, and other lines. The cost of signs, tablets, etc., is determined by the size, style and amount of lettering required. These goods in their character, effectiveness and originality stand in a class by themselves.

Advertising is more fascinating than faro, more thrilling than war, more exhilarating than love, more human than preaching, more inspiring than music, more lasting than friendship, more powerful than death.—Austin A. Briggs.

The New Occupants of Government House



Hon. J. M. Gibson.



Mrs. J. M. Gibson.

Newly Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The New Hostess at Government House, Toronto.

The new occupants of Government House, Toronto, will be Hon. J. M. Gibson, a life-long resident of Ontario as well as one of the most distinguished citizens of the Province, and his esteemed wife. As a scholar, a military man, a marksman, a lawyer, a statesman, and a captain of industry, Colonel Gibson, as he is customarily styled, has won distinction. For fifteen years he was chairman of the Private Bills Committee of the Legislature, over which he presided with marked fairness, faithfulness and impartiality. As Provincial Secretary, and later as Commissioner of Crown Lands and Attorney General, he discharged the duties of these offices with caution, skill and good judgment. He is the father of many important legislative measures. On the occasion of the overthrow of the Ross Government, and his own reverse at the polls, he retired from active politics. Since then he has directed his energies in various business enterprises, more particularly in the line of electrical development and, although he and his associates have had to bear harsh criticism, still the residents of Hamilton do not forget that he took great risks in ventures when others scoffed and refused to invest a dollar. Colonel Gibson is rather reserved and brusque, so far as the public view of him is concerned, but to those who know him intimately he is a warm personal friend. His beautiful home in the Ambitious City has for many years been the scene of generous hospitality and the social side of the position to which he has been called will not suffer in the hands of the gallant colonel and his bright companion, who is a hostess of charming manners and attractive personality.

In the hands of Colonel Gibson the best traditions of the gubernatorial office will be preserved. His admirers are confident that he will add lustre to the long list of eminent Canadians who have preceded him, and that he will round out worthily and well a public career that is in every way deserving of the honor just conferred upon him. It is a distinction that has been wisely bestowed. The new Governor is a profound student and a shrewd business man. He possesses a judicial mind, public spirit and progressive ideals, and of him and his appointment the press of the Province, irrespective of party affiliations, has made most appreciative references.

On September 22 the new Lieutenant-Governor was formally installed in office by the clerk of the Executive Council.

As Sir Mortimer Clark's new house on Wellington Street West, Toronto, is not complete, he will continue to occupy Government House for a few weeks longer. Col. Gibson left immediately after the ceremony for a visit of a few weeks to Colorado.

Contents of the Oct. Magazines

Architecture and the Arts.

- Work of a Western Artist. Maud Oliver—Uncle Remus's.
- The Pretty American Girl in Art and Her Creators. Margaret Roke—Human Life.
- Nero as Artist and Engineer.—Putnam's.
- The Art of Miss Maud Earl. Austin Chester—Windsor.
- Modern Miniature Painting. A Lys. Baldry—Int. Studio.
- Hungarian Art at the Earl's Court Exhibition—Int. Studio.
- Leaves from the Sketchbook of A. E. Newcombe—Int. Studio.
- Tapestries for American Homes. Richard Neustadt—Country Life in Am.
- Pottery and China in Home Decoration. H. C. Judson—Country Life in Am.
- Photography in Colors—Spectator (Sept. 5).
- The Scope and Drift of the American Arts and Crafts Movement. Alvan Sanborn—Forum.
- A Painter of Dogs and Puppies. L. Van der Veer—Pearson's (Eng.)
- A Painter of Domestic Scenes. W. Stanton Howard—Broadway.

Army and Navy.

- The Fleet's Triumphs—World's Work.
- Between the Battle Lines. Sally Royce Weir—Metropolitan.
- Army and Navy Notes. 1. R.—The Throne. (Sept. 5).
- Admiral Evans' Own Story of the American Navy—Broadway.

Business and Industry.

- Business Men's Activity in Politics. James Van Cleave—Am. Industries.
- Working Value of a Surplus. Henry Clews—Am. Industries.
- Problems of Fire Prevention. Powell Evans—Am. Industries.
- American Merchandising in the Far East. H. J. M. Ellis—Am. Industries.
- The Trade Situation in the United States—Am. Industries.
- A Northland Eden. Lysle J. Abbott—Westward Ho.
- Poline Rupert. Rosalind W. Young—Westward Ho
- The Menace of the Credit System. Mrs. Irwin F. Mather—Woman's Home Com.
- Co-Operative Trading in England. J. W. Stannard—System.
- The Nerve Centres of Business. Kendall Banning—System.

- Advertising in Operation—Its Growth. Edwin Balmer—System.
- The Dress of a Business Letter. Harrison Courtney—System.
- Selling to Cross-roads Merchants. R. L. De Nise—System.
- Limiting Costs in Building. David Lay—System.
- Gas-Power in Cotton Mills. A. Vennell Coster—Cassier's.
- The Discounters of Money. O. Henry—American Magazine.
- The Panic, a Year After—World's Work.
- A Three Hundred Million Dollar Loss from Lack of System—World's Work.
- Life Insurance as a Business Asset—World's Work.
- To Prevent National Wastefulness. Raoul De Montreale—Overland.
- The Making and Operation of Tariffs in Canada. J. Martin, K.C.—Em. Rev.
- Mercantile Marine, Education of Officers. Right Hon. Lord Brassey, G.C.B.—Empire Rev.
- England's Greatest Department Store and Its Growth. R. Woodman Burbidge—Am. Bus. Man.
- World-wide Effect of the American Business Depression.—Am. Bus. Man.
- Advertising as a Business and How it is Conducted To-day. I. L. Stael—Am. Bus. Man.

Children.

- The Days When Boys were Captains. Ralph D. Paine—Outing.
- Mother and Child Photographs—Human Life.
- Stories by Our Boys and Girls—Human Life.
- What Suggestion Can do for Children. Elwood Worcester, D.D.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
- How We are Injuring Our Children. Judge Ben B. Lindsay—Ladies' Home Jnl.
- How a Boy Can Make a Gymnasium. A. Neely Hall—Ladies' Home Jnl.
- Useful Clothes for Little Children. Mrs. Ralston—Ladies' Home Jnl.
- My Confidence With My Boy. A Canadian Mother—Ladies' Home Jnl.
- The Mistakes of Young Mothers. J. P. Crozer Griffith—Good Housekeeping.
- Are Babies Moral? Woods Hutchinson. A.M., M.D.—Woman's Home Com.
- The Boy. Everett T. Tomlinson—Woman's Home Com.
- How to Make a Microphone. A. Russell Bond—Woman's Home Com.
- Titania's Auto Car. T. Cromwell-Lawrence—Woman's Home Com.
- Boys as Policemen—St. Nicholas.
- Nature and Science for Young Folks—St. Nicholas.

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The Singing Boys of Jena. Arthur Upson—St. Nicholas.
The Flower of the Sun. Alice M. Long—St. Nicholas.
Country Holiday Children—Sat. Rev. (Sept. 5).

Education and School Affairs.

Inefficiency of the Public Schools. C. W. Larned—North Am. Rev.
Some Vital School Questions. Kate Ames—Overland Mthly.
The School Day Question. Charles J. Woodbury—Overland Mthly.
Physically Defective School Children—Sat. Rev. (Sept. 5).
A New Educational Policy—Spectator (Sept. 5).
Indian Students in England—Spectator (Sept. 5)
Getting at the Essentials of Geography. Jacques Redway—Education.
Socrates, the First Educator. A. D. Call—Education.
The Question of the School Excursion. Lewis W. Hine—Education.
The Training of a Teacher of English. Alice M. Dunbar—Education.

Essays and General Literature.

The Service of Fear. G. L. Knapp—Lippincott's
The Racial Pot-Pourri on the Isthmus. Herbert Dunlap—Lippincott's.
A Letter to President Roosevelt and His Response—Uncle Remus's.
Social-Reconstruction To-day. John Martin—Atlantic Mthly.
The Transmission of Acquired Characters. Professor Marcus Hartog—Cont. Rev.
The Pleasures of Re-Reading—Spectator (Sept. 5).

Fiction.

(Complete Stories.)

A Jewel of the Seas. Jessis Kaufman—Lippincott's.
The Perfidy of Scottton Pottleby. Patrick Booth—Bohemian.
Mrs. Van Twiller's Dinner Guest. Catharine Carr—Bohemian.
Simple Septimus. Wm. J. Locke—American M.
The Message. Louis Tracy—Pearson's (Am).
Khosran, the Son of Bistam. Felix Benguiat—Pacific Mthly.
The Story of "Soapy" Smith, Bad Man and Bluffer. Don Steffa—Pacific Mthly.
Princess Lela's Publicity. Hy. Spede Cobb—Gunter's.
Old Round-about, the Terror of the Tories. Lynn Tew Sprague—Outing.
The Return of Norroy. George Bronson—Howard—Popular.
Tale of the Hard Luck Guy. Irvin S. Cobb—Popular.
The Gold-Throwers. Albert Dorrington—Popular.
The Submarine. T. Jenkins Hains—Popular.
Macbeth. Charles Francis Bourke—Popular.
The Microbe of Fear. Charles Stefaort Pearson—Popular.
The First Speculator. Robert Barr—Idler.

The Romance of the Sea Trout. Arthur Tysillo Johnson—Idler.
Nicholas the Painter. G. D. Drennan—Idler.
Easy Money. Bertram Atkey—Idler.
The Mayor's Honeymoon. Leroy Scott—Everybody's.
The Thorobred. Edith Macvane—Ainslee's.
Something that Happened in October. Eleanor Abbott—Everybody's.
Bluebeard's Vestibule. Edgar Franklin—Argosy.
Cupid in a Crushed Hat. John Montague—Argosy.
A Conspiracy in Greenbacks. Fred V. Green, Jr.—Argosy.
The Wedding Present Problem. Anne Warner—Putnam's.
An Incident at the Pelham. T. P. Struthers—Grand.
The Beginning of Wisdom. Mark Hardy—Grand.
"Hamlet" and the Baby. Ralph England—Argosy
When the Returns Come in. Howard R. Garis—Argosy.
The Executors. Charles Belmont Davis—Scribner
A Policy that Sat Above Conscience. Francis Rivers—Windsor.
The Dalton Case. Arthur Davies—Westward Ho.
The Dollar With the Cross. J. De Q. Donehoo—Westward Ho.
The Measure of his Love. Isabel B. Macdonald—Westward Ho.
The Hansom Baby. F. Vaux Wilson—Good Housekeeping.
The Greatness of Mr. Watherstone. R. E. Verne—Harper's Mag.
Priests in Fiction. Katharine Roche—Irish Mthly.
Her Little Boy. Jessie Tulloch—Irish Mthly.

(Serial Stories.)

Father, Open the Door. Max Nordau—Pacific Mthly.
Martin Eden. Jack London—Pacific Mthly.
The Ghost Kings. H. Rider Haggard—Gunter's.
A Million a Minute. Robert Aitken—Gunter's.
The Man in the Motor-mask. Fred Jackson—Gunter's.
A Fall Out of Fate. Edwin Bliss—Argosy.

For the Workers.

One Woman's Way of Making a Living. George L. Thorn—Suburban Life.
Pleasant Evenings for Business Girls—Ladies' Home Jnl.
The Young Man and His Problem—Western Home Mthly.
"Pensioners of Peace." William Hard—Everybody's.

Handicraft.

Mural Decorations. Claude W. Gray. A.R.C.A.—Westward Ho.
Exhibition of Tapestries, Textiles and Embroideries—Int. Studio.
The Hessian National Exhibition at Darmstadt—Int. Studio.
Enamels and Pottery at the Paris Salons—Int. Studio.
The Munich Exhibition. L. Deubner—Int. Studio.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Health and Hygiene.

- About Good Health. Elbert Hubbard—Lippincott's Mag.
The Curiosities of Sleep. Woods Hutchinson. M.D.—American Mag.
How a Physician Told His Children—Ladies' Home Jnl.
How We Can all Avoid the "Grippe." Richard Cole Newton. M.D.—Ladies' Home Jnl.
If You Would Have Healthy Sleep—Ladies' Home Jnl.
That "Real Cure" for My Rheumatism. E. B. Lent—Ladies' Home Jnl.
Eyes and Vision From Worm to Man. Edward A. Ayers. A.M., M.D.—Harper's Mag.
The Meaning of Human Suffering—Irish Mthly. In Case of Illness. Dita H. Kinney. R.N.—Woman's Home Com.
Beauty Sleep. Hereward Carrington—Woman's Home Com.
The Study of the Human Body—Shorthand Writer.
Insanity as a Blood Disease. Dr. William Hanna Thomson—Everybody's.

House, Garden and Farm.

- Your Opportunities in Fall Planting. Leonard Barron—Garden Mag.
Four Ways of Planting Bulbs. Leslie Hudson—Garden Mag.
A New Idea for Trimmed Hedges. A. S. Warthin—Garden Mag.
Protecting Roses from Winter Cold. Harriet E. Tilton—Garden Mag.
Seven and one-half Billions from the Farms. E. A. Forbes—World's Work.
My House, Designed by my Neighbors. John K. Bangs—Suburban Life.
Pictures for the Living Room and Library. Fred H. Allen—Suburban Life.
Queer Farms and Unique Methods of Farming. Rene Bache—Suburban Life.
Tree-Guards, Ornamental and Otherwise. William Solotaroff—Suburban Life.
How to Avoid Disappointment in Fall Planting. H. H. Henry—Suburban Life.
The Treatment of Colonial Halls. Myrtle Hyde Darling—House and Garden.
Japanese Gardens in America. Mrs. Phebe W. Humphreys—House and Garden.
Furnishing a House of Seven Rooms for \$1,500.—House and Garden.
Typical Lighting Fixtures of the Twentieth Century. Elizabeth Foster—House & Garden.
Harvesting the Wheat. Agnes C. Laut.—Outing.
The Apple Orchard. E. P. Powell—Outing.
Possibilities of Grape Culture in California. T. B. Wilson—Overland.
Country and Suburban Homes. E. Stanley Mitton—Westward Ho.
Simplicity in Furniture. John D. Adams—Woman's Home Com.
Now is the Time to Build. W. A. Dyer—Country Life in Am.
A Conservatory that is a Beautiful Part of a Home—Country Life in Am.
Modern Houses in Colonial Style. Aymar Embury—Country Life in Am.

- What You Can Build for \$1,000. John Guthrie—Country Life in Am.
The Country Home Water Supply. C. M. D'Enville—Country Life in Am.
Problems in Home Furnishing. Alice Kellogg—Am. Homes and Gardens.
Indoor Bulb Culture. S. Leonard Bastin—Am. Homes and Gardens.
A Speculation in Abandoned Farms. A. S. Atkinson—Am. Homes and Gardens.
A Novel Scheme for a Suburban House Proposition. Charles Chauncey—Am. Homes and Gardens.
The Reclamation of Swamp Lands in United States. G. E. Walsh—Cassier's Mag.

Immigration and Emigration.

- A Common-sense View of the Immigration Problem. W. S. Rossiter—North Am. Rev.
Imperial State Aid to Emigration. Charles Stuart-Linton—Empire Rev.
The Judgment of the Stereage. Lewis E. Macbrayne—Harper's Mag.

Investments, Speculation and Finance

- The Regulation of the Stock Exchange. Charles Conant—Atlantic Mthly.
Indian Colonial Investments—Empire Rev.
The Crisis and Panic of 1907. J. F. Johnson—Pol. Science Qu.
Choosing Your Bank. Alexander Dana Noyes—Woman's Home Com.
Proprietary Life Offices—Sat. Rev. (Sept. 5).
Church Finance—Spectator (Sept. 5).

Labor Problems.

- The Labor Unions and the Campaign. Henry White—North Am. Rev.
Labor and the Tariff. Lucius F. C. Garvin—North Am. Rev.
The Labor Vote—World's Work.
Can "Labor" Boycott a Political Party?—World's Work.
Injunction in Labor Disputes. G. G. Groat—Pol. Science Qu.
The British Socialist Party. Edward Porritt—Pol. Science Qu.
The Executive's Telescope. H. A. Springett—System.

Life Stories and Character Sketches.

- Edwin Lawrence Godkin. James Ford Rhodes—Atlantic Mthly.
Anthony Comstock. John R. Meader—Bohemian.
Why We Love Lincoln. James Creelman—Pearson's (Am.)
Captain "Bill" McDonald. Albert Bigelow Paine—Pearson's (Am.)
Some Random Reminiscences of Men and Events. John D. Rockefeller—World's Work.
The Pacifier of the Philippines. Robert H. Murray—World's Work.
The Farmer Governor of Ohio. John A. Kelley—Human Life.
Simon Fraser. R. O. S. Scholefield—Westward Ho.
Three Famous Englishwomen. E. L. Kirton—English Ill.

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Rudolph Eucken. Rev. W. Warschauer—Young Man.
From Candle Factory to British Cabinet. Arthur P. Grubb—Young Man.

Miscellaneous.

A Chronicle of Friendships. Will H. Low—Scribner.
A Hypnotic Fraud. Reginald Turner—Windsor.
The Tragedy of the Marriage Altar. Abram L. Wolbarst, M.D.—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
What We Have Really Found Out About Ourselves. John Corbin—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
When a Club Can do Good Work. Hamilton W. Mahie—Ladies' Home Jrnl.
The Franco-British Exhibition. Bernard Weaver—English Ill.
Pocket Appeal of Premium Wages. W. Poole Dryer, M.E.—System.
The Patent and the Price. Henry Cartwright—System.
How Hunters Might Help the Deer. C. H. King—Rod and Gun.
Historical Sketch of the Toronto Canoe Club.—Rod and Gun.
What Shall I Read? Wilfred Whitten—The Tatler (Sept. 2).
Rome, Then and Now. Rev. Gerald S. Davies—Cornhill.
Amusing the Million. Frederic Thompson—Everybody's.
Around the Bridge Table—Ainslee's.
Every Man has His Own Symphonist. Rupert Hughes—Ainslee's.
The Cholula Pyramid. R. S. Cauvin—Travel Mag.
The Ladder of Life. George H. R. Dabbs, M.D.—Young Man.
Hydraulic and Electric Power for Harbor Work. Brysson Cunningham—Cassier's Mag.
The Supreme Court. Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.—Broadway.
The Present Craze for Dancing—Broadway.
Newspapers—are Trouble-makers. Lindsay Denison—Broadway.
The Adventure of the Silver Greyhound. Aubrey Lanston—Bohemian.
Foreign Criminals in New York. T. A. Bingham—North Am. Rev.
The Fool and the Idiot. Maarten Maarteos—Metropolitan.
Red Tape. Will Adams—Metropolitan.
Reunion and Intercommunion. Archbishop of Melbourne—Cont. Rev.
Our Timber Supplies. A. D. Webster—Cont. Rev.
Canada's Herd of Buffaloes—Can Life and Resources.
Winning an Empire. James Oliver Curwood—Putnam's.

Municipal and Local Government.

The New Ireland—VII. Sydney Brooks.
The Government as an Industrial Peacemaker—World's Work.

The Silent Revolution in Turkey. Dikran Mar-diros Bedikian—World's Work.
Georgia's Barbarous Convict System. Alfred C. Newell—World's Work.
Taft's Record in the Philippines. Robert B. Westcott—Overland Mthly.
The Turkish Revolution. Edwin Pears—Cont. Rev.

Nature and Outdoor Life.

The Oldest Flowers in Cultivation. Thos. Mc-Adam—Garden Mag.
Out-of-doors Training for Army Officers. Maj. L. Macdonald—Recreation.
On the French Shore of Cape Breton. Harry James Smith—Atlantic Mthly.
And We are Glad We Moved into the Country. Frank E. Channon—Suburban Life.
Camp Life for Ladies. J. C. Bristow—Noble—The Throne (Sept. 5).
River and Loek—Scottish Field.
A Dweller on the Hill Tops—Scottish Field.
The Life Story of a Golden Eagle. S. L. Benson—Pearson's (Eng.)

Poetry:

Out in the West. Margaret Erskine—Westward Ho.
The Recognition. Mary Lord—Harper's Mag.
The Wind in the Poplars. Louise Morgan Sill—Harper's Mag.
October. Roscoe Gilmore Stott—Lippincott's.
An Autumn Song. Robert Loveman—Uncle Remus's.
A Beckoning at Sunset. Edith M. Thomas—Atlantic Mthly.
What Makes a Home. Ralph M. Thompson—Gunter's.
To-morrow's Land. Roscoe Gilmore Stott—Putnam's.

Political and Commercial.

The Heart of the United States. James P. Munroe—Atlantic Mthly.
The English Working Woman and the Franchise. Edith Abbott—Atlantic Mthly.
The New Federalism. Henry Wade Rogers—North Am. Rev.
The Regenerated Ottoman Empire. Mundji Bey—North Am. Rev.
Italy and the Triple Alliance. Salvatore Cor-tesi—North Am. Rev.
The World at Large—Metropolitan.
The Turkish Revolution. Viator—Fort. Rev.
Tolstoi and the Tolstolans. Francis Gribble—Fort. Rev.
Australia and the Empire. W. E. Graham—Empire Rev.
A Plea for Unification. Dominion of South Africa. Alfred Barker—Empire Rev.
The King and the Constitution—Contemporary Review.
The Relations of Hungary and Austria. Count Jos. Mailath—Cont. Rev.
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Democracy and the Main Chance. H. W. Boynton—Putnam's.
Present American Politics. J. W. Burgess—Pol. Science Qu.
M. Clemenceau's Hand-measures—Sat. Review, (Sept. 5).
Germany, Morocco and the Powers—Spectator, (Sept. 5).
Japanese Retrenchment—Spectator (Sept. 5).
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The Century of Constitutions. A. Maurice Low—Forum.

Railroads and Transportation.

Enforced Railroad Competition. Ray Morris—Atlantic Mthly.
Lighting the Path of the Motor Car. Herbert L. Towle—Suburban Life.
Repairs by the Roadside. Fred D. Taylor—House and Garden.
The Aeroplane and its Future. Henri Farman—Metropolitan.
The Good Roads Campaign. P. N. Beringer—Overland Mthly.
The Royal Yacht Alexandra—Overland Mthly.
The Needs of the Railroads. L. G. McPherson—Pol. Science Qu.

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Talks About the Sunday School Lessons. Dean Hodges—Ladies' Home Jnl.
\$200 For Church Workers—Ladies' Home Jnl.

Science and Invention.

The Wonderland of Delirium. Charles Roman—American Mag.
The Most Famous Medium in the World. Rupert Hughes—Pearson's (Am.)
The Paradox of Research. John G. Hibben—North Am. Rev.
The New Theory of Organic Life. James R. Kendall—Pacific Mthly.
Osteopathy. E. M. Downing—Metropolitan.
The New Drydocks at Mare Island. Billie Glynn—Overland Mthly.
Wireless Telegraphy—Can. Life and Resources.
New Work in Biology—Sat. Rev. (Sept. 5).
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American Duck Hunting. Ernest McGahey—Recreation.
To North Pole Lake for Caribou. James L. Pequin—Recreation.
America and the Olympic Games—Recreation.
Deer Hunting on the Taquamenon—Recreation.
Duck Shooting for the Upland Hunter. Samuel C. Camp—Recreation.
Some Ways of Hanging up a Deer. John Boyd—Recreation.
Canoeing. Walter Mayfield—Uncle Remus's.
Mountain Climbing in Mexico. Edmund O. Hoyer—Outing.
The Cricket Season, 1908. E. H. D. Sewell—Fort. Rev.

The Wildest Corner of Mexico. William Hornaday—Scribner.
How to Swim and Dive. C. Holland—Badminton.
Big Game Shooting of the White Nile. H. G. M. Railston—Badminton.
Hunting Countries for Men of Moderate Means. C. E. Rumbold—Badminton.
Does Golf Affect Cricket? Sir Home Gordon—Badminton.
How to Become an Archer. Maud F. Drummond—Badminton.
Driving Fish by Sound. Major H. A. Forbes Knapp—Badminton.
What America Spends on College Athletics. Walter Camp—Windsor.
Holiday Making on Old Roads. T. W. Wilkinson—Windsor.
A Successful Sporting Trip in the North. Dr. J. W. Marshall—Rod and Gun.
Provincial Ministers in New Brunswick Woods—Rod and Gun.
A Deer Hunt on Deer River. Geo. Broadway—Rod and Gun.
Salmon in the Northland—Rod and Gun.
Deer Vanishing Deer. Dr. V. A. Hart—Rod and Gun.
Deer Stalkers and Deer Stalking. Alex I. McConnochie—The Throne (Sept. 5).
Otter Hunting. L. C. R. Cameron—The Throne (Sept. 5).

The Stage.

The Spanish Drama of To-day. Elizabeth Wallace—Atlantic Mthly.
The Playwright and the Playgoers. Brander Matthews—Atlantic Mthly.
When They Smile and When They Don't—Bohemian.
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When East Meets West. Patrick Vaux—Bohemian.
Are We to Abandon Pacific Traffic?—World's Work.
A Trip Through Africa. S. P. Verner—World's Work.
The De La Guerra Mansion. Catherine R. Hamlin—House and Garden.

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- The Business Woman. James H. Collins—
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If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry:
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by-and-by
A good time might get started:
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me.

—A. M. T.

A Bottle Fashioned After Mother Earth

THE INVENTIVE mind, ever studying the forces and laws of nature, conceives great things to which a practical expression is now and then given that startles the world. The underlying principles of wind and moisture, heat and light, expansion and contraction, have been mastered to minister to man's comfort or add to his length of days. To recount the numerous devices that have been offered during the last score of years would cause the average student to ask in amazement if the age of discovery would ever end? Some of the innovations have expired at their birth, while others have fought their way to the forefront after years of failure and disappointment. Merit in the end is generally recognized, and rarely, if ever, is downed in the struggle for supremacy. Electricity, heat, cold and light have been all bottled in some form or other, but to create a bottle itself, that will preserve whatever is put into it at either high or low temperature for hours, yes, days, is a distinct advance in the march of progress and science. This bottle, so unique, consists of two glass bottles, one inside the other, both being joined at the neck. Between the two there is an air space. From this space or division all the air has been extracted, thus forming a vacuum as nearly complete as possible. This is the secret why the bottle will keep liquids ice cold all day, or things boiling hot for hours. Whatever you put in the bottle at a certain temperature, high or low, remains at that temperature, no matter what the weather may be.

For instance, a workman going off in the morning can fill the bottle with hot coffee and find it hot at noon on a cold winter day. A woman going out to the park with a child can put cool milk in the bottle and find it cool hours afterwards, even though it may have lain upon the grass in the hot sunlight.

While these statements may seem at first rather startling and incomprehensible to the lay mind, they are, after all, very simple when thought out. The explanation of the principle is not difficult to understand, even though no chemicals, no artificial heat or no ice is required by this wonderful bottle to keep hot fluids hot for twenty-four hours, or cold liquids cold for seventy-two hours or three days. The season has no effect on the contents and the bottle can be used alike in the sick room, at luncheons, traveling, picnicking and other pursuits of pleasure or business.

The bottle is constructed in such a way as to prevent heat from coming out or from going in. If you put hot stuff inside the bottle the heat cannot come out. If you put cold stuff inside the bottle the heat cannot go in and

spoil its coldness. And this is because the bottle is built upon the lines of the earth on which you live.

Heat does not travel through a vacuum. Heat can no more go from one side to another of a chamber containing no air than you could go from one side to another of a room containing no floor. The mysterious thing we call heat must move from one atom of the air to the next, and so on. If you take the air out of a space surrounding the bottle the heat can neither go out nor go in, and therefore the inside must stay at the original temperature. There could be only a slight loss or addition of heat at the neck where the two are joined.

You may ask, "What has that to do with the way our earth is constructed?" It has everything to do with it. This earth and the water on it, and the air around it, are supplied with a certain amount of heat. The inside of the earth is supposed to be very hot, perhaps boiling hot. In any case we have only a limited amount of heat here, in addition to that which comes to us from the sun in the daytime, and that sun heat is a mystery—we know nothing of its nature or how it gets here. But we do know that the amount of heat which we possess in the earth itself is limited. And we know that the only thing that saves us is the fact that the earth is built like the Thermos bottle with a vacuum all around it, and the heat cannot go out through that vacuum.

There is no such thing in the world as a real vacuum. Nothing could be absolutely empty. But around us there is a good enough vacuum—that is to say, there is the mass of ether, so-called, a substance so thin that we can hardly conceive of it. Through this ether our earth rolls, carrying its atmosphere and its heat along with it. And after millions of years of rolling we have got almost as much heat as we started out with. We have lost only just enough of it to give a crust to our earth and make our life possible. And millions of years from now, thanks to this almost complete vacuum and non-conductor of heat surrounding us, we shall still have the heat with us.

This ether that surrounds us, and in which our warm earth travels, is inconceivably cold. If you could get to the top of this atmosphere—it is not so many miles high—and stick your head out into that ether your head would be frozen solid in about a hundredth part of a second. If our atmosphere should vanish, and if the cold ether should close down and come in contact with our earth, all the oceans and lakes would become solid lumps of ice, and every living thing would instantly be frozen stiff.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

During the past month the best selling books were:—

Canada.

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Prima Donna. By F. M. Crawford.
Somehow Good. By Wm. de Morgan.
Heart of a Child. By Frank Danby.
Jack Spurlock. By G. H. Lorimer.

United States.

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Barrier. By Rex Beach.
Coast of Chance. By E. and L. Chamberlain.
Wayfarers. By Cutting.
Halfway House. By Maurice Hewlett.

SOME NOTES OF INTEREST.

F. Hopkinson Smith's new novel, "Peter," is now on the market, and is decidedly entertaining.

October 15 is announced as the date of publication of John Fox's new novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Dr. W. H. Drummond's posthumous book, "The Great Fight," which will be ready very shortly, has had a big advance sale.

The Musson Book Co. are bringing out a Canadian novel this fall entitled, "The Harvest of Moloch," the work of Mrs. J. K. Lawson.

"The Duke's Motto," by J. H. McCarthy, in the style of "If I Were King," is being issued in a second edition, the first being already exhausted.

"The Last of the Plainsmen," by Zane Grey, contains the remarkable story of a wonderful hunter, who used only a lasso in his hunting. It is illustrated with photographs.

Norman Duncan, whose Labrador stories have been so popular, has written another romance of that barren land, entitled, "Every Man for Himself," which will appear this fall.

Rev. George Jackson, pastor of Sherborne St. Methodist church, Toronto, has issued in book form the Gale lectures, which he delivered in the spring of this year at Vanderbilt University.

"The Firing Line," by R. W. Chambers, was issued late in August, and since its appearance it has undoubtedly been popular. The first edition was exhausted within a week of publication.

William Briggs, Toronto, will publish in October a novel by a Canadian lady, entitled "My Lady of the Snows," which is said to possess considerable merit. It is being published anonymously.

The American publishers of "Cy. Whitaker's Place," by Joseph C. Lincoln, believe that they have got another "David Harum" in this amusing book. They have prepared a first edition of 50,000 copies.

Among the new fall fiction is "A Spirit in Prison," by Robert Hichens. This will be followed by "The Wild Geese," by Stanley J. Weyman, and "The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne," by Joseph Hocking.

A new edition of "Comrades Two," a novel by Elizabeth Freemantle, an Englishwoman now resident in the Qu'Appelle Valley, is being prepared. It will be illustrated in colors, with photographs. The book is compared favorably with "The Lady of the Decoration." Its scene is laid in Western Canada.

A Port Hope doctor, Geo. A. Dickinson, who has studied the boy problem all his life, has written a little volume of his impressions and observations, entitled, "Your Boy." A better book on the subject could not be put into the hands of parents, teachers, magistrates and ministers.

The Westminster Company, Toronto, who are the publishers of Ralph Connor's books, are devoting more and more attention to the publication of books by Canadian authors. This fall they will bring out a new story by Marian Keith, entitled, "Treasure Valley," which is said to be a very fine piece of work. They will also publish this fall a posthumous work by the late Principal Caven, of Knox College, Toronto, entitled, "Christ's Teachings Concerning the Last Things." While they will not have a new novel by Ralph Connor this season, they will publish in book form a shorter composition from his pen called, "The Angel and the Star."

"The Tercentenary History of Canada" is the title of an important work by Frank Basil

Tracy, a Boston Journalist, which has come quietly on the market, but the sale of which is to be vigorously pushed by Collier's Weekly in this country. It is a complete history of Canada in three volumes, and contains over 1,000 pages. From Jacques Cartier to Wilfrid Laurier, the tale of Canada's life is told in popular narrative form. Mr. Tracy, who is a leader writer on the Boston Transcript, spends his summers in Canada, mostly in Quebec, and has thus been inspired to write the country's history from an outsider's standpoint.

The newspapers of Russia appeared on Sept. 10 almost without exception, as Tolstoi jubilee numbers, and published pages devoted to his



H. Addington Bruce

A Torontonian in New York who has Attracted Much Notice Recently in the Book World by his Volume "The Riddle of Personality."

life, criticisms of his literary work and anecdotes of his career. Many of the articles naturally were phrased in terms of extravagant adulation, but in general the criticisms were discriminating and just. Count Leo Tolstoi, novelist, author and social reformer, celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth at his home in Yasnaya Poliana. The celebrations throughout Russia of the count's birth were less widespread than was the original intention of his countless admirers, and the prime reason of this was the opposition of the Russian Government and the orthodox Russian church.

Since Mrs. Humphrey Ward has announced her disbelief in woman's fitness to vote, and Israel Zangwill, an old suffrage convert, has declared contrariwise that it is no greater than man's, William Dean Howells has also declared himself. "In my opinion," says Mr. Howells, "suf-

frage for women is bound to come. There are many arguments against it, but no reasons." Can it be that we are on the eve of a battle of the books on this ground? It is evident that it is to be no mere conflict of sex.

Wilbur D. Nesbitt, author of the short stories and verses which have become known chiefly through Harper's Magazine, has left his home in Evanston, Ill., for a sojourn in Canada. Mr. Nesbitt, with Mrs. Nesbitt and their children, will camp at Lake Temagami and the Lake of Bays—"rusticating," as the writer puts it, "among the bears, Injuns, wolves and black bass."

The publishing house of L. C. Page & Co., Boston, have made a notable name for themselves as patrons of Canadian literature. They are the publishers of all the books of Charles G. D. Roberts and his brother, Theodore Roberts, and recently have exploited a new Prince Edward Island writer, Miss L. M. Montgomery, whose charming story "Anne of Green Gables," has been so well received in many quarters.

"Acadian Lays and Other Verse," by Wm. Ingliss Morse, Toronto: William Briggs. This book of verse is unexceptionable in appearance and manufacture. Indeed, so tempting in appearance are the books of poems that William Briggs produces that one is afraid that their physical perfections will lead to some forgetfulness of the authors and their text. Clothed in garments of such style, nearly any sort of verse looks at least respectable. There is, however, about this volume of Mr. Morse's verses a feature that we do not remember to have seen before. It is interlined with blank pages, arising from the fact that it is printed on one side of the paper only. This will allow of notes being written by the reader who on reading the poems again and again discovers in them new beauties.

The thousand dollar prize offered by the Bohemian Magazine for the best short stories have brought out the rather interesting fact that a knowledge of short story writing is surprisingly general. The editor of the Bohemian states though hundreds of manuscripts have been received in competition for the prizes, a remarkably small number in comparison with former contests held by the same magazine, are downright bad. Indeed, the most of them evidence a knowledge of English grammar and a fair understanding on the part of the writers of how a short story should be told. Twenty years ago, or even ten, this was not so.

The higher grade of excellence of the manuscripts in the present competition is accounted for, the editor of the Bohemian thinks, by the fact that the reading of stories has become the chief literary pursuit of Americans. Men and women, who have read widely of fiction, long or short, and who also have had a life with experiences somewhat out of the ordinary are thus well equipped to tell their story directly and fairly well.

The Bohemian has already received several

THE BUSY MAN'S BOOKSHELF

short stories by unknown writers of a striking order of merit and the editors are confidently expecting that a new record in the number of manuscripts received will be made when it becomes generally understood by the public that this competition is open for all writers, that the best story will win the prize by whomsoever submitted.

Great interest has been aroused by the announcement that a collection of poems and sketches by the late Dr. W. H. Drummond is shortly to be published and is at present in press. It will be called "The Great Fight," the title of one of the poems, and will consist of a collection of poems and sketches. It will also contain a biography prepared by his wife.

Prof. Egerton's new book on Canada has created a favorable impression. The London Times, in a recent review of the volume, says in part: "The author has a thorough grasp of his subject, and gives the facts as fairly established by the latest research without bias or prejudice, from an English point of view, but not so English as to be partial or to give offence either to ultra-colonial Canadians or in any other chapter. Each chapter has a useful bibliographical appendix. The volume is furnished with what, after test, seems to be a first-class index and with a series of maps, rough, but adequate, which are judiciously selected to illustrate the successive stages in the growth of the Dominion, the chief danger to which now 'seems,' Prof. Egerton thinks, 'to arise from its own too great prosperity.'"

Earnings of authors are frequent subjects of speculation. A bona fide sale of 100,000 copies of a novel means royalties of not less than \$15,000 to the author, if he is a comparatively new man. That is on a basis of ten per cent. of the list price, which is ordinarily \$1.50. A writer of established position whose books have a certain sale can command 20 per cent. Yet comparatively few novels bring a return to their authors exceeding \$1,000 each, so that the writer of contemporary fiction performs a labor of love in producing a book. He is relatively fortunate in finding a publisher who will issue it without some form of guarantee against loss. In view of this fact, it is significant that the royalties received by a writer of law books living in Philadelphia from his publications in the past two years approximate \$50,000. From a single work in several volumes not intended for the profession the returns have exceeded those of any novelist who has published within the past two years, excepting possibly Winston Churchill and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Two distinguished visitors in the west recently were Miss Agnes C. Laut, a Canadian girl well known through the medium of Scribner, Harper's and other magazines, and her friend, Miss Simpson, niece of Sir Geo. Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company's service. The young ladies are enroute from Edmonton to Winnipeg in search of adventure, knowledge of the country past and present, pleasure and health. A glimpse at the sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks will convince the observer that there is no dearth of the latter, and a few minutes' conversation will reveal that adventure and pleasure are synonymous terms in the vocabulary of these damsels, who are living over again, with every fresh bend in the river, experiences of the early Hudson's Bay explorer.

Mr. John Stuart Thomson, who is by birth and education a Montrealer, is winning rapid success with his short stories in New York.



Miss Edith Wharton
The Well Known and Popular American Novelist.

The "Metropolitan Magazine," which published his story, "Wang's Horseshoes," in their May, 1908, issue, in their advertisement in the August number pronounce his story, "Excommunicated," which they will issue in September, as "reminiscent of Kipling at his best." Mr. Thomson is the author of the many sketches of Oriental travel which have appeared in the Montreal Gazette in recent years, and is also the author of two successful books of verse, "Estabelle," and a "Day's Song," issued by Wm. Briggs, Toronto, which were published shortly after he left McGill College for New York, where he now resides.

Humor in the Magazines

The customs of military service require officers to visit the kitchens during cooking hours to see that the soldiers' food is properly prepared. One old colonel, who let it be pretty generally known that his orders must be obeyed without question or explanation, once stopped two soldiers who were carrying a soup kettle out of a kitchen.

"Here, you," he growled, "give me a taste of that."

One of the soldiers ran and fetched a ladle and gave the colonel the desired taste. The colonel spat and spluttered.

"Good heavens, man! You don't call that stuff soup, do you?"

"No, sir," replied the soldier meekly. "It's dish water we was emptyin' sir."

In New York's Mexican colony they were praising at a recent dinner Pedro Alvarado, of Parral, who had just given \$2,000,000 to the poor.

"He was poor himself," said a broker. "That is why he is now kind to the poor. A splendid fellow. Whenever I go back to Mexico I look him up."

"Alvarado likes to tell the quaint experiences of his days of poverty.

"In Mexico City he once pointed to a bakery and said to me:

"You see that bakery? Well, as I looked for work one morning early, I saw a tramp on hands and knees at the grating above the ovens.

"A policeman appeared. He tapped with his stick the seat of the tramp's trousers."

"Here, you move on," he said sternly.

"That's inhuman, mister," whined the tramp. "I'm just inhalin' my breakfast."

One of four beautiful sisters was in conversation with a young gentleman who did not seem able to concentrate his affections upon any particular one of them.

"Yes," she said, "I have been working in the kitchen all day. Mother thinks it is wonderful how I have learned to cook. I baked bread and pies to-day, and besides that I prepared the dinner, as it was the cook's day off."

"Is that so?" said the young man. "Miss Gladys," he continued, while she tried not to look expectant, "there is a question I want to ask you, and on your reply will depend much of my future happiness."

"And what is it?" she asked, getting a little nearer to him.

"I'm thinking of proposing to one of your sisters; will you make your home with us?"

The Sunday school was about to be dismissed, when the superintendent arose, to the disgust of nearly all the children, who thought the session had been long enough, and announced, "And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Smith, who will give us a short talk."

Mr. Smith smilingly arose and, after gazing impressively around the classroom began with, "I hardly know what to say," when the whole school was convulsed to hear a small, thin voice back in the rear lip:

"Thay amen and thit down!"

The gaudily dressed lady street car passenger had just placed her bag of freshly popped corn conveniently at her side and opened a novel, that she might read and eat simultaneously, when a big son of the Emerald Isle swung into the car and plumped himself down directly on the open bag.

"Sir!" she cried, slamming her book and casting dagger's looks at her offender, "you're sitting on my corn!"

"Sure," ejaculated the Irishman jumping to his feet, his face suffused, "O! niver expected ye had y'r foot up there!"

A nervous commuter, on his dark, lonely way home from the railroad station, heard footsteps behind him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being followed. He increased his speed. The footsteps quickened accordingly. The commuter darted down a lane. The footsteps still pursued him. In desperation he vaulted over a fence and, rushing into a churchyard, threw himself panting on one of the graves.

"If he follows me here," he thought fearfully, "there can be no doubt as to his intentions."

The man behind was following. He could hear him scrambling over the fence. Visions of highwaymen, maniacs, garroters and the like flashed through his brain. Quivering with fear the nervous one arose and faced his pursuer.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Wh-wh-why are you following me?"

"Say," asked the stranger, mopping his brow, "do you always go home like this, or are you giving yourself a special treat to-night? I'm going up to Mr. Brown's and the man at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse my asking you, but is there much more to do before we get there?"

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Improvements in Office Devices

Steel Office Furniture.

OFFICE furniture made of steel is rapidly gaining in favor in business houses. In the United States many large concerns have adopted steel office furniture entirely, especially where there are fireproof buildings.

Business men have felt the necessity of something more substantial than wooden filing cabinets to protect their valuable records from fire and theft. This want is now filled by cabinets of steel construction.

While these steel cabinets have been on the market for some years, it is only very recently



that cabinets of the requisite strength and fire-proof qualities have been made in sufficiently light material and simplicity of design to bring the price within reach of every business house.

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Limited, are making steel cabinets in very attractive designs. The cabinets are made in three sizes to hold bill, letter and cap size papers. Nothing but steel is used in the construction and the result is an ideal filing cabinet. Steel cabinets for holding card index forms are also made in various sizes by this firm.

A Unique Order Book.

The Simple Account Salesbook Co., Fremont, Ohio, U.S.A., are about to place in the market the Keith slip system to keep the accounts of retail merchants in a simple, practical and

economic manner. With the old style slip systems, it is always necessary in order to locate an account, to refer to the index and hunt the name and the number, then the number of the leaf, and finally pick it out from among ten or twenty accounts exposed to view.

These weaknesses have been overcome in the Keith slip system. Metal slip holders are placed in the pocket of the cabinet, each holder being designed for the retention of charges against a particular customer. The name of the customer is printed upon the name-card inserted in the grooves at the top of the holder. The names of your customers are arranged alphabetically in the cabinet, beginning at the upper left-hand corner with "A," following on down the row of pockets with "B," "C," etc., and ending diagonally across the cabinet. The name-cards that are inserted in the grooves of these holders are of different colors. One color is used for letter "A," another for letter "B," and the alternation of these colors is continued through the following letters of the alphabet in their respective order. With this color scheme as an auxiliary to the alphabetical arrangement of the names in the cabinet, the system is made even more than self-indexing, and placing your hands upon the proper account becomes almost automatic. On account of the self-indexing feature of this system there is no loss of time, whatever, occasioned in locating an account. This system is strictly one-writing. The order taken on the road or in the store becomes your permanent record. All there is to do is to write the order, add to it the balance due, as shown on last slip of register. When taking the order you make a permanent charge for yourself, post your accounts up-to-the-minute and thus complete your book-keeping.

A Fountain Shading Pen.

The automatic fountain attachment for shading pens, the invention of C. A. Faust, is very simple in its attachment and operation, and has met with much praise on the part of sign writers and others using a shading pen, as providing an article of great convenience. It is also a great time-saver and thus increases the amount of work which an artist can turn out.

The ink feed is uniform and constant, being positively assured by a pumping action imparted by a valve pin which pushes valve up when pressure is made upon pen points or blade. The perfection of the device is further completed by a screw which regulates the valve chamber, as

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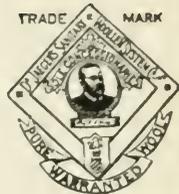
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required to get the right amount of ink, according to size of pen and consistency of ink being used. The pen is manufactured and sold by C. A. Faust, Auto Pen & Ink Mfg. Co., 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The Polygraph.

The polygraph is a new duplicating machine on the market and merits proper attention by the business world. Like the better class of duplicating machines, it prints from type, through an inked ribbon, against a rubber roll and thus perfect typewritten letters in duplicate is the result. The name and address is filled in on typewriter. As the type and ribbon on the typewriter and duplicating machine matches a perfect letter is obtained. The polygraph is very simple, durable and efficient, having no complex mechanism. The Polygraph people want their machine to sell on its merit and invite comparison with any other similar machine. It is a very valuable appliance for typewritten circular work or for printing office forms, etc. As is stated in their advertisement in this number, the Polygraph seems to be a practical machine at a practical price.

Two New Models.

The well-known progressiveness of the Monarch typewriter people is again in evidence. They have lately added two new models to the already large Monarch visible family. The first has a carriage holding paper eleven inches wide and writing a line eight and six-tenths inches long. This model appeals to practically every line of business, as it accommodates the widest commercial envelopes and almost all the ordinary loose-leaf forms. It is especially suit-

able for legal work, as it feeds the largest conveyancing forms. The unique and famous reversible tabulator for complicated billing is also built into this model.

The second addition has probably the longest carriage of any commercial typewriter. It takes in paper thirty-two and one-half inches wide and writes a line thirty and a half inches. It is more especially applicable to insurance and railroad work. Owing to the excellent principle of rigid carriage construction of the Monarch Visible, this mammoth typewriter operates as lightly and as easily as the smaller models.

The Monarch family now consists of the following carriage lengths: No. 2, 9½ inches; No. 3, 11 inches; No. 3-A, 12½ inches; No. 3-B, 14½ inches; No. 3-C, 18½ inches; No. 3-D, 22½ inches; No. 3-E, 26½ inches; No. 3-F, 32½ inches.

This is a remarkable showing in view of the fact that the first Monarch Visible typewriters were made but a little over three and a half years ago.

The Value of Business Shows.

The increasing number of business shows is an index of the popularity of such exhibitions. Their value cannot be gauged in dollars and cents, and every retailer, wholesaler and manufacturer should make it a point to devote to such shows an afternoon or evening. The time will be spent with profit to himself in acquiring a knowledge of what the brains of the world bring forth for his benefit. More than that, he should make a point of requesting every employe he has to spend an evening in becoming posted on the different machines and systems. One small idea picked up at the exhibition generated into dollars means increased profits in his business.

