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JOLLY TARS IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

167200

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XIX TORONTO NOVEMBER 1909

No. 1



Changes in the Royal Navy

The Advent of the Engineer-Sailor

By

CHARLES GLEIG

In view of the legislation likely to be introduced at the approaching session of the Dominion Parliament looking towards the establishment of a Canadian Navy, the following article is particularly timely. It demonstrates how the character of the British Navy is rapidly changing, how science is taking a strong hold on its administration and how the men who man the ships are becoming more highly trained.

NOT long since the present writer encountered in the High Street of Kensington an old shipmate who had recently retired upon a moderate pension. I had known him well twenty years previously, as a jovial young surgeon of a gunboat on the China station; but now he was middle-aged, his once

handsome face was not a little lined and battered, and he bore upon his visiting card the sonorous title:

"Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets."

Aware that he had quitted the Service, I asked him presently whether he regretted his retirement. He stopped short, and gazing across the

street with a far-away look in his eyes, replied thoughtfully, "Often, as I lie upon my comfortable spring mattress, I dream that I'm waiting for a boat at the end of a cold, wet pier." I was answered. It was very plain that my friend the "D.I.G." had had his fill of seafaring and wet piers.

Now and again, it is true, you may chance upon a pensioned veteran in whose blood the call of the sea still echoes, who longs for employment, finds no enduring joy in spring mattresses, chafes at his moorings, and grumbles about the monotony of retirement. One has met such sturdy spirits, but they are rare; for the truth is, that the song of the sirens grows dim in the ears of middle-aged men, while the appeal of the club arm-chair is persistent and satisfying.

Stout Robert Blake was fifty years old when he began his unique career at sea, Columbus, but five years younger when he sailed upon his great voyage of discovery, and Lord Howe was hard upon seventy on the "Glorious First of June." None the less, the appeal of the sea life is to the young, and, on the lower deck especially, you will ever find the grey beard out of tune with his unwelcome environment, and growling for the solid comforts of dry land.

But, while the glamour of the naval life has always appealed to restless youth, one inclines to doubt whether the sirens sing as enticingly to-day as they did even thirty years ago. Thirty years is but a span in the long history of our navy, but great have been the changes in the mode of life afloat since the writer touched his cap to the quarter deck of a primitive ironclad launched in 1862. That good ship, a flagship in the Channel, was protected against the muzzle-loading guns of the day by four inches of soft iron. Her simple engines lent her a speed of ten knots, and these were quaintly

supplemented (though no man held it quaint then) by three towering masts, upon which could be spread a cloud of spotless canvas. The main-yard measured a hundred and five feet from yard-arm to yard-arm; but our highest speed under all plain sail was something under five knots!

Even then certain engineer officers held it childish to clap sail upon steam-driven ironclads, but nobody heeded their cautious sneers. The Admiralty clung to sail for some years after I went afloat in 1878, abandoning them at last with a strange reluctance, and amid the head-shaking and lamentations of all the retired admirals and captains sheltered by the Service clubs. It was all too clear to those veterans that a mastless navy was going to the dogs.

I recall vividly my first glimpse of that Channel flagship. She lay in Portland Roads with five other masted anachronisms of the day, as I approached here in a waterman's boat laden with my sea-chest. The hour was 7.30 a.m., and at that moment five thousand men and officers stood motionless upon the upper decks of the battleships, awaiting the signal that should announce the morning "evolution." Seventy years had passed since Trafalgar, but the grandsons of the Nelsonian era were still playing at the old seamanship with an extraordinary enthusiasm I crept aft unnoticed, and watched from beneath the poop the whole swift and amazing process of making full sail upon a fleet of steam-ironclads. The act was accomplished in about three minutes—three minutes of organized stampede and apparent confusion, and amid silence only broken by the clarion bellowings of the commanders. Once, I remember, a bugle sounded. Something had gone wrong, and every man stood like a statue, while the little commander on the poop rebuked a small section of the crew. Two harsh

CHANGES IN THE ROYAL NAVY



(Photo: Gale & Polde - Amen Corner, E.C.)

MAKING CLOTHES FOR THE SHIP'S COMPANY



(Photo: R. A. Silk, Portsmouth.)

A QUIET AFTERNOON'S FISHING



(Photo: Stephen Cribb, Southsea)

AFTER A CRUISE IN FOREIGN WATERS — JACK AND HIS PETS

notes from the bugle completed the brief homily, and instantly the wild stampede was resumed. When all was over, the towering mast, clad with canvas, the crew, panting and sweating, fell in double rank on both sides of the long unbroken deck, and a great silence fell upon the whole fleet. Day by day, and sometime during three hours at a stretch, the crews of that period competed against each other in the performance of mast and sail drills, which had for thirty years ceased to possess practical utility. We clung, you see, to the old seamanship that had made England glorious from the days of Drake; did our best to forget the engines and boilers, and treated the engineers like pariah dogs.

I dwell upon this fetish of old-world seamanship because it so greatly influenced the mode of life afloat for thirty years after the Crimean War. We resisted beyond belief the inevitable change from sail to steam, trying desperately to preserve all manner of decayed institutions, manners and customs, handed down from the era of wood and canvas. On a fair average we killed a man per week over those ancient exercises; but the mode of death was not inglorious, and the victims were buried with considerable ceremony. I well remember a fore-royal yardman of our ship, who risked his life twice daily for the honor of the fore-topmen, performing feats of agility that might have shaken the nerve of a baboon. In the end he perished, falling upon the foc'sle from a height of 150 feet. But the admiral attended the funeral, and we subscribed nearly fifty pounds for his mother, besides sending her a photograph of his tombstone.

The cult of old fashioned seamanship hardened the muscles and nerves, and kept science at bay. The middies of that day were required by the regulations to study mathe-

matics behind a canvas screen between the hours of 9.30 and 11.30 a.m., but we seldom averaged more than five hours' schooling per week, owing to the higher demands of the general evolution. Then, too, if your boat was called away you shut your books with a light heart and eagerly assumed command of her. We lived a great deal in the boats when the ship lay in harbor, and few of the senior officers took our mathematics seriously. A few gunnery and torpedo lieutenants who have since risen high in the service were conspicuous even in those days by their studious habits, or their grip upon science; but not a few captains distrusted them and privately condemned them as "x chasing muffs," hardly to be entrusted in foul weather with the reefing of a topsail.

There are flag officers and captains now serving, who went through this mill of "fool" seamanship without discovering its futility; but it must be difficult for the present day commanders and lieutenants to realise that the British Navy was shifting topsails and running the whole gamut of Nelsonian seamanship less than thirty years ago. High credit is all the more due to admirals and captains who have adapted themselves, chameleon-wise, to the sweeping changes of the past three decades. It is fair to add that foreign navies also clung almost as long to a somewhat inferior brand of "fool" seamanship. If the Royal Navy was grotesquely behind the times with its masted steamships and ancient drills, so, too, were all foreign navies. Only a year or two before the writer went afloat H.M.S. Captain, a masted and heavily rigged steam turret-ship, capsized under sail in the Bay of Biscay; and in 1879 I saw the grisly wreck of the Eurydice raised from the bottom of the Solent. We continued to play with sails for some years afterwards,

CHANGES IN THE ROYAL NAVY

and to drill at repelling boarders with pikes and tomahawks!

But those were, after all is said, jolly days. We took our worn-out seamanship seriously, but the strenuous, nerve-straining years of scientific training for war were postponed. We maintained two fleets, the Channel and the Mediterranean, in both of which the spirit of competition involved hard work; but the navy was widely scattered in every sea, and it was this system of distribution that colored the life and differentiated it, in the main, from the strenuous fleet cruising life of to-day. Detached service was the general rule, fleet cruising the rare exception, on all foreign stations from China to Peru. Under an easy-going skipper this meant that officers—and in lesser degree the men—normally enjoyed good times—real good times, seldom possible now. We sailed from port to port (within the wide limits of the station) lingering pleasantly in hospitable harbors, smiled upon by the fair, royally entertained by the Colonists. There were balls and junketings, cricket and shooting, long easy spells in port, and “hatpegs” at our disposal in many hospitable houses, enlivened by gracious women. A flagship often swung lazily at her moorings for six months at a stretch; the admiral comfortably settled ashore in “Admiralty House,” while leave in plenty was granted to the officers, and especially to those who cultivated sport or society. It was considered meritorious to go in for shooting, fishing, dancing, or cricket; indeed, many an officer won promotion in these pleasant by-ways of the naval life. Those who neglected sport and society were, indeed, often penalised; for they were expected to stay on board and look after the routine.

To-day, if I am rightly informed, little of all this junketing survives. The life grows uniformly strenuous,

even a trifle grey, under our system of fleet work and with the decay of detached service. The fleets abroad have all been cut down, so that officers and men spend the bulk of their time in Home waters, and no small part of it in barracks. To the younger men this is no boon; it is even monotonous, and it is assuredly more expensive. Before German competition obliged us to concentrate in Home waters, navel men used to sigh for home billets; now, with the usual “cussedness” of human nature, they have too much of “Home, sweet Home,” and long for the sight of a cocoa-nut tree—the smell of a foreign port. In the merry days of foreign service, when one saw the flagship once or twice in a year at most, Jack and a few of his officers usually contrived to bank a tidy sum of money against the glad day of paying off at home. True, there was no prize-money, and there were often “duns” to be pacified at Portsmouth and Plymouth; but there was usually enough over to set the pretty sweethearts and wives “A trip, trip, tripping on the Quay” and to ensure the wanderers a tender welcome home.

In the course of a long commission an A.B. of my acquaintance stored £120 in the Admiralty Savings Bank, the secret being that he owned a sewing machine and turned out caps that were the admiration of the ship’s company. One may admit that the average officer did not return with any balance worth mentioning, but he did at least contrive to reduce the long bill of the patient outfitter of the Common Hard or Devonport. Three months in old England was quite long enough to tax the nerve of one’s banker—then off again to China or the Pacific, before credit was wholly exhausted. And, after all, old England can be quite dull when the balance runs dry and kindly uncles have been completely tapped. Married men

grumbled at the too short spells of Home Service—one has to admit that—but the active list is in the main, a youthful force; and the sailor who marries under thirty hardly deserves to be considered. To-day, I am told, there is too much Home Service, even to please the "bundle-men." One wonders what the wives think about it. But they are hardly likely to be quite candid. There is a certain dreary anchorage, termed, I believe, "Cats' Hole," where reserve battleships and cruisers of the Home Fleet swing monotonously at their moorings during many months of the year. "Cats' Hole" (if I have the name correctly), is situated near the rich mudflats of the Medway, and about three miles from everything else. It is not, I am told, a popular anchorage, so that strenuous fleet-cruising comes as an exciting relief to those "nucleus" crews who normally pace the decks, watching the golden haze of afternoon lighting up the purple mud. True, you may also watch the barges tacking with the tide, and exchange marine compliments with the gifted bargee. But even that diversion has been known to pall. "Give me the West Coast and a little shooting over a nice malarious swamp!" growled a "nucleus" crew lieutenant whom I lately met on Sheerness pier. Life is much pleasanter, no doubt, at most of the Home ports and barracks, but there is no detached service, and the fleets are constantly cruising or drilling. Rightly so, of course, for our navy is strenuously making ready and takes its work very seriously. My point is, that the life is necessarily less jolly and varied than formerly, but one respects the increased energy and zeal everywhere manifest in the British Navy of to-day.

Take, for instance, gunnery. Everybody knows, or should know, what gunnery means now in our navy: how the example of one dis-

tinguished expert, whose name has become a household word throughout the Empire, fanned into a steady blaze the slumbering enthusiasm of the whole service. This awakening of our navy to the value of straight and rapid shooting constitutes by far the most striking change that has occurred for half a century. The new skill involves a great deal of hard work and intelligence, both of which were formerly expended upon "fool" seamanship and the polishing of brass. As one looks back it appears amazing that bad shooting was accepted as a matter of course only a few years ago. The guns were good of their kind, but the quarterly practice enforced by regulations was universally regarded as a nuisance. We fired at a small red flag, attached to a pole embedded in a rum cask. Steaming round this almost invisible target, the range varying between 1,000 and 1,400 yards, it was only now and again that the gun captains obtained a clear glimpse of the little red flag rising and falling with the ocean swell. They had to watch for it through a narrow gun-port, across which drifted the smoke from other guns on the broadside. Actual hits were not encouraged, for the shattering of the rum-cask involved delay and the dropping of a fresh target. Rapidity of fire was the main objective, because everybody, except the gunnery lieutenant regarded the practice as a noisy nuisance. When a gunner pitched his shot conspicuously short of the bobbing mark, he was mildly reprov'd, but shots that passed 200 feet over the target provoked no comment. The present writer never saw powder and shot thrown overboard to expedite the practice, but some of his contemporaries are known to have witnessed that amazing abuse of Government stores.

Last summer, when the fleets were manoeuvring off the Scottish

CHANGES IN THE ROYAL NAVY



(Photo: Gale & Polden, Amen Corner, E.C.)
DANCING THE SAILOR'S HORNPIPE



(Photo: Gale & Polden, Amen Corner, E.C.)
JACK AS LAUNDRY-MAN



A TUG OF WAR



(Photo: Stephen Cribb, Southsea.)
TRAINING A PET

coast, I visited a new battleship anchored below the Forth Bridge. The manoeuvres were ended, the work of the day completed: but from the captain downwards, every man I saw looked jaded or worried, and a dismal silence enveloped the vessel. A solemn-faced, pallid, scientific midshipman politely acted as my guide. He seemed to be on his guard, apprehensive that he might reveal some official secret. I could not help contracting that solemn youth with the jolly midly of thirty years ago, who took such keen delight in gulling civilian visitors.

Later, I was received by the captain in a wretched cabin full of ventilating shafts. He was civil, but much pre-occupied, and had the air of a man harassed by responsibilities—as, no doubt, he was.

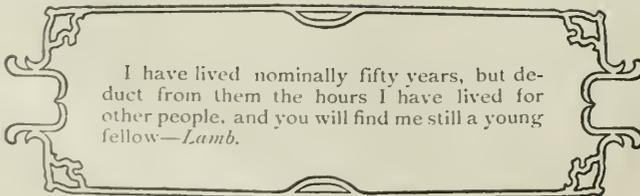
Twenty years ago the captain of a warship had no worries, and responsibility sat lightly upon his broad shoulders. At sea he enjoyed ample leisure; in port, he landed daily and dined well at the club or with his brother captains, leaving the commander to run the ship.

One does not suggest that the old leisured days can or should be restored to officers of the navy; but the public scarcely appreciates how strenuous and exacting life in our fleet has grown. So greatly, indeed, has the navy life changed within thirty years, that we may soon look

to find the fleet manned and officered by a new race of engineering mariners. Already one may note the beginnings of the transformation of the personnel, although we are liable to be deluded by the sight of some isolated roystering Tar, still maintaining the old traditions of the cloth. Regret it as we may, the roystering Tar is passing, and his officers are equally adapting themselves to the imperious demands of an age of science. But, of course, we ought not to regret evolution; and all that the modern navy can hope to preserve is a few traditions of the grand old Service. The sailor-engineer is not only "knocking at the door," but has already thrust his experimental foot into the gun-room and the mess-deck.

Sailors, middies, admirals, are all changing under our eyes in obedience to the law of progress that rules alike the fate of fleets and of peoples. In the coming days there may be even less roystering and junketing; ever increasing stress and effort. One can hardly foresee, as yet, the types destined to man and command our future fleets; but we are entitled to believe that something of the old roystering spirit may survive, though it may be less in evidence.

The call of the sea is already pitched in a new key; the sirens chant a new song to engineer-sailors of the Dreadnought era.





THE STATUE TO GOVERNOR SIMCOE
WHICH STANDS IN FRONT OF THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN TORONTO

The Work of Walter Allward

By

ARTHUR E McFARLANE

WHEN a modern sculptor has an inspiration, it is first expressed in what the French call a maquette, one of those small figurines of dark green wax, wherein a few swift and nervous finger pressures may catch and hold a complete artistic conception. If the sculptor makes up his mind to carry

it further, with his maquette as his rough sketch, he makes another—this time a highly finished little figure—in wax or clay. And, if the design is one that is to be “passed upon” as a single statue, from his second figure he makes still another, one-third or one-half of life size.

If, however, the small finished



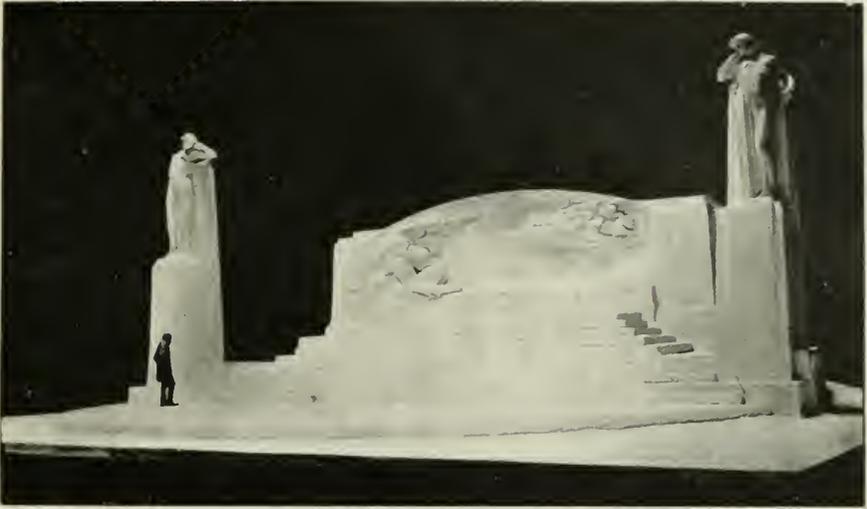
SIDE VIEW OF THE BELL MEMORIAL, BRANTFORD

figure is to be one of several in a monumental group, they are one after the other finished "in little," and cast in plaster of Paris; then with a completed model of the monument, the whole is put together. (In the illustrations accompanying this article, such completed group models may be seen in the case of the Baldwin-Lafontaine exedra, the South African Monument and the Bell Memorial.) Only after weeks and months of this work "in little" does the sculptor's actual work begin. For each figure that is to be finished in life size or larger, he has to build up a most elaborate frame of iron or wood, strong enough to hold the weight of clay, and capable, too, if possible, of being swung about upon its axis. Then, if the baffling task of procuring suitable life models has been partially successful, the sculptor can take his clay and commence his work "in big." This is again a task of months; St. Gaudens believed that for every figure he should be allowed at least a year. And the completion of the clay figure means only that the artist must now go to work

to cut it in marble, or to cast it section by section in plaster of Paris for its final re-casting in bronze. All the while, too, in the sculptor's care, are the hundred architectural details, even the fine stone-work of the monument. He must personally select his marble or granite, just as must go hundreds of miles to oversee the turning of his clay into metal.

These things are set down thus lengthily to make it evident how different is the art of the sculptor from that of the painter or the novelist. With infinite patience the former must for month after month do what is almost the work of the manual laborer, yet at the same time keep, nay, intensify his inspiration. He must, through all, hold to his conception as if he had begun by casting it mentally in bronze. It is an art to kill weak spirits. And this is why there are comparatively few sculptors, even of the second class. Since the age of Pericles those who have attained the first class could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The subject of this sketch was born in Toronto, in June, 1875. He comes of a large Newfound-



FRONT VIEW OF THE BELL MEMORIAL, BRANTFORD

land stock. He received the sort of education with which most of us are flung upon the rocks. And from the age of fourteen to eighteen, he studied with a local firm of architects. Also, he was learning to use the mallet and chisel; and—much more—he had awakened to the potentialities of modelling clay. It was not long until the young architect was working out heads, and little bas reliefs and figure groups. And at a time when of all things in Canada, sculpture might seem to promise least, when it was an art, which could not even be studied in a school, a sculptor he began to make himself.

The old first problem was, as always, that of self-support. With the youthful painter this generally means portraits. With the sculptor it means busts. And in the case of Mr. Allward, a long list of them could be drawn up, from Tennyson to Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Many of these busts were, too, of exceedingly good workmanship. But they were not what he wanted to do. His first notable "outside" work was the monument in Queen's Park, Toronto, to

commemorate the Northwest Rebellion. After that came the statue of Governor Simcoe, a few rods to the west of it—of which Professor Goldwin Smith wrote at its unveiling that, "badly placed as it was, where it stood was the place of honor; it was an earnest of the progress of Canadian art." About the same time he received the award for the monument to Sir Oliver Mowat. He married, and seized a few months of London and Paris. The French—Fremiet, Paul Dubois, Rodin—though hitherto he had been able to look at their work only in photographs, had been his masters from the beginning.

Since then he has been kept continually employed, and he has been as steadily going on to larger and more vital things. The Mowat, also in Queen's Park, was followed by a memorial to Sir Nicholas Flood Davin, in Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, a piece of work eloquent with a deeply fine simplicity. Meanwhile he was modelling a half-length figure for a monument called for by the Army and Navy Veterans' Association. It was set up in Portland Square, Toronto, the site at one time



MODEL OF THE BALDWIN-LAFONTAINE MEMORIAL
TO BE ERECTED AT THE CAPITAL

of the military burying ground. The figure is that of an old soldier of 1812, his head bared, his face up-raised, his lips parted, his expression that of one who through the solemn ritual of evensong hears the beginnings of a roll-call, which is not of this world. It is not largeness which makes great work. Any Toronto man or visitor to Toronto, has merely to walk down to that squalid little square, to see what, in its kind, he can see no better in Paris or Florence or Rome — profound feeling nobly expressed.

Mr. Allward's design, one of thirty-six, had already been accepted by the Committee of the South African Memorial Association. The corner-stone of this monument was recently laid. It is to be completed in 1910. At the present moment still another statue by Mr. Allward, that of John Sandfield Macdonald, is awaiting its place to the south of the

Provincial Parliament buildings. A year ago he received the commission for the Baldwin-Lafontaine group upon Parliament Hill in Ottawa. And in the present year he was chosen to give America its Bell Memorial. All of this means, reduced to its lowest terms, a great mass of work. Every year until 1912, will see the unveiling of some monument of the first-class. It also means that from the local and provincial, Mr. Allward has passed on to work for the Dominion as a whole, and thence to conceptions meant to give voice to one great phase—invention—of our modern civilization. This is something to pause upon.

But let us first go back a little, for example to the John Sandfield Macdonald. If an artist is doing "portrait work," he will, if he is a true artist, put into the likeness something that is a vast deal more than

a likeness. And in the case of the Sandfield Macdonald, it was not enough that the bronze should look like "John Sandfield." It does. But, to add thereto, the expression chosen, the attitude, the pose of the body, the way the clothes hang upon it, the Scotch dryness and argumentativeness and containedness, the lack of all that is unco vivid or dramatic, make the figure a veritable type.

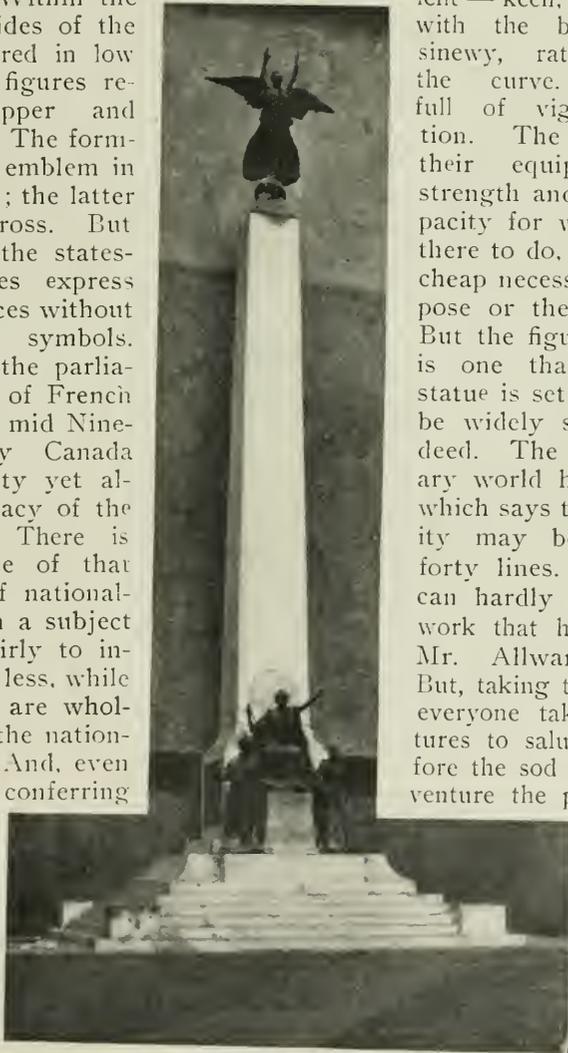
Pass on one step to the "Baldwin-Lafontaine." Within the two curving sides of the exedra, sculptured in low relief are two figures representing Upper and Lower Canada. The former is given its emblem in sheaf and plow; the latter in ship and cross. But the figures of the statesmen themselves express the two provinces without any need of symbols. They embody the parliamentary union of French and English in mid Nineteenth century Canada with the dignity yet almost the intimacy of the conversational. There is absolutely none of that exaggeration of nationality, which such a subject would seem fairly to invite. None the less, while the individuals are wholly themselves, the nationality is there. And, even as they stand conferring before one of the old parliamentary desks, so subtly, but powerfully, has the sculptor been able to make the idea of nationality great

as it is, seem secondary to that more significant—and quieter—thing, constitutional government.

When we pass to the South African Memorial we reach that order of sculpture where the figures must themselves be symbols. At the base of the shaft sits Canada, a strong young nation-mother, flanked by two young soldiers in the uniform of the Canadian Contingents, an infantryman and a dismounted cavalryman. Both of these latter figures are excel-

lilent—keen, lean of limb, with the beauty of the sinewy, rather than of the curve. They are full of vigor and action. The actuality of their equipment, their strength and soldierly capacity for what they are there to do, take away all cheap necessity for heroic pose or theatric gesture. But the figure of Canada is one that, when the statue is set in place, will be widely spoken of indeed. The French literary world has a proverb which says that immortality may be gained by forty lines. Forty lines can hardly represent the work that has gone into Mr. Allward's Canada. But, taking the risk which everyone takes who ventures to salute genius before the sod is over it, we venture the prophecy that

the bronze-caught expression of that young mother of men, as she beholds her sons depart, the yearning after them,



MODEL OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIAL
IN COURSE OF ERECTION IN UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO



WALTER S. ALLWARD IN HIS STUDIO

yet the large pride in seeing them go, the strength, the hope, the knowledge of what is taking them—will be found to measure even to what is demanded of an artist when he is asked to express the renewal of life in death. And high over all poises a winged victory.

Again, the Bell Memorial makes a demand peculiarly difficult and peculiarly its own. One can symbolize certain abstract ideas, but how

symbolize the transmission of sound? How put the telephone into a shape of bigness and beauty? Not long ago a certain Parisian sculptor attempted to celebrate the Frenchman who had the largest part in giving us the automobile. And he placed him, in bronze, in an automobile of bronze! It stands at one of the Paris octroi gates, shouting its own ugliness and absurdity. Turn from that to Mr. Allward's

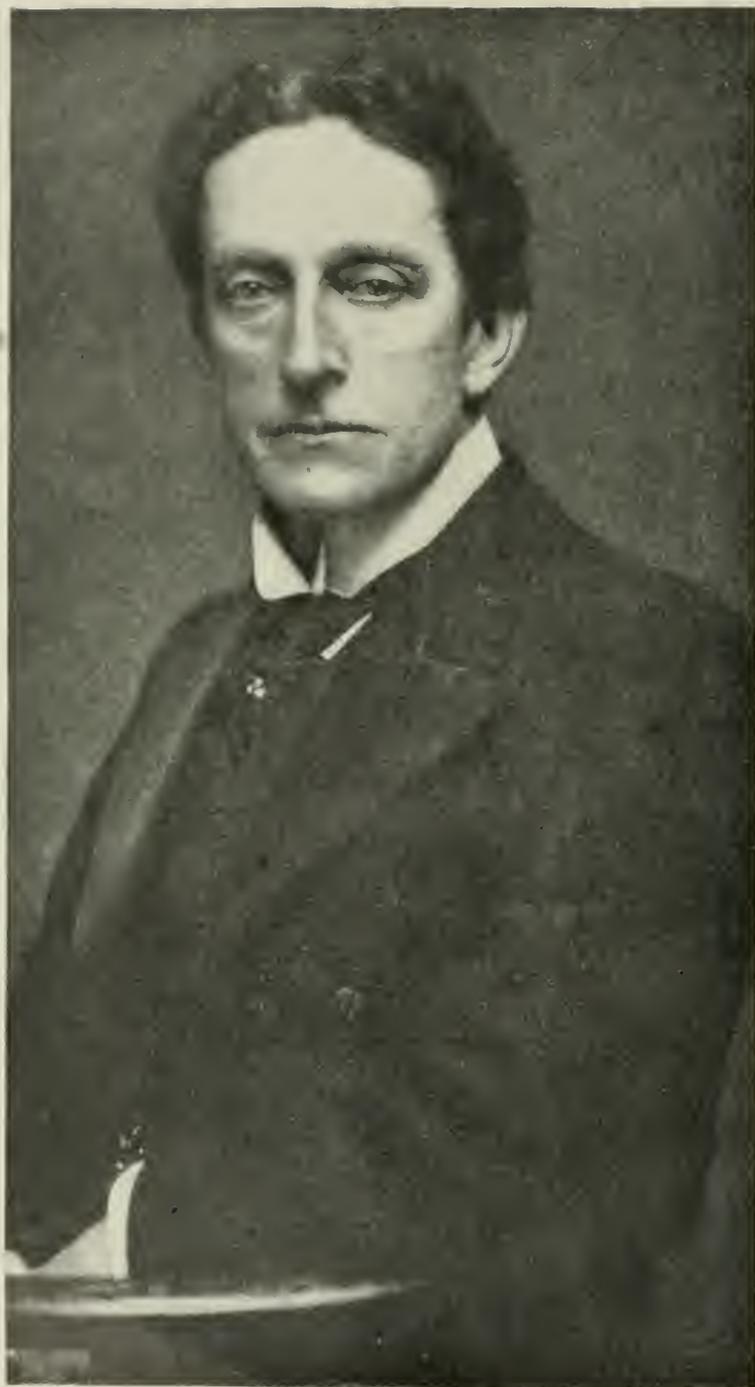
telephone. It is there in bronze. But it is in low relief. It is balanced by the portrait medallion, itself sunk deeply in the granite, of the inventor. And, while aiding in the interpretation of the whole — one who runs may read—it is the smallest part of it. Between the images of inventor and invention sits the spirit of Man, awakened to his ability to transmit sound. He sees Knowledge, Joy, Sorrow sent speeding over the thick rotundity of the earth. And once more he considers what he is and the mystery of this world with a new wonder. Raised high in the foreground, and typified by two

noble figures, draped and Juno-like, stand Hearer and Listener. Put in bald, everyday phrase they are "at the telephone." But it is Humanity which hears and listens. And between mouth and ear all the dramas of our life play themselves out.

Mr. Allward has gone far, and he will go still further. The time must come when Canada will begin to seek those things, which cannot be bestowed by wheat crops and railway mileages. She may then discover that even while she has had little eye for them, a great beginning of those things has been given to her already.

Money or Freedom

MONEY enters in two different characters into the scheme of life. A certain amount, varying with the number and the empire of our desires, is a true necessity to each one of us in the present order of society; but beyond that amount, money is a commodity to be bought or not to be bought, a luxury in which we may either indulge or stint ourselves, like any other. And there are many luxuries that we may legitimately prefer to it, such as a grateful conscience, a country life, or a woman of our inclination. Trite, flat and obvious as this conclusion may appear, we have only to look around us in society, to see how scantily it has been recognized; and perhaps even ourselves, after a little reflection, may decide to spend a trifle less money, and indulge ourselves a trifle more in the article of freedom.



FORBES ROBERTSON

THE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH ACTOR, WHO WILL PRESENT "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK," BY JEROME K. JEROME, IN AMERICA DURING THE WINTER



The Opening of the Dramatic Season



by William G. Colgate

An early forecast of the principal dramatic offerings announced indicates that playgoers may look forward to a season of good entertainment. Several important foreign dramatists will be represented upon the American stage this season, notably Edmond Rostand, who has not received much notice in the interval since the production of his "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Richard Mansfield. The plans of certain playwrights include dramatizations of several popular novels in which distinguished stars will assume the stellar roles. Eminent foreign players, including Forbes Robertson, Sir H. Beerbohm Tree and Sir Charles Wyndham, have announced their intention of coming to America this season. The opening of the season in Canada not particularly auspicious.

WITH the summer well over and the last belated though happy and rested vacationist returned to town, the eyes of the public are turned once more to the myriad pleasures of the city of which the theatre receives by far the largest share of attention.

It is much too early yet to forecast the dramatic offerings which will likely be presented to Canadians this season. Recent reports from New York and London, the leading centres of theatrical activity, from which all good things dramatic are supposed to emanate, indicate that the season's productions will be fairly comprehensive.

The first important offering of the New York season was "The Only Law," the titular designation of which was evidently suggested by the wonderful success of "The Only Way." It was produced at the Hackett Theatre on July 29. The play was the joint effort of Wilson Mizner and George Bronson-Howard. On August 16, "A Broken Idol" opened the season at the Herald Square. But that is about all it did do, for the play expired shortly after the initial performance. A French detective play, "Arsene Lupin," closely akin to "Sherlock Holmes" in plot and characterization, appeared at the Lyceum on August 26 and was very favorably received.

Edmond Rostand, the French dramatist, who has not been heard of much on this side since Richard Mansfield produced his "Cyrano de Bergerac," will be represented by

his widely-talked-of drama of barn-yard life, "Chantecler," in which all the players impersonate animals. This will likely be produced by Charles Frohman in the early spring. Among the playwrights whose plays are promised an early production is Henry Bernstein, author of "The Thief," whose "Israel" is a racial drama in which an anti-semitic son challenges his father to a duel. Then will come "Scandal," Henri Bataille's great Parisian success, which it is hoped will duplicate in America his famous dramatization of Tolstoi's novel, "Resurrection." Alfred Sutro, the English author, who wrote "The Walls of Jericho," in which James K. Hackett starred last season, will be represented by two new plays, "The Builder of Bridges," in which Kyrle Bellew is now touring, and another comedy, "Making a Gentleman," which it is expected will be produced shortly. Ethel Barrymore will be seen in a new comedy by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero entitled "Mid-Channel" and Otis Skinner has a play by Booth Tarkington called "Your Humble Servant," which title rather suggests the civil service. Another important production to be made early by Mr. Frohman will be Sir A. Conan Doyle's "The Fires of Fate," which has had almost a sensational success in London.

The plays of that prolific writer Clyde Fitch whose death occurred recently will share the place of honor with those of the greatest of living dramatists. No less than four or five of his plays are occupying the



BLANCHE BATES

(Photo: White, N. Y.)

NOW TOURING IN "THE FIGHTING HOPE," BY WILLIAM J. HURLBUT

THE OPENING OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

stage at present and are likely to continue to do so indefinitely. Canadian playgoers were afforded an opportunity of seeing one of his latest efforts at the opening of the season when "The Bachelor" was taken on tour with a cast headed by Charles Cherry. It made a very favorable impression upon its presentation at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, in Toronto, although the local critics did not look upon it as being by any means representative of Fitch's best work.

Shakespeare seems to have lived down in a measure his bad name consisting mainly of a reputation for ruin among theatrical producers. Wm. A. Brady seems willing to take chances at any rate. It may be that as his theatrical interests grow larger and more important he can afford to challenge public esteem. However that may be, Robert Mantell appeared in Toronto on October 4 which included "Macbeth," "Romeo with a Shakespearian repertoire and Juliet," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," and "Richard III." Although there was plenty of room to be had in the Princess Theatre during the week's engagement, there was still sufficiently large audiences present to indicate that the Shakespeare cult has no intention of visibly diminishing, at least not at present. Something of a mild sensation was created during the engagement, owing to the expression of philistine opinions by the critics regarding Shakespeare's fitness for the library rather than the stage. They claim that his works essentially fail to meet modern physical conditions, and that more is to be gained from a bookshelf acquaintance with him than from observation of more entertaining acting editions as seen from an orchestra chair. Without desiring to enter into the controversy which the point raises, it looks as if with the dropping of the final curtain on the

careers of our older actors, present acting editions of Shakespeare will be relegated to the library and left undisturbed save for an occasional revival such as other classic dramas periodically undergo. This conclusion naturally rises uppermost in the mind, not altogether because it is felt that public interest is waning in Shakespeare as a playwright, but rather because there are few of the present generation of players equipped with the experience necessary to properly interpret the composite characters of Shakespeare's plays.

Mantell, however, will not have the Shakespearian field to himself this season. Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn are other prominent players who have decided to pin their faith to William of Avon. The former will be seen as Viola in "Twelfth Night," while the latter two in combination will open the New Theatre in November in "Antony and Cleopatra."

That the popular novel affords possibilities of stage success to the dramatist which are seldom left undeveloped is to be inferred from the number of book plays announced for production. Viola Allen will be seen in the "White Sister," a dramatization of the late F. Marion Crawford's last novel. Harrison Grey Fiske, the versatile publisher of the Dramatic Mirror, will present a dramatization of W. J. Locke's "Septimus." This author's "Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" was also dramatized and appeared in Canada two seasons ago with Aubrey Smith in the title role. The English actor, George Arliss, will appear as Septimus in the new play. A dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, "The Barrier," will be produced shortly with Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts in the principal roles. Dustin Farnum who played the titular part in "The Virginian" a dramatization of Owen Wister's book, stars this season in "Cameo Kirby."



FANNIE WARD
WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "VAN ALLEN'S WIFE."

(Photo: Moffett Studio.)

THE OPENING OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

written by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. These authors also collaborated in writing "Foreign Exchange," which appeared with a notable cast, at the Royal Alexandra, Toronto, on October 11. The play deals with international family complications, due to the marriage of an American girl with a French count. The usual results chronicled by the newspapers and divorce courts naturally follow. The finished work of the leading players, Percy Haswell, Byron Douglas and E. M. Holland, redeemed the play from its somewhat prosaic and disagreeable plot.

Mrs. Fiske will continue the season in "Salvation Nell." Adeline Genee appeared in "The Dryad" in New York this month.

Fritzi Scheff, the operatic star, commenced her season with a week's engagement at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, on October 11, while Elsie Janis appeared at the same play house a couple of weeks previously in "The Fair Co-Ed," a play which the public still continues to relish.

The Shuberts, who control the attractions for at least one theatre in Canada—the Royal Alexandra of Toronto—will have a lengthy list of attractions most of which are likely to be presented at that house. Mme. Nazimova, the Russian actress, will have a new play. Mme. Bertha Kalich will also appear in a new vehicle this season under these managers. Marietta Olly, the celebrated Viennese actress, will be added to the long list of Shubert stars. Florence Roberts is also a recent acquisition.

Among the number of distinguished foreign players who will likely visit Canadian cities this season are: Forbes Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, in their London success, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore in repertoire, which

will likely include one or two of their old favorites, such as "David Garrick." Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who was recently knighted, will appear in repertoire, which includes, "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The School for Scandal." Lewis Waller a favorite emotional actor in London is also expected. Marie Tempest comes with her successful play "Penelope," while Ellaline Terriss will be seen in "The Dashing Little Duke." Fanny Ward who appeared in "Lady Bantock" last season will appear in "Van Allen's Wife."

Mabel Barrison, who was billed to appear in Toronto and Montreal and possibly other Canadian cities in "The Blue Mouse," had her dates changed and was brought back to New York to fill in a gap at one of the houses there. It is not generally known that Miss Barrison is a Torontonion and still even less that she attended a Methodist Sunday School in her native city. Not that stage folks are not good, but one is apt to disassociate entirely religious influence from a racy play of the ultra-French type as "The Blue Mouse." Miss Barrison won her first stage success in Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland."

Another popular player who will likely be seen in Canada this season is Blanche Bates, whose excellent work in "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Girl of the Golden West" will be readily recalled by playgoers. Early last August Miss Bates began her second season in William J. Hurlbut's drama of New York life, entitled "The Fighting Hope." Her tour will take her as far west as the Pacific coast. Like many another player of distinction, Miss Bates began her stage career under the management of Augustin Daly in New York.

Up to the present the plays which have appeared in Canada have not



GRACE HAZARD

PLAYING IN THE LEADING ROLE OF "THE PARISIAN MODEL" THIS SEASON

been possessed of any special brilliancy of construction. Nor has the American playwright succeeded al-

together in infusing the element of originality into his treatment of hackneyed themes. "Madame X" the sensational French play in which Dorothy Donnelly appeared was natural in its plot and acting, although slightly overdrawn in characterization. It afforded a sharp contrast to the other plays presented which was not altogether due to the influence of its origin. The elongated De Wolf Hopper, he of "Casey at the Bat" fame, sonorous voice and Dutch-like physical proportions, appeared in "A Matinee Idol," a loosely constructed musical comedy—with cheap music and still cheaper wit. Of course it was a failure. The funniest comedian alive couldn't achieve success under a heavy handicap of a vehicle like that. Elsie Janis apparently thought it was better to be safe than sorry and appeared again in "The Fair Co-Ed." It is a good play with some excellent entertaining features, but one can get too much of a good thing sometimes.



(Photo: Sarnoy)
MABEL BARRISON

A TORONTO GIRL APPEARING THIS SEASON IN "THE BLUE MOUSE."



MARIETTA O'FLYNN

A NEW SHUBERT STAR



ADELINE GENEÉ (Photo: Dover St. Studios, Mayfair.)
AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE LITTLE DRYAD."

What the present season holds in store for the Canadian playgoer, time alone will tell. The local manager proposes but the theatrical trust disposes, and owing to the peculiar exigencies governing the theatrical system, we must be content to take what they give us—whether it be good, bad or indifferent. Let us hope it will be the first.

For Ever

A Drama of Life

By LOUISE HEILGERS

From The Sketch

"I LOVE you," said the man.

"And I you," said the woman.

Their lips met.

A little stream laughed softly to itself as it hurried by. A wakeful sparrow in the ivy giggled tersely. Even the big white moon peeping over the tree-tops smiled placidly.

"For ever," said the man.

"For ever," said the woman.

"Alas!" sighed the river.

"Such nonsense!" muttered the sparrow, and went to sleep. A little cloud wiped the smile from the moon. Nothing, not even love, lasts for ever.

"What you can see in me!" whispered the man. "Just a poor devil who has to work for a living; whilst you—you beautiful thing!" He swept her up against him with sudden passion. "Oh, the lips, and the hair, and the eyes of you, girl!"—he kissed each in turn. "God knows I have nothing to offer you," he added sadly, "but—"

"But love," said the girl softly, with shining eyes.

"—and a cottage," finished the man. "Ah! why wasn't I born rich, dear, so that I could have given you —"

"—diamonds instead of stars," interrupted the girl. "You know you told me, just now, they all belonged to me."

"Your people would rather I presented you with a diamond necklace than all the stars in the world," retorted the man bluntly. "You see, you can't realize in stars any more

than you can on dreams. Diamonds are solid things, my dear, you can hold in your hand. And I'd sooner you rode in a Daimler than in a motor-bus. I'd love to give you all the good things in the world, Madge. Sables, now: you'd look well in sables. But as it is——"

"We must be happy even if I have to wear rabbit-skins for furs and stars for jewels," laughed the girl. "Money isn't everything."

"No, but it means a good deal," he answered.

"Does it?" asked the girl wistfully. "Ah, well, I don't care so long as I've got you."

"Darling," whispered the man.

There were pink carnations in the girl's belt. They were pink, but not so pink as her cheeks. They were sweet, but not so sweet as her lips. He found himself suddenly the richest man in the world.

* * * * *

So they married, and the gods lent them a corner of Mount Olympus for their honeymoon; and even when they came down from the clouds and found themselves on solid earth again they were divinely happy in their semi-detached eight-roomed suburban villa ("The Laurels," if you please) for six months. Then the unexpected happened. An uncle of the girl died and left her a hundred thousand pounds. They were to be rich at last. But the man was not pleased. The money was not his. And he didn't want her

to be rich at anybody else's expense, only his own. The girl, however, was quite naturally delighted. Of necessity, her love had up to now walked in drab attire, and she was woman enough to think it would look far more attractive gowned by Worth, hatted by Carlier, and jeweled by Tiffany. So that when his discontent clashed with her rapture, she was a little annoyed.

"You always wanted to be rich, and now that you are you seem to be sorry. I can't make you out," she complained.

"I never said I wanted to be a rich woman's husband!" he retorted. "I want to give you the good things of life; I don't want you to give them to me."

"But it's the same thing," she protested.

The man refused to meet the love in her eyes.

"I don't wish you to accept this money." His voice was dogged. "You said yourself once money wasn't everything."

"And you that it meant a great deal," the girl reminded him. "I want to see exactly what it does mean. We can always come back to this—if we don't like it."

"Never!" retorted the man decisively. "We can never come back to anything in life. We must always go forward."

"Why, that's better still, isn't it?" she asked practically. Her glance fell on the lawyer's letter lying open on the table between them, then out through the open window to where, in long golden rows, tall sunflowers stood. She remembered suddenly that only yesterday she had told Jim they were all the gold she needed. But that was yesterday. And she had been agreeably conscious of a clean and becoming cotton frock. To-day its folds were creased and tumbled, yet for lack of another she would have to wear it until the end of the week. Sunflowers, alas! couldn't buy her frocks.

* * * * *

A vision of white and gold, a sheen

of silk, a froth of tulle, came smiling down the stairs of a house in Green Street. Standing within the study door a man watched her descent with hard, miserable eyes.

As she set a slim, satin-shod foot upon the last stair he stepped forward. "Come in here for a moment. I want to speak to you."

A scent of violets rose from her white shoulders as, faintly protesting, she passed before him into the room. "It can't go on, this life," he found himself telling her savagely. "It's killing, it's degrading — more, it's loathsome!"

"How stupid you are, Jim!" said the woman pettishly. "Every time I see you, you are full of mock heroics. I can't help being rich. You might just as well be sensible and accept the position."

"I'll be hanged if I will!" said the man with sudden energy. "It's come to this, Madge. Either you give up this cursed money or——"

"Yes?" queried the girl coldly—mockingly, it seemed to the man.

"——I go!" he shouted. He had not meant to say this thing. He had really had no definite idea of what he had meant to threaten. But of a sudden he saw himself free of the scented, gorgeous house, and the scented, gorgeous woman who had no share in the home and in the woman of his dreams; free, with his feet set on the open road of life.

"The car is at the door, Madam," announced a discreet footman in discreet livery.

The vision of white and gold finished pulling on her long gloves and rose languidly. "I hope, dear," she said, sweetly, over a shoulder shrouded now by a cloak of silver tissue held together by bands of snowy fur, "that, next time I see you, you won't be a Lewis Waller kind of person, working up for a third-act curtain."

* * * * *

As a matter of fact, the next time she saw him he was working as a common laborer down at the docks, for hardly had her electric car whirl-

ed her away that night than he slammed the front door behind him and strode into the world in the clothes he stood up in and nothing in his pockets but his pride, for of private means he had none, and at her urgent request he had given up his modest clerkship when they moved into the Green Street house.

* * * * *

The superintendent at the docks where he was working stared when one day an imperious lady in a pale muslin gown and Gainsborough hat swept into his dingy office and asked to see one of the hands.

East and West are so far apart, it seemed difficult to believe this white-skinned, white-gloved, white-frocked woman could have anything in common with one of the laborers. However, he sent for him.

He came sullenly. Both hands outstretched, she went to him.

"Jim, I can't live without you. Come back," she pleaded.

He saw that the months that had swept between them had aged her. He was moved. Some of the bitterness went out of him.

"Not so long as there is this cursed gold between us," he told her. "But get rid of it, and I'll come back to you."

He stretched out two work-roughened hands and gripped her by both shoulders. "I'll work for you, girl. We'll not starve."

But swiftly she recoiled from him. She loved him, yes. But she loved, too, her life of glorious ease, the warmth and the richness and the comfort of it, even the thrill of fine linen against her limbs. She could not give it all up.

His hands fell from her shoulders. "Keep your cursed money," he told her brutally, "but you won't keep me."

* * * * *

Several times she came after that. Always he refused her; finally—"What's the use of your coming?"

he asked her bluntly. "I don't want you. You only want your money. Besides, it's too late now. There's a girl——" he paused.

Weeping, she fled from the room and sought the superintendent.

"Dismiss him," she pleaded, "then he will have to come back to me."

The chief hesitated—his foreman spoke highly of him—but, finally, he gave in.

Long she waited! But he never came!

* * * * *

Three years later, in a beggar in the street who stared hard into her face, she recognized him.

"Jim!" she cried, and held her breath horror-struck.

He turned his bloodshot eyes upon her.

"You——" he said bitterly. "Curse you! I was happy, I was a man again till you had me turned off at the works. Thanks to you, the woman I loved died in misery."

"You are ill," said the woman gently. "Come home and I will nurse you back to health, Jim."

He spat upon the ground. "Home!" he retorted savagely, "I'd sooner rot in the workhouse than come home to you!"

She shrank back, appalled before the hatred in his eyes; one last effort she made.

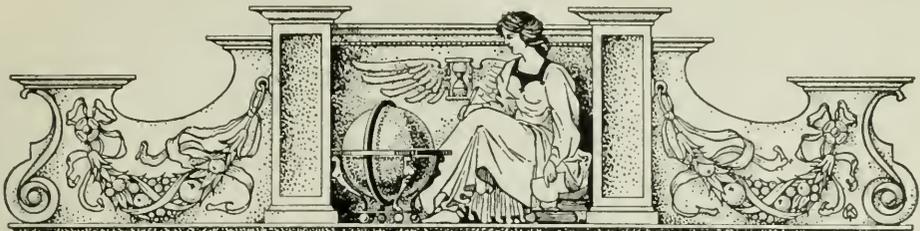
"Ah, Jim, remember that you once said you would love me for ever," she cried . . . the hot tears stung her eyelids.

No answer he vouchsafed her, only deliberately he put out his hand and put her out of his path as he had done out of his life.

She never saw him again.

* * * * *

Away in a cool country garden the stream still laughs softly to itself, as it hurries by; another sparrow giggles wisely at other people's vows; whilst the same big white moon peeps over the tree-tops and smiles placidly; Nothing, especially love, lasts for ever.



MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A Sailor With an Undisputed Polar Record

HOWEVER opinions may differ with respect to Cook or Peary, the world is a unit regarding Captain Robert Bartlett, the Newfoundland skipper of Peary's steamer "Roosevelt," who reached lat. 88, and whose modest bearing as to his obedience to orders in returning there when he might have easily have continued on, has won him the admiration of all who recognize real merit.

Robert Abram Bartlett comes of a family of famous Newfoundland fishermen of the best class. His great grandfather, Abram, was of Devonshire stock, a descendant of the West-Country "Venturers" who settled "Ye Newe Isle" in bygone days. His grandfather, Isaac, in 1873, while master of the steamer

"Tigress" at the seal fishery, rescued the survivors of the "Polaris" expedition after they had drifted from Greenland to Labrador, 1,900 miles, on an icefloe. His father, William, as a young man, saw service in northern seas, and his three uncles—

Samuel, John, and Henry — were all identified with Arctic exploration, having command of Peary's ships in different years.

Robert Bartlett himself was born at Brigus, the Conception Bay fishing village, where the family has been located for generations, on Aug. 15, 1875, and being an only son, was destined for the medical profession, being educated at the Academy there and subsequent-

ly at the Methodist College in St. John's. But the viking spirit was in his blood, and he insisted on fol-



ROBERT BARTLETT
CAPTAIN OF PEARY'S "ROOSEVELT."

lowing the sea as his fathers had done. He accordingly went fishing to Labrador with his father, and seal-hunting with him, also, when but a lad of fourteen, and afterwards crossed the ocean several times, as a seaman in sailing crafts, to adequately fit himself for the command of one, following this by a similar experience in steam vessels, so as to admit of his gaining the coveted shipmaster's "ticket," which he secured five years ago.

His Arctic experience dates back to 1898, when he accompanied his uncle, John, who was master of Peary's "Windward" that year, on a cruise to Greenland, with the rating of boatswain. He was also north in 1902, as mate with his uncle, Samuel, in the "Erik," also on a Peary expedition. In 1905-6 he was chosen by Peary to be master of the "Roosevelt," on her first voyage there, remaining fourteen months and proving, as on this occasion, Peary's right-hand man in his famous journey across the Greenland ice-cap, in which they reached 87.6. A man of splendid physical structure, unrivalled, daring, and in-

ured to the dangers of sea and ice from childhood, with an experience of Arctic conditions, earned in these Peary campaigns, and the youth and vigor to uphold him in the battle with the twin demons of the polar zone—ice and hunger—he was the logical commander for the same ship in her more recent voyage, from which she has just returned, and Peary himself has done justice to Bartlett's merits in his cabled stories of the conquest of the Pole. Bartlett, to use a modern Phrase, made good in the fullest sense. Conditions forced him to undertake all the pioneering work, to bear the heaviest burdens, to clear the trail for the rest, but right manfully and uncomplainingly did he perform his task, and right nobly has the world recognized the fact.

Captain Bartlett enjoys the distinction that his record of "88 North Latitude is unchallenged and will continue to be. He is unmarried and with his experience and qualifications will yet be heard from in the realm of polar exploration—north or south.

A Farmer Who Raised 500,000 Bushels of Apples

Down in the state of Kansas there dwells a farmer who basks under the sobriquet, "The Apple King of America." This farmer, Judge Fred Wellhouse, of Topeka, actually owns over one thousand six hundred acres devoted exclusively to the cultivation of apple trees. From this acreage more than five hundred thousand bushels of apples have been sold for an aggregate above \$205,000. Judge Wellhouse holds the record for growing more apples from trees of his own planting than any other one man in the world. Apple-growing has been his life study. When in the late seventies he was planting 437

acres to apple trees in Leavenworth County, Kansas, many of his neighbors looked on him as well-nigh demented. Over four hundred acres in orchard! It was destined to be a flat failure. So said the croakers; but Wellhouse undaunted and undiscouraged, worked on unmindful of the bantering and rallying, and the outcome justified his faith in Kansas and himself, and forever silenced those who doubted. It wasn't all smooth sailing at first. But Wellhouse persevered, using the proceeds from his earlier crops to buy more land to raise more trees to bear more of the apples, which by their excel-



F. WELLHOUSE

"THE APPLE KING OF AMERICA."

lence were attracting far more than local reputation. In one year an entire trainload of Ben Davis apples was shipped from the Wellhouse orchard to a Baltimore firm for re-consignment to Germany. Perhaps in no way can be conveyed a clearer conception of the immensity of these applegrowing operations than by citing the figures from the records. In all, the maker of this record has grown and sold twenty-six crops, amounting to considerably more than half a million bushels. The crop of 1890, approximately eighty thousand bushels, was the largest, and it sold for more than fifty thousand dollars. This was perhaps the

most valuable crop of apples ever grown by any one man in the middle west, and the total paid for it aggregated more than the earnings of the average citizen during his entire lifetime. The combined yield of the two largest crops, those of 1890 and 1891, was 142,868 bushels. The smallest yield was 488 bushels in 1899. All these apples, if packed in barrels and loaded on the ordinary railroad freight-car, averaging twenty thousand pounds to the load, would fill about one thousand two hundred and fifty cars, or make more than sixty-two trainloads, of twenty cars to the train.

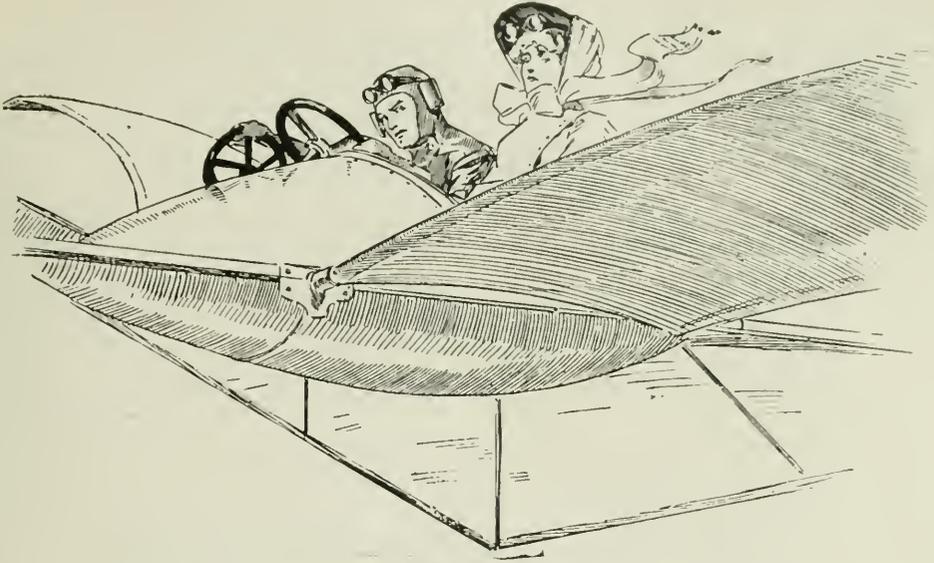


ROBERT W. SERVICE

A Poet Who Makes \$5,000 a Year

It is a common belief that poetry doesn't pay. Verse-making is nowadays considered by most people as a waste of time. Magazine editors will accept a few choice poems from well-known poets, but any other aspiring singers must perforce pay to have their work put into type. The spectacle of a poet living on the proceeds from the sale of his verse is as rare as it is remarkable. Yet there is actually in Canada a young poet who is making enough money annually from the sale of a few poems to yield him an extremely nice income. It was only the other day that a cheque for \$5,000 was mailed to Robert W. Service, the poet of the Yukon, to cover royalties on his two books of verse, "Songs of a Sourdough," and "Ballads of a Cheechako," for the past twelve months. Our other Canadian poets may well look upon this achievement with envy and despair. Service has struck a popular chord. His books have had and are having an immense vogue. But no one could have fore-

seen this success a few years ago, least of all the poet himself. Like other young poets, he was of the impression that, in order to have a book of poems appear, it was necessary to pay a publisher at least a part of the cost of publication. He had written some verse, which his companions in the Yukon declared was "rattling good stuff." He was ambitious to see himself in print, simply for the sake of appearances. He believed it would be nice to have a little book on hand to pass around among his friends, "with the compliments of the author." He even imagined that a few copies might be sold, possibly enough to defray expenses. So he had his poems typed off, made out a cheque, which drained his slender bank account, and consigned his precious copy to the mails. In due time the package reached Toronto, and the contents were passed over to the publisher's reader. Be it said to the credit of the latter, that he immediately recognized that Service's work had merit. He counselled its acceptance. Terms were made. Service's cheque was deposited and "The Songs of a Sourdough" was printed and published. Like a flame of fire in a heap of straw, the book caught on. Its fame spread rapidly. The first edition, which is now extremely rare, was soon exhausted, and a second edition and a third were called for. The sale of the book was transferred from the little department that looks after author's editions of books, to the big wholesale department of the publishing house. Salesmen and travelers became inspired and reeled off poem after poem to the booksellers. "The Songs of a Sourdough" became all the vogue. The book-making equipment of the publisher was taxed to keep up to the demand. Never, since the time of Drummond, had there been such a call for a book of poems, and even the popular "Habitant" has been eclipsed by the "Sourdough." No wonder Service has given up bank work, when verse-making yields such splendid returns.



"TRICK DRIVING!" SHE COMMENTED, WITH INFINITE SCORN."

An Aeroplane for Two

A Love Romance of the Future

By J. HURST HAYES

From Pall Mall Magazine

ENID asked me how high we were, and, looking at the altimeter, I told her ninety-seven feet. She said she didn't think we ought to go beyond a hundred without a chaperone, considering that we were only second cousins once removed.

"That's just the advantage of an aero only holding two," said I; "it dispenses with the necessity or possibility of a chaperone. And even if we are only second cousins once removed, I've often told you I'm willing to make the relationship a closer one, Enid."

Enid didn't reply, and her face still wore that cross look that it had borne all morning. Something was obviously worrying her, and I wondered what. Even when I had called for her at the Hampstead landing-stage at the early hour of ten-thirty I had noticed that she was incensed about some-

thing, and I had a very distinct impression that the something was me. What I had done to annoy her I could not conceive, nor did I try at the time to discover. I knew it would come out in the course of conversation, and my one desire was to get her on board. Her mother was there as well, and she looked my new machine over critically, or as critically as a woman can. What appealed to her chiefly of course was the gilt outlining on the framework and the monogram on the elevating plane, and she condescended to commend them both. Enid said nothing. "I think it is going to be fine," said Enid's mother, "and I do hope you will have a nice fly. I shall expect you both back to dinner at seven; and don't go too high, James: there are still the proprieties to consider."

Then Enid got in. She was very

prettily dressed in a close-fitting tailor-made gown and a hat that could not possibly catch the wind and get blown away, and I saw the mechanics standing round give her an admiring glance. There were two or three other aeros on the stage, but none were quite as smart as my new Dexter & Banbury, and certainly none had got such a pretty passenger as I. I pulled the lever and let her slip down the slope, contented with myself, the world, and my machine.

We rose quickly and flew over the heath. A light breeze was stirring the tree-tops, and on the roads beneath us we could see one or two cumbersome motors dragging wearily their occupants to the city. The knowledge that there was plenty of business awaiting me at my office and that I had no right to be taking this holiday off only added zest to the outing. I listened to the throb of the engine, running as smoothly and easily as engine could, with a pure delight.

For a time neither of us spoke. I was too occupied with testing the different points of my new machine, its turning powers, its angles of dip, the ease with which it rose and fell. It was a great improvement on my old Bollendorf, which had done me such yeoman service for the last two years, and in which Enid and I had had such delightful trips together.

I couldn't help speaking my enthusiasm to my companion after I had just made a particularly sharp hairpin turn. "Isn't she a beauty, Enid?" I said. "The dear old Bollendorf wouldn't have done that, steady old flier though she was."

Enid was gazing fixedly into the infinity of space before her. "I didn't see any necessity for attempting it at all," she answered. "It simply took us half a mile out of our course. If any one else had done it, I should have said he was—showing off!"

I gave a little gasp. I knew that if any one was keen on aeros and their different capabilities of flight, Enid was. Hadn't I initiated her into the

mysteries of them myself, and taught her so that she could drive one almost as well as I could? And here she was accusing me of showing off!

"I like that, Enid!" I exclaimed, "when I made that turn simply to amuse and please you."

"Trick driving!" she commented, with infinite scorn. And then she asked the question about the altitude, and received my reply. Afterwards there was another lengthy silence. We had passed over St. Albans, and were making for Leighton Buzzard. The day was a glorious one, and I watched the thin strings of smoke from the chimneys make their way eastward. I had planned out a very nice little round for the day, intending to lunch at an inn in Thrapston, where they have the best beef in the world, to go on through the Dukeries, and, finally, to have a fine, fast fly back in the cool of the evening. But with Enid as monosyllabic as she was, the prospect had lost some of its delight.

"All the same," I remarked, feeling that I must make conversation somehow, "considering that I have only had this machine out once before, she is going wonderfully well."

Beneath Enid's veil I could see the pout of her rosy lips. "Oh! so you have had her out once before?" said she.

"Yesterday," I answered. "I wanted to tune her up a bit, so I went for a short spin."

"All by yourself, I suppose?"

"All by myself," I replied.

Enid did not speak for a moment, but her eyes were terribly angry. "That isn't the truth," she said suddenly.

I looked round at her quickly. "Enid what do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Precisely what I say," she answered. "You weren't out by yourself."

I was on the point of making a heated reply at the idea of her daring to dispute my veracity, when I thought that it might be better to rehearse to myself my doings of the previous day. One did occasionally go out with a companion without re-

membering the fact accurately the next day. Then it suddenly occurred to me. I had gone out, it was quite true, by myself; but at the end of the fly, when I had returned to the Embankment landing-stage, I had seen Doris Applethorpe there, and at her request had taken her for a ten-minutes' spin, to show her how well the machine was going. Then I had returned her to terra firm safe and sound and had gone on my way rejoicing. After all, there was nothing very sinful in it, and we had made the shortest little excursion over the West End and Holland Park. Still there was

"It doesn't matter where I was," she answered. "It is sufficient that I saw you, and that I consider you behave disgracefully. You profess to be fond of me . . ."

"I am, Enid—I am."

". . . to want to marry me . . ."

"I do, Enid—I do."

". . . which, of course, you have not the slightest chance of doing, and yet you go out alone in an aero at mid-day in mid-summer with a girl who is old enough to be your mother . . ."

"She's only twenty-eight, Enid," I protested.



"YOU KNOW I AM GOING TO DO NO SUCH THING."

a trace of nervousness in my voice, I don't doubt, as I made my reply to Enid.

"You're quite right," I said. "I wasn't alone all the time, Enid, though I had completely forgotten the fact. For ten minutes I had a companion."

"Precisely. Dorris Applethorpe!"

"Ye-es — Doris Applethorpe," I agreed; "though I don't know how you know."

"I saw you," said Enid.

"Where were you, then?"

Enid showed a trace of nervousness herself when I asked the question. She tried to hide it in a flow of words.

". . . and I haven't the slightest doubt flirt with her outrageously for, as you say, ten minutes. It's a scandal!"

"My dearest girl . . ." I began.

"I'm not your 'dearest girl,'" said Enid.

"It's absurd to talk like that," I replied; "you know quite well that you are."

"If I were, you wouldn't go flying with other girls."

"But you have just confessed that the other girl is old enough to be my mother," I said.

I wondered what she would reply to that.

"You needn't think to exonerate your conduct by sophistries," she remarked loftily. "And really I think the discussion had better close. You will only get more deeply involved in excuses and prevarications."

I opened the throttle and let the aero whiz through the air at its full pace.

"Very well—just as you like," I replied angrily.

"And, under the circumstances, I think it would be as well if we immediately returned home," she decided.

"I'll do no such thing," I said. "I took this day off at immense personal inconvenience, and I intend to stay out until nightfall."

"If we were a little closer to the ground," said Enid, "I would jump."

I altered the elevating plane and we rose quickly another hundred feet.

"You haven't the foolhardiness or—the courage," I remarked.

"Of course, you have me in your power," said Enid pathetically—"a woman always is in a man's power; but at least if you profess any gentlemanly feelings, you will kindly desist from speaking to me."

"I shall be only too glad," I answered.

Things could not go on like this for long. The idea of spending a whole day in Enid's company without speaking to her was unthinkable, but for the life of me I didn't know what to do. At last the solution occurred to me. We wouldn't go to Thrapston to lunch, but to Huntingdon, where Doris Applethorpe lived, and there the denouement could be fought out.

Doris had told me something the previous day which Enid did not know.

At Olney, therefore, I circled round to the right and made for the sleepy little town on the Ouse. At half-past twelve we were there, and the big white circle placed high on the top of a building announced to me the municipal aerodrome. We alighted

easily and got out of the car. Then, when I had given orders about its housing for a few hours, we went down the steps and into the town.

At last Enid spoke. I am sure she was, like myself, getting hungry. "This isn't Thrapston," she said.

"No; this is Huntingdon," I replied.

"Where?" she asked in alarm.

I repeated the information.

"Isn't Huntingdon where that—girl lives?"

"If you mean Doris Applethorpe, it is," I answered; "and what is more, we are going to lunch with her."

Enid stood still in the middle of the pavement. "You know I am going to do no such thing!" she exclaimed. "The indignity of the suggestion!"

"If you are sensible, you will. You know you are hungry."

"Thank you; bread and cheese at an inn are sufficient for us."

"And a tankard of ale?" I suggested.

"Don't be vulgar," said Enid.

Curiously enough, we were at that moment in front of the Applethorpes' house, and through the hedge we saw Doris walking in the garden with a young fellow whom we all knew, Arnold Ross by name. They saw us too, and came rushing out. I explained our presence, finishing up by saying: "And we want lunch, please."

Doris, who didn't look a day older than five-and-twenty in her white muslin dress and garden hat, spoke up at once. "I should just think you do. We are going in to it this minute. Enid, I do believe you look prettier than ever! It's horrid of you."

I looked at my second cousin once removed, and felt inclined to echo Doris's opinion. What Enid was thinking, I cannot tell. But I saw her glance at Arnold Ross and blush slightly, and though she was doubtless righteously enraged with Doris and me—one could see that by the way she held her chin in the air—she said no more about bread and cheese at the inn.

Lunch was a delightful repast. Old

Mr. Applethorpe, who is a widower, was there, and Doris did the honors of the table. She seemed amazingly happy to-day, and gave no sign of noticing, if she did notice, Enid's somewhat preternatural quietness. The latter spoke not a word to me, but confined her remarks to the old gentleman and Arnold. But when lunch was over and we three men sat at the table over a cigarette and an extra glass of Moselle cup, the two girls strolled out into the garden together.

When we joined them half an hour later, I was a little surprised to notice that Enid had passed her arm through Doris's, that she was smiling happily and talking with the greatest animation. Something had happened, and I thought I could guess what. Then old Mr. Applethorpe disappeared into the summer-house for his afternoon siesta, and we four stood on the lawn together.

Arnold, who seemed a trifle nervous about something, as though he was the possessor of some secret he could not bring himself to the point of imparting, looked plaintively across at Doris. "Have you told Enid?" he asked.

"Yes, she has," said Enid, "and I am too happy for words. You dears."

"Why, what's happened?" I asked, putting on a look of blank astonishment.

"These two are engaged!" exclaimed Enid delightedly.

"You don't say so?" cried I. "Well, of all the pleasant pieces of news I could hear, this is the pleasantest."

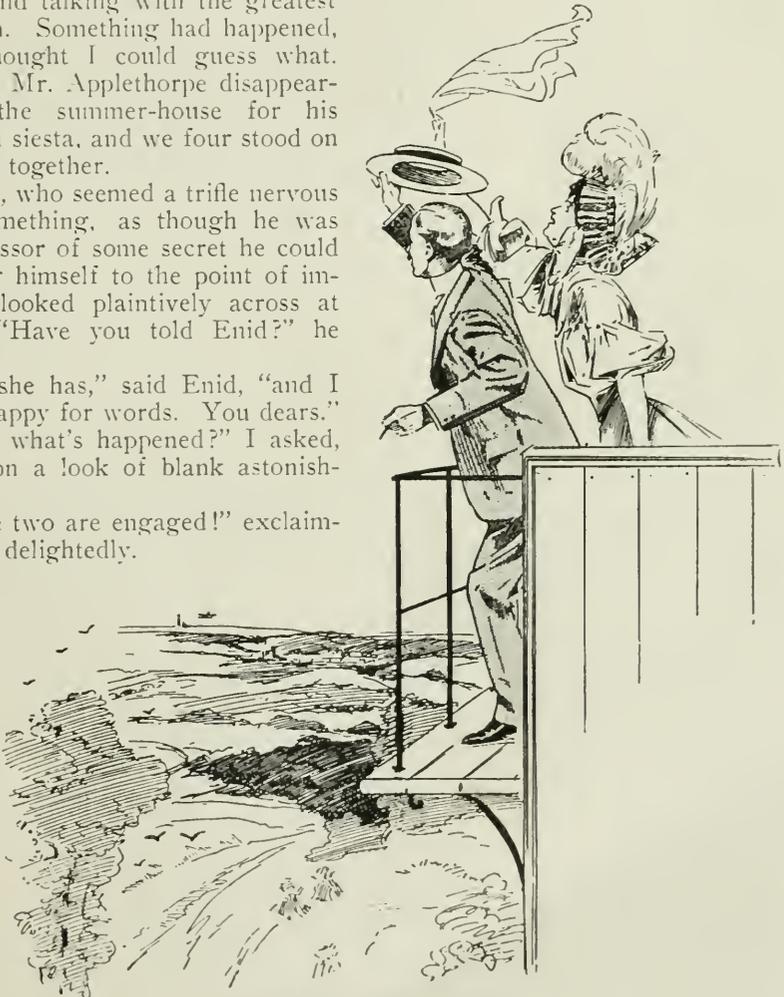
Doris looked at me amazedly. "But, Jim," she said, "you knew. Don't you remember yesterday, when we were up in—"

I knocked my foot against a croquet hoop close by and emitted a yell of pain.

"What?" said Enid.

"What?" echoed Arnold. They were both referring to Doris's uncompleted remark. I distracted their attention by the vigor of my expressions.

"Jim," said Enid, "I believe you are swearing."



"THEY CAME TO SEE US OFF."

"It's enough to make one," I replied, giving a glance at Doris for her thoughtless remark. Arnold might not like my aerial excursions with his fiancée. "Anyhow, I congratulate the two of you most—most heartily," and I shook hands in turn with them, very quickly.

Then we paired off, Doris and I, Enid and Arnold, and strolled along the path towards the paddock, but taking different ways.

"Jim," said my companion, "why did you knock your foot against the croquet hoop?"

"They will get so in the way."

"No, but the real reason?"

"Well, I didn't know if Arnold would like the idea of your accompanying me yesterday, even though it was only for a ten-minutes' trip, especially as you had only been engaged twenty-four hours."

Doris thought for a moment. Then she gave a sigh. "Men are so unreasonable . . ." she began.

"Aren't they?" I said.

". . . and perhaps it was foolish of me to mention it."

"By the bye," I remarked, "where was Arnold lunching yesterday?"

"I don't know," said Doris. "I felt a little hurt about it. I hoped he would lunch with me, but he said he had an important business engagement which he couldn't get off."

I nodded and said no more. Round the next turning of the path we came across the other two. They were engaged in very earnest conversation, and I remembered that I had noticed Enid blush unnecessarily when she had met Arnold in the morning.

I looked at my watch. "Enid, it is time we were going," I said. "Dinner's at seven o'clock."

"Yes, I suppose we must," she answered. "And I have enjoyed myself."

* * * *

They came to see us off and waved their handkerchiefs as we started down the plane. A little crowd of the townspeople were there as well, examining with interest my new ma-

chine. Aeroplanes were rare enough in the country districts to make their arrival somewhat of an event. They liked the comfortable red leather seats, the nickel-plated propeller, and the huge sidelights that looked like big eyes staring out of the head of some new-fangled bird.

We cut through the air swiftly, enjoying the finest of sensations that the ingenuity of man has devised for himself. For quite a long time we were content to say nothing, but at length Enid's mind flew back to our little quarrel of the morning.

"Jim, I don't think it makes your behavior much better," she said, "just because Doris happened to be engaged."

"Surely it does, Enid," I replied, not exactly knowing why.

"From my point of view perhaps, but not from Arnold's," Enid urged. "And anyhow, I think you might have told me that you knew about the engagement."

"If you remember, you said you preferred that there should be absolute silence between us. I gave in to your preference. But if you wish to reopen the subject, I am entitled to ask from what place you saw Doris and me."

Enid turned her head away. "Look at the sun over the hills, Jim," she said—"isn't it beautiful?"

"Lovely," I answered; "but it does not answer my question."

"Neither shall I," said Enid, after a pause, her face beginning to wear its determined expression.

"Then I will answer it myself. You were seated on the new terrace of the Savoy, lunching with Arnold." I knew he always lunched his friends there.

"Jim!" said Enid.

"Deny it, if you can," I replied.

She gave a scornful little laugh.

"Precisely! You can't," I said. "Nice sort of behavior."

We flew on for another half-hour in a conversationless atmosphere. I had just cause of resentment against Enid, and it was only my kindness of heart that stopped me from express-

AN AEROPLANE FOR TWO

ing it. When we were within about five miles of Hampstead, however, Enid gave a sigh.

"Jim," she said, "don't you think that perhaps our—our two mistakes balance?"

"I am quite willing to say so," I answered. "Shall we do what children do?"

"What is that?"

"Kiss and make it up."

"I will make it up."

"And kiss?"

Enid lifted her veil from her face. "Isn't it nice to feel the air on one's cheek?" she remarked.

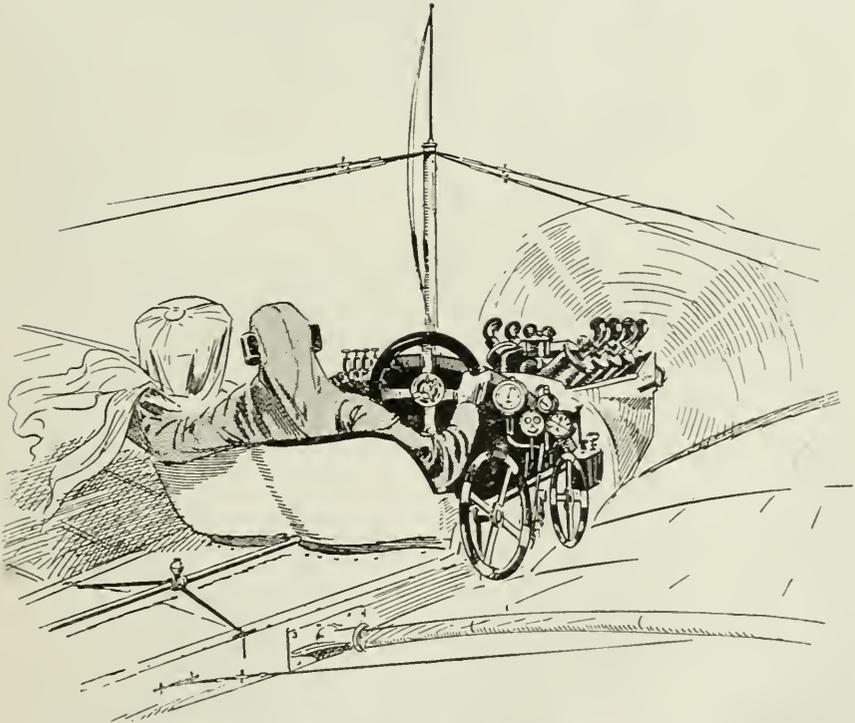
I kept one hand on the steering wheel, and with the other drew her towards me.

"There's something nicer than air, Enid," I said, and showed her that there was. After a moment she drew away again. "Enid," I urged, "don't you think that, after that, we might be engaged?"

"Engaged? Certainly not!" exclaimed Enid. "Why, that's only—a

"A what?" said I.

"A—a labial understanding," answered Enid.



"I KEPT ONE HAND ON THE STEERING WHEEL, AND WITH THE OTHER DREW HER TOWARDS ME."



THE TRAPPIST MONKS OF OKA



THE MONASTERY AND FARM AT OKA

The Cheese-Making Monks of Oka

By

FRANK YEIGH

SCATTERED throughout Canada are many curious religious communes, especially in the Province of Quebec—but there are none more curious or interesting than the settlements of the Trappist Monks. This strange brotherhood, with its curious views of life has three settlements in the Dominion—one in Nova Scotia, at Tracadie; one in the wilds of Northern Quebec, near the Lake St. John district, and a third on the banks of the Ottawa River, not far from Montreal. This monastic body is a branch of the Cistercian Order, and is named from the Village of Soligny-La Trappe, in the Department of Orme, France, where the Abbey of La Trappe was founded in 1140.

The rules of the order are noted for their extreme austerity, with long fasts, hard manual labor, practically perpetual silence, and a fleshly abstinence from many of the good things of the world.

The order was repressed in France

during the revolutionary period—its members escaping to Great Britain and America. There are two settlements of this order in the United States, one at Gethsemane, in Kentucky, and another at New Mallery, in Iowa. It is most interesting to visit one of these monasteries, such a one, for instance, as that near the Village of Oka, on the Ottawa River. The river steamer lands the would-be pilgrim at the wharf at Oka, where there is an odd little town, whose population is composed of French Canadians and Algonquin Indians. A large church and nunneries testify to the power of the Catholic church throughout French Canada.

Walking from the rustic wharf up the tree-lined main street of the place I caught sight of a creaking sign attached to a wayside inn. "Postillion de La Trappe" was the information conveyed to all who might read, and in the inn yard I soon found a tow-headed youth who acted as my driver



HOUSE-KEEPING

to the realm of the White Monks, three miles inland. Over country road we went at almost a gallop, past the cosy white farm houses and the big barns, past well-tilled fields of grain, in which women were working at harvesting, past quaint wayside crosses, until a sharp turn through a gateway brought us to the monastery.

There the ring of a bell awoke the echoes in the corridors, and a lay brother, clad in brown, appeared in response and acted as host and guide. The Trappists themselves are the superior order, the members of which are clad in white robes that reach to the feet, and belted around the waist with a rope girdle. On their feet are sandals, and their heads are shaven clean, except for a narrow rim of hair encircling the brow.

The brother in brown who met me was a representative of the 50 or more novitiates who live in the monastery and labor eight hours daily in the fields, over against the four hours' field work of the Trappists. Both sections, however, follow the strict regimen of the order.

The day begins at 2 a.m. Rising from his straw mattress, laid on the floor in an attic room, the Trappist commences his daily round of duties and of worship long before sunrise. Weird in the extreme is the sight of the monks gliding ghost-like in single file to their chapel, where for hours they engage in prayer. On the seats are placed very fine specimens of books of services, splendidly bound and richly illuminated in colors. The chants also sound weirdly in the still morn, and the effect is accentuated when the monastery bell peals out its rich tones.

But all the time of the Trappist is not given to prayer and meditation, although the greater part of the day is devoted to spiritual things. The Trappist is a farmer as well as a priest, and the Oka farm of 800 acres is one of the best tilled in that part of Canada. All kinds of grain are grown, an excellent vegetable garden is maintained, and a large orchard and vineyard adds picturesqueness to the rural scene. When the hour for farm work comes, the Trappist dons a working gown and, again in single file, march silently to their labor. Some are allotted to the gardens, where one may see them with great industry on their knees, not praying this time, but indulging in the more worldly occupation of weeding the onion bed or hoeing the turnips and carrots.

Another detachment is assigned to the large barn, for the Trappist is a stock-grower as well as an agriculturist. Rarely have I seen finer thoroughbred stock than the Perchon stallions and huge bulls there kept. The order owns at Oka several hundred cows, three hundred sheep and thirty-five horses.

THE CHEESE-MAKING MONKS OF OKA



WORKING IN THE GARDEN AT OKA

Adjoining the barn is the dairy, where a fancy cheese is produced that has a high reputation in the Montreal market, as has the claret and wines produced from the vineyards.

One would suppose that the Trappist would be justified in setting a well-laden table, but here comes their asceticism. Not only do they confine themselves to two meals a day, but their diet is of the simplest type. Meat forms no part of their menu, milk, vegetables and bread being their mainstay.

In the dining room I was invited to partake of a bowl of fresh milk and a square piece of bread, and both tasted exceedingly appetizing after the open air tour in charge of my brown-garbed guide. The tour of investigation revealed that the monks performed all the necessary work of the farm without any outside aid, except that rendered by some fifty young men who attend the agricultural school conducted by the order. Here a brother is at work in a carpenter shop; there at the blacksmith's anvil. At evening time another line of monks make their way with noiseless tread, each with pail in hand, to the cattle sheds, where the evening milking is

done. But all the work ends at eight o'clock at night, the long rows of mattresses are again occupied and the day's routine is done.

The most exacting prohibition among them is that of speech. Silence, without break or cessation, is a stern law that is not broken, excepting under



READY FOR MILKING

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE.

necessity, although this rule applies to the men in white, rather than to the neophyte. Exception is, of course, made to the rule of silence during the religious services.

The inevitableness of death is ever present in the minds of these recluses. They have as one of their mottoes the words "Remember Death," and the presence of the graveyard near their monastery and the sight as well of an open grave, is still another reminder to them of the mutability of all things earthly.

At last my visit came to an end. My kind friend in brown bade me a hearty good-bye, and I drove away from this odd little world within a world, this religious commune where self interest seems foreign and a strangely earnest devotion is apparent. One could not but wonder at the zeal and self-denial which leads a band of men to thus isolate themselves and the thought reasserted itself that it takes a variety of humanity to make up the world.

The last glimpse I had of the home of the monks was of the two mountains that form a background to the farm. Near the summit of the hills, glistening white against the trees, stood out three chapels. There they have remained as landmarks for a century and a half, and to them on the festival day of the order, pilgrims by the thousands make their way to join their prayers with the monks of La Trappe.

The lesson of their lives should not be lost on a world far too prone to forget the eternal verities amid the countless occupations and pleasures of life. Some men may doubt or deny the value of such a way of living, but after all it has a counter-balancing effect on the world. Take away the recluse and there is a void which nothing else can fill. In their devotion to religion and in their industry, lie two compelling forces which merit respect and which are bound to make their influence widely felt.



TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT MISTASSINI, QUEBEC

Every Man an Electric Runabout

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON

From Popular Electricity

YOU are your own voltaic battery. Every man is an electric runabout. So says Dr. Andrew McConnell, president of the Society of Universal Science, who is himself electrifying New York and Boston with the basic theory that the life principle of man is no mystic fluid, but electricity pure and simple.

Discrediting the idea that we live and move and have our being through some mysterious life force breathed into us at birth and withdrawn at death, Dr. McConnell, a southern scientist, declares that the life energy is electricity generated within our bodies, applied and controlled by our wills.

What great advantage would there be in finding this true? It would bring all the laws of life under the workings of the well-known laws of electricity. Every man becomes at the same time his electric motor, his own electrical engineer.

For over a decade Dr. McConnell has devoted himself to medical-electro experimental research, with the result that he builds up these three hypotheses:

1. Life power is electricity and is therefore directed and controlled by the laws of electricity.

2. The amount of electricity in each man is the measure of that man's health and working power.

3. This life electricity can be increased at will and to any extent by the individual, and so health and long life are easily within the reach of every human being.

These contentions open up a fascinating field of thought. Especially in the realm of electricity does the wise man hesitate to say, "This is impossible," "That is absurd." The Unknown of to-day is the Known of to-morrow. A Franklin told us that there is electricity in the air, it took a Marconi to demonstrate that this air-electricity can carry wireless messages. A Galvani told us a century ago that there is electricity in every living creature. May it not be an Andrew McConnell who shall establish the fact that we can at once make, control, and apply that life-stream?

If Andrew McConnell can teach us how to turn on the electric current and charge our batteries—we already know that electricity can decompose anything—it would appear that all we will have to do, to keep our bodily organs at the highest efficiency, will be to make proper application of this dormant force.

Dr. McConnell disclaims having discovered much that is original but to have assembled a mass of proof from the experiments of others and linked his findings together in a chain of scientific reasoning to substantiate his theory. Here are some of his reasonings:

Every schoolboy knows of the experiment by means of which Galvani touched a dead frog to an electric machine and saw the muscles move as in life. Since Galvani's time numerous experiments have demonstrated that electricity contracts muscles. It is the electrical contrac-

tion of muscles which produces all movements of the body.

Acids and alkalis cannot come together in a moist state without generating electricity. It is the union of the stomach acids and the alkalies of the saliva which makes the electricity that dissolves our food in the stomach; the stomach itself is a voltaic battery. When we say facetiously that certain hearts are reached through the stomach, we in a half-hearted way feebly state a psychological and electrical truth. Dr. McConnell maintains that we should be able to direct a current of bodily electricity to our stomach battery and so set the process of digestion merrily on its way. It is said that most of modern man's physical ailments proceed from faulty digestion. Make a man absolute monarch of his stomach and he can master his enemies and dominate his destiny. It is dyspepsia that makes suicides, curdles the milk of human kindness, and allows divorce-lawyers to buy big automobiles. Give the man with the undertaker face and the rabbit-skin chest-protector the secret of sending health-giving electric currents into his little digestive system and his dog will come out from hiding under the woodshed, his wife smile as she used to 20 years ago.

What part does the brain take in all this? Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, demonstrates very clearly that the brain is an electric battery of the most potent and sensitive type; that it both receives and transmits electric thought-currents.

According to the fascinating Mc-

Connell theory each one of us is a moving voltaic battery, insulated by our skin, hair, nails, and the texture of our clothing; each organ within us is itself a complete electric battery, and all the life processes electrical. The expansion of the lungs and the separation of the oxygen from the air, the whole process of digestion, the heart action, the formation and chemical changes in the cells, the secretions of liver and kidneys, the five senses of smell, taste, sight, hearing, and touch; in fact every process essential to life is a simple electrical function.

Most men think themselves more vital than a fish, yet there are many varieties of fish which give electric shocks, give them when they want to, and direct them where they will. It is not a very up-to-date man who is willing to take second place to the thunder-fish of the Nile, the torpedo-fish of the Mediterranean, or the electric eel of South American rivers. A one-horse man is a poor specimen. An historic American in the midst of a hot political campaign was glowingly characterized as "a whole team and a dog under the wagon"; yet with the power of a few electric eels at his disposal, properly directed, he would be this and more.

It would be a poor-spirited "human," Dr. McConnell says, who would refuse to take hold and run the machine when a scientist tells him that, without knowing it, he is the owner of a great splendid touring-car more delicately adjusted, more potent than the shiny and expensive one that whizzes along the city boulevards.





HE HAD REALIZED THAT HE WAS HOPELESSLY IN THE TOILS AND COULD NOT ESCAPE UNTIL HE HAD PARTED WITH EVERY PENNY HE POSSESSED

Gutch of the Stock Exchange

By PAUL URQUHART

Illustrated by Sydney Seymour Lucas

I.

THE "bears" had been caught "short," and everybody in the House—except Loder's broker, that is—was very sorry for them. The group of men standing by the chocolate and apple stall in Shorter's Court involuntarily bent their heads and stared at the flagstones, as if a hearse were driving by, when Arthur Saville came out of No. 3 door.

"Poor beggar!" they murmured as

he passed, his face drawn and haggard, speaking no word to anyone.

Walter Loder had brought off a "rig" of the most complete and successful order. His exact connection with the Invigorator had never been explained, but everyone knew that he was the leading spirit in the flotation of that notorious patent medicine known as Kirk's Invariable Invigorator. The Invigorator was a household word, as the advertisement said

with considerable truth. Kirk, in his lifetime, had boasted that he spent three-quarters of a million a year in advertising. There was not a spot in the country where the name did not appear. You found it on mountains; it glared at you from sky-signs in red and green and yellow. The trawlers of an entire fishing village in the West Country bore the legend of the Invigorator on their sails when they went to sea. All along the main lines of the kingdom weary passengers gazed on one continuous succession of hoardings, setting forth the qualities of the Invigorator. What diseases it could not cope with were unknown to the medical profession; from housemaid's knee to smallpox it was an inevitable cure. Suffering humanity owed a debt to Kirk, according to Kirk; and it must be allowed to the credit of Kirk that he saw that humanity paid it—with interest at about 10,000 per cent.

In his looser moments—and towards the end of his triumphal career in this world Kirk had several looser moments—this benefactor of mankind would confess that his recipe was one drop of strychnine and ten stone of old iron to a gallon of water. As the quarter-pint bottles of the Invigorator were sold for 2s 1½d, his profits may be readily gauged.

Walter Loder had offered the public the right of becoming proprietors in this universal panacea by placing on the market 35,000 £10 shares in the Invigorator Company, Limited. Before the allotment took place, the shares were quoted at a premium of 30s. As the price asked for the concern was considered excessive, several speculators in the House put in their applications in the ordinary way, and sold against them at the market premium without waiting to receive their allotment papers.

This was Loder's opportunity. The "bears" must get the shares they had sold, to deliver them to their purchasers. They wanted in all 30,000 shares; Loder allotted them 10,000. The balance of 35,000 shares stood in

the share register against the names of his nominees. Clamoring for the deficit of 20,000 shares, the "bears" approached Loder. He met them with a smile of sweet reasonableness. They could have the shares—most certainly; they could have the whole block of 20,000—no difficulty about it at all. And the price was a mere song—simply £20 a share. The "bears" laughed—a little uneasily, perhaps—and said it wasn't altogether a bad joke for Loder. Loder confessed engagingly that he himself had thought the situation not entirely devoid of humorous possibilities. He was asked to name the real price. He seemed surprised, and declared he thought he had mentioned it a few seconds before. It was £20 a share. That was the price to-day, at least; to-morrow it would be £30. The "bears" went away growling. The older hands hastened to purchase at the ruling price. But the younger speculators held out; they were not going to be robbed.

Among the number was Arthur Saville. He had sold 1,500 shares and had been allotted only 500. Day after day he waited, thinking that the "rig" must break, and day after day Loder put up the price £10 per share, until at last it stood at £60. To make good his shortage of 1,000 shares, Saville would have to pay Loder £60,000, losing over the transaction £47,500. He had realized that he was hopelessly in the toils, and that he could not escape until he had parted with every penny he possessed.

Automatically Saville made his way through the crowded streets to a little grey paved courtyard, and turned into the office of his friend, Coverley Gutch. To go to Gutch when he was in business difficulties was fairly futile; for Gutch was regarded notoriously as the most unbusiness-like jobber in the House. But Gutch was his friend, and Saville needed at that moment the comforting moral support of a friend, rather than the advice of a business man. The horse was already out of the stable, and it was

useless to bother about shutting the door.

"Gutch, I'm ruined."

He threw the words like a challenge at the man, who stood with his big, six-foot body bent over a glass case. Coverley Gutch turned a sunburnt, jolly, schoolboyish face to gaze for a second at his visitor.

"Ab-so-lute-ly?" he questioned, in a hearty, matter-of-fact tone of voice.

Saville nodded drearily.

"Yes, you look it. I say—have you seen my wheat? They can only grow one gallon to every 129 square feet in Denmark, and I'm getting a tenth of a gallon here on a square foot. That's so, Walker, isn't it?"

He turned excitedly to the third man in the room—a man of about forty-two, with the unmistakable build of an old soldier.

"Happen, Mr. Gutch, if we keep on teasin' 'em with that there liquid muck."

He gazed with eyes of unquestioning faith at the eight ill-looking green shoots that protruded through the black soil under the glass case.

"Hullo, Arthur! Whatever is the matter, old chap?"

Saville had sunk into a chair and buried his white, drawn face in his hands.

Gutch crossed the room and put one of his big hands on Saville's shoulder. The momentary attitude of protection was significant of the relations between the two men. Ever since their Cambridge days, Coverley Gutch, the athlete, the Rugby football "blue," had been the friend and protector of the other, whose very weaknesses had appealed to his more virile nature.

"Tell us all about it, old chap?"

In broken sentences Saville laid bare the details of his ruin. Standing behind him, Gutch listened, gazing at the mirror that hung on the opposite wall, and absently fingering the violently colored Japanese tie—yellow spots on a red background—which he wore. When Saville had finished, Gutch broke into a long-drawn whistle, which culminated, quite unexpectedly, in a

perfectly rendered performance of the first part of the overture from "Pinafore." He stopped abruptly, with a shame-faced glance at the stolid countenance of Walker.

"Sorry," he muttered, under his breath, and finding that his lips were framing themselves for another performance, he began to walk up and down the room.

"So Loder's worked this 'rig," has he? It's of no blamed consequence to the world, of course, but I think he's a dirty scoundrel. Remember Lieutenant Walter Loder, George?"

"Aye, la-ad; that I do," retorted Walker in his homely Yorkshire. "Wanted to break me coomin' back in ship after I'd served twenty-one years. If it hadn't been for you—"

"That'll do, George, thank you. Your habit of yarning is turning you into another Bill Adams."

Walker scratched his head, and was understood to say "that he had never heard tell on Bill Adams"; all he recollected was that, coming home from the war, on getting his discharge, he had found himself in the same troopship with that contingent of Imperial Yeomanry in which Gutch was a corporal and Loder a lieutenant. For some petty offence Loder had placed him on the punishment list. It would have been the only mark against him on his papers after twenty-one years' exemplary service, but it was enough to ruin his chances in civil life. Gutch, indignant at the unfairness of it all, had, in handing the charge-list to the orderly sergeant, allowed the wind to carry this record of petty offences out to sea. Walker had escaped, and by way of showing his gratitude, had demanded employment of Gutch. In due course he was installed as handy-man and manager of the intensified culture farm, which was Gutch's one hobby—unless a weakness for Japanese ties could be so designated.

"Of course, we must break Loder—that's settled. Pull your socks up, Arthur, and look pleasant."

Saville turned a face of utter misery to his friend.

"It's all very well for you to be so jolly cheerful," he said, viciously, "but I am ruined; and there's more than that behind it all. Loder's making the running with Mary through her brute of a stepmother, and I shall lose her and everything I care for in the world."

Gutch got through three bars of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" before he could check himself.

"That'll be all right, Arthur; don't you worry—I'll manage it."

"You? Why, you know as much about business as a cat. Loder could run rings round you every time. Don't talk rot!"

"I know I'm a fool at business," said Gutch quietly, "ab-so-lute-ly; but there's always my luck. You clear off, Arthur, and go and knock a ball about on the links. It'll brace you up."

Saville dragged himself wearily from the room. Quite unwittingly he had been accustomed for years to follow his friend's directions. That afternoon he gave the worst exhibition of golf that had ever been seen at Wembley.

Left alone, Gutch sent his clerk out with certain instructions. Half an hour later he was reading some pencilled notes, setting forth the names of the sharerolders, together with a list of their holdings, in the Invigorator Company, Limited.

"It's ab-so-lute-ly rotten, George," he said to his handyman, when the latter brought in his tea; "but you'll have to make up that bed on the farm yourself to-night. I'm full up with business."

II.

Crabbe House—called after the old poet, who used to visit there in the early days of the nineteenth century—stood in the middle of Hampstead Heath, surrounded by beeches, pines, and silver birches. It was a magnificent specimen of Georgian architecture, the envy of all lovers of the beautiful, and the pet antipathy of Mrs.

Allan. A smart residence in Kensington Palace Gardens, or a pill-box at a rental of £100 a room, overlooking the Park, was the dream of her life. To be saddled with this "old, crazy barracks, bored her stiff," she said, in her American way. That her stepdaughter, Mary, adored it tended to increase the secret aversion she felt for her dead husband's only child.

Mrs. Allan was thirty-two, and her stepdaughter twenty-two, and therefore to be regarded, according to Mrs. Allan's code, as a rival. What she could do to make herself unpleasant she did. Every wish, every opinion that Mary expressed she opposed. Because Mary had a weakness for Arthur Saville she practically forbade him the house by a system of veiled insults and bitter sarcasms that touched the tender-hearted stockbroker to the quick. Because Mary had expressed a dislike for Walter Loder, Loder was always a welcome guest at Crabbe House, and Mrs. Allan did everything possible to forward his suit. She was never tired of dinning in the girl's ears her doctrine of materialism. Loder had money, made money, and had a trick of attracting money into his banking account, and was altogether the ideal personage. She knew a "sure thing" when she saw it, and Loder was going to be a billionaire, "mark her words." On the other hand, Arthur Saville was no better than "the change out of a two-cent piece." When Loder, for the purposes of his "rig," allotted Mary 15,000 shares in the Invigorator Company, she regarded it as the noblest expression of a man's love of which the world had record. Mary took the shares for the sake of peace, quite careless of their value, and almost ignorant of what they meant.

The haze of a summer night had fallen over the Heath. Lovers, sitting on seats and beneath gorse bushes, under the friendly shadow of the darkening sky, allowed themselves a freer expression of their beliefs in the idyllic beauty of their respective Helens. Jane, the under-housemaid at

Crabbe House, had snatched an odd half-hour to chat with an amorous butcher's boy. Having watched her swain depart, until the glow of his lighted Woodbine had vanished in the growing darkness, she was about to return to her duties, when her steps were stayed by the sudden appearance of a tall man from behind the barricade of bushes that stood near the side entrance to the grounds.

"Emily," said the man, coming to-

she. Besides, Ermyntrude was the invariable name of all the stately Norman-blooded heroines of her particular taste in literature.

"Garn!" she said, implying by the tone she used, rather than the expression itself, that his company was far from displeasing.

"I want you to do something for me; you're such a nice girl that I am sure you'll do it."

"Well—perhaps."



HALF AN HOUR LATER HE WAS READING . . . THE NAMES OF THE SHAREHOLDERS

wards her with quick strides. "don't go away; I want to speak to you."

"Go on, impudence; my name ain't Emily."

"It ought to be Ermyntrude," said the man, insinuatingly.

She could see him quite clearly now. He was very well dressed in dark tweed, with a tie, as she explained afterwards, "a lovely duck of a thing, all yellow spots and red." She had no intention of going away, not

"I knew you would. I want you to ask Miss Allen to come out and meet me here—without letting anybody know, of course."

Jane scented a romance.

"My! do you want to keep company with her?"

The engaging stranger took something from his pocket and put it in her hand. Jane saw it was a sovereign, and called him "Sir" after that.

"There's somebody else a-courting

of her, sir. But between you and me and the gate-post, I don't think Miss Mary sets much store on him. He's with her now—Mr. Loder."

The stranger started to whistle something, and then stopped.

"Ah! Mr. Walter Loder. Well, like the nice girl you are, you give her my message. Say I come from Mr. Saville. I'll wait in there behind the shrubbery."

Jane set off at once on her errand, and Coverley Gutch took up his position in the shrubbery that flanked the drive. He waited about ten minutes. Presently he heard footsteps, and the sound of voices coming from the direction of the house. Gradually, as the sounds came nearer, he could distinguish what was being said.

"You refuse to believe me, then, Miss Allan?"

It was Loder speaking—speaking in that clear, impressive voice which had swayed so many meetings of angry-shareholders.

"If you mean that I don't think Mr. Saville is a gambler and a 'waster,' as you call him—no, I don't."

"I am sorry. It was your own peace of mind I was thinking of. I wished to save you the shock of learning the truth later. Arthur Saville is ruined, hopelessly ruined."

Gutch, through the leaves, saw Mary Allan start. She spoke hesitatingly.

"Ruined—how?"

"By gambling and a course of wild speculation that is nothing more than criminal. Before another month is out he will be hammered on the Stock Exchange, and his brief business career will end in dishonor. And this is the man you have set your affections on!"

"Even if it were true, I love him."

She spoke quietly and with dignity, betraying neither by voice nor manner anything of the deep emotions that her words signified. Loder seemed to watch her closely.

"Well, well, Miss Allan, I won't say anything more about him. Perhaps in time you will think different-

ly. You know I love you—you know—"

She made a little despairing motion of protest with her hand.

"Mr. Loder—please—don't."

"I won't say anything more, as you wish it. Just one thing I had forgotten, before I say good-night. Would you mind letting me have that transfer? You have signed it, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have signed it."

"It seems a shame to bother you, especially as it is all due to my own carelessness. I should have got you to sign a transfer when I allotted you the shares; but I was so anxious you should have them, and have an interest in what is a very sound investment that I quite overlooked the matter. It's for purely technical reasons that I want to hold the transfer; the shares, of course, are yours. May I come back to the house with you and get it?"

She was staring contemplatively at the gravelled drive, and for a few seconds she made no answer.

"I will say good-night now, Mr. Loder. I have changed my mind about transferring the shares."

Gutch with difficulty suppressed an almost uncontrollable desire to whistle a triumphal march. For a second it seemed something had stirred the depths of Loder's emotions.

"You are talking nonsense, Miss Allan. You haven't paid a penny piece for the shares, and they really belong to me."

"You told me they were mine, and you told my stepmother that they were worth far more than their face value. It is true I don't want them, and never did want them, but they might be of use to Mr. Saville."

Loder gave vent to a long-drawn "Ah!"

"This is utter nonsense. I am not going to have my business ruined by such an absurdity. I shall see your stepmother, Miss Allan."

Without another word he strode past her back to the house, leaving Miss Allan standing with hands tightly



SUDDENLY AN IRON GRIP FASTENED UPON HIS NECK.

clenched and downcast eyes. Gutch waited till the sound of the footsteps on the gravel had ceased, and then pushed his way through the barrier of laurels.

"Ab-so-lute-ly fine, Miss Allan."

The girl started, looking with frightened wonder at the huge figure of the man who stood before her.

"Are you the gentleman who has a message for me from Mr. Saville?"

"I haven't a message, but I want to see you in his interest. I am Gutch—Coverley Gutch, a very old friend of Arthur's. You don't mind, I hope; but I could not help overhearing all that fellow said."

"Was it true?"

"Well, partly. It's of no consequence in the world, of course, but Walter Loder's a dirty scoundrel. He's caught Arthur 'short.' Poor old fellow, he's sold a thousand more Invigorators than he's got, and to deliver them to the people who have bought them he's got to buy them himself from Loder, and Loder intends to make him pay any fancy price he likes. Arthur'll be ruined unless you help him."

"Oh, Mr. Gutch, how can I help him? I would do anything in the world—"

"Ab-so-lute-ly—of course you would. What's more, you hit upon the very plan of doing it. I found that you'd been allotted 15,000, and was coming to you to make the same suggestion as you proposed to that fellow just now."

"Take the shares, Mr. Gutch, if that will save Arthur."

"I have got a little plan in my head, Miss Allan, to get Arthur out of this mess, and to teach Mr. Walter Loder the sort of lesson he has been wanting this long while. If you'll give me a 'call option' on your shares at £12 apiece—that is to say, give me the right to buy them at that price by next settling day—that's a fortnight from now, I'll square the whole thing. It sounds rather like asking you to give me a million and a half at the present price of Invigorators, but you'll stand to make a profit, and if I am to euchre

Loder I must control the whole block."

She held out her hand to him gratefully.

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Gutch. I trust you implicitly."

"That's all right, ab-so-lute-ly. Now about this transfer; crafty old fox, Loder—forgot to get your transfer when he allotted you the shares. He's frightened now of any leakage. If anybody else got your shares, he'd be in trouble. You must tear up that transfer you've signed, otherwise we shan't be able to do much. Let me have it, and I'll do it myself. There mustn't be any mistake."

"Come up with me to the house. The paper is in my sitting-room. I can let you in through the French windows."

She turned as she spoke, and Gutch followed. Halfway up the drive she struck across a little path that led over the lawn to the side of the house. Suddenly she stopped, and put a trembling hand on Gutch's arm.

"Look," she whispered, "there's a light in my room. Nobody ever goes there except myself."

Gutch moved quickly, with the soft tread of the trained athlete, towards the large French windows from which there poured a stream of light. The blinds were not drawn. Standing in the shadow, with Miss Allan by his side, he could see into the room.

There were two persons there, Loder, and a tall, stylishly-dressed woman, whom Gutch guessed to be Mrs. Allan. Loder had a poker in his hand, trying to force upon the *escritoire* in which Mary Allan kept her papers. Even as they looked, the lid sprang back. Mrs. Allan laughed, and said something which they could not hear. Then both of them began turning over the papers. Presently, Loder opened a folded sheet, which Gutch could see, from the red wafers with which it was dotted, was the transfer Mary Allan had signed.

They saw Loder smile blandly at Mrs. Allan, and put away the paper in his pocket-book. In another moment

the electric light was switched off, and the two conspirators had left the room.

"Go back into the house," Gutch whispered. "I'll settle with Mr. Walter Loder, don't you worry."

Miss Allan obeyed his directions without another word. Left alone, Gutch ran quickly down the drive. Near the gate, a huge cedar cast its shadow over the garden. Here it was quite dark, now that the night had come. Not even the white glow of a sky of stars pierced the blackness. Coverley Gutch pressed himself closely against the garden wall. To the left of him was the gate; to the right, the fringe of laurel bushes, and above him the great sweeping arms of the cedar.

A man came swinging down the drive, humming to himself, evidently well pleased with the world. It was Loder. He hesitated a moment at the gate, fumbling with the latch. Suddenly an iron grip fastened upon his neck. In a second he was flung like a sack of flour on his back. Before he could utter a sound or cry for help, somebody sat deliberately on his face, making speech impossible. He gurgled hopelessly like a drowning man. He felt the pocket of his coat being rifled. For five seconds, perhaps, he lay there helpless; then his assailant leapt to his feet, and seizing him, before he even thought of struggling, flung him incontinently among the laurel bushes.

He heard the swing of the gate and the sound of a man running; but he could see no one. Shaking and trembling, he struggled to his feet. Instinctively his hand went to his breast-pocket. His pocket-book was still there. He took it out, feeling among the papers. A little cry escaped him, and he ran, staggering like a drunken man, out of the shadow of the cedar into the white light of the stars. There he peered closely at the papers in his book. The transfer was gone!

III.

Though the House was crowded with jobbers and their clerks, "things"

were very quiet. Business was being transacted with prosaic method and dispatch. In the general atmosphere of relaxation, the idlers gave themselves up to practical joking. A good-natured elderly man with a bald head, surrounded by six or seven of the younger members, was listening with as much composure as possible to the singing of "There is No Parting There." In another quarter of the House a broker, his cheeks suffused with blushes, was being followed by a small group chanting "The Power of Love," to commemorate his approaching nuptials.

When Coverley Gutch entered, there was no trace of his adventure of the previous night in his beaming, good-natured face. He stood the volley of chaff with which his tie was greeted—a fantasy of blue and yellow with red and white spots—with unruffled calm. As he made his way through the House, a broker stopped him.

"I say, Gutch, you're a friend of Arthur Saville's, what's happened to him? Yesterday he was looking as blue as blazes, and everybody was saying that he'd got caught in this infernal Invigorator 'rig,' and prophesying that he'd be hammered within the next fortnight. He looked as if it was true, too, quite broken up—and now he's himself again all right."

"Perhaps he's been drinking the Invariable Invigorator. Doesn't every purchaser of shares get a bonus of so many bottles?"

The broker laughed, and with a friendly nod continued on his way.

Gutch strolled leisurely down to that space on the floor devoted to the Miscellaneous market, exchanging a smile and a word with many a man in passing. Harding, Loder's broker, was standing there.

"What are Investigators this morning, Harding?"

"110 to-day, and they'll be up ten points more to-morrow. Don't say you've been caught 'short.'"

"Ab-so-lute-ly no! I've got more of the beastly things than I want."

Harding winked.



THE EXCITEMENT BECAME TREMENDOUS AS THE SHARES CONTINUED SAGGING

GUTCH OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

"You don't pull my leg, Gutch."

"Fact, really! I've two thousand I want to get rid of this moment. But nobody will buy them. Say they're waiting till the committee interferes."

"But the committee won't interfere."

"That's what I told them, but they wouldn't believe it. You'd better buy them, Harding."

Harding shook his head.

"Well, if you don't, I shall offer them at a lower price to some unfortunate victim, and deprive Mr. Walter Loder of quite a handsome portion of his legitimate profits. It's a pity to spoil a good "rig," there's been nothing like this since Warner came over from America to teach us a thing or two."

Harding called his clerk to him, and whispered something in his ear that sent him flying from the room. Ten minutes later he returned and spoke to his principal.

"I'll buy that lot at 110," Harding said to Gutch.

Gutch clinched that bargain with a nod, and then lolled nonchalantly out of the House.

Next day was settling day. Gutch delivered the 2,000 Invigorators, and Harding's cheque for the amount was duly passed through his bank. On the morrow, Gutch appeared as buoyant and unruffled as usual. He talked so much about intensified culture that his friends fled from him in a veritable panic. Somebody asked him why he wasted his time in the daily farce of appearing in the House, and didn't devote his whole attention to the cultivation of cabbages and slugs.

At about one, he strolled over to the "Palmerston" to lunch, where he ate a beef-steak and drank a tankard of bitter beer with his usual equanimity. Afterwards he played a hundred up at billiards with his friend. Subsequently these trivial details were recalled.

It was a little after two when he turned once more towards the House. Halfway there he chanced on Loder, dressed immaculately, hurrying in the

direction of Harding's office. The two men had not spoken since their return from South Africa. Gutch had invariably cut Loder dead when they met, but to-day he seemed in an unusually expansive mood.

"Hullo, Loder," he said, stopping in front of him and practically barring his progress along the narrow pavement, "how are Invigorators?"

"I only discuss my business with people whom it concerns."

"Quite right, ab-so-lute-ly. By the way, Loder, do you remember how I lost that charge-sheet on our way back from the Cape? I did it to save that poor devil of a Tommy who had gone through twenty-one years' service without a mark until he met you. I never told you that, did I? He works on my intensified culture farm. You should come up and see him. He'd be delighted to show you round."

"I've no wish to continue the conversation. I've something better to do than waste my time talking to men of your stamp."

Loder made as if to step into the roadway and pass the other. Gutch put out a restraining arm.

"I say, Loder, I want to ask you one question before you go. Don't be in such an infernal hurry, man. It is not often we have time for a pleasant little chat. I say, why do you think Arthur Saville is a gambler?"

Loder wrenched his arm free.

"Look here, Mr. Coverley Gutch, I've had all the conversation I want with you. Just take this bit of advice, don't interfere with my business."

"That's strange now, ab-so-lute-ly. You mean Invigorators, don't you? I promised myself this very afternoon quite—well, if you must be going, so long."

Gutch watched Loder turn point blank on his heels, without another word, and hurrying across the street, disappear into the offices of Harding & Langley. With a smile of placid contempt, he continued his leisurely stroll down Threadneedle Street, and

entered the House. He sought out Saville.

"Come along, old chap, and watch the fun. When I put my pencil in my mouth, you buy."

It was three o'clock when Gutch walked into the Miscellaneous market. As if by telepathy, the House seemed immediately to realize that something was in the wind. A small crowd collected which grew larger and larger. Men stood up on the seats that surround the pillars and run

more at 90. Harding bid 70. A nod from Gutch and they were his. Again another 100 were offered at the lower price, and Harding, anxious and concerned, bought at ten points lower.

The excitement became tremendous, as the shares continued sagging. At 50 Harding again bid and was promptly supplied. He was very uneasy, though his face masked his emotions. Through his clerk he communicated with Loder on the 'phone. From what followed it was clear that the promo-



HIS OWN GAZE SOUGHT THE PAVEMENT

along the side of the walls, straining their necks to catch a glimpse of the battle royal that suddenly sprang up between Gutch and Harding.

As soon as Gutch entered the market, he began to offer in his stentorian voice 100 Invigorators at Loder's price, 110. Harding, anxious to support the market against Gutch, and prevent the collapse of the "rig," bid for 100 at 90. Still wearing his indolent, good-natured smile, Gutch sold him them. Then he offered 100

ter of the Invariable Invigorator Company smelled a rat. It was obvious into what quarter Mary Allan's 15,000 shares had found their way. His instructions to Harding were to withdraw his support from the market and get out of the position on the best terms possible. There were the 2,000 at 110 to be made good.

Something like a cheer went up from the excited crowd when Gutch offered Invigorators at 40, and there was no answering bid from Hard-

ing. Instead, Loder's broker offered them a point lower. Gutch dropped to 35; Harding promptly capped him at 34. Five points at a time, Gutch lowered the price, Harding offering a point lower. At 25 there was a rally. Some of the "bears," anxious to get out of a dangerous situation, bought at this price. But this stability was only temporary. By a quarter to four Invigorators were finding buyers at 15. At ten minutes to four they stood at par.

Then they collapsed with the velocity of an avalanche. Five minutes before the closing of the House, Gutch was offering them at ten shillings. As he did so, he casually put his gold pencil-case to his mouth. Saville, anxiously awaiting the signal that they had touched bottom, bid for one thousand and was promptly supplied.

If the scene in the House was extraordinary, it paled before the excitement that prevailed when Coverley Gutch struggled out of No. 10 door into Threadneedle Street amidst a seething mass of jobbers and brokers. Walter Loder, who had been waiting there, hearing his fate from minute to minute through the medium of Harding's unauthorized clerk, was almost swept off his feet by the rush. He made his escape with difficulty. The bitterness of his defeat was not assuaged by the sight of a motor-car which was waiting in the street. As

he passed it his eyes met those of the girl, sitting there alone. She looked through him and past him, so it seemed. His own gaze sought the pavement, and he hurried on quicker, realizing that he had lost not only a fortune, but all hope of making Mary Allan his wife.

When Gutch got back to his house on the outskirts of Hendon that night, after a quiet dinner at the Savoy with Saville and Mary Allan, he made an account with the stump of a pencil on an envelope. A rough estimate of his "deal" in Invigorators showed that he had made a profit not far short of £60,000. After a consideration of these figures he allowed himself the luxury of whistling selections from the triumphal march in Tannhauser.

"George," he said to his handyman, when the latter came to receive his instructions for the morrow, "we'll add those ten acres to the farm."

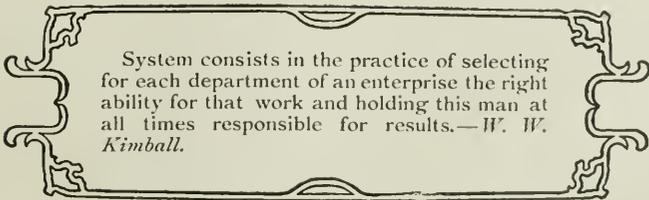
"It'll cost thee nigh on £16,000, Mr. Gutch!"

"We'll risk it, George. I've just had a bit of luck and cleared £57,000."

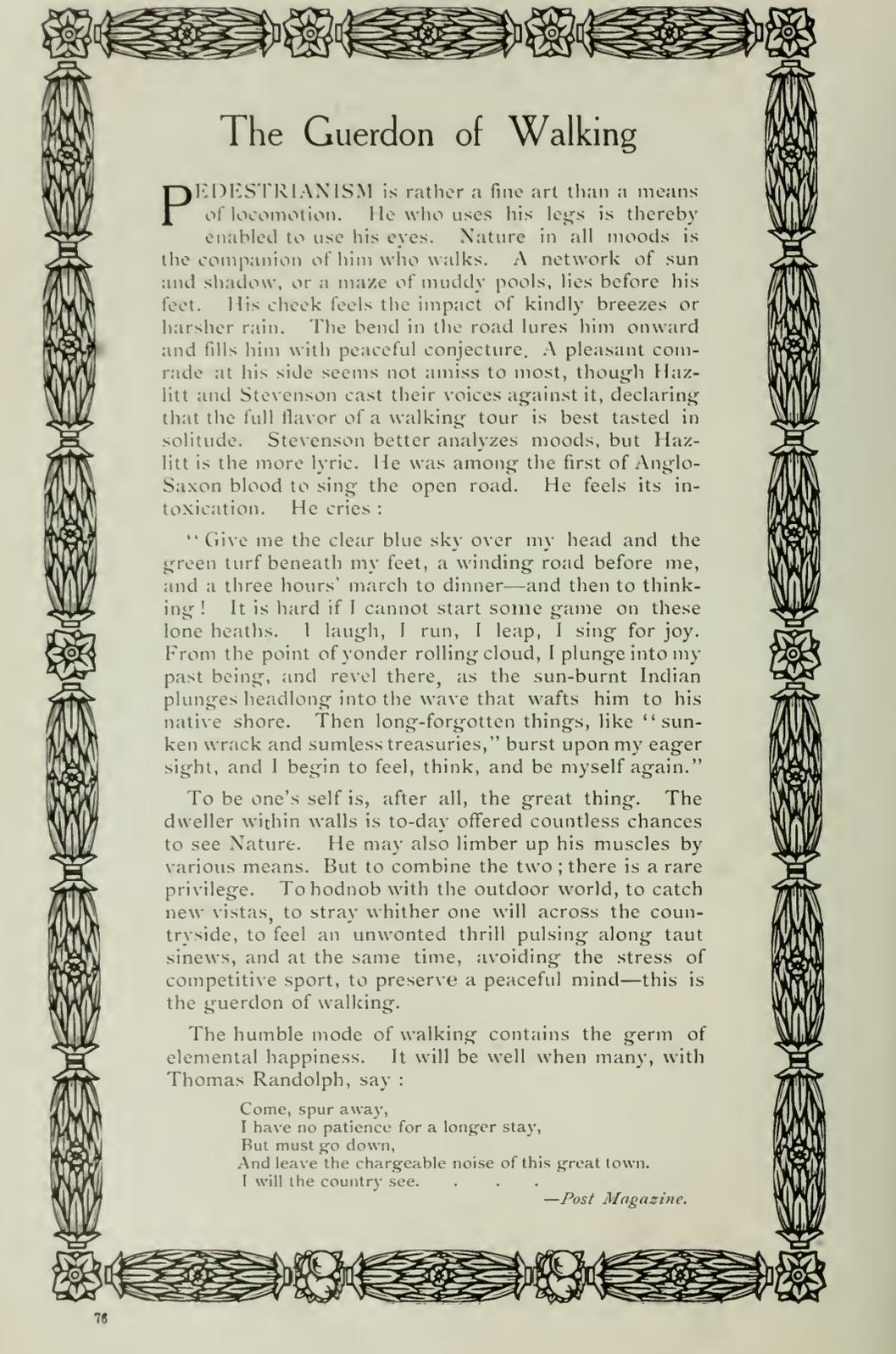
Walker's eyes opened wide and he scratched his head reflectively, gazing the while at his master. Then at last he spoke.

"Tha's happen not the fool soon folk tak' thee for, Mr. Gutch."

Which was a compliment, coming from George Walker.



System consists in the practice of selecting for each department of an enterprise the right ability for that work and holding this man at all times responsible for results.—*W. W. Kimball.*



The Guerdon of Walking

PEDESTRIANISM is rather a fine art than a means of locomotion. He who uses his legs is thereby enabled to use his eyes. Nature in all moods is the companion of him who walks. A network of sun and shadow, or a maze of muddy pools, lies before his feet. His cheek feels the impact of kindly breezes or harsher rain. The bend in the road lures him onward and fills him with peaceful conjecture. A pleasant comrade at his side seems not amiss to most, though Hazlitt and Stevenson cast their voices against it, declaring that the full flavor of a walking tour is best tasted in solitude. Stevenson better analyzes moods, but Hazlitt is the more lyric. He was among the first of Anglo-Saxon blood to sing the open road. He feels its intoxication. He cries :

“ Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours’ march to dinner—and then to thinking ! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like “ sunken wrack and sunless treasures,” burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again.”

To be one’s self is, after all, the great thing. The dweller within walls is to-day offered countless chances to see Nature. He may also limber up his muscles by various means. But to combine the two ; there is a rare privilege. To hodnob with the outdoor world, to catch new vistas, to stray whither one will across the countryside, to feel an unwonted thrill pulsing along taut sinews, and at the same time, avoiding the stress of competitive sport, to preserve a peaceful mind—this is the guerdon of walking.

The humble mode of walking contains the germ of elemental happiness. It will be well when many, with Thomas Randolph, say :

Come, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
I will the country see.

—*Post Magazine.*



SECTION OF A FOUR-ACRE STRAWBERRY PATCH IN THE KOOTENAY,
FROM WHICH \$4,300 OF BERRIES WAS TAKEN IN ONE SEASON

From Golden Ore to Golden Fruit

By

EDGAR WILLIAM DYNES

WHO has not heard of the Kootenay? Very few, I dare say.

It has been extensively advertised in two ways. First, by the wealth of its bona fide mines, and secondly, by the industry of the wildcat promoters who victimized an easy public with Kootenay flotations of exceedingly doubtful value. Since it went on the map back about '93 and '94 it has been staying on rather industriously. It gave the world one of the greatest mining booms it has ever seen and was a high-stepper on fake bonanzas, only taking second place when Cobalt went it one better. But it has always been known as the abiding place of the delvers of the hills—a mining country through and through.

Now I am about to tell you that the Kootenay of to-day is a fruit country, as well.

The Kootenay a fruit-growing country!

It sounds strange, doesn't it? If it were a tale of a new strike or a stampede to some new, hitherto unexplored camp, it would not appear unnatural. But the Kootenay a fruit-growing country? Now, don't you mean the Okanagan, or the Fraser valley, or Vancouver Island?

It is true. There can no longer be any doubt about it. As late as two years ago there were still doubters—perhaps knockers is a better word. It couldn't be done, they said. The Kootenay was a mining country, first, last,



HAY AND FRUIT RANCH ONE MILE NORTH OF ROSSLAND IN THE KOOTENAY

and all the time. But to grow fruit?—never!

But the doubts have vanished, the knockers are asleep, while the results are appearing—have appeared. Trees are bearing prize-winning fruit, and only three years from the loamy rows of the nursery. Shrewd Englishmen over in London say that a Kootenay red apple is a good thing to moisten a dry palate and they call for more. Earl Grey admits that a fruit ranch in Kootenay looks good to him and his son thinks the same, while they both back it up by buying two choice blocks of fruit land with a frontage on that magnificent sheet of water—Kootenay Lake.

It is unnecessary to remark that there were pioneers in the business. For a long time these pioneers, brave, courageous fellows, simply sawed wood and never said a word. It would take time, and they knew it. It takes three years for a tree to come into bearing, even in the Kootenay, and the best part of ten for an orchard

to reach its best. Mining is swifter, but not so sure. A few ambitious prospectors scratched the rock-topped hills of Kootenay and discovered the shining metals which have dazzled the eyes of the world. Results came in a day. But not so the fruit business. There are long years of waiting. It is slower, but surer. A rich lead may pinch. The dividend-paying vein may disappear amid a whole mountain side of country rock. But the glare of the big red apple comes once a year to gladden the heart of the man who works with a pruning hook and shears, instead of hammer and drill.

If we eliminate the stories of the early placer finds, the beginnings of the fruit industry date farther back than the beginnings of the mining industry. It was in 1886 that Hall and White left Colville on a wild goose chase, prospecting tour, and, a few weeks later, stumbled on the lead of the famous Silver King, which lifted a few nervy Englishmen to the plane

FROM GOLDEN ORE TO GOLDEN FRUIT

of millionaires, giving birth to the smart little mining city of Nelson, which nestles like a bird on the edge of Kootenay Lake. In 1885, one year before, W. H. Covert located a pre-emption close to the present town of Grand Forks, and, after bringing in some fruit trees from Spokane on the back of a cayuse, followed Adam's example and started in the fruit business. To-day he has a beauty spot that a Yankee journalist down in Missouri said was worth while coming all the way to see. And a Missouri man has to be shown, too.

Covert didn't have any noticeable competition for a long time. Everybody thought that he was a fool, and he was just wise enough to be content that they should think that his head wasn't screwed on quite straight. The know-it-alls said that trees would not grow, but he laughed and whistled and worked and waited.

Nine years ago a lot of people awoke to the fact that he had about the neatest and most productive place in the country. He was making a good deal more money off it than a great many wealthier men were out of their operations in the business world. He did not have such a very large bearing orchard, either. He was delivering the goods. And when in one year he received

over ten thousand dollars for the product of one year's labor on his ranch, his name and achievements went the rounds of the eastern agricultural journals.

Things were beginning to warm up by this time. The real estate men, always with both ears to the ground, began to get busy. They sent displays to the biggest fairs in the old land and to the large prairie centres as well. In the latter country the up-in-years-farmers who had become rich growing wheat began to realize that they had discovered a mighty good country to retire in. English lords felt the lure of the mountain country with its rippling rivers and dancing lakes, and they came, saw, and were



PLUM TREE IN THE GARDEN OF A ROSSLAND HOME, 3700 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

conquered. That was the beginning. The end is not yet.

Ten years ago there were only a few settlers between Arrowhead and Robson. They made a living by selling spuds and sawlogs. But when P. A. O'Farrel, the noted journalist, came through that way two years ago he found the smoke of settlers' homes all along the way and it set his mind working, to the delight of those who have had the pleasure of perusing his articles. The change was there sure enough. The sight of strawberry patches and apple orchards are a delight to the passing tourist. The cross-Canada returning globe-trotter who gets the C.P.R. to make his ticket read "via Crow's Nest," can look at smiling orchards and new clearings for the best part of a day as he sails down the Arrow Lakes, which, by the way, so delighted William Randolph Hearst that he said the lakes of Switzerland were not more beautiful. And this land was a part of the wilderness yesterday. It is in the forefront of the civilization of to-day.

There are more than retiring wheat farmers and English lords who are engaging in the fruit business. After meeting and talking with hundreds of fruit growers, I am of the opinion that more former occupations are represented among the fruit growers of the Pacific slope than you can find in any other occupation in Canada's nine provinces.

There is the office man who has lost his health. He must have outdoor employment, but feels that his wife cannot stand the drudgery of a wheat farm. So he comes to the land of the setting sun, where he finds health and sometimes—not always, for it depends upon his energy—wealth.

He is only one. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, bankers, clergymen, speculators and dozens more are represented in the amateur fruit growers of the Kootenay of to-day. I talked recently with a miner who had been pretty much all over the world. He had followed in the path of many stampedes; had driven the stakes in many new

townsites; had staked his all on supposed bonanzas; but now at forty years of age he has decided to give up the mining game and settle down to growing smiling red apples and blushing peaches for the rest of his earthly existence.

No story of the mining history of the Kootenay would be authentic and complete unless the operations of the Rossland companies formed a large part. The mining history of Rossland is to a great extent the mining history of the Kootenay. But Rossland is in this fruit game, too. It is located at about 3,700 feet above tide water, but they grow fruit there just the same. Last season, even peaches ripened in a Rossland garden. All other fruits do well. Some of the heaviest crops of strawberries grown in Kootenay this season were the product of the bench lands along Trail creek, still redolent with memories of the days when Joe Morris wandered in the vicinity of its rippling waters and discovered the bold iron outcroppings which have made the Red Mountain City famous all over the world.

Down near Creston, a few miles to the east end of Kootenay Lake, they have a strawberry king, who startled even the most enthusiastic Kootenians by selling forty-three hundred dollars' worth of strawberries off four acres of ground. There are others who are following in his footsteps. A Thrums grower does some stunts by making over two hundred dollars off a patch of fifty-six square rods, and the fifth year of the patch at that. It sounds like boasting to mention these phenomenal results, but they are only statements of fact.

There has been some heart-burning over the success of the fruit-growing industry; heart-burning among the knockers and doubters of the other days. I met one of them a few days ago. He is a successful medical practitioner and he pinned his faith by way of surplus cash to mining. He had visions of wealth from golden ore; he scouted the idea of wealth from golden fruit.



BRANCH OF ROYAL ANN CHERRIES GROWN IN THE KOOTENAY

And while he was spending his hard-earned cash drilling holes in the ground, which have their first dividend yet to pay, he could have bought the finest Kootenay fruit land for a song—two and three dollars an acre—lots of it. It is worth the most of a hundred to-day, and he has his holes in the ground yet. And hence his

C

wry feelings. The school of experience—what a school it is?

But the Kootenay has changed in other ways. The moral standard has risen. In the old days most of the towns had the lid off and a hot fire in the furnace all the time. It had the habit of breaking the hearts of more sky pilots than any stretch of ground

in North America. An M.A., B.D., came out from the east to take charge of a church in a wide-open smelter town, but the devil won out in the first round, for the eloquent divine boarded the eastern train before the sunset of the second day. Another high-strung, sensitive chap tried to stay, but could not stand the pressure at all—he lost his bearings completely, insane is the common word—and it is only of late years that he is back—his old dashing self.

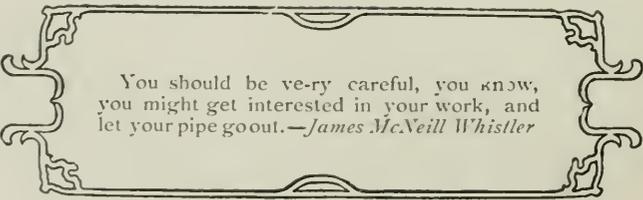
And it was not to be wondered at either. There was a time when there were enough tin horns in Kootenay to make Monte Carlo blush. But that day is gone. The fruit-grower is a different man. No blackjack and poker for him. He passes the few remaining tin-horns with a freezing nod and gives the welcome sky pilot a glad smile. Does he deserve all the credit? I am not sure that he does. He spends his time out in God's glorious sunlight—how can he help but smile and be happy? The much-abused miner groveled all day in the dirt and grime and dust, so that it was natural that in the evening hours the excitement of the green table and the clink of the champagne glasses should hold an attraction for him. But as the evening shadows fall the fruit-grower can watch the moon through the maze of the apple trees and nothing disturbs his serenity of mind.

Yes, the moral standard has risen. One of the first things in a new fruit settlement is the service in the school-house, and, a little later, the neat frame church. Sometimes the saloon

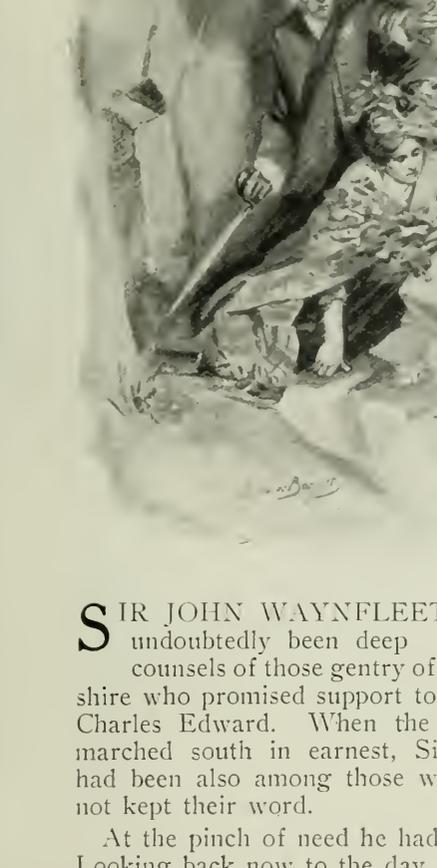
man comes along with a petition to get a saloon license. But he gets few signatures. And he is no sooner gone than a counter petition is filed. There is nothing of the free-and-easy about the new, the dawning, era in Kootenay.

Just recently an enterprising individual, who acts as station agent in a little fruit-growing community for a living, and speculates in almost everything else on the side, got a bright idea. He thought of building a hotel, supposedly to house the traveling public, but really to make a fortune in selling thirst-quenchers to the good folk of the valley. He got out a petition in support of his bright idea, but the fruit-growers, thinking differently, got out another twice as big. No public house in their fair valley, they said. They would never have their boys drink anything stronger than apple cider. That settled it. There are no whisky bottles on the shelf behind the lonely bar and no stupid toppers in the doorway. This is the Kootenay of to-day.

The new movement has but begun. Only a small portion of the available fruit land has been brought under cultivation and planted in orchard. There are still rich bench and valley lands ready to do their part in producing big crops of the big red apple. And they are coming—the fruit-growers of the future. Daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, they are coming in a steady even stream—all coming to do their part in making the Kootenay what it will be one day—a great fruit-growing district—second to none.



You should be ve-ry careful, you know,
you might get interested in your work, and
let your pipe go out.—*James McNeill Whistler*



NANCY WAYNFLEETE

By HALLIWELL
SUTCLIFFE

"Prince Charlie, as it chanced, was sheltering in a Skye cave while Sir John sat comfortably at his own board—was sheltering in company with Flora MacDonald. Miss MacDonald and the Prince were wet to the skin, were faint with hunger; they heard men calling one to another in the narrow seas that swept their island, asking if aught had been heard of the accursed Stuart."

SIR JOHN WAYNFLEETE had undoubtedly been deep in the counsels of those gentry of Lancashire who promised support to Prince Charles Edward. When the Prince marched south in earnest, Sir John had been also among those who had not kept their word.

At the pinch of need he had failed. Looking back now to the day when a messenger had ridden up to Waynfleete—horse and man half dizzy with fatigue—to tell him the Prince was marching on Preston, and to bid him keep a promise made—looking back to that day, Sir John could scarcely understand his failure. He had no fear of battle, no fear of the executioner's axe if he lived to see the rising crushed and himself a prisoner; he had zeal for the cause, a passionate love of Church and Stuart. What had been wanting, when he stayed at home that day, and did not ride to join the Highland army as it entered Preston?

In his heart he knew the reason, but would not admit it. Nancy was the cause—Nancy, who at eighteen was like a portrait of the mother who had died in giving birth to her—Nancy,

whom he had watched, and loved, and tended with extravagant devotion.

This evening as he sat after supper and watched the crimson sundown through the window of the banquet-hall, he read his motive with unerring eyes. There was wine at his elbow, a half-finished glass beside him, but he did not touch it. He was following the wanderings of his Prince up in Scotland yonder, so far as he had gleaned news from the horsemen who sought shelter for a night, or sometimes longer, at Waynfleete. He was aching to share the hardship and the peril.

"Why, why?" he asked himself, with sudden impatience. "I'm five-and-sixty, and hale at that. And here I'm rotting at home, a broken man."

The answer came to him in one of those flashes of intuition which reach tired men at times. He had loved Nancy better than his Prince. He had not dared to leave her. The times were uncertain. At any moment Lancashire might be littered from hill to hill with civil war; and, if he joined the Highland army, Nancy would be left unguarded. That was the motive which had held him back. He had pictured with an apprehension

that was at once a father's and a lover's, the perils which this maid of his must undergo if the usurper's soldiery were let loose in Lancashire.

She was betrothed to Nicholas Thorne, to be sure; but Nicholas had been up and down the country recruiting laggards, and putting his neck in danger every day. Then he had ridden south with the Prince, and Heaven only knew what had chanced to him since then.

Sir John's face commanded pity, had there been an onlooker to see him as he sat at table, with the red o' gloaming full on him. He was not only, for his daughter's sake, an idler, but he knew that Nancy herself despised him. She had tried to conceal her contempt. She had greeted him, she thought, as of old, whenever they were brought together by the day's routine—meals, or rides about the countryside, or walks in the shady rose-garden that now was desolate and wintry. But there had been a coldness between them, and Sir John had been quick to know it. His own maid—Nancy, for whom he had given up his love of loyalty, his love of battle—Nancy despised him.

Prince Charlie, as it chanced, was sheltering in a Skye cave while Sir John sat comfortably at his own board—was sheltering in company with Flora MacDonald. Miss MacDonald and the Prince were wet to the skin, were faint with hunger; they heard men calling one to another, in the narrow seas that swept their island, asking if aught had been heard of the accursed Stuart. Yet Flora and the Prince were in glad case, could they have contrasted their own misery with that of Sir John to-night.

Sir John turned presently to his glass and drained it, and filled himself another measure. "Nancy," he muttered, a broken man, "Nancy will never know that I did it for her sake."

Nancy was walking up and down the terrace meanwhile, with quick, impatient strides. This contempt for her father, months old by now, had been eating at her heart.

"If I had been the man o' the house," she thought; "if I had been the man to ride south, and then ride north again, and share the glory of it all, retreat or victory. But I was born a girl, God help me!"

As she paced the terrace the sound of galloping hoofs came up the gentle rise that led to Waynfleete. She shaded her eyes against the crimson glare of the gloaming, and saw Nicholas Thorne ride up.

"Nick—Nick, what are you doing so near to a suspected house?" she cried, when he had tethered his horse and stood beside her.

He stooped and kissed her, but she knew, as women do, that he was thinking of matters that went deeper than betrothal kisses.

"What is it, Nick? What is it?" she asked.

"Your father, Nancy."

"Yes?" Her voice was cold. "My father—he is drinking his after-supper wine, Nick—no more, no less. He has little occupation these days save to eat and drink."

"You misjudge him, Nancy."

She turned on him with a restrained anger that was not in keeping with her youth. "My father may be this or that, Nick—but it is my place, not yours, to make excuses for him."

"Excuses?" His voice was strained and harsh. He had ridden far, and had farther still to ride, and could not stay to measure out his words. "There is no need of excuse for Sir John. We all know why he staved at home, and we all blame—you, Nancy, just you."

Nancy felt as if he had struck her. She was so quiet; and yet there was a flush of shame across her face—shame that such an accusation could be brought against her.

"I urged him to ride south," she faltered.

"Oh, yes; but you forgot his love for you."

Again she found her courage. "His love for me? His love—when he had sworn to answer the Prince's call—Nick, you're a fool. Plant flowers on a grave if you will, but never say that dead courage is alive."



HE ROSE FROM HIS PLACE AS A LOVER MIGHT, AND TOOK HER
HANDS IN HIS, AND KISSED THEM

Nick was impatient. It was well enough to love Nancy, and to have no doubt of his love, but he had business over the Border that would not be denied.

"D'ye know what your father is, Nancy—how big a man he is?"

"I know how—how small a man—nay, not that! I'm bewildered, Nick, by the shame of it all. I did not mean to speak against—against my father."

"'Women's eyes see just as far as the paddock. Men look up to the hills.' You know the proverb, Nancy? Did not Sir John prove his courage once for all in the Fifteen Rising? That was thirty years ago, and men still talk of his gallantry. He has done nothing since to cloud his good repute."

She glanced at him in sheer perplexity. "Nothing to cloud it? Is a

broken promise nothing? Is idleness at home nothing, while real men are facing hardship?"

"Hush, child!" he said peremptorily. "You will not understand. He is old enough to claim excuse on that ground only, when so many younger men have failed us; but he stands on surer ground than that. He stayed, Nancy—I had it from his own lips—to protect your honor here at Waynfleete, since I could not."

Nancy's eyes grew bright, she felt as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. The misery of the past months was forgotten, and once again she saw her father in the brave, gladdened light that had lain about him since her childhood's days.

"Nick, why did he not tell me this?" she asked. All her pride was gone, the coldness that had chilled her lover;

she crept close into his arms, as a betrothed maiden should, and reached out for his strength. "You'll never know the misery of these last months. He was so great, so full of courage, until—until—and then again he was my father, Nick, and blame, though I could not help it, seemed something near to sacrilege."

"Oh, child, I know. But you should have trusted him. Such men do not change, Nancy. They are perplexed sometimes, not knowing which way the road of honor takes, but they choose what seems to them the right."

Nancy, for the first time, reached up to Nicholas and kissed him of her own free will. She saw the meanness of her doubts; and in sharp contrast she saw the unwavering, steady faith of this lover of hers, who came to her weary, soiled with travel, and sick with grief for the retreat at Derby—this lover who could still be eager for the honor of Waynfleete.

"The Prince was speaking of him soon after Derby. He wished there were more men like Sir John."

"He spoke kindly of my father? Tell me again, Nick, that he spoke kindly."

"He spoke with affection, Nancy. He understands. I saw to that."

Nancy laughed, the temperate laugh of one who has been on the rack and is released. "Let us go in and tell him," she said. "Tether your horse, Nick—oh, be quick! Let us go and tell him that the Prince"—again she laughed—"that the Prince and you and I, all understand."

They went in together, and moved softly to the doorway of the dining-hall. Sir John did not hear them. He sat with his arms on the table, his head between his hands, and he was picturing the long march south, the long retreat, in which he had not shared.

"Sir John," said Nick, coming quietly to his side. "Sir John, I've little time to waste, and I have news."

Sir John came out of dreamland. "You, Nick?" he said, quick to re-

member hospitality. "Sit down, lad, and share a bottle with me."

"I will, sir, for I have ridden far. It was seven this morning since I last tasted food or drink."

"A plain hint, Nick, a plain hint! Where's Nancy? You must have food, lad, to be sure—where's Nancy?"

She crossed the dining-hall, and Sir John looked at his daughter in the lamplight. The scorn had gone from her face, and he saw only the tenderest pity there. He forgot his guest. He rose from his place, as a lover might, and took her hands in his, and kissed them in his reverent way.

"Why, girl, you—you understand these last few months—at last," he said.

"Yes, father," she murmured with the prettiest submissiveness and shame. "Yes, I understand these last few months. I was not worth the sacrifice. No woman has the right to stand between the Prince and you."

Sir John had forgotten Nick's presence. He held his head erect, and his face showed younger by ten years; that was because Nancy was looking at him with the old, clear glance of trust. He laughed quietly, for he had missed that glance of late.

"You're right, Nancy, and I was wrong. I see it now. Nothing should ever stand between loyalty and a man's sword-arm—not even you, Nancy." He brushed a hand across his eyes as if to clear away the mists. "Yet at the time it seemed—well, righteous. The Prince is as jealous of a woman's honor as of his own, and perhaps—oh, indeed, the Prince may know what kept me from the southward march. Civil war, Nancy—and the rabble all let loose—you scarcely understand your peril."

"The Prince does know, sir," said Nicholas quietly. "I made it my business to inform him. I was telling Nancy not long ago how warm he was in praise of you."

Sir John rose from his chair, and again he laughed, as a boy might. "I'd forgotten you, Nick, and that was ungrateful of me, now I hear your

news. The Prince—he forgot my treachery, you say?”

“He named it loyalty to the bonniest lass in Lancashire. Nancy was presented to him, you remember, and the Prince does not forget.”

Nancy herself was out of earshot. She had carried her penitence to the kitchen, and had bidden the maids to bring in supper for a hungry guest. She could not rest indoors, but went out again on to the terrace, and watched the moon come up above the twilight hills and blamed herself for what was past regretting.

In the dining-hall Sir John pressed food and wine on his guest, and Nicholas Thorne, soon as he had stayed his hunger, began to talk in low, eager tones, glancing constantly towards the doors as if in fear of eavesdroppers.

“The cause is in this plight, Sir John,” he said. “His Highness is in hiding, somewhere on the western coasts of Scotland; and my last news of him was that he was safe, and in good heart.”

“Thank God! And then, Nick? There’s a look in your face—a look of hope—as if Culloden had not broken us once for all—as if—”

“We’re rallying again,” Nick gave a quick, light-hearted laugh, for hope was always beckoning him across the marshes of this world. “They scotched us at Culloden, and thought they’d killed us—killed the Stuart love which they’re too dull to understand. Listen, Sir John!” The man’s eyes, his voice, the very set of his big, sturdy figure, grew eloquent, as he spoke of what was to prove a dream—a gallant dream, no more, no less—of better days. “Listen! Through all the Highlands they wept when the news of Culloden came drifting down the glens, and up to the moorland sheilings. They wept for Charlie Stuart, every man and woman of them, as if he had been their first-born. That was the sort of love they carried, and when their grief began to quieten, there were men of the broken army—I was one of them—who rode in and out

among them, and set hope flaming like a beacon-fire again, and bade them keep their weapons bright where they were hidden in the heather. There’s been a second Culloden—”

“With the victory to us? My lad, my lad, reach down that sword of mine—the one that hangs near to my wife’s portrait—I’ve kept it bright, God knows, for every day I’ve wiped the blade and prayed that I might—”

“Gently, sir. The Prince absolves you from the long ride north, the peril—at your age—”

Sir John got to his feet. He was a good figure of a man at five-and-sixty, straight and broad. “At my age, boy?” he flashed. “Age is as age deals with you. Reach down my sword, I say!”

The younger man humored his whim, and Sir John took the keen, thin blade from its scabbard and tested the edge of it. “It played a better part in the Fifteen than in the Forty-five,” he murmured, with a note of wistfulness in his voice. “Well, Nick, well? I gather the Prince finds work for me at the eleventh hour? Is that not so?”

“Yes. I am here in Lancashire to rally both the well-affected and the doubtful gentry; but you can do more in one day than I could in a month, as the Prince was good enough to tell me to my face when I saw him last in Scotland.”

“He said that?” asked the other eagerly.

“He knew you through and through, you see. There’s no man placed as you are to lead the new movement in Lancashire. The Government does not suspect you any longer. No, no, Sir John, there’s no shame in that! You’ll be free to ride here and there on what will seem so many visits of ceremony to your neighbors. When all is ready I shall have news from Scotland of the meeting-place, and our friends can ride north in twos and threes, like plain gentlemen who travel in company because the roads are over-run with highwaymen.”

Sir John nodded as Nicholas map-

ped out each stage of the plan. There were difficulties enough in the venture, and weaknesses, but the old knight's enthusiasm was kindled, and he did not pause to question. He did not ask, for instance, why the gentry of Lancashire should be more willing to rally round a defeated cause than to one which only a few months ago had shown high promise of success; for he judged all men by his own standard, and to his simple, chivalrous mind it seemed a matter of course that greater sacrifice should be made for an imperilled than for a prosperous cause.

"I shall be one of those little companies who travel together because the roads are unsafe," he said with a boyish laugh, as he made feints and passes with the slender sword-blade. "All shall be done as the Prince commands—and when the time comes, Nancy will be glad to see me riding into Scotland."

Nicholas Thorne busied himself with a bundle of dispatches which he had taken from the pocket of his cavalry coat. There was something oddly pathetic in Sir John's reference to Nancy, and the old man's voice had broken a little at her name, as if he were remembering the shame and trouble of the months gone by.

"His Highness sends this letter to you," said Nick abruptly—for he hated pathos as sincerely as any man of action. "You need no credentials, Sir John, but the Prince thought it might help you in this business of beating up recruits. And now, good-night, sir. I must be in Preston before midnight, and the roads are vile."

"Another cup, lad, before you get to saddle!—let me pour if for you. Plague take Nancy, where is she? 'Tis her place, not mine, to fill your stirrup-cup."

Sir John was full of high spirits, and could see only the road that led up to Scotland and to honor. When they left their wine, and he saw his guest to the door, he laughed slyly at sight of Nancy standing framed by the moonlight and the terrace wall and the sleepy hills beyond.

"Go, snatch the last stirrup-cup of all, Nick," he said, "and get to saddle. By'r Lady, I remember how sweetly Nancy's mother used to kiss me when I went my journeyings."

He stayed indoors discreetly until the sound of Nick's hoof-beats had died along the drive below the terrace steps; then he went out into the moonlight, and found Nancy standing at the top of the stone stairway. Sir John held the Prince's letter in his hand, and the feel of it gave him new buoyancy and strength.

"Sweetheart," he said, coming close to her side, "it is good to have no matter of honor between you and me. Nick has lifted a cloud from us both—and there's the Prince's letter here of confidence and trust—and—and, surely, it is good to be alive."

Nancy turned and looked at him, gravely, tenderly, with a knowledge and a great pity that in itself was pride. Then suddenly she sobbed, and nestled close against him, and the Prince's letter fell unheeded on the terrace walk.

"I've been blind and foolish. Forgive me."

"Nay, nay, my girl. Nay, not so foolish. Blind to my faults, maybe, of which I've plenty."

Nancy's sobs would not be checked. Every word of her father's, each line of the strong, clean-cut face, as the moonlight softened, hallowed it, showed more of the man's childlike soul than she had seen in all the years of past communion.

"What was Nick's errand, father?" she asked, by and by.

"To rouse the country, child—to bring Lancashire, like myself, back into the field of honor—to remind brave men of broken promises, and bid them take this last big chance of retrieving their good name. There's hard riding ahead of me, Nancy, if God wills it."

"Hush, father! What was that sound?" cried the girl, putting a quick hand on his arm.

"I hear naught—"

"There! Cannot you hear it now?—the noise of hoof-beats coming



THE THRUST WAS SO EAGER THAT HIS VERY BODY FOLLOWED IT!

through the slush. It must be Nick returning for some reason."

Sir John could hear it now. "That cannot be," he said, shaking his head; "the horseman is coming up the eastern road, and Nick rode west."

As they waited, looking down the steep fall of the garden, they heard first one horsemen, then a second, dismount at the foot of the path—heard them come up with heavy footsteps. They turned the corner of the track, and the watchers on the terrace saw that they wore the Hanoverian livery.

"Bring my sword, Nancy. It lies on the dining table," said Sir John in a cool, quiet voice of command that sent a thrill of mixed dismay and pleasure through the daughter's veins.

She brought it to him, and he buckled on the scabbard, and took out his snuff-box, and began to dust his nostrils delicately.

The two horsemen halted at the foot of the terrace steps. They were officers, and seemed, to Nancy's quick eyes, to be gentlemen of sorts.

"We've traced one Nicholas Thorne here, captain in the late rebel army," said the older of the two. "By your leave, Sir John, we carry the right of search."

"Ah!" Sir John answered blandly. "You may search, sir. I would, indeed, ask you to search, since my good name seems in need of vindication."

The two officers glanced at each other. They were puzzled by Sir John's ease of manner, which was obviously unfeigned and real. It was then that Nancy caught sight of the Prince's letter where it lay at her father's feet, just as he had dropped it not long ago. This letter was the one piece of evidence against them, and instinctively she stooped and picked it up.

The older officer saw the quick action, saw her thrust the letter into the bosom of her gown. "You will give that letter into my keeping, madam," he snapped. "Nick Thorne must be growing light-headed to drop hints of damning evidence about his friends' gardens."

Sir John turned sharply, and realized not only his own danger, but that of all the Prince's hopes for Lancashire. He was touched by keener remorse. Once again his thoughts had been so wrapped up in Nancy that he had allowed himself to be careless of the Cause; and better men than he might suffer for the lapse.

Then suddenly remorse went by him. He forgot Nancy and the past. He stood to his full height, and whipped his blade out, and felt his youth return to him, and youth's throbbing strength and eagerness.

"The way to the letter lies here, gentlemen—across my sword," he said with temperate gaiety.

The flight of steps that gave upon the terrace was narrow, and the officers held back, perplexed by this change of front, and doubtful as to right of precedence up the stair that only one swordsman at a time could mount.

"I beg you to see these gentlemen, Nancy," said Sir John. "They do not care for moonlight duels."

The elder man dropped an oath, pushed his comrade aside, and came up the steps.

Nancy held her breath, and watched the fight begin; and her first dread was lost in marvel at her father's swordsmanship. Sir John seemed "fey" to-night. He repulsed the other's heavy-handed furious attacks as if he played with him; and then he chose his moment, and drove his blade home and home. The thrust was so eager that his very body followed it, and the two of them went crashing down the steps, falling on the comrade of the wounded man who had mounted close behind his fellow.

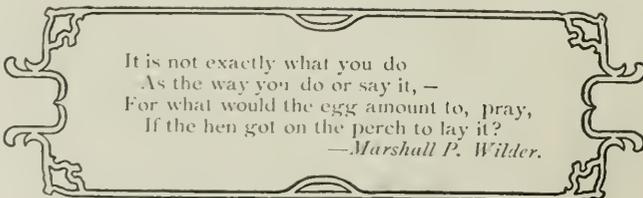
Sir John picked himself up unhurt, but one officer lay motionless on the reddening gravel, and the other leaned stunned and sick against the stone balustrade that had caught his head as the other swept him down.

"Ah, God be thanked," murmured Nancy, thinking not of the wounded—the dying, it might be—but of her father's safety.

Then she turned, for a step sounded briskly at the far end of the terrace. It was Nick Thorne, whose horse had gone dead lame two miles away, compelling him to return for a night's shelter. He had returned in time to see the end of the swift duel, and now he came and put an arm about Nancy without a word said.

It was Sir John who broke the silence, as he wiped his blade and put it softly back into its scabbard.

"An instalment of my debt to the Prince," he said gravely. "You will assure him, Nick, that I mean to pay my debt one day in full."





MR. DOUGALL RECEIVING A CALLER AT THE DOOR OF HIS PRIVATE OFFICE

A Man and His Paper

The Story of J. R. Dougall and the Montreal Witness

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

EVERY morning of the year, from his quaint, old fashioned home on the mountain side, a sturdily built, erect gentleman of kindly countenance and pleasant disposition may be seen coming down street before eight o'clock. He starts for the heart of the city and walks every inch of the distance. He steps lively, smartly and uprightly until he reaches his office where he is diligently at work by 8 o'clock, never leaving his chair until late in the afternoon. He has his luncheon in the simply furnished apartment adjoining his private office. For over half a century this leader in Canadian journalism has followed the same consistent, methodical and unobtrusive life—and yet it is a life that

is leaving its imprint on our nationhood. He finds his chief delight in work and, when in search of relaxation, engages in a little more labor. The man is John Redpath Dougall and the spot around which his life interests centre is the Montreal Daily Witness.

The Weekly Witness was founded by his father John Dougall in 1845 and the paper has always been in the hands of the family. It is a venerable and, in many respects, a model institution. The late John Dougall had high ideals in launching the publication and his son has worthily followed in his wake and carried many of them to a logical conclusion. It has always been a great home paper, clean, elevating and

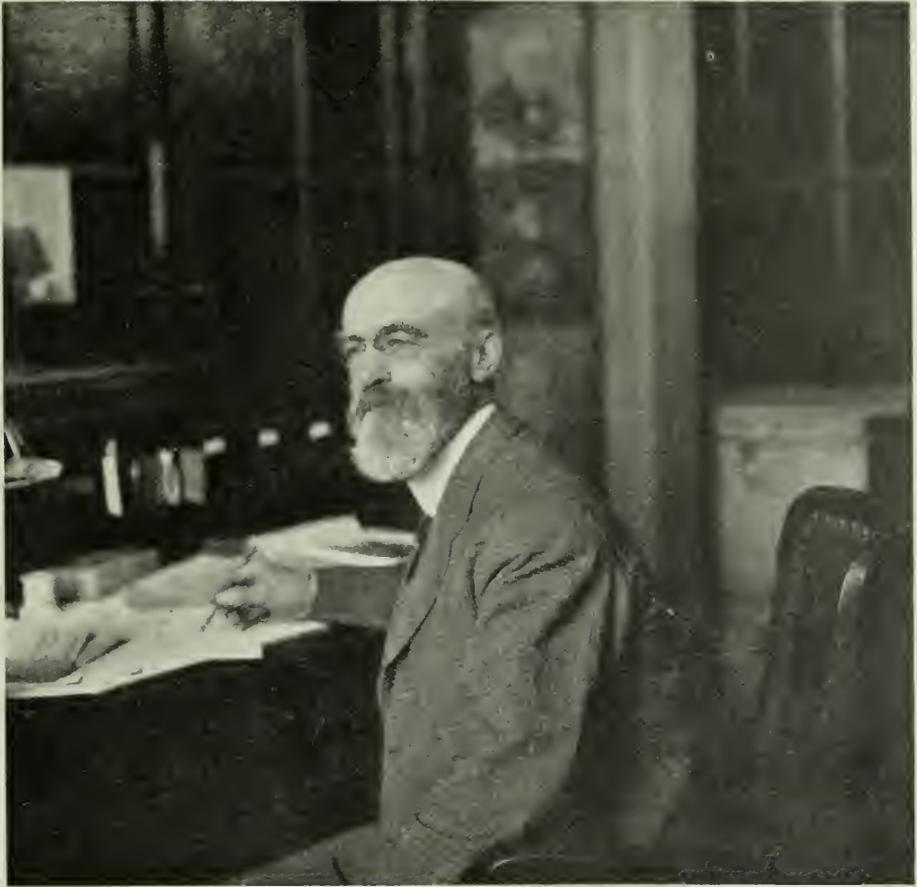
honorable, while keeping abreast of the times. It has been fearless and independent, out-spoken and aggressive at all times on the leading issues of the day and the moral factors that make for the betterment of a community. Its policy has always been one of integrity and public spiritedness and in the fight for political purity and higher conceptions of trust and duty, both on the part of the elected and the electorate, its stand has been as a beacon light. For over sixty years it has never deviated from its course to run with the crowd, nor has it trimmed its sails to catch some passing breeze of approval. The Witness has stood firm and steadfast and, when it has seen fit to differ from life long friends and admirers—as it has on many occasions—the paper has invariably been accorded credit in that its views have been inspired by a sense of public watchfulness and the qualities of sincerity and courage. Even its most vindictive opponents will admit that the "Montreal Wickedness," as some of them assailed it in days of yore, has aimed to raise the standard of journalism in Canada and to lead the public conscience aright on all matters affecting the moral, religious and national uplift of the people. In many a campaign for political rectitude, temperance reform, improved civic administration and in its war against bucket shops, gambling, lotteries, fake speculations, and medical panaceas, it has dealt many a powerful blow and aimed straight from the shoulder. While the fight was strenuous, yet the Witness endeavored to be just and fair, but like other mortal institutions, it may have erred, though unconsciously.

In some respects the career of the Witness is unique. In its record of 63 years it has never inserted an advertisement of a saloon, or a brand of liquor. It has declined to give space to theatre, lottery, tobacco, and other announcements, particularly of questionable medical preparations and doubtful schemes, which the management believe were calculated or in-

tended to take advantage of or injure its readers. This has resulted in The Witness losing thousands of dollars annually in proffered publicity, but it has resolutely stood by the principles and ideals of its founder. During the earlier mining booms the management accepted no mining advertisements. When, however, the argentiferous wealth of our unrivalled Cobalt had been established beyond peradventure and the people had become educated, The Witness opened its columns to this class of advertising, believing that it constituted a fair and legitimate outlet. Its attitude is summed up in the following announcement which appears daily at the head of its editorial page. "It is, of course, impossible to know much about mining advertising which offers probably the most speculative and therefore, the most risky of all investments. The great chances of gain are balanced with the great chances of loss and no one should invest in a very speculative property more than he can afford to lose."

The Daily Witness was launched in 1860—just 15 years after the establishment of the Weekly—and next year will celebrate its golden anniversary. Its beginning was auspicious and coincident with several stirring events—the visit of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward) to Canada—the opening of the Victoria Bridge, the agitation in favor of the fusion of the scattered provinces into a Canadian Confederacy—and later the bitter struggle of the Northern and Southern States to rid the American Republic of slavery, which, in turn, was followed by the Franco-Prussian war. From the day of its inception to the present the public has never lost confidence in the motives and character of The Witness, and the paper has received compliments from its contemporaries the world over. It has come triumphantly through many stirring periods. It was once in its early days placed under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church, and some fourteen years ago, when carrying on a valiant battle against the

A MAN AND HIS PAPER



MR. DOUGALL AT HIS DESK

numerous gambling dens and bucket shops in Montreal, a deliberate attempt was made to destroy the office with dynamite. Late one night a bomb was thrown in the press room. The explosion tore up the floor and broke every pane of glass in that part of the building. Had the missile gone just four feet farther it would have completely shattered the big newspaper press.

But what of the man back of the paper, the central figure of its personality, the power behind the publication? John Redpath Dougall is not nearly as widely known as his paper. He has never been a lover of the spectacular or the dramatic. You might as well attempt to extract information

from a stone as to induce the veteran editor and publisher to talk about himself. He is quiet, reserved, and strictly uncommunicative regarding his own affairs. When he speaks to the public it is through the editorial columns. He acquired his journalistic training under his father and succeeded him in the management of the *Daily and Weekly Witness* in 1870. The firm is still known as John Dougall & Son. The honored journalist is one of the closest personal friends of Canada's Premier. What is the reason of this intimate friendship? Mr. Dougall, although leaning to the Liberal school of politics, has, on many occasions, criticized the actions and course of the Laurier Government and, in no un-



MR. DOUGALL IN CONFERENCE WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR, J. R. V. FORREST (ON HIS RIGHT) AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF

measured terms, pointed out its weaknesses and shortcomings. The editor has never been in a party committee room and never runs up to Ottawa on political or newspaper errands. Times without number he has been asked to attend political gatherings and to occupy a seat on the platform. He has been urged to become a parliamentary candidate and given hearty assurances of support. To all these overtures his invariable reply is "No. My work is at the office. The Witness is my field of labor and there I can best do my duty to my country and my fellow men."

Here you get a glimpse of the innate modesty and true character of the man. It is freely rumored that, after the death of the late Sir Wm. Hingston, Sir Wilfrid offered Mr. Dougall a Senatorship, which was

promptly declined, and report has it that the editor of The Witness was proffered a Knighthood but he did not accept. Those who know him intimately declare that he will work unceasingly to the end, giving his talent and his energy to the paper with which he has so long been identified. The man rarely takes a holiday. Last summer—for the first time in years—he was prevailed upon to take a vacation. He went away but in less than three weeks was back at his post. It was during his absence that the despatches appeared in the press about him having been offered a Senatorship, and later a Knighthood. Asked about the correctness of these persistent rumors he laconically observed "Merely another hot weather story."

By many not intimately associated with him, Mr. Dougall is often misinterpreted. He has warm personal

A MAN AND HIS PAPER

friends but he has never been in the public eye. There are several reasons for this beside the fact that he prefers to spend all his energies through his papers, one being his naturally retiring disposition and another that he has not a well developed sense of the individual. If he were introduced to a man to-day he might pass him on the street to-morrow and not recognize him, but if the stranger spoke first Mr. Dougall would be cordial in his greeting. He has never played for popularity and his paper holds some standards that perhaps do not appeal to the masses. For instance, it is the usual custom for the press of to-day when a newsboy or for that matter any person, finds a pocket book or wallet containing a large sum of money,

to praise the honesty of the person who hunts up the owner and returns it. Such items frequently appear under large headings. The Witness, while it would make mention of such an incident, would not laud the honesty and integrity of the finder to an unusual degree as is frequently done, because it holds that in returning the property the finder has done nothing more than his duty, and that common honesty is not such as a rare or exclusive possession that it should be unduly praised, and, perhaps, the modest finder made to feel uncomfortable by prominent references to his conscientious scruples.

Mr. Dougall possesses the faculty to an unusual degree of reading other men's minds. After perusing a speech he can, as it were, analyze every thought and feeling of the man behind the delivery, although he may know him by name only. He is quick to size up a new reporter and bring out the best that is in him. Being a tireless worker himself he inspires in others a love of toil and impresses upon them the need of accuracy, fairness and impartiality as well as freshness and virility. Every editorial in The Witness office is read by at least three members of the staff before it sees day light in the public print. Any suggestion or advice is considerably accepted by Mr. Dougall. He likes to have those around him think for



MR. DOUGALL DISCUSSING PLANS FOR THE FUTURE
WITH HIS CITY EDITOR

themselves—to have ideas of their own. He presents the fullest information on every subject on which he writes. No amount of research appals him; he wants the facts at all costs. He is never without a dictionary, an atlas, or an encyclopedia at his elbow, and these he frequently consults. Often he writes an editorial over three or four times; he must be thoroughly satisfied with it on every point before it is sent to the composing room. During the South African war, when despatches of a conflicting character appeared in the press, *The Witness* day after day gave able editorial reviews, thoroughly analyzed their import and significance, explaining apparent discrepancies and contradictions. This is only a side light on the thoroughness of the man and his methods. In his paper he has always stood for pure and undefiled English, the exclusion of slipshod or colloquial expressions, and for correctness of punctuation.

Mr. Dougall in taking a stand on any great issue has never been known to pander to expediency, to halt or hesitate about how such a position or policy would affect the interests of the business office or the cash drawer. He has always been above mere sordid considerations. A man of few hobbies, he spends the day in writing. When the evening edition is out he wends his way home, if he has not some business meeting to attend.

He is a member of the Corporation of McGill University, of which by the way, he is a graduate, the Board of Directors of the Congregational College, the Sun Life Assurance Company and other bodies. As indicative of another trait of his nature it may be stated that he is President of the Boys' Home in Montreal and of the Boys' Farm at Shawbridge. He has always been prominently identified with the temperance cause. In religion he is a Congregationalist of wide gauge and liberal mind and a staunch supporter of Church Union, and in the Citizens' League for the promotion of civic good government he has

been a leading factor. He is an ardent free-trader but not a party man. Tariff walls, customs schedules and other barriers he does not countenance, believing that the closest and truest union is promoted throughout the Empire by the greatest freedom of commerce and unrestricted intercourse in the matter of trade.

Mr. Dougall is fond of the open air and a lover of animals. For years his constant companion was a big mastiff dog. For exercise he enjoys walking and bicycling in the country, and when he has time often takes his water colors with him and will sketch while some friend reads aloud. Appreciative of a good joke, he gets much relaxation out of the humor columns of the daily and periodical press. But outside of the work of the office he spends most of his hours in reading. He peruses the current literature of the day, the ablest and brightest controversies on political questions, commerce, education, industry, invention, agriculture, science and other topics. He retires regularly at 10 o'clock and is up shortly after 6 the next morning. Sixty-seven years old, or rather sixty-seven years young—and still a bachelor—John Redpath Dougall leads the simple life—a quiet, kindly, thoughtful man with a mission and a purpose, his devotion to duty his highest ambition, and yet not of so serious a mien that he fails to catch much of the sunshine and the brightness that border life's pathway and to reflect its spirit and illumination in his work and ideals. He resides at the quaint old Dougall homestead on the slope of Mount Royal, and has been like a father to nephews and nieces who have lived with him.

Since the foregoing article was written, the *Witness* office in Montreal, has been destroyed by fire. With indomitable energy, Mr. Dougall has set about replacing what was lost in the conflagration, and the new home of his paper will be in keeping with its position in Canadian newspaperdom.



The Ominous Hush in Europe

A SOMEWHAT serious view of the situation existing between England and Germany is presented by H. R. Chamberlain, the London correspondent of the New York Sun, in McClure's Magazine. He sees in Germany's passion for national expansion a menace to the peace of Europe.

"British alarm did not become really acute until it was discovered several months ago that Germany was quietly accelerating her announced program of naval construction. This was not so disturbing, however, as the fact that by the construction of extra ships at various yards and the expenditure of ten million dollars upon the great Krupp gun-works at Essen, Germany was able to build warships of the first magnitude at a rate equal to or exceeding the British capacity."

The building of the first Dreadnought by the British Admiralty is considered in some quarters to have been a fatal blunder, for the simple reason that its construction inaugurated a new era in naval architecture and gave the other powers, Germany included, an even footing with Great Britain.

Dwelling on the tremendous burden, which the building of her navy is im-

posing on the German people, Mr. Chamberlain believes that the measure of relief which is being held out to them is the hope of a huge war indemnity to be levied in London, when the crisis comes. This is not uttered in so many words, but the idea is as well understood as the silent toast drunk after dinner every day on the German warships.

"An English chaplain told me that this toast was drunk even in his presence, when he happened to be a visitor on a German cruiser a few weeks ago. The senior officer at the ward-room table raised his glass with the words, "To the day," and all present stood and drank silently and solemnly. When my friend asked his host what it meant he received the frank reply: 'Oh, we always drink on German ships to the day when war shall be declared between England and Germany.'"

In this way Mr. Chamberlain figures out that war will actually be cheaper than peace for the Germans.

Of the German Kaiser, estimates vary as widely as the poles. "I am tempted to quote an estimate of the Kaiser's character," writes Mr. Chamberlain, "very different from that which prevails among his own and

other peoples. An eminent German, who was for a long time in a high position that brought him into the closest official and personal association with his imperial master, said to a friend of mine in a burst of confidence:

"The Emperor will never make war. He is the cleverest expert among public men of to-day in the uses of bluster and bluff, but he is a coward at heart. He will not fight anybody."

"This is harsh and amazing language, coming from the source it did, and I do not pretend to indorse it. I have discussed the situation from this extraordinary point of view with one or two prominent Englishmen, and the reply has been:

"If the Emperor is such a man as that, it does not lessen the danger in the least. The policy he is pursuing will create a situation which will force him into war. He will not be strong enough to prevent it."

"I do not propose to enter into any detailed or technical discussion of the rival armaments. England's military strength is so insignificant compared with Germany's, and her land fortifications are so trifling, that a mere fraction of the German army, once landed on British shores, would soon be able to dictate terms of peace in London itself. All Englishmen acknowledge that Britain's sole means of defence is the navy. England's vast sea power is not a danger to any other great Power, because it is not supplemented by enormous land forces such as Germany possesses. The significance of a great German fleet, therefore, becomes quite different from that of a British navy. One is a menace in some sense to all the world, the other is not.

"The present British Government, confident in the growing influence of the sentiments of peace and good-will among the nations, adopted a policy of strenuous naval economies, and made direct overtures to Germany to cooperate along similar lines. The utter failure of this effort was perhaps the greatest disappointment of Camp-

bell-Bannerman's official life. Germany not only rejected the British suggestions, but she seized the opportunity to increase, or rather to hasten, the execution of her plans for naval construction. Germany had a perfect right to do this, according to the law of nations. The primitive instincts of self-preservation compelled England to apply her utmost energies along the same lines. She did so unwillingly and at first half-heartedly. She relied at the beginning too much upon her undoubted superiority in financial resources, and believed that it was merely a question of money in keeping ahead of any possible German equipment. It was not until she discovered suddenly that Germany could build ships of the first magnitude quite as fast as she herself that England became genuinely alarmed.

"Had it not been for the German danger, Great Britain would not have built more than two battleships this year. She has ordered eight, which will cost \$80,000,000. This is the maximum number that she can construct with the existing dockyard and gun-making facilities. The German programme calls for the completion of thirteen ships of considerably greater power than the Dreadnought within the next three years or a trifle longer. But England is by no means sure that the actual output will not considerably exceed this figure. At all events, she intends to have twenty such ships in the fighting line within that time.

"The situation is not so simple, however, as these figures indicate. England's first necessity, of course, is to defend her home waters, but it is only less important to British interests that a commanding force shall be maintained in the Mediterranean. Austria has announced her intention to build at once four ships of the Dreadnought type, and Italy the same number. England must in her estimates include Austrian vessels in the armament of her German ally, and she will be compelled to detach at least an equivalent force from her home fleet.

for Mediterranean service. France and Russia are not actual allies of Great Britain, although the ties binding together the Triple Entente are strong. The Russian navy is almost non-existent, and the construction of four modern battleships has only just been begun in the Russian yards. The navy of France has deteriorated during the past ten years to a point that is a national scandal of the first magnitude. This applies to both material and personnel. It is due chiefly to the introduction of corrupt methods and to socialistic demoralization among the sailors and dockyard employes.

"England cannot count upon material assistance from abroad during the first critical hours of a conflict, if it should be forced upon her. The attack, if it comes, will be almost without warning. The advantages of surprise and choice of objective in such a

struggle are incalculable. They are so great, in fact, that an aggressive nation will not sacrifice them to more than the barest amenities of the rules of international intercourse. Secret preparations, a sharp ultimatum demanding instant reply, and the blow is struck—that is likely to be the record of the inception of the next great war in Europe. History shows in repeated instances that the *casus belli* of the moment has been some trivial incident, as, for example, the forged Ems telegram on the eve of the Franco-German war in 1870. That war, as all the world knows to-day, was deliberately forced upon France by Bismarck. England sees an amazingly close analogy between the situation as it is developing to-day and that which preceded that conflict, when Germany accompanied her preparations with loud protestations of peace."

British Rule in India

THE unrest in India is made the occasion for an explanatory article on conditions in the Indian Empire, in the *Century Magazine*. This is contributed by Sidney Brooks, an English writer of large experience. Mr. Brooks shows the tremendous problem which the British have had to undertake in India, owing to the immensity of the country, the huge population, as variegated in its character as the population of Europe, the warring creeds and the unbending castes. He proceeds to lay down the principles on which British rule has been based.

"Among those principles the first and greatest is that India should be governed rather in the interests of her peoples than of her rulers. Great Britain derives from the great dependency no benefit that may not be shared in by any other nation on equal terms. There is not one tariff for British goods entering Indian ports and another for American or German goods.

The country is held, as it were, in trust for the trade of the whole world, without favoritism or discrimination. It is a further principle of British rule to spend on the dependency all the revenue raised from it. Great Britain receives nothing from India in the nature of a tribute—no return of any kind except for services rendered. These, however, are no more than the fixed axioms of British rule all the world over."

Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858, which closed the mutiny, contained three cardinal pledges. The first was that the territories, rights, dignity and honor of the native princes would be scrupulously respected. The second guaranteed freedom of religious faith and observances. The third promised to admit natives to all civil service, when qualified to undertake the duties of such service.

In his summing up Mr. Brooks is inclined to attribute the unrest, not

to blemishes and shortcomings in British rule, but to its very success.

It is the result of the peace and security that British rule has brought with it. It is the result of the British policy of educating the natives not merely in the learning and sciences of the West, but in those ideals of liberty which are enshrined in British literature and exemplified in British history. It is the result of the British policy of training the natives in the principles and practice of self-government. It is the result of the intellectual irrigation of a native press that could not exist without British consent, and that has rarely been interfered with even when most anti-British in tone. It is the result, too, of the intercourse which the railroads have made possible and of the common medium of understanding which the polyglot peoples of India, or at least the literate among them, are discovering in the English language. All these factors have produced their inevitable result. They have created among the educated classes a fervent and legitimate desire to take a yet larger and more effective share in ordering their affairs.

That desire is one that the British authorities both in England and in India have no intention whatever of thwarting. They are anxious, on the contrary, to meet and gratify it. It has always been their policy to associate the natives with the work of government, and they have never for one moment thought of abandoning it either on the advice of reactionaries in England and India or in a panic of apprehensions over bombs and assassinations. Lord Morley's scheme of reforms is not an innovation upon, but an extension of, the uniform practice of British rule in India. It is, however, a very large and far-reaching extension. Hitherto the natives, while intrusted with the bulk of the duties of administration, have had comparatively little part in the spheres of policy and legislation. Hencefor-

ward they are to have an effective, an all but controlling, voice in determining both policy and legislation. Two Indians already serve on Lord Morley's Council in London. Another has been made a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council in Calcutta, which is the equivalent of the President's Cabinet in the United States—in other words, the supreme governing authority in India. At the same time all but half of the Viceroy's Legislative Council is to be composed of elected Indians who will enjoy novel and genuine privileges in the way of moving resolutions, dividing the Council, and of settling the actual figures of the budget; while for the future the Provincial Executive Councils will contain at least one Indian member, and the Provincial Legislative Councils will be under the absolute control of a native majority, subject, of course, to the veto of the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor and to the reserved powers of the Central Government. Any one with the least experience of administration can see at once that these are very valuable powers, and that they convert the opportunities of natives for guiding legislation into a working reality. Any one, too, who ponders the deep and peculiar cleavages of race, creed, and caste that run through Indian society will perceive the enormous difficulties under Lord Morley's scheme of securing the proper representation of minorities and of saving whatever electoral system is ultimately adopted from becoming an added source of racial and religious strife. Those difficulties have already begun to show themselves in the fears of the Mohammedans lest they be swamped under Hindu votes. They are not, however, beyond the power of adjustment, and Lord Morley's reforms in their final shape will undoubtedly be found as equitable to all the faiths and nationalities of India as they are large, generous, and timely.

A Landmark of International Progress

WRITING in the North American Review, Paul S. Reinsch analyzes the recently-arranged Declaration of London, which he declares to be one of the great landmarks of international progress. "Quietly, without any appeal to public attention, the London Naval Conference held its meetings and elaborated its convention. Not heralded with popular acclaim, nor surrounded with brilliant festivities, the council of expert representatives of the great powers accomplished results which constitute indeed a new departure in international life. A code of international law relating to the rights and duties of belligerents with respect to neutral commerce was accepted—a body of world law to be interpreted and applied by a standing international tribunal. Thus a true international judicature is at last to come into being."

"The Naval Conference was called by the British Government in 1908. Besides the inviting Government, there were represented the five great Continental powers of Europe—Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Italy and Russia, as well as the United States and Japan. Spain was invited on account of her historic importance in the family of nations and her interest in maritime questions, and the Netherlands because the International Prize Court is to have its seat in that country. The composition of the London Conference, therefore, differed from that of the Hague Conference in that the nations there represented were those which actually have the determining power in the creation of international maritime law on account of their present naval strength. Among the personnel of the conference there were many noted authorities on maritime law. The principal delegate of Germany, M. Kriege, a member of the Hague Court, had taken a notable part in the Second Hague Conference. France was ably represented by M. Louis Renault, one of the leading spirits in both the Hague Con-

ferences, a man whose learning and personality have been of the greatest influence in the present international movement. The British delegates were Lord Desart and Admiral Ottley. The principal delegate of Russia was Baron Taube, of the University of St. Petersburg. The other powers were similarly well represented. The delegates of the United States were Rear-Admiral Charles H. Stockton and Professor George G. Wilson, who had both taken part in the excellent work in the codification of international law undertaken of late by the Naval War College of Newport."

"The most distinctive achievement of the conference would seem to lie in the articles of the convention dealing with contraband. Not only has the vexed question of the classification of contraband found a satisfactory settlement, but many other incidental problems, such as the proper test in making conditional contraband subject to confiscation, and the application of the doctrine of continuous voyage to contraband, have been settled."

The law of blockade was further defined, and many other matters of importance were settled by the conference, though no agreement was arrived at on the important question as to whether the nationality or the actual domicile of the proprietor of merchandise is to be the determining factor with respect to the enemy character of the latter. Similarly the question of the legality of the transformation upon the high seas of a merchantman into a war-vessel could not be settled.

"With the results of the conference before us, it is possible to appreciate the great advance in international relations which their full acceptance will assure. Through making the rights of neutrals definite, the cause of many conflicts disappears. The belligerent still retains the power to

protect himself fully against efforts to supply his opponent with war materials, but he can no longer proceed in an arbitrary manner. His action must be taken in accordance with certain definite rules and he must give due notice of his intentions. He is no longer permitted to give his rights an arbitrary and irrational extension. The science of international law is thus provided with a definite basis upon

which there may be constructed a system of rules and precedents which will normalize commercial intercourse in times of war, which will make neutral merchants aware of their risks and duties, and will present the restrictions upon their trade not in the light of the national policy of a powerful belligerent, but, as a rule, supported by the public opinion of the world."

The Irresistible Mrs. Asquith

A BRIGHT and intimate sketch of the wife of Britain's Prime Minister appears in *Current Literature*. Mrs. Asquith has made the social history of more than one season since her husband became Premier, and that, it seems, because nobody can resist her.

Photography is notoriously unjust to the contour of Emma Alice Margaret Tennant Asquith's mischievous face, a point insisted upon in those descriptions of its loveliness which adorn the columns of so many society organs in London and Paris. Her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her chin and the trick of her tongue in protruding timidly between two rows of immaculate teeth afford subjects to the ablest paragraphers in the personal journalism of the old world. The eyes, to begin with, are mischievous. They can be homes of silent prayer, too, upon occasion, it seems, and then they are a gray as squirrels. In the lady's laughing hours—and she laughs so readily that one detects her presence by the mere music of her merriment—the eyes seem deeply and pellucidly blue. The eyebrows are the despair of all portrait painters, and are matched by lashes, long, sweeping and golden.

No woman in London society can be persuaded that Mrs. Asquith dispenses with the services of a complexion specialist. She is no longer,

of course, in the first flush of youth, for her thirtieth year has come and gone long since. She has been a wife for fully fifteen years, but her skin is as white, as satiny and as translucent as if she had been born last autumn. The countenance, while rosy, is destitute of that tendency to extreme redness about the upper cheeks and at the chin, which renders so many an English beauty a fright—at times. Certain ungalant insinuations that the lady steams her face twice a week have been the theme of gossipers in trivial prints, but the authorized assertion that paints and powders are never resorted to by the lady's maid is implicitly accepted as final. Mrs. Asquith's complexion is the result, it seems, of a liberal utilization of cream and porridge as articles of diet when she was in the nursery. She was never out of bed after nine o'clock in her life until she was nineteen, according to another biographer, and she never leaves her bed in the morning until ten o'clock, unless some domestic crisis of exceptional importance necessitates such recklessness. The absence of wrinkles from her brow and the smoothness of her skin where crows' feet might not unreasonably be expected now, are attributed to a skillful system of Swedish massage.

However, it is the expression of the countenance of "Margot," to give her her pet name, which constitutes its perennial charm. The nose is undeniably inconsequential and critics have objected to the size and shape of the mouth. The chin—to quote the expression of a writer in the *London Throne*—is "too saucy." But the face as a whole is inexpressibly ravishing in its perpetual transitions from the grave to gay, from the divine wistfulness of a *Mona Lisa* to the contagious hilarity of a *Beatrice*. That circumstance alone accounts for the prodigious popularity won by "Margot" in the private theatricals she is never weary of organizing for the delectation of country house parties. On the stage, the wife of the British Prime Minister, according to those competent critics, the reporters for the society papers, would have reduced the most brilliant of French actresses to an imbecility of envy. No one outside the precincts of all that is finest in social London under King Edward's sway has been privileged to witness "Margot" in her glorious impersonations. The one-act plays of a well-known statesman's wife afford Mrs. Asquith her best parts. She has upon occasion essayed even *Ophelia* in the mad scene, but as a general thing she seems herself, her own mischievous, irresistible, adorable self, only in what is technically described as the lightest juvenile. "Margot" shows her audience the girl in love through the medium of many delightful little touches and her play of feature is wonderful. Then there is the voice—loud, yet always musical, high but not shrill. Mrs. Asquith is one of the very few society women in England, who has no fear of the sound of her own voice. She can "halloo" quite audibly across a golf field and does it deliciously.

The character of this gifted lady is Gallic rather than British. That

repose of manner which is presumed to denote the daughter of a hundred earls she has, to employ an Americanism, no use for. Her manner expresses every shade of every emotion, as the *London World* affirms, each delicate gradation of feeling, with a touch so direct and fine that one carries away the impression from her merest nod of an intense capacity to live. She forgets nobody and remembers everything, even one's sick aunt and the baby's exact age. Her interest in life is incredibly personal. Mrs. Asquith is always eager to learn the likes and dislikes of people, their past history and their present prospects. These details she arrives at without the slightest trace of an impertinent curiosity. She is interested in the people she meets, and she takes care to meet only the people who interest her. To this one fact, possibly, is due her success as a matchmaker. Not one marriage in London society made by the wife of the Prime Minister has yet turned out a failure and she has made, if we may trust the gossips, dozens. A young peer without a wife is a source of positive dread to Mrs. Asquith, who is affirmed to regard marriage as the supreme duty of man—especially when he has money.

It is, of course, as a dresser that "Margot" has won her supreme contemporary renown. The angelical slenderness of her form, the whiteness and suppleness of her long arms, the roundness of her shoulders and the Olympian regality with which she sits down are familiar things to the vast constituencies of the society press. The tantalizing elegance of her rather tight-fitting dresses is admired in Paris as much as it is imitated in London, for Mrs. Asquith has made the fortune of one immense French establishment upon the basis of its chic simplicity of effect in the gray-green satin she loves. She is one of the extremely

few Englishwomen who walk without inconvenience in the tightest restriction fashion can now impose upon the knees in a directoire gown. It is characteristic of Mrs. Asquith's consideration for others that she purposely relaxed the severity of the lengths her Paris dressmaker was disposed to go in the sheathed skirt. Her influence has affected the most decided modification in prevalent directoire and empire modes, which, in London, at any rate, are not extreme to-day.

The captiously critical have inferred from the well-known skill of the Parisian artist, who monopolizes Mrs. Asquith's patronage that she means to introduce a swagger note into London fashions. Her object has been presumed to rival the flamboyance of taste with which rich American women monopolize attention at Ascot and in the "row." The truth, as London society organs retail it, is that English dressmakers lacked the courage to introduce modes not countenanced at court. The Queen, contrary to popular impression, no longer initiates anything. Her Majesty's growing deafness and her tendency of late to a retired life, tend to obscure the court as a model of smartness. Mrs. Asquith's ambition, as it is interpreted in London, was to bring the waist line back to its natural place. She wanted also to popularize a shorter skirt. In both these purposes, the success of "Margot" is beyond dispute although there is some rebellion at her decree against the flaming colors coming into vogue at Paris for evening wear. The Queen, as is hinted by those who record the history of this controversy, is quite on the side of Mrs. Asquith. The waist line of the wife of the Prime Minister defines itself just at present in the nicest harmony with nature. Her favorite color in dinner gowns is sky blue, a ribbon of the same hue

running coquettishly through her dark masses of hair.

As the daughter of a very eminent financier and commercial magnate, "Margot," a fond variant of one of her given names, received a careful home training embellished by much travel and the finishing touches of a Paris school. Mrs. Asquith speaks French, the Gaulois thinks, as Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse spoke it and with twice her charm of manner. She shares her illustrious husband's fondness for golf, a game to which she devoted herself in the days of her vigorous girlhood. The Prime Minister, who married twice, has a large family of daughters and to their education Mrs. Asquith has devoted no little time and attention. She is a wife in the homely English sense of the word, it must be remembered, as well as a leader of society and of fashion. Her aim, notwithstanding her very domestic instincts, has always been to impart to the social activities of the Liberal party some measure of the brilliance associated with the sway of Conservative Governments. There happens to be in the present ministry no other statesman with a brilliant wife. With one member of the cabinet from the working class, another devoted wholly to pious meditation, a third living in social retirement as a husband and father, a fourth a disconsolate widower and others lacking for one reason or another the appropriate feminine element, it has become necessary for Mrs. Asquith to attempt the part reserved hitherto for political peeresses. A woman less gifted or one not so splendidly endowed with courage must, the London World ventures to think, have failed ingnominiuously. "Margot" has scored heavily. More than one ill-natured suggestion that she is stepping beyond the limits allowable to the wife of a British statesman is

ascribed to nothing more definite than the inspired jealousy of the Duchesses she outshines. Meanwhile our British contemporary urges patience until winter comes,

bringing with it "Margot" in her opera gowns, when the naval panic will be eclipsed by the greatest sensation London has enjoyed since Reginald McKenna married for love.

Business Men's Novels

A WRITER in the American Bookman has taken the trouble to make some investigations into the kind of novels read by business men, which is naturally a subject of some interest. The tradition that business men prefer those novels dealing with financial life, the stories of financial intrigue, of spectacular coups and theatric stock manipulation, he characterizes as a groundless, flimsy observation.

"Wall Street men, as a class, read and prefer to read novels of the Robert W. Chambers type. The love story with the "society" atmosphere is the story the men of the stock-world like best, if their words for it are to be taken as proof, and there is no reason why they should not be accepted as such.

"Although exceptions may be taken to one or two of the specific novels named, the general style of the favorite types of novels of the brokers may be judged from the following list of ten that was prepared for the Bookman by an active Wall Street man of wide acquaintance among his co-workers. In handing the list to the writer the Wall Street man said that the order in which they were named was intended to give an idea of the relative favor in which the particular style of novel was held by his business associates. The latter word he used in its broadest sense. Here is the list:

1. The Fighting Chance...Chambers
2. The ActressHale
3. JasonForman
4. The Inner ShrineAnon
5. By Right of Conquest..Hornblow
6. The Man in Lower Ten Rinehart

7. The White MiceDavis
8. Marriage a la ModeWard
9. SeptimusLocke

"From this list it may be seen that the purely business novel is conspicuous by its absence.

"While treating of the literary tastes of Wall Street men, the qualifying statement must be made that the grain traders who make up the Produce Exchange do not figure in the above category of novel-choices, despite the fact that the phrase 'Wall Street men' generally includes them in its scope. The members of the wheat and corn pits, the writer has come to learn, seem to champion novels of the Churchill brand, political stories, as well as admittedly more exciting detective stories, such as the recent *Mystery of the Yellow Room*, *The Perfume of the Lady in Black*, etc.

"The determining of the tastes of the engineering and contracting groups that centre about the Wall Street and Battery Park districts proved to be a far easier task than was the arriving at an estimate of the tastes prevailing in the financial section. The general tendency among this second group of business men—it is fair to include the profession of engineering under the head—seems to be toward the novels of out-door life, of the plains and the sea and the frozen countries. Jack London, Rex Beach, Ralph Connor, Stewart Edward White, Morgan Robertson and writers who choose subjects like these authors are given the choice by the men whose work takes them, too, in-

to the open. Such novels as "Calumet K." and "Whispering Smith," are not without many readers, as well, among the engineers, whereas the list that is given to typify Wall Street's general taste would be far from the mark in showing the literary predilection of the group of men under immediate discussion.

"The lawyers, who compose a big element in the great working group of business Manhattan, and who, because of the close alliance of their profession with those lines of activity herein outlined, may come into the catalogue of business men, have as clearly defined tastes in the matter of their lighter forms of reading as have the others. However, in estimating the consensus of their choices, prefatory allowance must be made for the objections that may arise from certain quarters that have not been consulted. In quoting what follows, the writer intends merely to chronicle the collective taste of a large body of

lawyers, who, individually, appear to afford satisfactory standards from which general deductions may be made. From these lawyers, therefore, as well as from the statements they have made in regard to the tastes of their fellow-lawyers, the writer has come to the conclusion that the detective story stands out sharply from the other types of narrative as the favorite of the legal class of business New York.

"The argument that the different sets of business men have distinctive tastes in reading is borne witness to further in a way that may or may not be worthy of acceptance, but which is at least interesting. The chief clerk in the busiest bookshop in hustle-bustle downtown New York told the writer once that he could tell exactly the field of business a man was in by the novel he purchased as he started on his way home after the close of the day."

The Strain of Keeping Up Appearances

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, editor of *Success Magazine*, whose articles on self-help and kindred subjects are widely known, contributes to a recent number of that magazine a strong paper condemning the habit of living beyond one's means merely to make an appearance in the world.

Disclosures in a recent divorce suit in New York again call attention to the insane rivalry among Americans to outdo one another in dress and luxurious living. The wife who was suing, in this instance, maintained that a woman in her position required from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars a year for dress alone; and that this was a comparatively small item in the cost of maintaining her household. She stated, on the witness stand, that no society woman could afford to appear twice in the same dress in public or at

the same hotel; that if she did, she would be "in very bad form." She also stated that it was necessary to change her clothing, completely, three times a day, and that many women change, throughout, four times a day.

Another New York woman says that she spends from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year on her wardrobe; that she has many dresses that cost a thousand dollars each, and that her shoes, the leather for which is imported and dyed to match the dresses with which they are worn, cost fifty dollars a pair.

Some society women exhaust so much of their time and energy in catering to their vanity that they have comparatively little left for the things really worth while. Mrs. Grundy has more abject slaves in America than in any other country on the globe. Multitudes of her devotees neglect their

children, their homes, and their mental improvement, and resort to all sorts of expedients and extravagances to cater to their vanity.

It is not so much the purpose of this paper to condemn the rich for their wicked extravagance, as to point out the demoralizing influence of their vicious example upon those who cannot afford either luxurious dress or living. Not only much of the discontent and unhappiness, but also a large part of the immorality and crime in this country, is due to the influence of the ostentatious flaunting of wealth in the faces of those who are less favored. It is a powerful undermining force in our civilization.

The mere possession of money does not give one the right to debauch his fellows, or to set an example which will make them discontented, unhappy, and tempt them to strain to keep up an appearance of wealth, at the possible sacrifice of their integrity and virtue.

Some of these wealthy people attempt to justify their extravagance on the ground that it gives employment to a great many. No greater delusion ever crept into a human brain than that wanton extravagance is justified on the ground that it gives employment, for the demoralizing and debauching influence of it all, upon those uselessly employed, infinitely outweighs any possible good it may do.

It is true that many poor women, girls, and children are enabled to eke out a miserable existence by spending years of precious time and energy working upon a piece of lace embroidery, or a thousand-dollar gown to be worn only once or twice by a rich woman. But is there no better destiny for human beings made in God's image than to wear their lives out and ruin their eyesight, as is done in numerous instances, in making that which appeals only to the vanity of women, many of whom, in all their lives, never earned the equivalent to the food which they consume in a single month?

The vulgar flaunting of wealth, which we see on every hand, is a constant suggestion, a perpetual temptation to the poorer classes to strain every nerve to keep up appearances, "to keep up with the procession" at all hazards.

Women who pay from five hundred to a thousand dollars for a dress, and fifty dollars for a pair of shoes, do not realize that a multitude of young girls, some of whom work for two years for what one of these gowns costs, and some for only a few dollars a week, are influenced to do all sorts of questionable things in order to ape the style of their rich sisters.

There are young women in New York, receiving comparatively small salaries, who live in high-class apartments, wear expensive tailored gowns, extravagant millinery, and indulge in other luxuries which are out of all keeping with their rank and means. Many of them have accounts at livery stables, florists, and dry goods stores; they even buy jewelry and many other unnecessary things on credit. Some of them think nothing of frequenting pawn-shops and borrowing money on furs, clothing, anything which they do not happen to want for the moment.

Driven to extremes, they often grow so bold in their borrowing that they will "work" their friends, as they put it, without blushing. They brag of how much they can make a man spend on them when out for an evening.

Recently a young man on a small salary told me that it cost him from fifteen to twenty dollars an evening to take a girl to a theatre, and to supper, at an expensive restaurant, afterwards. Is it any wonder that so many young men in moderate circumstances remain single, and that such vicious results follow such abnormal living?

One of the curses of city life is the unwillingness of young men to marry and assume the responsibility or obligations of a family. The consequent absence of the refining, elevating influence of home and family upon the character of both men and women is

most disastrous. They live unnatural and unhealthy lives and often become abnormally selfish because they are completely absorbed in getting the most they can for themselves, and consequently think very little about others.

The false ideas, expensive habits, and passion for show of girls are, in a great measure, responsible for this deplorable condition of things.

A New York young man, typical of a large class, told me, recently, that he had no idea of marrying, because, by remaining single, he could live at the best hotels—"live like a prince," as he expressed it—that he could patronize good tailors and could take an occasional trip abroad, whereas, if he married and had to divide his income with a family, he would be obliged to live in a poorer part of the city, in much cheaper quarters, and could not begin to keep up the appearance and make the display which he can now afford. He said that girls expect so much to-day that young men require a lot of courage to assume the responsibility of marriage.

Many girls seem to think that their chances of marrying men who can support them in luxury are much enhanced by extravagant dressing. This is a great delusion, for men usually see through them. Girls who dress beyond their means, as a rule, fail to attract, permanently, the wealthy men whom they would like to marry, and often frighten away the young men of small means who would be drawn to them by their good qualities of mind and heart, which their foolish clothing and hollow pretense serve only to conceal.

Young men who are determined to make something of themselves will thing a great many times before they marry a young woman with extravagant notions, for they know that once a woman has contracted a taste for luxuries and formed the habit of living beyond her income, she is rarely content with what a man in moderate circumstances can afford to give her.

It is the young woman who steels herself against the temptations of vanity and is content to dress as attractively as she can honestly afford, instead of running into debt and resorting to all sorts of things to procure what she cannot afford, who scouts the idea of bedecking herself with cheap imitations, refuses to wear lies or act them—she is the sort of girl a manly young fellow will want to marry, or who will make a successful career for herself.

The examples of vicious living and reckless extravagance of the very rich are no less demoralizing to young men than to young women. It used to be considered a disgrace for youths and young men to be in debt unless they were in business for themselves, or there was some other justification for it; but now it is the commonest thing to see young men with small salaries heavily in debt—for luxuries.

Never, in the history of mankind, was there such a perfect mania among certain classes to keep up appearances at all hazards, to make a big show in the world, as exists in America to-day. Everywhere we see people toiling to keep in the social swim, struggling to break into the stratum above them, straining every nerve to do things they cannot afford, simply because others do them.

In Europe it is possible to classify people largely by their dress and appearance. They do not pretend to be what they are not, so much as in America; but here, where shop-girls dress like millionaires' daughters, and thousands of clerks dress better than their employers, where so many are trying to appear to be better off than they are, to make others think they amount to a little more than they do, it is impossible to judge by appearances.

Not long ago a New York man who had passed as a multi-millionaire, and whose family lived in the most extravagant manner, died, and when his will was probated, it was found that his entire estate scarcely inventoried two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The fortunes of a great many people who are supposed to be enormously rich are bubbles just as empty as that of this man. There are people passing themselves off as millionaires who may be, in reality, worth less than nothing—hopelessly in debt. But, because they are believed to be wealthy, they have almost unlimited credit; everybody is anxious to sell to them; tradespeople do not like to ask them for money for fear of losing their patronage.

There are plenty of people, in all of our large cities, who do not allow themselves enough to eat, and practise all sorts of pinching economy at home, for the sake of keeping up appearances in society.

What terrible inconvenience, hardship and suffering we endure on account of other people's eyes and opinions! What slaves, what fools we make of ourselves because of what other people think! How we scheme and contrive to make them think we are other than we really are.

It is other people's eyes that are expensive. It is other people's eyes that make us unhappy and discontented with our lot, that make us strain and struggle, and slave, in order to keep up false appearances.

The suit, the hat must be discarded, not because they are badly worn, but because others will think it strange that we do not change them.

The effect of all this false living, this constant practise of deception in appearances, in our manner of living, our dress, is undermining the American character, ruining our genuineness, making us superficial, unreal, false.

If you are wearing clothes and living in luxury which you cannot afford, these things label you all over with falsehood, and are perpetual witnesses against you. There is only one possible result upon the character of falsehood, whether acted or spoken, and that is perpetual deterioration. It does not matter whether you wear lies, tell lies, or act lies, the effect upon your character is the same,

Trying to make people think that you are better off than you really are is a boomerang which strikes back with a fatal rebound. It is impossible for you very long to pretend, successfully, one thing and be another, for your reality is always asserting itself.

Do not deceive yourself into thinking that good clothes, that a palatial home, can make a man or a woman. All the wealth in the world could not raise manhood one degree in the scale of excellence.

It is spending upward, living upward, living in honesty, in simplicity; living the real life, the life that is worth while, that will produce the finest character and give the greatest satisfaction.

Not long ago I was visited by a dear friend who has the courage to live the simple life, even in the midst of the pyrotechnical social life in New York. This man, who has not laid up a thousand dollars, has a magnificent character, strong, vigorous, yet sweet, gentle, kind. He envies no one, bows to no one; he has a superb independence; he walks like a conqueror. He has no anxiety about the future. He lives a full, complete life as he goes along. The moment one enters his atmosphere he is conscious that he is in the presence of a rich personality.

It does not require so much courage to live the life we can afford; to be genuine, true, indifferent to what our neighbors think or say. Even those who are wealthy will think more of us for this manly, this womanly independence.

Everyone owes it to himself to live a real life, whether he is rich or poor; to be, and not to seem. He owes it to himself at least to be genuine.

"Paint me as I am, warts and all, or I will not pay you for the picture," exclaimed Oliver Cromwell to the painter who was smoothing his rude features in a portrait. This is the sort of rugged honesty that is sorely needed to-day.

Some Standards of Success

An examination into the popular conceptions of success is made by Professor Brander Matthews in the *Forum*. He admits at the outset that in the mouth of the ordinary man to-day the word success is usually interpreted to mean material prosperity, and that this idea of success has been the prevalent one down through all the ages, and among all nations. It is a natural conception and marks no fall from grace. But the question he raises is whether material prosperity is not received as the final test of success and the sole touchstone of a finished career.

"While material prosperity is, of necessity, the immediate aim of the average man in the thick of the struggle for life, it ought not to be his only aim; and just so soon as he can feel his feet firm on the ground beneath him, it ought not to be his chief aim. And what may be, for a while, almost the whole duty of the inferior man, is only a small part of the duty of the superior man. When the desperate dread of want is no longer driving us to leisureless toil, and when a fair measure of material prosperity has been achieved by abundant energy or by early advantage, then the further accumulation of wealth ceases to deserve exclusive attention, since it is no longer needful to the individual or to the community. To continue to put forth all one's power for the sake of needless acquisition is a short-sighted selfishness which is not success but failure. It is a failure of the individual, which, if widely multiplied, must be fatal to the community."

Professor Matthews takes up the attitude of the public towards rich men, and says:

"It is a good sign that the attitude toward the very rich seems to be changing of late. They are beginning to feel themselves more or less under suspicion, however much the society-reporter may delight in snobbish adulation. No longer is there a belief that the mere heaping up of

money is a sufficient service to the community. There is an increasing tendency to apply a stricter moral standard and to ask embarrassing questions. There is a desire to know where the money came from and whether it was honestly come by. There is a manifest intention to sharpen the laws so that processes of acquisition which may have been legal even if they were immoral, shall hereafter be under the control of the courts. There is an awakening to the value of social service. There is a keener recognition of the fact that the really useful citizens cannot be measured by the money they possess. There is a closer scrutiny of character and a higher appreciation of its loftier types. There is a cordial welcome for these new men in public life, to some of whom it is possible to apply the noble words in which the younger Pliny described one of his friends—'who did nothing for ostentation but all for conscience, who sought his reward of virtue in itself and not in the praise of men.'

"On the other hand, it is not a little unfortunate that there seems to be intensifying a prejudice toward the very rich as a class, without due discrimination between those who have inherited fortunes honestly gained and those who have amassed large wealth by predatory devices. At times, this prejudice may bear hardly on those 'who think their innoxious indolence their security'—to borrow Burke's phrase. But there are only too many among the inheritors of honest fortunes who mistake notoriety for fame and who alienate sympathy by foolish prodigality and by silly display."

It is a handicap, according to Professor Matthews, to be possessed of immense wealth. Some men, he points out, aim to make money with the belief that as a moderate fortune helps us to enjoy life, a fortune ten times as large will provide ten times as much enjoyment.

"The truth is that pleasure is a by-product of work. The man who has

something to do that he wants to do intensely and that he is able at last to do, gets pleasure as a fee, as a tip, as an extra allowance. Perhaps the keenest joy in life is to accomplish what you have long sought to do, even if you feel that the result might be a little better than you have achieved. Possibly the most exquisite gratification comes from the consciousness of a good job well done. The foolish talk about the "curse of labor" is responsible for much of the haste to gain wealth that we may retire into idleness. But if we are honest with ourselves we know that labor is never

a curse, that it is ever a blessing. The theory that work in itself is painful, or that it is the duty only of inferiors, is essentially aristocratic and fundamentally feudal; it is hostile to the democratic ideal. Work is what sweetens life and gives delight to all our days. That man is happiest and gets the utmost out of life who is neither poor nor rich and who is in love with his job, joying in the work that comes to his hands. And that man is truly accursed who is refused the privilege of congenial toil because he has too much money."

A Woman at the Head

CHICAGO has turned over the management of her \$50,000,000 school system to a woman. She is, of course, an unusual woman, but all the same, she is a woman and she has displaced a man. John Evans gives a brief sketch of her in the Outlook.

"Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was elected Superintendent of Schools in that city July 28. Her salary was placed at \$10,000, while that of her assistant, John D. Shoop, was made half that amount. There were unusual circumstances about this remarkable selection. In the first place, the office of the Superintendent in Chicago has been a customary scene of turbulence for many months, and yet a woman was chosen to subdue the unruly factions. In the second place, Mrs. Young is sixty-four years old. She is vigorous and alert, but it is quite certain that no man at that age would have been elected. And, in the third place, Mrs. Young was the one woman in a list of sixty educators selected by a special committee as fitted for the place.

"Mrs. Young is a Chicago woman. She was born in Buffalo, New York, January 15, 1845. She was brought to Chicago a few years later by her parents, and there she has stayed

since. Her education was received in the schools she will now rule, and some of the pupils she taught in the lower grades are now her associates on the Board of Education. Advocates of woman suffrage thought at first that this very definite proof of woman's progress in the world of affairs would strengthen it, but the disillusionment followed soon. Mrs. Young believes in woman and in her work, but she believes more in the home, and she has the courage to say so. It was the striking personality of the woman and her genuine power that won for her the place at the head of the second largest school system in the country.

"On the day of the election Mrs. Young and five men were summoned before the Board singly. The five men were called first. Each of them was given twenty minutes to discuss some topic of education. It was dinner-time when Mrs. Young was called, and the Board members were frankly tired. Yet they felt they must listen to the woman as they had to the men. Mrs. Young talked, not twenty minutes, but two hours, and when she finished there was not a bored man among the fifteen listeners. When she left the room she was unanimously

elected as the official head of the Chicago schools.

"Some of Mrs. Young's 'boys' lined up outside her office to congratulate her the day she assumed her new duties. There was Peter Finley Dunne, of 'Mr. Dooley' fame. 'I never thought Peter would turn into a Dooley,' said Mrs. Young to the group as she greeted them. 'He was a good boy, but—well, I had only moderate hopes for Peter.' And Mr. Dunne smiled and giggled much like the school-boy of old.

"And then millionaire Granger Farwell was humbled by Mrs. Young's excellent memory. 'Granger was a student in the Scammon school practice department,' said his former teacher to the 'boys,' 'and one day he said something funny. A group of superintendents and principals from other States were visiting there. One of them described a coral island and its formation and growth. Afterwards the teacher said, 'When you see how wonderful these islands are, you would hardly believe they exist, would you?'

"'No,' piped up little Granger, 'and I wouldn't believe it if I saw one.'

"And the 'boys,' now leading men

in Chicago, blessed their former school-teacher, a little less awestruck than they were a half-century before, but with more love and respect even in their hearts for her.

"This woman, who has fought her way into the second highest executive position in the public schools of this country, has the simple tastes and the gentle manners of the old school woman. For twenty-five years she has been a widow, and the mother-love in her has been given to the thousands of children she has taught and befriended ever since the day, fifty years ago, when she became a teacher in the old Foster school.

"One looks in vain for any evidence of the 'new' woman in Mrs. Young. She is all that is feminine. She is described by those who know her as being as good a cook as a scientist, and as fond of her hours at the coffee or tea table as of those at the desk. She is a womanly woman, but she has opened, as she says, 'the real road to the kind of suffrage women need.' She means by that, that work well done is paid for in money and in honor and in power by the world."

The Doctrine of the Toad

PHILOSOPHERS and teachers have from time immemorial been accustomed to point to certain animate objects as examples for human emulation. Probably the most familiar have been the ant and the bee. These have been held up as models of industry and integrity. Now we have a writer advancing the claims of the repulsive toad for consideration, but for other reasons. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Dallas Love Sharp tells of the lessons he has learned from a toad that lived in a hole in an apple tree in his garden.

"Often in the summer dusk I have gone over to sit at his feet and learn some of the things my college professors could not teach me. I have not yet taken my higher degrees. I

was graduated an A.B. from college. It is A.B.C. that I am working toward here at the old apple tree with the toad.

"Seating myself comfortably at the foot of the tree, I wait; the toad comes forth to the edge of his hole above me, settles himself comfortably, and waits. And the lesson begins. The quiet of the summer evening steals out with the wood-shadows and softly covers the fields. We do not stir. An hour passes. We do not stir. Not a stir is the lesson—one of the majors in this graduate course with the toad.

"We do not stir. It is a hard lesson. By all my other teachers I had been taught every manner of stirring, and this unwonted exercise of being still takes me where my body is weak-

est, and it puts me painfully out of breath in my soul. 'Wisdom is the principal thing,' my other teachers would repeat, 'therefore get wisdom, but keep exceedingly busy all the time. Step lively. Life is short. There are only twenty-four hours to the day. The Devil finds mischief for idle hands to do. Let us then be up and doing'—all of this at random from one of their lectures on 'The Simple Life, or the Pace that Kills.'

"'Keep going,'—I quote from another of their lectures,—'keep going; it is the only certainty you have against knowing whither you are going.' I learned that lesson well. See me go—with half a breakfast and the whole morning paper; with less of lunch and the 4.30 edition. But I balance my books, snatch the evening edition, catch my car, get into my clothes, rush out to dinner, and spend the evening lecturing or being lectured to. I do everything but think.

"But suppose I did think? It could only disturb me—my politics, or ethics, or religion. I had better let the editors and professors and preachers think for me. The editorial office is such a quiet, thought-inducing place; as quiet as a boiler factory; and the thinkers there, from editor-in-chief to the printer's devil, are so thoughtful for the size of the circulation! And the college professors, they have the time and the cloistered quiet needed. But they have pitiful salaries, and enormous needs, and their social status to worry over, and themes to correct, and a fragmentary year to contend with, and Europe to see every summer, and—Is it right to ask them, with all this, to think? We will ask the preachers instead. They are set apart among the divine and eternal things; they are dedicated to thought; they have covenanted with their creeds to think; it is their business to study, but 'to study to be careful and harmless.'

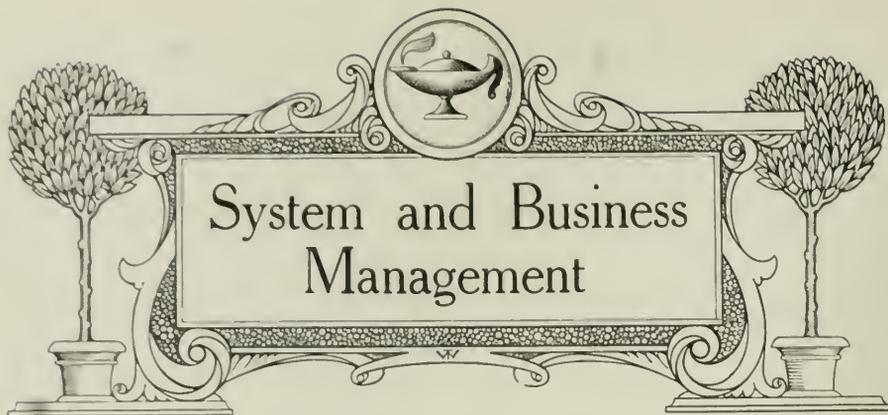
"It may be, after all, that my politics and ethics and religion need disturbing, as the soil about my fruit trees needs it. Is it the tree? or is it

the soil that I am trying to grow? Is it I, or my politics, my ethics, my religion? I will go over to the toad, no matter the cost. I will sit at his feet, where time is nothing, and the worry of work even less. He has all time and no task; he is not obliged to labor for a living, much less to think. My other teachers all are; they are all professional thinkers; their living thoughts are words: editorials, lectures, sermons—livings. I read them or listen to them. The toad sits out the hour silent, thinking, but I know not what, nor need to know. To think God's thoughts after Him is not so high as to think my own after myself. Why then ask his of the toad, and so interrupt these of mine?

"There are only twenty-four hours to the day—to the day and the night! And how few are left to that quiet time between the light and the dark! Ours is a hurried twilight. We quit work to sleep; we wake up to work again. We measure the day by a clock; we measure the night by an alarm clock. Life is all ticked off. We are murdered by the second. What we need is a day and a night with wider margins—a dawn that comes more slowly, and a longer lingering twilight. Life has too little selvedge; it is too often raw and raveled. Room and quiet and verge are what we want, not more dials for time, nor more figures for the dials. We have things enough, too, more than enough; it is space for the things, perspective, and the right measure for the things that we lack—a measure not one foot short of the distance between us and the stars.

"If we get anything out of the fields worth while, it will be this measure, this largeness, and quiet. It may be only an owl or a tree-toad that we go forth to see, but how much more we find in things we cannot hear by day, things long, long forgotten, things we never thought or dreamed before.

"The day is none too short, the night none too long; but all too narrow is the edge between."



The Economy of Up-to-Date Equipment

By

G. R. CHESTER

SYSTEM is now quite generally recognized as a necessity in every business, but few business men are inclined to carry system to its logical conclusion. The majority are content to adopt ideas and instal time-saving equipment from time to time as the exigencies of the situation demand, but rarely will they sit down and work out a general system of economies. Business scientists are doing this and with remarkable results.

The fact is that the average business man balks at the notion of spending money on equipment which he believes will not give him a proportionate return on his investment. He bases his decision on the present output of his business, overlooking nine times out of ten the potentialities which will be set free by the introduction of the new device.

Take as an example the employer who has a bright young man at work in a certain department of his office. This employe does his work faithfully and well, but half his time could be saved by the instalation of a certain time-saving machine. The employer sees that this would be so, but as the machine is expensive, and the

young man only draws a small salary, he concludes that it would not pay him to purchase it. That is just where he makes his mistake. He does not realize that in the time he would save by using the machine, the young man could develop some other side of the business.

The worried business man, who is trying to hold in his hands all the threads of his business, believes in system, but fails to employ it in his own factory or office. A system that would relieve him of all the little worries is to him an ideal which he does not hope to attain, but which he could easily realize, if he would take time to investigate.

The skill of the men who are devising and manufacturing business systems and office appliances, has brought about a new era in commercial life. It is possible now to work under conditions of comfort and speed, never dreamed of by our fathers. The cumbrous methods of bookkeeping employed but a few years ago have given place to the rapid and precise methods of to-day, with their loose-leaf books, their adding machines and other time and labor-saving devices.

All this saving of time over mere details has left the energies of business men free to be directed into other channels of endeavor, and accounts for many of the great commercial conquests of the present day.

Apart from the actual economies of time and space to be gained by the installation of labor-saving devices, there is a psychological advantage not to be overlooked. It is a fact that a man can do better work in an office where the equipment is modern, the fittings bright and new and the system as perfect as it can be. The influence of such surroundings is bound to tell on any man. He feels himself more a part of the system with a duty owing to it and he is in duty bound to keep up his end.

Let us first consider the important subject of office furniture. The business man who has determined to turn over a new leaf in his methods, will perforce start at the root of the matter and put his office, the vitals of his business, into proper shape. He must needs put in those facilities which will enable him to carry on his accounting and his correspondence with the greatest ease and facility.

Office furniture is made either of wood or steel. Each material has its devotees, and to each naturally accrue distinct advantages. Wood lends itself more readily to the hand of the artistic artisan, since it can be shaped into moldings, carving, rich natural-wood finishes and delicate tones. Also, it has a warm, comfortable feel to the flesh, under hand and seat, and to some thin-blooded people would undoubtedly be preferable to steel.

On the other hand, the practical un-sentimental business man will, no doubt, in some instances have small regard for the factors above mentioned, and some of the arguments in favor of metal furniture will weigh most forcibly with him. Of the merits of steel probably its indestructibility by fire and its ability to protect valuable correspondence, documents, drawings, blue-prints, books, etc., from the

flames, will weigh most strongly in its behalf.

In desks and cabinets there has recently come into vogue what is not inaptly termed "Sanitary" construction. This radical departure from old lines of construction has met with a very favorable reception and seems destined to stay. It consists of using heavy corner post or leg construction, and allowing a clearance of ten inches or more between the point where the drawer or cabinet section ends and the floor. In other words, having a clear space of a foot or more under the desk or cabinet, which is supported by the heavy legs which form the corner posts of the construction. The argument in favor of this type being that it permits of ready sweeping and scrubbing beneath the furniture, prevents the accumulation of debris there, and hence is conducive to fresh and sanitary conditions in the office. The argument is good, the sanitation desirable and therefore worth considering.

In the equipment of the modern office with furniture lies not a casual problem, but one which grows in complexity and importance with the size of the business. The judicious buyer considers well in this connection the future requirements of his business as well as what it needs today. This is not the least of the advantages of the modern system of construction in office furniture. To provide for expansion it comes in units—units of many and various kinds.

To begin with, the units are both horizontal and vertical. The advantage is twofold. It combines units adapted to different purposes; it provides for expansion without destroying the symmetry of the equipment.

To illustrate: There is on the market a steel sectional stack which combines document files, card-index files, letter files and roller-book shelves. Another combines a deposit ticket and check-file unit.

Thus the various requirements of an up-to-date system are condensed into one piece of furniture. This in

turn may be added to, since each constitutes a vertical section. That is, the sides are so constructed that another stack may be set alongside and make a perfect fit, carrying out symmetry of design and appearance. In some instances the sides are detachable and permit of the semi-permanent fastening together of the sections.

In the case of both horizontal and vertical sections, they may be purchased as desired, thus permitting of an initial purchase adequate to the needs and additions as required.

Other combinations of interest, to which attention is called, are those of a vertical file and cupboard, which also serves as a flat-top table, wardrobe sections, etc.

Vault omnibuses or trucks, which provide a ready means of bringing books of record or account, documents, correspondence, etc., to the desks of clerks or executives, convenient for the day's work, and as quickly return them to the vault for safekeeping in the evening, are interesting developments. The trucks are constructed with roller shelves for the books, which permit of their easy insertion and withdrawal from shelf space, and at the same time save a great deal of wear upon the books themselves.

Rubber tires and separable wheels render the movement of these trucks noiseless and easy of movement from place to place.

In a retrospective way it is interesting to view a mental picture of what the office of to-day is compared with the office of a few short years ago.

In a comparatively small office, such as could be secured in many of our commodious sky-scrapers to-day, may be found facilities for handling business which might be said to have required acres on the plan of the past.

The equipment of an office to-day is worthy of careful study and examination into the merits of the latest product of those who make a specialty of perfecting and manufacturing office furniture. The search will be interesting and result gratifying.

After the office furniture has been secured, the next step will be the introduction of such devices as will still further economize time and energy. Naturally the typewriter comes under this category, and a remarkable saving has it been, as the legions of business men who have used it will testify. The typewriter has gone into the smallest office and into the most remote store, and a typewritten letter is now far more common than a written letter. If business men would only take the typewriter as evidence of the utility of other office appliances, they would hardly pause to make the investment.

Under this heading come duplicating machines for turning out circulars; addressing machines, which will handle enormous quantities of mail matter in quick order; copying machines, for use in the accounting department, and a variety of other devices, each and all calculated to turn out the work rapidly. These inventions of recent years have stood all tests and are now as near perfection as one could wish.

The phonograph as an aid to dictation is now claiming the interest of business men to a greater extent. By means of this machine, dictation can be given without the presence of a stenographer. It is found invaluable by the man whose work renders his office hours uncertain. Even the ordinary business man finds it serviceable on occasions.

Thus office equipment becomes a study in itself and expert knowledge is as necessary in properly equipping an office as in managing the office after it has been fitted up.

HELD OVER.

The article by Hugh Chalmers, of Detroit, on "Salesmanship and Advertising," which was to have appeared in this issue, has been held over until our next issue. We regret to have to make this announcement, but the delay is altogether unavoidable. Those who know Mr. Chalmers' keen insight into business subjects will enjoy this article and will derive benefit from it, for it is probably the best thing he has ever written.



"I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND THAT PROSPERITY BEGETS PROSPERITY."

In the Smoking Car

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

COMING in from my usual weekly jaunt on a Friday night, I boarded the train at London. Tired and dispirited, I wanted to settle down for a quiet read, but every seat in the passenger coaches was occupied. Reluctantly, I made my way to the smoking compartment in a last vain hope, and there I found a vacant spot. I do not indulge in the weed myself, and knew that when I landed home with my clothes saturated with smoke, so to speak, I would hear from my wife. I

was, however, not going to ride standing, and it was a case of Hobson's choice—the smoker, or nothing.

I have often heard of the pleasant informality and agreeable companionship of those who woo the pipe, and how tobacco—so kindred is its relations—levels all barriers and makes of its devotees that "fraternity of man," over which poets in past ages have sung. Opposite me were two men that I did not know, although I judged from their general appear-

ance that they were apostles of the grip. One was a rather young, smooth-faced, dark-eyed fellow, with a pleasant speech. His manner was interesting, his smile engaging. Evidently he had the art of mixing with men and feeling perfectly at home. Neatly dressed, he was smoking in an attitude of leisurely indifference, and the aroma from his cigar convinced me that it was not a cheap brand. He gave every outward indication of personal prosperity, and of having booked many orders for his house that week. His companion was considerably older, rather shabbily dressed, and wearing a soft felt hat, that had evidently been dug up in the woodshed. His eyes were heavy, his boots dirty, his linen soiled, while his face bore evidence that for at least three days it had had no acquaintance with a barber or razor. He seemed restless and gloomy.

"Well, this is my last trip for the house," he remarked somewhat disconsolately, as he filled a briar pipe and proceeded to take a pull.

"You don't say," declared his companion with interest. "What's up now, Bill? You look as if you had a bad week of it."

"Yes, I sent in my resignation three weeks ago—was asked to do so—and, of course, it was accepted. Why the manager called upon me to hand in my retiring ticket I don't know."

"Can't you give a shrewd guess?" asked his friend suggestively, calmly surveying the seedy looking Bill from head to foot.

"No, I can't surmise at all," was the response.

"Who have they got in your place?"

"Oh some dude of a fellow about twenty-five, who has not enough masculinity about him to raise a whisker. He's about as smooth a guy in manner and speech and face as you ever ran across. Why he looks like a fashion plate—not a

salesman, rough and ready for any emergency."

"But see here Bill, you are not down on him because he wears good clothes, a clean collar, polished shoes, and shaves every morning, are you? You must have something more than that against him to talk the way you do."

"Oh, no, I suppose not, but I tell you, Mr. Herman Peters, I never had time for any flummy diddles," he growled.

"But you will have now," answered Herman, and his reply was full of meaning, even to the dejected Bill.

"Explain yourself, sir," retorted the other with some heat.

"Well! I will. I was told by a man in the service of your firm that you were getting a big salary—\$2,800 a year—and were a good salesman, but you have been warned several times to spruce-up—that you were not representing a rag establishment, or a hair growing tonic, and yet you have gone on persistently and indifferently. My informant said that warnings seemed to have no effect, and now you find yourself out in the cold."

"Well, so long as a man feels comfortable it doesn't matter much how he looks, does it?" and Bill finding no confirmation in the eyes of the man next to him pulled more vigorously than ever at his strong smelling pipe, and shot an inquisitive glance at me.

"I don't agree with you sir," I replied, "stranger though you are to me, and I don't want you to interpret my remarks as in any way personal. I have always found that prosperity begets prosperity, that if you look as if you are run down at the heel, people are naturally inclined to think so. A man is often as he feels. I used to be an advertising solicitor before I got my present job, and my firm sent me over to England one summer to get some business there. I wore a hard felt hat,

a turn down collar, and a comfortable, easy fitting suit of clothes. I was presentable enough, but I found that I could not get in to see many of the big managers, whose ear I wished to reach. On one pretext and another—some of them decidedly flimsy—I was turned down. The situation was distressing, and I was chagrined. Then a friend met me one day and told me the reason—that, when I was in another spot, I must do as they did: 'Don a topper, put on a Prince Albert, patent leather shoes, a pair of suede gloves, and see what a transformation there will be in your reception.' I did so, and sure enough, thus rigged out, I secured the entree to many private offices, admission to which had previously been denied. Yes, sir! it worked like a charm."

"That may go all right across the pond," answered Bill, "but things are different in this democratic country. I never had any time to personally titivate."

"Well," remarked Peters, "I take fully three-quarters of an hour every morning to complete my attire."

"You might be calling on customers and corraling several good orders in the time it takes you to dress," was all the sympathy he got from the older drummer.

"Oh, I get up early and follow a routine," continued Herman, "I polish my shoes, wash, shave, and take a cold plunge. Lost time—not a bit of it. When I sally forth I feel as fresh as a daisy."

"Sure," said I, chiming in, "it is as natural now for me to shave every day as it is to wash, button my collar, or adjust my necktie. Many men think that scraping the fuzz off their faces is an accursed nuisance. They are inclined to let it go rather than attend to it. They have no regularity about anything. I used to look upon the procedure in very much the same way."

"What caused you to change your



"I FOUND I COULD SHAVE IN SEVEN MINUTES."

mind?" pursued Bill, who was evincing more interest in the conversation.

"Well! it was this way: I am now fifty-four years old, and have been thirty on the road. I used to visit barber shops whenever I got a few minutes, and the barbers wheedled me into the belief that I could not shave myself, although I often thought I would like to do so. They told me my beard was awfully wiry and tough, and my skin too soft, and tender. One day—it was dreadfully hot — when evening came, I was pretty well fagged out. I sat down to do a little thinking, and while ruminating over the past I formed a definite resolve.

"Well, to go on with my yarn, I found that averaging the time taken at twenty-five minutes a day for three hundred days in a year, and extending over a period of thirty years, that I had just spent 3,750 hours in tonsorial parlors. Reckoning the ordinary working day at

eight hours. I was appalled to learn that I had passed 470 days, or a year and a half of my life in a barber shop, not to mention the cost. I thought what an awful waste of time, what a sacrilege of opportunity! Then I bought a good safety razor, found that I could clean my face in seven minutes, and it was done for the day. I had not to be the servant of any man, or await his beck and call. I did not like the thing at first, naturally I had a prejudice against it, but I gritted my teeth and said, 'if so many others find you a true friend, I am sure that I can.' The fourth morning I got on to the hang of the thing, and in a week I was an expert at its use, and from that day—three years ago to the present—I have never let a barber do anything for me except to shear my locks, and I have never missed my morning shave. It is just as natural for me to pick up that little, keen-edged, sanitary instrument, as it is for me to put on my shirt—and no more trouble. I never invested five dollars that yielded me so much happiness and satisfactory results.

"And what's more, if anyone told me that this little device would prove such a friend, I wouldn't have believed him. I tell you, Bill, I was so interested, that when in Mont-

real, my attention was attracted to the Gillette factory. There and then I determined to visit it. The visit certainly explained the perfection of my little safety. The material used and the workmanship was a revelation to me. Every part used was a proven necessity, and so finished as to insure a perfect razor.

"The Gillette people make some pretty strong statements in their advertising, but I can tell you I do not believe any of them are exaggerated, either about their razor or their factory."

"What make did you say it was?" interrogated Bill, who had become immensely interested in my personal narrative.

"It was a Gillette. Why do you ask?" I ventured.

"I say, boys," he exclaimed as the trainman shouted Woodstock, "I have to leave you here. I am about to turn over a new leaf."

"How's that?"

"I'm going up town to get one of those articles you just told me about, and also a new job."

When I met him two weeks later, I scarcely recognized my former casual smoking car acquaintance. He was radiantly happy. "Say," he shouted across the street, "I got both those things. I'm a new man now."



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Impressionist photograph by Steichen, Paris

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MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

THE TALENTED CANADIAN ACTRESS IS NOW STARRING IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RITCHIE" (PAGE 23)

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XIX TORONTO DECEMBER 1909

No 2



The Good Old Fashion

An Essay in the Direction of the Better Enjoyment of Yuletide Festivities

By F. RAYMOND COULSON

“GIVE everybody’s love to everybody so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody.” Those are my sentiments about Christmas. For I am an astonishingly old-fashioned person. And in spite of repeated assurances that Christmas is decaying, I am convinced that the entire populace of the British Isles (and of the Britains beyond the seas) are astonishingly old-fashioned persons too.

It is one of the little affectations of this foolish young century that Christmas is played out, that its sentiment has departed, and that it has become a nuisance and a bore. But if that is the case, how is it that at this season we expend ten million golden sovereigns in Good Cheer?

How is it that eighteen million Christmas puddings steam on festive boards, and that the mistletoe bough is still thoughtfully suspended in convenient situations?

“Do you know that you are dying fast?” demands the New Age, addressing Father Christmas.

“Am I?” exclaims that surprised old gentleman—a remarkably hale old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye. “Then what is the meaning of these gay decorations, these happy throngs, these crowded toy shops, and this magnificent display of turkeys?” And Father Christmas laughs—a good-natured, robustious laugh, that goes rousing responsive echoes all round the world.

We know that make-believe cynic, that ineffectual pretender, who ac-

tively employs himself at this time of year in proclaiming that Christmas is a depressing nuisance, and that he will be profoundly glad when it is over. But cast an observant eye on the doings of this supercilious person. Do you find them supporting his protestations? Do you find him holding haughtily aloof, treating Christmas and its merrymaking with disdain? Do you find him on Christmas Day austere sitting down to a mutton chop or a frugal repast of cold meat and pickles?

No! You find him boisterously sending his plate up for a second helping of turkey, and exhibiting special gusto in regard to the accompanying sausages. You find him hilariously merry, with a paper cap on his head, pulling crackers, smoking big cigars, pledging everybody in wassail, and making strenuous efforts to entice the prettiest young lady in the company under the mistletoe. And later on you will find him the life and soul of the party, lustily singing songs, playing hunt the slipper, propounding ingen-

ious conundrums, and superintending the snap-dragon.

We know these sombre misanthropes who despise Christmas, and assure us contemptuously that it is obsolete. We meet them going home on Christmas Eve, veritable Father Christmases themselves, with bulging pockets, bulky parcels, and beaming countenances. We meet them at the toy emporium, absorbed in the mechanism of talking dolls and clockwork trains. We meet them intently gazing into the windows of jewellers' shops at nice little gold locketts and chains and pendants bearing the intimation, "Suitable for Christmas Presents." We meet them at the poulterer's pointing at the largest goose on the hook, and inquiring, "What does that one weigh?" We meet them at the wine merchant's, ordering mellow port, and ginger wine, and Benedictine from the monastery. And these are the people who call the Christmas festival humbug!

Oh, the humbuds!

It is often said, with doleful shaking of heads, that if Dickens could come back he would be sorely hurt and disappointed at the change that has developed in the spirit of Christmas. But I don't think he would. We have discarded some of the old customs, but we have established new. And Dickens would discover as much warmth of heart, and charity, and kindness, and good humor as when he was enthusiastically preaching his gospel of Kind Hearts and Merry Souls.

Indeed, I think that instead of disappointment, Dickens would experience gladness in his coming back. He would find fewer Scrooges and more Fezziwigs—though the Fezziwigs might at first try to assume disguises and delude him into the belief that they were cynics. He would find a prodigious packing of Christmas hampers to rejoice the hearts of Tiny Tims. He would find gigantic conspiracies at work for the whole-



The terrifying
but popular
Christmas Ghost.



The life and soul of the party.

sale diffusion of dolls, toys, chocolates, creams, oranges, and mince pies. He would find bustling gentlemen and sweet-faced ladies tying up parcels of crackers and puddings, and firing them off with such remarkable precision of aim as to land on the doorsteps of the very people who wanted them most and didn't expect them—the little people in the alleys and the mean streets.

He would find Happiness-and-Laughter Agencies flourishing — agencies of Goodwill that were undreamt of in the days when he heard the Chimes and sang his Christmas Carol. He would find that above all things Mrs. Britannia has deter-

mined to look after the children: that national bodies, local bodies, public bodies, private bodies, and in fact everybody's concern is to sweeten the lives of the children, not only at Christmas, but all the year round.

He would find that Bumble had vanished, and that the workhouse was by no means such a forbidding institution to reside in nowadays as it was in his day. He would find that not only the young folk, but the old folk and the sick, are cared for as he never had the happiness of seeing them cared for. He would find a thousand generous streams of charity brightly flowing in every direction through a distinctly im-

proved world. And when he had surveyed all these things with delight in his eyes and gladness in his heart and a glow of satisfaction on his kind, sympathetic face, imagine our twentieth century cynic approaching him with the remark, "We have outgrown that sentimental stuff of yours, you know, Mr. Dickens. Christmas is out of date. We think it a nuisance and a bore. The Dickens Christmas is altogether a thing of the past."

Mr. Dickens, like Father Christmas himself, would respond with a genial laugh, and gently patting our cynic on the shoulder, he would exclaim in his most joyous and emphatic tones, "My dear sir, I don't believe it!"

Being an old-fashioned person, I confess that there are some Christmas institutions, once cherished, that

I now miss. I deplore the disappearance of the terrifying but popular Christmas ghost. I miss the weird stories of haunted belfries and lonely granges; and the wondrous yarns about snowed-up travelers who went through the most appalling vicissitudes on Christmas Eve, and emerged triumphantly out of them into perfect security and joy on Christmas morning. I miss the mysterious Christmas hampers that used to arrive from nowhere, and the benevolent uncles who came from the ends of the earth, staggering under loads of riches, and arrived just in the nick of time to make suffering heroes and heroines happy.

Poor old clown and pantaloon, too, have gone, with their red-hot pokers and strings of sausages. And the waits are under the ban of the New Age. It is now the fashion to sneer at the waits—and in some

cases even to greet them with active hostility. Last Christmas four of these pathetic survivals of a bygone day were actually hauled before a magistrate for singing and playing instruments with the object of gathering alms! What would our dear old grandfathers have thought of that?

The magistrate, however, after hearing these slighted performers warble, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" to a cornet and fiddle accompaniment, honorably acquitted them with his compliments, and a Christmas box. And I hope that the kind old gentleman enjoyed a particularly merry Christmas.

I confess with shameless assurance that I



At the toy emporium

THE GOOD OLDFASHION

like the waits. When at 3 a.m., they issue the summons, "Christians, awake!" I obediently do so, I assuredly harbor no resentment against them for arousing me. On the contrary, their visitation diffuses a genial glow of satisfaction throughout my being; for, nestling comfortably among the blankets, I chuckle to think how much pleasanter their performance is for me inside than for them outside. I would much rather be in bed at 3 a.m. on a cold, raw, dark, foggy December morning than standing out there in the road with cold nose and frozen fingers, blowing a cornet or fiddling "The Mistletoe Bough" in order to earn an honest sixpence.

There is something very Christmassy in "The Mistletoe Bough"—that old familiar tune, "stretched measure of an antique song." It is undeniably doleful, but it awakens echoes of old Christmases and memories of old friends. And when their music is done and they have tramped off into the darkness I am grateful to the waits for giving me a more exquisite pleasure still—the fresh settling down to sleep. I know of no greater luxury than to wake up

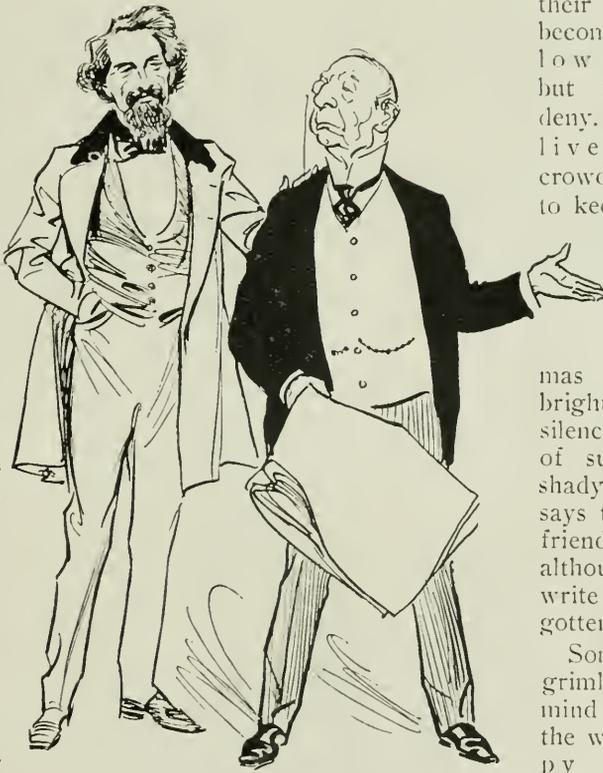
in the middle of the night in winter, to enjoy the consciousness of warmth and repose, and then to sink off blissfully again to sleep.

And however bitterly the twentieth century may sneer at the Christmas waits they are far preferable to those other Christmas waits that you get in excursion trains.

Our cynics tell us that Christmas cards also have lost their charm and become a mere hollow convention, but this, too, I deny. Most people live lives too crowded and busy to keep up correspondence with their numerous friends; and the Christmas card flashes brightly across the silence like a ray of sunshine in a shady place. It says to the distant friend, "You see, although I don't write I haven't forgotten you."

Some people of grimly practical mind declare that the wish, "A Happy Christmas," whether conveyed by oral greeting or by card, can really make no difference to your happiness. But I affirm that it does make a difference. This can easily be demonstrated by taking the negative view. Suppose everybody carefully refrained from uttering a seasonable compliment, and not a single soul wished us a Happy Christmas.

Again, it is affirmed that scarcely anybody reads the verses on Christmas cards. People, we are assured,



"My dear sir,
I don't believe it"

have grown so accustomed to all the familiar wishes and poetical sentiments, that they are "taken as read."

This may be so, though I don't admit it. But perhaps a concession to the critical spirit might be made. This is an age of alert intelligence—of keen eagerness to acquire instructive facts and useful knowledge in the briefest form; and it might propitiate the sneering objectors to Christmas cards if something useful were embodied in them—something that would plead for their continuance on the ground of stern utility. For example, the inscription might run:

May Christmas Day be Glad and bright,
And fill your Heart with Pure Delight.
A Bar of Iron worth £1,
Worked into Horseshoes is worth £2.

This would be pleasing and informative to the recipient. And edification might be imparted on Christmas morning by this:

May Richest Christmas Joys be Thine.

To Remove Grease Spots,
And Renovate an old Silk Hat,
Rub well with Beer on a Soft Linen Rag.

There are great possibilities in this idea. But, on the whole, I incline to the belief that the sentimental will still prevail over the matter-of-fact, and that we shall unrepentantly continue to follow the good old fashion.



"Christians awake!"



DOG BREAKFAST SCENE IN "THE SINS OF SOCIETY"

In the Field of Drama

By

J. J. DINGWALL

IT is a fact worthy of note that at the present writing the most distinctive and important feature of the dramatic season is that the chief niche of popularity and theatrical excellence is occupied by a Canadian actress in a dramatized novel, all of the success of which is entirely due to feminine ingenuity and skill. The actress is Miss Margaret Anglin, of Ottawa by birth, but in point of residence and nativity, of New Brunswick. In her new play, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," Miss Anglin has achieved the triumph of her dramatic career. From being hailed as the suc-

cessor of Clara Morris, with tear-compelling force as her greatest asset, Miss Anglin has risen to far greater heights than even her most devoted admirers dared to prophesy. Of course, she is vastly helped in her field of endeavor by the excellent dramatization that Miss Charlotte Thompson has made of Margaret Deland's popular story. However it be, woman dramatists have been prone to lose the thread of dramatic entities, and dissection of human impulses and human emotions of the more rugged standard have been amongst the missing quantities that make for a play of ap-



THE MATINEE GIRLS

IN "THE LOVE CURE" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, NEW YORK

pealing directness and convincing conclusions.

It is, therefore, worthy of note that such a positive success due entirely to three women should signalize the present dramatic season. Miss Anglin's round-the-world tour has been her salvation. It has broadened her art and widened her dramatic horizon of view to an extent that is only appreciated by those who have seen her earlier efforts and now witness her most recent triumph. Her emotional voice is still potent, but no longer are her tears constantly on tap. She is a new Margaret Anglin, the comedienne, displaying a new volatile grace in her portrayal of this titular heroine. To quote her own words: "My world-beating trip has given me a new view of everything—a bigger view. And I hope it has subdued my acting." "I don't feel the part for long," she continued. "If I did I would be dead."

Speaking of the biggest thing she had seen in her circuit of the world, in a hushed, awed manner, she explained that the vastest thing in all the world, the spectacle that pushes outwards the walls of the soul and grants one the deepest spiritual intake, was the Libyan Desert. "To be lost on the desert, as my sister and I were, is to become acquainted with one's own self all over again, and to know what a tiny nothing one is. I want to go back. I will go back. I have the same curiosity about that desert that I have about the future—about eternity. It is as big. I think it is good for an actress to leave the stage for a while. She brings back to it something new and unused within her."

All of which interpolation in a brief dramatic review explains better than any critique can the remarkable success achieved by this brilliant Canadian artist—perhaps the most intelligent actress that Canada has ever produced. And, remember, Miss Margaret Anglin is still young and a prodigious student of the drama.

The intrinsic value of the drama is

well displayed at Maxine Elliott's theatre, where that scholarly actor of distinct personality—Forbes Robertson—is delighting refined audiences with Jerome K. Jerome's most recent offering, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The beauty and pleasing nature of this play stands unquestioned. There seems some doubt as to the narrowness of its appeal, but there is never a room for doubt as to its dramatic uplift.

And, speaking of dramatic uplift, the present season begins well. The most impressive offering so far has been William Faversham's production of "Herod," at the Lyric theatre, a tragedy by Stephen Phillips, and originally produced by Sir Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's theatre, London. The generous acclaim that has attended Mr. Faversham precludes his appearance in Canada until next year. It is by far the most ambitious effort that this popular actor has ever undertaken, and at once places him at the top of the heap as an actor-manager and producer.

Continuing on the subject of dramatic uplift, it is well to focus one's vision upon the New Theatre, which will have been open to the public by the time this is in print. The first offering scheduled for public approval is "Anthony and Cleopatra." With unlimited capital behind this theatrical enterprise; with a stock company of unusual excellence and a managerial roster that ought to spell triumph, the first production of the New Theatre is awaited with more than ordinary curiosity. In fact, the conclusion of the whole matter is that never before in the annals of New York theatricals has a season ever begun so auspiciously or so laden with hope and promise of solid dramatic results.

Optimism is the pervading keynote and lends an air of cheerfulness that was perceptibly lacking last year. Since the first of August thirty or more new attractions have been presented. Only a dozen of them have survived the acid test of popular



ELGIE BOWEN AND EVA FALLON
IN A SCENE IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION OF "THE LOVE CURE."

IN THE FIELD OF DRAMA

merit and are listed amongst the plays that possess life and lasting qualities. "The Bridge," "The Sins of Society," "The Dollar Mark," "The Melting Pot," "The Fourth Estate," "The Fortune Hunter," have all attracted serious attention. Of comedies and farces, "Such a Little Queen," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and "Arsene Lupin" have been the best-liked. Of musical productions, "The Love Cure," "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Rose of Algeria" and "The Dollar Princess" have been conspicuous for their popular appeal.

In his new play, "Inconstant George," John Drew has a role fully as congenial and admirable as was Jack Straw of last year. Although well produced and well acted, "The White Sister" did not serve Viola Allen to lasting value, having been withdrawn after a two months' run at Daly's theatre. As an interesting bit of theatrical history, it may be mentioned that "The White Sister" has a record of being one of the few plays ever dramatized by the medium of correspondence. Before his untimely death, Marion Crawford had been approached by his collaborateur, Walter Hackett, a widely-known newspaperman, with a view to a dramatization of his popular story. Preliminary arrangements having been satisfactory, Mr. Hackett began work. As scene after scene and situation and

dialogue became complete, they were sent to Mr. Crawford at his Italian villa. Neither of the co-authors met with a view to personal exchange of ideas. Mr. Crawford died before the completion of the play, and as it stands to-day, it is a remarkable example of playwriting by mail.

In "The Widow's Might," Miss Lillian Russell once again demonstrated her ability as a comedienne. It is a far cry from comic opera to straight comedy, but Miss Russell has negotiated the distance with credit to herself and pleasure to her audiences. In her role of a widow with matrimonial proclivities and pestered by eligible Wall St. brokers, Miss Russell shone to distinct advantage.

A theatrical incident of moment was the opening of one new theatre, the Comedy, with a brand new drama and a star new to Broadway. "The Melting Pot," with Walker Wight-

side as the star, has served to give Israel Zangwill new vogue, and promises to last the whole season without molestation. It deals with a situation that is face to face with the American public, but which is so far foreign to the Canadian public. The race problem may some day be a live topic of issue in Canada, but at present the national crucible wherein all the European nationalities are lodged and from which emerges the typical Am-



ADELAIDE ROWLAND
WITH MCINTYRE & HEATH IN "IN HAYTI"



Photo by Satony, N.Y

LEONORE HARRIS

APPEARING IN "IDOLS," A NEW PLAY BY W. J. LOCKE



erican, is far away in the vista of possibilities.

A drama that has created much comment of a favorable nature, and that is distinctly sensational is "The Fourth Estate," a newspaper play by Joseph Medill Patterson, who is also the author of "The Little Brother of the Rich," which is slated for an early production. "The Fourth Estate" has for its central theme the corruption of the modern judiciary, and the maintenance of the integrity of the press. Since its first production, the ending has been changed and the spectacle of a managing editor of a great daily committing suicide in full view of the audience has been eliminated and the gruesomeness of this scene has been softened. The third act scene, with its insight into the publication of a great daily paper, has never been equalled for realism on any stage.

There is not much of the cynical Bernard Shaw preserved in "The Chocolate Soldier," but there is very much of the Strauss music, and for this there is much joy to all music lovers. The same satirical stab at the military mad girl and the soldier with the chocolate cream backbone is in evidence, but the music of Strauss would carry any libretto of the most mediocre quality. "The Chocolate Soldier" is a positive ear pleasure and as a production is a constant delight. When originally produced as a comedy, with the title "Arms and the Man," England was military mad, and the derisive manner in which Shaw treated the subject will linger long in memory.

In the same line of entertainment as the above opera bouffe, is "The Dollar Princess," a new musical comedy direct from London. They do these things better abroad than here. By that is meant that such musical comedies are the combined efforts of a syndicate of creators. One is responsible for the book, another for the lyrics, another for the music, and so on. Each one is a specialist in his own line, and the result is generally a

wholesome, healthy and pleasing diversion. Mr. Charles Frohman has given his usual magnificent scenic investiture to "The Dollar Princess," and with it a cast that could not well be improved upon.

It can hardly be said with accuracy that Henry W. Savage's annual offering, "The Love Cure," wore out its welcome at the New Amsterdam theatre. It is always good for a return date. However, this musical romance of stageland was obliged to make good road contracts here and in Canada, and what is New York's loss is the corresponding gain of other theatrical localities.

"The Rose of Algeria," another musical play that served to show Victor Herbert at his best, delighted large audiences until it was called upon to do road duty. Much of its success was due to a well-known Canadian, Eugene Cowles, who had the leading male role. Outside of Mme. Albani, Mr. Cowles is probably the most talented singer that Canada has ever sent out. "The Rose of Algeria" ought to live long and attain a mature prosperity. A new musical play by Hartley Manners and Julian Edwards is always an event of importance in the theatrical world. Add to this the whimsical personality of Sam Bernard, and it becomes a feature, and this is what "The Girl and the Wizard" has proven at the Casino. As Herman Scholz, a lapidary, Mr. Bernard is doing the best acting of his whole career. There is but a scant thread of plot upon which to hang so much action, but who ever cares for plot in musical comedy or opera? That is one field of entertainment where the play is not the thing. The titivation of eye and ear and risibilities are the things to be desired.

One of the most virile and wholesome American comedies seen here in years is "The Fortune Hunter," by Winchell Smith. It is a play of contemporaneous life and every character in it is a real live one—one that has a personal appeal. The various types are those with which theatre-



Photo by White, N.Y.

RUBY LEWIS

AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE SILVER STAR,"



MISS EVA FALLON
AS MILDRED SILLIMAN IN "THE LOVE CURE."

goers come in contact every day, the young Wall Street money-getter, the banker's daughter, the drummer, the bank clerk and a number of village characters, all of whom are involved in a display of the lighter emotions and not a few of the more serious ones.

What was announced as a new musical diversion by that versatile writer, John J. McNally, "In Hayti," served to show that brace of funny comedians, McIntyre and Heath, in their most humorous vein. It is not too much to say that this team of laugh-makers are alone in the skill and fidelity with which they depict the real Ethiopian character.

A new play by Augustus Thomas is in itself sufficient to command serious attention and this is what his most recent drama is doing. Of late years Mr. Thomas, who is by all odds the most distinguished of native American dramatists, has been delving into psychology, and emerging from his delving with a handful of new and novel ideas. These, with his marvelous knowledge of dramatic technique and comprehensive scope of theatrical experience, he molds into plays that compel intelligent criticism and give the theatre-goer something solid and healthy to think about. Witness "The Witching Hour" of last year. Following closely the same lines of hypnotic suggestion and mental telepathy as a theme comes his new play, "The Harvest Moon," the most widely-discussed drama of the season. Whether Mr. Thomas's new play will achieve the popular vogue of "The Witching Hour" remains to be seen, but one thing is worthy of record, and that is the fact that "The Harvest Moon" is big with novelty that gives

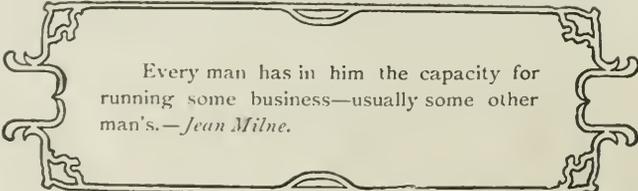
the intelligent theatrical public something solid to gnaw upon.

Klaw and Erlanger's annual production has been made and weighed in the theatrical balance and found not wanting in any way. In "The Silver Star," the incomparable Adele Genee, is made the stellar feature. The lavishness of "The Silver Star," and the ponder-cast of one hundred that make its success, adds another to the list of good things furnished annually by this firm.

Frederic Thompson has failed to make the public like the new name of Nell, which he has chosen for his talented wife, Mabel Talliaferro, but he has succeeded in giving her the play of her life, "Springtime," in which she is now happy and successful, is a delightful pastoral play and suggests new mown hay or a field of flowers at sunset. It carries one back to dreamland, sweet thoughts and pure ideas. It is a play of home, sweet home, and higher tribute could not be paid than this.

Much was expected of "Israel," the Henri Bernstein drama, but beyond the one enormous third act, it fell far short of expectations. In its culmination of theatric sensation, "Israel" scored as no drama has in recent years. But in the devious methods of leading up to this one big climax, the famous French dramatist has led his listeners through a mass of dreary detail, that hardly recompenses for the thrill of the third act.

Altogether, the present theatrical season begins with much that is admirable and is fraught with promises of more good things to follow. The aureole of hope and optimism is in evidence amongst both author-dramatist and manager.



Every man has in him the capacity for running some business—usually some other man's.—*Jean Milne.*

Yule-Tide at Laidcourt Manor

By

HELEN E. WILLIAMS.

ALLISON HOLT, of the firm Queechy, McQuillen, Laidlaw & Holt, sat in his swivel chair staring stupidly at the letter he held open on the desk before him with one hand, while he clutched vainly at his close-cropped hair with the other. He had found it, unopened, among the legal documents which Mr. McQuillen had handed him that morning to "just cast your eye over." And as he had been delegated to answer all such correspondence as should come after the other members of the firm had left for the Christmas holidays, he had, as a matter of course, slid his finger under the flap, and glanced down the fine, old-fashioned writing to the slanting signature, Henry P. Strictman, at the bottom. It was dated back several days, and as he read his lips formed in a soundless whistle.

"Dear Mr. Laidlaw:—

"I find I shall have a two hours' wait at Colchester on my way through to H— on Thursday next, Dec. the 24th inst. Remembering the cordial invitation which you extended to me some weeks ago, I take the liberty of advising you of my whereabouts on said night, so that if—as you gave me to understand was often the case—you should be spending the holidays at 'Laidcourt Manor', I may give myself the pleasure of waiting on you there.

"Looking forward to inspecting your father's pictures—particularly the Tintoretto—should I hear noth-

ing to the contrary in the meantime, believe me to be,

Your obedient, humble servant.

"Henry P. Strictman."

Allison had almost forgotten a certain Sunday afternoon episode, now nearly three weeks old. He had been sauntering along Sherbrooke Street, when he encountered the multi-millionaire, Henry P. Strictman, who was occasionally in and out of their office, though it was a grievance with the firm that the bulk of his legal difficulties was carried elsewhere for solvency. He was near-sighted, and seldom recognized the young lawyer out of the office, so that the latter was somewhat surprised at the warmth of his greeting. And still more so when an instant later a lady joined them from a group behind to hear: "My dear, let me present Mr. Laidlaw. Mr. Laidlaw, Mrs. Strictman."

"We were just speaking of you," said that lady, graciously, before the astonished Allison could correct her husband's error. "And of your charming chateau at Colchester. Do you still keep your gallery there? Mr. Strictman, as you know, is an enthusiast, where pictures are concerned, and we hear you have—"

Allison tried to speak, but his stammering denials were laughed away as modest depreciations of recognized worth.

"Of course, you have to say that," chirped Mrs. Strictman, "it wouldn't be quite what you young people call 'the thing,' would it, to say anything else? Although when a collection has

received the recognition which Judge Laidlaw's has from other countries, it may almost be said to—"

Her husband broke in eagerly. "And I have never seen it!" His voice dropped at the amazing ignorance of which it accused itself. "You know the number of times that dates have been set, both by your father and by me—and yet I have never seen it!"

Allison had by this time resigned himself to his fate. A block farther on and he could resurrect an old habit of his, and call upon a college professor. Until then he might as well make the best of it, and play up to his part. Having decided which, he entered with a certain zest into the conversation.

"It is rather a jolly lot," he agreed, boyishly. "Running across so often and Pater has naturally picked up a few rather good things."

"And did he succeed in getting that Tintoretto?" the old man inquired with interest. "He was still negotiating the last time I saw him, and I never heard—"

For a passing moment Allison hesitated, then decided to do the handsome thing by the father of his friend.

"Surely. Had to haggle a bit—but he generally gets his way, does the Pater."

Mr. Strictman drew a long breath. "I should like to see it," he said, a little shakily. "Twice I went to Florence, for no other purpose. I traced it to London, where I learned it had been shipped to an American. And now your father has it!"

They were nearly opposite the professor's house, now, and with deliverance in sight Allison had grown reckless.

"You must come out to Laidcourt and see it," he said cordially. "Of course, the Pater is in Paris at present, but the rest of us are there every now and again, and would only be too delighted." And he tore himself away with inward congratulations that he had not revealed his true identity.

Later, over the telephone, he had extracted still more entertainment from the situation, by calling up young Laidlaw and mystifying him by insisting that he, Holt, was Laidlaw. And when the piquancy of this waned he suddenly inquired if their art gallery numbered a Tintoretto among its treasures.

"Heavens, no!" called back Laidlaw. "You'll be asking if we have 'The Fighting Temeraire' next. There really are limits, my dear fellow, though you don't seem to recognize them."

Whereupon Allison had informed him that if he didn't actually possess the picture, he had the next best thing—the credit of doing so. Explanations had been requested and given, in the midst of which young Laidlaw hung up the receiver in disgust. The two had had a little good-natured sparring, when they met, about the wisdom of confusing identities, especially with Strictman, who daily seemed more disposed to come into confidential relations with the firm.

"He's a big man—and a very small one," Laidlaw had summed up in conclusion. "Has to be handled with gloves sometimes, for he's a cantankerous old boy, and his queer, dry humor is not of the dependable kind. If one once got into his bad books it would settle his fate for good and all, so far as Strictman is concerned, I fancy."

Allison Holt remembered these and sundry other warnings as he sat scowling at the stiff little note. His financial status was hardly such as made him desirous of having his fate so settled. During the poorly-concealed elation attending the scattering of his senior partners, he had affected an exemplary absorption in his work to crowd out the thought of his own sacrificed trip to his far-away home, and of the family circle, incomplete, because he still 'had his way to make.' Unless he thought to the purpose, and quickly, that 'way' might not be an enviable one. For some minutes he

kept the line busy. But only learned that Arthur Laidlaw was spending the Christmas holidays in the country near Colchester—his man had forgotten the name of the place—with Senator Stowe, to whose daughter he was engaged; and that the man of vast concerns was out, and was expected back for a few minutes, only, prior to his taking the express for H—.

"Which helps me a lot, seeing that I knew it all before," ruminated Allison. "If I could only have caught Laidlaw—Well, this is pleasant. I must say! Mighty pleasant! This kills all chance of his giving us that corporation case, which means that little Allison boy will be told politely, oh! very politely, that the firm is re-organizing, and as his presence in it was only provisional, they have decided to take in the son of an old friend."

Allison knew many such who would jump at the chance. He saw them in prevision using his things, sitting in his place. And all because— He dismissed the office boy, with a "Merry Christmas," which sounded hollow to his own ears, and a tip which he knew to be extravagant. Leaving St. James' Street behind he drifted with the crowd, and presently found himself in the shopping district.

Here the stores were brave with Christmas decorations, Christmas toys—all the thousand and one ingenious inventions, so dear to the heart of believers in Santa Claus. He fell to watching the children, rich and poor, commingling, who stopped to gaze, spellbound, through windows at their most cherished dreams come true and smiling benignly down upon them in the shape of beautifully dressed dolls, or attracting worshipful glances, such as would have melted the stoniest-hearted parent, when the coveted possession was a steamboat with marvellous machinery, a toy automobile, a gun. The spirit of Christmas had somehow got into the air, into the sleighbells, into the happy, hurrying, merry throng. It seemed to soften and deepen where the Cathedral loom-

ed greily through the mist of falling snow, to identify itself with the bass, organ tones of the church bells, summoning to choir practice, and yet to find its way into the poorer parts of the great city, and in the guise of self-sacrifice and loving service, beautify and redeem the ugliness of extreme poverty and squalor.

Allison, strolling, stopping, "taken back" a dozen times to other scenes and other years, could not help reflecting how differently it would all have looked if he could only have got hold of Laidlaw—if he only was Laidlaw. Suddenly, a little vein on his forehead began to beat. What if—why couldn't—the resemblance between them was slight, but the old fellow had mistaken him once— And he could act a bit, as per example, his old college plays.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, "I've a good mind to try it!"

Some hours later he jumped down upon the little country platform at Colchester into a confusion of joyous re-unions, laughing voices, jingling bells, bumping hampers and trunks. Making his way through the crowd, he "took his bearings," and was soon plunging knee-deep through the soft, new-fallen snow. The country looked very different from the time he last saw it, when he came out for a week-end's trout fishing in early summer. But he had no difficulty in finding his way. The short winter afternoon was fast closing in as he sighted the massive cobblestone pillars, and snow-bowed Norway spruces, marking the entrance to "Laidcourt." And a few minutes' brisk walking brought him within sight of "Laidcourt Manor" itself. It was a large, wide-spreading building with numerous additions and picturesque turrets and balconies, and with its heavy frosting of white it looked not unlike a mammoth wedding cake. But as Allison steered for the tower, which was the picture gallery, he felt inclined to rub his eyes. Lights glimmered and twinkled from one side of the house. What could it mean? Could Laidlaw have

brought his friends here, after all? If he had!

"Extreme cases call for extreme measures," murmured Allison, and went from window to window to reconnoitre. At last he was rewarded. "Now, who in creation might you be?" he muttered, belligerently. "Not Laidlaw's crew, at any rate."

Through the window of what would appear to be the living-room an open fire danced and flickered across the faces of some eight or ten young people, all engaged in Christmas preparations. A boy of about eighteen was popping corn, which two girls, seated Arabwise on the floor, were respectively stringing to swell the snowy cascade already depending from the back of a chair, and shaking down among candles and nuts in small, cheese-cloth bags, which drew up at the top with bright-colored wool. In a corner of the room two boys were having a good deal of merriment initiating a very lively old lady into the intricacies of converting boughs of spruce into the long ropes with which another couple could be seen festooning the walls and pictures of a room beyond. And before a table on which were heaped all sorts of bright, home-made prettinesses, sat a girl, with her back to the window, doing up and labeling neat little parcels, each adorned with jaunty sprigs of holly. Even as he looked, another girl, decked out in a big kitchen apron, appeared on the threshold, and looked about her approvingly.

"It really begins to look and smell quite Christmassy," she observed.

"Poor Nell! You do like to have things festive, don't you?"

"Come here and see if you think this wreath is imposing enough to make a respectable showing in the hall."

"How'd your candy turn out, Nell?"

Nell raised a plate, holding what were obviously samples. "Perfectly fine," she said. "The fondant is all ready to be worked up into chocolates and date candy, while the fudge is out cooling now. Want to test

them, Bobby? Now, isn't that a dandy grain?"

"Fairish," conceded Bobby, without enthusiasm. "But don't be discouraged. When your maple cream and fudge is not so humpy, and your chocolates take heart of grace and sit up a little straighter, why then—"

But she had turned away to the table. "You are doing a land-office business here, Marianne. What sweet little notes you have written. By the way, which of you boys are going to play Santa Claus for us?"

At the clamor, which this question evoked, the girl at the table turned round, and Allison caught at the shrub, behind which he was standing, to steady himself. That piquant ivory face, beneath the glory of red-brown hair, could belong to but one girl—the girl he had been trying all winter to meet. As he turned away from the window one foot felt strangely heavy, and he shook off something, which resisted obstinately—what, he was too perturbed to notice.

He waded across to the tower, more than ever anxious to avoid detection now. He had all a man's distaste for needless explanations, and such explanations as were due, he preferred making to Laidlaw direct. Above all, not in the presence of the girl whose face made every other that he saw noticeable only as not being hers. In his hours of castle-building, he had sometimes visualized the scene of their first meeting. It was not the meeting which would ensue were he discovered to-night. Grimly he formulated plans which would lessen the chances of this. His simplest course would be to trust to luck and to the party's being engrossed in their work to pilot Strictman safely through the grounds. While once inside, the heavy wooden shutters, which, he observed with satisfaction, were closed just as the family had left them in the fall, would prevent the slightest glimmer of light from escaping. Mounting the steps, he was surprised to find the key in the door—a negligence explained an instant after, when he pressed the but-

YULE-TIDE AT LAIDCOURT MANOR

ton, and saw by the tracks of snow still on the floor, that somebody had been in lately, and had evidently forgotten to remove the key upon leaving. Allison spent some minutes moving from picture to picture, with the view of seeing how much his application to certain art journals, in whose pages he had buried himself on the way out, would stand him in stead for the coming ordeal. Then he switched off the lights again, and turning up his coat collar, sat down to pass the remaining three-quarters of an hour before it should be time to go to the station. He was just reflecting that it promised to be rather a tame affair, after all, and turning over ways in his mind by which he could effect an entrance to the house-party, to whom Laidlaw had evidently given the freedom of his place, once old Strictman was disposed of, when a sound, suspiciously like the crunching of snow under foot, caught his ear. He listened. Yes. Surely there was a movement outside. The blur of voices. Even as he wondered what it could mean, the door was jerked open.

"All pure rot, as I told Marianne," scolded a voice. "If by any chance one of their gang has been prowling about, is it likely he would be fool enough to hide in such an obvious place?"

"How do you account for the foot-prints on Nell's fudge, then?" inquired another voice. And Allison, shrinking farther back into the darkness, ejaculated inwardly, "The deuce! I did put my foot in it!"

"And the tracks in the snow?" pursued the voice. "Where the dickens is that button? Those girls won't rest easy now till we've ransacked the house, and looked under every bed, and behind every blooming— Hello! Well, by Jove!"

He had found the switch, and a white radiance flooded the room. Directly in their line of approach, and blinking before the sudden rush of light, stood Allison, a questionable figure, with his turned-up collar, and

uneasy smile. The two boys exchanged silent glances. Allison came forward.

"You are surprised to see me here," he began, "but if you will listen a few minutes I will—" he plunged into his tale, omitting only such details as he thought as well left unsaid. But neither of the boys followed him very closely, and the one called Bobby soon cut him short.

"Very pretty," he observed, dryly. "Very neat, and well worked up, too. It does credit to—er—your profession. It would be a pity to waste such ingenuity entirely upon our unappreciative ears. We will consequently give you an opportunity to relate your story before a larger, a more august audience. In other words, we will escort you to the sheriff, my friend."

"You don't believe me," cried Allison, "but I tell you I am Laidlaw's junior partner—I am Holt."

His captors bowed with exasperating politeness. "Exactly. You are Holt," they agreed. "And now, Mr. Holt, we are going to put you behind a bolt."

"I am damned if you are!" muttered Allison. "You don't realize the seriousness of this matter," he continued, with some heat.

"Perhaps not," laughed Bobby, "but I realize the chilliness of this room, all right. Come on. No more heroics, my friend."

"O-o-oh!"

"Have you got him?"

"So that's the monster that spoiled my lovely fudge!"

With one consent they turned to the door, through which came a group of girls in hastily donned toques and loose coats, casting fearful glances at Allison's wrathful face, as they advanced. He snatched off his cap, and set his lips as he saw the girl with the glorious hair regarding him dubiously.

"Was he really going to—to take some of Judge Laidlaw's pictures?" she asked.

"Not he!" Bobby laughed. "Nothing so crude as that! He was only go-

ing to display them to a pal of his. Only have a little art appreciation, so to speak—what more natural on a night when people are obviously absorbed in perpetrating the Santa Claus act?"

The girl turned troubled eyes upon Allison. "He doesn't look like a—" she flushed, and stopped. "What does he say?" she amended, "what is his story?"

"Oh, the usual cooked-up species—with variations. See here, Marianne, don't you girls butt in. This isn't girls' business. You don't understand. Now run back to the fire, and leave us men to settle with—er—Mr. Holt. We'll hustle him over to McClatchie's," he went on, beguilingly, as the girls made no move to go, "and if he's what he says, well and good, it will be proved. If not—"

"But that will take time, and knock my business all out," groaned Allison, taking his turn in the conversation again. "See here," he addressed himself to Bobby, "I know this looks mighty suspicious. And in your place I expect I might draw the same conclusions—probably would. I don't blame you. And I don't ask you to trust me alone a single minute. What I do ask is that you give me my chance to show this picture crank what he wants to see. As I said before—" rapidly he sketched the situation again from start to finish. "There's the whole thing in a nut-shell," he concluded, "and I can't help saying that you'll be making a big mistake, if you don't believe me."

Bobby drew some of the boys aside. "What do you think?" he whispered. "Of course, if it should turn out to be really as he says—if Arthur's firm has lately annexed a new partner—Everyone knows that Strictman is daft over pictures, and if our interference should queer some important deal—he's a touchy old lobster, I've heard —"

"You fellows see the difficulty in this, of course?" queried Austen.

"None of us knowing Strictman by sight, you mean? Yes, I've thought

of that." Bobby rubbed his nose, perplexedly. "And why couldn't he have come and asked, in the first place?" he blurted out. "He had a tongue, hadn't he? So many of the summer cottages have been broken into this fall, and to calmly let in a sharper to spy out the lay of the land, even if he doesn't actually abstract anything this time—to be 'done,' and with our eyes open— Well, what do you say?" he broke off to ask.

But before the others had time to answer, the girls surrounded them, unable to restrain their curiosity any longer. What were they talking about all off there by themselves? What had they decided? They, the girls, that is, had decided that he was all right. And Marianne had gone to tell Parker to have the room properly heated, and the sleigh brought round at once, as the train was nearly due. And when the male element suggested that they were in something of a hurry, what did they know about Holt except what he chose to tell them, himself, they waxed highly indignant.

"Now, you are hor-rid—simply hor-rid!" declared Nell. "He's a gentleman. The tone of his voice, the very look of him—"

"Oh, he's good enough looking, if you come to that," admitted Bobby, "and plausible enough, too—if that counts for anything. I should rather say it didn't, though. It's the tack the high-grade burglar takes these days."

Marianne now joined their circle, her cheeks a little flushed, mocking lights in her eyes challenging their criticism.

"The die is cast," she cried, gayly. "Good people all, the play goes on. Now Bobby, Austen," she quickly forestalled their objections, "don't be silly, and grave, and scold, and put on that grieved, you'll-rue-it-till-your-life's-end look. I assume the entire responsibility, and will be answerable to Judge Laidlaw for everything." She glanced from one to the other with the winning look which few could

YULE-TIDE AT LAIDCOURT MANOR

resist. "Please," she said, "let me have my way."

Ansten showed symptoms of wavering.

"Suppose we let her, Bob?"

"Yes, and be told after that, of course, she didn't know any better, but that we should have stopped her."

"Oh, you are cross!" mourned Marianne. "And they can't keep him there any longer. He is coming over." She clasped her two hands over his arm and looked up at him. "Robert—please!"

"I only want to do what is for the best," grumbled Bobby, trying to avoid her gaze. "It's no particular pleasure to me, Marianne, to stand out against you." And as her eyes continued to reproach him, silently, "well, have it your own way, then. It may be all—"

"Go and tell him," commanded Marianne, pushing him forward. "Oh, hurry, hurry! The sleigh is at the door. He will still have time."

And before Bobby well knew what he was about he found himself apologizing to the suspicious stranger in his very best manner for the delay they had caused him.

"That's awfully good of you, you know," said Allison, somewhat stiffly, for he had seen enough of what passed across the room to guess the rest. "But some of you chaps must stay in the room," and as Bobby demurred, half-convinced in spite of himself, "I insist upon that," he repeated.

* * * * *

"So this is the Laidlaw gallery!"

Henry P. Strictman stood on the threshold, and looked about him. A few feet away two young men were seemingly deeply engrossed in studying an impressionistic splurge of color. In a far corner lounged another group, conversing together in low tones, every now and again sending casual glances in the direction of the newcomer, whose remotely questioning look had come back to his companion's face, as if for an answer. Allison, reading it, felt his blood quicken. Looking for that Tintoretto,

was he? It was up to him to keep him from more than looking, until he was properly interested in something else. And unconsciously his spirits rose with the need to exert himself.

"Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound;
'Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere
now,'

Said he, 'for a thousand pounds.'"

he muttered beneath his breath, and drew the other into the room with no more ado.

And presently he heard himself saying, glibly, "Yes, embodied simplicity, isn't it?" as he brought the man who had tramped miles of the Louvre to a standstill before one of Helleu's exquisite etchings. "Helleu has always seemed to be," he ran on with nervous rapidity, "to have the delicate art of omission down cold—to know where to leave off. And that is an art, if you like. Reminds one of the artist who said it took two men to paint a good picture—one to wield the brush, and another a club, with which to belabor the painter at that critical point when he had finished, and didn't know it."

"I never cared for Helleu, myself," observed the old man, dispassionately, moving on.

"Hardly archaic enough for your taste, perhaps, Then this dusky-specimen of the Sienese school should appeal to you. Or this—this—diluted Botticelli," with an unlucky remembrance of a stray phrase from his recent reading.

His companion turned to stare at him. "How can you say that!" he remonstrated. "Surely, surely, you must perceive this to be a copy of Ghirlandajo's 'Adoration of the Magi,' to my mind vastly superior to anything Botticelli, even at his best —"

Allison laughed mirthlessly, to cover the subdued snicker from the corner. "By Jove! I believe you are right, sir. You know more about the collection than I already, you see."

"That last's the truth, at any rate," he thought. Aloud, he was responding to Mr. Strickman's remark about the accuracy of Dutch painters. "Just what I felt when I first went to Holland," he declared, mendaciously. "I was really at some pains to determine whether the people walking about were real, or had just stepped out of the frame of a Gerald Dow."

As they proceeded, however, he grew more and more silent, as the small change of his art conversation became exhausted. But a misapplied remark, a wandering eye speedily recalled him to his responsibility, and made him inwardly curse his thoughtless generosity in respect to the missing picture, even as he cudgelled his brains to produce something which should bear some semblance to sense. He was on the point of delivering himself of the poetic, if hardly applicable, conceit that the colors of the Whistler, before which they chanced to be standing, seemed to sing, as it were, like new-fledged birds in spring, when the connoisseur interrupted his pre-amble.

"And your Tintoretto?" he asked, reverence in his voice. "You have perhaps reserved a place of special honor for him."

Allison hesitated a moment, and in that moment it was borne in upon him that all fabrication of whatever kind soever was futile now. He stood silent, his head thrown back a little, his eyes on the door. Again came the tread of many feet on the stairs, the clatter of many voices, and one voice which laughed continuously.

"That's right. Laugh. Do. Don't mind me, I beg of you. I suppose it strikes you as being funny?"

"A—a little," choked the other. "Don't look so affronted, Holt. The idea of you, phiiistine that you are, rising so Art-fully to the occasion is —" Again laughter got the better of him.

Mr. Strickman had been looking searchingly from the stranger to Allison and back again. Now he put a

question. "Am I to infer that you are—?"

"Arthur Laidlaw," finished the stranger, with a bow.

"Then this young man must be—?"

"Allison Holt, my partner." And the story of how he came to be mixed up in the adventure got itself told, somehow. Mr. Strickman's face did not relax once during the recital.

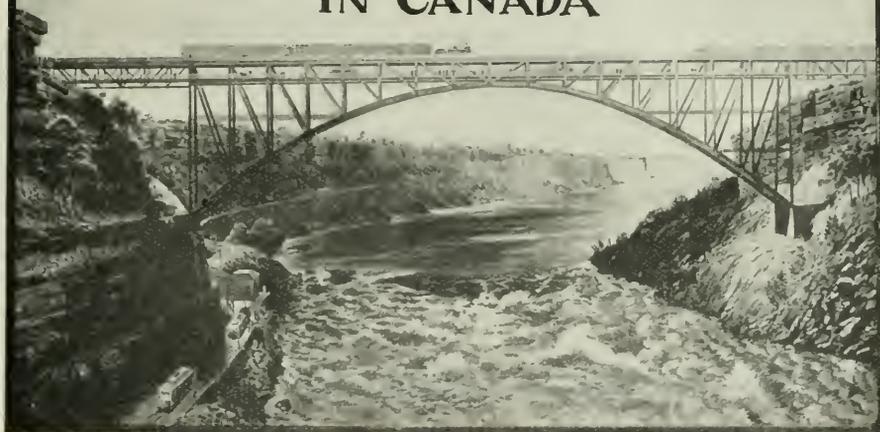
"Um. Exactly. Well, I must not miss my train." He got into his overcoat, shook hands with young Laidlaw, bowed to the company at large, then looked squarely at Allison, who made no move. Suddenly his thin lips parted in a slow smile. "I have not seen my Tintoretto," he remarked, dryly, "but it was not your fault, young man—not your fault." The smile broadened. "You know a thing or two—enough to take me in at all events—but you have much to learn about pictures. If you will call round at my place after the holidays I will endeavor to show you the difference between a Botticelli and a Ghirlandajo. And—well, we will see. Now take me to my train."

When Allison returned he found his friend pacing the verandah, waiting for him. "You've got him," he called, as the sleigh drew up. "He's yours for ever. How did I know? Well, he doesn't ask everyone to see his pictures, for one thing. Oh, you've got him fast enough, but what I'd like to be told is how?"

"Search me!" laughed Allison, running up the steps. "Seemed as pleased as anything. Kept rubbing his hands all the way to the station—rum start, eh? Thought I'd slipped up for sure, when I hard your he-haw. How'd you come, anyway?"

Laidlaw began to laugh. "That ass Bobby! He 'phoned—wild things. We'll have some fun rubbing it in. Which reminds me. My aunt, who is running this house party, told me to bring you right in, and," he added, mischievously, "I believe Miss Marianne De Witt wants, particularly, to meet you."

THE CRUSADE OF U.S. RAILROAD INTERESTS IN CANADA



Grand Trunk Single Arch Double Track Steel Bridge Spanning Niagara's Gorge and across which passes much international traffic

By

JOHN M. COPELAND

JOHN BULL'S eldest daughter, Canada—recently eulogized as his fairest by the Honorable William H. Taft—is no laggard in recognizing opportunity as it ebbs and flows in the great, scientific game of trade. Like her wideawake neighbor to the south, she inherits from commercial and speculative England the bartering instinct and is willing enough to emulate, in a modified way, cousin Columbia's obeisances to the goddess of commerce. The goddess, aforesaid, has been an active dame and most aggressive throughout North America during the past half century. To further her aims, enthusiastic disciples have achieved such marvelous feats, especially in railroad construction and transportation methods, during the period mentioned that comparisons, invidious or otherwise, are well nigh compulsory.

The prairie schooner has made a squeaky exit from the drama of locomotion into museums, and the tor-

tuous, blazed trails of the gold seekers of '49, minus kinks and humps, are now the routes of many lines with trackage contributing to an aggregate of 224,000 miles of railway, which 169 roads have under operation to-day in the United States alone. (In 1860 the Union possessed only 30,626 miles of steel.)

Fifty years ago the fruits of opportunity in the middle and golden west appeared to the denizens east of the Missouri to ripen and require plucking all at once, and the termination of the Civil War signalled the inauguration of extravagant railroad-ing ventures. Responding to the goads of progress, the railroads extended, paralleled and criss-crossed each other in a dignified scramble for a slice of the melon of prosperity. The slogan was and has ever been, "More Passengers." "Increased Tonnage": import, export, interline and local business all made grist for the mills.

About the time mercantile houses



JOHN BARR
PIONEER CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE "MERCHANTS' DISPATCH"
AND "BLUE LINE"



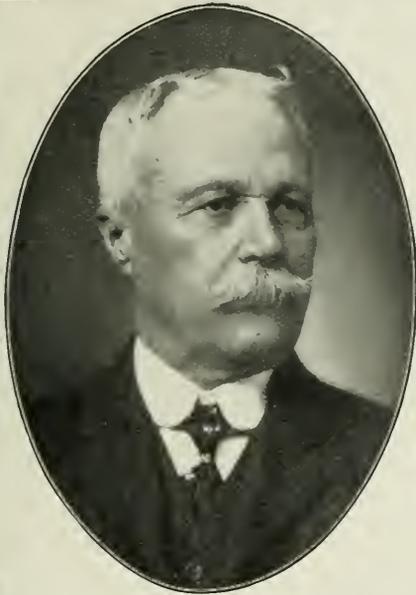
ROBERT S. LEWIS
THE VETERAN AGENT OF THE LEHIGH VALLEY
WHO WAS A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AT
SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN 1855

were becoming inoculated with the "commercial traveler" idea, a small squad of traveling railroad representatives, in open formation, were training observing optics on prospective traffic. In this, the eastern group of railroads were slightly in advance of their newer, western connections.

As far back as 1868 New England and N.Y. State railways—the nuclei of gigantic present-day systems—grew interested in international trade and thrust their tentacles across that imaginary line of demarcation bisecting the Great Lakes into Ontario and Quebec. E. L. Slaughter entered Canada forty years ago as representative of the Erie, and is said to have been the first foreign line traveling agent to invade British domains on such a mission. John Strachan, genial and popular, followed him and for many years graced the position. Those were the days of the "Merchant's Dispatch,"

the days when John Barr, in the early eighties, trod the boards boosting the "Blue Line." Then distinctive terms were applied to the two earliest systematized methods, operative within a railway organization, for tracing perishable or timed freight and transporting it via most direct routes, in cars of a uniform dimension, color, etc. Subsequently, "Great Eastern" and "National Dispatch" sprang into existence. Hot on their heels came the "Hoosac Tunnel Route" and "West Shore", bidding for favorable consideration. These factors, afterwards units of the "N.Y.C." freight interests, were not merged until many years later.

At that period there was more talk in Canada of reciprocity with the United States than there may be again. Uncle Samuel's politicians were wont to shun the subject, but the interchange of railway traffic grew apace.



J. A. RICHARDSON
WHO REPRESENTS THE WABASH RAILROAD
IN CANADA



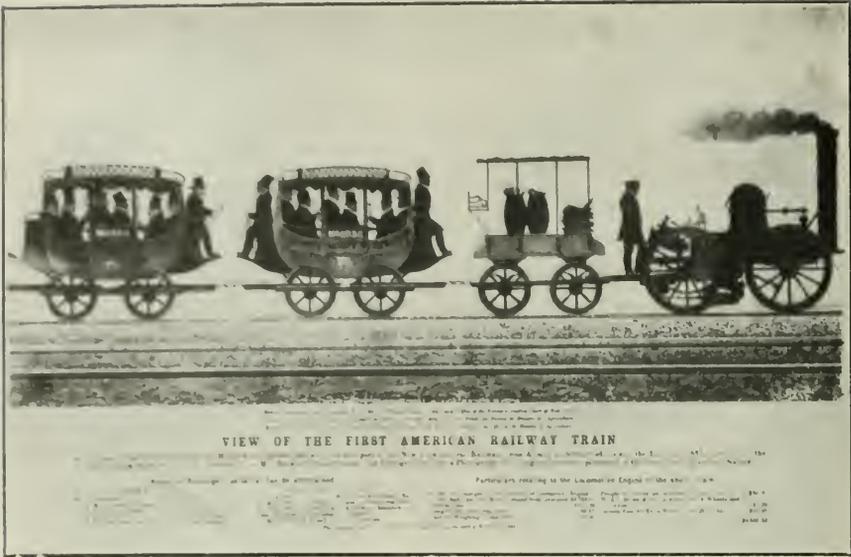
ANDREW J. TAYLOR
CANADIAN AGENT OF THE CHICAGO, MIL-
WAUKEE AND ST. PAUL, WITH A UNIQUE
RECORD OF THIRTY YEARS IN
THAT SERVICE

Emboldened by their competitors' success, the Lackawanna road sent an emissary into Ontario and they "have stuck." 1884 saw the Lehigh Valley freight department follow in the wake of their passenger representatives and more recently came the Pennsylvania System.

A large percentage of the public have enjoyed, or, at least, know, of the splendid passenger equipment and service some of these railways, in conjunction with Canadian trunk lines, offer to-day between Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and the Atlantic seaboard. The demands of the age and growth of travel account for "the milk in the cocoanut." The average number of passenger trains crossing the line via Rouse's Point, N.Y., is 134 per month, and in that time they transport 9,627 passengers southward. At Newport, Vt., 160 trains entering the United States, yield a monthly patronage of 6,897 people.

Niagara Falls, N.Y., is the magnet which attracts or ushers into the State of New York 20,000 souls a month, and 700 trains of all railroads are pressed into service to cater to the modern craze to be "on the go." These authentic figures do not include pedestrian traffic.

Compare the tonnage of forty years ago, and the leisurely dispatch it was given, with the daily carloads containing a multifarious assortment of perishable commodities and staples which now make regular, scheduled runs of 24, 36 and 48 hours between United States points of origin or the docks at Portland, Boston and New York and distributing centres in Canada. Twelve to fifteen hundred tons of import merchandise for Ontario destinations per month, apportioned to each of the half-dozen competitive eastern "U.S." lines, is a conservative estimate of what is handled. They bring in hardware, silver novelties,



THE LOCOMOTIVE "JOHN BULL" WAS IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND IN 1831.

locks and clocks from Connecticut; tools, machinery and electrical supplies from Massachusetts and New York; cement and coal from Pennsylvania; early table delicacies from Maryland, and from ocean vessels, English fabrics, weaves from Scotch and Irish looms, German toys, Parisian frocks and bonnets, as well as tons of express matter and the theatrical accessories which accompany the mimics, thespians and slap-stick artists. One of these eastern lines, with a strong weakness for fruit shipments, transports to the international bridges during the season, 125 carloads a month of incoming Cuban pineapples, Costa Rica bananas and Mediterranean lemons. The local and through eastbound tonnage secured by interested railways receives equal dispatch, exceeds that average and includes large quantities of apples, cheese, eggs, flour, implements, lumber, meats and poultry, which probably approximate a combined monthly output of 1,200 carloads. It may be news to some of the uninitiated to hear that 1,500 carloads of Ontario-grown turnips are shipped annually, in the autumn, for consumption in the United States. It is not surprising, therefore, that the big

American carriers hasten to augment their revenues by coaxing and nursing this growing trade.

In 1875 the complacent east languidly condescended to heed insistent whispers concerning Canada's vast northwest. The tide of travel was diverging and began to carry with it in that direction prospectors, homesteaders and adventurous merchants bent on spying out locations in the prairie El Dorado. Dependent, of course, they levied on the mills of the east for food, clothing and implements. About this time Sir Hugh Childers, London, England, occupied the president's chair, directing the destinies of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the contemporary Canadian Pacific Railway official was (Sir) William Van Horne. Lucius Tuttle, president of Boston & Maine System; D. McNicoll, vice-president, and C. E. E. Ussher, assistant passenger traffic manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, all now in the first flight and noteworthy examples of what determination and capacity accomplish, were going through a "course of sprouts" with Ontario lines, which afterwards lost identity. Robert Kerr, to-day passenger traffic manager C. P. R., was G. F. & P. A. of the North-

THE CRUSADE OF U. S. RAILWAY INTERESTS IN CANADA

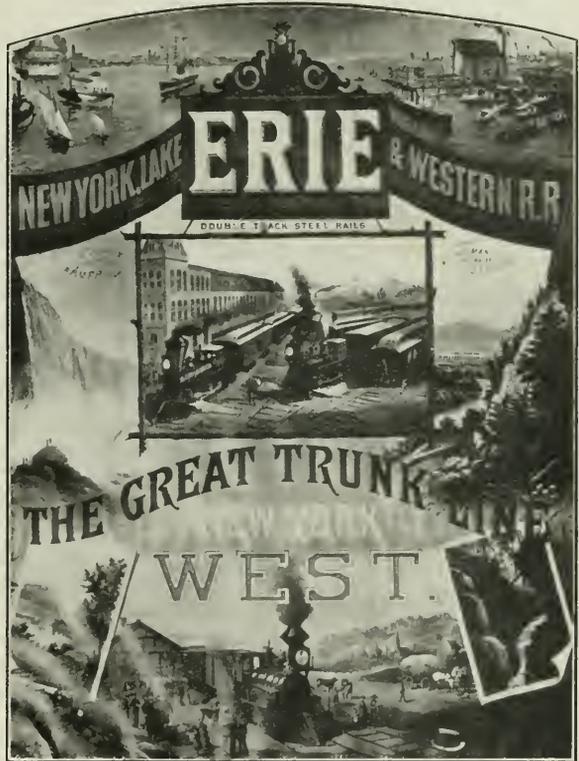
ern Railway, with office in Toronto, and men like W. E. Davis, Geo. B. Reeve and John W. Loud, then in modest positions, were fitting themselves for the exalted places they afterwards honorably filled in shaping the policy of the Grand Trunk Railway System. The majority of these and other officials had frequent business intercourse with various United States railroad agents who visited Canada.

In the year 1877 A. H. Burnham made his initial bow in Ontario, representing Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. This move was significant, indicating the expectations of western roads, based on the interest Manitoba's commercial future had awakened. In July, 1878, the late James M. Taylor, prior to that time general freight agent and superintendent St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway, had the distinction of establishing at Toronto the first permanent western line office in Canada. He was appointed general Canadian agent of the St. Paul road. Unlike any competitor, that railway company has maintained an agency in Ontario without interruption for three decades. The Chicago & Northwestern Railway soon followed with a representative to further the interests of that line, and later, in 1880, it opened a Canadian office. The Rock Island Road quickly swung into line, and the Burlington, Northern Pacific and such watchful competitors as Great Northern, Great Western, Union Pacific, and Illinois Central, likewise took the cue.

Richard Arnold was at this time ticket agent of G.T.R., Toronto, and two of his daughters became the wives, respectively, of William Wain-

wright, still in harness as fourth vice-president of the Grand Trunk Railway, and James Stephenson, now retired and residing in England, two prominent figures of the old regime.

The "All Rail" mediums then available for transporting man and beast destined to California, the Dakotas and Manitoba from Old Ontario, were Grand Trunk, Great Western, Credit



AN OLD-TIME POSTER

OBSERVE THE OLD-FASHIONED EQUIPMENT ILLUSTRATED

Valley and Canada Southern, covering the distance as far as St. Thomas and Detroit, thence via Michigan Central and Wabash Railroads to Chicago.

As travel increased from a dozen or two people to an occasional weekly carload and more, the number of migratory railroaders multiplied. Old-timers will recollect some of those big-hearted hustlers who made it their

duty to assist with customs formalities at the frontier, and also assuage the fears of intending passengers trembling at the prospect of meeting in Chicago that much-heralded and maligned bugaboo, the bunco steerer.

It is worthy of remark that while to-day the railroad companies caution and forbid passengers riding on the platforms, 35 years ago the traveling public swarmed on that perilous projection, and on the steps, and quite often took possession of the car roofs with a nonchalance that would make the cold chills run up and down your spine. How many of the lads and lasses in this year of grace would have the temerity to sally forth, for instance to the London Fair, decorating the top of a flat car rigged up with benches for the occasion? Yet their fathers and mothers did it.

The patronage of the farmer and his brawny sons, who had visions of gang plows and waving wheat was an important desideratum in that era. Party leaders were "some pumpkins," and they puffed and spat over many a fragrant cheroot while sipping their "ponies" and "bootlegs" in company of expectant agents. Presently the good blood of Ontario, and some bad stuff, was rolling westward at the rate of two and three regularly-arranged-for trains of nine to thirteen loaded cars each week. The personal effects and stock of the settler went along, too, the owner ensconced occasionally in a tourist sleeper jolting along at the end of the string, and

eager railway companies took turns in hauling the prize. Excitement ran high. The wires were kept hot about special or inadequate equipment, conflicting rates and alleged unconstitutional moves of opposing forces.

It was no uncommon occurrence to convene a meeting in hotel parlor or little red schoolhouse and there agents present would, in turn, give the agriculturist samples of terseness or spell-binding eloquence. Imagine the persuasiveness that was pitted against the farmer's cautiousness or distrust. Recall, ye of good memory, if you can, the epigrams, arguments and bon mots which rolled off the ready tongues of a dozen or more jovial pilgrims from o'er the border. They talked corn until their tones grew husky and they were as fine a coterie of unconventional free-lances as ever probed the intricacies of a railroad time-table. To this day the boys tell of the adaptability of Harry Badgeley, of the C.G.W.R.,

how he studied pigology, hobnobbing for three days with a colony of ruralists whom he landed high and dry by this artful manoeuvre, in spite of keen competition.

On "special party" dates passengers were concentrated at junctional points and afterwards personally conducted to Detroit, Chicago or St. Paul. B. Travers, city agent at Paris still, has informed me that parties of 75 and 100 people were occasionally gathered there and such a pretentious exodus was known to earn a serenade by



C. E. MCPHERSON

WHO REPRESENTED THE ROCK ISLAND ROAD TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO AND IS NOW A C.P.R. OFFICIAL AT WINNIPEG



BURTON H. BENNETT
GENERAL AGENT IN CANADA OF THE
CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN
RAILWAY



W. R. CALLAWAY!
WHO HAS RISEN FROM DEPOT AGENT AT
WALKERTON TO BE GENERAL PASSENGER
AGENT OF THE SOO LINE

the local brass band at time of departure. The sturdy knights of ploughshare and other instruments of peace, had to be and were better mixers than the stall-fed variety of traveler of this day, and the consciousness that theirs was a common object made easy the upsetting of social barriers to the music of violin, mouth-organ and jew's harp. The journey always ensured incident and good-fellowship, and, perhaps, some disappointing experiences. The records, considerably offered me for perusal, do not include the name of the escorting agent, who, while wrapped in the arms of Morpheus in a Chicago hotel, suffered the loss of his train's entire proceeds by the deft removal of a panel in the door on which his coat was hanging.

Three different gauges, or widths, between rails, were accepted as standard in different parts of Canada and

the United States at that time, and to permit interchange of equipment, three rails were sometimes laid. Just before the adoption of the standard broad gauge, 4 feet 8½ inches, became general in America, a good-sized party bound for the west were delayed at Toronto half a day awaiting the readjustment of that portion of the Great Western to Hamilton, Ont. In the forenoon the third rail over the entire distance, 39 odd miles, was removed and the second spiked down in its new position. This must have been quite a feat 26 years ago in the absence of those simplifying methods practised to-day.

Moving westward over designated routes from Chicago, the canary-colored coaches were pulled by locomotives with yellow-bellied boilers, wheels painted scarlet, and ponderous smoke-stacks—hummers in the old days—but antiques in 1909.

What a shock it would be to my lady's complacency if, on her journey now, she should find it necessary to raise a sunshade in the coach to protect her raiment from the rain and snow sifting through the chinks and rifts in the car. This age is not without some blessings.

The St. P., M. & M., later converted by astute minds into the Great Northern Railway, was the railroad which gave that big quartette, Messrs. Angus, Smith, Hill and Stephens, a gilt-edged monopoly of Manitoba

Northrup, the pioneer navigator of the Upper Mississippi River, who launched his first craft there in 1835.

James M. Taylor, in charge of affairs for C.M. & St.P.R., during those strenuous days, pulled off the biggest coupe of the period I attempt to sketch, in securing for his line a party which originated at Millbrook, Ont., and is said to have consisted of or influenced 400 people, together with 35 earloads of effects. Mr. A. Leach, who was ticket agent there then, capably fills that position to-day.

The idea which the "President's Agreement" made concrete in February, 1900, was ridiculed twenty years before, and the system of commissions to agents for ticket sales being in vogue, competition waxed lively. For obvious reasons the standards of remuneration did not always remain stationary; fancy prices and fat drafts swelled many a bank balance. Although few dismissals and re-engagements by telegraph were bulletined, the foreign railway man's berth never was considered as sure as taxes.

There are quite a number of agents, active in transportation matters at the present time, who took part in and recall the friendly but whirlwind competition American lines indulged in to obtain the lion's share of business moving beyond the border. They could tell you of long drives in good and indifferent weather into the surrounding country, seeking prospective passengers and good locations for the half and quarter-sheet style of advertising so much used then; of hard and fast arrangements upset in a trice, accompanied by restitution of deposits given to clinch the deal and of mysterious cheques which used to spring from nowhere in particular when the management forbade their acceptance. They smile when recounting methods used to test if agents were sticking to tariff. I remember the case of one "stool pigeon," who, after obtaining the favor of a ticket at a rate partially unconfirmed, sold it with intent to a rival organization to be utilized in trapping the enemy. He



THE LATE JOSEPH SIMPSON

A VETERAN CAMPAIGNER IN THE OLD DAYS
FOR THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND
QUINCY RAILWAY

emigration, and, incidentally, the patronage of Dame Fortune. Men and chattels had only shank's mare as an alternative to this line northward from St. Paul as far as Fisher's Landing, a Red River port. Here, transfer was made to the Kittson Line of steamboats plying to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and owned by Norman Kittson, a colleague of J. J. Hill in some early business ventures. In winter the trip was made by stage traveling part way over thick ice. Mr. Kittson was one of several successors to Anson



H. G. McMICKEN

AT ONE TIME CANADIAN AGENT FOR THE
GREAT NORTHERN AND NOW ITS EURO-
PEAN TRAFFIC MANAGER



THE LATE J. NELLES BASTEDO

FOR MANY YEARS ONTARIO AGENT FOR
THE SANTA FE
SYSTEM

made a required affidavit as to purchase price and the subterfuge, with its charge of irregularity hinging thereon, had not been operative an hour before the resourceful agent who sold him the ticket, effectively turned the tables, causing the spotter's arrest on the grounds "false pretences" and that worthy received his liberty under suspended sentence, together with a reprimand.

In 1881 rumors of consolidation of existing railway systems in Ontario were bruited about by those "in the know," and the steady, westward extension of the C.P.R. sowed uneasiness where the interests via Chicago-St. Paul Route were cherished. August 11th and 12th, 1882, witnessed the amalgamation of Great Western and Grand Trunk. William Edgar then was G.P.A., at Hamilton, and Geo. T. Bell, present assistant passenger traffic manager, Grand Trunk

Railway System, made stenographic hooks and crooks for him.

November 2nd, 1885, marked an epoch in the annals of the Prairie Provinces. Although previously used for transportation of troops, on that date, Canadian Pacific Railway equipment first rolled into Winnipeg under a schedule. The event was fraught with much import to Manitoba, and formed an item of significance in the history of the Dominion. The national character of Van Horne's project and the prestige of the sponsors of this great pioneer, western Canadian line attracted to it the major portion of freight traffic which had been moving via other channels, and by demanding the privilege of preferential passenger rates, based on newness, geographical position and inaccessibility, the patronage of the homeseeker was diverted, practically en masse, from United States lines, which had



THE LATE JOHN STRACHAN;
FOR MANY YEARS CANADIAN AGENT
OF THE ERIE RAILROAD

enjoyed the pickings unmolested for eight years. This reversal of conditions left not even all the Dakota business to the latter, and with a single exception, the Chicago-St. Paul and allied systems, one by one, abolished Canadian agencies and withdrew their representatives from active participation in the chase.

Their absence, however, did not impair the business relations then budding between U. S. merchants and Canadian importers, and the railroads of the neighboring republic realized that it behooved them to look jealously after their individual share of lumber, broom corn and cotton goods from the southwest; seeds, citrus and deciduous fruits from California; tinned salmon and shingles from the North Pacific coast, and consignments of matting, silks, bamboo, rice, etc., disembarked along Puget Sound.

The man in the street might puzzle over the price of his breakfast orange if he reflected that some days twenty carloads of this marmalade fruit now and then gluts the local markets at Montreal and Toronto.

A certain percentage of such incoming cars, after unloading, are returned laden with hides, clay, cordage, fish, lumber and sand; pedigreed sheep for Idaho and Oregon ranchmen; hair for San Francisco plasterers; gums, glass, nuts, salt and tinplate from Atlantic coast wharves; also with ton upon ton of coveted Canadian woodpulp, which re-appears as the basis for newspaper headlines.

Twenty-two foreign railroads, nine operating in the east and central States, and thirteen western companies, each maintain one to six passenger and commercial offices in this country. Affairs pertaining thereto are supervised by Canadian agents, division, general and traveling agents, contracting representatives, solicitors, city canvassers and counter clerks. The combined staff numbers 100 men. With few exceptions, they are natives of the soil, familiar with local conditions and are liberal dispensers of a good deal of salary, rentals and incidental expense moneys. In rounding up traffic the tactics which obtain include direct solicitation with shipper, consignee and traveler; the assiduous cultivation of the man who pays the freight or buys the tickets, and canvass of stationary railway agents, whose judgments often dic-



GEO. B. WYLLIE
REPRESENTING THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL IN CANADA

THE CRUSADE OF U. S. RAILWAY INTERESTS IN CANADA

tates via what junctions and lines un-routed shipments, and passengers without pre-arranged itinerary, should be routed. Prompt dispatch and trains "on time" are cardinal requisites in luring trade and holding a continuance of favor. The personality and perseverance of the foreign road agent has an important bearing on results. Changeable climatic conditions divert certain commodities and influence the warm zone hunter from one channel to another. Warehouse and track facilities play a part in the scheme of convenience, and that indefinite quantity sentiment, colors calculations, though shifty as smoke. Unsettled claims occasionally rile the temper and switch a lot of business to the lynx-eyed competitor who watches while he works. Friendly, but contending factions, lock horns for the haul of a single carload. San Francisco and Vancouver agents, acting in concert with their confreres at Winnipeg, Halifax or Hamilton, keep the wires hot. Perhaps, some of the "big wigs" put a finger in the pie, and to score a point, resort to every permissible ruse save, let us hope, that dishonorable weapon, the bogus telegram.

Necessity has slowly convinced numerous hesitating shippers and travelers that the canvass of those United States railroads, looking to Canada for business, has more behind it than a cloven hoof; that sometimes an extra string to one's bow is a really effective precautionary measure.

The pack animal, oxen and primitive implements of the pioneer who pierced the wilderness and first scratched the surface of the last west, have steadily given place to the steel-ribbed highway, and thus, on "easy street," when compared with his progenitor, the modern colonizer is link-

ing the old with the new and accomplishing, by successive stages, the development of our pregnant western heritage.

Trade relations between United States and Canadian railroad systems



QUARTER-SHEET ADVERTISING USED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

constantly grow more intimate and wield an unmistakable influence in the strengthening of those bonds, commercial and sentimental, which make for the good of all concerned. This interchange broadens our knowledge of each other and tends more completely to harmonize the aims and aspirations of the two nations.

To the attentive eye each moment of the year has its own beauty; and on the same field it beholds every hour a picture that was never seen before and shall never be seen again—*Emerson.*

Father Christmas's Understudy

By

J. J. BELL

THE valet, having ushered Mr. John Burton into his master's bedroom, retired, closing the door noiselessly. Mr. John Burton, his usually hard features softened somewhat with real concern, approached the bed.

"George, my boy, this is ill luck! Your message upset me, I can tell you, when it caught me at the club. How did it happen?"

The bald-headed, clean-shaven, plump-faced man on the bed smiled ruefully.

"Banana," he replied.

"Banana!" Mr. Burton seated himself, muttering a bad word. "I see," he said aloud. "I've always said that the police ought to have greater powers. The person who drops banana or other peel on the pavement ought to be taken by the neck and made to eat it. Damme, that's my opinion! Suffering pain?" he inquired more gently.

"Not so much now. But I'm fixed here for six weeks or so. It's confoundedly awkward, especially on Christmas Eve." Mr. George Berry sighed.

"No more awkward than on midsummer eve," the other remarked shortly, and muttered another bad word. "However, there's no good in adding worry to bodily discomfort. If there's anything I can do for you, command me."

After a short pause, "There is something you can do for me, John,"

said the invalid. "I sent for you for that reason."

"Name it!"

Mr. Berry hesitated, glancing furtively at the face of his oldest and best friend.

"Name it" repeated Mr. Burton somewhat grandly. He twisted his grey moustache, and looked straightly at his oldest and best friend.

"Well," said Mr. Berry, as though he had made up his mind, "I'll name it." He cleared his throat. "You, John, are of course aware that for some years past I have spent Christmas Eve at my married sister's house in Brandon Gardens——"

"I am. I am also aware that for some years past I have spent Christmas Eve at my club. Proceed!"

"You would have been welcome at my sister's."

"Thanks."

Mr. Berry smiled. He knew his friend. He continued:

"You are not, however, aware in what capacity I have spent so many Christmas Eves at my sister's. As a matter of fact, no one is aware of that excepting my sister, her husband, and myself. So far the children, and even the grown-ups present, have never suspected my identity. You will think it absurd of me, John, but the fact is that I have always masqueraded as — ahem! — Father Christmas."

"Great Caesar's ghost!"

"At any rate," said Mr. Berry, a

FATHER CHRISTMAS'S UNDERSTUDY

trifle apologetically, "the children liked it."

"You liked it yourself," the other drily observed.

"Possibly I did, John, possibly I did. I confess I am sorry I cannot be there to-night. I fear it may be a disappointment to the children."

"A pity—but it can't be helped. As I have already said, the police ought to be empowered to—"

"Yes, yes. But, John I wish you to do me a favor."

"I'm waiting for you to name it."

"Can't you guess what I want?"

"Ah, I see! You wish me to go now and explain the situation to your sister. Certainly, my dear boy, certainly—with all the pleasure in life."

Mr. Berry suppressed a groan.

"Thank you, John. But—er—that is not exactly what I desire of you."

"Give it a name, then, give it a name," said Mr. Burton with kindly impatience.

"Well, the favor is simply this. I want you to take my place to-night—to go to my sister's as —ahem!—Father Christmas." With these words the victim of a plebeian, if passionate, lover of bananas turned his countenance to the wall—at the risk of straining his injured limb. He could not have faced his oldest and best friend just then.

His oldest and best friend opened his mouth, gasped, closed his mouth, opened it again, and in a voice of infinite dismay ejaculated:

"Jumping Jehoshaphat You're joking, George."

"And you're alliterating," returned Mr. Berry, with a feeble snigger, drawing the bedclothes over the back of his neck. "B—but I'm really quite serious," he went on. "I know I'm asking a deuce of a lot of you, old chap—"

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Burton dully. "I suppose you're bound to be a bit feverish. Perhaps I'd better clear out."

"No, no! Don't go, John!" Mr. Berry, with a painful grunt, faced his friend once more. "Er—don't desert me! You see, I hate to break my engagement. And—and it's awful to disappoint all those children. Er—isn't it, John?"

John sat silent, frowning and twisting his moustache.

"I suppose it was far too much to ask of you," sighed George. "But it seemed a simple enough matter when I first thought of it. As I said to myself, all my dear old friend John Burton has got to do is to get into the costume here—my man will do the painting—"

"Painting"

"A little paint is required, and a little powder—not much, only a little. Then all he has got to do is to take a cab to 14 Brandon Gardens, arriving there at nine o'clock sharp. He has only to knock loudly, thrice, on the door, when he will be admitted, for everybody will be expecting —ahem — Father Christmas at that hour; and then he has got nothing more to do but enter and make himself generally agreeable, and—er—distribute the gifts."

"What gifts?"

"The gifts in his sack. Each gift has a name on it, you know, and a piece of poetry; you didn't know I was a poet—eh, what?" Mr. Berry gave a dismal cackle. "And of course, as—ahem—Father Christmas reads out each name and each poem, the—the recipient comes forward. And if—if it's a girl, you kiss her—only her brow, you know; and if it's a boy, you shake hands or pat his head—depends on his size. And then—why, then, that's really all! Nothing in it to worry about—eh?"

"Oh, that's all, is it?" cried Mr. Burton. "My good friend, do you mean to tell me that you have been doing this annually for years?"

"For quite a number of years. There's nothing so very awful about it, is there?"

"How old are the girls?" Mr. Burton demanded abruptly.

"Oh, from ten to sixteen, I should imagine. I never thought of their ages. They're all young, anyway. Of course, I've always included my own sister and—er—my sisters-in-law and other grown-ups present in my—er—list of gifts."

"Your sisters-in-law! You kiss 'em?"

"On the brow, John; on the brow. There's only Miss France, and Edith, and poor Mrs. Fairtre, and—"

"Mrs. Fairtre!" Mr. Burton's voice fell to a whisper.

Mr. Berry silently cursed himself. He ought to have remembered the tragedy of his friend's youth—the girl who had jilted—well, not exactly jilted—his friend for Fairtre who, with all his wealth, had made her life miserable for ten years. He called her "poor Mrs. Fairtre," but "fortunate" would have been more appropriate, for she was now a widow.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Berry with an effort, "the older members won't be there to-night. In fact, it's very likely that they won't." He roused himself. "Well, I'm an inhospitable beggar, John! Ring the bell, will you?"

"Want anything?"

"I daren't. But you—"

"No thanks." The visitor relapsed into gloomy silence.

The invalid began to speak of the news of the day, but presently his conversation failed also. There was a long, uncomfortable pause.

"I should imagine," said Mr. Burton at last, "that you look a prize idiot in your masquerading outfit."

"Possibly," the invalid returned shortly. "But sometimes it is worth one's while to look a prize idiot, as you put it."

"Oh, I suppose it doesn't matter how you look, so long as you don't feel. By the way, what's the costume like?"

Mr. Burton made the inquiry with such indifference that his friend glanced at him keenly.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't inspect the costume," said Mr. Berry, with equal indifference. "Ring the bell, will you?"

"Nonsense! I'm not interested," returned Mr. Burton, rising and ringing the bell.

"Dakers," said Mr. Berry, when his man appeared, "show Mr. Burton my—ahem!—Father Christmas costume. You had it laid out in the dressing-room, I think."

"Yes, sir." Dakers withdrew, and presently reappeared with the costume—or rather its component parts.

"Suffering Moses!" murmured Mr. Burton, as the garments were displayed—a voluminous scarlet cloak, edged with white fur, a cap to match, ornamented with holly and mistletoe; a pair of high bots showing their sheepskin linings; and among other things a white and patriarchal beard.

"And this contains the gifts, sir," Dakers remarked, exhibiting a large sack.

"Do you give away pianos as well as sideboards?" inquired Mr. Burton of the invalid, who smiled and explained that the recipients numbered upwards of fifty.

"Oh, Shakespeare!" muttered Mr. Burton, adding: "These things are far too big for me. Besides—"

"What's that you say, John?" the invalid exclaimed. "You don't mean—"

Mr. Burton reddened. "I never go back on my word," he said sulkily. "I as good as promised, didn't I?"

"Dakers," cried Mr. Berry, "Mr. Burton dines here—and afterwards you will dress him. You may go."

"Very good, sir."

The door opened and closed. Mr. Burton dropped upon a chair.

"John, my dear old friend," began

FATHER CHRISTMAS'S UNDERSTUDY

Mr. Berry warmly, "I can never thank you for—"

"Shut up!"

* * * * *

"Fourteen Brandon Gardens."

Mr. Burton gave the address as distinctly as a mouthful of beard permitted, and with as much dignity as he could muster in the face of the cabby's broad grin. Dakers had already placed the sack of gifts in the cab, and now, with a discreet smile, assisted the entrance of his master's friend, who fairly rumbled with bad words.

"Dakers, are you positive that these—boots will stick on?"

"Positive, sir—if you take a little care, sir."

"And this—beard, Dakers? Is it straight?"

"Perfectly, sir. I saw that it was securely fixed. As for your eyebrows, sir—"

"Oh—my eyebrows! Tell him to drive on."

The cabby drove on. To Mr. Burton it seemed no time until the cab stopped and interrupted his mental list of tortures suitable for persons who dropped banana skins on pavements.

"Is this the house, driver?"

"Yes, sir. Pity the rain's come on. Rather dark, too, sir. But you can see the 'ouse through the tree."

"Hang the house—the trees—the rain!" muttered Mr. Burton, getting out with the sack and handing the cabby a piece of silver. "Come back at ten sharp."

"Right! and thankee, sir." The man repressed a guffaw as his fare, hugging the sack, entered the gate opening upon a short but gloomy avenue. A church clock boomed the hour of nine.

"Hang the time!" sighed Mr. Burton.

The gravel was unusually abundant and deep, and he went forward with a sort of waddling gait. Pres-

ently he realised that the house he approached was in darkness.

"Some silly game, I suppose. They'll turn on the lights when I arrive, and make me look a greater fool than ever. Where the deuce is the bell? No! confound it! I was to knock loudly three times. Idiomatic performance!"

He knocked thrice, and hurriedly rehearsed the words he had been instructed to say as soon as the door was flung wide. The words were something like these:

"I am Father Christmas, who craves a welcome this Merry Christmas Eve."

Through the glazed panels of the door he perceived a light slowly approaching. It was rather a feeble light.

"Looks as if their gas had been cut off," he thought cynically.

A sound of bolts and chains reached his ears, and at last the door was cautiously opened—about six inches.

"I am Father—"

A female face, very wizzened and encircled with red flannel, peeped through the aperture. A screech of terror rent the air, and the door was slammed.

For a moment or two Mr. Burton remained stunned. Then the furious barking of a dog roused him. He could not run, but he moved as rapidly as his boots would allow, and, utterly speechless with wrath, reached the gate, on one of the pillars of which he discovered, in faded figures, the number "40."

While he wondered which way to go a couple of message-boys came along. On sighting him they started and were silent, then burst into vulgar laughter.

"'Ere's a bloomin' Christmas Card a-goin' to post itself!" cried one.

"Goin' to a fancy ball, gov'nor?" inquired the other, more respectfully, scenting business. "Shall I get yer a keb?"

Mr. Burton's desire for murder evaporated.

"How far is No. 14 from here?" he demanded, resisting the temptation to have a cab and—go home in it.

"Two minntes," said the second boy, disappointedly.

"Show me the way, and I'll give you a shilling apiece."

"What's all this?" inquired a policeman, coming softly upon the group. He laid his hand none too lightly on Mr. Burton's sleeve. "I saw you coming out o' No. 40. I suppose it's all right, but the family's away, and I've got my orders. What 'ave you got 'ere?"

"Where?"

"In this 'ere sack, my man."

"Look here!" cried Mr. Barton, boiling over. "What the deuce do you mean?"

"Language won't help you," the policeman coldly remarked. "Let's 'ave a look."

"Great Caesar's ghost! People who drop banana peel on the pavement ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered——"

"Crikee! 'e's dotty!" whispered one of the boys.

"D'you take me for a burglar?" demanded Mr. Burton. "Take the blessed sack! Examine it! Eat it, if you like, confound you! I'm on my way to a children's party at No. 14, but the driver left me here by mistake. Anything suspicious in the sack?"

The policeman was young and earnest. Apologies, especially before two message-boys, did not come easily, but he did his best, adding that he had only done his duty. Burglaries were getting too common.

"I'll carry the stuff to No. 14 for you, sir." He nearly called it "the swag." "It's a bit heavy."

"It's the least you can do," retorted Mr. Burton, "and you needn't expect anything from me."

"Sir!" said the policeman. "Now, boys, you had better get out of this," he supplemented sternly.

The boys protested. They had been engaged to conduct the gent to No. 14. Whereupon the gent grunted and parted with two shillings.

"Merry Christmas, sir, Merry Christmas! Many 'appy returns!"

"Pah!"

The rain had ceased, but Mr. Burton's boots adhered to the mud at every step. Relieved of his burden, however, he got along somehow, and, fortunately, encountered no pedestrians.

At a brilliantly-lighted mansion, whence came sounds of dance music, he parted with the policeman, giving half-a-crown, and requesting him to look out for a cab at No. 40, at ten o'clock, and send the same on to No. 14. "And I say," he added, "if ever you can do anything to hurt persons who drop banana peel on the pavement, do it, and may heaven reward you!"

"Merry Christmas, sir!" said the policeman, after scratching his head.

"Fudge!" said Mr. Burton lifting the knocker.

The music ceased; there was a rush of many feet. The door was flung wide—really wide—and blinking in the glare, his sack held gingerly over his shoulder, he managed to mumble the prescribed sentence. Then kind hands drew him into the light and warmth and cheerfulness.

And all at once something within him seemed to melt. He couldn't help smiling, though he felt desperately shy before that trop of dainty girls and grinning boys. But he looked at them, avoiding the seven or eight grown-ups. When they had all cheered him, his host and hostess, who had been advised by express letter of his identity, explained that Father Christmas, having come further than usual that evening, required a little rest and refreshment, and led him away to a quiet room.

FATHER CHRISTMAS'S UNDERSTUDY

where he got rid of mud and rain-drops, and received the not unwelcome stimulus of a glass of champagne.

"It was exceedingly good of you to take my brother's place on such short notice, Mr. Burton," said his hostess very pleasantly. "The children's evening would have been completely spoilt without a Father Christmas. And from what George has told us of you, I understand you do not care for parties of any kind."

"I have had no experience—for a number of years," he replied, glancing at himself in a mirror and wondering whether anyone who had once known him well could possibly recognize him now. "I fear," he went on, with a nervous laugh, "I fear I shall not make a very successful understudy. Your brother could not, indeed, have chosen a worse. But I felt for your brother in his misfortune. As for the wretched persons who drop banana peel on the pavement——"

"Is Father Christmas coming soon, mother?" The door was opened and a pretty little girl looked in.

"Very soon, dear, very soon."

Mr. Burton pulled himself together. Better get it over quickly, he told himself, and to his hostess he said:

"I am ready, madam," in the tone of one for whom the executioner waits.

"Make way for Father Christmas!" the host shouted from the drawing-room doorway, and the grown-ups and older children cleared a passage to a low dais in the window.

Thither Mr. Burton proceeded, bowed beneath his pack of presents, his boots rubbing up and down his heels, his beard getting into his mouth.

According to the Berry tradition, he ought to have made a little speech on taking up his position on the dais, but the host relieved him of that

item of his troubles by making a few humorous introductory remarks and then calling upon Father Christmas to "shell out." And Father Christmas, his eyes on the children only, smiled almost blandly, smoothed his beard away from his lips, and bringing from his sack a white packet, read the name thereon in a somewhat unsteady voice. Fortunately the policeman's inspection had not seriously disarranged the sack's contents, and the gifts came forth pretty much in the order intended by the thoughtful Mr. Berry—girls first, and youth before wisdom.

So, in answer to her name, a sweet little maiden, extremely bashful, approached the dais. Whereupon Mr. Burton stumbled through the doggerel couplet attached to the packet—one of the many "poems" that had cost Mr. Berry several nights' sleep. The little girl's name, in this case, was Amy Lee, and the "poem" hoped that she might "happy be."

Amy took her gift, said "Thank you" in a small voice, and—waited. Everyone in the room seemed to be waiting also. There was a solemn silence. But at last, happily, Mr. Burton remembered.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" he said to himself, and stooped and kissed little Amy's forehead.

Whereupon everyone clapped hands, and little Amy retired, emitting a sneeze induced by the tickly beard.

As the girls got bigger, Mr. Burton got shyer, but he did his duty by them all. It so happened, however, that rather a big boy was the first of his sex to be called and Mr. Burton absent-mindedly saluted him on the brow, at which everyone shouted delightedly, while the poor big boy blushed furiously. Then Mr. Burton remembered again, and the other boys got nothing worse than a handshake or a pat on the head. On the retreat of the last boy Mr. Burton peered into his sack. How he wish-

ed it had been empty! Yet sundry packets, tied together and labelled "grown ups," remained for distribution. He unfastened the string and took out the first packet that came to his hand. It was addressed to one of the aunts. He read the "poem" placed the gift in her hands, hesitated, but finally kissed her. One of the uncles cried "Hooray!" and all the boys sniggered. But when that particular uncle drew near to receive his gift, Father Christmas, who was rapidly getting reckless, caught him by the shoulders and gave him a smacking kiss, right on the bald spot on the top of his head. Whereat the boys yelled and the girls giggled.

And at last all the gifts had been dispersed save one. It was addressed to "Mrs. Fairtre." Father Christmas seemed to have lost his voice when he came to it, and to this day no one knows what the "poem" was about. The lady, who was neither very young nor very beautiful, came smiling to receive her packet, and looked brightly up in the face of Father Christmas. No one noticed the lady give a tiny start; no one heard Father Christmas breathe a tiny sigh. But everyone applauded; and immediately afterwards everyone began to talk hard and display their gifts to one another.

And soon Father Christmas departed to the tune of great cheering.

* * * * *

"A thousand thanks, John! You've been a friend indeed!" said Mr. Berry from the bed.

"Shut up!" said Mr. Burton, peering in the glass to see whether the beard and eyebrows had left any marks. "It's time you were asleep. I'll look you up to-morrow, about six."

"Can't you come earlier?"

Mr. Burton pulled his moustache and stared hard at the sprig of mistletoe on the mantelpiece.

"I'm going to call on Mrs. Fairtre to-morrow afternoon," he said at last carelessly.

"Ah!" said Mr. Berry softly, and checked a smile. "Good-night, then, and a Merry Christmas to you, John."

"Good-night, George. Er—same to you."

Which is really the end of this story.

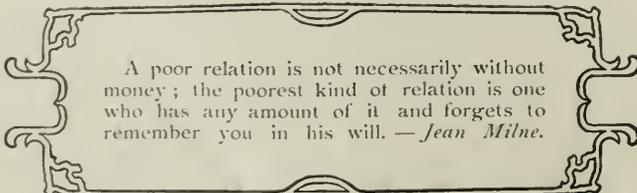
Still—

One day in January a certain small boy wandered along a certain street peeling a banana. He dropped the peel on the pavement.

"Pick it up and put it in the gutter," said a gentleman with a fierce grey moustache. "And here's a sixpence for you."

"Why did you give that boy a sixpence, John?" asked the lady whom the gentleman rejoined—a lady who was neither very young nor very beautiful.

But what the gentleman said to the lady then is none of our business.



How Often Do You Wind Your Clocks?

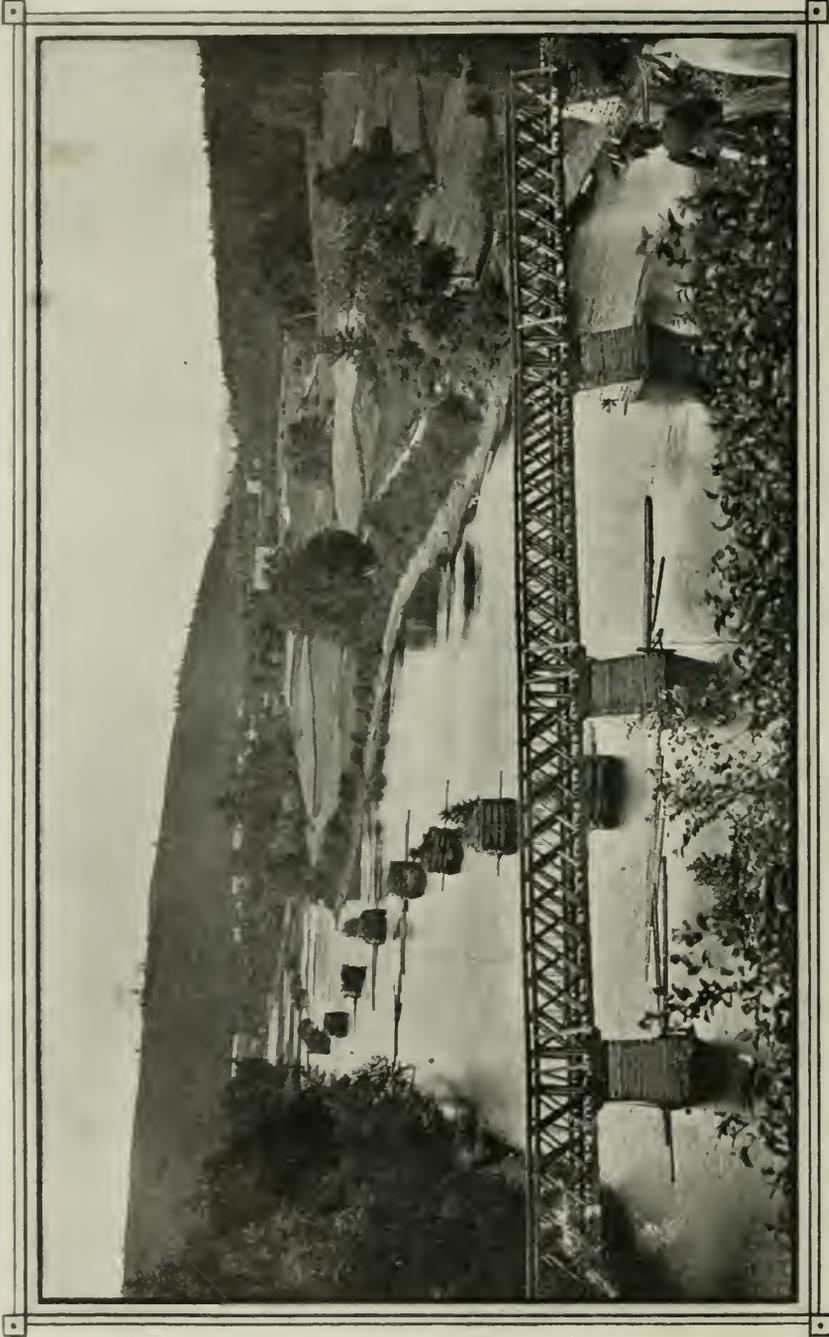


A SHORT time ago this little verse came under our observation:

*There was a man who had a clock,
His name was Matthew Meares;
He wound it every day
For many, many years.
At last his precious timepiece proved
An eight-day clock to be,
And a madder man than Mr. Meares
I would not wish to see.*

How human that is! The imagination of the poet may have supplied that man who owned the eight-day clock with a one day reputation, but he touches a very human note when he wrote about it. The business and professional worlds are full of men whose lives, figuratively speaking, are cramped and distorted by winding clocks every day which would run a week or longer if left alone. One man has an idea that every little detail of his business must receive his personal attention if it is to be properly attended to, and he gets gray before his time. If he, like the man with the clock, would experiment, he would, in all probability, find that things would go on just as well if he devoted his attention to broad issues only, and allowed the details to go to others. Another man, perhaps, has some little physical disability, which he steadily winds up every day, until it becomes the factor of most moment in his whole life. Forgotten for a week or two, things would move along without interruption, and the clock wouldn't stop. Still another man says: "No vacations for me—business can't get along without me—must work, work, work every hour of every day"—and gets his six feet of earth long before they are his due. ¶ So on, with a thousand and one instances—there are men who are steadily winding eight-day clocks every twenty-four hours, and they somehow fail to discover the irreparable waste of energy and effort. Perhaps you laughed at the man with the clock. Don't laugh—he discovered what was wrong after many years, at any rate. It would have been far more of a tragedy if he had never discovered it. ¶ Look over your own clocks. See if any are being wound more frequently than necessary. Do not convince yourself by your actions that there is any virtue in the kind of work, energy and regularity which causes a man to wind eight-day clocks every day. Wind all your clocks that are built to run eight days once every eight days, and then use the other seven days for something else.





VALLEY OF THE NASIWAK RIVER NEAR MARYSVILLE

FROM MILL HAND TO MILL OWNER

THE LIFE STORY
OF
ALEXANDER
GIBSON

BY
D. WILLIAMS



IF ALEXANDER GIBSON had achieved his success in the United States, he would long since have been featured in the Sunday newspapers and the popular magazines. Had he lived his life in the England of the early nineteenth century, his name and deeds would have been embalmed in such notable books as Samuel Smiles' "Self Helps." But, as he has spent his days in a quiet corner of the Dominion, working away unostentatiously at his chosen calling, doing his good deeds so that his right hand knew not what his left hand was about, his life story has not yet been drawn upon to illustrate the great lessons of industry, thrift and obedience to the Golden Rule.

In his native Province of New Brunswick, Alexander Gibson, of Maryville, is looked up to with universal respect and admiration. In the eyes of his friends and neighbors he is regarded as combining in his person all the good points of Rockefeller and Carnegie, with none of their defects. He has made Marysville an important point on the map, commercially, and a place of happy homes social-

ly, where dwell a contented and prosperous people. What better service could any man render to humanity than this?

It is many a long year ago that a youth appeared before a foreman of one of the saw-mills at Milltown, a pretty little burg near the mouth of the St. Croix River, and applied for a job. The youth had come in from the country near by. He had no capital, except a good constitution, a practical mind, a determined will and a great capacity for work. His services were accepted and the name of Alexander Gibson was inscribed on the pay-roll of the mill, his wage being at the rate of one dollar per day. In this humble way, the career of the future mill-owner and manufacturer began.

His advance was rapid, as might be expected from one endowed as he was. It was not many years before he had gained control of one of the Milltown mills and set up in business for himself. Transferring the scene of his operations to Lepreau, where he learned that the lumbering industry was not being successfully handled, he soon



THE CHURCH DONATED TO THE METHODISTS OF MARYSVILLE BY MR. GIBSON

brought about a new state of affairs and presently withdrew from the St. Croix River with considerable profits.

He then removed to the Nashwaak and purchased the lumber mills there, together with a large area of timber lands, to which he added from time to time by purchasing reserves from the New Brunswick Government. Here he continued his lumbering operations with marked success until he was recognized generally as the lumber king of the province.

But Mr. Gibson did not limit his activities to lumbering. He became interested in cotton manufacturing, and at Marysville, near Fredericton, the provincial capital, he erected one of the largest and best equipped cotton mills in the Dominion. This mill gives employment to five hundred hands, and has a capacity for many more. It has been pronounced by English experts to be superior in its equipment to

many of the great British cotton mills. For several years the mill was operated by Mr. Gibson personally, but with advancing years, he deemed it wise to transfer the control and management to younger men and now the Marysville mill forms one of the chain of mills operated by a Montreal syndicate. It still stands, however, as a monument to his genius.

The necessity for adequate transportation facilities early impressed itself on Mr. Gibson, and he was personally instrumental in constructing a good many miles of railroad in his province. The Canada Eastern Railway, now a part of the Intercolonial

System, was his most important undertaking. This road runs from Fredericton along the valley of the Nashwaak River, crosses the Miramichi portage and then follows the river of that name to Logieville, five miles below Chatham, on the main line of the Intercolonial. He was also interested



ALEXANDER GIBSON'S RESIDENCE

FROM MILL HAND TO MILL OWNER

in the construction of what is now the Gibson Branch of the C.P.R., running from Gibson to Woodstock. Another important undertaking was the big steel bridges across the St. John at Fredericton.

Personally, Mr. Gibson is a man of exceedingly temperate character, and in him the cause of temperance has always found a strong advocate. In fact, so strong were his views that he secured the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic in Marysville many years ago.

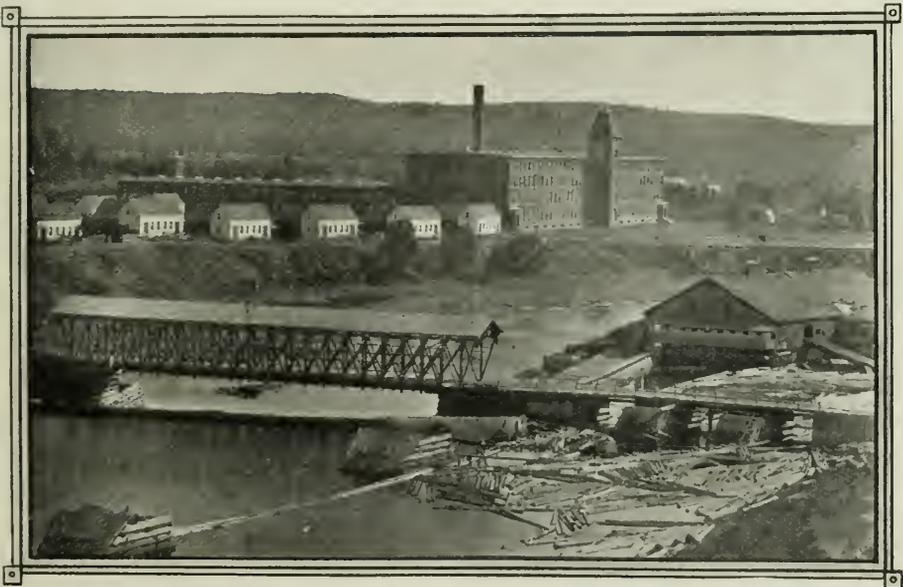
His views on clothing and diet are interesting to note. Plenty of water, used both internally and externally, is his great remedy for all the ills humanity is heir to physically. Although not a vegetarian, he believes that it is wiser to eat very little meat. He invariably wears woolen clothes.

But Mr. Gibson not only cares for himself physically and morally, but he has a very deep interest in the welfare of those beings, with whom he has been brought into contact during his long life of eighty-nine years. It is well known that on a number of occasions he has struck off his ledger accounts of debtors whom he knew to

be in serious financial difficulties. It is also common knowledge that he has voluntarily paid the expenses of young men who were struggling for an education, while many times mysterious barrels of flour and other necessaries of life have arrived in the nick of time to relieve the distress of needy families.

Marysville has been improved and beautified by his generosity. For the work-people in his mills, Mr. Gibson erected quite a number of neat and comfortable two-storey dwellings and also several large boarding houses for the unmarried men. The fine Methodist church, with its attractive interior furnishings, was erected by him, while he also furnished the site for the Anglican church.

Of his two sons, Alexander Gibson, Jr., was elected member for York County in the Provincial Legislature several times, and at present he represents the same constituency in the Dominion Parliament. So that Mr. Gibson, Sr., may be said to have not only served his own day and generation well, but to have provided for a continuance of that service in the next generation.



THE GIBSON LUMBER AND COTTON MILLS WITH SOME OF THE WORKMEN'S HOMES

The Kidnapper

By

G. B. BURGIN

IT was Christmas Eve, and the fact immensely aggravated old Sir John Swaffham's ill-temper as he sat all alone after dinner in the great dining-room at Swaffham Park.

On this particular Christmas Eve Sir John was very miserable indeed, and wished that he had never been sufficiently ill-advised to buy this country palace, although it was within fifteen or twenty miles of Sandringham. In his ignorance of Court etiquette, Sir John had imagined that the mere fact of his owning so princely a dwelling would ensure his being asked to dine at Sandringham, but the years had passed, and by some mischance he had never yet received the coveted invitation. Knowing that it was a fixed idea with him, all his friends were careful never to mention the subject.

What was the use, when there weren't any elephants left to kill, of having invented "Swaffham's Swan Shot," so called because, although it was originally intended to slay swans, he had improved it to such an extent that it slaughtered elephants as easily as a boy kills flies. What was the use of having been made a "Bart." when he no longer cared to barter anything? What was the use of his enormous wealth, when he had quarrelled some five years ago with his only relation, his niece, Elsie, who had told him that love in a cottage with only a crust and an appetite and Dick Jerningham, a penniless but aristocratically-

connected bank clerk, was better than no appetite and a crusty uncle, who was always inventing things wherewith to destroy the vital spark of wild animals, which would never have a chance of retaliating by destroying his?

With an odd feeling of disgust at his own folly, Sir John had looked forward to an enjoyable Christmas, but, in spite of his wealth, he found himself alone. The village was three miles away. Every one except himself had family ties which kept them at home. Even the butler had respectfully, but somewhat incoherently, asked permission to retire, as he had a few friends waiting for him in the pantry. The dog was asleep, and his favorite cat—the one animal on which he did not desire to experiment with "Swaffham's Pellets"—was occupied in the stables with a family of two days' old, her fifth contribution to the fauna of Swaffham Park within the last twelve months.

To add to his general feeling of forlorn misery, the weather was not "Christmassy," for it rained persistently. Most of the village Waits, especially the younger ones, who sang in the surpliced choir — surplices which the villagers had at first imagined to be night-gowns supplied by Sir John—had already contracted bronchitis and croup and were being nursed at home. In addition to Sir John's other troubles, it had been a bad year for holly berries, and

there wasn't one in the place. The wind, too, blew from Swaffham Park toward the village, so that even if anyone were sufficiently energetic to ring the church bells, it was impossible to hear them. Besides, Sir John dared not appear at the ball in the servants' hall, knowing full well that his presence would inevitably cast a gloom over the assembly.

After much hesitation, he poured himself out a glass of port and then reluctantly put it back in the decanter. If he were to drink that glass of port, he would awaken to-morrow morning with a red-hot pain in his great toes. At the mere possibility of anything so unpleasant he was going to make use of a word beginning with the fourth letter of the alphabet, when he remembered the season and vowed a vow that he would not say anything rhyming with "jam" until the beginning of the New Year. And as a reward for his unwonted self-restraint, he heard the weird toot-toot of a motor, and a loud emphatic knocking at the door.

The butler somewhat unsteadily appeared at the door. Sir John could not fail to notice that he had already been assimilating "the spirit of Christmas" not wisely but too well. "What is it, Jones?" he asked.

"I don't quite know what it is, Sir John, sir, but it's mostly coat, sir," said the butler incoherently. "It—it don't look as 'appy as hus in the pantry, Sir John, sir."

"I daresay not," growled Sir John. "Probably hasn't had the same reason. Well, whoever it is, why don't you show him in out of the wet?"

"If you please, Sir John, sir, the hin-di-vidu-al"—he got the word out with an effort—"in the 'airy coat, Sir John, sir, says 'e 'as a message from his most graci-graci-o-u-s M-majesty, the King, Sir John, sir, and it isn't hetiquet for him to come in. You must come out, Sir John, sir. I have brought you your c-coat sir."

"A message from the King! Probably an invitation from Sandringham, which was forgotten until the last moment."

"Hi think so, Sir John, sir," said the butler unsteadily. "If we might preshume, sir, in the servants' 'all, to drink the 'ealth of his most gra-gra-shus M-majesty, there's some '49 port, Sir John, sir—wunerful port, sir. You'd be s'prised how wunnerful it is, if you could only drink it, Sir John, sir."

"I daresay it is, but I hope to drink it myself some day when this infernal gout has been driven out of my system. After the holidays I shall make a few inquiries as to how you come to know so much about it. Give me my fur coat. You're not sober."

Sir John struggled into his fur coat, and Jones cautiously opened the door. The immediate result of this was a gust of wind which made Sir John hastily turn up his coat collar as the driving rain blew into his face. "A most gracious act," he said to his butler, "that His Majesty should have condescended to send for me in this weather, and expose so valuable a motor-car to all the fury of the elements. On second thoughts, Jones, as it is Christmas, I will say no more about that little matter of the '49 port."

Waving aside Jones' incoherent thanks, Sir John waddled down the wide stone steps to where a tall man stood holding open the door of the covered car. Curiously enough, there was no light inside. In the confusion of the moment, Sir John did not notice this.

"I understand that you have a 'command' for me to Sandringham," he said excitedly. "My man will bring my things in a minute. You can find room for him beside the chauffeur?"

The tall man bowed. "I am sorry, Sir John," he said in the voice of one who has an exceedingly bad cold, "that I must ask you to be good

enough to accompany me without a valet. My man will place himself at your disposal. But Sandringham, where his Majesty awaits your coming, is so full up for the festivities that every available inch is occupied. If the wind doesn't blow us off the road, we shall soon do the fifteen miles."

He motioned to Sir John to enter the car pulled to the door, drew a rug over their knees, and the motor glided away into the darkness.

Sir John made an unsuccessful attempt to carry on a conversation. "May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"I am the King's Messenger," said the other occupant of the car, buttoning his fur coat more closely around him.

"You appear to have a very bad cold," said Sir John graciously. "Try a trochee. I always carry them myself. His Majesty is well, I trust?"

"Extremely well," said the King's Messenger, "but I must apologise for the fact that my throat is so extremely painful that I fear I shall have to rob myself of the pleasure of conversing with you."

Sir John also apologised, and relapsed into an uncomfortable silence, only broken on his part by an expressive "Oh my!" when the car jolted over the rough road. It seemed to him that they were whizzing through the darkness at a most dangerous rate. "I suppose," he hazarded, "that the usual restrictions as to speed do not apply on such an occasion as this?"

"They do not apply," croaked the King's Messenger; and drew his fur coat more closely around him.

Just as Sir John was beginning to wish that he were well home again, the motion of the car ceased suddenly, a lodge gate was opened, and the scrunch-scrunch of the tires announced that they were moving slowly up a gravel drive.

"We have arrived," said the

King's Messenger gravely. "Permit me to help you to alight."

"Don't mention it," replied Sir John, and, with surprising agility for a man of his years, he got nimbly out of the car.

* * * * *

In spite of the fur rug, Sir John was so cold that his teeth chattered. As he looked round the modest entrance hall, he was somewhat surprised that the footman wore an almost ostentatiously plain livery. "If you would like to come to your room, sir, for a moment," the latter said respectfully, as he took up Sir John's bag, "I will show you the way."

Sir John looked round for the King's Messenger, but that gentleman had disappeared. He followed the footman along a spacious but by no means regal passage, and was shown into an exceedingly comfortable room, in which blazed a brilliant fire. There was a beautiful set of silver hair-brushes with a big "S" on the backs, and Sir John could not conceal his gratification at this delicate attention. Indeed, so pleased was he that he promptly presented the footman with a sovereign, and, after artistically arranging across the crown of his head the one lock of iron-grey hair, which did duty for the rest, announced that he was ready.

"This way, if you please, sir," said the footman respectfully. "If you'll kindly follow me, sir."

Sir John somewhat diffidently followed the footman downstairs. The ambition of a lifetime was about to be realized. In another moment, he would be presented to Royalty. Would his Majesty shake hands with him or content himself with a stately bow? And ought he, Sir John, to address the King as "Your Majesty" or "Sir?" He began to wish that he had had another look at his tie. "Of course, they couldn't expect me to be in Court dress at such short not-

ice," he mused, and turned to the footman. "One moment, please. Is my tie straight?"

"Puffickly straight, sir," said the footman. He threw open the door. "Sir John Swaffham!"

Sir John, still vainly endeavoring to appear as though he were accustomed to meet Royalty every day, advanced slowly into the room to where a lady and a gentleman in evening dress stood on the white hearth-rug. He was a little short-sighted, and did not, for the moment, perceive that the lady held a surpassingly beautiful little four-year old girl in her arms. When he did, he was immensely gratified. "Must be the Prince and Princess of Wales, and they're keeping the child up to show me," he thought. In his gratification he made so profound a bow that his foot became entangled in a black bearskin, and he was violently precipitated into the arms of the Prince as that gentleman came forward to meet him.

"I beg your Royal Highness's par—" he stammered. Then a cold perspiration of rage broke out all over him. "Jerningham! You here! What does this mean? Are you also invited? Impossible!"

The beautiful woman at Jerningham's side (she was too far off to hear what had been said) came forward. "This is indeed most kind of you, uncle. I was so afraid that you would not congratulate us on our good fortune now that Dick has come into his own."

In spite of Sir John's half-hearted protest, she kissed him affectionately. "Now you must kiss baby Joan," she declared. "Joan was as near as we could get to John, uncle. Joan, darling, this is Uncle Swaffham. Kiss him, Joan."

She placed the golden-haired mite in Sir John's arms.

For the moment the child seemed inclined to cry.

"Buck up, Joan," said Jerning-

ham. "What have you been wishing people all day?"

Joan "bucked up." "A melly Christmus, and a—a——"

"Happy New Year and many of 'em," prompted her father.

"And a happy many of 'em Uncle Swappy," said Joan triumphantly bursting into a peal of baby laughter.

"It was so kind of you to come in response to my letter," said Mrs. Jerningham, again kissing Sir John most affectionately, "though you are too late for dinner. Still, you must be hungry after your ride. We are going to have a Christmas Eve supper directly."

The bewildered Sir John remembered that he had received a letter from his niece that very morning, but, concluding that it was a begging appeal, he had thrust it, unopened, into the fire. Presently he found himself sitting in a comfortable armchair, in the most benevolent of moods, actually teaching that engaging small person, Joan Jerningham, how to play with his watch-chain. Then he put his watch to her ear and let her count the ticks.

After a little while, Joan's golden head began to droop, she nestled more closely to him, and buried her face in his shoulder.

"Come, Joan darling, bed-time," said her mother warningly. "Say 'good-night' to Uncle Swaffham, and I'll carry you up to the nursery."

"I'se not sleepy," began Joan; and immediately disproved the assertion by falling fast asleep.

Mrs. Jerningham took the child and left the two men together.

When they were alone, Sir John turned fiercely on Dick Jerningham. "Now, sir, what is the meaning of this outrage?" he demanded with well-feigned anger.

The good-looking young fellow shut his teeth together with a click. "I hoped you wouldn't take it like that, Sir John," he said sternly. "I'm

the kidnapper. My wife doesn't know anything about it. She thinks you've come in answer to her letter. I told her that I'd had an answer from you, and that I was going over to fetch you."

"But why—why?"

"Because," said the young fellow, "because, Sir John, she's very fond of you, and I couldn't bear to see her grieve at your continued silence. Like all young men who are in love, I've no doubt made myself very objectionable. But I love her so much, and she's so very sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! Why?"

"You're all alone in the world, and we have each other and the kiddie. That's why she's so sorry for you. She nearly broke down last Christmas because she wanted to see you so much."

Sir John, although visibly softened, was a stubborn man. "It was a mean trick to play upon an old man's vanity and—and loyalty to his sovereign. A mean trick."

"It was a mean trick," Jerningham admitted. "A very mean trick. A trick for which I owe you the profoundest apology. Now that I have come into a lot of money, I can make that apology without any suspicion of interested motives. I couldn't think of any other way to get you here, or I wouldn't have turned kidnapper."

"But my servants! I shall be the

laughing-stock of the county," fumed Sir John.

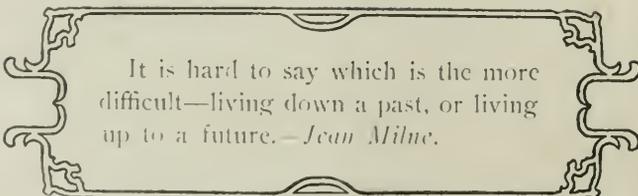
"Oh, no, you won't. Only the butler heard my yarn, and he was nearly drunk. You can easily say that you come over here to see us, and no one will doubt it for a moment. I'm very much ashamed of myself for having played this trick on you, but it was for my wife's sake. You saw how happy she was to meet you again. Say what you like to me—I deserve it all—but don't make her unhappy. You're the only relation she has in the world, and she has never ceased to love you. I don't talk cant, Sir John, but, if a young man may presume to say so to a much older one, this is a time of the year when most people strive to forget and forgive."

The door opened, and Mrs. Jerningham came in, her beautiful face flushed with happiness. "Joan was too sleepy to say her prayers," she said smilingly. "She's going to show 'Uncle Swappy' her golliwog in the morning."

The footman announced supper.

Sir John hesitated no longer. "I'm ferociously hungry, Jerningham, and I haven't yet thanked you for bringing me over on such a beastly night." He turned to his niece. "My love, may I have the privilege of taking you in to supper? I—I shall enjoy it much more than I did my solitary dinner."

And he did.





ZEPPELIN'S AIRSHIP FLOATING OVER LAKE CONSTANCE

The Future of Airship Travel in Canada

With Some Account of Zeppelin's Achievements

By

G. STERLING RYERSON, M.D.

I VENTURE the prediction that within five years in Europe, and within ten years in Canada, it will be possible to travel by airship with comfort, speed and reasonable safety—arriving and leaving with much the same degree of certainty that is now assured by ocean-going steamers. Zeppelin's airship, carrying sixteen persons, can remain in the air for four days without descending to earth for additional food or fuel (he has carried twenty-six). The present rate of speed is 40 miles an hour. There can be no doubt that this speed will eventually be increased, as also the carrying capacity of the airships.

On the basis of 40 miles an hour, it would be possible to cross from Halifax to Liverpool (2,100 miles), in

about 53 hours. A trans-Atlantic voyage, however, will not likely be undertaken in the very near future.

It is not at all improbable that a line of airships will run from Halifax to Montreal, via St. John, N.B.; from Montreal to Toronto, and from Toronto to Winnipeg and Vancouver. At a speed of forty miles an hour, nine hours would be required for the run from Montreal to Toronto, but as the distance is calculated by railway mileage, it is probable that the time would be greatly reduced by a straight flight "as the crow flies."

Think of the comfort of it—especially in summer! No jarring, no dust, no smoke! Fancy the enjoyment to be derived from the wonderful and rapidly-changing panorama!

The conquest of the air is no more wonderful than the invention of the electric telegraph, the telephone, the transmission of electric energy, or wireless telegraphy, or the discovery of radium or X-rays. It is not more improbable that in a few years we shall be making our reservations for airship berths than that we should see our own bones, or that we should be able to photograph our heart's action, or transmit a message 2,000 miles without wires.

To Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin's energy, tenacity of purpose, courage and ability, the world is indebted for solving the problem of aerial navigation—a problem which has occupied the attention of scientists for two centuries.

The story of Zeppelin and his airships is one of persistent effort in the face of discouragement, public incredulity and financial embarrassment. Much has been written by him, but so far as my knowledge goes, he has not come in contact with Canadians, and little is known of his personality or life history. It was my good fortune to see him and to hear from men who know him intimately, something of his life and work. A man of seventy-one, he is active, alert, and acts like a man of forty. He is of medium height, square build, of rosy countenance, the color of which is heightened by his snow-white moustache, although his head is otherwise almost devoid of hair. His eyes are blue-grey, bright, keen, fearless and vivacious. Such is a pen picture of the man

who has achieved a world reputation as the "Conqueror of the Air." Born July 8th, 1838, of noble parents of no great wealth, on the "Island" near Constance, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin early engaged in hunting, shooting, fishing and mountain-climbing, hence his present vigorous health. He was carefully educated by tutors and entered the University of Wurtemberg at an early age, and later in life served with great distinction in the Franco-Prussian War. He had previously obtained war experience by

serving in the American Civil War under Grant. While in America he, with two Russian companions, endeavored to trace the sources of the Mississippi. During this expedition he met with adventures and hardships which well nigh cost him his life. After the Franco-Prussian War he served as a cavalry officer for some years, and finally reached the rank of general. His military career was varied by a per-



COUNT ZEPPELIN

iod of diplomatic service as the representative of Wurtemberg at the Court of Berlin.

The idea of dirigible airships came to him forcibly during his service as a cavalry officer in two outposts during the siege of Paris. He kept it constantly in mind, and finally, in 1894, his military life being ended, he addressed himself seriously to this question. The year 1898 saw him embarked in the manufacture of airships at the head of a company with a capital of 800,000 marks. By the end of 1900 his first airship was completed

THE FUTURE OF AIRSHIP TRAVEL IN CANADA

in the floating construction hall on the Bodin See, Lake Constance. On the 2nd of July he moved out in view of the assembled thousands. He made three successful flights this year. Strange to relate, it was after his first success that the time of trial and discouragement came. Notwithstanding his successful flight he could obtain no more money to continue his work. For this he pledged his own, his wife's and his daughter's fortunes and reduced himself and family to dire straits. At last the German Imperial Government came to his rescue and gave him a very large sum in return for executive rights.

Now, a few words of description of the Zeppelin System of Airship. The essential ideas are: (1) Compartments. (2) An elongated form driven by gasolene motors. The length of the airship is 136 meters, and greatest breadth 13 meters. Each compartment is filled with hydrogen gas separately and can be emptied separately, hence in case of accident, damage to a "gas cell" does little harm. From the frame of the airship is suspended two "gondolas," each carry-

ing a Daimler motor of 105 h.p. Along the whole length of the ship runs a steel keel, suspended from which is a small car loaded with reserve material, which can be run forwards and backwards to aid in rising or descending. Running along two-thirds of the length of the under side of the balloon is a passageway constructed of steel and canvas, through which one can pass from one "gondola" to the other. In the centre of the passage is a "cabin" 8 meters long and two wide. It is comfortably fitted as a sleeping room. In the centre of the balloon, leading to its upper surface, is a stairway, ending in a platform, from which the head and shoulders can emerge above the upper surface of the bottom for the purpose of making observations. The airship is driven by two propellers, having a diameter of 2.20 meters. It is steered by one vertical and six horizontal rudders, three on each side. The framework is made of steel tubing and aluminum, covered with special cotton cloth, sized and otherwise prepared to resist gas and pressure air change of temperature.



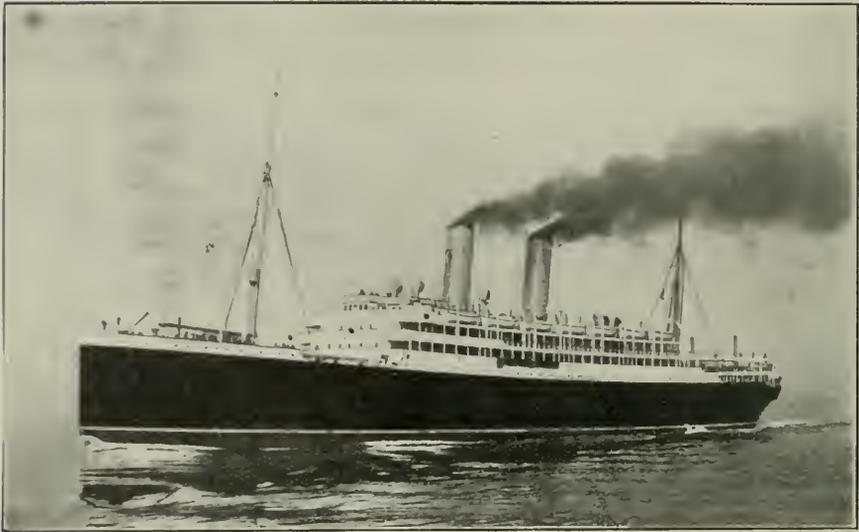
ZEPPELIN'S AIRSHIP EMERGING FROM FLOATING SHED ON LAKE CONSTANCE

Christmas Aboard an Ocean Liner

By

CAPTAIN A. H. VIPOND.

Commander of the S.S. Virginian



A CANADIAN ATLANTIC LINER

TWO or three years ago I remember a couple of tiny girls coming to me whilst I was on the bridge of one of the Allan steamers to ask if it were true that we had on board Father Christmas as a passenger. Had you been in my place I think you would have answered as I did. I told them that not only was Father Christmas on board, but that he was going to make a present to all the little boys and girls when they were sound asleep in their cabins. How delighted those youngsters were! Yet they had their misunderstandings, for they could not understand how Father Christmas could find his way into a cabin where there was no chimney.

As a matter of fact, it is quite true that at sea, as on land, wherever there are a few English people, the old, old festival of Christmas tide is kept up. It has grown to be quite a part of us, and comes, therefore, as I may put it, in the natural order of things.

Curiously enough, throughout my life on the sea, I have never known a Christmas Day marred by really bad weather. As a rule, the elements have somehow seemed to come into harmony with the peaceful associations of the day. Heavy falls of snow I have known, of course, and on these occasions, when the water has been fairly calm, the comparative silence of the ocean was

CHRISTMAS ABOARD AN OCEAN LINER

very vividly borne in upon us. There was no sound to be heard save the swish of the waves and the whirl of our propellers. Although the bridge of a liner is not the most attractive place in a blinding snowstorm, I have often thought that I know no prettier spectacle than a great steamer outlined in the virgin white of the feathery flakes.

I am often asked at this time of the year whether it is true that people send Christmas cards to one another on board ship. It will no doubt interest many of my readers to hear that the practice is very general on the big Atlantic liners. If the passengers before embarking have not provided themselves with a few cards (and generally they do forget to do so) they can rely on purchasing some from the ship's barber, or other official, who usually lays in a good variety, knowing that he will readily dispose of them. He often has, also, a little stock of fancy goods suitable for presentation purposes. These, too, are quickly bought up by the passengers, who are glad of the opportunity to secure some little nick-nack to offer a friend as a Christmas gift or souvenir of the voyage.

Though there is an official "post office" on the ship, with a collection immediately prior to sailing and one on arrival at port, it will be obvious to my readers that passengers do not drop their cards into the letter-box if the ship is in mid-Atlantic, to be delivered to those on board next day. Letters, etc., put into the box are treated just as if they were in the ordinary pillar-box on land, and they are not taken out until the proper collecting time. No; if you have a few Christmas cards to be delivered to your fellow travelers in another part of the ship, the man who acts as the postman is your steward. On Christmas Eve the various stewards receive a large number of letters, cards, packets, etc., for delivery early

on Christmas Day, and these are either placed before the recipients on the breakfast table, or taken to the proper cabins with a cup of tea or coffee as soon as the occupants are stirring.

The happiness and delight derived by young and old alike from these little gifts is simply unbounded. Breakfast on board is served, of course, in the handsome dining-saloon, and the litter of envelopes, paper and string on the carpet afterwards occupies the attention sometimes of half-a-dozen stewards to clear it away! The captain on these occasions is seldom forgotten, and though he misses the good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the dear ones at home, he receives innumerable expressions of goodwill from his passengers.

Besides the customary Christmas cards, we nowadays are able to send and receive greetings to and from passing ships and the mainland by means of wireless telegraphy. This has grown into a popular custom, and a Christmas Day at sea never passes without an interchange of messages and good wishes from friends at home and the passengers on steamers crossing the ocean. A message addressed to the passengers as a body is posted on the notice boards, where every one may read it, and needless to say it enhances the prevailing feelings of good-fellowship.

Divine service is as much an institution at sea as on land, especially on Christmas Day. It is attended by all classes of passengers, and it nearly always happens that there is a clergyman on board to officiate. He conducts the service just as though he were in his own church at home, except for a few minor differences in routine. Hymns for this season of the year are selected and are sung with great heartiness, while on steamers such as the Virginian,

which has a concert party formed of stewards, carols are sung by what I may truthfully term the choir. It may cause a smile when I say that we always make a collection on these occasions, but the proceeds do not go towards the "Building Fund" or the "Mother's Meeting Social Fund," or the "New Organ Fund," or for the "Sunday-School Scholars' Next Tea Party"—they all go to that splendid institution, the Seaman's Orphanage. I need scarcely add that the service includes a sermon on the Christmas festival and all that it means.

Towards evening a most appetising odor may be detected in the neighborhood of the dining saloons. It heralds the approach of Christmas dinner—such a dinner as is unrivalled even in the finest London and Continental hotels. Its preparation was in progress weeks before the ship sailed, for all the edibles had first to be decided on, then ordered, and finally examined by the master steward and victualling superintendent, whose office is an important one on shore.

You may be certain that he provides a few dozen turkeys and geese, together with hundreds of rounds of beef, a plentiful supply of whatever game is in season, plum puddings, fruits, as well as the ingredients for all descriptions of innumerable dainty dishes. When you are at the table and read the menu before you, you cannot but wonder whence came

all the tempting things the chef has provided.

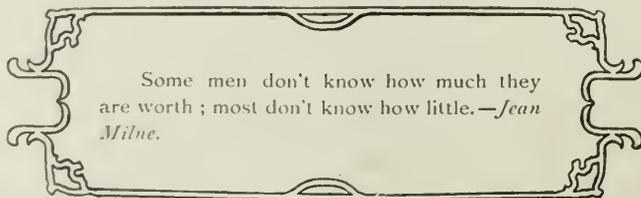
Though I have been at sea many years, I am even now sometimes amazed at the extraordinary appliances which are used by the cooks. One of the chief of these worth mentioning is, perhaps, the refrigerating apparatus, in which are stocked all the goods liable to perish unless kept in the ice chamber.

The good old-fashioned Christmas fare remains as popular as ever at sea, and is immensely enjoyed. Toasting each other's health follows among the passengers, and the function winds up with snap-dragon and other games, and the pulling of Christmas crackers, which afford endless enjoyment.

Meanwhile, the purser, stewards and other officers have arranged a sacred concert for the evening, and it is really surprising how successful these gatherings prove to be. When we happen to have a professional singer on board, he or she most willingly volunteers to assist the amateurs, who put forth every effort to bring the Christmas festival to a successful end.

Before concluding I should add that next day—Boxing Day—a round of entertainments is provided, the programme generally including a fancy dress ball and amateur theatricals.

Life on board an ocean liner at Christmas time is, after all, not without its pleasures.





ONE OF THE GALLERIES, ART ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL

A Business Men's Art Gallery

By

F. J. ARROWSMITH

“USEFUL Arts paved the way to Fine Arts. Men upon whom the former had bestowed every convenience turned their thoughts to the latter. Beauty was studied in objects of sight, and men of taste attracted themselves to the Fine Arts, which multiplied their enjoyment and improved their benevolence.”

It was in 1847—a memorable year in the Fine Arts history of Montreal—that the citizens of the Metropolis of Canada were given their first opportunity of viewing, in a carefully selected form, a collection of pictures from the brush of dead and living artists. Before then only the collector pure and simple and the rich man

who could take a trip to the renowned picture galleries of the Old World, were enabled to study and to draw inspiration from those “poems without words,” which, in their beauty and inspiration, to paraphrase Addison, make their way so directly to the soul, and diffuse a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination. A country without an art collection is bereft of those influences which enrich the commonplace with culture and elegance, and make the most humdrum life all the more pleasant to bear.

It was in 1847, then, that a few enterprising artists in Montreal, recognizing that the city, so far as a proper appreciation of Art was concerned, was in the Dark Ages, pro-

moted the first authentic exhibition of pictures. Aided by the loan of some masterpieces from local patrons, a collection of some 170 pictures was displayed in what is now known as the Mechanics' Institute, an association of business men on St. James Street. From the first, quality and not quantity was the standard, and that standard has ever since been carefully borne by succeeding collections. With a quaintly-worded apology for a deficiency in quantity, which, it was hoped, was atoned for by quality, and mentioning that the committee had carefully selected the best, while strictly excluding those of their works which might be deemed commonplace or offensive to taste, the exhibition was thrown open to view.

After that the movement seems to have languished until ten years later, when, under the direction of the Mercantile Library Association, another exhibition, comprising some 317 pictures, was held. This effort was more of an associated character, and led the way to the formation of the present Montreal Art Association, which later in its incorporation and peculiar features of organization, is quite unique.

A great amount of success must have attended this exhibition, for three years later came the incorporation of an association "for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, by means of the establishment and maintenance, in so far as may be found practicable, of a gallery or galleries of Art, and the establishment of a School of Design in the City of Montreal." At last an associated attempt was to be made to relieve Montreal of a standing reproach to its boasted enlightenment, and to gather together for all time for the benefit of the citizens some of the wonderful portrayals of nature that "multiply our enjoyment and improve our benevolence." With no money except that personally subscribed by well-wishers of the movement, and without any headquarters of its own, the Art Association, under the presidency of Bishop Fulford, fought its way slowly

forward. Exhibitions of pictures, loaned and for sale, were held regularly either in the Mechanics' Institute or in the Windsor Hotel, gathering popularity every year, and sowing seeds which bore great fruit when the chance of the association came.

And this chance was afforded by the wonderful bequest of Benaiah Gibb, a worthy Montreal merchant, who was vice-president of the association in its second year, and who was a very devoted collector of paintings. This gentleman, the first really great benefactor of the association, not only bequeathed the land in Phillips Square, on which the present fine building of the Art Association stands, but also his collection of pictures in perpetuity as the nucleus of a gallery for the Art lovers of his beloved city. It can be imagined how the councillors appreciated the bequest, and felt rewarded for their efforts in thus being able to reprove the doubting Thomases who had despaired of a permanent gallery in Montreal.

With the help of public subscriptions the first portion of the Art Association building was erected, and opened in 1879 by the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. But the original collection was so quickly added to by gifts and purchases, and the aims of the association so widened, that the building had to be extended, and in 1893 a handsome annex was opened by Lord Aberdeen. From the original collection of 163 pictures and objects of arts, the galleries now contain some 550 to 560, the last additions being the exceptionally fine collection received from Mr. W. J. Learmont, and his sister, Agnes Learmont, members of a well-known Montreal family. The association has also received great help, although confined by conditions, from a Miss Orkney, a niece of Mr. Gibb, and from Mr. John W. Tempest, another merchant of Montreal, who left the association 170 paintings of great merit, and \$60,000, the interest of this sum to be devoted solely for



RT. REV. LORD BISHOP FULFORD
LATE BISHOP OF MONTREAL AND METROPOLITAN OF CANADA
FOUNDER OF THE ART ASSOCIATION

the purchase of pictures of a particular school.

If, in its objects, the association is not unique, surely it is in its source of maintenance. When it is considered that the upkeep of the building, and the whole expenses of the association are provided for solely by the voluntary subscriptions of its members, now numbering 850 to 900, and the rent of two or three small stores, one can give a hearty paean of praise to the council and officers of the past and of the present for the able manner in which they have overcome the financial difficulties—difficulties which

necessarily increase every year, as the Art Gallery grows. It must be understood that the policy of the management is one of progress, and progress is not always economical.

The aim of the association is not only to add to its collection, but to guide and educate the tastes of its members, and to cultivate and encourage the artistic tendencies of young Montreal. Art classes are held on various days, and although the funds of the association will not allow of free tuition, yet scholarships are given which afford a chosen few the opportunity of a free course of instruction

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

under the professors on the staff. Then again, the association organizes at different times loan collections of paintings of the different European schools past and present, so that members can see masterpieces without the expense of going abroad. In these collections the committee carries out the original ideas of the inceptors—not the gathering of a large collection, but one that will best enrich the minds and imaginations of its members, as artistic studies alone can do. In addition, some three or four annual exhibitions are given, so that aspiring artists are afforded a chance of exhibiting their works, and of receiving public recognition so often deserved and yet so seldom forthcoming.

It can be quite understood, as the objects and work of the association are fully realized, that the upkeep

and other expenses of the Galleries are very heavy. The insurance on the pictures, permanent and loaned, is enormous, and the assessment by the city, which has no sympathy for poor struggling Art, grows heavier every year. And yet all this ever-growing expense is met by the subscriptions of members and the rent from the stores previously mentioned. The public is charged a slight fee for admission, but there is no doubt that if the association could support the collection and maintain the obligations into which it entered from the days of its incorporation, it would willingly throw open its doors to the public, and start a national gallery that is imperatively needed in Canada. All it can do now is to encourage Art through its club organization.



THE READING ROOM



Peace or War With the United States

LORD COURTNEY, OF PENWITH, contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a thoughtful article on "Peace or War," in which he touches on the future relations of Great Britain and the United States, incidentally dealing with the Dominion's position in regard to the two nations. Lord Courtney surveys the wars in Europe of the past century and comes to this conclusion, which he states in two provincial propositions: "First, that considering the tempers, traditions, and historic circumstances of men and of nations, every war that has ever happened has been inevitable; but next, that no war which has not yet happened, however powerful may be the forces moving to its precipitation, can be pronounced inevitable until it has actually come to pass,"

War with France has been often inevitable, but has never come to pass, and Lord Courtney asks if the same may not be true with regard to the United States. While a war with America may seem most improbable, yet brothers may quarrel and fight, and there have been times when evil temper has been manifested. The very fact that the same language is spoken

in both countries makes time for reflection short.

Lord Courtney reviews some of the occasions of friction during the last century, the Trent and Alabama affairs and the Venezuelan question. Of the latter he writes that while there was much exasperation in England over President Cleveland's interference, it transpired later that "he was a simple, honest man, more or less unconscious of the offence he was exciting and of the imprudence of his own conduct."

There are two conceivable provocations for war in the future, though it would require gross mismanagement to bring war about in either case. Pretensions to exclude trade might be developed into one provocation. The second would be found in the deeper question of the existence of the Dominion.

The citizens of the United States are not always thinking about Canada, but I believe the unrevealed thought of almost every one of them is that Canada will in the fulness of time be joined on to the United States and become one with them. There is no dream of taking Canada by force. The belief is that, as the fascination of the Union becomes realized and the assimilation of political and social life perfected,



AN IMPORTANT STRATEGIC POINT

THE FIRST LOCK OF THE WELAND CANAL AT PORT DALHOUSIE. THE CANADIAN CRUISER "VIGILANT" IS BEING LOCKED THROUGH

the gravitation of the Dominion to the Union will be irresistible. To prevent misapprehension, I hasten to say that I do not myself accept this dream with acquiescence, much less with satisfaction, and again still less with desire. The political organisation of Canada is, in my judgment, better than that of the United States, and it possesses a flexibility and a power of self-adjustment which the citizens of the Republic might well envy. Barring the realisation of Tennyson's long deferred "Federation of the World," it is to be wished that the development of the two neighbors may remain separated, though friendly. Something must be added. What is to be said of our national attitude by the side of the American view? We are also not always thinking about Canada; but, if I understand my countrymen aright, they would never under any circumstances consent to the forcible annexation of Canada against the wishes of the people of Canada, although they exhausted all their powers in resisting such an annexation. We have at the same time been in the habit of saying until it has become a commonplace, that if any colony desired to separate itself from the United Kingdom we should not attempt to compel it to remain with us. I must confess that I think this commonplace has not the grace of perfect sincerity; but it is almost impossible to conceive of a practically united desire of separation. In the War of Independence there was to the last a minority who wished to remain under the

British Crown, and migrated as Loyalists northwards; and notwithstanding the recent singular dissolution of the union between Norway and Sweden, I think unanimity on the question of separation would be for ever impossible; whilst unanimity on the question of a transfer of union is beyond the dream of dreams. The clue that may guide us through the labyrinth of the future is to be found in the principle that the people of Canada must be recognised as absolute masters of their fate.

Lord Courtney sees no hope of a continued naval predominance for England, relative to the United States. "It is not a question of courage, of sacrifice or of patriotic devotion. Having regard to population, accumulated resources and physical power, the notion of challenging the United States to a running competition in building ships of war is seen to be idle."

He sees a chance of some friction over the tariff between Canada and the United States. "Some curious questions may have to be debated touching the bearing of the prohibi-

tion of certain exports from one or more provinces of the Dominion, or the duties to be levied on Canadian products in general brought into the United States. Diplomacy may well be exercised in adjusting the

difficulties provoked by trade jealousies on both sides. But diplomacy may be trusted to solve these questions until the happier and distant time comes when they shall disappear."

A Preventative of Fatigue

"In the light of the rapid progress made in the last few years, it is not even too much to suppose that some day we may have a form of immunization against fatigue that will be as effective as the present vaccination for smallpox." This is the conclusion arrived at by F. W. Eastman in *Harper's Monthly*, when discussing recent research work along the lines of discovering the causes of fatigue.

He points out that very little has been done to break the bonds that hamper humanity in this direction. In the near future, on account of the banishment of the more pressing question of disease, doctors will be able to turn their attention more earnestly to producing greater efficiency in the normal individual. Fatigue, either of mind or body, by harassing us at every turn during our waking hours, and finally prostrating us in sleep for a third of our time, would seem to be an enemy worthy of our steel.

After demonstrating that every muscular effort is a chemical process, the writer points out just what this process is.

Laboratory experiments give us more definite information as to what this chemical process really is and its relation to fatigue. The stored material mentioned above is a kind of sugar, being composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and is called glycogen. The great storehouse for this muscle-sugar is the liver, which takes it from the alimentary tract and supplies it through the blood to the muscles as their smaller stores are used up. When the muscle is stimulated to contract, either by a nerve impulse from the brain or more directly by the application of an electric current, there is a reaction between the oxygen of the blood and this glycogen. This process results in the formation of waste products and a release of energy, some of which produces the shortening of the muscle in contraction, and the rest, in the form of heat, is either wasted or used to

regulate the body temperature. However, it is the waste products formed which are of greatest interest to us, for it is to their accumulation that our fatigue is usually to be ascribed.

Experiments prove that not only does the presence of the waste products in the system occasion fatigue, but also that a shortage of glycogen also causes fatigue. From this it is deduced that as all fatigue substances are acid in reaction, the use of alkalis in some form or other becomes advantageous and that the use of sugar helps to keep up the supply of glycogen and greatly retards fatigue. However, owing to the variety of fatigue substances produced, no one substance is able to neutralize them all.

Only recently still another aspect has been given to the question by the investigations of a young German scientist named Weichardt. He finds that the injection of the extract of fatigued muscles into fresh animals produces all the symptoms of fatigue, and even death by apparent exhaustion if the dose is large enough. So far the results are in accord with experiments already mentioned, but he now goes a step further and finds that repeated injections of medium doses of this toxic extract of fatigued muscle develop an antitoxin in the blood of the injected animal, and it is soon able to stand many times the fatal dose of the extract. This fatigue antitoxin has been separated from the blood and administered to fatigued animals with the result that they recover very much more quickly than usual. When given at the same time that the toxic extract of fatigued muscle is injected, the latter has no effect.

This antitoxin has also been put in the form of tablets and given to human beings, with the result that records of the contractions of some of their muscles prove them to be very much more resistant to fatigue than when the antitoxin was not given. In some cases they were able to do nearly a hundred per cent. more work before exhaustion, and this without any apparent after-effect. Comparison of these results with those from other agents mentioned prove this substance to be by far the most efficient antidote for fatigue.

An Architect With a Mission

The recent death of Charles F. McKim, head of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, of New York, has called forth eulogies from the press of the United States, which demonstrated the high position held by this famous architect in his profession.

St. Gaudens used to call this Pennsylvanian, once a Germantown boy, "Charles the Charming," for he had an irresistible, high-bred, quiet way with him, which enabled him, with an unusual amount of perseverance added, to overcome most obstacles, and as an illustration of his adroitness it is said that when he was completing the Morgan Library—one of the most finished and elegant buildings in the



THE LATE CHARLES F. MCKIM

WHOSE WORK AS AN ARCHITECT IS PRESERVED IN MANY A FAMOUS AMERICAN AND CANADIAN BUILDING

Buildings of world-wide fame, such as the Madison Square Garden in New York, the Public Library in Boston, the Columbia Library in New York and the Pennsylvania Terminal in the same city, are all the product of his genius. Of the man himself, Albert Kelsey writes in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia.

world—he suggested to its wealthy owner, who, until then, had given him carte blanche, that he knew where a large disk of porphyry could be purchased abroad which would just complete the floor under the beautiful vestibule dome. When the price was mentioned, Mr. Morgan was more than forcefully indignant, and gave his architect a stern lecture upon the vice of extravagance. The subject was dropped; other matters were discussed, but just before the interview concluded, Mr. McKim whispered

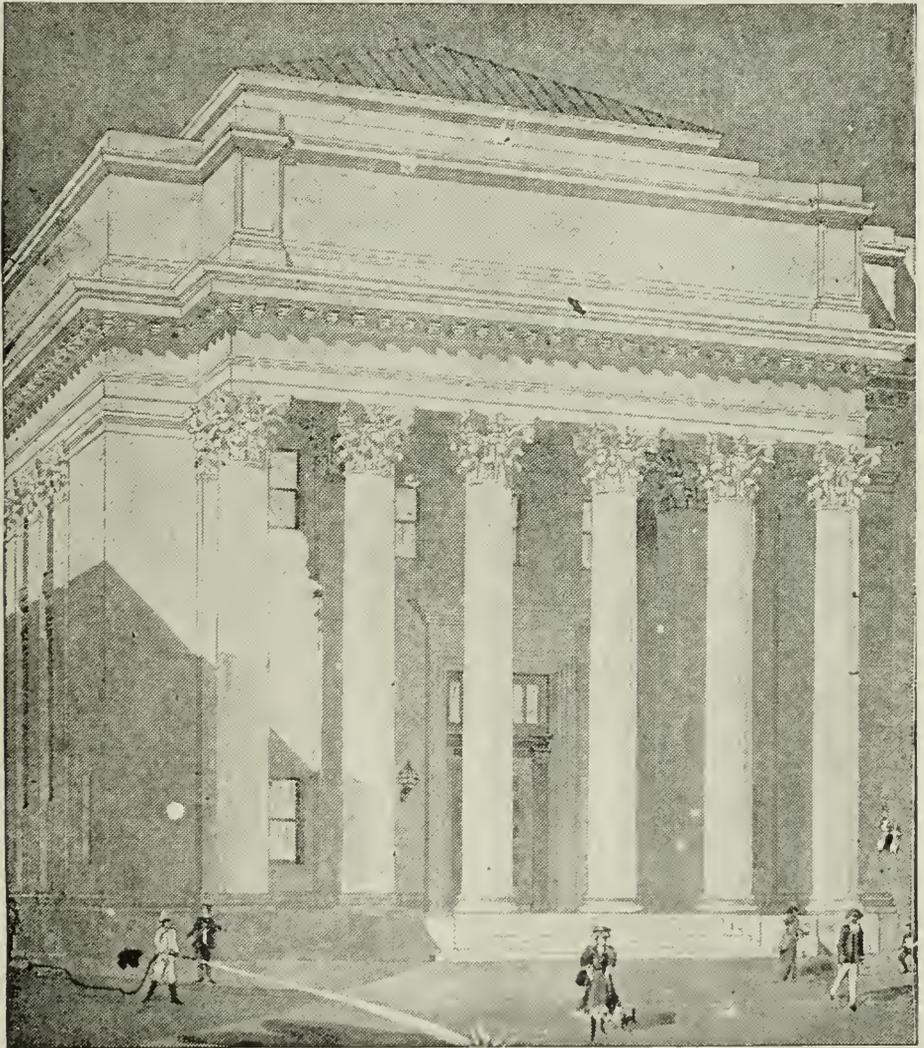
GOOD THINGS FROM OTHER MAGAZINES

in the great man's ear that "Emperors had been crowned upon that stone!" Some days later, Mr. McKim was notified that the porphyry had been cabled for, and it is now said by those who should know that at the famous midnight meeting the Tsar of Wall Street received the great bankers of the country while standing upon it. At any rate, be this as it may, it is in the floor where Mr. McKim wanted it to go, and it completes his color scheme as he wished to have it completed.

Of his varied activities outside the immediate calls of his profession, Mr. Kelsey has this to say:

He was the founder of the American Academy at Rome and raised a million dollars for its endowment. He was the president of the Amer-

ican Institute of Architects and organized the great banquet which was attended by many of the most notable men of the land and had a decided influence in shaping architectural opinion. He was the respected friend and adviser of Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, and such men as the late Secretary of State, the Hon. Elihu Root, owe much of their judgment in the carrying out of large public works to his generous and friendly advice. He was a member of many learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic. He received in 1903, from King Edward, a gold medal in recognition of his services towards the advancement of architecture the world over, and several universities conferred upon him honorary degrees, the last and highest having been conferred less than a year ago by the University of Pennsylvania. On that



THE PROPOSED BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING IN WINNIPEG

occasion in nominating him, Professor Warren P. Laird justly said: "During your career architecture has advanced in this country from obscurity to its rightful position as the master art. In this development your influence has been supreme by reason of a noble purity of style, exalted professional ideals and passionate devotion to the cause of education."

Probably the last piece of work on which Mr. McKim was called to give his advice was the new Bank of Montreal branch in Winnipeg.

While the plans have not yet been definitely decided upon, the design prepared by McKim, Mead & White calls for a Corinthian style of architecture. The structure is to have a 90-foot frontage and 150-foot depth, while the height will be nearly 100 feet. The building when completed will undoubtedly be one of the finest, if not the finest, of its kind in America.

Pros and Cons of Georgian Bay Canal

A THOUGHTFUL article on the Georgian Bay Canal is contributed to the *North American Review* by Professor S. J. McLean. According to him it is not so much the feasibility of the route from an engineering standpoint, which should be considered, but its probable future traffic. From the standpoint of time and the reduction of rates consequent thereon, it may be expected to attract business. But given an improved Welland and St. Lawrence canal system, there would be no advantage in point of time.

During 1907 the wheat rate from Chicago to Buffalo by Lake averaged 1.5 cents per bushel, while from Duluth to Buffalo it was 1.8 cents. During the same period the rail rate on export wheat from Buffalo to New York was from five to five and one-half cents. The Lake and canal rate by the St. Lawrence to Montreal has averaged over a period of years four and one-half cents. Since it is estimated that the Georgian Bay Canal can carry wheat to Montreal at a profit at two cents per bushel, its rate advantages are apparent.

Professor McLean points out, however, that owing to the northerly route of the canal, the period of navigation would be limited to about 210 days, as against 232 days via the Welland canal, but against this he places the possibility of more trips by the shorter route.

A strong argument in favor of the canal is to be found in the significance of the Upper Lakes as the outlet for a rapidly-developing territory. The

importance of the Lower Lakes is relatively declining. The northwestward trend of the wheat centre is especially noteworthy.

Return cargoes by the Georgian Bay canal would, of course, be minus the coal and salt which form the bulk of the cargoes of vessels now running to Lake Erie ports, but this could be made up by general merchandise, cement and Nova Scotian coal.

The Georgian Bay Canal project brings up the important question of the increasing size and draught of Lake vessels. It must be recognized that, notwithstanding the shorter route, there is some question whether there will be sufficient traffic west-bound from Montreal to attract large Lake vessels in preference to the run to Lake Erie ports. In favor of the canal it may, however, be urged that the development of a large bulk of east-bound tonnage will increase the volume of ocean-going tonnage entering Montreal and that the result of this will be a large volume of inbound tonnage. Enthusiasts have claimed that not only will the canal attract the Lake type of vessel, but that it will also lead to direct voyages from the Great Lakes to European ports, thus obviating the disadvantages of breaking bulk.

The Georgian Bay Canal will be a costly work. Construction through the Laurentian formation will be expensive and will take about ten years to complete. It is estimated that the canal will cost \$105,000,000; even if money can be obtained at three per cent., the interest charge will exceed three millions; in addition, maintenance charges must be considered. Although Canada has greatly increased its resources of recent years, the demands upon these are also great. The Government, while favoring the construction of the canal, has not given a definite indication of the policy it proposes to adopt.



JOSEPH PULITZER

The Blind Owner of a Great Newspaper

JOSEPH PULITZER, the blind owner of the *New York World*, is the subject of a particularly interesting character study in the *American Magazine*. This remarkable man landed in America in 1864, with only a 20-franc piece in his pocket. To-day he is the possessor of a fortune estimated from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. For 22 years he has been blind and yet he con-

tinues his work with undiminished vigor.

Joseph Pulitzer's whole life has been ordered in lines of the most tremendous dramatic effects. Even the terrible affliction of blindness must needs have a setting in keeping with the ruling scheme. He enslaved himself to the World's success, burning the candle at both ends, until shattered, raw nerves and a persistent mist before his pale blue-gray eyes drove him to seek rest in a yachting cruise. One evening just before sunset, as his vessel was

standing out of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea loomed full ahead, the blow fell. He was at the rail reading when he was plunged into darkness.

"Has the sun set so soon?" he asked querulously.

"Not yet," answered a companion.

"It has," was his astounding rejoinder. "Please take me below and tell the captain to put about."

Mr. Pulitzer's blindness has compelled him to withdraw behind the scenes of public life. He has hidden himself and sunk his identity in his papers and particularly in the *World*.

When Mr. Pulitzer erected the building in New York which bears his name, he intended it to be the tallest building on earth, and for some years it bore this distinction. But it was to see little of its owner, for during the past twenty years he has only entered it two or three times. He spends most of his time on board his yacht, cruising in all parts of the world. He is always surrounded by a troop of readers and secretaries, and when the impulse to do a thing comes upon him his power of endurance breaks the youngest and strongest of them.

Some of Mr. Pulitzer's ideas on journalistic work are well worth noting, for they are equally applicable to other walks of life.

"Don't waste words," he has dinned in the ears of his sons and his editors and reporters. This preachment has been summed up in these

three words placarded all over the editorial rooms of the *World*: "Accuracy, Terseness, Accuracy.— J. P." An introduction to an article or "story" for his papers "is a waste of time, good paper, and words," he has protested over and over again. "I don't want to read a thing three times and you have to do it when an editor tells you in headlines what you may expect to read and the reporter tells you in an introduction and again in the body of his story and maybe two or three times more something that you know already."

There was a murder in New Jersey a year ago. The news had all been told when Mr. Pulitzer heard of it. His editors were through with the "story," but he saw what they did not. He cabled to have a capable reporter read Tolstoy's "Resurrection" and get at the psychology of the murderer. "You have a great big human tragedy under your nose. Tolstoy would write volumes about it. Please print a page in the *World*." Those were his instructions.

When Pulitzer wanted new blood among his editorial writers, he selected ten of the best edited newspapers in America, which were read to him every day. At the end of six months he picked the author of the editorials in a Detroit paper and added him to his staff.

He has always been in sympathy with those who work for him. During the panic of 1907 when few employers in New York were paying cash wages, he gave a premium of from \$1,200 to \$1,500 weekly in Wall Street for the gold with which his payrolls were liquidated.

An English Impression of Laurier

GEORGE W. SMALLEY gives some of his impressions of Canada's Premier in the current *Pall Mall Magazine*. He met Sir Wilfrid for the first time during the Alaskan boundary dispute, when Lord Minto was Governor-General. Mr. Smalley was himself a guest at Rideau Hall.

The boundary question was discussed between the two men, Sir Wilfrid taking infinite pains to explain his views to the great correspondent. These views were not intended for publication, and Smalley was at a loss what to do about it. He finally asked

the Premier if he was at liberty to draw any inference from these interviews.

"Are you going to Washington?"

"Yes."

"Shall you see the President or Mr. Hay?"

"Both."

"Well, if you think anything you have heard here likely to interest the President or Mr. Hay, I don't see why you should not discuss the matter with them as you have with me; if they choose."

I went to Washington. I saw both the President and Mr. Hay. I said, of course, I had no authority, but I had a strong impression, and this impression I laid before them. As a matter of convenience I had drawn up a mem-

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orandum, of which I had sent Sir Wilfrid a copy. When Mr. Hay asked me whether I had any notes of my conversations with the Canadian Prime Minister, I handed him this memorandum, rather a long document. He wished it read to him, and it was. Then we talked it over. Mr. Hay said :

"I suppose you will see the President. I shall see him also, but I think it will be better you should make your statement to him separately."

My belief is that both of them would have been disposed to consider the Canadian Prime Minister's attitude a reasonable one, and if an official proposal in that sense had been made, and if it had rested with the President to say yes or no, he would have accepted it. But acceptance involved a treaty, and what was the use of agreeing to a treaty which had to run the gauntlet of the United States Senate: "the graveyard of treaties?" The Senate at that time was in one of its most irreconcilable moods.

"Of all the men of both nationalities with

whom, then and after, I had talked about Alaska, Sir Wilfrid alone had a clear view of the danger, and he alone was willing to do what was absolutely necessary to make war impossible. For that reason he stands forth a great patriot, a great Canadian, a great Englishman. Worldwide as is his fame he deserves a greater. It is not yet possible to do him full justice. It may never be. But his views and proposals and large wisdom as they were set forth in these conversations, put him, in my opinion, in the very front rank of statesmen of his time. The impression they made on the President and Mr. Hay was profound. They too were statesmen; but their hands were tied."

Mr. Smalley points out that Sir Wilfrid looked upon the Alaskan situation with gloomy forebodings. The possibility of gold discoveries in the disputed territory might lead to complications and even to war.

Spiral Tunnels to Reduce Grades

The new spiral tunnels, completed last summer, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Field and Hector, B. C., are described in the Railway World.

"Several miles will be added to the length of the track, together with more than a mile of tunneling and a couple of bridges, but the 'Big Hill' grade will be so reduced as to more than double the tractive power of the locomotives. While the work meant the excavation of 650,000 cubic yards of virgin rock, the employment of 1,000 men for twenty months, the boring of about 1.5 miles of tunnels through mountains 10,000 feet high, and the building of two bridges over the Kicking Horse River, it is estimated that it will prove a splendid investment for the Canadian Pacific. It will reduce this big grade from



NEW SPIRAL TUNNEL ON THE C.P.R. NEAR FIELD, B.C.
ARROW INDICATES THE ENTRANCE, WHILE THE EXIT
IS IN THE IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND

4.5 to a maximum of 2.2. This will mean that the biggest obstacle to the running of trains over the Rocky Mountains has been removed, and that in the future on this section of the line two engines will be able to do much more work than four have hith-

erto been able to do, at one-third less expense to the company, and with an almost complete elimination of the ever-present risk to life of operating trains on a steep grade. The cost of the improvement was \$1,500,000."

An Aerial Association Financed by a Woman

THE story of how the Aerial Experiment Association was formed at Baddeck, N.S., is told by Gilbert Grosvenor in *Recreation*. It appears that it was Mrs. Alex. Graham Bell who was really its originator.

In the summer of 1907, five men all intensely interested in aviation were gathered together in Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's home, Beinn Bhreagh, near Baddeck, Cape Breton Island. Four of them were very young, the oldest twenty-eight, and the youngest not twenty-one, while the fifth, Dr. Bell himself, was so eager and full of enthusiasm as to seem almost as young as they in his ardor. These men were, Alexander Graham Bell, best known as the inventor of the telephone, who for many years had been carrying on scientific experiments in aviation; Glenn H. Curtiss, of Hammondsport, New York, the young motorcycle manufacturer holding the world's record for the fastest mile ever made in any machine, won with a motorcycle of his own devising and manufacture; F. W. Baldwin, M.E., of Toronto, captain of the Toronto University football team, which won the Dominion Championship of Canada in 1905; J. A. Douglas McCurdy, M.E., Toronto, a Baddeck boy, who was soon to prove his mettle by flying day after day at forty miles an hour in zero weather, and last, Lieut. Thomas E. Selfridge, 5th U. S. Field Artillery of San Francisco, who had already distinguished himself, as a young West Point graduate, by his command of the U. S. Marines at the great San Francisco fire.

Mr. Curtiss was at work installing one of his motors on an experimental machine of Dr. Bell's; Baldwin and McCurdy were his assistants, and Selfridge had come voluntarily from Newport to watch Dr. Bell's experiments, seeing there his chance of familiarizing himself with a line of work which he foresaw must soon form an important branch of our army. Watching these men together, it one day occurred to Mrs. Bell what a fine thing it would be to unite these unusual men with their different abilities into still closer relations. She therefore suggested that they form themselves into an association with the aim of "getting into the air," and added that she would gladly finance it herself with funds from some property of her own.

Dr. Bell seconded the idea enthusiastically and placed his laboratory with its splendid equipment and trained staff at the disposal of the proposed association.

Mrs. Bell had intended that the work of the association should be limited to the construction of structures of the tetrahedral form invented by her husband, but the latter took a broader view and insisted that the object should be to evolve a practical flying machine of any design. The association was organized with Dr. Bell as chairman; Mr. Curtiss as director of experiments; Lieut. Selfridge, secretary; F. W. Baldwin, chief engineer, and J. A. D. McCurdy, treasurer, and was to exist for one year from Oct. 1, 1907. Subsequently, the time was extended to March 31, 1909, when the chairman adjourned it.

Now Curtiss in America, and Baldwin and McCurdy in Canada are manufacturing and exploiting the new type of aerodromes evolved by the joint efforts of the association, while Dr. Bell continues to search for a perfectly stable form of flying machine in which the element of safety shall rest not on the skill of the operator, but the automatic action of the machine itself. While the association did not realize the chairman's ideal of an automatically stable machine, it did make great strides toward the desired goal. As a result of its eighteen months' work the association has a record of four flying machines successfully flung into the air, one of absolutely unique design and admittedly great qualities completed, but not tried, for lack of suitable motive power, and another unfinished; the record of innumerable experiments put in permanent form for reference, and the training of four young men for service in this new branch of the world's work. Surely a great record of accomplishment when the art of aviation was still in its infancy, by a purely scientific association. The associates can point to the evolution of a distinct type of flying-

machine which has proved its efficiency in many hundred flights in the hands of several different men. It is especially remarkable that the association type of aerodromes were handled by men totally inexperienced in flying, yet they flew successfully from the start. Not only have Curtiss, Selfridge, Baldwin and McCurdy made

successful first flights, but it was demonstrated again, lately in New York at the Aero Club grounds that the veriest tyro, if possessed of a cool head, could work an Aerial Experiment Association type aerodromes successfully after only a few verbal directions given just before he left the ground.

The Burdens of Great Wealth

THE assumption that a very rich man has an easy time in this world is disproven convincingly by Merton H. Forrester in *Munsey's Magazine*.

When the average man forms a mental picture of the life led by multimillionaires, it is probably a picture which has about as little truth in it as the conception which any one of us would form of the daily life and habits of a mullah in the heart of Afghanistan. One would like to search out some intelligent citizen whose income is about a thousand dollars a year, and who perhaps never had, at any one time, so much as a hundred dollars in cash in his possession, and ask him to describe the environment and daily life of a man who is very rich, and whom we may, for convenience, designate as Dives.

The man of modest income, no doubt, fancies that Dives keeps almost all his wealth in the form of actual money; that he has millions of dollars distributed among various banks; that in his vaults are millions more in United States bonds; and that the safe in his office, and another safe in his house, are bursting with bundles of greenbacks and bags of good, hard, solid gold. With all these millions, then, at his command, why should Dives need to worry? His pockets are full of ready money. If he wants anything, he has merely to draw a check or fill out a draft, and lo, the thing is done! He can travel where he likes in special trains. There are servants to do his bidding. He can array his wife and daughters in sumptuous apparel, build houses and collect pictures, and the inevitable check-book will make all things absolutely simple.

What care has such a man as this? He has nothing to think of, save the gratification of his whims. He lives in a round of sumptuous pleasure, and the only possible drag upon it is the possibility of his being bored.

This is the way it looks to the man whose income is a thousand dollars a year. But, as a matter of fact, nothing could be more grotesque or farther from the naked truth. Perhaps, without denying that great wealth is a good thing to have, we may venture to look upon its realities as one sees them in the lives of the iron kings and oil kings and railroad kings and others who have reached a point where their riches are actually remarkable.

Mr. Forrester shows by reference to Russell Sage, John D. Rockefeller and ^{others} that it is not a desire for circular le,

pleasure that has actuated them in their pursuit of wealth, unless it is the sort of subjective pleasure which comes from a sense of power. But any such pleasure is counterbalanced by numerous disadvantages.

In the first place, the average man is altogether wrong in supposing that the multimillionaire can draw at any moment on huge stores of cash. He may have the worth of money; but, taking into account his ordinary mode of living, his supply of ready money is very seldom a large one. The vision of millions scattered through banks and stuffed away in safe receptacles is an idea natural enough to the man who has only a few hundred dollars, and who keeps this sum in a savings-bank, or possibly in an old stocking, hidden away in some secret corner of his dwelling-place. But the man of many millions is, first of all, too wise to lose the interest on immense sums of money by keeping them in the form of cash where they will yield him no return. That sort of thing is a mediæval notion which we do not find prevalent among our rich men to-day.

Again, the fortunes of our richest men are invested often in a hundred ways—in railroads, in industrial enterprises, in steamship companies, in undeveloped lands, and in stocks which may be quoted on the exchange at a very high figure, but which would drop tremendously in value if large blocks of them were to be thrown suddenly on the market. Hence, the very rich man cannot always instantly lay his hand upon a large amount of money without incurring a corresponding loss.

Then there is the constant danger of attack. The rich man lives in a perpetual state of apprehension, always on the defensive, always ready to meet the aggressions of his enemies. But perhaps worst of all is the absence of all privacy in his life. The newspapers chronicle his every movement. The muckrakers see something sinister in everything he does. He is snapshotted. His servants are interviewed. Every bit of kitchen gossip which concerns him and his family is hurried into print with inevitable exaggeration.



RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

AUTHOR AND CHIEF EXPONENT OF THE FAMOUS BUDGET

What the British Budget Really Is

The Budget which has been occupying the centre of the stage in England since it was introduced by Mr. Lloyd-George last April is brought within the comprehension of Canadians and Americans by Sydney Brooks, who writes of "England's Revolutionary Taxes" in *Harper's Weekly*.

The fundamental fact to be borne in mind is that for the year 1909-10 owing in the main to the cost of the old-age pensions scheme and to the increased expenditure on the navy made necessary by German competition, there is a deficiency of some \$70,000,000 which must be, and can only be, made good by new taxation. Mr. Lloyd-George proposes to meet this deficiency in the following manner: Firstly, he largely extends the system of graduation in the income tax. For the future the rate on earned incomes above \$10,000, and on all unearned income, is to be raised from five to six cents on the dollar: while in the case of incomes above \$25,000 there will be a super-tax of two and one-half cents on the dollar on such portion of the income as exceeds \$15,000. Secondly, Mr. Lloyd-

George establishes a scale of license duties, which, for the first time, will make the liquor trade pay in proportion to the real value of the monopoly granted to it by the state. Thirdly, he raises the death duties. In future an estate of over \$25,000 will pay four per cent.; of over \$50,000 five per cent.; of over \$100,000 six per cent.; and so on, till estates of over \$5,000,000 pay fifteen per cent. Fourthly, Mr. Lloyd-George imposes an extra ninety-four cents per gallon on spirits and an extra sixteen cents per pound on unmanufactured tobacco. Fifthly, he increases the settlement, legacy, and succession duties. Sixthly, he hopes to raise over \$3,000,000 by adding to the stamp duties on transfer or sale of property, on bonds to bearer, and on transactions in shares. Seventhly, he taxes motor-cars at rates varying from \$10.50 on a car under six horse-power to \$300 on cars above sixty horse-power, and imposes a duty of six cents a gallon on petrol. The proceeds of these two taxes, however, are to be devoted, under national authority, to repairing, extending, and improving the road system of the country. Eighthly, Mr. Lloyd-George reduces by \$15,000,000 a year the fixed sum set apart for meeting the interest on the national debt. Ninthly, he claps a tax of twenty per cent. on the unearned increment of land, a tax of five per cent. on the

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cent on the dollar on the capital value of undeveloped land, and a tax of ten per cent. reversion duty on any benefit accruing to a lessor on the termination of a lease.

The fight over the Budget has raged most fiercely over the new imposts on land. In this Mr. Lloyd-George has taken a step beyond any previous Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Brooks points out that one reason for the Budget's popularity rests in the fact that it has coupled with it the Development Bill. This Bill allots a sum of money, that will probably be not less than \$5,000,000 a year to be spent directly on schemes of agricultural betterment throughout the British Isles.



DUKE OF SUTHERLAND



DUKE OF PORTLAND

TWO OF THE GREAT LANDLORDS WHO WILL BE AFFECTED BY THE BUDGET

Prepaid Return Postage

A PLAN for augmenting the postal revenue in the United States is now under consideration by the Post Office Department. It relates to return postage or an economical method of getting answers to advertisements, inquiries, etc., whereby the advertiser or enquirer will pay postage only on the replies he actually receives. The plan is described by Henry A. Castle, former auditor for the U.S. Post Office Department, in *Putnam's Monthly*.

The difficulty has been in the past that firms enclosing return cards in their circular letters have lost so much

money through the non-return of the cards, that many of them have given up the idea altogether. A system which would make it possible for them to pay postage only on the cards actually returned would be most popular.

A simple plan for accomplishing this result has been devised, by means of which the Post-Office Department, in co-operation with a business organization interested in extending the facility to all parts of the country, can accommodate the public, while enormously increasing the post-office revenues.

The device now being considered by the Department consists of a postal card and envelope of such form or color as will permit it to

be readily separated from other mail matter and bearing a specialty designed stamp. These cards and envelopes are to be manufactured by the Department, sold for cash and distributed to the persons and firms who will send them out enclosed in circulars, for advertising purposes, collection of news, etc.

There will be purchased, in advance, United States postage-stamps to the value of \$100,000, to be placed on deposit with the Department, as a nominal prepayment of the postage on all matter returned. The patrons of the system will send out these cards and envelopes to their correspondents, who will use them for mailing replies, orders, etc., without affixing additional stamps and therefore without cost to

themselves. The special design on the return envelope or card, only on being mailed, becomes a stamp in fact and in law—the certificate of the Government that the postage has been paid. The deposit is kept intact by daily payments at the receiving offices covering the actual postage on such mail as is received.

The promoters of the scheme estimate that the net increase of annual postal revenue as a result of its adoption would be at least \$16,000,000, which would about offset the current deficit.

Keeping Tab on Freight Cars

THE way in which the railroad companies keep tab on their freight cars is entertainingly described by William Hard in the *Technical World Magazine*. A freight car is worth approximately \$1,200. When it is passed over to another road, the latter is charged 50 cents a day for its use, or \$177.50 a year. Now, as the fixed charges on this car are \$144, and its earning capacity is about \$67 a month, it is clear that the road that owns the car is not making money by letting other roads use it. Therefore, every road is extremely anxious to get its cars back.

On the first of last December the Pennsylvania owned 221,810 freight cars. On its own tracks it had less than seventy per cent. of this number. More than thirty per cent. of its cars—that is, 72,010—were carrying loads on other lines. But the Pennsylvania was not left entirely bereaved. In place of its own children, it had adopted some of its neighbors' children. In place of the 72,010 cars which it had loaned to foreign lines it had borrowed, as partial compensation, some 56,354 cars belonging to other railroads from all parts of the United States.

The system for keeping a record of cars, as employed on the Chicago & Northwestern, is described in some detail, as being the simplest and most economical.

In the broad, well-lighted room, opening out of Mr. Betts' private office, there are a number of girls who spend their time affixing certain fluttering strips of paper to certain spindles. These spindles stand in two long rows along the middle of a long desk. Each strip of paper refers to one certain freight car. Each spindle

refers to a certain big book kept elsewhere in the same room.

The poor modern freight car belonging to the Chicago & Northwestern Railway is bound to be impaled on one of those spindles whenever it moves anywhere on the tracks of the Northwestern Railway or whenever it moves off the tracks of the Northwestern on to the tracks of any other road.

The source from which the slips of paper come is the official report of the freight conductor. This report is a long sheet of paper which is sent in by the conductor as soon as his train reaches the end of its run. Every morning a pile of these sheets lies in Mr. Betts' office.

The whole pile is placed under a cutting machine. The knife of this machine descends and clips off a line at a time. Each line makes a slip about an inch wide and each slip is the record of a car. It says that a certain car—say, number 44733—on the way from Chicago to Portland, has now arrived at Cedar Rapids.

The impaling of these slips on their spindles starts early in the morning. Pretty soon a boy comes along and takes each bunch of slips off its spindle and carries it over to a desk on which is placed a long row of books. The records are now transferred from the slips to the books.

You look over the shoulder of the young man who is doing the transferring on book number three and you understand why the wild freight car can no longer escape from its cage.

Each page of the book is ruled off into columns for all the days of the month. On the first of the month car number 12854 was at Leroy, Wisconsin; on the second, it was at DeKalb, Illinois; on the third, it was at Cedar Rapids, Iowa; on the fourth, it was at Des Moines, Iowa; on the fifth, being still at Des Moines, it was delivered to the Burlington. There the record stands. On the sixth to the Burlington. And the Burlington pays fifty cents a day as long as it has that car.

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But look along the page. There are no entries for the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh or twelfth. But in the column devoted to the thirteenth of the month there is a little scrawl of initials. Being interpreted, it means that on that date the Burlington delivered car number 12854 to the Santa Fe at Fort Madison, which is on the Mississippi. From that day on the Santa Fe pays the per diem of fifty cents. And it must keep on paying until it reports

that it has delivered that car to some other road.

The Northwestern therefore knows that the Santa Fe is in possession of its car number 12854. It doesn't know just where that car is on the Santa Fe line. It may be in Illinois, Colorado or New Mexico. But it is somewhere on the Santa Fe. And the Santa Fe keeps paying half a dollar every twenty-four hours until it can pass the charge on to somebody else.

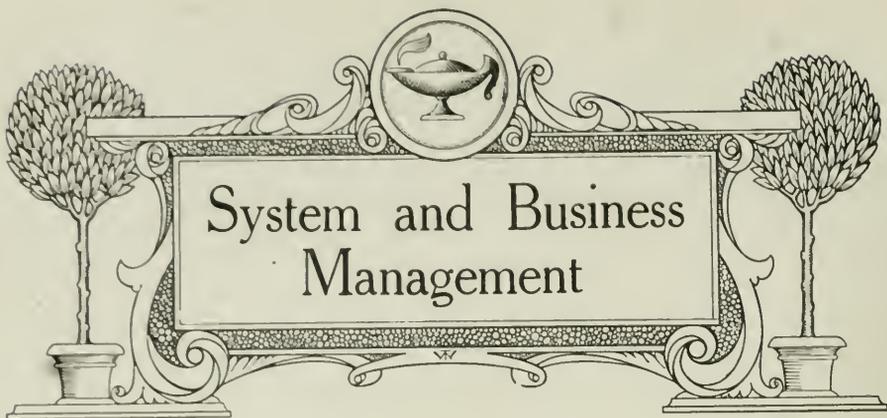
Reconstructing Shakespeare's Theatre

Considerable interest has been aroused throughout the world, particularly among lovers of the drama, in the discoveries which have recently been made in London relative to Shakespeare's Theatre. *The London Sphere* has had one of its artists make a drawing of the theatre as it has been reconstructed, in the note-books of the

investigators. It combines the features of the Globe Theatre, as given in Visscher's view of London, executed in 1616, with the interior details preserved by a Dutch visitor to London in 1596. The sketch shows three surrounding galleries, marked porticus, sedilia and orchestra.



WHAT THE INTERIOR OF A SHAKESPEAREAN THEATRE LOOKED LIKE



Salesmanship and Advertising

The True Creed of Advertising

By

HUGH CHALMERS

THE relation of salesmanship to advertising is the closest relationship known — closer than friends; closer than a team under single yoke; closer than brothers; closer than a man and wife, as there can never be separation and divorce; all salesmanship is part advertising, and all advertising is part salesmanship; they are the twin screw engines that drive the ship of business; they are like a chemical compound, each contains the other and is itself the thing contained.

Nitrogen and glycerine each is a power alone, but when combined in the proper parts they make the most powerful explosive known. It takes knowledge to mix them and a spark to set off the mixture, but the results are tremendous.

So with salesmanship and advertising. Each is a power alone, but combine them and you have the greatest business-producing force known. It takes brains to create and combine them, and it takes nerve to touch them off, but the results are worth while.

Every ad. is a salesman; every salesman is an ad. Advertising is salesmanship plus publicity. Salesmanship is advertising plus getting the order signed.

Advertising and salesmanship are alike in that in both you are trying to influence the human mind—trying to teach people to believe in you and your goods. Advertising is teaching; so is salesmanship.

The close relationship of salesmanship to advertising is most apparent, perhaps when we get clear down to bedrock and discover the real foundation of salesmanship—of doing business successfully. The whole business world rests upon a foundation of confidence. When confidence is gone, business is gone. Individual salesmanship depends upon confidence as much as any other transaction in business. If a man has confidence in you and in your goods you can sell him. You can not make many sales where confidence is lacking. If your prospect lacks confidence in you then your entire efforts must go to building up in

his mind a feeling of confidence. Now the greatest builder of confidence is publicity—advertising. Lack of confidence is usually due to ignorance. Unless you know a man well you haven't confidence in him. Unless you know a business house well you haven't confidence in that house. The greatest foe of ignorance is publicity. The saying that "publicity corrects all abuses" is a true one. Advertising makes you acquainted with the public. It gives people knowledge about you and your goods, and knowledge is absolutely essential to confidence. Big advertising looks like big sales; it makes people familiar with you; it unconsciously creates confidence. Without a doubt, the greatest force to-day in the interest of confidence—in the interest of credit if you will—is advertising.

Advertising and salesmanship are identical in their object.

What is their object? The distribution of goods at a profit.

How can this be done? It is done by teaching. That is what advertising is—teaching. Teaching great numbers of people to believe in your goods. And that is what salesmanship is, too. But advertising conducts a public school, while salesmanship gives individual lessons.

One of the oldest chestnuts in the talk of advertising men is: "We must carry on a campaign of education." Nearly every advertising magazine you pick up you read about some one carrying on a "campaign of education." When an advertising agent is up against it for something to say to his client, he assures him, with great solemnity, that he must carry on a "campaign of education." Let us get through with this old chestnut. All advertising campaigns are campaigns of education. If they are not education, they are not advertising at all.

The object of advertising is to teach people to believe in you and your goods; to teach them to think that they have a need for your goods and to teach them to buy your goods.

And the object of a salesman when he goes into his territory is exactly the

same. Judging from some of the advertising I see, and from what I know of a great many salesmen, I am convinced that neither the advertising man, nor the salesman has plainly before him the object he is trying to accomplish. Of course, a man who does accomplish an object without knowing himself the object which he is trying to accomplish is only a fortunate victim of an accident. We all know that this kind of an accident very seldom takes place.

I once learned a valuable lesson from a School of Expression in Boston. I went there because they said they could teach any one to talk in public. I do not know that I learned much about speaking in public, but I learned this one thing, which has been worth a whole lot to me ever since. The first thing that this teacher told me was that I had to have an object in mind when I was addressing an audience. He said, "Now, what is your object? What do you want to tell these people? Why are you going to talk to them? Get the object first fixed in your mind, and then talk about it, but if you get up to talk and haven't any particular object in mind, you won't make much of an impression." Now this "object" business is not only good for public speaking, but in everything we do every day. If you are going to write an advertisement, what is the object of it? If you are going to hold a meeting of 6 or 7 of your people, what is the object? If you are going to print a paper for salesmen, what is the object of it? You can see from these applications what a great point that is.

I have been in the manufacturing business nearly all my life and I have found that it is much easier to make things than it is to sell them. It took me some time to figure this out. It finally dawned on me that the difference is caused through the fact that in one case you deal mostly with machinery and metals, while in the other you deal entirely with the human mind.

Machinery is a fixed quantity. You

know exactly what a machine can do and exactly what it will do under given conditions. It is very often automatic and requires little attention from anyone. It is nearly always the same. It never changes its mind. It is very seldom influenced by outside conditions. Nearly every one who has some money can start a factory and manufacture things, but it doesn't follow that any one can sell things after manufacturing.

When you get on the other side of it and try to deal with humanity, you face very different problems. Humanity thinks. It has feelings. It has sensations, decisions, prejudices. It changes its mind. It is influenced by environment and the conditions surrounding it.

Here is a peculiar thing about humanity. It has always wanted and it wants now, teachers, leaders. People are willing to be taught. The man who makes a great success, I don't care whether he is a business man, a lawyer, a politician, or an advertiser, is the one who goes into the teaching business.

Advertising and salesmanship form the connecting link between invention and the use of any article. All the best inventions of the world would have fallen flat had it not been for advertising and salesmanship—had it not been for teaching people the use of new things. Therefore, I think I will not be stating the case too strongly to say that advertising and salesmanship have done more to push the world ahead than anything else. Through advertising and salesmanship, men have been brought to see and appreciate the blessings which the world affords.

What is salesmanship? Salesmanship is nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell. A sale does not take place in a man's pocket, or in his pocket-book, or his check book, but it first takes place in his mind. In order to make a sale you must convince a man's mind. When you go in to see him he feels that he

does not want to buy your goods. You feel that he should have them and would buy them if he knew as much about the goods as you do. Now, in order to sell him you must change his mind and bring it around to agree with your mind. So that when we once put salesmanship on this broad plane of convincing the other man's mind, it doesn't make any difference whether we are trying to sell a house and lot or a paper of pins.

Advertising is a process of salesmanship. It is a means toward making the other fellow feel as you do. Most frequently we hear that "advertising is salesmanship on paper." This is not untrue, and yet it is not wholly true. Advertising is more than salesmanship. It is an insurance on the continuance of trade. It is salesmanship plus publicity.

To show the value of teaching salesmen what to say to prospective purchasers—suppose you were a manufacturer and could call all of your prospective purchasers together in one large tent, and you would have them there for the purpose of telling them about your goods. What would you do? First of all you would be mighty careful about the man or men you picked out to talk to these people. You would pick out the man who could make the best talk, the man who, in the time he had to speak, could teach these people the most about your goods. You would want to know beforehand just what he was going to say before you would let him go on the platform. Now, what is the difference between talking to them one at a time? Then why not train your salesmen how to talk to each individual, since you would consider it so important to know what would be said to all of them at one time?

I believe if advertisers could get all of their readers together in one large tent, and would be able to say to these readers what they are saying to them in print, that nine-tenths of them would change their copy. If we were going to say things to people that we print, we would certainly be

more careful. Yet, there are more "bad breaks" being made to-day in advertising than in most anything else. Some advertisers seem to say everything but the right thing to their prospective customers. They would not think of talking about these same things if they were talking to these people.

It is, after all, all teaching, whether it is selling goods orally or selling them through printed matter. I am not foolish enough not to know that there are exceptions to this rule. I realize that there are certain well-established concerns who print very little about their goods and merely keep their names before the public, but any one else who wishes to go into the same line of business will fail absolutely by following these same methods. The only way that any concern can hope to take away a share of the patronage of another well-established concern in the same line is to adopt different advertising and selling methods. It is necessary for the new concern to give a reason why people should change their place of trading. If a man wants to start in the hardware business, the shoe business, or any other business, it is not enough merely to put an advertisement in the paper saying that you are in the shoe business or hardware business and expect people who are buying elsewhere, and are fairly well satisfied, to change their place of trading, but in addition to stating that you are in the shoe business or the hardware business, you must give reasons why people should buy shoes or hardware from you.

I think more copy writers and advertisers take it for granted that the buying public knows a great deal about their goods; at least, some of the copy would make you think so. They use all kinds of technical expressions and big words. I once heard it said that a man with big ideas uses little words to express himself, while the man with little ideas is always using big words to try to impress the people with the greatness of the little idea. Small words are more important in

advertising than in anything else. No one ever buys until they are convinced. You can't convince them until they understand. They won't understand unless you express yourself clearly, and the only way to express yourself clearly is to use small words that any one can understand. Most advertisers shoot over the heads of nine-tenths of the people they want to reach. They don't understand the art of merely talking common-sense to these people—the same kind of talk they would use if they were trying to sell them orally.

Next to the importance of what you say, is the way in which you say it. It is so in talking—it is so in advertising. The set-up of an advertisement is like the dress of a salesman. Suppose a salesman would go into a store to sell goods and would have on a hat of one color, a coat of another color, a vest of another, and green trousers. He might attract attention, but he would not make much of an impression. The set-ups of some advertisements remind me very much of such wearing apparel on a salesman. Of course, this is exaggerated, but nevertheless you see the point. In my opinion an advertisement must be just as simple in form as the dress of a salesman. Some people write an advertisement and then put a lot of red lines or heavy black lines around it, or all kinds of curly-cues, so that the most important thing about the "ad" is the big red lines, or the fancy type or the fancy border, when, as a matter of fact, that is the very thing they want to subdue. Everything must be so arranged and the type so set that the attention is called to the most important thing and that is the statements you are making in the copy about the goods you want to sell. Everything must be subordinated to that.

Another thing in connection with copy: I think that all self-evident things should be omitted, such as "Are you in business to make money?" "Are you satisfied with what you made last year?"—and a number of similar clauses, all of which are foolish. and

it is foolish to waste time talking about things that are self-evident. Of course the man is in business to make money and of course he is not satisfied with what he made last year if he can make more this year. Don't waste time on non-essential things.

I have always claimed that all you can hope to do is to get a man to read the first five or six lines of your copy, and if the first five or six lines are not interesting enough to cause him to read the balance, the fault is yours. He gave you the chance but you did not take advantage of it. To prove this—one time we sent out one thousand circular letters, and they were all mailed under a one-cent stamp, and to show you that nearly all of these people opened the letter and read the first few lines, would say that this circular was asking for prices on the goods which the man handled, and out of the 1,000 letters mailed out, nearly 900 people replied by giving prices, which showed that nearly nine-tenths of these people received the letter under the one-cent stamp, opened it and read the first few lines of it, because nearly 900 of them quoted prices. This convinced me that much depends on the opening lines of any copy. It is the same thing in a personal interview. You are impressed by what the man tells you at the start. Let's eliminate all the "by-the-ways" in advertising. Talk straight business.

I once went in to see an old business man and wanted to borrow \$500. I went in and said: "I want to borrow \$500, and will give you my note for 60 days and I will pay you at the end of 60 days." He turned to the cashier and said: "Write Mr. Chalmers a cheque for \$500." He then said to me: "Young man, let me tell you something—you could not have gotten that money had it not been for the straightforward way you asked for it. Most men come in here and waste a lot of time by saying, 'Good morning, how are you this morning? Nice weather we have been having the last few days. How is the family? And, by

the way, I am a little short of money and would like to borrow \$500 for a couple of months.'" "But," he said, "I was impressed by the way you asked for it. You came in and asked me for the money right off, so I am going to let you have it." So, gentlemen, in this time and generation, let's eliminate all the "by-the-ways" and get down to straight business. It pays.

Now there is a lesson in that for advertisers, too. This is a busy world and getting busier all the time. Even those who have lots of time to read like to read direct statements. So get down to talking your business in the opening paragraphs of your copy.

I have had a great deal to do with salesmen. I was a salesman myself for a great many years, and I have employed and supervised the work of hundreds of others. There is an old adage which says "Salesmen are born and not made." I don't believe that. I believe that salesmen are made as well as born, and teaching will do a great deal to make a salesman. However, there are ten qualities which a man must possess to be a successful salesman, and as far as my experience goes, I should say that these principal qualities are Health, Honesty, Ability, Initiative, Knowledge of the Business, Tact, Sincerity, Industry, Open-mindedness, and Enthusiasm. I think these same qualities may be applied to advertising men, or, as a matter of fact, to any man, because, when you get right down to the facts, we are all salesmen. Every man is trying to sell his personality to some other man. He is trying to impress the people he meets. He wants people to think well of him; consequently he is a salesman, because he is trying to sell his good qualities to other people. A man may not have all ten of these qualities, but in proportion as he has them will he succeed.

Now, when I say that he should have health, I do not mean that you want to go to the extreme of interfering with a man's private life and tell him what he should eat or drink, or anything of that kind, but I believe

that in the selection of men the question of health should enter largely, because, in my own experience, a healthy mind is better nourished in a healthy body than otherwise. The man who has health of body is surer to have a healthy mind than the one who hasn't bodily health. On the question of the health of a salesman enter those things he shouldn't do. There is hardly a salesman in the country today but isn't doing one or two things that are injuring him. The greatest thing that bothers us all is our habits. I refer particularly to the subject of eating, drinking and smoking too much.

A salesman's mind should be on the qui vive all the time. Just like a race horse, he should be ready to go when the bell sounds. Now, every man knows that he is better off if he doesn't drink at all. I don't think that drinking ever benefited any man, and the same thing applies to smoking, but there are some of us that can do these things temperately and who are not much harmed by it. But if a man wants to take a drink or two, he should not do it in the day-time. A business man particularly should not take a drink until after six o'clock in the evening. We see very much less drinking in the day-time now than ten years ago, and I am very glad to see it, because, as business men, we have no right to do that thing in the middle of the business day which will in any way interfere with our efficiency for our afternoon's work. I know of nothing that will so unfit a man for business as a drink or two in the middle of the day, because at two or three o'clock in the afternoon he is lazy and heavy and unfit for work, and a salesman, above all others, if he feels he must drink, should not take a drink until after six o'clock at night. The man who will stick to this rule will have more dollars in the bank at the end of the year than the man who does not. I speak from experience, like the man who says, "It pays to be honest, because I have tried both ways."

In speaking of honesty, I don't refer to it in its basest sense, because a man is nothing short of a fool nowadays who is not absolutely honest. But honesty goes further than just what a man does. Honesty means what a man thinks as well as what he does. After all, gentlemen, there is only one man in the world who knows whether a man is honest, and that is himself. Our wives think that we are honest, and whether we are or not it is a good thing to keep them thinking that way, but they could not prove it to save their souls, but I give it to you as good sense and business logic that honesty in all things must be the rule of all men if they are going to succeed. I will tell you that it is a good thing that some men are dishonest, because if they were honest, coupled with their natural ability, you and I wouldn't have much of a chance.

In regard to ability; I have found in my limited experience that most men have two arms, two eyes, two ears, a nose and a mouth, and considering their height, they weigh about the same. Now what makes the difference between one man and another? Nothing but brain power. That's all. One man has developed his brains further than another. If all men were created equal in brain power they would not remain that way. You remember the parable of the talents? Some of us are so afraid that what we have will get away from us that we wrap it up in a napkin and keep it, and we have that talent always, but we never add to it.

It has been my experience that there are but three kinds of men in the world—the kind you have to tell once to do a thing, and you can bet your life it will be done; the second is the kind that you have to tell three or four times, and the third is that great business-producing, creative lot of men who don't have to be told. They know what to do and they go ahead and do it. Dewey had initiative when he cut the cable at Manila, because he was on the ground and knew better what to do than the men at Washing-

ton did. What we call skill in a surgeon is initiative in a business man. If a surgeon had you on a table and had operated on you for appendicitis, and found he had made a mistake, and some other condition existed, he hasn't time to go and take a book from a shelf and say, "I will read up on this subject." No, he has to go ahead and finish the job, whether it is your finish or his finish. They call that skill in a surgeon, but it is initiative in a business man, because he must face critical situations, he must face untried problems and must solve them for himself. He must do something. I am more thankful every day that I live in a country where men have an equal chance, where poverty is no barrier to progress, but, in many, many cases, is a positive help, because it is only by learning to overcome the obstacles of our youth that we are taught to do things and know things, and are taught the value of a dollar, that we learn to overcome our troubles in business and are able to solve the knotty problems that confront every business man.

On the question of knowledge of the business, I have always noticed that the lawyer who reads the most law books and keeps up to date on law, is, as a rule, the best lawyer. I know the statement that "salesmanship is a profession" is worn threadbare, but it is true, nevertheless. A man ought to have all the knowledge of his business that he can possess, keeping in mind the old saying that "knowledge is power."

I remember once of being in Germany, at a salesmen's convention, and there was one man there who had been banner agent for three years in succession. In awarding him the prize at this convention I asked him to tell the other agents why he had led all the rest for three years. He could not have answered better if he had talked a day, and yet, he answered in practically one sentence, when he said: "I defy anybody in all Germany to ask me a question about my business that

I cannot answer." That was the great secret of his success.

Tact is that rare quality which enables a man to know how to deal with his fellow men. Tact is something it is pretty hard to give a man. He must cultivate it himself. Some people mistake tact for "jolly." A man who can "jolly" you into something isn't always tactful; he is merely expedient. He has done the most expedient thing at the time, perhaps, but he probably hasn't been honest with you. So don't mistake the thing. Tact would not jump out of a window unless he saw a soft pillow at the bottom. It is pretty hard to describe it, but we all know that tact is a great quality to possess.

Sincerity is that rare quality which not only makes friends, but holds them. You can tell from the way men talk whether they are sincere or not. Men are affected by everything you say and do. You know that throwing thoughts at a man is nothing more or less than throwing something tangible at him. Now, gentlemen, I claim it is impossible to throw insincere thoughts at a man and have him catch sincere thoughts. I say it is just as impossible to do this as it is impossible for me to throw a cup at a man and have him catch a saucer. If he catches anything he will catch the cup, and I say that men are unconsciously affected by the sincerity or insincerity of the man they are dealing with; so I believe in being sincere in all things. Insincerity has taken a few orders, but insincerity never held a job long. I admire a sincere man, and so do you. I hate the jollier. It is your friend who criticizes you and your enemy who flatters you. Your friend is sincere, wants you to improve and tells you where you are wrong, and the man who tells you that you are the best fellow on earth when you are doing wrong, isn't your friend, because he is encouraging you to do things that are not right. Therefore, accept criticism that way, because it is your friend.

As regards industry, I think the man who coined that sentence "always

on the job" did a good day's work, because industry is a great thing. Keep busy! Keep doing your work right!

Open-mindedness is the willingness to take suggestions. The man who knows it all is standing on a banana peel placed there by the fool-killer, who is waiting just around the corner. The man who is not open-minded will get into a rut, and, after all, gentlemen, the only difference between a rut and a grave is the width and the depth. We should be all willing to receive suggestions. The day is not long past when salesmen used to resent suggestion. Most salesmen accept them nowadays. I have heard of cases where men have made suggestions to a superintendent and he has told them that that was his business and has gone so far as to "fire" them for interference. The man who is doing the work every day is the man who is best able to tell you how to improve it. I would just as soon be stopped by a janitor as by a general manager, because the chances are ten to one that the janitor knows more about the things he wants to tell me than the general manager does. So I say that if we are to progress we should solicit and gladly receive suggestions.

As to enthusiasm, a man might have honesty, health, ability, knowledge of the business, tact, sincerity, industry, and open-mindedness, and without enthusiasm he would only be a statue. Enthusiasm is the white heat that fuses all of these qualities into one effective mass. To illustrate enthusiasm. I can take a sapphire and a piece of plain blue glass, and I can rub the plain glass until it has a surface as hard as the sapphire, but when I put the two together and I look down into them, I find that the sapphire has a thousand little lights glittering out of it that you can't get out of the blue glass if you rub a thousand years. What those little lights are to the sapphire, enthusiasm is to a man. I love to see enthusiasm. A man should be enthusiastic about that in which he is interested. I like to go to a ball

game and hear a man "root" for the home team, and it never bothers me a bit, because I know that that man has enthusiasm. He has interest. I would not give two cents for a man who works for money alone. The man who doesn't get some comfort and some enthusiasm out of his daily work is in a bad way. Some men are almost irresistible—you know that; it is because enthusiasm radiates from their expressions, beams from their eyes and is evident in their actions. Enthusiasm is that thing which makes a man boil over for his business, for his family, or for anything he has any interest in, for anything his heart is in. So I say, enthusiasm is one of the greatest things a man can have.

The man who handles other men will succeed just in proportion as he keeps his mind on the important things he has to do. In conclusion I want to give you a suggestion as to what I have done for many years to keep my mind on the most important things. I keep before me at all times the ten most important things, and I have these in a folder on my desk, and as the things are attended to they are marked off and my secretary keeps making a clean sheet of the ten most important things, because I only want to keep my mind on important things. Transfer to some one else the details, because we men who handle other men succeed just in proportion as we can intelligently direct their efforts. The actual work we do ourselves doesn't amount to anything; it is what we can succeed in getting others to do that counts.

I might illustrate this by a homely story: Suppose a farmer had a 40-acre corn field, and he had a helper named John, and he would say: "John, go chase the pigs out of the corn field." John might chase pigs for a week and never know when he had got them all out, because he doesn't know how many are in there. But suppose this farmer should say: "John, there are ten pigs in that corn field, go get them out." After John had got out ten, he would no long-

er be chasing pigs that didn't exist. This same thing applies to us as business men. If we keep before us the ten most important things we have to do, we are sure that we are not chasing things that do not exist. Train your mind to do this. If I should ask almost any business man "What are the ten most important things you have to do?" he will have to scratch his head and think. Now, if he doesn't know what the ten most important things in his business are how can he be sure that he is working on these important things?

I consider that advertising is the greatest business in the world, viewed from many standpoints. In the first place, there is perhaps more money spent on advertising to-day than on nearly anything else you can think of, and yet it requires more skill and more care in the spending of it than almost anything else connected with business. It seems to me that an advertising man has a right to feel very proud of his

profession, which calls for talent and ingenuity on the part of those who practise it, but more especially because it is the profession which is doing more than any other, I believe, to solve the world's biggest problems. The world's biggest problem is the problem of distribution—the getting of things from where they are to where they ought to be. It is the business of the advertising man to find markets; to create demand, and to cut down cost to the consumer or increase the profits of the manufacturer as the case may be, through lessening selling expense. It is really wonderful when you stop to think of the influence which an advertising man can wield and the opportunity for service to his employer and to the public which is his; a good salesman is permitted to talk to one person at a time, or at best a half dozen persons perhaps, but a good advertising man has the privilege of talking to millions at one time.

Discharging Men

By H. A. BLACK

It is, of course, impossible to suggest practicable hard and fast rules for discharging employes, but there are certain principles which, if observed, minimize both the necessity and the disagreeableness of the task.

First, then, begin right by having to discharge but few men. Exercise care in selection. Hire men who have it in them to make even you hustle to hold your position. Too frequently employers hire a cheap man simply because they have a minor position to fill, and then after years of training have little to show for their efforts.

Further guard against the necessity of discharging employes by training them to be efficient. Men often are put in positions in which they receive very little training; they are left too much to shift for themselves.

A discharge usually should be preceded by a warning. Employers can minimize the number of discharges by speaking words of caution or encouragement or warning in season.

Before discharging a man be sure that such action is warranted. Many a man has lost a good position, and also his faith in himself and in others, through having been discharged on false hearsay or on too little evidence.

Don't discharge a man for trifles. To err is human. Some employers expect old heads on young shoulders, and make too little allowance for irregularities, which are the result of youth and inexperience.

Having decided that it is necessary to get rid of a man, don't delay. The longer you delay the more exasperated you become and the more likely

you are to over-estimate the offence.

Before discharging a man, decide on a plan of action. Think out how you should deal with the offender—and be sure that the plan decided upon includes an application of the golden rule.

Be sure to keep your temper. Anger weakens your case. It irritates the offender, who probably already is irritated, or to some degree humiliated. Anger inevitably causes an unsatisfactory disposition of a case.

If you are in the right, you can afford to be magnanimous. Be big enough to be small if necessary.

Give a man a hearing. It is his right. You may be misinformed or not fully informed.

State your reason for the discharge. That also usually is the right of the one being discharged. If you don't do this, the offender is likely to feel that you have not treated him fairly.

Don't humiliate an employe when discharging him. Don't discharge him before his associates, unless such

a course is absolutely essential to their and his best good. It is not your place to inflict a penalty. He may have earned removal, but "he is a man for a' that."

Except in extreme cases, give a man a chance to look for another position. If his presence would be detrimental to the best interests of the business, give him, say one week or a month's salary, and let him go at once; otherwise retain him in your employ with one month's notice.

Be careful about giving recommendations to men whom you discharge for cause. You sustain a moral as well as a business relation to the man you discharge, and to your fellow employers.

Finally, if possible, discharge a man so that he will realize that he, by his own acts, lost his position, not that you have discharged him. The man who is discharged in this manner is not likely to become your enemy, and is likely, through reflection, to become a better friend to himself.

The Canadian Financial Triangle

CURIOSITY has led Nathaniel S. Fineberg to figure out in *Moody's Magazine* the dominant forces in the control of the larger Canadian corporations: He compiled a list of companies, whose capitalization (bonds and stocks) reaches or exceeds \$500,000 (including a few insurance companies of smaller capitalization because of the magnitude of their funds available for investment) and he discovered that the directors who are common to the 121 leading Canadian corporations can be sifted down to 48, all resident in Canada, with the single exception of Lord Strathcona. Of the 121 corporations, eight are operating outside of Canada. The 48 directors are on the boards of at least three companies of the 121:

THE LIST.

1. Cox, Geo. A.; 2. Matthews, W.

D.; 3. Nicholls, F.; 4. Mackay, R.; 5. Pellatt, H. M., Sir; 6. Mackenzie, W.; 7. Van Horne, W., Sir; 8. Osler, E. B.; 9. Lash, Z. A.; 10. Holt, H. S.; 11. Angus, R. B.; 12. Hosmer, C. R.; 13. Jaffray, R.; 14. Clouston, E. S., Sir; 15. Forget, L. J.; 16. Strathcona, Lord; 17. Drummond, G. A., Sir; 18. Allan, H. M., Sir; 19. Brock, W. R.; 20. Ross, Jas.; 21. Molson, H. M.; 22. Forget, R.; 23. Hoskin, John; 24. Hanna, D. B.; 25. Morrice, D.; 26. Ewing, S. H.; 27. Greenshields, E. B.; 28. Mackeen, D.; 29. Mann, D. D.; 30. Shaughnessy, T., Sir; 31. Kingman, A.; 32. Crathern, Jas.; 33. Beatty, W. H.; 34. Meighen, R.; 35. Hays, C. M.; 36. Kilgour, R.; 37. Wainwright, W.; 38. Allan, H. A.; 39. Bickerdike, R.; 40. Rogers, Elias; 41. Smith, Wilson R.; 42. Plummer, J. H.; 43. Walker, B. E.; 44. Archer, R.; 45. Black, J. P.;

46. Reford, R.; 47. Gibson, J. M.; 48. Meredith, H. V.

Mr. Fineberg finds further that at the bottom of the whole economic structure in Canada are twenty-three capitalist-directors who are members of ninety out of the total 121 corporations. In other words, these twenty-three men are the directive forces in practically all of Canada's economic life. Of the twenty-three nine reside in Toronto, thirteen in Montreal and one in England. Table A gives their names, the total number of directorships held by each one, and the distribution of their directorships in the different fields, transportation, industrial and financial, as well as the total capitalization and assets of the companies in which each is interested:

The same results may be indicated with greater prominence and clearness of the point under consideration by the accompanying chart.

Referring to this chart, it will be observed that each group is represented by a circle the size of which was roughly determined by the total capitalization of each. It will be seen that twenty-five of the forty-eight directors are common to each of the three classes constituting the financial group, that only four are common to the four classes of the industrials, and that four also are common to both classes of the transportation group. The relation of each group to the others is shown by the "interlocking" of the circles which indicates that one director is common to the financial

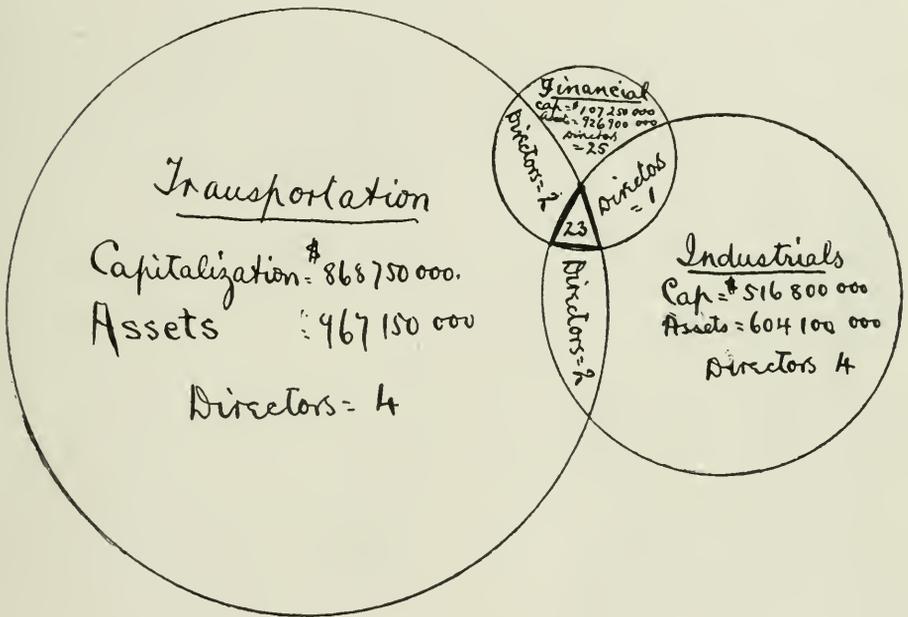
TABLE A.

| Directors. | A | B | C | Total Number Corporations. | Capitalizations. | Assets. |
|---|-----------------|--------------|------------|----------------------------|------------------|---------------|
| | Transportation. | Industrials. | Financial. | | | |
| 1. Cox, G. A. Senator.. | 1 | 9 | 9 | 19 | \$194,300,000 | \$383,600,000 |
| 2. Matthews, W. D. | 4 | 8 | 5 | 17 | 410,200,000 | 623,200,000 |
| 3. Nicholls, F. | 1 | 10 | 3 | 14 | 237,300,000 | 389,600,000 |
| 4. Mackay, R. Senator.. | 1 | 9 | 4 | 14 | 468,300,000 | 765,600,000 |
| 5. Pellatt, H. M., Sir.. | 1 | 10 | 2 | 13 | 100,800,000 | 101,500,000 |
| 6. Mackenzie, W. | 1 | 8 | 4 | 13 | 214,900,000 | 266,300,000 |
| 7. Van Horne, W., Sir.. | 2 | 7 | 3 | 12 | 480,700,000 | 594,600,000 |
| 8. Osler, E. B. (M.P.).. | 3 | 3 | 5 | 11 | 357,900,000 | 541,600,000 |
| 9. Lash, Z. A. | 1 | 5 | 5 | 11 | 183,200,000 | 369,700,000 |
| 10. Angus R. B. | 1 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 418,900,000 | 698,400,000 |
| 11. Hosmer, C. R. | 1 | 6 | 3 | 10 | 397,300,000 | 667,400,000 |
| 12. Forget, L. J., Senator | 2 | 6 | 1 | 9 | 430,800,000 | 521,700,000 |
| 13. Strathcona, Lord | 1 | 2 | 6 | 9 | 410,200,000 | 623,200,000 |
| 14. Drummond, G. A., Sir Senator | 1 | 4 | 4 | 9 | 393,700,000 | 669,200,000 |
| 15. Molson, H. M. | 1 | 2 | 4 | 7 | 16,000,000 | 83,300,000 |
| 16. Forget, R. (M.P.).. | 1 | 4 | 2 | 7 | 56,000,000 | 73,400,000 |
| 17. Hanna, D. B. | 1 | 1 | 5 | 7 | 99,200,000 | 127,200,000 |
| 18. Greenshields, E. B. . . . | 1 | 2 | 3 | 6 | 104,500,000 | 305,000,000 |
| 19. Mann, D. D. | 1 | 4 | 1 | 6 | 98,300,000 | 114,400,000 |
| 20. Shaughnessy, T., Sir. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 6 | 356,400,000 | 620,500,000 |
| 21. Meighen, R. | 1 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 359,000,000 | 481,800,000 |
| 22. Wainwright, W. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 429,700,000 | 438,200,000 |
| 23. Allan, H. A. | 1 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 88,100,000 | 140,300,000 |

SYSTEM AND BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

and industrial groups, that two are common to the financial and the transportation groups, and that two also are common to the transportation and the industrial groups. But this "interlocking" reveals one other very interesting point, the number of directors common to the three groups, financial, industrial and transportation. This number is twenty-three, as has been stated before. It is represented in the chart by the triangle at the con-

We are now in a position to judge the extent of concentration of capital in Canada and the significance which must be attached to the personal equation as influencing the material welfare of the Dominion. From what has been remarked above, and from the impression derived after consulting the charts and tables, it will be clear that the fully developed joint-stock system of conducting modern business affords financiers ample scope to participate in the management of



junction of the three circles. It was this result which suggested the name "The Canadian Financial Triangle" as a title for this article. In this little triangle are to be found the twenty-three men who direct ninety out of 121 corporations, who control corporation capital to the amount of \$1,500,000,000 and assets to the amount of \$2,250,000,000, equal to 90 per cent. of the total capitalization and total assets of the 121 corporations examined.

any number of corporations. In Canada, the concentration of capital has developed to a very large extent. This is in conformity with the general world-wide movement of corporate activity. We need, therefore, not be startled when we learn that at the base of the economic structure in Canada is to be found a triangular formation consisting of twenty-three capitalist-financiers upon whom depend, in a very large measure, the type and direction of material prosperity.

One Hundred and Thirty Pounds of Ginger

By EMERSON HOUGH.

Suppose we now offer an aesthesis, synthesis and analysis to this gentleman, E. C. Simmons, of St. Louis. That last named city jobs more manufactured hardware than Chicago, New York, Boston and Philadelphia all put together. In simple truth, it was Mr. Simmons who put St. Louis in that place. He represents the answer to 1,800 employes, 400 traveling salesmen, and the largest merchandizing freight station in the world. He explains 24 railroad switch tracks under one roof, where 62 cars may be emptied at the same hour, or laden with goods destined for every corner of the world. For instance, all the corners of the world receive from this single hardware station three axes for each and every minute of the four and twenty hours. And an axe is only one of 80,000 items handled by the firm.

Slight, nervous, with iron grey hair, grey moustache and imperial, and a small fighting terrier eye, Mr. E. C. Simmons weighs only 130 pounds, and admits that 140 is the best weight he ever made. But it did not take two minutes' talk to tell whether he belonged to the class of the pushers or the pushed. Almost anyone would at once accord him magnetism, salesmanship, energy, confidence, whatever you care to call that particular trait which not all men have and which not all men can gain.

Others have been as economical and temperate as Mr. Simmons; Mr. Rockefeller, for instance. Others as industrious; Senator Aldrich, for instance. The thing which enabled him to win was an untiring nervous system, the same sort of nervous energy possessed by Theodore Roosevelt, restless, tireless, never done with doing things.

This sort of thing is the gift of the

immortal gods, and in my belief the immortal gods have it in for anybody on whom they bestow it; because Mr. Simmons admits that in his early business days he used to get on the job at five o'clock in the morning and work until midnight, often without lunch. This, of course, in time ruined his digestion. It did not, however, ruin his energy, and it is in that, in my belief, that there lay always the success of his tremendous system of salesmanship. It is in this man's fore-ordained nervous system, his ability to keep going, to keep up his enthusiasm, and withal, to keep up his cool-headedness and good nature, that there lies the success-secret of this particular house, which has carried the name of one city to the front in at least one important branch of trade.

Ten years ago Mr. Simmons concluded to take it easy. He went abroad, but did not stay there. He bought him a summer house at Oconomowoc, but did not stay there either. He undertook to spend his winters in Florida, but he did not stay there. When I met him, he was cheerful, and he was busy, nervously writing on a scratch pad.

"I am just getting out one of the circular letters which we send to our salesmen," he said. "The boys rely very largely upon me for that, even yet. I know something about salesmanship, and I can help our traveling men. It's confidence that sells goods.

"Now you ask me why I keep on working," he went on. "Here is one reason." He nodded to the clear-eyed young son of the house, who had been showing me the cyclometers and other details, and who does not yet spend his winters in Florida. "I want to hand over a great business success to my three sons.

"No, that is not the only reason," he admitted the next moment. "Neither is money the reason," he added, musingly. "I don't believe that is the reason most business men keep at it. I give you my word that is not the reason I have worked so hard. It was the *Game!* Yet, it was the love of winning the *Game* that kept me at it."

His eyes lit up as he went on. "I play a little golf, but never for money. I like to win when I can. I play a strong game of whist, but I never play that for money. Still, I like to win in anything I go at. I believe any good salesman must feel much that way. Magnetism is a physical quality, without doubt; and it may be inherited, yes. But a fellow must have more than that; must have the wish to win, the energy to try. What else? Why, *confidence*. First, the ambition to win; second, the confidence that you *can* win. Those are the things.

"Now, it is *business* to build up that confidence all along the line. I am doing that in this circular letter I am writing. Suppose one of our salesmen should come into my office unexpectedly now. Nine out of ten employers would show surprise or irritation over it. I never do anything of the kind in such a case. I don't scold him, and I listen to him patiently, and he goes out of my office feeling self respect and not chagrin. Some time during the day I make it a point to find him, and I say, 'See here, my boy, you know we are anxious to make this a record month, and when you come in this way, without letting us know, you might disarrange our plans. In the future, won't you please let us know about that in advance? Record month, you know!'

"Yes, I am a great believer in the business philosophy of *encouragement*. We want every man in this business to have *confidence* in the business, and *confidence* in himself."

Now there began to appear some reason for all these things. Moreover, any student of athletics knows something about the peculiar quality of nervous force which will put one man

across the tape while others apparently as good lag far behind. The compact figure of the man before me was little like the plethoric front of the typical old French merchant of St. Louis, wealthy in his day, but belonging to a generation outdone and out-run. Mr. Simmons is 70 years of age. He has taken a lot of punishment, and can take more, for he looks not older than the fifties. I discovered that he was born of a German mother and a father of good old New England stock, at Frederick, Maryland; that he came to St. Louis while young, and was once accustomed to fish for coppers in a pond precisely where his big brick building stands to-day. St. Louis was just one hundred years old when he first went into business there with the firm of Wilson, Levering & Waters. Mr. Levering died, and Mr. Waters went into the oil business, and Mr. Wilson got scared when the business amounted to the sum of \$480,000 in annual sales. "So I bought him out," chuckled Mr. C. E. Simmons, modern welterweight. "And now we do that much in a week."

Satisfied that I had something distinct in natural endowment for a success-reason, I next wanted some idea, some differentiation point; and so asked him about that.

"Well, now," he answered, "along about 1864, when I was a buyer for our old firm, a man came along and wanted to sell us axes and I didn't like the axes. He said we'd have to buy of him, because we couldn't get them of anyone else. He said his axes were good enough for anybody. I have always done a great deal of my thinking while in bed. I often get up even now and write something which I think will make a good idea. That night I got up out of bed, and whittled me out a nice model axe-head out of wood and I wrote on it in pencil, 'Keen Cutter.' That was the origin of our trade mark and our quality-policy—the ideas on which our house has been built.

"We are sellers and not makers of goods. Once in a while, however, we

have to start a factory because we can't get good enough goods to go under our trade mark. Once we took a big order to a factory, different tools we wanted made, and they asked us what price we wanted to pay. I told them to make us the best tools they could turn out, and then figure the price afterwards.

"We kept strictly to that idea with all our goods. That catch line about the 'recollection of quality' I wrote a long while ago in one of my letters to the salesmen, but it was only about ten years or so ago that my oldest boy took it up and began to make a lot out of it in a business way. The use of the line in advertising is therefore rather new, counted by years, but the idea back of it is as old as my business life."

He mused a while before he went on. "I suppose that's the secret of my success, if I've got any. That and confidence, and keeping at it, anticipating conditions as they change, adapting methods and goods to meet them."

Policies are expressed in acts. Here was another sign on the Simmons success-trail. How had conditions changed? I demanded. What had been done to meet, perhaps to hasten them? The answer sketched the creation of a great business out of confusion—its rebuilding again and again as new factors in its field arose.

"There have been seven distinct eras in the hardware business in the last fifty years," Mr. Simmons explained. "It's not a little satisfaction to recall that our house has taken an active part in ushering them in and in making the most of their opportunities.

"The first departure from tradition"—the keen eyes sparkled as they ranged back across the innovations that meant progress—"came with the employment of traveling salesmen along about 1865. Previous to that the men who called on the trade were collectors. Their names expressed their function—to get the money in. They took orders when these were thrust upon them, but of *creating*

business in selling as it is understood to-day by hundreds of thousands of sober, earnest, intelligent road men—they knew nothing."

"We were the first hardware jobbers to recognize that selling is the big end of the business and to send out men with that single object in view. That explains our growth in large measure—we were first in the field with the new tool, and we spend a good deal of time right now polishing, improving, keeping a razor-edge on our instrument.

"Trade-marking our goods was the second big advance. I wrote 'Keen Kutter' across that model axe of mine in 1864, but it was not until 1870 that we realized the value of branding our goods and making the brand stand for quality. It was starting an endless chain of advertising—the man who used one of our axes or saws insisted upon having our chisels or hammers when he needed such tools. But the trade mark holds so vital a place in production and selling to-day that I need not enlarge on its effectiveness. In the hardware trade it has a peculiar value since it is the dealer's chief defence against the mail order houses which sell direct to consumers.

"Those were the big creative ideas in our business," he went on, after a pause to take stock of causes. "The later years brought development and expansion—chiefly along the line of selling methods and service to the retailer. For we have always believed that the interests of jobber and dealer were indential—that our success was based on the success of our customers and that progress must work backward to us from the advance of the retailer.

"Our assignment of territories to our salesmen and putting them on a commission basis in the late seventies—a great departure then, the accepted method now—was a development of this twin idea of sales and service. It put our travelers in business for themselves and gave them an incentive for nursing and developing the trade

of their customers. It supplied a powerful motive for working a full day, for taking the five o'clock train instead of the one at eight, since their earnings increased with their sales."

"Enlargement of our line," he said quietly, "had been a continuous process. About this time, however, we took another radical step in the expansion of our own and our customers' business. We added guns and sporting goods, and put all our resources at the dealer's command by issuing a complete illustrated catalogue of everything we had to sell. If the retailer hadn't an article in stock, he could sell from the catalogue and send us the order.

"That book cost us \$30,000—an immense sum to spend in advertising in 1880. It was not the first hardware catalogue, but it was the first complete one. How it increased our dealers' sales was shown by the increase in our own—over \$1,000,000 that year."

He shook his head thoughtfully.

"That catalogue may have helped to bring about the next era in hardware selling—by showing the mail order houses how to arrange and illustrate their own books. Our first effort to meet this competition failed in a measure because retailers would not recognize the coming danger and did not co-operate with us. I had noticed that the mail order houses were using bicycles and sewing machines as their 'leaders,' quoting amazing prices in their advertisements and securing thousands of customers.

"To meet these offers, we bought many thousands of excellent wheels and good sewing machines at nine dollars each, furnished them to the trade at flat cost, and urged our customers to sell them at or below the mail order figure of \$11.75—warning them of the trouble which growth of the catalogue houses would produce. The plan failed, however. The trade did not respond. Instead, many dealers bought our machines and observing their quality, marked them up, as high as \$18, thus defeating our purpose. Since then, this competition has

grown tremendously. It can be met only by quality goods, trade-marked and sold on a margin that gives volume and quick turn-over of stocks."

"Speed and accessibility to wholesale stocks enter here. Our first effort to facilitate deliveries—to improve service for the effect on sales—was the building in 1895 of our new warehouses over railroad tracks and the organization of our house methods to secure the greatest speed in the filling of orders and forwarding shipments.

"The final development of this service idea and the seventh era in this business, came with the establishment of branch houses at strategic market points in 1905, though this involved complete recasting of the methods and organization with which we had been operating. To save even a few hours in delivery of rush orders may mean the difference between a sale and no sale.

"For that reason we have gone to the trade—have put complete local stocks at their command—have made it possible for them to do two or three times their old volume of business on the same capital—have cut down materially the cost of distribution and put them in a strong defensive position touching their long-distance catalogue rivals. At the same time we have tried to impress the quality of our tools on the customer by widespread advertising. That, I believe, is the final platform on which we will meet the future—Service and Quality. And Quality, after all, means potential service to the consumer."

NOT AN M.P. NOW.

In the article in our November number, entitled, "From Mill Hand to Mill Owner: the Life Story of Alexander Gibson, of Marysville," the statement was made that Mr. Alexander Gibson, Jr., was member of Parliament for York County, N.B. It is true that Mr. Gibson did hold this seat prior to the last general election, but he was defeated in that contest by Mr. Oswald Crocket, the present member.

The Financial Head of a Great Railroad System



ROBERT S. LOVETT

HARRIMAN'S SUCCESSOR AS HEAD OF THE UNION AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC SYSTEMS

Born in the village of Cold Springs, Texas, the son of a planter, Robert S. Lovett left home at the age of fifteen to work on a farm. There, one day, he saw something that made him sit up and take notice. It was a construction train on a new railroad. He went and applied for a job and got it. In time he was promoted to the job of cutting out and hauling ties. He lived with the construction gang, ate coarse food, wore coarse clothes and did coarse work. But he saved his money, kept his eyes open, used his brains as well as his hands—thirty years later he was made president of the road. With the money he saved on the construction work he went to school and ultimately became a lawyer. At the age of 29 he became general attorney for Texas of the Texas and Pacific Railway. That was the open sesame for many things. In 1901, when Harriman got control of the Southern Pacific, Lovett was a specialist in railway law and Harriman was not long in finding it out. He called Lovett to New York in 1904, and here he stands now on the topmost rung of the financial ladder.

The Flexotype

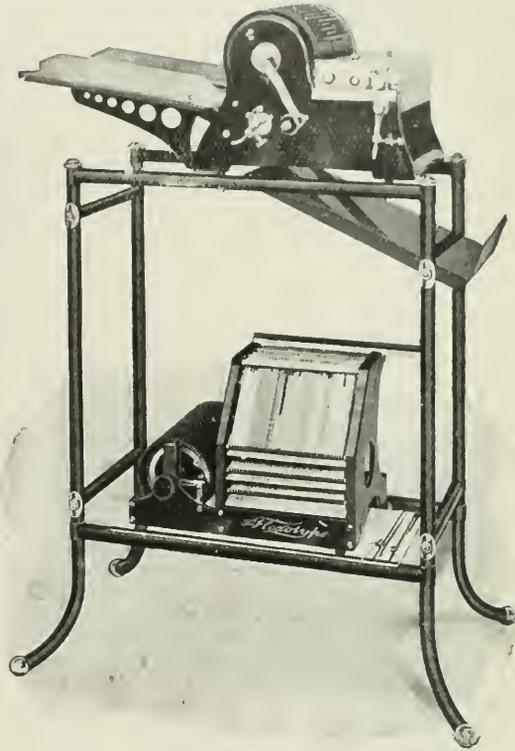
The Flexotype is one of the most valuable additions to the list of modern office appliances. It makes the office absolutely independent of the printer for all kinds of forms, letterheads, circular letters, etc. In such work it effects a saving of 50 per cent.

It makes perfect typewritten letters in any quantity at a cost of 15c a thousand. The type is set up in a flexible steel form. Set up a dozen letters if you wish—run what you want of one, then slip on another. Matter may be left standing and filed in vertical files for future use. The three operations of setting, running, and distributing, may be carried on simultaneously.

The ribbon is 17 inches long, and costs 75c. It is used until the cloth is worn out. It never becomes faint, as it is automatically inked while in use, with absolute uniformity, by the ink rolls. The last copy is the same as the first.

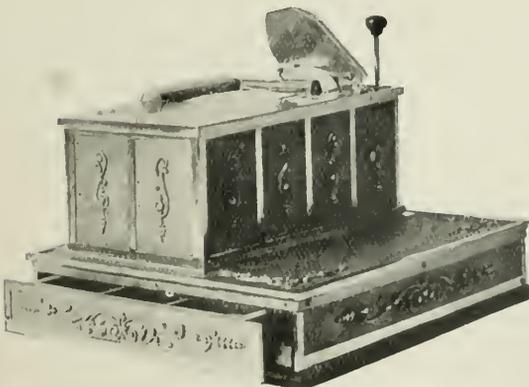
The type-setting device is entirely separate from the printing machine. The type is not picked up by hand. Matter may be set up or distributed at the rate of a line a minute after an hour's practice. The style of type may be changed in an instant.

No adjustment is necessary for direct printing—simply remove the ribbon. It is possible to print 1,000 letters, 40 each of 25 different letters, in one hour. Names and addresses are filled in on the typewriter with an absolutely perfect match in color and impression. The Flexotype is sold in Canada by the United Typewriter Company. Full particulars may be had upon application to their head office, 9 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.



THE FLEXOTYPE

Hainer Bookkeeping Machine



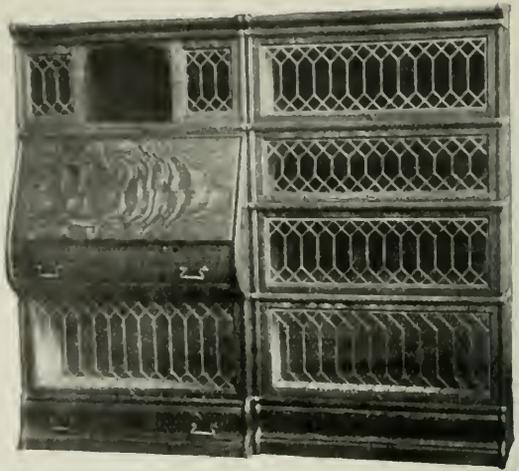
HAINER BOOKKEEPING MACHINE

Among the many labor-saving appliances which of recent years have been introduced, the Hainer Bookkeeping Machine, illustrated in cut, marks a most comprehensive advance in accurate and speedy accounting by mechanical means. The machine is at once a cash register, an autographic register, an account register and a time recorder. It will not get flurried during rush hours of business, and it will bring every customer's account up-to-date and keep it with automatic precision. There is nothing at all complicated about the operation of the "Hainer" Machine, and any one of ordinary intelligence can use it with but a moment's instruction. The Bookkeeping Machines, Limited, Toronto, 424 Spadina Avenue, will send full descriptive booklet of this wonderful machine on request.

The "Elastic" Bookcase

Among the variety of combinations possible with the Globe Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase, that shown in the accompanying cut is perhaps one of the most attractive and affords an opportunity for artistic display of bric-a-brac. The distinguishing feature of the Globe Wernicke is the inconspicuous metal interlocking strip, the importance of which merits special comment. It is this strip which gives superiority to the Globe-Wernicke, for it assures perfect stability and alignment when two or more tiers, each containing three or more units are placed side by side. These cases are also dust proof and doors are fitted with a patent equalizer which makes them run back freely and absolutely non-binding.

There is moreover opportunity with the Globe-Wernicke to satisfy individual taste, as they are now made in a large range of styles. Messrs. Benson Johnston Co., Ltd., their agents, 8 John St. N., Hamilton, will send you their fully illustrated booklet on request.



WERNICKE SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

L. E. B. Shock Absorber

The necessity of having a resilient element underneath the typewriter has been recognized for a long time, and rubber cushions, felt pads and other devices for placing a "give" have been invented and placed on the market with considerable success. The latest development along the line of inventions for reducing wear and vibration is the "L. E. B. Shock Absorber," consisting of two band springs which are fastened to the desk on which the typewriter rests in a manner allowing a give in all directions. This resilience absorbs all the destructive vibration caused by the action of the type-bars, shift keys and tabulators, and it is claimed will add years to the life of the typewriter, preserv-

ing it in all its original efficiency. The springs also allow the platen to give under the type-bar blow, preventing the cutting of the ribbon and making it last longer. The metal bands are durable and lasting, and the elasticity softens the touch, quickens the action and prevents the desk from acting as a sounding board, thereby eliminating the annoying drum-like reverberation. Aside from being a shock absorber it is also a device for instantly attaching a typewriter to a desk or removing it without the use of tools. H. G. Bellew, the Witness Building, Montreal, is Canadian agent for this unique device.

Onward Sliding Shoe

Until the Sliding Furniture Shoe came on the market the ordinary furniture castor was con-

sidered a necessity. Even though it left its unsightly mark on our polished floors and continued to wrinkle our carpets and rugs, yet it was indispensable. The invention of the Sliding Furniture Shoe did away with these defects, at the same time doing everything a castor can do and doing it better. The accompanying illustration shows its construction. The spreading of the steel springs prevents its falling out at the same time being easily removed. The base is made of glass or Mott Metal.



ONWARD SLIDING SHOE

The Mott Metal Shoes are non-rustable, and are highly polished, can be used on any kind of floor, marble, tiled, or rough surface. Both the glass and metal shoes are made to suit all kinds of house and office furniture, and can be supplied with furniture at no extra cost. The Onward Mfg. Co., of Berlin, will gladly forward full particulars concerning the Sliding Furniture Shoes.

Answering Advertisements

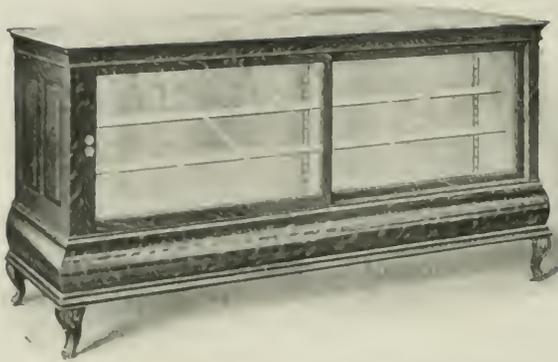
“**T**ALKING about a liberal education,” said the manager of one of Canada’s largest paint and varnish works, the other day, “there is one college that is open—tuition free—to everyone who can read. I allude to the Advertising Pages of the Magazines.”



“These pages are, generally, fully as entertaining and instructive as the purely reading matter section. Nor is this strange when one considers the fact that a great many gifted writers and artists find more lucrative employment in writing and illustrating advertisements than they could possibly obtain in a purely literary or artistic field of endeavor. Owing to this circumstance, anyone given to the study of modern expression in art and literature can derive considerable benefit and a great deal of pleasure from Magazine Advertising Pages.”

“Pretty nearly everything is advertised more or less extensively in the magazines. In many cases advertisements take the place of illustrated talks which are, in themselves, an education in certain processes of manufacture. But the real educational value of advertisements is secured through reading the wealth of booklets, catalogs and other matter that is freely furnished anyone upon request. This matter is, usually, splendidly written and illustrated; and, although necessarily somewhat biased, contains a mine of information concerning nearly everything under the sun—the extent, indeed, being limited only by one’s energy in answering advertisements.”

“I have frequently found my habit of reading and answering advertisements to be of the greatest practical value; and by this means have been introduced to many of my most cherished domestic and business-office possessions. You try it and see!”



FRONT VIEW OF NEW CENTURY DISPLAY COUNTER

The New Century Display Counter

The accompanying illustrations show one of the most convenient fixtures either for office or store, that Busy Man's has ever had the opportunity of examining. It is called The New Century Display Counter and is manufactured by Jones Bros. & Co., Ltd., 30 and 32 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Originally designed for a counter for grocery and drug stores its uses have multiplied until

out from the back, beneath which are a number of drawers subdivided to suit the uses for which they are required.

Its uses are almost beyond number; Stationers and Printers use it as a sample cabinet; Manufacturers' Agents for the same purpose; Wholesale Houses in all lines for displaying special lines of samples; Photographers use it as a complete office showing their samples in



REAR VIEW OF NEW CENTURY DISPLAY COUNTER

it is now almost an indispensable article of furniture for any office or any business.

It consists of a cabinet made of rich and beautifully finished wood, three feet high and in standard lengths of 4, 6 and 8 feet, with a shallow display compartment in front with plate glass doors and fitted with plate glass shelves and a mirror back. The top is also clear plate glass also covering a shallow display space, consisting of polished wood drawers, pulling

the top, frames in the front and goods ready to deliver in the back; Dentists as a stock cabinet; Mining Brokers for specimens and stationery; and all classes of Retail Stores as a means of displaying and storing small goods with the greatest amount of Display Space and the least lost space.

Space does not permit a full description which can be obtained from the manufacturers. Jones Bros. & Co., Ltd., 31 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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GEORGE W. PERKINS

A DIRECTOR OF MANY COMPANIES AND AN EXPONENT OF A SUCCESSFUL
PROFIT-SHARING PLAN.

See Page 19.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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No 3



THE COUNTERFEITS ON DISPLAY

A PARTIAL VIEW OF ONE ROOM IN THE MUSEUM, SHOWING THE CASES CONTAINING COUNTERFEITS OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Counterfeiting Canadian Fruits

By

U. JEAN WYNN

AMONG the many attractions for the visitor and tourist at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario, the famous collection of wax fruits and vegetables stands unique.

It was while visiting the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, that Prof. H. L. Hutt first saw specimens of Mrs. Potter's wax fruits. Observing the excellency of the work, and seeing the great possibilities for the use of

such models, he decided to secure a collection for the Department of Horticulture, at the O.A.C., although at this time "wax work" had long served its time as fashionable "fancy work," and few people could see far enough in the future to anticipate the great attraction which a large collection of such models would be in a college museum, and their invaluable uses for teaching purposes, when the natural fruits are not available.

After some years, Prof. Hutt succeeded in getting the artist, Mrs. Stanley Potter, to come to the College and begin work on the collection, in a nicely equipped studio in one of the college buildings.

As time passed, and the artist kept gradually filling case after case in the museums, her work demanded and received appreciation; and now President G. C. Creelman takes pleasure in stating to visitors that the museums at the O. A. C. contain the largest collection of wax models of any agricultural college in the world.

The O.A.C. museums contain over a dozen large glass cases which display some thousands of specimens, ranging in size from large watermelons and Hubbard squashes to currants, huckleberries and wintergreens. There are several hundreds of varieties of apples, classified according to their seasons, qualities and habitat. The apples vary in kind from the

rough-coated Russets to the smooth-skinned Snows; and from the daintily bloomed Duchess to the heavy purple-bloomed McIntosh Red; and in size from the little pink blushing Highland Beauty and the red-cheeked Lady to the Wolf River, the largest of Canadian apples, measuring some sixteen inches in circumference.

In no work is the wax model more valuable than in illustrating the results of plant breeding; as, for example, in the

crossing of the Northern Spy and Golden Russet. In this instance five-specimens of the progeny are ranged along with the parent varieties, the variations being shown in a very interesting manner.

Several boxes of models demonstrate the different packs of apples used for exhibition and commercial purposes. The case of plums shows the various types of American, Japanese and European varieties; and the blushing downy-cheeked

peaches often call forth the remark from visitors that they make their "mouth water." It is a common occurrence for young children to cry for the fruits while being taken through the museum by their parents. The pears look luscious and mellow, and the small fruits are represented by models of the various kinds of berries and vine products. The display of tropical fruits illustrates different varieties of lemons, oranges, bananas,



MRS. POTTER

WHO IS UNRIVALLED IN THE ART OF MAKING
WAX COUNTERFEITS.

From her latest photograph.

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limes, pomegranates, kumquats, etc., as well as the custard apple, pineapple and many others.

Many and varied are the inquiries made as to how the fruits are preserved; for instance, if they are put in air-tight cases while fresh; and upon hearing that they are wax, people almost invariably ask if they are the natural fruits waxed over.

The models showing disease of fruits are used very largely in class work by the Department of Plant Pathology. Many amusing anecdotes are told by those in charge of the museum as to the way these models impress some people. One might be worthy of mention, and I will give it in the words of the person whom I have heard narrate it. "One day while working in the museum a party of young people came in, and after looking around for a few minutes they came over to me and one of the girls said, 'Where did all this fruit come from this time of year? Was it sent from the south?' I answered, 'No, we have had it for some time.' 'But,' the incredulous young lady queried, 'how is it preserved for such a length of time, it all looks so fresh?' 'We make it here. It is all wax,' I replied. She gave a look of scorn, and turning to her companions said, 'Is'nt she smart? She thinks we are green.' They turned away, talking to one another and casting indignant backward glances at me. In a few moments they all came hurrying back with triumphant smiles and looks, intending to make me tell the truth, as they supposed. The same young woman said, 'You tried to make us believe this fruit was wax, and there is an apple half rotten over there, and wax don't rot.' I explained that it was just a representation, but they evidently thought I was a persistent story-teller, for they walked scornfully away. As they went I heard her remark, 'I wish we could find out how they preserve these fruits, for she won't tell us.'"

To the nature student or botanist perhaps the most peculiar and interest-

ing part of the collection would be the mushrooms. From the Inky Cap and the Shaggy Mane to the most delicate of mushrooms on their slender stalks, they are modelled with wonderful naturalness. Even the good old stand-by, the Morell, is there.

Garden vegetables also have a place in the collection; the delicate branches of green peas contrasting with the plump, red tomatoes; as well as many vegetables which still retain their fine fibrous roots. Other specimens exhibit the effects of thinning roots to various distances apart, while models of different varieties of turnips and other vegetables give the average product for several years, as the result of careful experiments.

All models are *bona fide* copies of real fruits or vegetables, and no "fakes" find a place in any part of this large collection.

In 1908 the Ontario Government sent some hundreds of specimens of Mrs. Potter's work to the Franco-British Exposition in London, England. The alibity to pack these delicate models in such a way as not to injure their beauty, and yet that they might be secure for such a long journey, is no small item of the work itself. But this was successfully accomplished, and not one specimen received the slightest injury in transportation.

Every year in June farmers' excursions come from all parts of Ontario to the College, the wax work being the chief attraction for the ladies; the gentlemen also nearly all find their way to the museum before the day is over. And not only to the farmer is this part of the College of interest, for many people visit Guelph simply to see the wax fruits, and if possible meet the artist who makes them. Frequently visitors of note in the city go to the College, and the museum is the only building they take time to visit.

During the past summer the Women's International Congress spent a day at the College, and their interest in women's work, as shown in this wonderful collection, was as unbound-



A CASE OF COUNTERFEITS

SO LIFE-LIKE ARE THEY, THAT THEY INVARIABLY DECEIVE PEOPLE, WHO HAVE NOT BEEN INFORMED BEFOREHAND.

colored powders. She did not dream in those days that it was possible to make molds of soft, perishable fruits such as berries. She used broom wire for stems, winding them with ravellings of fine green wool, and cloves represented the calyxes of apples. She made a few models for amusement, and for over twenty years did nothing more at the work, although her thoughts were ever dwelling on its possibilities. Not until she had married and her son and daughter had grown up, did she attempt it again. At length, a friend persuaded her to make a few pieces for decorative work, and in doing so her latent talent was aroused, and she began to feel her power, and the love of the work grew with her as she tried experiment after ex-

periment in a struggle to arrive at a more perfect copy of Nature's beauties. She was not satisfied now with mono-colored apples, but her desire was to reproduce the more beautiful striped and blushing fruits. In doing so she was thrown entirely upon her own resources, for although she sought many artists in an endeavor to perfect her work, none of them were able to instruct her in regard to painting on wax; nor could they depict fruit with sufficient accuracy to make models of use scientifically.

ed as their delight in meeting and chatting with the artist. Many and varied are the inquiries made by strangers in regard to Mrs. Potter's personality. Many people have gone to her studio just to see the person who could do such beautiful, dainty work, and frequently their surprise is great when they meet this dear old lady of sixty-five summers.

Mrs. Potter's youth was passed in Rhode Island, and when a young girl she learned the old-fashioned way of making wax fruits, which were then used as parlor ornaments. Plaster of Paris molds were formed, but only apples wholly green, or red, or yellow were cast; and no attempts were made at coloring, except by rubbing on the

Her husband dying about this time, she then thought of turning the work, that she had been doing simply for love of it, to profit in order to sup-

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port herself and her daughter; but many of her friends ridiculed her in this, as they could not see how she would ever make money out of an obsolete art. She was able to do so, however, and she well remembers those who gave her their sympathy and recognized in her productions the qualities that made for success; and to those friends she attributes much. As her home was in a part of the country where different varieties of fruits were hard to obtain, she received great encouragement from her son, who sent her specimens from the city markets.

Just as her business was fairly established, her daughter died, and she was left without her much-appreciated help and sympathy; but trees that stand alone grow stronger and better than those growing in groups; and so it proved in this instance, for, being now almost entirely alone, her work became her passion, and possessing great powers of concentration she in a few years brought her art to its present high excellence.

Her method of working was at first very simple, but now she has a different process for the development and finish of nearly every fruit; each process having been evolved by her own careful investigation.

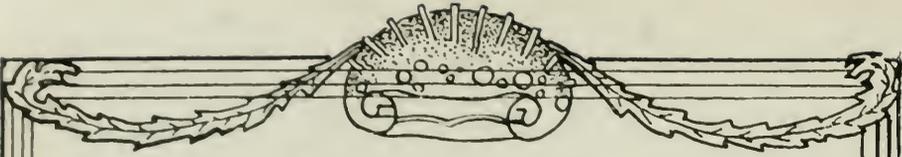
For scientific purposes it is necessary that the model should be the exact copy of the real specimen, so plaster of Paris is poured over the fruit in sections and allowed to harden. In the mold thus formed liquid wax is poured, and when this cast has become firm it is polished and the stem and calyx of the apple or pear is added (now all of wax, the clove being discarded), and all is painted to imitate the real fruit. The coloring is wonderfully true to Nature, but perhaps the finishing process is still more surprising, for she is actually able to give to the apple the exact appearance of the natural skin; to the peach its soft, downy cheek, and to the grapes and plums an almost perfect counterpart of the dainty bloom with which Nature has endowed them. She

has no set formula for the use of wax, but varies it for nearly every variety of fruit to be reproduced. In the use of paints, too, she uses either minerals, oils, water colors, or others, according to requirements.

Now that she is advancing in years, Mrs. Potter's friends have been anxious that she should impart her art to another; but her time being so fully occupied in the actual work, and also in constant endeavor to make it more perfect, she avoided doing so until of late years. She wished to come in touch with someone who, aside from the power of concentration absolutely necessary in order to do superior work, really felt the love for the art which she considers an essential. She has given several a trial, but as her standard was so high, but one person, Mrs. Jean Lyon, has shown the patience and skill which meet with Mrs. Potter's approval; and with her Mrs. Potter is satisfied and looks to her to have her art continued in future years. Mrs. Lyon's work can now be seen in the O.A.C. museum, along with her teacher's.



MRS. POTTER AT WORK IN HER STUDIO



Think of Jonah



W^{OULD} you ever stop to think of it? If Jonah had stayed with that Whale we should never have heard of him again! He came out all right, however, and did things worth remembering.

A salesman was in a provincial town one day—that is, the man was there, but the sales were not. The weather was exceedingly trying, the crops in the country were poor; factories and shops were working on half time. There were several others, but Van Atkin himself was the real cause. He was down in the mouth. He wrote a five-page letter to "The House" and went to bed.

When Van came down next morning, later than usual, he was handed a telegram. This is what he read—

"When you are down in the mouth, think of Jonah! He came out all right!"

At first, Van laughed, just as you are doing now. The sales manager who sent the message intended that he should laugh. Then Van grew serious; and that was according to the manager's plan too. The salesman returned to his room. But just what happened in that room perhaps no one but Van Atkin will ever know. At any rate, "he came out all right." He took some samples under his arm, called on the trade and made sales. He is "high man" with his company now, with good prospects of becoming sales manager at an early date. The thing that gets a man overboard is not important. The particular brand of fish that swallows him is of no consequence. It may be despondency, discouragement, lack of initiative, doubt, fear, timidity, or any other kind of fish. They all are lurking just beneath the surface, waiting with open jaws for victims.

It's getting out that really counts. Jonah was in for three days and three nights, but according to the story he came out all right. It may take longer than three days and three nights or it may take less, but get out of it, if you are down in the mouth. If you don't get out, your career is ended; if you do, your chances are better than ever.

Think of Jonah!





Teaching the Workingman to Help Himself

George W. Perkins, whose portrait appears as a frontispiece to this number, and whose article on the profit-sharing and kindred schemes of the International Harvester Co. is to be found on page 98, has made a close study of all the workmen's benefit problems of the day. He is perhaps doing more than any other man in the world to work out on a satisfactory basis schemes of profit-sharing, insurance, pensions, and compensation for the workingman. Acting on the principle that it is better to let the artisan help himself, he is simply aiming to give the workman opportunities to take a share in the work of the big industrials, to become a shareholder himself, to provide his own insurance and to secure his own pension. He believes, and rightly, that on this basis alone will the great problem be satisfactorily solved.

Mr. Perkins takes high rank among the financial giants of the day. He has been a partner in the great banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. since 1901, and is to-day the right-hand man of Morgan himself. A director of the United States Steel Corporation, of the International Harvester Company, and of numerous other large enterprises, he has had ample opportunity to devote himself to the schemes

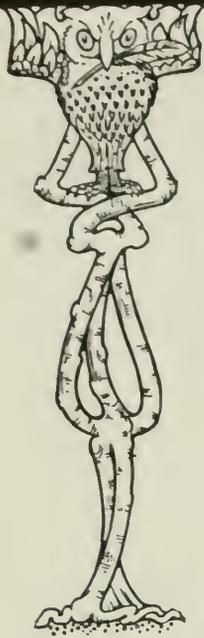
which he has so much at heart. The chairmanship of the committee on wage-earners' insurance of the National Civic Federation has recently fallen to his lot, giving him a still further opportunity in this direction.

A native of Chicago, where he was born in 1862, Mr. Perkins started his business career in the local office of the New York Life Insurance Co., and from a junior worked his way up to the chairmanship of the finance committee in 1900, and to the vice-presidency in 1903. He made his first real success as a salesmanager. His stirring talks to the staff of the company on selling life insurance are among the brightest and most inspiring sermons to salesmen that have ever been published.

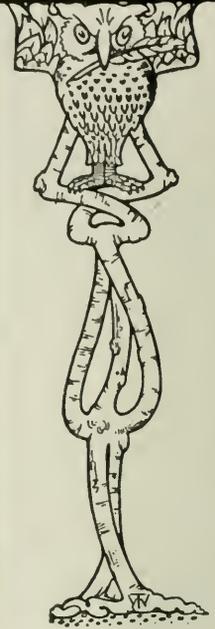
In addition to holding office on the directorate of the United States Steel Corporation and the International Harvester Co., Mr. Perkins is also a prominent director of the Northern Securities Co., the International Mercantile Marine Co., and the National City Bank, besides several smaller corporations. He is naturally much sought after by the management of these bodies, who recognize his splendid executive abilities.

—G. A. CHESTER.

The New Dean of Our Canadian Journalists



J. S. WILLISON

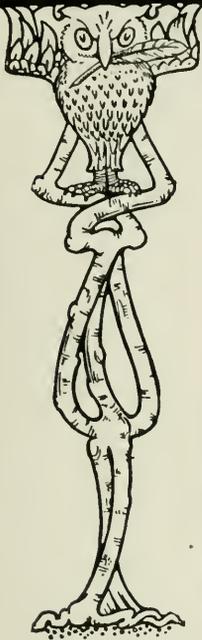


The announcement that J. S. Willison, managing editor of the Toronto News, has been appointed chief of the London Times' news service in America, coupled with the fact that the retirement of Professor Goldwin Smith from the field of journalism, has removed that veteran writer from the leadership of the journalistic forces in Canada, makes the former the unquestioned head of the profession in the Dominion. Mr. Willison has long been regarded as one of the best informed and most skillful editorial writers in the country, and his utterances on public questions have always carried weight. In the United States and in Great Britain, his editorials have been recognized for years as representative of an important section of public opinion in the Dominion.

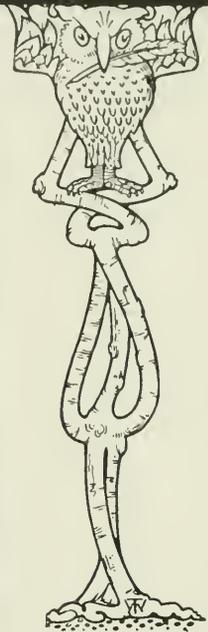
The son of an Englishman, John Stephen Willison was born fifty-three years ago in Huron County, Ontario, and, like most of the leading men of to-day, he went through the local

schools, side by side with the cosmopolitan young Canada of that period. After the usual course at school he engaged in mercantile pursuits for a time, until the lure of the printing press led him to apply for a position on the staff of the London Advertiser in 1882. That here he had found his vocation was demonstrated by the fact that only a year elapsed before he had been called to a position on the Toronto Globe, then, as now, one of the most important of Canadian metropolitan dailies. For nineteen years Mr. Willison was associated with the Globe, and it was in the position of editor of that organ that he became a national figure. His resignation of the duties of editor-in-chief of the Globe was announced in the fall of 1902 and almost immediately he took editorial charge of the re-organized News. His present appointment in connection with the London Times will not interfere with his position on the News.

The Man Who Will Build up the Cement Industry



F. P. JONES



Hostile criticism of the big cement merger has again been heard of late. As usual it merely serves to bring into the lime-light the man who will have to justify the wisdom of the amalgamation. Much will depend during the next year or two on the business acumen of Frank P. Jones, the youthful manager. He has no easy task ahead of him, but it is reasonably safe to predict that the ability which has raised him to his present position will serve to keep him well in the vanguard of national industrial progress. His salary is reported to be in the neighborhood of thirty-five thousand dollars a year, which places him on the level of our railroad presidents and the general managers of a few of our big banks.

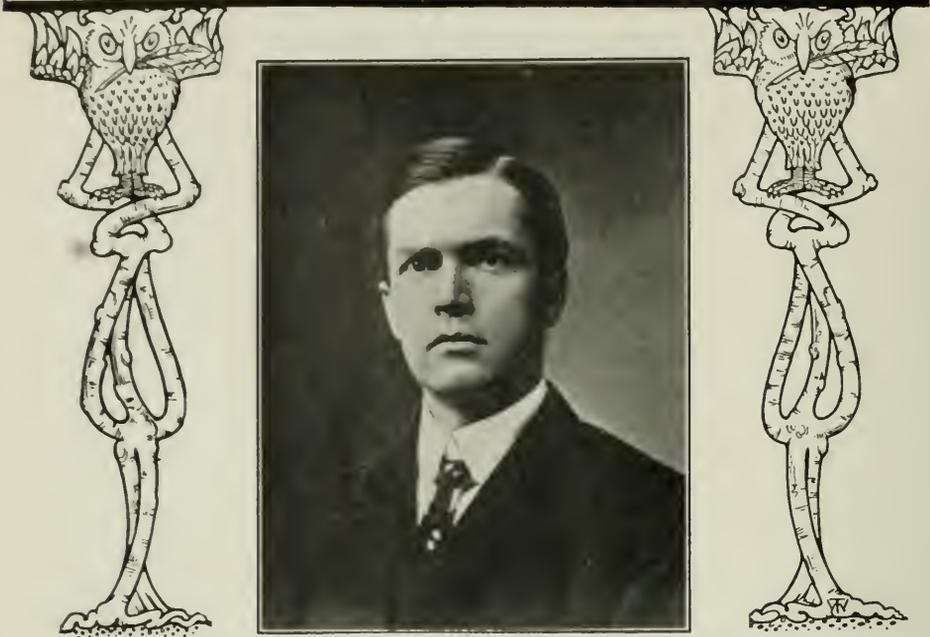
Mr. Jones first came into prominence as sales manager of the Nova Scotia Steel Company. In this position he showed marked ability, so marked, in fact, that the men behind the Nova Scotia's big rival, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, soon

made overtures to him and gave him a similar position in their organization. He advanced rapidly, becoming virtually the general manager of the company within a few years and the duly appointed manager two years later. And now at a time when an interesting future is opening up before the Steel Company, he has chosen the more arduous task of recovering the cement industry from its present chaotic condition.

But Mr. Jones has not gone into the new undertaking blindfold. He canvassed the situation thoroughly. He saw the tremendous increase in the consumption of cement in the last five years and naturally concluded that cement manufacture was really only beginning. He is understood to have decided that the possibilities for ultimate expansion in the cement merger were even greater than the possibilities ahead of the Steel-Coal combination. The public will watch the course of this young manager with interest.

—R. P. CHESTER.

A Leader of the Student Volunteer Movement



J. R. MOTT

What college man in America does not know John R. Mott? His popularity is undoubted and his influence immense. Just now, as arrangements are being concluded for the great Students' Volunteer Convention in Rochester, his personality stands forth in commanding position as the leader of this great crusade. At Rochester there will be assembled over 3,000 college men from all parts of America, of whom a goodly representation will come from Canada. This body of earnest young men have in view the recruiting of the missionary forces of the world. They will strive to instill the missionary spirit in the ranks of the students of 800 colleges.

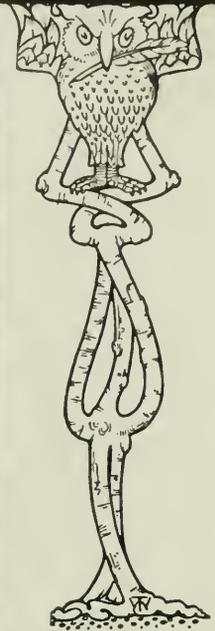
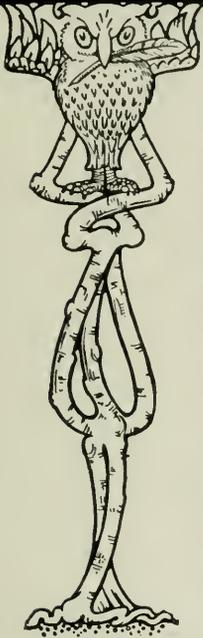
Though manifestly youthful in appearance, John R. Mott, can number forty-four years of existence. His college days were spent at Cornell and later he was granted an honorary M.A. degree by Yale. Ever since its inception over twenty years ago, Mr. Mott has been a moving spirit in the Student Volunteer Movement, and during practically all that time has been

chairman of the executive committee. He has also taken a lively interest in the Y.M.C.A., holding various offices in its organization.

The question may be asked, Does the movement fulfill its purpose? Is it a success? In answer it may be said that 4,300 volunteers are recorded as having gone to the foreign fields—to practically every mission field of the world. These are connected with about 100 different missionary agencies and as preachers, educators, translators, doctors, nurses, promoters of industry, etc., are giving their lives to all of the varied forms of missionary service. It may be said that most of the volunteers would have gone to the field in any case and without the prompting of the Volunteer organization. Wide correspondence recently carried on would indicate that about 75 per cent. of the volunteers now on the field were led to the missionary decision by the direct work of the movement.

—R. P. CHESTER.

A Close Student of Industrial and Business Life



HERBERT N. CASSON

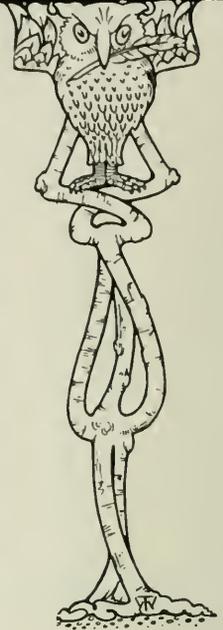
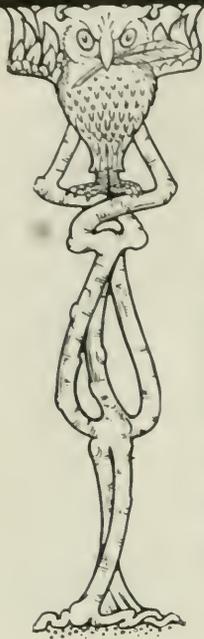
A romance in itself might be written about the struggles and successes of the band of young Canadian writers who have gone in to the larger field of the United States, and have there forged to the front,—Roberts and Carman, Stringer and O'Higgins, Duncan and McFarlane and many another. To readers of magazines, the name of Herbert N. Casson must be familiar. He has specialized in subjects having to do with the realm of industry and he is to-day probably the most successful writer of entertaining books and articles on these themes in the United States. And Casson is a Canadian—a dyed-in-the-wool Canadian, if we take his own word for it.

"Bert" Casson, as he is best known to Canadians, was born in a tiny village called Odessa, somewhere in the vicinity of Kingston, in the year 1869; and as his father was a peripatetic Methodist minister, he grew up all over the Dominion of Canada. He learned to read in a class of Indians

and half-breeds in Manitoba, on the banks of the Red River. Later he became a clerk in a frontier store on the northern shore of Georgian Bay, a hundred miles or more from any railway. At seventeen he was the boy orator of the town of Mitchell, where the astonishing lectures that he used to deliver in the City Hall are well remembered. And at eighteen was a student of old Victoria College, in the days before it had forsaken the town of Cobourg for Toronto.

What "Bert" Casson has done in his seventeen years of adventuring in the United States is a long and picturesque story. From the first, he set out with a purpose, and he has followed this purpose over hill and dale with the tenacity of an Indian. This purpose is nothing less than to abolish the competitive system in industry, and to establish in its place an orderly system of business, with every trade linked to every other trade and with every idler compelled to do his share of the national work.

A Young Canadian With a Genius for Organization



W M AITKEN

Halifax is staid, reserved and conservative. Her people, not always quick to act, take time to make up their mind, and yet they can be prompt, their doors are quickly open to the man who shows he can do things. Thus Halifax early came to consider W. M. Aitken, the promoter and financier whose success gave promise of yet greater things, as one of her own.

Mr. Aitken had only been five years in Halifax when, a little more than two years ago, he removed to the wider field and more extended opportunities of Montreal, but Halifax acted on the principle that he was rather a Halifax man than a New Brunswick man. They were proud of him.

Thirty years ago William Maxwell Aitken (see where his personal friends get the familiar "Max") was born in Newcastle, N.B., a lumbering town on the Miramichi. There his father for long had been the minister of the Presbyterian church, and there he now lives, after faithful service, in

honored retirement. Aitken got a good common school education, but he was not destined for a college course. He was the kind of boy who had not much use for the training of schools. For one reason or another he preferred the hard drill of the world, and the success that quickly came shows the boy chose right. And yet it cannot be said, perhaps, that to-day Aitken—the young man who already has achieved success, who is reputed to be in the list of Canadian millionaires, and certainly is in the forefront of many of the biggest financial and industrial undertakings of this country—probably it cannot be said that he does not admit, when he takes time to think of it, that after all he would like, with his other splendid equipment, to have added to it a university degree.

W. M. Aitken is one of those who command success. He is courageous, confident, insistent, and yet a man of impulse. He goes at a thing in no half-hearted way. What he begins he

assumes is done, but he leaves not a single stone of detail unturned to make the expected success a reality. Aitken has a sort of *sang froid*, a happy faculty of inspiring confidence that at once carries him half way to victory and which has been a prime factor in placing a score of financial triumphs to his credit. He knows a good thing when he sees it—and he does not stop with knowing it.

Aitken began business as the representative of a life insurance company, but this did not hold him long. The Union Bank of Halifax had set longing eyes on the Commercial Bank of Windsor. The man to convince the shareholders of the smaller bank that they should cast in their lot with the greater concern, that they should merge with it rather than wait for some future offer elsewhere, was needed. He was found in W. M. Aitken, who put the amalgamation through in fine style.

The project to reorganize the finances of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company was attracting the attention of the late John F. Stairs. Mr. Stairs saw the qualities of Aitken to assist in carrying through such a work and an alliance was formed. The company's finances were reorganized as they desired. Aitken had proved his metal.

This was before he was twenty-five. I remember one afternoon after the plans had been carried into effect that Mr. and Mrs. Stairs called at Mr. Aitken's office over the old People's Bank offices at Halifax. When they went out Aitken with deep feeling and intensity of admiration, said: "That man made me, this is my twenty-fifth

birthday, and he and Mrs. Stairs did not forget it." A personal trait in Aitken is appreciativeness, but in the case of Mr. Stairs, his regard surpassed mere appreciation—the word love better describes it.

One success quickly followed another. Aitken organized the Royal Securities Corporation. He established the Commercial Trust Company, with which is now merged the Montreal Trust Company, the younger, as was fitting, taking the name of the older. The Porto Rico Railways Co. was promoted and its financing was successfully managed by Mr. Aitken. The promptness and directness of his methods was shewn on a trip of Canadian business men who went down two years ago as his guests to see the Porto Rico plant. While in the island a cable summoned him back to New York. The guests were left in good hands, and Aitken, hardly taking time to say good-bye, was off on the steamer, which he just succeeded in catching. He saw the need for action—and as usual he acted.

The prominent part he has taken in the organization of the Western Power Company, the Canada Cement Company, and in the Steel-Coal merger negotiations are matters of the immediate present. The work was there to be done, and Aitken was the man to do it.

His wife, a daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Drury, was one of the most charming girls of Halifax, and when they were married the friends of each said: "The catch of the season."

—W. R. McCURDY.

Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders, which they were not to open until they were in mid-ocean.—
Lowell.



GRACE GEORGE

MISS GEORGE HAS ABANDONED HER REGULAR SEASON TO BECOME "GUEST ACTRESS" AT THE NEW THEATRE, TAKING THE LEADING ROLE IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."



FLORENCE REED
IN "SEVEN DAYS" AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

In the Field of Drama

By
J. J. DINGWALL

PRE-EMINENTLY, the event of greatest theatrical interest since my last article, was the opening of the palatial New Theatre at Sixty-Eighth Street and Central Park West, New York City. It is the only endowed theatre in America, and its career will be watched with interest throughout United States, Canada and Europe as well.

The initial offering was "Antony and Cleopatra"—a new version having been specially prepared for the occasion. Although not announced as a fact, it seems plausible to believe that the selection of this old Shakes-

pearean drama for an opening production was animated by a desire to enable the various players to "find" themselves before attempting the several new, modern and ambitious plays scheduled for later production.

Purely as a production "Antony and Cleopatra" has not been excelled on any American stage. In scenic investiture and costumes, it was artistic and historically accurate. Mr. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, respectively, played the titular roles, and by general acclaim proved themselves the ablest and most finished actors of Shake-



ADELINE GENEÉ
THE FAMOUS DANCER IN "THE SILVER STAR."

its success solely upon the body of intelligent playgoers. It is hoped to make the institution as distinctly democratic and civic as is the Comedie Francaise of Paris. This is a consummation devoutly to be desired, for then visitors to New York will rejoice in the opportunity of visiting one theatrical stronghold, wherein abides real dramatic food with an accompaniment of productions of uniform, artistic excellence.

Since the above was written, two new plays have been produced at the New Theatre,—one of which, "Strife," promises to remain in its repertoire for some time. The other—the first really new play offered by the management—was "The Cottage in the Air," by Ed-

sperean parts to-day on the American stage.

The New Theatre itself is a temple of art that does credit to both designer and architect,—with the exception of a few particulars. Chief of these are the accoustics,—a fault that has since been remedied. On the opening night it was with difficulty that certain portions of the audience were able to hear the lines spoken by the players,—in spite of clear enunciation.

The New Theatre Company of players is to be a strictly stock organization,—no one of whom is to be featured or "starred." The theatre makes its appeal and will depend for

ward Knobloch, a young Harvard graduate. It proved to be a fantastic comedy of such delicate texture that the first strong breath of unfavorable criticism caused it to fade into oblivion. It served one good purpose, however, in bringing again to public view that reliable and always adequate actress, Miss Rose Coghlan. She also served to show that the personal equation is still potent in theatredom, for her work in this inferior play stood out cameo-like and emphasized in no uncertain manner how much the new school of acting may learn from that designated as "the old."

The other new play was "Strife," which dealt in somewhat new fashion with the perpetual struggle between capital and labor. Its author, John Galsworthy, who looms upon the horizon of English letters in agreeable dimensions, originally wrote the play for English audiences, but American conditions were found to be so similar that the locale was transferred to Western Ohio, where the various scenes are laid in and about a tin plate mill during a lockout, a situation such as occurred in Pennsylvania a year ago. Acted by a cast including such excellent performers as Louis Calvert, Charles Cartwright, Ferdinand Gottschak, Mrs. Sol. Smith, Mrs. Forbes Robertson and Beverly Sitgreaves, "Strife" is destined for some length of theatrical life.

The next New Theatre production scheduled is one of the standard or classical works,—Sheridan's "School for Scandal" in which Miss Grace George will have the leading feminine role, being obliged to abandon the rest of her theatrical season in order to do so. Miss George has always shone in modern comedy, but her husband, Manager Wm. A. Brady, has invariably figured her as the American Rejane, and the best interpreter of old comedy roles that we have. Mayhap he is right.

Sandwiched in between the regular



JANE GREY

ONE OF THE WIVES IN "IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"

dramatic performances at the New Theatre will be presentations of light opera by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Subscribers can, therefore, witness once, each, drama or opera. The scale of prices at the New Theatre is the same as those at the regular high-class Broadway houses.

And now in descending from the top-lofty eminence of this temple of dramatic art on Central Park West, it is wise to glance at what "The Great White Way" offers in the line of new and current amusement. Beyond question, the most distinct, positive and remarkable theatrical success of

the season is "Seven Days," now playing at the Astor Theatre. 'Tis a farce comedy in three acts by Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart. Much of its success is due to the fact that the excellent cast of comedians who play it, do not descend to low or broad farce methods, but play it in a spirit of straight comedy, thus heightening its humor and making more im-

pressive the many grotesque situations. It is French farce of the highest type — minus vulgarity or *double entendre*. And yet so unimpressed at rehearsals were its producers, that, I am told, no reasonable offer for its playing rights would have been refused. Now it is destined to make a fortune for all concerned and will be at home in New York for a year or more.

The latest English offering is "The Belle of Brittany" at Daly's

Theatre, in which Frank Daniels is making the hit of his lifetime. There are five authors concerned in its making and no one of them has been found wanting in respect to book, lyrics or music. The piece contains no story strong enough to bear repetition here. It is sketchy and threadbare of plot, but its fun is positive and refreshing, even though it is most conventionally Eng-

lish. It seems, now-a-days, as though English authors are becoming more alive to the necessity of making their usually local comedy situations applicable to world wide conditions, so that "he who runs may read," and then again, the dollars of the American public provide a great incentive to a more general application of conditions comic. "The Belle of Brittany" is

a pleasing instance of this and ought to have the "at home" card on its doors for a long time. The peculiar mannerisms of Mr. Frank Daniels are a large factor in molding its popularity.

Lew Fields, the eccentric German comedian, has built up such a following among theatre goers that were he to appear in a dramatization of "The Lamentations of Jeremiah," it would take no little while to exhaust the patience of his clientele. His retirement from the stage for the pur-

pose of making theatrical productions was generally regretted, but he has once more returned to his own and is again "in Dutch"—which, being interpreted, means that in his new musical farce, "Old Dutch," he is in his element. He is the same good-natured, droll, blundering, laugh-producing character as of old. "Old Dutch" has a trio of authors. Victor Herbert furnished the



MABEL TALIAFERRO
IN "SPRINGTIME."



FLORENCE REID

music, Edgar Smith the book, and Geo. V. Hobart the lyrics. The general fault found with this new musical farce is that there is too little of Lew Fields in it. Whether this is due to an error of the librettist or self-abnegation on the part of the star is not known, but the fact still remains. From the standpoint of production, competent cast, beautiful girls and handsome costuming, "Old Dutch" has not been equalled in this most prolific season of musical shows. George V. Hobart has furnished some splendid lyrics to which, it need hardly be mentioned, Victor Herbert has added delightful and catchy music.

So frequently does one pick up a programme devoted to comedy, musical play or humorous character sketch, and read the name of George V. Hobart as author or co-author, that one is disposed to query if he will not soon become "written out." He is by all odds the most humorous and probably the most versatile writer that Canada has furnished to the United States. The writer remembers him as an expert telegrapher in a small town in Nova Scotia. Even then he was an adept in putting together amateur dramatic entertainments. The friendship then formed has lasted for twenty years, and my only wonder is that born and brought up, as Hobart was, in an environment of Calvinism, he can so easily turn the tap of humor to such an overflow of success. Some day, I trust, he will turn his attention—dramatically—to the land of his birth, and give us a native play that will furnish Canadians both pride and status. Owing to the above parenthetical personal comment I had almost forgotten to chronicle the conclusion that "Old Dutch" has conspicuous merit and should be stationary at the Herald Square Theatre for ever so long.

"Let me but write your musical comedies and your songs and I don't care who makes your plays," seems to

be the conclusion of George M. Cohan, whose new musical production "The Man From Broadway" appears to have stirred New York. He turns these musical products out with amazing regularity, and so far this young mass of human energy has been uniformly successful. Of course, Mr. Cohan is fortunate in having such a clever and droll comedian as Raymond Hitchcock to interpret his lines and intone his songs (for R. H. never sings songs). Many of the Cohan lines would never get past the bass drum were it not for the quaint and effective delivery by Comedian Hitchcock. There is no comedian on the American stage to-day that is just like Raymond Hitchcock. He is in a class by himself. Whether it be the motion of a limb, the arching of an eyebrow or in fact a genuflection of any kind,—they all serve him as an opportunity upon which to pin laughter. "The Man Who Owns Broadway" is so typically local to New York's Great White Way that few of its pointed quips are lost or wasted. It is, therefore, in for a long run at the New York Theatre, but how it will fare on the road before audiences who are not au fait with Broadway is a problem.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" at the Belasco Theatre is still playing to capacity and for a reason. This is not because of its being a Belasco production per se, but because of its being a Belasco stock company of unusual excellence that brings out every laugh there is in the comedy. The text of its being is "Suppose you were to wake up some morning to discover that your wife wasn't really your wife at all, what would you do?" The show is a tonic of domestication, and the two most popular wives, or if you care to have it so, ex-wives—are Louise Woods and Jane Grey, both of whom have won favor with the large audiences.

The Splendid Pauper

By

FRANK H. SHAW.

“MY dear,” said motherly Mrs. Winstanley to the pretty widow, “you may take this from me—your nearest neighbor is simply a splendid pauper. Not as regards money or position, of course—everybody knows the Earl of Lindisfarne is premier Earl of England and as rich as an American railway president—but as regards love and the recognized comforts of life. He lives in magnificent isolation; makes no calls and receives none; will not associate himself with matters public; withdraws into his shell at the first signs of a visitor’s approach; and generally proves himself hostile to society’s claims. He is poorer than any laborer on his estate, for he is as hard as the nether millstone.”

“What’s a pauper, muvver?” The query came in a dainty, sweet voice from the farthest corner of Mrs. Leigh’s drawing room, and the young widow turned with a start.

“I’d quite forgotten Iris,” she said, with a glimpse of startled fun on her face. “She is all ears. A pauper, Iris darling, is someone who is very poor indeed. Come and have this cake—it’s full of little silver sweets and icing.” The child came forward, and regarded her mother’s visitor shrewdly.

“I like you,” she said, after an examination under which Mrs. Winstanley shrank somewhat. “You always speak the truf, don’t you?”

“Why, Iris, of course,” exclaimed her mother, before the visitor could speak. “What silly ideas you get into your head!”

“I only wanted to make quite sure,” said Iris, picking the silver sweets from the tasty cake and demolishing them with a quiet determination that characterized most of her actions. “Cause one likes to be quite sure, muvver.”

She effaced herself in her old corner, and Mrs. Winstanley took up the tale.

“I sometimes think the poor man must have had a very terrible shock in his youth,” she said garrulously. “He is a positive hermit. However, that won’t affect you, my dear. We shall try to make you very happy, and I am quite sure you will prove a decided acquisition to our small society. Now I must be off.”

She rose and made her adieux, Iris being fetched from her observatory to kiss and be kissed. Mrs. Winstanley said the wee mite’s face was unusually thoughtful for her years, but at once forgot the child in the rush of paying further calls. A rare old gossip, Mrs. Winstanley, but nothing malicious about her. A good, honest soul, who had watched the splendid isolation of the owner of Lindisfarne Towers with much of pity and something of irritation.

Mrs. Leigh seated herself by the open window of the drawing-room, for, though well on towards the mid-

dle of November, the day was warm. Some fictitious remnants of the summer still clung about the lovely old garden, where a surprised robin chirped manfully. And Mrs. Leigh was busy with her thoughts. She was wondering how she would settle in the new home that she had just taken—away from all that mad, unhappy past; away from all old-time associations of Leigh and his people. It was already looming distantly, like a black and bitter dream, all that miserable period of anxiety and suspense, of disillusionment and scorn.

"I'm glad I've cut myself loose from it all," she murmured. "I'll get a chance to forget now, and—I need it. I need it, heaven knows. Thank God Iris is like me, and not like James."

Yes, there was much to forget, she thought. Seven long years of heart-sickening unrest, the result of her hasty marriage with a man who was all but a fiend in disposition; seven long years of mental—ay, and sometimes bodily—torture, tied hopelessly to a man who had not one single redeeming feature. A gambler, a drunkard, a brute—that was James Leigh. But now it was all over. A chance fall in the hunting-field almost a year before had cut the Gordian knot, and Aincie Leigh was free to live her life as it should be lived—happily, with great peace drooping on her way.

The rustle of paper aroused her from her reverie. She glanced over her shoulder into the quaint room.

"What are you doing, Iris?"

"Reading, muvver—the dickshunary." Iris had opened the great volume at the letter P. and her slim finger was running down the page with care.

"P-o-r. It isn't there," she said below her breath. "P—Muvver, spell pauper."

"P-a-u-p-e-r," said Mrs. Leigh slowly; and Iris turned back. There

it was—"a poor person, one reduced in circumstances, one supported by charity." Charity she understood—she had heard it preached about in church. Evidently this man Mrs. Winstanley had spoken about was one of those people who went about in rags and tatters, soliciting pennies with mendicant whining. But Iris had a wonderfully tender heart, and—Christmas was not very far away. It was an awful thought that anyone near at hand should be compelled to beg for pennies when the season of presents and rich feeding was so close at hand.

Somewhere at the back of that high, white forehead lay a shrewd and calculating mind. Iris was busy with her thoughts now.

"Eightpence for muvver, fourpence for Nurse, twopence for Grimm, one penny for Baines." She was reckoning up her Christmas liabilities in view of the coming season. Already she had chosen the presents to be given to the various members of the small household; by dint of careful saving she would be in possession of two shillings and threepence by the week before Christmas. She dotted down the items on the margin of the dictionary, and reckoned them up carefully, her sticky fingers helping considerably.

"One and threepence," she said at last after getting it wrong four times. "That leaves elevenpence—no, a whole shilling."

She licked one sticky finger seriously. No end to the possibilities of a whole shilling, and it required a lot of saving; but she had heard the mandate so often: "Give freely to the poor," that she relinquished those golden dreams of chocolates and such good trifles with only a very small sigh. Her mother being still engrossed in pictures of the past, Iris rose, and left the drawing-room. Her money-box lay on a high shelf in the nursery, but the child

THE SPLENDID PAUPER

was resourceful. A chair standing on another chair formed an effective ladder, and it hardly seemed to matter that the whole erection came down with a crash as soon as she had laid hands on the box. When she picked herself up she had her savings in her possession, and a thin knife-blade speedily drew out sundry coins from the slit in the top of the locked box.

"I'll carry it wiv me," said Iris. "P'raps I'll meet him soon."

* * * * *

"Oh, if you please." The voice was sweetly pathetic, and George Mainwaring Wriothesley Vincent, tenth Earl of Lindisfarne, looked up with some curiosity — looked up from a black-souled reverie, looked up from miserable heart-searchings, and presented a dark and brooding face to the gaze of the little figure sitting across the top of the high wall.

"Get down, little girl, he said sharply. "You've no business there. Besides, you'll fall." The last was added inconsequently, and as the mite wriggled in her place the earl darted forward a step.

"It wasn't vevy hard," said Iris soothingly. "There's little bits of stones all over—like steps. But this side is so smooove. I can't get down, and I do want to get down, please."

What was it that caused the black frown on Lindisfarne's brow to smooth away into something of interest? Was it the glance of a pair of appealing violet eyes, the sound of a tremulously brave little voice? For many a long year he had never left his own estate, hugging the sorrow of his life to his heart with solitary morbidness. Bereft of hope, shunning and shunned by his friends, the prey to thoughts of the most unsettling, the victim of his own regrets, what was there in all the world outside that could offer him solace? Eight long years ago since the tragedy of his life was acted, six

years since he had succeeded to the title and the vast estates, and the honors and riches counted of good worth in the mind of the world, were simply apples of Sodom, turning to dust and ashes in the mouth.

Gorgeous servants waited on his every need, prancing horses stood in the stables awaiting his command; his word was law to an establishment the actual numbers of which he never knew. Served on bended knees almost, served with fear and trembling, he was; for his bitterness had stamped itself indelibly on his face, and men, looking hereon, said he was harsh and exacting, one to be attended carefully, lest evil befall. A pauper he was, if ever a pauper lived, but it was poverty of the heart and soul that made for his dismal life.

"Oh, if you please," came the plaintive voice again.

Lindisfarne lifted his head; the little figure was still rocking perilously on the summit of the high wall.

"I tried to get in at the gate," said Iris piteously, "but they said it was no place for little girls. Please——"

"What do you want, child?" The voice was hostile, offered no encouragement.

"I have something for you, please." Then he noticed that one grimy fist was tightly clenched on something held within the palm.

With a bitter laugh at his own folly he strode forward, and lifted her down. She thanked him prettily, and looked up into his face with wide eyes.

"It's mine own," she said at last, insinuating something into his hand. "so you needn't be afraid. It's all mine, honest." He looked down with some consternation. In his hand lay a sticky shilling, and Iris was regarding him with such charitable interest as might have become the good Samaritan himself.

"It's all for you," she said. "So

you'll have a merry Christmas. I saved it—it's mine. Poor man, I hopes you'll be happy."

"But—I say—look here——"

She waved her hand benignantly. "I s'pose you never had so much before," she said, "but you've got it now. And now, please, I'll have to go, 'cause nurse didn't know. I ran away when she was speaking to Forbes. Do you know Forbes, he's the policeman? He's fond of nurse."

"I don't want your money, child. What should I do with it? Here, take it away with you, and if you are looking for another to add to it, take this as well." Iris's face wrinkled, something hot and moist filmed her eyes. But she stamped her foot with some indignation, too.

"You's a pauper," she said sternly: "you's to take it. We was told to give to the poor, and you're poor, aren't you?"

"I poor! Good heavens!"

"Mrs. Winstally says you's a splendid pauper," said Iris with a confidential air. "I shouldn't have known but for her. You see, there's no really-truly poor people in the village, so when I heard you was so poor—'cause pauper means poor—I took my money for you. But I couldn't find you for ever so long—nearly a whole month. Please keep the money, Pauper dear, and buy a Christmas present. If I'd known I'd have bought you one, but I don't know what men like."

Lindisfarne tried to be stern, but failed in the effort, being raked fore and aft by the broadside of her mourning eyes. A queer catch came into his throat as he looked down on her. He began to see what the past might have held for him if only—if only—but that way lay much sorrow, and he banished the thought at its birth.

"So they call me a splendid pauper, do they?" he said slowly. "My

God! To be pitied by all the world! It's hard—it's more than hard."

"Yes, I know it's hard," said Iris sympathetically. "But cheer up, please, Pauper dear. You can buy ever so many things with a shilling—chocolates, and toys, and ——" Her under lip began to quiver a little as glowing vistas of shillings-worths flitted through her mind. "I must really go now, please," she said. "If you'll say 'thank you' nicely, I won't wait."

"Er—what's that? Oh, ay—thank you, miss. What's your name, by the way?"

"Miss Iris Leigh."

"Thank you, Miss Iris. It's extremely good of you. But—I wouldn't say anything about this, if I were you. People might—might—well, never mind. Look here, little one, come again, will you? If the nurse lady is so fond of the policeman, perhaps she'll allow you to spend a little more time with me. Come tomorrow, will you? And you needn't risk your neck climbing the wall—I'll tell the lodgekeeper to admit you at any time. Just walk straight in, and if I'm not anywhere about, go to that house there, do you see it?" He pointed with a finger that trembled a little along the magnificent avenue, now denuded of every leaf, to where a vast facade showed sombrely against the withered green of the distant hills.

"I suppose that's the work'us," said Iris, thinking of nurse's savings. She thought for a moment, and then, happening to look up into the Splendid Pauper's face, saw something there that made her very grave.

"I like you, Pauper dear," she said, holding up her face to be kissed. "Yes, I'll come to play wiv you. Will they let you out just whenever you like?" For paupers and workhouses seemed somehow connected in Iris's mind—a result of her attendant's teachings, perhaps.

Lord Lindisfarne swore softly be-

neath his breath as he watched the twinkling legs vanish down the avenue.

"What the deuce does it all mean?" he asked himself. Then he opened his hand—a sticky shilling fell to the ground. For one moment he set his foot upon it, as though to crush it into the gravel, but second thoughts prevailed. He picked it up carefully and placed it in safety. For some reason or other his face was almost tender now.

* * * * *

Morning brought a renewal of gloom to Lindisfarne's soul. "I expect she's a spy sent from some of these infernal interfering people about," he ruminated heavily. "They'd like to get sneaking into my place, and filling the house with a lot of silly, bridge-playing women looking for husbands. But I'll keep them at a distance. First the child, then her auntie, or an elder sister or something—yes, that must be it. She's of a good stock; her face tells me that. I thought it was familiar, her face, but that's purely idiotic, of course. Now, when she comes, I'll give her her shilling back, and another with it, and we'll close the acquaintance. Yes, that's the best way." He breakfasted in stately splendour, surrounded by pictured Lindisfarnes, men who had led happy lives, and had married sweet women. Dimly through his melancholy there came dreams of what his life might have been if only—if only—. He roused himself and clenched his fist. That way lay madness, he said wrathfully. That page of his life was turned down years ago, turned down and blotted out irrevocably. Why resurrect it, then? But—but—after all, it might be as well to take the gift as it was meant. To return the shilling might mean a fresh quivering of that dewy underlip—a fresh mistiness of those violet eyes. He was softening from his self-built hardness, though he

would not allow himself to believe the truth.

It was the sound of a shrill, decisive voice that took him to the great entrance gates. With a pang of self-reproach he remembered he had forgotten to give the necessary instructions, and hastened to the lodge hot-foot. A flushed and wrathful Iris stood there, endeavoring to make the gruff-voiced keeper understand that she possessed a right of way.

"Go away, missie," said Murdock severely.

"I won't. Oh, please—he said I was to come in when I liked. Do let me see him. He's my dear Pauper." Lindisfarne appeared, and with a little cry the child broke past the outspread arms and ran to him.

"I knowed you'd tell him," she panted. "Please, I can come in?"

"Let this lady in whenever she wishes," said the earl decisively, and Murdock touched his forehead.

Iris pattered alongside her new-found friend, and regaled him with much simple prattle as she went. He found it vastly entertaining, and before they had reached the sweeping terraces before the house, was displaying something of interest in her home-life.

"My precious one said I mustn't get in the way," she explained sweetly. "I had to tell her, of course. But I didn't say anything of the shilling. Did you spend it, please?"

"No, I'm going to—to—keep it always," he said. He had fully intended to give the coin back, but in the face of those eyes it was impossible.

"Come in here," he said, ushering her past a row of gorgeous servants and into a dainty room. "There are things here that might please you." And thereafter Iris was lost in Wonderland. Unexpected toys seemed to produce themselves from the most unpromising corners; the house from floor to ceiling—and before the day was over she had explored it in its entirety—was a vast

goldmine of treasure. Lindisfarne accompanied her whithersoever she went, and found his jaws smiling unaccustomedly a hundred times at her unfeigned delight.

"But—I fought you were a pauper, dear," she said when the long hour was at an end. "Are these toys all yours?"

"Some of them, little one. They belonged to other little girls and boys—before I became a pauper." He turned away at the look of pity on her face. "My God!" he said heavily: "a pauper? Ah, indeed."

He conducted her personally to the gate, and watched her on her homeward way, lingering to the last to wave his hand as she turned the corner of the road. He went back to the house almost light-heartedly; the place seemed imbued with a new atmosphere. The scattered toys on the old nursery floor spoke of life and youth—the forty years of him seemed to vanish with a flash. He picked up a clockwork doll, and regarded it tenderly. It was sticky about the waist, where Iris's fingers had touched it. Looking about him shamefacedly, he stooped and kissed the sticky imprint, then flushed hotly and threw the toy away.

Naturally enough, he made cautious inquiries, and found out something about Iris's home. Once he felt inclined to pay her a visit, to ask her mother for permission to take the child back to the vast sounding Hall more frequently, but he shrank back into his shell before he had walked a hundred yards along the road. No, in all likelihood the child's mother was just one of those designing persons he had purposely shunned these many years—he turned on his heel and strode back to the safe haven of his own great park.

But as the days wore on towards Christmas he found himself looking more and more for her now daily visit. It was the one bright gleam in his dull life: whenever the patter

of her footsteps sounded on the terrace-walks the sun seemed to break out from behind the clouds and shine gaily. He ransacked the house for toys to please her, and discovered at the back of his mind a wonderful imagination that enabled him to people the great, sounding rooms with fairy figures for her special behoof. Gradually the ice about his heart melted away, and left it a throbbing, human organ, quick to feel and understand the tiny mite's needs.

Iris said but little of her daily doings to her mother. Mrs Leigh had no desire to thrust herself where, so common report had it, no woman was wanted. At times she thanked her God for the softness of the earl's heart, when Iris came back with glowing descriptions of things done and said: but she took her daughter's description for truth. Iris held to it that her Splendid Pauper was "frightfully old and very big and ugly." But a dozen times Mrs. Leigh found herself thinking of the magnificent isolation of the man who had taken her daughter to his heart; and sigh after sigh broke from her lips, when she compared his solitude with her own embittered life. Iris knew nothing of this, however; she was purely happy and content. Her Pauper was one of the poor she had been told to help—she had his own word for it—and she said she would help him to the full.

* * * * *

It was dark and threatening when Iris left The Towers on Christmas Eve, and the earl, after escorting her to the gate, deputed Murdock to see her home. Iris carried with her a cunning parcel, which she had been instructed not to open before the morrow. Lindisfarne went slowly back to his solitude, smiling as he went, for he was easily able to picture the surprise and wonder of his friend when that parcel revealed its treasures on Christmas Day.

But Murdock was faithless to his trust. He had barely gone fifty yards towards Plover's Nest—Iris's home—when he heard a suspicious crashing in the undergrowth, and, with his mind set on poachers, he turned towards the sound.

"You just go on, missie," he said to the child. "You can't go wrong. Keep to the road, and you'll see your home in a few minutes."

He left her, vaulted the wall and disappeared. Iris, with sundry qualms of fear, gripped her parcel tightly and trudged on. A whirl of snow dashed in her face and blinded her, but she persevered. The snow lay thick on the ground—it baffled her; her feet grew heavy. She stopped and looked up—but she had lost her way. No—there was the road, spreading out white and inviting before her eyes. She gathered her courage together and went forward.

It was close on nine o'clock when a bewildered nurse came flying to The Towers and rang the bell violently. The belaced servant who answered it could make nothing of her incoherence, and told her so, told her with a rising voice.

"It's Miss Iris — she ain't come home," said the nurse. "Her mother's wired to say she's missed the train from town, and won't be here till eleven. What to do I don't know. I daren't face her with the child lost." And the nurse broke down in a passion of weeping.

"What's the matter here, Sparkes? Shut that door—can't you see the snow driving in? Why, my good woman, what is the matter?"

"It's Miss Iris, my lord," stammered the nurse, curtsying low. She's never come home." And she told her tale in tear-punctuated intervals. Before it was half done the unrest of a great fear broke up the orderly calm of Lindisfarne Towers.

"Don't stand there like a pack of fools!" cried the earl violently. "Get lanterns — call out the stablemen.

Bring me my coat and a lantern. Be quick, if ever you were quick!" He was white and shaking; he had visions of a pair of violet eyes closed in their last long sleep. It was more than he could stand.

"Go home at once," he commanded the panic-stricken nurse. "Get hot water and blankets ready. Don't breathe a word to anyone until you hear from me. Quick, now, quick! My God!" He led the way down the avenue at a sharp trot, a crowd of energetic lantern-bearers bringing up the rear. Swift questioning at the lodge elicited the story of Murdock's dereliction. Lindisfarne eyed him grimly.

"I'll deal with you afterwards," he said; and his voice was full of fear. "If the child is—is—if anything has gone wrong you'll be a murderer. Don't stand there gaping—bring a lantern and follow!"

The snow was very thick, and still falling. Tiny footmarks would have been hidden long before; but the search-party broke up into units and scoured every possible place of refuge. Without avail. Look where they would there was no Iris.

"If she's gone along here, my lord," said Sparkes nervously, swinging his lantern past a post at the corner of the road, "she'll—she'll—"

"I know, man! The old quarry's along there. Follow me."

They ploughed with bent heads towards the old quarry, long ago fallen into disuse. But still no traces of the tiny, wandering feet, still no welcoming cry. And so they reached the edge of the great opening, and peered over with fast-beating hearts.

"Looks as if someone had fallen over, my lord," said Murdock, indicating where the edge of the soil had crumbled away. The break looked recent. Without a word—but those who saw his face shuddered—the earl slung his lantern about his neck and clambered down the rugged stone. And there he found

her. She was alive and still breathing, for a broad ledge had received the falling body; she was almost unhurt, but the snowwreaths lay over her in thick profusion. Lindisfarne gasped out an inarticulate cry that turned to a sigh of relief as he felt the beating of her heart, and lifted her tenderly to his broad shoulder. Then, with set teeth and laboring breath, he began to scale the perilous climb.

"Get off home, all of you," he said curtly, as he gained the top again. "I'll see to the child."

The door of Plover's Nest was standing open, and a gleam of lamp-light shone down the snow-covered path. A wide-eyed woman stood at the door, her hands clenched nervously over her breast. She was peering into the swirling whiteness, peering with tear-filled eyes, for the news had been told her—Iris was lost. She never heard the tramp of feet on the road, for the snow deadened all sounds; she saw nothing of a shadowy figure coming round the bend in the path. Lindisfarne appeared before her suddenly, veiled in whiteness, and with a low, glad cry, Mrs. Leigh raced forward.

"Is it Iris?" she cried, and the man nodded. They said no more until he had reached the hall, and there he straightened himself.

"She's alive," he said, and saying it stared with all his eyes.

Mrs. Leigh looked up from the bundle he carried, and

"George!" she cried.

"Aincie! My God!" The two cries were almost simultaneous, and as Lindisfarne's voice rang out incredulously, Mrs. Leigh fell a-trembling.

"So, she's your child?" he said, licking his dry lips. "God! if I'd only known." And he laid his burden down very tenderly.

"Your child!" he said again. "She—she might have been mine, Aincie. But how did it happen?"

"We must see to the child first, George," said Mrs. Leigh gravely. "Afterwards will be time enough for explanation."

And when Iris was tucked up snugly in her crib the two met once more in the well-lit hall.

"Why didn't you let me know?" asked the earl gently. "How was I to know you were a widow? I thought—I didn't know—Aincie, I was too poor in those days to ask you to share my life, and—and—so I never spoke. And then the title and the riches came—too late, girl, too late—they made me a Splendid Pauper. Is it too late, Aincie, is it too late?"

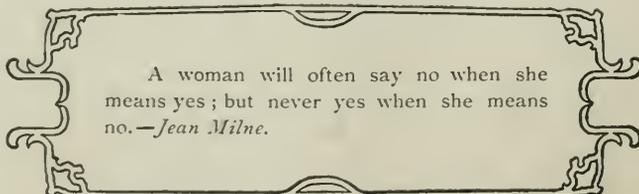
"I—I," stammered Aincie Leigh, with a strange glory on her face, "I—George, I've never—never—oh, I can't say it. But all the time—can't you know, can't you understand?"

And the Splendid Pauper, understanding, came into a priceless inheritance of love.

"Come upstairs," said Aincie, after many minutes were past. "She brought us together—she must know what she has done."

Iris smiled sleepily, clutching in her arms a large white parcel, somewhat stained at the edges.

"Merry Chris'mas, Pauper dear," she said softly, and over her face two pairs of lips joined in a long caress.



A woman will often say no when she means yes; but never yes when she means no.—*Jean Milne.*



(Photo: G. Yeoman, Barnard Castle.)

"NO SKETCH OF HOUSES WITH STRANGE PASTS WOULD BE COMPLETE
WITHOUT A WORD ABOUT . . . RABY."

Noble Houses With Strange Histories

By

MABEL GREENWOOD

NO sooner does the fascination of mystery in connection with an historic mansion take possession of one, than one or two familiar houses with strange histories come to mind. Foremost of these, in the memory of most people, is, perhaps, Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Portland in the Dukeries, with its wonderful subterranean passages and apartments, including a riding school and ball-room.

These run under the Park and cover a mile and a half of ground leading from the house to Worksope, and are eerie places even when lit with innumerable electric lamps. But the idea of a house such as Welbeck, which was in olden days an abbey, is strange enough to the thoughtful observer. There are a certain number of residences in the United Kingdom which were Abbeys or Monasteries or Priors in former times, the most interest-

ing being Beaulieu Abbey in Hampshire, the seat of Lord Montagu; Rufford Abbey, the seat of Lord Savile; Coombe Abbey, and many others, all of which possess curious ecclesiastical remnants of former holy owners. But for really strange happenings, including past murders, ghostly visitations or unexplained knockings or visions, the old castles and moated granges scattered about England and Scotland are pre-eminent.

How enviously does the American, eager for romance and old stories, look upon our historic piles! Ghosts are not bought for money, and do not seem to touch the new palaces of the great Dollar-Kings in Chicago or elsewhere, however much they may want them! One of the most noteworthy of these vast castles is Glamis, with its grim and unfathomed mystery. It is an ancient feudal stronghold, the

oldest wing dating from the thirteenth century.

But those who stay at Glamis must be wanting in curiosity and imagination if they are not attracted by the mystery that hangs over the place. There are many weird associations connected with it, the most strange being the secret said to be known only to the head of the family, Lord Strathmore, his heir, and to one other person—a secret so grim and horrible as to affect so deeply the feelings of those who know it, that they are different from other men ever after. No clue to the mystery has ever been given to the world, but rumor declares it to be the existence at Glamis of a strange half-human monster who has lived already beyond the span of ordinary mortal life, and is an embodiment of the curse that rests upon the house.

Another of the famous and historic Castles with a strange record is Floors Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Roxburghe, in Berwickshire. The lands of Floors are, in part, held by charters dating back to the Middle Ages, and the wonderful old stone building is full of ancient romance and tragical history. Near the present building is old Roxburghe, now deserted. Kings, cardinals, ambassadors, came and went through the once magnificent rooms: princes were born and died there, while King Alexander III. entertained Henry III. with great pomp in the dining hall. Here, too, the Prince Royal of Scotland was married to the Count of Flanders' heiress, with festivities that lasted over a fortnight!

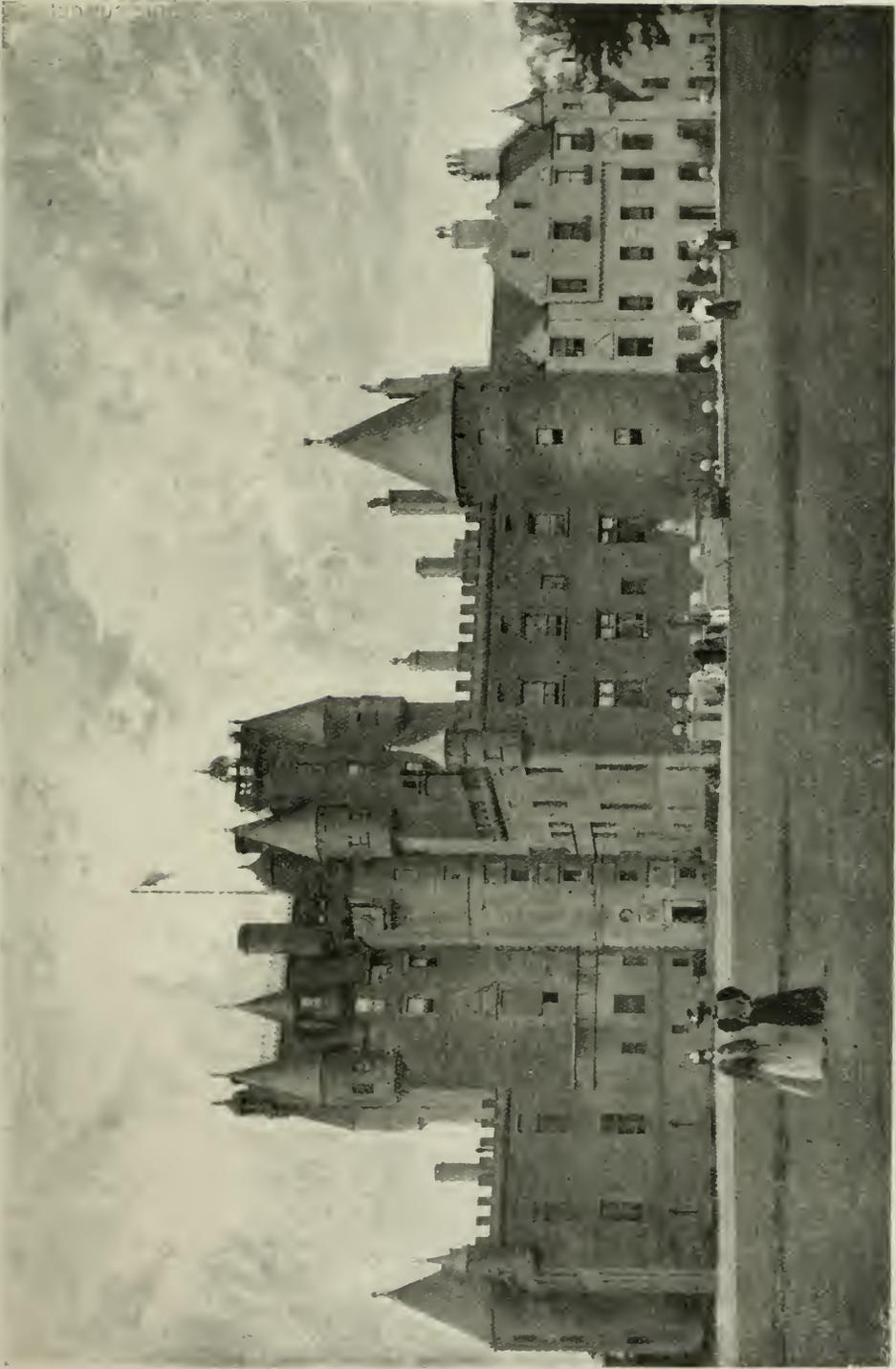
Shrieks and curses of battle, however, as well as of feasting, echoed through the massive rooms, and fire, sword, and devastation have wreaked their worst on Roxburghe in the past. Pleasant and calm is the scene to-day, where once Kings met in war; and the present Duke has done much to modernize Floors for his American bride.

Another famous old pile is Broughton Castle, in Warwickshire, the seat

of the Marquis of Northampton. It is noted for the isolation caused by its grand moat, which entirely surrounds the old castle, and is crossed by an ancient stone bridge still guarded by a square tower which adjoins the building by a battlemented wall. Broughton is one of the oldest of the inhabited houses of England; it was originally built as far back as 1337, and is full of wonderful histories and memories of past owners. It was only towards the end of Henry VIII.'s reign that the castle was converted into the Tudor style to a great extent; and stands now, as it did then, as a record of the ideas of comfort of the Elizabethan era. Strange indeed is it to think of the knights and ladies who have looked in the past through the stone-mullioned windows and prayed in the ancient chapel.

Ham House is a beautiful old country seat belonging to the Earl of Dysart, and can claim a number of ghostly visitants, including that of Henry, Prince of Wales, who is said to have haunted the wonderful galleries for centuries. Another of the Ham House spirits is said to be that of the celebrated Countess of Dysart, who married, secondly, the Duke of Lauderdale, whom it is believed she murdered. It is full of legends and tragical romances of the old days, and Horace Walpole, on a visit there, spoke of "its atmosphere of seclusion and its mixture of pomp and tatters," though at the present time the historic pile is well kept up by the Earl, and has been properly restored. As can be found at Knole, in the adjoining county of Kent, there are silver fire-irons and dogs among the wonderful treasures of Ham, once the abode of Stuart Kings and Princes.

But as a residence of exceptional grandeur and historical romance there is scarcely a mansion to beat Blenheim Palace, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, which was given by a grateful nation to the Great Duke. The Park boasts eight entrance-gates, and comprises no fewer than twenty-five hundred acres, while the lake,



(Photo: Charles Mitchell & Co., Forfar.)

"BUT THOSE WHO STAY AT GLAMIS MUST BE WANTING IN CURIOSITY AND IMAGINATION IF THEY ARE NOT ATTRACTED BY THE MYSTERY THAT HANGS OVER THE PLACE."

with its islands and bridges, is one hundred and thirty acres of itself! Although the building is not ancient, there is yet a certain fascination about Blenheim that cannot be denied; and no visitor there can fail to remember the chance, as well as soldiership, in the winning of battles, that laid the foundation of the fortunes of the Churchill family. To the average nobleman of to-day, however, the gift of a house which in buildings alone covers four acres would indeed be something of a white elephant, even with the adjunct of a princely income.

Turning to a smaller and less well-known place, Raby is one of the finest castellated mansions in the country. No sketch of houses with strange pasts would be complete without a word about the unique carriage-way at Raby, which actually passes through the lower hall. It was a quaint idea on the part of some ancient owner of the place to drive direct into the middle of his edifice in his coach-in-four, and to be able to alight in the middle of the building. Nothing more suggestive of the past glories of the mansion could be conceived than this extraordinary carriage drive; while seven hundred followers of the house of Nevill used to meet together in the enormous hall.

Avington, again, in Hampshire, the home of Sir John Shelley, is remarkable for its ancient traditions. The walls are nearly ten feet deep in places, and report has it that here was murdered one of the Dukes of Buckingham. Avington, also, was a monastery long before the days of Charles I., and owns a banqueting hall of the Stuart period which is now the vast library, in which it is not difficult to imagine one can still hear the song and laughter of the dead merry-makers.

Hatfield, too, is full of fading memories of strange events. There Queen Elizabeth is really known to have lived; though, if she slept in all the houses of the great that own an "Elizabeth's bedroom," the conceited

Queen must have had her time cut out for her!

Yet another place, once a monastery, is Cowdray Castle, in what is called the Garden of Sussex, though the ruins only are to be seen to-day, while the modern house is not particularly noteworthy. There is a reputed curse on Cowdray itself; Sir Anthony Brown, beginning to build the castle directly the poor monks were swept out, found there was a cloud to mar his pride. For, in the middle of the first banquet he gave on completing the Castle, a skeleton appeared at the feast, in the shape of one of the dispossessed monks arriving on the scene, who, holding up his hand in sight of all, uttered the terrible curse that by fire and water Sir Anthony's descendants and house should perish out of the land!

The curse seems to have been quiescent till the year of the great French Revolution, when the sudden news of the death of the eighth Lord Montacute (Sir Anthony's descendant and the last of the direct line) was received, through his foolhardy attempt to swim the dangerous rapids of Laufenberg on the Rhine. Thus that part of the monk's curse with regard to water was seemingly fulfilled; while within a few days of this peer's demise the news came that the princely seat in Sussex was burned to the ground—and, excepting the bare stone walls, standing to-day as grandly as ever, nothing at Cowdray Castle was saved from total destruction! Thus, the later owners of the property preferred to build on another site in the vast park, knowing the strange history that hung about the place.

Everyone who has visited the West country must know the lonely situation that Mount Edgcumbe possesses, with its pleasure ground sloping right down to Plymouth Sound. There is a tradition in connection with the fine old building by the sea, that its beauty so attracted the admirals on the decks of the Spanish warships at the time of the Armada that they drew lots as to who should own it, after the an-

nexation of England. It was built in Henry VIII's days, and has been held by the same family, the Earls of Mount-Edgcumbe, ever since. It was one of the members of this old family who was buried alive, being only discovered through the grasping habits of a man to do with the graveyard, who, knowing that valuable rings had been buried on the lady's fingers, opened the tomb that night! The pain of wrenching off the rings brought her to life again, and she went home to live many years after!

Secret rooms are quite a feature of the old English and Scotch mansions, and very many houses of the Elizabethan period have a priest's room, which is only reached after the secret of its stairway is solved. Among these must be mentioned Bisham, with a room only gained by a secret sliding panel, where it was possible to do many a dark deed, and to hold many a mysterious conclave, without anyone in the house being aware of it. Bisham was also an abbey in the old days, the building being started in King Stephen's reign, while Anne of Cleves lived there for many years.

Few people, idly boating in the summer on the river at Great Marlow, and making, perhaps, a picnic expedition to Bisham, would realize the remarkable antiquity of the place, so well has it withstood the wear and tear of time. Such a place would be extraordinary had it no traditions, and it is not to be wondered at that there is said to be a ghost there. One of the numerous bedchambers is haunted one is told, by a Lady Hobby, in front of whom there glides, without support, a basin in which she wrings her hands. The strange story goes that she beat her little son to death there because he could not write without blotting his copy-book, and so she seems to spend a shadowy and restless eternity in the vain endeavor to wipe off the stain of his innocent blood!

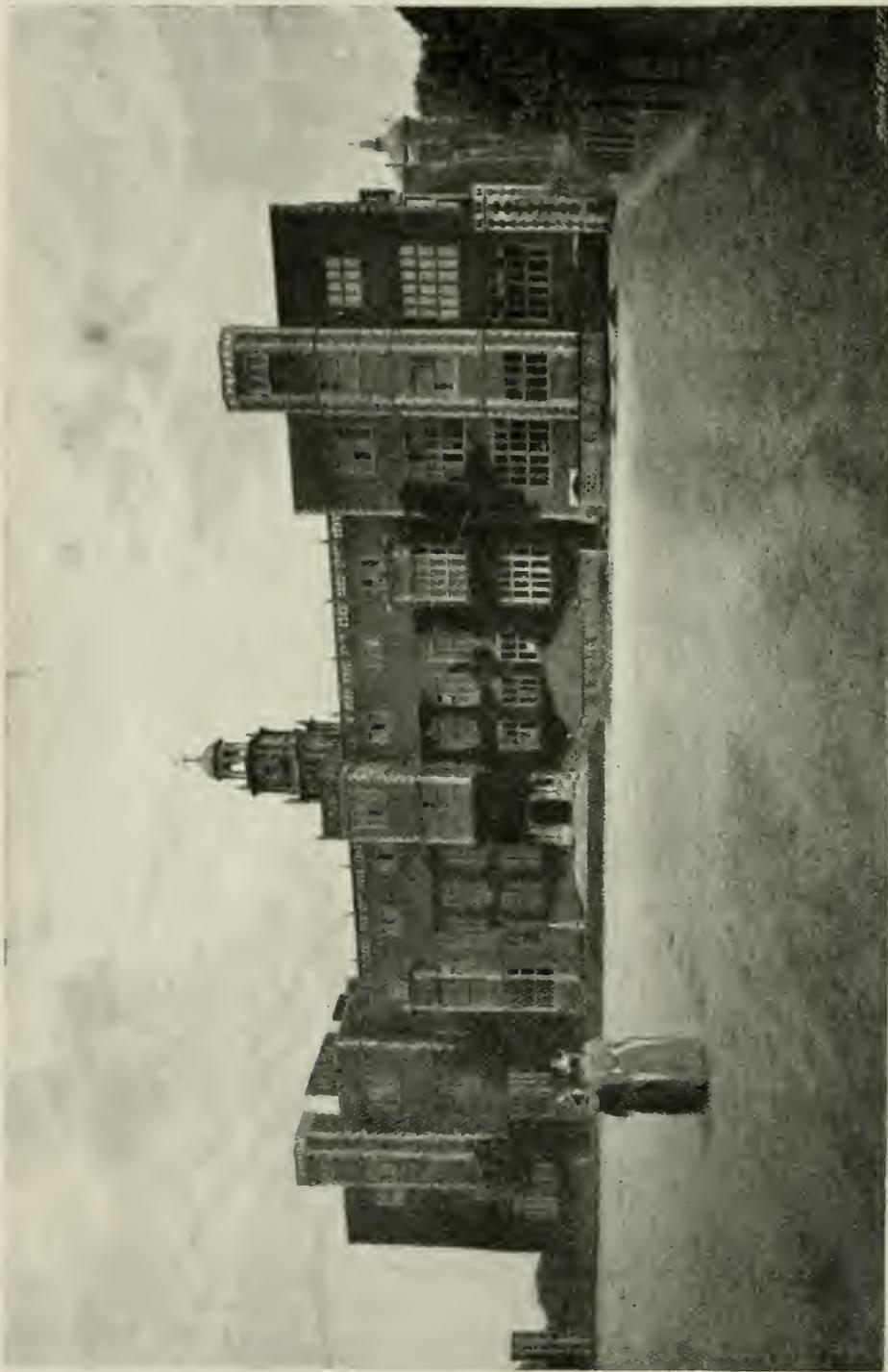
Other rumors there are to do with the great mansion; and the secret room is supposed to have held prison-

er a squire who was in love with the daughter of the house when it belonged to Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. The Earl had just come home from the Crusades, and his daughter came to meet him from a convent. But the unfortunate squire, who had long been in love with her, intercepted her and carried her off in his boat, only to be overtaken and captured at Marlow, and thrust into the terrible hidden room of Bisham. Afterwards he became a monk.

Another house with a secret chamber is Lyme in Cheshire, the home of the Newtons of Lyme. In this famous and ancient house there is a spy-hole in the shape of a picture on a sliding panel, through which access could be gained to the secret room; while even in the midst of modern Kensington stands the beautiful Holland House, that boasts its ghosts as well!

Easily, too, could one imagine spirits and eerie visitants in the long galleries and halls of Lady Ilchester's wonderful London home, where, in the old days, Lady Holland held the last, practically speaking, of the old salons, when the flower of beauty and gallantry met. Odd it is to look on these historic old houses, and to feel that now motor cars glide up the avenues, and the society within has seemingly lost the art of conversation for clever conversation's sake, and has taken up "bridge" and other modern amusements with the rest of the world of to-day. Speaking of secret rooms brings to one's mind Lord Lovell's Castle near Witney, reputed to be the scene of the famous and tragic story of the "Mistletoe Bough," which is too well known to bear repetition here.

The story, too, of Burleigh's House by Stanford Town, of which Tennyson has written, is too well known for these pages, though the whole of his romance of the village maiden dying from the weight of her unaccustomed dignities has been discredited, the bare fact remaining that a Marquis of Exeter married a girl with the un-



(Photo: Poulton.)

HATFIELD, TOO, IS FULL OF FADING MEMORIES OF STRANGE EVENTS.

romantic name of Sarah Hoggins, and thus stories began to be weaved around the house. Very many Kings and Queens have stayed there in the past decades. Queen Elizabeth admired the house and spacious grounds; William of Orange thought it too grand to belong to a mere subject; James I. stayed there on his way from Scotland to assume the English crown; Charles I. spent many miserable days there in the midst of his troubled times; William IV. visited it, and, later, Queen Victoria. So many scenes, so many different generations with their joys and sorrows has the old mansion seen, and remarkable are the stories the grey stone walls could tell if they could only speak.

Lord Suffolk's home, Charlton Hall, Malmesbury, is yet another with a haunted chamber, as well as a picture-gallery which is quite famous. Many of the finest paintings belonged to James II., who, when he was obliged to flee, left them to the care of the son-in-law of the Lord Suffolk of that day. Circumstances, however, were against his being able to recover his treasures, and thus anyone visiting Charlton Hall can see the collection, the Prince of Orange having subsequently confirmed the family in the possession of them. Now the haunted room is known as King James's room, and the tradition is that, on each anniversary of his flight, his spectral body comes back to see his treasures.

Hinchingbrooke, Lord Sandwich's beautiful seat, has also many a quaint legend, and the place, like so many others, was once an abbey. Certain it is, although it may be but very little known, that two skeletons lie buried to this day at the foot of one of the principal staircases. Very few of the many visitors to Hinchingbrooke are, probably, aware of any such gruesome secret—but the fact remains, and the two skeletons have never yet been removed or re-interred.

Barton Manor, near Osborne, now the property of the King, was also once a monastery, and retains its quaint old cloisters and Elizabethan

aspect, although the royal owner has installed the telephone and many other up-to-date improvements. Very few visitors to the Isle of Wight are aware of the strange history of Barton Manor, and, if permitted to look inside the building, would be surprised to find the dining-room entirely lined with glazed tiles—it having, in past years, been the dairy of the monastery! But now the strange, heavy corridors are lit with electric light, and the whole place is decorated with furniture from the Royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert.

Yet another monastery was the charming old residence, St. Michael's Mount, the historic seat of the Lords St. Levan in Cornwall. The house, on its rocky mount, rises sheer out of the sea, and forms a picture not likely to be forgotten by the tourist who sees it for the first time. The mount is crowned by the Castle, which has, in its time, served as a fortress as well as a religious refuge. On the opposite coast of France rises just such another remarkable mount—the Mount St. Michael, which also has the archangel as its patron saint. It is only natural that the Cornish mount should be the subject of many legends, so long has it borne the beat of the waves and the shadows of the centuries.

One of these tales refers to St. Michael's chair, which is reared high on the summit of one of the rocky crags, and is a dangerous and awesome place to approach. Many are the storms that rave over this part of the Cornish coast, ever very dangerous to shipping, and the cruel white foam is always to be seen, even on a comparatively calm day, licking the lower rocks of this wonderful place. Ivy and creepers almost mix with the shells and seaweeds on the rocks near the water's edge, and here Lord St. Levan and his ancestors have lived in almost regal splendor and isolation from the rest of the world.

From the wild West coast to the Garden of Kent is a far cry indeed, but a word must be said about Ightham Mote, which most connoisseurs

of old houses consider one of the finest of the ancient moated residences in the world. When we remember that the oldest portion of the building goes back to the wild and turbulent times of Edward III., it is not difficult to believe the place is full of strange histories and remarkable reminiscences of the past, although even now left to a great extent as it then was.

There are few people living to-day in London, with the noise of motor omnibuses and the ceaseless traffic of the crowded streets in their ears, who give a moment to think of the hidden charm and romance of many of the noble houses in their midst. The great city holds a fascination, unequalled in any city in the world, for the antiquarian and philosopher. He sees "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," and thinks of the tapestries going to worthless dust, the carvings destroyed, only too often, by fire, the great families dwindling now and again into feeble degeneracy. London is indeed a treasure-area of relics of the past ages; and evidences of old-time grandeur and majestic importance can be found in many old buildings.

The romances that cling round these black-grimed London houses which have stood through the fogs of hundreds of years are not always easy to discover. Harcourt House, in Cavendish Square, one of the famous old mansions, is actually to be pulled down, so that yet another of the homes of the old nobility will disappear. To many a casual observer who glances, as he passes by, at the grim plain front of the old house, the strange history of its past is unknown.

The story is a remarkable one. The house belonged to the Portland family, and one member of the family, having probably lost most else, was foolish enough to stake the place at a game of cards. His opponent was a member of the Harcourt family, who was lucky enough to win this huge stake, and, in one way of looking at it, mean enough to stick to his win-

nings! Of course, by the ordinary rules of gambling there was no reason why the house should not pass from one hand to another; but it seems sad that the foolhardiness of the original owner should have lost the family home altogether.

Then we find old Schomberg House, situated on the south side of Pall Mall, which sports quite a good garden for a house in the heart of London. At Schomberg House lived that Duke of Cumberland who was called the Butcher. The old house had a great attraction for notable artists, and many of them lived there, though this fact is very little known, while the solid and ugly exterior of Schomberg House would never give one the idea that it would be favored by lovers of the beautiful, so inartistic is its dark stone front.

Then another old London house, with an interesting history belonging to it, was Craven House (not, of course, the present building) in Drury Lane. Old Lord Craven, who was the admirer, if not (as some historians aver) the husband, of the widowed Queen of Bohemia, lived there. The lady was the daughter of James I. Lord Craven was a colonel in the Coldstream Guards in the reign of Charles II., and his duties embraced turning out to maintain order at fires; while his drums, giving the alarm, were heard far and wide over the picturesque Strand and neighborhood of his day.

Space does not permit us to do more than glance at the history of the old home of the famous tragedienne, Mrs. Siddons, which has now, alas! suffered at the hands of the Goths—the house-breakers. It stood in Upper Baker Street, and the old bow window used to commend a fine view of Regent's Park—the view being left for her by command of the Prince Regent, when the "First Gentleman in Europe" was designing the alterations in Cornwall Terrace up to Clarence Gate. The old rooms of the old houses echo no longer to those footsteps of the historic past; modern joy

and sorrow are felt within them; their charm and fascination only remain.
But:

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

And the old owners? After life's
fitful fever, they sleep well. Their

fires are out: their hearths are in
ashes; but their memory is ever green
in the hearts of those they left be-
hind:—

"For some we loved, the loveliest and the best,
That from his vintage, rolling Time hath
prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And, one by one, crept silently to rest."



"EVERYONE WHO HAS VISITED THE WEST COUNTRY MUST KNOW THE
LONELY SITUATION THAT ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT POSSESSES."

Dispatch

By Josh Billings

DISPATCH iz the gift or art ov doing a thing
right quick. To do a thing right and to do it
quick iz an attribute ov genius.

Hurry iz often mistaken for dispatch; but thare iz
just az much difference az thare iz between a hornet
and a aunt when they are both ov them on duty. A
hornet never takes any steps backwards, but a aunt
alwus travels just as tho he had forgot sumthing.

Dispatch never undertakes a job without fust
marking out the course to take, and then follows it,
right or wrong, while hurry travels like a blind hoss,
stepping hi and often, and spends most ov her time
in running into things, and the balance backing out
agin.

Dispatch haz dun all the grate things that hav
been did in this world, while hurry haz been at work
at the small ones, and haint got thru yet.

Christmas Eve in the Cariboo

By

D. J. BENHAM

ALL the roads that threaded their tortuous ways through the rugged wilds of the Rockies to the Cariboo in the days when the gold-mad multitude was thronging in there, converged at Twenty-Mile, a quaint, unpretentious, rambling, log hostelry. The house was known to everyone, and its hospitable roof had sheltered thousands who had been lured by the phantom gleam of gold to brave the countless dangers of the northern wilderness to wash for the yellow dust in the sands of the Fraser. It was kept by an American, whose name, Wilhelm Krause, betrayed the fact that his forefathers had not come to this continent in the Mayflower. The stage route from Ashcroft, 300 miles away; from New Westminster down by the sea 200 miles further; and from Sapperton, over which the caravans of miners and prospectors streamed on to Barkerville, the centre of the Cariboo, passed between Twenty-Mile house and stable; while the trails from Huckleberry Creek, from Skookum Valley, from Dead Man's Gulch, from "Californy" Canon, and from the isolated camps and scattered claims all centred at the famous old stopping place away back in '61.

Twenty-Mile, however, never became a serious rival of the mushroom metropolis of Barkerville in the wild, reckless, rollicking life of the diggings. It lacked the swagger of the larger camp; its jackpots were not so sensational; its gun play less deadly and less in evidence; its clean-ups were not the largest in the Cariboo, and its

nuggets not the biggest; and yet, even in its diminished glory, there was enough excitement and spice in Twenty-Mile to make life worth living.

It was the one cheery place for the men who lived the hard, lonely lives out on the creeks; the one place available where they might share the pleasure of the companionship of their fellows. A visit there was the only break in the monotony of their loneliness; consequently, on Christmas Eve in 1861, Twenty-Mile was the Mecca of the miners of southern Cariboo. At no other time of the year is solitude so hard to bear as when the great family festival of Christmas comes around. Then he who has a home will dream of it, and he who can will spend the day by his own fireside. Even the most self-contained recluse will draw to his fellows, impelled by the spirit of peace on earth and goodwill towards men, which is abroad in the world.

Fortunately every trail, every blaze, and, in fact, every gulch, led down to the valley in which nestled Twenty-Mile, else the terrible snow storm which raged on that eventful night might have been the winding-sheet of more than one of the lonely, wayfarers en route to their Christmas feast. Never in the history of the Cariboo had there been such a storm, and the ghost of the north enveloped mountain and canyon in its grasp. Snow in the mountains is not like snow on the plains. It does not beat upon you, but flutters silently earthward like the down from the cotton plant. It clings,

to everything like a fluffy garment, and the only sound which breaks the great white silence is that created by the fall of miniature avalanches from the over-weighted boughs of spruce and pine. All else is asleep in its mantle of snow.

That night the little, low windows of Twenty-Mile house blinked through the downfall like tiny, fitful stars. Its three huge chimneys belched out showers of sparks from the flaming Yule logs in the great open fire-places below; and but for these intermittent beams of light the old house might easily have been mistaken for a mere snowbank.

Into it the miners straggled one by one, two by two, or in larger parties which chance may have thrown together along the trails, with much stamping of feet and shaking of snow from caps and coats. Each nodded good evening and Christmas greetings to Mine Host Krause, and exchanged cordial compliments of the season with those who had preceded them; and then drew in to the fire to thaw the snow which would neither shake nor stamp off. They were great, rough-looking, jovial, open-hearted fellows, these men of the diggings and the frontier, in trousers and coats of shaggy makinaw, or leather, or even the skins of animals. Heavy shirts of red or blue flannel, with enormous checks, added the picturesque-ness of their costumes. Every one of them carried in his belt the regulation "short gun" and "sticker," though after the advent of Justice Begbee to the Cariboo diggings those weapons were carried more for sake of associations than as a means of settling arguments and differences of personal opinions.

It was truly a motley and cosmopolitan crowd that gathered there to celebrate. There was scarcely a corner of the world that was not represented. Men had been drawn from all parts of the universe by the rush to California in '49; and these stampeded north when the precious metal was discovered along the tributaries of the

Fraser. In one year more than 33,000 thronged into that wilderness from California alone, buoyed up by the hope that springs eternal—the hope that inspires the gambler to risk his all to win, or for a chance to win. In the rush to "Californy" some had set sail from the old world on a nine months' voyage around the Horn; or to shorten this just a little had crossed "the isthmus," with its malarial swamps. Others had come from under the Southern Cross, from the boom camps of Australia and New Zealand; and—hardest journey of all—men in thousands, in caravan after caravan, of prairie schooners, had streamed out along the old Santa Fe trail, to the southwest, constantly harassed by hostile Indians, and by hunger and thirst, in quest of the fabulous riches in the rocks and sands beyond the great divide. Every mile of their route had been the birthplace of a romance or a tragedy. Disappointed there, thousands had turned to the new fields of the north amidst the wilds of Cariboo. Others had trekked across the prairies from old Fort Garry, on foot and on horseback, up to the Peace river and through the Yellowhead Pass, carrying with them the picks and shovels with which they fondly hoped to uncover the wealth hidden in the headwaters of the Fraser. All these hardy, daring and adventurous spirits were represented in the strange Christmas gathering that night in Twenty-Mile. And among them was old Henry Freeland, of Huckleberry Creek.

Everything about the hotel bespoke the festal season, even to the new neckerchief and corduroy suit in which the portly proprietor was arrayed. The bar-room, the dance hall, the card-room, the reception room and the general room, which included the offices, had been hung with evergreens; while the dusty, dingy interiors had been brightened by a "fix-up," an unusual occurrence at Twenty-Mile. But it was the large—really extravagant—number of candles which had been

lighted that more than anything else indicated the festive occasion.

Old Henry Freeland sat by the fire apart from the others, quietly smoking his pipe and watching the blue clouds eddying into the chimney or the flames twisting in golden forms and faces around the logs. Sometimes he aroused himself to the point of appearing interested in the events and conversation around him, but soon lapsed back to follow the train of his own thoughts and daydreams. He was a strange old man, a hermit by choice. There was not a miner in the Cariboo that did not respect the quiet, unobtrusive "old Harry Freeland," as they called him, though none pretended to understand him. He was a good neighbor there, reckoned even on the rough and ready standard and in the broad, communistic spirit of the frontier, where every man is to a certain extent dependent upon his fellows. He was always ready to do a favor, though seldom asking one. When Tom, the Missouri tenderfoot, went out prospecting along the Upper Skookum, taking with him only a week's grub, and was not heard from for two weeks, it was old Harry Freeland who went out to search for him, brought him in and tenderly nursed him with his broken leg. Later, it was he who grub-staked Tom liberally from his own well-filled, though hard-earned, poke. The old man had been in at the first; had done well; and could now sell out and be rich any day. Thus why it was that the strange old hermit refused to go "outside" and be comfortable, preferring to remain in his shack away up on Huckleberry Creek was something no one could understand. All knew, however, that behind that rugged exterior beat a heart that was warm and true, bearing in stoic silence its own great sorrow.

A wild animal when wounded in the chase or when afflicted by sickness will limp away into a thicket to heal its wound or to die in majestic, heroic silence. In men there seems to be the same instinct, and away out in the

solitary, lonely outposts on the fringe of settlement, in the wild foothills or the canyons, will be found noble men of character and refinement who have somehow been wounded in the chase of life or have sickened of it and have limped away into the wilderness to seek healing or death.

It was in some such way as this that the miners explained to themselves the life of brave old Harry Freeland, even before they learned his sad story definitely from one who had known him on Poverty Flat in '49. It was a story neither new nor rare, but one which in its main details might be told by many a silent old man in many a camp on the frontier.

It began away back on an Iowan homestead, which he likely never would have left had not a great and consuming sorrow overtaken him in the death of his wife, which made the old place and its hallowed associations almost unbearable to him. The remarkable tide of humanity was then pouring into the California gold-fields. Freeland was caught in the vortex of that migration, impelled not by the love of gold, but by an overwhelming desire to drown sorrow in the excitement and toil of a new life. With his only child, a daughter of twelve years, he joined a party of gold-seekers. Naturally silent and self-dependent, his sorrow had made him morose. His one master passion was his love, almost absorbing in its intensity, for his daughter Daisy. This love deepened, if that were possible, in the days of hardship and poverty which they were called upon to face in California; for he was not one of the fortunate ones there. Then Daisy was his little housekeeper, always looking on the bright side of things, always seeing a silver lining in every cloud in her father's life, always blithe as a lark and always contriving somehow to make ends meet.

But years passed, and when Daisy was blossoming into womanhood she fell in love with a dashing young Argonaut. Her father opposed the alliance, and when she could not marry

with his blessing she was persuaded, in a moment of girlish thoughtlessness, which she regretted as long as she lived, to run away and wed without it. That was a more cruel blow to old Freeland than even his first great sorrow; for it was not a Heaven-decreed affliction; it was rebellion in a daughter whom he loved better than his own life. All that mortal existence held for him was crushed with the elopement of his cherished child; but he did not complain aloud—he was too broken in spirit for any outburst of passion. He simply withdrew to the wilderness.

That was why "old Freeland" lived alone up on Huckleberry Check; and that was why he sat unhappy and silent by the fire in a public house that Christmas Eve. It was nearly six years since Daisy had deserted his home for her lover; yet in all that time he had not heard of her, neither had he even enquired as to what had befallen her. But Daisy had sought constantly, though in vain, for tidings of her father in the hope of reconciliation; and as time flitted on she mourned him as dead.

But this is a digression from the scenes of revelry at Twenty-Mile. If old Freeland sat silent, his companions certainly did not. It was a night of wild, hilarious, rough festivity. Jake LaSear, mounted on a box, sawed his old, squeaky violin until it fairly screeched in agony, while the dance and the feast ran high. Heavy makinaws were shed, and the miners in their shirt-sleeves, a score at a time, danced the jigs and the break-downs which only a hewn floor could have sustained. Those who could not secure "pardners" from among the limited female population of Twenty-Mile had to "stag" it, and this they did in mirthful glee. And there were games, of course, for those who did not worship at the shrine of Terpsichore. These bought their stacks of chips and sat around the rough gaming tables playing "draw," or "seven-up," or "rolling the bones," according to their personal inclina-

tions. But the general sentiment was that Christmas Eve should be a social occasion. This sentiment manifested itself in a larger run than usual on Mine Host Krause's barrels and kegs, the precious contents of which were "toted" all the way from the coast—or were supposed to have been. The nucleus probably was, and the spring behind the hotel supplied the rest that was necessary in making the fiery "white whiskey," which has been aptly described as calculated to "make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face." It was notorious among the miners how, under Krause's skilful manipulation or adulteration, whiskey increased even as did the widow's cruse of oil in the time of Elijah; indeed, there were some who maintained that for every barrel that came in from the coast, twenty were sold over the bar. But though his patrons called it "pisen," "knock-out," "forty-rod," and "hell-fire," and even pretended in jest to burn the floor with it, Krause was unanswerable in his argument when he declared that "them as didn't like his liquor needn't cough up their dust for it." But on Christmas Eve they did want it, irrespective of its quality, and did put many an ounce of dust into the scales on the bar for it.

But while all this revelry was in progress in Twenty-Mile, a coast wind found its way through the mountain fastnesses, swept up the creeks, swirled down the gulches and valleys and howled around the old hotel, almost burying it in a drift of newly-fallen snow. Flurries hissed down the wide chimneys into the fires, and found their way in through the chinks and crevices in the walls unnoticed and unheeded by the revellers. It was truly a terrible night without. The stableman, after studying the situation, announced that no one could possibly make his way home through that storm and so it came to pass that when the genial Krause had made the best possible disposal of his guests there still remained a number who of necessity had to bivouac on the floor. Had the merry-makers not been storm-staid

this story might never have been written.

When the mirth subsided old Free-land fell asleep in his chair by the fire.

It may have been that the spirit of Christmas was upon him, the spirit of the Child born in the manger at Bethlehem; or it may have been the faint night cry of a child heard through the house that brought the old man back in dreams to happier days, to the Christmas celebrations of long before.

* * * * *

He was back on the old homestead. It was Daisy's, little Daisy's first Christmas. He and her mother had brought her presents in her cradle. "Don't you think she sees them, dear, and knows it's Christmas?" his wife was saying. "Oh, I think she must; see her smiling," he replied.

* * * * *

This dream merged into another. He was still on the old homestead and his family circle was as yet unbroken.

"Merry Tisssmus, Daddy—Merry Tisssmus—Wate up, daddy; wate up—It's merry Christmas, don't you know?" and daddy, looking down on the halo of curly golden hair, and at the wee, lisping child in her white nightgown, said within himself that not only on the plains of Bethlehem had angels heralded the Christmas Day, but his own little angel had caught the song that even the stars sang together across the divide of two thousand years to proclaim it to him.

"A Merry Christmas, Daisy, a Merry Christmas," he replied, and peace and good-will were in his soul as he fondled his little daughter.

* * * * *

The old man still slept on. His dream merged into still another. He was no longer on the old homestead, but in a wild, rough Californian mining camp.

A little girl housekeeper came in to wish daddy a Merry Christmas. "But you mustn't come near the kitchen, daddy," she was coyly saying. "You mustn't even peep in at what I have

got for dinner. And—we'll try not to be very lonely, daddy, though—mother—is away—but I'm sure she'll see us to-day even from Heaven—it's Christmas," she was saying brokenly.

* * * * *

Had his neighbors from the creeks seen the old man as he slept they would scarcely have recognized him. The hard, weary, cynical look had disappeared. In dreams he was yet a husband and father—not a lone, homeless wanderer, loveless and weary of life and its disappointments. Dreamland was his only taste of happiness, his only fleeting glimpse of Heaven.

Then a door away at the end of the big room creaked open and a tiny figure peeped through, stopped for a moment irresolute, then tipped over to the fire-place. The fire was yet burning brightly enough to show her the old man asleep—just what the little apparition had hoped for and half-expected to see.

"Merry Tisssmus, Santa Claus; Merry Tisssmus, Santa Claus. Is oo tired and sleepy, Santa Claus? Did ou tum down froo the chimney, Santa Claus?" she ventured to ask from the sleeping figure.

It seemed to the old man but a part of his happy dream. The child's voice thrilled him through and through.

Meanwhile she watched for him to wake. She even touched his hand when emboldened by the silence.

Slowly he woke from his slumber so sweet, and looking down saw a tiny angel in white robe and fuzzy golden hair. Surely he was still dreaming?

He glanced quickly around the dingy interior. This was really Twenty-Mile, to which he had come through the storm and snow on the previous evening. He realized that he was awake. But this was—was surely his own child, his little Daisy who had come to him out of dreamland; he could not mistake her, for her image was engraven upon his heart and memory. But how had she come back

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE CARIBOO

to him through all the years, to the wilds of the Cariboo? It seemed surpassing strange—almost uncanny.

But little Daisy, if it were her, was beginning to shiver. She had just slipped out of bed to get a glimpse of Santa Claus as he came down the chimney as she had been told he would. She had seen only an old sleeping man by the fire and she was now very cold. Indeed she was "awful told," she said.

The old man was now wide awake. He grabbed up the little child and stirred up the fire, cuddling her in his arms to make her warm and cosy as he had often done years and years before in the happy days gone forever. He unconsciously almost clasped her to his bosom fearing that she would vanish into thin air again as she had come.

"Who are you, dearie?" he asked with the passion of his old love burning anew in his heart.

"I'se Daisy."

"Daisy," he repeated mechanically—his own little daughter's name. Was this after all a dream? Again he looked about him. He was assuredly awake and away off in the lonely Cariboo. But it was no mere apparition; it was a real child of flesh and blood he was fondling in his arms, of that he was now assured. Yet how could any other child be so like his own had been? And the name too—

"What's your other name, Daisy?" he broke in.

"Just Daisy, that's all. But is oo really Santa Claus?" she in turn enquired.

Just then an alarmed voice called "Daisy, Daisy, where are you?"

"Here, mamma. I'se tummin'" and without further ceremony the little bunch of sweetness slipped down from the old man's knee and ran off to rejoin her mother.

Old Freeland felt that he was losing his reason. The woman's voice had thrilled him even more than the voice of the child. Who could she be? She had not been seen nor mentioned during the evening before when

everybody in Twenty-Mile was supposed to be making merry; neither had there been any strangers come in. He tried to think, tried to imagine. Could it be?—no it could not be. His own Daisy whom he had cast off was living happily he hoped, under the sunny skies of California, thousands of miles away; probably the mother of children, likely forgetful of the old father she had run away from for her lover.

He could not but think of his daughter. The chance meeting with the child kindled anew the parental instincts in him. The little ray of sunshine which had come into his existence for only a moment had melted the snows and frosts of years of steeling his heart against the object of its love, and germinated again the roots of kindness which are natural to the souls of men.

As soon as the house was astir in the morning old Freeland hunted up Krause, and enquired feverishly about Daisy and her mother—a mere matter of idle curiosity he tried to make himself believe. He was certain there could be nothing in the strange fancy which had possessed him.

He learned that the mother was a young woman who had recently been left a widow, and was at present "helping Missus Krause." There were two children, Daisy and a little baby boy only a few weeks old. "But wait," said Krause, "seeing the old man's deep interest, 'there ain't no sort o' use me talkin' when the Missus is around. She ain't done a thing sence the widdler cum to the diggin's but talk about her and call her all the angels and saints ever heard of in the Cariboo."

Mrs. Krause answered the summons of her lord and master promptly, although she was already busy preparing the Christmas dinner. She was a big, good-natured, kindly, voluble old woman who would rather gossip than work any day, and she seized eagerly upon this opportunity to dilate upon the womanly qualities of the widowed mother.

"She ain't none o' the ordinary," began Krause's helpmate. "There ain't no other ever came through to the Cariboo could hold a candle to her. She's just a saint, that's what she is, though she kin cook a roast just to a turn.

"But she's hed a hard time ov it, poor thing. Mexican Bill told me all about it, though she don't say much about herself. Her husband came out to the Cariboo nigh a year ago, and located down the White Horse way, and he sent back south for her and Daisy. Bill said he'd ruther been hung twiced over than ov druv the stage in from Ashcroft the day she cum. She was that happy, poor thing, buildin' on seein' her husband agin soon—an' all the time he was lyin' down at the foot of the rapids somewhere that God only knows. He got drowned the week before she cum in. They boys who knew she was cummin' in had picked on Bill to tell her. They all chipped in and they helped her the best way they knowed; but they ain't aused to consolin' women, the men of the Cariboo. Then her little boy was born less'n a week after she got there. When she got strong agin she wanted to get away from White Horse and to get work to do to keep her and her babies. The boys was awillin' to keep her fur awhile or to pay her way out, but she wouldn't let them; she was so independent like. Mexican Bill told me about her and I jest up an' told him to bring her up here by the fast stage. She's been here a two weeks cum Sunday. Lor' me thinkin' I was doin' it for charity. Work! Why ye never seen such a cook, and ye'll say the same thing after ye taste yer Christmas dinner to-day. The mince pies that woman kin make. She says she took to it young like when she kept house fur her father down in Californy."

Poor, good-natured, voluble Mrs. Krause did not notice the intense interest of Freeland, unusual though such a thing was, but rattled on, satisfied only by the fact that she had found a good listener.

"She don't jest seem to knew where her father is, an' she cries most every time when she speaks of him; so of course, I don't ask no questions."

"But her name—what's her name?" almost gasped Freeland.

"Mrs. Stenson's her name," was the quiet answer.

"Her own name though?" Her maiden name, I mean—what is it?"

"It's Daisy, I reckon, cuz she told me she had named the little girl after herself."

Then it must be true mused Freeland. No, it might not; but he would make sure before he ventured to make known his identity and the reason of his peculiar interest in this story of romance no sadder than scores of others in the Cariboo.

"But her father's name—her name before she married—what was that?" anxiously asked Freeland; and Mrs. Krause, absorbed in her story answered bluntly:

"Lor' I dunno. Oh yes, lemme see; it's on the front page of her bible which always lies near her bed. Lemme think a minit. Daisy—Daisy—Daisy Freeland. That's it—same as yer own. But it do seem strange fur me up here in Twenty-Mile to be settin' here gossipin' and know the Christmas dinner is acummin' along jest as well without me." With that she disappeared into the kitchen, leaving the poor, astonished overjoyed old man in a state bordering on insanity. He was consumed with varying feelings of sorrow at his own actions, joy at the thought of the remarkable reunion; and a strange, unaccountable shrinking from the daughter he had disowned.

Soon little Daisy in her holiday attire appeared and renewed the friendship of the early morning. As she climbed his knee the old man nervously enquired if she had ever heard of her granddad; and he was rejoiced to learn from her childish lips that "Dandad was always in her prayer."

Then he realized that his daughter had prayed and had also taught her little lisping child to pray for his safe-

ty and for his restoration to them, even while he had cherished his enmity against her husband and steeled his heart against her because of his selfish love.

"Did you ever see granddad, Daisy, dear?" he asked again.

"No, but I will some day," she replied in childish confidence, "for mamma says Dod'll bring him back to us since papa's gone."

This was more than even the hardened trained reserve of old Freeland could stand, and he could contain his secret no longer.

"Daisy, dearie, I'm really granddad. God truly has brought me back in answer to the prayers of you and your mother. Now Daisy, run and tell mamma that granddad is here," he exclaimed.

Away she trotted blithely in her girlish glee to tell her wonderful story.

"Mamma, mamma, Dod's brought dandad back to us. He's here. Tum an' see dandad."

While the interested mother was listening to the voice and prattle of her child, Mrs. Krause expressed her thoughts in the one characteristic exclamation, "It's old Freeland, sure, the child is talking about." With that the widow snatched up Daisy and ran for the kitchen.

* * * * *

It was a happy throng that spent the wintry Christmas Day of 1861 in Twenty-Mile away up in Cariboo. Kindly Mrs. Krause declared she was the happiest of them all, but she could not know, could not realize, the happiness which swelled the hearts of Henry Freeland and his unfortunate widowed daughter in their strange, providential reunion after an estrangement of years.



A Trust of Idealists

HERE are plenty of people with grit and faith in this country. The only thing we need is a trust of idealists—even a very small one—and we would sweep everything before us.

We ought all of us get together—those of us who expect the best things and the best people (because we are going to produce them)—the affirmative men—the men who have held commonsense as a kind of vision or prophecy and as a force and not merely as an epigram, or a proverb, or a motto in worsted.

To see things as they are and without skipping anything, and yet as they might be and shall be—what a great opportunity there is for us if we keep each other in countenance!





HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X

An Hour With the Pope

By RENE LARA.

From the Fortnightly Review.

THE time is past when one might say, with a certain erstwhile ambassador of the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany: "I have achieved my greatest diplomatic success; I have succeeded in speaking with the Pope."

Vatican manners have become more democratic since those days; and, however true it may be that the august recluse who, from his seat on St. Peter's throne, guides the destinies of Catholic mankind, has retained for us his grave and mysterious attraction, it is none the less the case that

the bronze gates which close the papal sanctuary to the outer world are opened more frequently than of old, not only to diplomatists and pilgrims, but also to the mere casual travelers whom a feeling of respectful curiosity brings to their threshold.

The views of Pius X. differ entirely from those of his predecessor on this point as on many others. Pius X. is a man of the people, and prides himself upon it; Leo XIII. was an aristocrat, and never denied it. I believe, in reality, that the difference be-

tween them was more particularly marked by their respective conceptions of their missions and of the parts which they were called upon to play.

Leo XIII. considered that the papacy should keep up the spell of its mystery and its splendor and fight against the progress of equalitarian ideas by setting itself to maintain in all their severity the strict and complicated forms of etiquette which the Holy See had been pleased to observe since the period of the Renaissance. Pius X., on the other hand, when donning the tiara, declared that he intended to be "the poor man's Pope." Taking his inspiration from the beautiful words spoken by Christ, "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened," he wished to make himself accessible to all: and it would depend only upon the goodwill of those around him to make him even more accessible than he already is.

I knew this when I went to the Vatican on the occasion of my last visit to Rome; I knew how affable the Pope's simplicity was, but how difficult any access to his person remained for one who, like myself, had neglected to provide himself with letters of introduction.

To obtain an audience appeared, to those whom I questioned, an excess of ambition. Nevertheless, I made inquiries as to the preliminary steps which had to be taken in order to approach the presence of Pius X., and I was told that I must begin by appealing to the kindness of Monsignor Bisleti.

The *maestro di Camera*, who acts as Master of Ceremonies or Lord Chamberlain to the Holy Father, is not very difficult of access, although he is bound to deny himself to those persistent ladies and gentlemen—especially the ladies—who, day after day, wish to carry away from the Vatican a blessing or an autograph. Their patience and their indiscretion are alike indefatigable. They are really terrible, those good ladies who slip up Monsignor Bisleti's staircase,

force their way into the waiting-room, and there, with hats drawn up in battle array and with aggressive glances, assail the beardless young abbe who acts as secretary to the distinguished prelate, and who, in his despair, invokes the aid of invisible powers against those obstinate canvassers for audiences. His appeals avail him not at all, for, to the curt and dry "Impossible" which they receive full in the face, after three or four hours' waiting, the fair postulants oppose the frank indifference of deaf people clinging to a fixed idea; they sit down again and smile.

The sight was not of a nature calculated to encourage me. I had already perceived on the young abbe's thin lips a hint, a glimmer of the traditional demurrer. I resolved to hustle things.

"I wish to see Monsignor Bisleti on a matter of importance," I said, producing my card.

"I doubt whether—" he began.

"Please give him my card."

Ten minutes later I was shown in to the head of the papal household.

His slender figure emerged, violet-clad, from a dark corner of the spacious study in which he receives his visitors. The suppleness of his movements and the keenness of his glance make him appear the classical type of the Roman prelate. The head is intelligent, the lips pale; the eyes, for all their sharpness, have that look of weariness, which is not without its charm, of eyes that have read much. He speaks most European languages admirably, and his manner is courteous in the extreme.

When I confessed the object of my visit he seemed profoundly astonished.

"You wish to see the Holy Father? It is very difficult. However, I will try to give you a permit to attend his mass. . . . As for obtaining a private audience, you will have to put your name down at least a week in advance."

"The fact is that I have to leave Rome the day after to-morrow."

"In that case there is no use thinking about it. . . ."

"Still, Monsignor, if you would do me the favor to submit my request to His Holiness. . . ."

"Certainly I will; but I doubt if it will be granted."

My wife and I took leave of Monsignor Bisleti without cherishing any great hope; and we had already given up our plan when, while we were sitting at breakfast the next morning in the dining room of the hotel, the porter came up to me, with a wide, beatific smile on his face, and said:

"There is a messenger from the Vatican outside, sir, who wishes to deliver a letter to you in person."

I found a tall footman, dressed all in black, waiting me in the hall. He handed me a huge envelope sealed with the papal arms. The envelope contained a card for an *audienza privata*, inviting me, with my wife, to the private apartment of Pius X. at noon that day.

What miraculous sorcery had caused my wishes to be so promptly heard? Obviously, the Pope did not share Monsignor Bisleti's preconceived opinions as to the faculty of granting audiences.

A thoughtful postscript at the foot of the *biglietto d'audienza* mentioned the ceremonial dress to be worn when visiting the Pope: "court cloaks" for the cardinals, silk cloaks for the bishops. Laymen were to don a swallow-tail coat and white tie; ladies were admitted only in black gowns, with a lace mantilla on their heads, and no gloves.

* * * *

In that wonderful city which is the Vatican, Pius X. has left the *Appartamento Borgia* to his Secretary of State, and has fixed his own residence on the third storey. The *Scala Pia* and the *Cortile di San Damaso* lead straight up to it; but there is another and a finer road which, starting from the *Portone di Bronzo*, takes in the *Scala Regia*, winds round the statue of Constantine the Great, plunges into a maze of mysterious staircases,

emerges in the *Stanza dello Spirito Santo*, passes through the *Sala di Constantino*, and follows the *Loggie di Raffaello* until it ends outside the Pontifical waiting-rooms. It affords a gentle ascent through a host of masterpieces: Michael Angelo, Perugino, Luca della Robbia, and the divine Raphael receive us at the *Scala Regia* and do not take leave of us until we reach the threshold of the papal door. And I accepted their guidance when I went to the Vatican, preferring to take this circuitous road, with the proud and powerful appeal which it makes to the artistic sense, rather than the other and shorter route.

The *loggie* that morning were flooded with sunshine and filled, alas! with the irritating chatter of the numberless tourists who, generation after generation, come to rhapsodize in this same spot. The red Baedekers glared against the uniform grey of the ladies' dust-cloaks. Shrill exclamations rang out in the accents of Great Britain, to be drowned forthwith in the noisy double-bass of Teutonic voices. There were long-haired young men who measured the magnificent frescoes with their hands, and young married couples who spoke not a single word. From time to time a violet cassock passed, very swiftly, in the distance.

At the end of the gallery a sculptured door, with the arms of Gregory XIII. carved above it, opened after I had presented my *lettere d'audienza*, and I suddenly found myself separated from the light, the crowd, and the noise. A suite of rooms paved in marble and hung with tapestries stretched before me in the soft twilight shed by the great white silk curtains of the tall windows; *monsignor*i, in violet mantles and floating capes, glided by in the silence; a picket of Swiss Guards, standing motionless with shouldered halberds, seemed to rise from the depths of a fabled past; beyond these, the *bussolenti*, in ruby silk, sat on a velvet bench, while a group of Noble Guards, booted, spurred, and all agleam with gold lace, bowed re-

spectfully before a tall and slender figure draped in scarlet and crowned with a set of expressive angular features. Two nuns in white caps, with wide, flapping wings, passed and evoked a memory of France amid the surroundings where we stood waiting our turn to be received.

* * * *

A sound of footsteps: from behind a drawn curtain come four bronzed and bearded African monks, whose coarse frocks fade gradually from sight in the distance of the vistaed rooms. Behind us loud sighs escape from a dark corner: a lady in a mighty state of excitement is waiting, like ourselves, for the honor of an audience. In her hands she holds a strange medley of objects: rosaries, a birthday-book, prayer-books, a jewelled necklace, gold rings, medals—a whole shop-windowful of things! In anxious tones she asks a young domestic prelate:

“Do you think the Holy Father will consent to bless all these?”

The young prelate gives a hardly perceptible smile:

“It seems a good deal. . . . But the Holy Father is so kind! Only you must not ask him for an autograph. He absolutely refuses.”

And the birthday book straightway disappears into a little hand-bag.

Meanwhile the room has become filled with discreet shadows; officers and priests fall into groups, and talk in low voices.

Suddenly the mid-day gun on the Janiculum thunders out; and chimes start ringing at the same moment: those of St. Peter's first, followed by the chimes of all Rome. They rise from the Trastevere, they come down from the Pincio, they fly across from the Aventine Hill, they hasten up from the golden Campania, they tell the beads of their clear and merry notes and mingle their sweet, grave sounds with the loud brass voice of the basilica. In the half-light of the room the shadows suddenly stoop. The red cassocks and violet capes bend down in a deep genuflex-

ion, the halberds are brought smartly to the marble flooring; the Noble Guards, in their gilt breastplates, clap their heels together and give the military salute to the twelfth hour, the blessed hour that is passing.

The last notes of the Angelus are still lingering in the air when a *cameriere segreto* comes up to us, and asks us to follow him. Monsignor Bisleti is waiting on the threshold of a little door.

“Come,” he says.

The door opens. At first I see nothing but books, numberless books, all around an immense room, which the light enters in floods. Beyond the open windows on the left, Rome, with her hills and steeples, lies slumbering in a blue haze; on the right a screen cuts off and conceals a portion of the room. Feeling a little nervous, dazzled by this sudden brightness following so close upon the gloom in which I have spent the last half hour, I peer out of my eyes in vain—see no one. Where is the Pope?

Monsignor Bisleti beckons to us. I pass round the screen, and suddenly, behind a table loaded with papers, beside a crucifix hung high up on the wall and slanting, so that it seems to bend its look of pain upon him. I see His Holiness Pius X. standing erect in the imposing purity of his white cassock.

His strongly-marked features are plainly defined in the broad light. The stature is powerful, the shoulders broad, the chin masterful, the mouth singularly expressive; but the gentleness of the glance, the crystal clearness of the kindly eyes soften the haughty outline. A plentiful crown of ash-colored hair encircles the little white silk skull-cap which the Sovereign Pontiff wears thrust on the back of his head; his plump and energetic hands are beautifully shaped; his voice is grave, sonorous, and distinct.

Formerly, the etiquette was that whoso had the honor of being admitted to an audience of the Pope should make three genuflexions as he enter-

ed: the first on the threshold, the second a little further, the third at the feet of the Pope, whose slipper, moreover, he was obliged to kiss. Leo XIII. made only the rarest exceptions to this rule: Pius X. has abolished it. He does not wish you to talk to him on your knees, and, when you still make a slight genuflexion on entering and leaving, he hastens to raise you up; and his friendly simplicity—I was almost saying his cordiality—at once puts you at your ease.

With a simple gesture of the hand he invites my wife and me to take a seat on either side of him. He himself has sat down in a wide armchair in front of his desk, and, while speaking, with one hand he alternately takes up and lays down the gold penholder that lies beside the inkstand, and with the other plays with the gold chain that hangs from his neck and supports a pectoral cross in emeralds—a present from the Emperor William to Leo XIII. on his Jubilee—the green reflections of which sparkle in the rays of the sun.

At this solemn moment I was a little perplexed and troubled, as the Pope does not speak French. Should I dare to venture upon the Italian tongue, which I knew but very imperfectly?

The Holy Father put an end to my embarrassment very paternally by asking me about my journey, about France. . . . and when I apologized for the insufficiency of my acquaintance with the language of Dante:

"I understand you quite well: that is the great thing; and, believe me, I should be very glad to be able to say as much in French!"

The ice was broken, and my mind was now at ease and confident.

As I said at the beginning of this article, I was not present in the Vatican as an interviewer. I had for some weeks been far removed from the scene of religious strife, and had heard only a very faint echo of it through the telegrams in the Italian papers. If, however, the Holy Father

consented—and that at greater length than I had dared hope—to speak to me of "French affairs," as they say in Rome, I do not consider myself entitled, by repeating our conversation here, to abuse the confidence which he was pleased to show me in the course of that audience. The views of Pius X. are well known; he has expressed them so clearly on other occasions that there can be no need to recapitulate them here.

The Pope speaks of these grave matters without bitterness and without unnecessary emphasis; his words reflect a calm and deliberate firmness. He appears to me to be exceedingly well informed as regards the intellectual powers of foreign statesmen; he has formed a very definite opinion of each of them; and this opinion reveals a great subtlety of appreciation, combined with a serene and placid philosophy.

Leaving the political ground, we talk of Italy, of its artistic beauties. . . . I call the Holy Father's attention to the wonderful panorama that stretches beneath his windows, and I permit myself to ask him if he does not feel a profound regret at being now separated forever from those marvels.

"I suffered greatly at first," he says, speaking slowly; "now I am resigned. I obey the will of God."

At a given moment I bring up the memory of Venice. When he hears that magic name his eyes light up, his features glow with animation. He speaks to me with real emotion of the town in which he spent the happiest hours of his life; and, as I listen to him, I remember a number of charming anecdotes which I heard about his life in Venice when I last visited the city of the Doges. He used to loathe display as much as his predecessor in the patriarchate loved it. Cardinal Sarto could never accustom himself to luxury in any form. He was of the race of bishops who have a "wooden crozier and a heart of gold." His predecessor never went out but in a gondola with four rowers; he himself

was modestly satisfied with a one-oared gondola . . . and yet when it passed down the Grand Canal hundreds of gondoliers would escort him, seeking for a blessing, a word of comfort and encouragement from him whom they called familiarly in their Venetian dialect, "Il nostro Si'or Beppo.

Summoned to the conclave at Rome, when he left Venice, one blazing morning in July, greeted by the prophetic cry of "Long live the Pope!" he not for a moment doubted that he should return.

"So little did I think that I should never see Venice again," he says, with a smile, "that I took a *biglietto d'andata e ritorno*."

He long kept this return ticket. Wealthy collectors strove by every means in their power to become its purchaser . . . he invariably refused. Last year the King of Greece, in the course of a visit which he paid to the Pope, expressed a keen desire to possess this little piece of cardboard which has become for all time historical—and the Pope gave it him.

On the other hand, there is one humble relic with which nothing will ever induce him to part. This relic is his watch, a little cheap nickel watch.

"It marked the minutes of my mother's death-struggles," he says, "and the hour of my definite separation from the outer world, from space and liberty. It has marked all the sad, all the joyous, all the solemn moments of my life. What jewel could be more precious to me?"

He carries it fastened to a white silk cord in the broad sash which he wears round his waist; and he did not hesitate to offend against the etiquette which hitherto had obliged the Pope, when he wished to know the time, to apply to one of his prelates in waiting.

This extreme simplicity, I repeat, is to him as much a matter of principle as of habit. It governs all the actions of his life, and is in admirable keeping with his instinctive, severe,

and triumphant kindness. His contempt for forms and ceremonies makes it much easier for him to exercise that charity which was always his ruling virtue. If the sun were to set without his having made at least one human being happy, he would be inclined to say, with Titus: "I have wasted my day." He rarely wastes time.

Endowed with an essentially liberal mind, he professes a keen admiration for nations that love independence and liberty, such as the American nation, and he never misses an opportunity of bestowing exceptional marks of kindness upon them. For instance, two years ago a group of American pilgrims, who had come to Rome under the conduct of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, obtained leave to visit the private gardens of the Vatican. The pilgrims, however, were not satisfied with the favor. They wanted, in addition, then and there to see the Pope. Cardinal Gibbons scribbled a few words in pencil on a card, which he sent to the Holy Father. But a few minutes elapsed before the Pope came down to the garden and walked straight to the Cardinal, who tried to kiss the outstretched hand, on which gleamed the marvellous sapphire of the Pontifical ring, Pius X., anticipating and preventing His Eminence's movement, opened wide his arms and gave a fraternal embrace to the Archbishop of Baltimore, subsequently entering upon a familiar talk with the American pilgrims, who gave him an enthusiastic ovation.

Coupled with this lovable good nature Pius X. possesses a very delicate sense of humor of which I received a number of delightful instances in the course of my conversation with him. After putting a few questions to me on the organization of newspapers in France, he asked me if our journalists are gifted with as fruitful an imagination as certain of their colleagues.

"For, you know, the reporter who is short of news is a terrible man! Did

not the Socialist Roman journalists, for instance, say that I had the most extraordinary and enormous meals served, and that my table recalled the table of Lucullus? . . . However, those gentlemen had to yield to evidence. . . . They watched the entrance to our kitchens, hoping to discover in the provisions which are brought there day by day the dazzling confirmation of their allegations. . . . Well, in the end they were bound to admit that my succulent bills of fare were composed invariably of *risotto* and meat, meat and *risotto*"; and the Holy Father adds archly: "In point of fact, it was the memory of Lucullus that they calumniated."

At a certain moment I venture to put a few questions to him on the development of Catholicism in Germany. The subject is a delicate one, and I am anxious to employ words that say exactly what I mean to say and no more. . . . I have selected them beforehand in my mind. But, alas! my lack of experience in speaking Italian has the most grievous discomfiture in store for me. I get mixed up in my phrases, and find myself addressing the Pope in the second person singular! My wife gives me a look of dismay. . . . I am all abashed, and stop and apologize. Pius X. smiles in evident amusement.

"Why should I mind?" he asks. "After all, we say thee and thou to God in Latin!"

But the precious moments are flying. A chamberlain had discreetly entered the room and, kneeling in the attitude prescribed by tradition, reminds the Holy Father that there are others hoping for the honor of a presentation. Thereupon Pius X. rises from his chair, signs to us to stay where we are, and walks down the whole length of the library. Coming to a writing desk which stands in a dark corner of the room, he takes a little key, stoops down to the floor, opens a drawer, fumbles in it for a second or two, and at last returns to

us, holding in his hands a red case stamped with his arms.

"This," he explains, giving the case to my wife, "is a small keepsake which the Pope sends to your daughter. It is a medal of the Madonna. I have blessed it. I hope that it will always bring happiness."

After this kind thought, this charming act, our audience comes to an end. The pastoral hand adorned with the shining emerald of the Supreme Pontiffs is raised with a grave and spacious gesture to bless us, while we sink down on the threshold of the door.

As I once more pass through the proud and gloomy rooms on my way to the Scala di San Damaso, I am struck by the startling contrast between the austerity and intimacy of the papal study which I have just left and the sumptuousness of these magnificent antechambers. The august prisoner of an idea, who guides the destinies of Catholicism, has preserved amid the splendour of his prison-house the habits of his ecclesiastical life; from this point of view the Pope has remained the humble country parish priest. Rising at five o'clock, he is found by the dawn, as of yore, in his oratory, where every morning he says mass, served by his private secretary, Monsignor Bressan. Then, after an early cup of coffee and milk, come reading and correspondence, followed by a short walk in the lonely garden. Receptions and audiences, the reading of reports, interrupted by a frugal meal at noon, fill up the monotony of the long cloistered days. And, again as of yore, when the day is waning and the church bells ring the evening Angelus, Pius X., like the apostles before him, summons two of the faithful whom devotion or employment brings to the Vatican and speaks a kind word to them, thus literally fulfilling the precepts of St. Paul to become "all things to all men so that all may be gained over to Christ."



By

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

CHRISTMAS was so near that you could already feel it in the air. It was so near that you could see a sort of dawn-light of it in the windows of shops and in the faces of people about the streets; it was so near that there were moments when you could hear all around you hints and forerunnings of its approaching music and laughter.

Mr. Bantry, seated snugly in his crazy wooden hut, had been catching glimpses and echoes of these things all the evening; he had been seeing and hearing, moreover, something of the mystery and the finer spirit of the season, for this happened to be Sunday, and his hut stood in the shadow of a church.

A crude, crazy, lopsided, disreputable-looking hut to be standing aggressively in the roadway of a select, rather fashionable North London thoroughfare; a snoozy, frowsy, blinking little hut, draped with old sacks, crusted and hooded with snow, and with a bucketful of charcoal twinkling and purring and glowing in its doorway.

To all appearance Mr. Bantry was a hardy, insanely optimistic adven-

turer, who had come in from primitive parts, staked a claim in the middle of a civilized road, and stared digging into the bowels of the earth there for precious metals; but the simple facts were that the road was under repair, and Mr. Bantry was the night watchman. He had come on duty about dusk, and having lighted a half dozen lanterns and hung them on the temporary fence that kept a heedless public from walking into stacks of barrows and tools, or precipitating themselves down the ragged hole that yawned in the ground, he fed the charcoal fire and stirred it till it broke into a jolly roar, with the wind tickling it through the perforations in the bucket; then he retired into the hut, which fitted him almost as tightly as its shell fits a snail, wrapped one sack round his feet and another round his shoulders, and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"It was a freezer last night," he said to himself, "and it's going to be another freezer to-night." Then as he leaned out to light a slip of paper and set his pipe smoking, he added aloud, "Reckon he don't feel

much like Christmas just now. Wonder what he's been doing with hisself all day? They'll give him his gruel to-morrow, and I hope he gets ten years, and he'll deserve every one of 'em, blight him!"

He settled back in his seat and lolled there, muttering and growling inarticulately. Hunched in the depths of the hut, peering gloomily out on the long snow-carpeted street, Mr. Bantry did not seem to be feeling much like Christmas himself. Warm lights kindled in the windows of neighboring houses, and made the snowy white roofs and white window-ledges look chillier by contrast; presently the bells began ringing for evening service, and people, emerging from the houses in ones and twos and in pleasant family parties, made their way gingerly over the snow towards the church; others came in from outer streets until the white road was dotted thickly with black figures moving briskly, with their black shadows gliding before them.

The sound of the bells touched Mr. Bantry with a quieting, soothing influence; it set the air humming and thickening till the hut was folded as in a mist of dreams, and through them Mr. Bantry could hear the ringing of the church bells far off in the slumbrous little village where he had been young. Somebody in the village had waited whilst he came to London to make a home for her; he had made the home and she had joined him in it, they had been very happy; they had saved and planned to go back to the village by and by and open a shop there and be comfortable for the rest of their days.

But that humble ambition was never realized. He lost his savings through placing too blind a trust in a man who was unworthy of it; hard times had come upon them; this was the third Christmas now that the snow had fallen upon her grave in the dreary London ceme-

tary; the little village had faded, and was unapproachably far away, and these were the bells of the North London church quickening to their last strokes, and these the belated stragglers of a London congregation hurrying to be inside before the hour struck.

When the bells stopped abruptly the sudden silence disturbed him, but the subduing spell of those old remembrances still held him and was perhaps intensified by the sobbing, murmurous appeal of the organ lingering on the last notes of the voluntary in the church near by; till, as the final note died, the voice of the world jarred upon his musings and the dream mists that had gathered about him were scattered.

"Well, Mr. Bantry, this is cold enough for you, isn't it?"

He leaned out and saw it was the policeman.

"You're right, mate," he said gruffly; "it's a real old-fashioned Christmas, this is, for them as can afford to enjoy it."

"And your friend, Mr. Fennell, ain't going to be one of them," chuckled the policeman.

"No friend of mine!" snarled Mr. Bantry curtly.

"You've seen the papers last night?" the policeman continued. "All the speechifying's over, except the summing up. The judge is going to do that to-morrow, and by this time to-morrow night Mr. blooming clever Fennell will have got as much as he can do with. He'll have ten years. I said so at first, and you see if I ain't right."

As a matter of fact, the policeman proved to be a true prophet, but just then Mr. Bantry was in the humor to dispute his conclusions, even though they were also his own.

"Will he?" he grumbled scornfully. "He might if he was innocent. As often as not them sharks that's smart enough to swindle the public is smart enough to cheat the law."

"Bet you a bob he gets ten years," insisted the policeman.

"He ought to," Mr. Bantry agreed moodily. "I'd like to see him get twenty; he deserves them, cuss him, and if I was the judge he should have 'em. I wouldn't show the scoundrel any mercy, if I could have my way. As I wrote and told him nearly a year ago, I hoped I should live to see him down lower than I am. I'll never forgive him, the black-guard! Me, out on the streets at my age, doing a job like this. He ruined me and brought me to this, and, by George, I'll be in court to-morrow to hear him sentenced, and make him see that I see him. I never knowed I could hate any man like I hate him, blight him!"

"He's a bad lot: no mistake about that," said the policeman.

"And yet, you know," Mr. Bantry went on, after a pause, "there was a time when I admired that man and would pretty well have knocked down any fellow that said a word against him."

"Clever chap he's been: that's a fact."

"Not only clever," said Mr. Bantry: "there was something about him, you couldn't help liking him. He was never one of yer mean ones; nothing proud or stuck-up about him. Once when my missis was ill, he happened to hear about it from one of the other waiters, and he says to me, 'James, I'm glad to hear your wife's a little better. I thought you was worriting over something. Mustn't let her want for nothing,' he says, 'and if that's any help to you'—there was a quaver in Mr. Bantry's tones, and he stopped to relight his pipe before he concluded, "and there was a fi' pun note in my hand and him bustlin' off out o' the place afore I could so much as say thank yer."

"Ah" said the policeman, as if he hadn't heard this before. "Well, that's what I call decent. It isn't

the best people that's always the best-hearted."

"He must ha' took a sort of fancy to me, I suppose," Mr. Bantry resumed. "I waited on him reg'lar. He used to come to Musby's for his lunch every day—hardly ever missed—and he always sat at one o' my tables. I was used to his ways, knew his favorite wines, and which was the dishes he liked best. Very liberal he was, too. Always give me a two-shillin' tip, and when he went away for a month's holiday he says to me, 'James,' he says 'I shan't see you for four weeks, but here's your usual bit, in advance, and two shillin' over for luck,' and he drops two sovs. and a half into my hand."

"That's what I call a gentleman," declared the policeman, with emphasis. "All the same, how you come to let him do you out of your savin's I don't know. If I'd saved three hundred pound—"

"You don't know him," interrupted Mr. Bantry. "You'd only got to look at him and you couldn't help trustin' him. I never saw the man I liked better or respected more than him. I'd have took his word for anything. "Mr. Fennell,' I says to him one day, 'I've got three hundred pound put by, sir, and as soon as I can make it five, me and my wife are goin' to retire and start a small business in our native village.' 'Very sensible thing to do, James,' he says: 'I often wish I could get out o' London and settle down quiet like that,' he says. 'I'm thinkin', sir,' I says to him, 'I'll put my three hundred into that new copper company of yours that the papers are saying so much about. Seems to me,' I says, 'if I put it there I may turn it into double the amount inside of six months if I have luck."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired the policeman, stretching his hands over the agreeable warmth of the charcoal fire.

"Don't you do nothing of the



["DON'T YOU RUN NO RISKS, JAMES. BIRD IN THE HAND YOU KNOW THE SAYS."]

sort, James,' he says. 'Keep it in a safe place and you'll know you've got it. Don't you run no risks, James. Bird in the hand, you know,' he says."

"Oh, well, then, he didn't advise you to do it," observed the policeman.

"He laughed in his easy-goin' way," said Mr. Bantry, "as if he was jokin', but how was I to know? It isn't what he advised me, but I'd grown to believe he was a real gentleman. I'd have trusted him with all I had. I did trust him. I looked up to that man, mate, and believed in him as I've never believed in anyone else, nor never shall. He was kind-hearted: he was rich; he was making money for hisself, and my wife and me felt we couldn't do better than trust him with our money and let him make more of it for us. Well I did it. Every penny I put

into that copper company, and it went all right for a while, and I was thinkin' of sellin' my shares at a big profit, when all of a sudden the crash came and everything was gone. I suppose I went mad, like a lot of others did. If I'd seen Mr. Fennell, I felt like murder, I can tell you. But he kept away from Musby's. There was a deal of talk then of prosecutin' him, but it blew over by degrees, and now this other company he's mixed up with has gone same as the copper one, and this time they've got him, hang him, and I hope they'll make him smart for it."

"They will. You take my word for that."

"I've never set eyes on him since that crash. I wrote to him. I cursed him and the day I met him and told him he was a thief and a scoundrel and had ruined me and

broke my wife's heart," said Mr. Bantry, the smouldering wrath in him blazing afresh; "but he never so much as answered it. He took no notice. He'd got my money, and he didn't care a curse about me—I might die in the gutter for all he cared. And I came pretty near it. My wife died; I fell ill with rheumatic fever, and a man's no good as a waiter when he can't stand straight and ain't steady in his hands or quick on his feet. That's how I was when I got better, and if I hadn't dropped into this watchman job just in time I should have had to go into the workhouse. That's what he done for me, the blighter I'm goin' to be in court to-morrow and shout 'Hear! hear!' when he's sentenced, if they chuck me out for it. Wish I could have come across him. I'd die happy if I could have the chance of tellin' him what I think of him—my word! I doubt if I'd be able to keep my hands off him even. I'd have done anything for him one time. I liked him that much and thought that much of him; but now he's the one man on God's earth I hate and despise, and if I could save his life by holdin' up my little finger I wouldn't do it. I'll never forgive him—never! — and you can't wonder."

"Same here, if he'd done me like he has you," admitted the policeman. "But the jury'll give him beans to-morrow. He's out on bail agen today, but he may make the most of his freedom. He won't have no Christmas pudding." The policeman chuckled grimly. "Well—so long, Mr. Bantry. Hope you'll have a good time readin' his sentence in the papers to-morrow."

He laughed and departed on his beat unheard, because of the snow, and for the next hour or more Mr. Bantry, smoking thoughtfully and staring into the red heart of his fire, was unconsciously softened by the music and singing and the thin

lonely, appealing cry of the preacher, which came intermittently from the church and mingled with his musings.

He brooded so whilst the final voluntary was playing; whilst the people streamed out into the shrewd night air and travelled up the road homewards; he saw the parson stroll off with a group of chattering neighbors; then the lights were extinguished within the building; the angels vanished from the stained-glass windows; there was a noise of locking doors; and the verger appeared, to linger and thaw his fingers at the fire, and to wish Mr. Bantry good-night and a Merry Christmas before he hobbled away on the road to his supper.

Little by little thereafter the street settled down for the night. One after another lights went out in the houses on this side of the way and on that side of the way, till the frosty glint of the stars and of the street lamps, the glimmer of lanterns on the fencing, and the steady glow of the fire in its perforated bucket were the only lights that remained. Belated passers-by became fewer, and when nobody had passed for fully an hour Mr. Bantry played with a self-pitying illusion that everybody had at length gone to bed and he had the world of night to himself.

He smoked and dozed. He dreamed comfortably, waking and asleep. And waking from one of his naps, he thrilled to certain reedy, wistful, solemn strains that wailed somewhere far-off in the darkness; he sat listening to them, strangely subdued and uplifted with unwonted motions. The music ceased: to commence again presently nearer to him; then ceased, and recommenced farther off than ever; ended, and was heard no more.

Nothing but the waits. He knew that well enough, yet it moved him and filled him with pensive, kindlier

thoughts, as if a door had been opened in heaven and those drifting strains had floated down and entered into him like the spirit of his happier days. Later, he woke again to a flutter of voices in the air—a slow, quiet swell of voices blending in a quaint, familiar, old-time carol that he knew so well and that spoke to him of such sacred half-forgotten memories as made his heart ache and brought tears smarting under his eyelids; so that when the singing also had been re-absorbed into the silence he no longer felt that he had the night to himself, but as if the clear, keen atmosphere were populous with gracious spirits of Christmas and with friendly unseen presences that were returning to him out of his past.

The sense of being thus haunted became so acute as to make him uneasy, and, attempting to shake it off, he rose and trimmed his lamps, then put a pan on the fire and proceeded to fry some sausages, and the doing of these homely businesses was fast restoring him to an earthier, more matter-of-fact condition, when he was aware of a shrinking shadow that had come noiselessly over the snow and was hesitating close by him, and the second glance he gave at it brought back upon him irresistibly that curious apprehension he had been fighting against of the ghostly unreality of his surroundings.

Shuffling absently, almost blindly, forward into the red gleam of the fire, the shadow resolved itself into a wan and weary old man, bent and white-bearded, and with shaking, gaunt hands that he held pitifully to the warmth. He was well-dressed, wearing a tall hat and an overcoat, and for all his weariness and aspect of outcast misery he had the air and bearing of a gentleman. His mouth quavered, he trembled in every limb with the cold; he cowered, reaching forward to the fire with a hunger for the heat of it that was horrible to wit-

ness, and was plainly oblivious of Mr. Bantry's proximity.

For a space Mr. Bantry watched him as if he could not credit his own eyes; then he broke from that trance and said, with an effort:

"A bitter bad night, sir."

But the stranger did not appear to hear him.

"You—you're tired—you're a bit done up, sir," said Mr. Bantry, raising his voice.

It was not, however, until he had twice repeated this that the other started and peered intently through the shimmering radiance above the fire, and Mr. Bantry's lank and wrinkled visage growing evident to him, he made answer faintly and indifferently.

"I have walked too far. Yes—I am very tired."

"Excuse me, sir." Mr. Bantry's manner had undergone a subtle change in these last few minutes. He had become curiously diffident and deferential. "Perhaps you'd like to sit and rest, sir. It—it's nice and sheltered in the hut, and—and I'm sure you're welcome, sir."

He stammered awkwardly to a stop as the stranger, not grasping what was said to him, merely remained unresponsive, quaking and shuddering over the fire, he took him doubtfully by the arm and led him, dazed and unresisting, into the hut, where he promptly collapsed on the cramped bench, so completely exhausted that Mr. Bantry was nearly running in a panic for the nearest doctor; but on second thoughts stayed to chafe his bloodless hands, padded him round with spare sacks, warmed some coffee in a small saucepan, and forced him to swallow it.

"Now, sir," he said, when the other yawned and sighed heavily and showed satisfactory signs of revival. "Sit quiet there, please sir, and if you'll allow me——"

He drew an empty box forward by way of table, and with the deft movements of long practice set forth

CANCELLED

a meal of bread and sausages, and a second cup of steaming coffee. The mere carrying out of these homely offices seemed to awaken in him all the dormant instincts of his former profession. He was as brisk, as obsequious, as urbanely attentive as if he had been back amid the luxury and elegance of Musby's waiting upon the most important and liberal of his customers. The sight of this footsore old man started some disused chord within him vibrating to its ancient music, and hovering about that lowly table, seeing this unprofitable diner, once he could be induced to make a beginning, eating ravenously, he found his hands trembling with a vague excitement, and could not away with a sort of lump that kept rising persistently in his throat.

Certainly the night was enchanted, and the Christmas spirit that was abroad had put such a spell upon things that nothing was what it seemed, and Mr. Bantry had a queer suspicion that any moment he might wake and discover it was only himself in the hut and he had been fast asleep. In the meantime, he was outside; and when it dawned on him that he was posed at the corner of the table, his hands clasped before him, and the cloth in which the viands had been wrapped depending across his left arm like an authentic napkin, it was all so in tune with what else was happening that he was not pricked with the absurdity of it, and did not even change his attitude.

No sooner were the knife and fork lying across the devastated plate and the coffee-cup empty than he whisked those articles aside, deposited them conveniently on the roof of the hut, and removed the table that his visitor might enjoy the whole generosity of the fire.

"That has done me good. I feel a different man." The old gentleman smiled wanly; and he was so much older and milder and more harm-

less than the sensational reports about him in the papers would have led you to anticipate that Mr. Bantry was dimly remorseful and troubled with elusive self-reproach. "You have been very kind indeed to me, my friend—I am deeply grateful."

"Thank you, sir, thank you." Mr. Bantry coughed and stammered apologetically, and added with mechanical precision, as if the resources of the establishment were by no means exhausted. "Anything else I can get you, sir?"

If the stranger had calmly ordered a bottle of champagne, or a real cigar, or a liqueur, in his then mood Mr. Bantry would scarcely have been surprised, however, greatly the request might have embarrassed him. But—

"I'm afraid," said the other, "I have eaten your supper. I am ashamed of myself——"

"Certainly not, sir," Mr. Bantry interrupted with polite decision. "Nothing of the sort, sir."

"I have walked a long way. I was so perished and exhausted," the visitor resumed, after a pause, "that I might have dropped and died in the snow if—I fancy it was the light of your fire that attracted me. I was passing the end of the street and caught sight of it, and it looked so tempting—I don't know why I came—it drew me—I felt like a man in a dream."

Which was exactly how Mr. Bantry was feeling himself, and when the clock, striking four, shocked the other into bestirring himself, and with earnest, confused, half-shame-faced renewals of his thanks, he pulled himself together and, after many reiterations of good-night, slipped a two-shilling piece into Mr. Bantry's reluctant palm, it seemed as if the dream must have come true.

For a minute Mr. Bantry stared at the customary tip as it lay shining in his hand, an impossible idea growing upon him that he had re-



"CERTAINLY THE NIGHT WAS ENCHANTED AND THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT THAT WAS ABROAD HAD PUT SUCH A SPELL UPON THINGS THAT NOTHING WAS WHAT IT SEEMED."

ceived precisely the same sum from the same patron only yesterday; then on an abrupt impulse he overtook the retreating figure.

"Mr. Fennell, sir," he panted. "Excuse me, sir. Something I wanted to say to you, sir. I sent you a letter. I'm sorry I sent you that letter, sir. It was on the spur of the moment, as it might be, and it served me right you didn't answer. It was no business of mine —"

"Letter?—Why, you're not—dear me!" gasped the other regarding him betwixt alarm and wonder. "It —it isn't, James, is it?"

"James, sir, of Musby's."

"To be sure! And I never recognized you, James. Well, but I regret to see you, too, have been unfortunate. I did not know you had lost your post at——"

"No misfortune, sir. Doing very comfortable," Mr. Bantry asserted gruffly. "Had to give up waiting through rheumatics, but this suits me comfortable, sir, thank ye."

"Oh! I am very pleased to hear that, James. I thought——" Then, as if a remembrance flashed across him, "You read the papers, of course, James. You know, I am a good deal worried just now. In fact," he laughed ruefully, "it is this suspense, this waiting for to-morrow and fearing the worst must happen —it so got on my nerves I could not sleep. I was so miserable and restless that I went out early this morning—I suppose I ought to say yesterday morning now—and I've been walking the streets. I don't know where I have been or how far—very silly of me, I know, but—and so you are doing pretty well, James? I'm very pleased."

"Quite well, sir," declared Mr. Bantry. "Nothing to complain of at all."

"Come! that's capital. But—this letter? What did you say about a letter to me?"

"That one I wrote to you, sir,

three years ago, just after the copper company went wrong."

"I don't remember it, James. Probably one of my secretaries opened it and never told me of it. Was it important? What made you write to me?"

"Nothing, sir," said Mr. Bantry, wishing now he had not spoken, and thrashing desperately round for an easy way out of his dilemma. "You was always very good to me, sir, and—and I—wrote——"

"You sympathized with me? Why that was like you, James. But I wish I had had the letter. He would put out his hand impulsively, and Mr. Bantry grasped it, yet could not disguise from himself that he was despicably unworthy of this kindness. "You knew me, James. You didn't believe, like everybody else, that I was a heartless rogue. I made a mess of things, but I never meant to wrong anyone. I've made a worse mess than ever in trying to put the other matter right. I was a fool and acted rashly, and if my rashness was a crime — I shall be paying for it after to-morrow. I'm grateful to you, James, for writing that letter. I assure you it comforts me to know you haven't been misjudging me like all the rest."

It was a hurried blundering, bewildering interview, and how Mr. Bantry contrived to get through it without disclosing the truth and betraying himself as the mere hypocrite that he was he did not know; but he managed it successfully, and Mr. Fennell gave him his hand again in saying good-bye and wished him a merry Christmas.

"Couldn't wish him the same," Mr. Bantry muttered remorsefully, ruminating on the event when he had regained the seclusion of his hut. "Hope he gets off. I don't believe he's guilty now I've seen him again. I'm more like a humbug than he is." He said it obstinately and in bullying defiance of himself. "Shan't go to the court to-day, and

if that bloomin' policeman gives me any more of his jaw——"

"James!" A startled glance showed him Mr. Fennell gazing in upon him, haggard and agitated. "About that letter—You didn't put any money in any of my concerns, did you? It occurs to me—I don't think I ever heard your surname. You said something about the copper company. I hope you had nothing in that?"

"Me, sir? Not me, sir. Not a penny!" Mr. Bantry shouted it at him almost indignantly, in a horrible fear of being disbelieved. "I thought of it, but you advised me not to, so I didn't. I said that in my letter. I wrote to thank you, sir, for keeping me off it. No, sir, I've got my savings safe enough. I'm all right, sir."

"You're sure? Well, well, I'm glad of that, James. I'm glad you are not another of my victims," he laughed dismally. "I've got more than enough to be sorry for—but—you are quite sure, James?"

He shook hands for the last time,

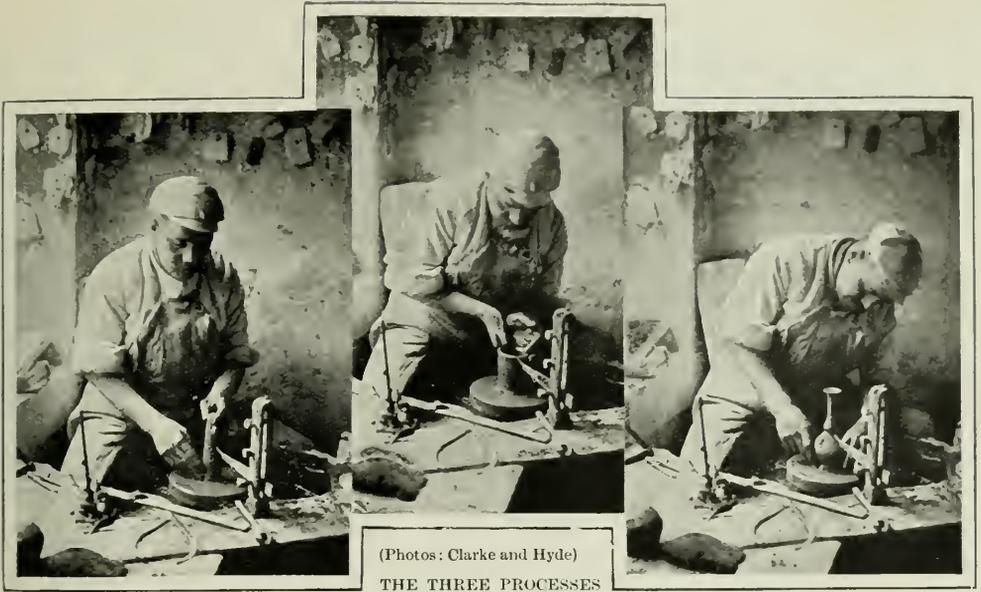
and was so plainly relieved and gladdened that Mr. Bantry did not scruple to clinch his denial with an oath.

Then he was gone again. The snow muffled all sound of his going, and for a while Mr. Bantry sat immovable, fearing to change the expression of his features lest he should be lingering near and, returning smitten with new doubts, should catch him unawares. At length when he did venture to rise and lean warily out the white street stretched before his eyes lonely and still, and there was nobody within sight. So he thought about it freely whilst he made up his fire and trimmed his lamps, and having kneaded himself by degrees into his normal, everyday state of mind, he took the two-shilling piece from his pocket and contemplated it in the cold, ordinary twilight just before dawn.

"He'd have been hurt if I hadn't taken it," he said to himself. "Besides, I can hardly believe it, and if it wasn't for this 'ere tip bein' left in my hand I couldn't be sure I hadn't dreamt it all."

Value of Minutes

A MINUTE is a pretty good asset for the busy business man to reckon with. Minutes are worth millions. The New York Central system spends \$70,000,000 to facilitate traffic six to eight minutes on every train. Chicago Northwestern invests \$20,000,000 to save 20 minutes a day. The "hello" girls used to say "number please." The "please" was cut out. Time taken by operators in speaking that word "please" aggregated 642 hours a year. What are your minutes worth to you? They have a money value—figure it out.



(Photos: Clarke and Hyde)
 THE THREE PROCESSES
 OF THE "THROWER."

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE JOSIAH WEDGWOOD SAT AND THREW HIS FIRST VASE, 1769; THE WHEEL IS THE IDENTICAL ONE USED BY HIM 130 YEARS AGO

The Story of Wedgwood Pottery

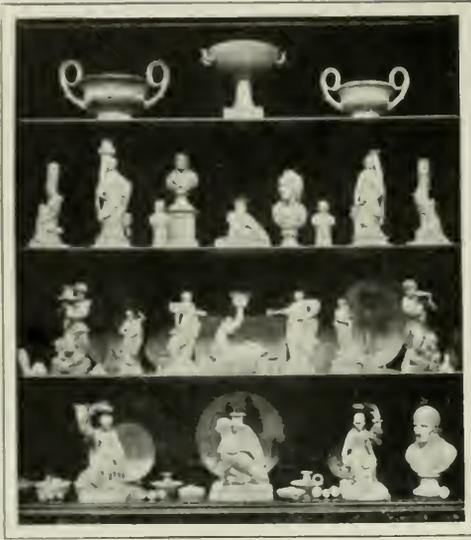
By

E. M. TAIT

CLOSE to the little railway station of Etruria in Staffordshire stands the most famous pottery in the world, a quaint, rambling conglomeration of low brick buildings which—save for the inevitable touch of time, and for the addition of the museum, added some four years ago—remains just as it was built by Josiah Wedgwood in the eighteenth century. He named it "Etruria" after the birthplace of that old Etruscan art which he was destined to revive, in such perfection that his methods cannot be improved upon, and are exactly carried out to-day in the making of modern Wedgwood. The very vats in which he first mixed the amalgam for his jasper and black basalt are still in use, and absolutely the only difference in the whole process is that

the raw materials are ground by machinery.

But before describing the different processes by which the characteristic Wedgwood ware is made, it is necessary to refer to the life story of Josiah Wedgwood, since, in some mysterious way, the personality of the grand old potter still seems to pervade the place that he built and the beautiful ware that bears his name. He came of a race of potters, though of his immediate forbears there is no record save the mere fact that they were working potters. Born in 1730, the thirteenth and youngest child of Thomas and Mary Wedgwood, Josiah took to the family trade at the early age of eleven years, and was put to work at the thrower's wheel. He must have inherited



(Photo: Clarke & Hyde)
A CASE OF FIGURES IN THE MUSEUM, BEING TRIALS AND DESIGNS PREPARED IN THE DAYS OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

"Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play,"

for in less than a year he rivaled and surpassed the best workmen in the neighborhood.

At that time the art of pottery was at such a low ebb that it could scarcely be dignified by the name of "art"; but from the first Josiah Wedgwood was fired by the ambition to discover the secret of the Etruscan potters, lost since the dark days when the Huns, the Goths and the Vandals laid Italy waste, fifteen hundred years ago.

For many a year the secret evaded him, but still he struggled on, always handicapped by delicate health, for while still a child (in his twelfth year) he suffered from a severe attack of smallpox, which left him with an affection of one knee, later aggravated by an accident, and eventually necessitating amputation; and soon after this operation the fear of blindness fell on him, whereupon, dismayed but undaunted, he eagerly instructed his beloved partner, Bentley, in the mystery of "pott-making" as he understood it.

Happily he was spared the tragedy which loss of eyesight would have been to him; nevertheless, it was yet twenty years before he discovered the secret which had eluded him for so long—the making of the "Barberini black," now known as black basalt, and the "Jasper" ware, which, adorned with classic white porcelain designs in bas-relief, has ever since been known as characteristic "Wedgwood."

During those strenuous years he made over six thousand "trials"! Most of these, duly labeled in his own hand, remain to this day, and are now enshrined in the museum at Etruria.

That secret of the jasper and black basalt, discovered after such long and painful endeavor, is naturally guarded closely by Josiah Wedgwood's descendants, but the raw ingredients lie in heaps outside, as they were dumped down from the adjacent wharf, where the canal boats discharged them. Dorset clay, china clay, Corn-



(Photo: Clarke & Hyde.)
PLASTER MOULD TAKEN OFF THE ORIGINAL BARBERINI VASE WHEN IN POSSESSION OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. ALSO PLASTER CAST TAKEN OUT OF MOULD



Photo: Clarke & Hyde)

PART OF MUSEUM SHOWING PICTURES OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND HIS WIFE
AND PEOPLE EMPLOYED OVER FIFTY YEARS

ish stones, and flint; there they lie, rude and unpromising enough, though destined to become—after sore trials by fire and water, and again by fire—things of exquisite grace and beauty, fashioned by the hand of man.

In the big circular vats the amalgam is ground between great stones, and churned up with water to the consistence of thick cream; then it is passed through sieves as fine as "bolting cloth," solidified by hydraulic pressure into rolls, which emerge like huge sausages from a gigantic sausage machine. The rolls are shouldered and borne off to yet another trough-like machine, where they are kneaded and mixed to the due consistence. The clay is now in plastic, shapeless lumps, ready for the potter. The thrower's wheel is practically the same to-day as in the dim ages when men first began to fashion vessels of clay upon it; still, to the uninitiated, wonderful and mysterious in its working. The potter takes a lump of clay from the "tender," the woman who

stands, with watchful eyes and ready hands, in attendance on him. He flings it on the whirling wheel, with a free, graceful, apparently careless movement, really with a precision that can only be acquired with long practice. It rises up immediately in a kind of cone shape, and the potter intently guides and manipulates it, fashioning it—with swiftness that seems incredible to the onlooker who sees the process for the first time—to a vessel of beauty and utility. "Hath not the potter power over the clay?"

The woman receives the crock from his hands and sets it aside. If it be jasper ware, it is removed in a minute or two, and stands on a trestle in the open air for a certain time, so that it may harden a little, without becoming dry. It is then "in order" for the decoration. Grooves, stripes or intagliated designs generally are imparted by the beveller on a wheel very similar to that of a lapidary. The beveller also has a woman "tender," who works the wheel by means of a



Photo Clarke & Hyde)

TWO TRAYS OF TRIALS AND EXPERIMENTS OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. THE ONE TO THE RIGHT CONTAINS TRIALS OF COLORED PIECES WHILE EXPERIMENTING FOR THE PORTLAND VASE, 1787

big primitive-looking treadle, on which she balances herself, creating slow or fast revolutions in obedience to a glance from her fellow-worker.

Next comes the application of the relief designs in pure white porcelain. The designs are first cut in plaster of

Paris matrices, into which the porcelain clay is pressed, and scraped level with the surface of the matrix, with the blade of what looks like an ordinary table knife. Then it is manipulated deftly, and loosened with a small spatulate steel instrument, so that a smart tap deposits it on a slab of moist plaster of Paris, still soft, but as delicately clear cut as a fine cameo. Most of this casting is done by women and girls, though skilled workmen are employed both for casting and applying the more elaborate designs.

This is perhaps the most delicate and difficult operation of all; though, like everything that is well done, it appears so easy to the tyro. The surface of the vase or other article to be decorated is slightly moistened with a camel-hair brush dipped in water, the design is placed on, and gently pressed with the finger-tips till it adheres closely and firmly. The art lies in exerting sufficient pressure without in any way defacing the design, which is still in a quite soft state. The small detached designs that appear on cream jugs, match stands, salt cellars, and other small articles of the kind are applied by girls, who speedily acquire extraordinary dexterity. The swiftness and accuracy with which they attach the tiny cameos must be seen



(Photo: Wedgwood)

ONE OF THE SIX VASES MADE AT THE OPENING OF ETRURIA WORKS IN 1769

THE STORY OF WEDGWOOD POTTERY



(Photo: Clarke & Hyde.)
THE METHOD OF LAYING FIGURES ON CLAY SLABS. THIS WORKER HAS BEEN 53 YEARS WITH WEDGWOOD

to be believed. More important pieces such as large vases and plaques, demand the services of skilled craftsmen. Wedgwood's present "master craftsman" is Mr. Lovett, who has been employed at the pottery for over half a century, and whose portrait appears on page 79, where he is represented laying a figure on the clay slab in the same way as that employed in the eighteenth century by Josiah Wedgwood. There are, of course, others, all of whom have a very responsible work.

The decoration finished, the jasper ware is ready for firing. Each piece is placed carefully inside a large pan of coarse earthenware known as "sagger" (abbreviation of "safeguard"), and is packed round with fine white sand. The "saggers" are then placed in the great kiln, heated by eight furnaces, in such a manner that as many different degrees of temperature can be produced. Exactly the right period and temperature required by each article can be determined by experience only. The experts who attend to the firing seem to know by instinct that two articles, apparently exactly similar in shape and size, will require entirely different treatment. One may be left where it was first placed; an-

other may have to be shifted twice or thrice before the right result is obtained. In the furnace a great transformation is wrought. Most of the jasper ware, when it is placed in the "saggers," is practically one color—a greyish white. There is a scarcely discernible difference in color between the grounding and the applied design, except when the former is to be sage-green when finished. In that case the clay is a pretty pinkish mauve before firing, while the raised design is greyish white. But during the firing the jasper assumes its permanent coloring, the characteristic Wedgwood shades, dark or light blue, lilac, or sage-green, with the pure white designs in clear relief.

The black basalt ware employed chiefly for busts, statuettes, candlesticks, and occasionally for teapots, pitchers, and so on, is made in an entirely different way, from a liquified amalgam that looks just like molten gun-metal, and is cast in plaster of Paris molds, much after the manner of metal-casting.

The new museum at Etruria has become a kind of Mecca for connoisseurs of ceramics in general and of Wedgwood in particular; for it is stored with priceless treasures, the very existence of which was unsuspected until a few years ago. Then, in one of the rambling old buildings that constitute the pottery, certain relics were found; and a further search resulted in the discovery of practically every original design and model achieved by old Josiah Wedgwood and the glorious band of artists and craftsmen he gathered round him. Here was the work of Dalmazzoni and his pupil Pacetti; John Flaxman and his friend and comrade John de Vere, whose work is so similar that even ex-

perts are fain to attribute certain designs to one or the other, since they cannot discriminate between them; Joachim Smith, the portrait modeler; James Tassie, who began life as a stonemason in Glasgow, and whom old Josiah eulogized as "an admirable artist and an honorable man, whom it is a credit to emulate"; that strange, complex, erratic creature, John Vozex, a modern Dædalus in his genius; and Henry Webber, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whom he was introduced to Josiah Wedgwood, to become, in time, the grand old potter's right-hand man, and the person primarily responsible for the Wedgwood *chef-d'oeuvre*, the famous replica of the Barberini or Portland Vase.

Among the treasures now enshrined in the museum—all in a perfect state of preservation—are the wax originals of "The Dancing Hours," first designed for a mantel frieze, but afterwards adapted to plaques and vases. Here, too, are "The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche," "Apollo and the Nine Muses," "The Apotheosis of Homer," the Wine and Water Ewers, and two curiously interesting bas-reliefs, in commemoration of the Commercial Treaty with France in 1789, that have been recently and appropriately used in view of our present *entente cordiale* with France. All these are by Flaxman, and, in addition, are Pacetti's "Prometheus," "Endymion," and "Priam before Achilles"; de Vere's "Rape of Proserpine"—a magnificent piece of work; as well as the original matrices cast for these, by the same artists. Here are Tassie's molds for the Portland Vase, cast from those made by Peekler, the gem-engraver, while the vase is still in the possession of the Barberini family; these were only found a few days before the museum was opened; together with the

before-mentioned six thousand trials made by old Josiah, each labeled and annotated in his own handwriting.

The reproduction of this vase, the most perfect specimen of old Etruscan art extant, was considered by Josiah Wedgwood the crowning event in his career. The original vase was discovered early in the seventeenth century by some workmen who, digging near Monte del Grano, came across a vault containing a superb sarcophagus, within which was the vase, evidently a sepulchral urn enshrining the ashes of some lady of quality, probably one of the daughters of Marcus Aurelius and his notorious spouse Faustina. The vase became the property of the Barberini family, and was the gem of their priceless collection for considerably more than a century; when, on the dispersion of the Barberini treasures, it was purchased in Rome by Sir William Hamilton, and sold by him to the then Dowager Duchess of Portland. After her death it was put up for sale in 1786, and bought in for a thousand guineas by the Duke of Portland, who immediately lent it to Josiah Wedgwood, in order that he might, if possible, copy it. This task for a considerable time appeared impossible, chiefly owing to the difficulty experienced in matching the "Barberini Black," of which the vase is composed. Webber, the modeller employed, was engaged for at least two years on the design, and by July, 1789, no perfect copy had been effected, though Josiah Wedgwood wrote hopefully at that date, "I begin to see my way to final completion of it." In the following October the first perfect replica was produced. This is now in the possession of the Portland family; while the original Barberini vase—usually designated the "Portland Vase"—is in the British Museum.





The Lighter Side of the Civil Service

THE way to get on in the Civil Service is to do as little as possible and to do it as quietly as possible. This was the advice given to a new clerk at the Home Office forty years ago.

An entertaining description of inside life in the Home Office is furnished by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C. B., in *Blackwoods*. He held the post of assistant secretary for Irish affairs and for a time occupied a temporary office "upstairs" among the clerks, where he had an opportunity of witnessing some amusing escapades.

Forty years ago work in the Home Office was light, and it was left to an industrious minority of the staff. Not a few of the clerks were habitual idlers. The office hours were from 11 to 5. It was a nominal 11 and a punctual 5, and much of the intervening time was devoted to luncheon, gossip, and the newspapers. Matters of public interest also claimed attention, such as, for instance, the future of public men who happened to be then coming into notice. Whether Sir George Trevelyan or Sir Charles Dilke was destined to be the future leader of the Liberal party was a frequent subject of discussion. And as a relief from such grave questions, bets were made as to whether more vehicles would pass up the street or down the street within a specified time, or as to the color of the horses.

Sir Robert tells how one elderly

clerk spent most of his time in dodging his duns, and, as the building was like a rabbit-warren, he succeeded in evading them with considerable ease.

"Making hay" in a man's room was one of the stock amusements. On coming back from luncheon one day I found every movable article of every kind which my room contained piled up on my table, and Lord Granville's Private Secretary—Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Meade—standing in the middle of the floor surveying the pyramid. He had called on some important Foreign Office business. This was too much for me. I told no tales, but I represented to the Chief that I found it very inconvenient to be upstairs, and a room on the main floor was again assigned to me.

The charm of life in the office was undoubtedly the personnel of the clerks. There was a cheery atmosphere of good comradeship about the place, that often bubbled over in an incident like the following:

On my arrival one morning I found a note from Sir James Ferguson's Private Secretary—his intimates called him "Creeper"—announcing that at 3 o'clock precisely an old hat, lately the property of the Chief Clerk, would be kicked off from the end of the corridor, and requesting the favor of my presence. When Big Ben struck three I heard "Creeper's" cheery voice ring out, "All on side: Play." We all turned out, and the game began. On emerging from an un-

usually hot "scrimmage." I became conscious of the presence of a stranger at my side, a timid little Frenchman, who meekly inquired, "Is dis de office for de naturalisation?" It was I

All this was half a century ago and Sir Robert indicates that conditions are very different in the Home Office nowadays.

The Coming British General Election

THE English magazines, as might be anticipated, are full of articles prepared in view of the coming election. The most significant of these utterances is the demand made by J. Ellis Barker, that the Unionists must outbid the Liberals in breaking up the land system and passing what used to be described as Socialistic legislation. Of course, all Protectionists are Socialists in principle, so far as they recognize the duty of the state to undertake the control of the business of the nation, but there are few who go with Mr. Elsbacher in demanding Socialistic legislation at home. In the *Fortnightly Review* he clamors for the issue of a Unionist manifesto, which is to democratize the Unionist party on Socialist lines:

It is only fair that the State should succour the workers when stricken down with misfortune, accident, old age, and disease.

The Unionist Manifesto should appeal . . . to the interests of the individual and bid him support a policy which should improve his employment, raise his wages, secure him against misfortune, enable him to buy a cottage and land which will be his and his children's for ever—a policy which should make his life brighter, fuller, worthier, and happier than it is now. It is most desirable that the Government should enable every respectable worker in town and country who wishes to acquire a piece of the land on which he works or the cottage in which he lives to do so.

As Mr. Elsbacher estimates that five millions must be supplied with the piece of land, the doom of large landed estates would seem to be near.

Fabian Ware writes in the *Nineteenth Century and After* to bewail the change that has come over the prospect of tariff reform. Six months ago, he says, its victory seemed assured, the Stalwarts were carrying all before them. But their hands were tied

by the concessions they had made in their acceptance of Mr. Balfour's Birmingham formula. The Unionist Free Traders have gained where the Tariff Reformers have lost. The Liberals advanced their budget. Instead of meeting that with tariff reform, the Unionist Free Traders proposed no positive constructive policy, but appealed to anti-Socialism. The Liberals had succeeded in breaking up the union of classes which the Tariff Reformers had begun. Rot set in on the Unionist side:

The Liberal strategy met with brilliant success; it wiped out the past record of unparalleled blunders, and the ridicule with which the Government's collective intelligence had been formerly treated by Tariff Reformers was turned into respect. It had been designed to undermine the union of classes achieved by Tariff Reform, and it succeeded beyond its wildest expectations. Panic reigned among Tariff Reformers. The selfishness of class interests raised its head among Unionists; it sought for support wherever it could be found and in whatever party; in a few weeks more money was subscribed for its defence than had been at the disposal of Mr. Cobden in the early days of his great Free Trade campaign. Tariff Reformers saw the Unionist party falling away from their creed, and in the despair of the moment joined in the general scramble for "unity."

Tariff reform was for the moment side-tracked. It was saved, if it has been saved, by the Liberals overreaching themselves in their tactics. The Budget League taught the Budget Protest League its lesson, and the latter adopted tariff reform. But the mischief had been done. In the approaching general election the writer urges that Tariff Reformers must insist on a full acceptance of their principles. They may find the Unionist party fail them again. They must be prepared for such a contingency.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, in a paper entitled, "Eyes and No Eyes," in the *Fortnightly Review*, says:

The present industrial chaos is due to the lack of organic unity. The task which lies before us is the restoration of that unity. Assuredly the State may, by apt legislation, do much for such restoration.

He makes six suggestions, viz.:

1. The systematic organization of industrial society—organisation based on common pursuits, common aims, common duties, common interests.

2. The State should effectively interfere in industrial contracts for the protection of those who are unable to protect themselves.

3. The State should regulate prices when monopolies arise, and all public utilities, such as roads, canals, railways, telegraphs, telephones, waterworks, gas and electric lighting, should be owned by the State.

4. Direct taxation should be based on the principle of equality of sacrifice, and graduated accordingly; indirect taxation should fall, not on necessities but on luxuries.

5. The State should appropriate the unearned increment of land.

6. Speculation in stocks and shares should be put down as criminal.

Making the Lightning Hustle

A most interesting description of a wonderful automatic telegraph system, the invention of Patrick B. Delany, of East Orange, is contributed to the *Railroad Man's Magazine*, by Charlton C. Andrews. By means of this system eight thousand words a minute have been sent over a line having an artificial resistance equivalent to that in a line between Buffalo and New York, which is to say, that the whole of the matter on the front page of a metropolitan daily could be transmitted from one city to the other, while sixty seconds are being ticked off.

A company to exploit the Delany invention has been organized and is known as the "Telepost" Company, for the messages gathered by messengers or otherwise are to be sent over the wires and delivered at the other end by mail.

The first telepost line was opened between Boston and Portland, Maine, and intermediate points October 15, 1908. The service made a hit at once, and since then the system has been expanding stealthily, whenever the company could buy a place to set a pole without appearing to want to do so.

The essential feature of the Delany system is the use of the perforated tape, which can be prepared by any number of operators and fed through the automatic sending-machine at a very high speed. This device, nearly as old as the telegraph itself, has been worn threadbare

by the hosts of inventors who have made use of it. Yet Delany gave this hackneyed idea a new twist.

Instead of pounding the message into the tape with pile-driver blows, as is done in the Wheatstone system, still used in England, the operator writes on the Delany tape on a machine with a keyboard exactly like that of a typewriter, and he doesn't hit the keys any harder than he would those of a typewriter. Thus any typewriter girl is a ready-made telegraph operator, who can prepare messages to be sent to a telepost office ready for the transmitting machine.

At the telepost office the tape is run between some little brass wheels on the side of a polished mahogany box, about as big as an encyclopedia volume set on edge. Bits of iron wire are kept in contact with the tape by springs. These drop through the perforations, closing an electric circuit and sending an impulse over the wire.

The perforations are in a double row. Two side by side send a dot; when the two are at an angle they make a dash. A fifty-word message shoots through the machine with a "zip" while the spectator is getting ready to watch it.

At the receiving end the message is automatically recorded on another tape, either in Morse dots and dashes or in perforations. In the former case the tape is moistened with a chemical solution. Every electric impulse brings an iron wire in contact with the wet tape, and makes an indelible blue mark which will not blur or run into its neighbor's.

A single wire will keep eighty-two persons busy with the Delany system, forty perforating messages for transmission, forty others transcribing them by typewriter, and two attending machines.

The Unpleasant Habit of Belittling Others

In *Success Magazine*, Orison Swett Marden attacks the man of mean and ungenerous disposition, who has acquired the habit of belittling the achievements of all around him.

The habit of belittling is a confession of weakness, of inferiority, of a small, jealous, envious nature; a confession that one's life is not well poised, well balanced. The large, magnanimous soul has no room for jealousy, for the belittling spirit. It magnifies the good and minimizes the bad.

A spirit of generosity and kindness is an indication of greatness of soul. Jealousy, envy, a disposition to keep from others the credit which belongs to them, are marks of a small nature, a pinched mentality. A kindly spirit always accompanies largeness of nature, breadth of character. The man who belittles a competitor, who maintains a mean silence when he should praise, only exhibits to the world his own narrowness and stinginess of soul. A man with a really large nature is generous, charitable, even to his enemy.

The belittler does not realize that in disparaging others, in discounting the achievements of competitors, he is exposing the limitations of his own soul, the smallness of his nature, and not only that, but all the time is making the person he is talking to think less of him. We

little imagine that when we draw a picture of others we draw one of ourselves. A small, mean soul sees only small, mean things in another. A really great nature sees only the good qualities of others.

Unfortunately, men of great ability who have been distinguished for brilliant intellectual gifts, often unusual courage and tenacity of purpose, men who have really done big things, have frequently been insanely jealous and envious of others, especially those in the same profession or business as themselves.

Many singers and actors—and, I am sorry to say, some clergymen—suffer from professional jealousy. They are pained by hearing others in their profession praised. This jealousy is perhaps more characteristic of professional people generally than of business people.

I know a clergyman who would be very popular and successful if he were only large enough to see the good in his brother clergymen, but he is not. He is always emphasizing their faults and weaknesses, especially those of men who are gaining in popularity. If any one praises another clergyman, "Yes," he will say, "he is a pretty good man, but he is not always absolutely accurate, reliable, in his statements;" or, "He is very free in his use of other preachers' sermons; he is a great borrower of ideas"; or he will make some other nasty, belittling remark.

An Eulogy of the North West Mounted Police

Agnes Deans Cameron eulogizes the Royal Northwest Mounted Police force of Canada in the *Century Magazine*. She points out that it is the boast of the service that they seldom "get into print." In consequence, less is known about them than would otherwise be the case.

The service is a combination of all sorts and conditions of men blown together by the round-up of the winds of heaven. In the ranks we find western bronco-buster, eastern log-birler, lumberjacks, unspirited Cockneys, Cree-Scot half-breeds, time-expired men from every branch of the Imperial service, side by side with the French-Canadian born "tree days below Kebek." Two years the roll-call of one troop included in its rank and file a son of a colonial governor, a grandson of a major-general, a medical student from Dublin, an Oxford M. A., two troopers of the imperial forces and half a dozen ubiquitous Scots. For many years a son of Charles Dickens did honorable service with this force, and there served beside him a runaway

circus clown and the brother of a Yorkshire baronet. Several of the full privates have tucked away in the bottom of their mess-kit medals won in South Africa, Egypt and Afghanistan, but the lost legion of gentlemen-rankers predominates, and it is Rugby and Cambridge out here on the unbroken prairies that set the fashion in multi and manners.

A description of the work of the force follows, and it is plain to be seen that the mounted policeman has no sinecure.

An officer of the mounted police is not an exponent of the law; he is the law itself. When he rides his cayuse to foot-hill camp or threads on snow-shoes the worn north trails of the trapper, he goes clad with the authority of courts. He preserves order, but he also makes arrests; he tries offenders in his own courts, and then escorts the man upon whom sentence has fallen to a prison of his own making, where the jaw-breaker may be incarcerated for ten days or thirty years. Back of that slight, silent, steel-nerved rider is the strong arm of England and

the whole of Canadian jurisprudence, and when he speaks, it is as one with authority. In extreme cases, when the death penalty has to be enforced, one mounted policeman may have to act as clergyman, executioner and coroner.

"All this I swear without any mental evasion, equivocation, or secret reservation. So help me, God,"—with these impressive words do raw recruits and grizzled soldier enter the service of the mounted police and swear fidelity to his majesty Edward VII. It is not prospective wealth that tempts a man to become an empire-builder in this mounted force of Greater Canada, "for hard is her service, poor her payment."

The newly recruited constable gets sixty cents a day, his term of engagement is five years, and he may look forward to re-engagement on a second term, with a staff-sergeant's pay of from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a day to work up to. Recruits must be between the ages of twenty-two and forty, active men of thoroughly sound constitution and possessed of certificates of exemplary character. They must be able to read and write in either English or French, understand horses, ride well, measure up to the minimum height of five feet eight inches, have a chest measurement of thirty-five inches, weigh 157 over 15 pounds, and be unencumbered with a wife.

A Model Industrial Village

In the *Magazine of Commerce* Dr. C. R. Hennings describes the model village laid out at Leverkusen, on the Rhine, not far from Cologne, by the Farbenfabriken Company, which manufactures practically all the most important dyes, photographic materials, and many synthetic drugs of the greatest value. The firm employs 6,000 workmen, besides 1,700 officials, 220 of whom are trained analytical chemists. The Welfare Department has become so large as to necessitate the employment of a special staff.

The number of workmen's dwellings now amounts to about 750, and is being increased every year by about twenty. Each house is suitable for four tenants, so provision is made for 3,000 separate families. Each house is surrounded by a garden. The rent is 55s. per room per year. Supervision is entrusted to a committee consisting of officials and workmen. Co-operative stores supply provisions, and yield a dividend of ten per cent. Two bachelor homes, each occupied by about four hundred unmarried workmen, supply cheap and healthy quarters at from 2½d to 4d a day, with breakfast, dinner and supper at 10d a day. For workmen not living on the premises a dining-hall serves a good dinner for 4d. A refreshment-room attached furnishes victuals and non-alcoholic beverages. Foremen pay £18 per annum rent.

To every manufacturing department baths are attached. There are swimming baths on the Rhine for men, and for women and children. Free medical attendance is granted to the workmen and their relatives. Workmen's wives are treated entirely free at the Maternity Home. At the Girls' Home workwomen can obtain board and residence at low cost. A house of recreation is provided for workmen, including a banqueting hall, seating 1,200 persons, with refreshment-rooms, ball-rooms, a reading-room, and skittle-grounds. Sons of workmen are trained, practically and theoretically, in a workshop for apprentices connected with the finishing school. A progressive society provides a course of instruction by fully qualified lecturers. The dramatic side is a special feature.

A special manager presides over the whole educational system, including a library comprising 12,000 volumes, which is used by 32 per cent. of the workmen, 98 per cent. of the officials. Natural science and travel are the most popular works. Eighty thousand books circulated in 1907, averaging forty-two books per head for the year. Women share in all these advantages equally with men. Special instruction is provided for the children. Boys are taught horticulture, girls needlework. A Ladies' Benevolent Association looks after the sick and

needy, the widows and orphans. An orchestra has been organized for men and boys, a glee club, a string band, gymnasium, etc.

To the pension system the employes contribute one-third, the employers two-thirds. Workmen receive a long-service premium amounting to £53. after twenty-five years, and £200 after fifty years' service. There

is also a pension fund for workmen who have become unfit, which amounts to £100,000. The Welfare Department cost the firm in 1908 £90,000, only one-seventh of which was required by Government. The main motive of the firm is to educate and keep a staff of employes whose interest in life is bound up with the success of the firm.

The Greatest Nickel Mine in the World

A description of what is claimed to be the greatest nickel mine in the world appears in *East and West*. The mine is located at Creighton, about twelve miles west of Sudbury. Creigh-

ton Mine is very widely famed, being, indeed, the greatest nickel ore deposit known in the world. It is claimed that about two-thirds of the whole world's supply of nickel is mined there.

So that, when we consider that by far the greater part of nickel used at the present time is utilized in making armor-plating for the great battleships, we begin to understand how dependent the little population of Creighton is upon the aggressive naval policies of the powers of Europe, and the other ambitious nations of the present day.

Electrical power is used in mining, transmitted from the High Falls, about twenty miles west. The power house, with its motors, powerful apparatus, is an interesting spot for anyone who likes machinery. The warehouse and office building is of red brick and is spacious and well lighted. The "dry," or "clearing-up" room for the employes, is a feature very worthy of mention. This "dry" is a large, well-lighted, brick building, in which each employe may procure a roomy and well-ventilated locker for his changes of clothing. Then, conveniently situated, are several long enameled troughs supplied with hot and cold water, and, perhaps best of



SKIPS LOADED WITH ORE AT THE BOTTOM OF A PIT

all, at one end of the building are several refreshing shower baths, a luxury which we students have learned to prize in our university gymnasium.

The rock-houses, two in number, are high frame structures at the edge of the pit, into which the ore is raised from the mine in "skips," or little cars, which are hoisted up the inclined tracks shown in the picture. In the rock-house the ore is crushed, picked over, and loaded upon the railway cars, and then taken to the smelter near Sudbury. After the ore is crushed, it passes along on wide belts, close by which the rock pickers stand or sit to pick out the refuse rock, and

leave the richer pieces to pass on to the chutes, and into the railway cars beneath. As many as thirty cars of ore per day are shipped, and each car is worth about one thousand dollars to the company.

When one looks down to the dizzy depths of the open pit he can only form a very vague idea of its size. It is very large, and is now open to the third level, which means that the bottom of this open pit is three hundred feet below the surface. There is still another level below this, hidden from the daylight, and extending another hundred feet into the bosom of the earth.

Death and the Dollar

As a means of preventing poverty and a method by which families bereaved by the death of the producing member may not become objects of charity, nothing has ever been devised in civilization which equals the power for good wielded by a well-managed life insurance company. With this powerful statement, William Frederick Dix advances the claims of life insurance in *Pearson's Magazine*. He points out that to-day there are more men of every walk of life who carry insurance policies than there were presidential voters last year.

Curiously enough, however, it seems to be human nature for a man to side-step the question of his initial insurance until he has been cajoled and flattered and finally pushed into it. He gets life insurance the same way he gets religion: his emotions have to be appealed to and he finally takes the step in a moment of enthusiasm born of the efforts of others. After he has taken the step he is usually glad of it, but he is inclined at first to shy at the subject for the reason that, while he has an uncomfortable feeling that he really ought to look into the matter, he dreads to do so, fearing that the floodgates of eloquence of innumerable agents will be opened and he will find himself battling for breath in unfamiliar waters. The agent is a welcome caller when he carries the check to the new widow, but he is not always received with enthusiasm in the office of the busy man.

Mr. Dix shows that the reformations in management of a few years

ago has resulted in a decided lessening of the cost of insurance to the members of the companies concerned. In one company, for instance, the amount paid last year to its policy-holders was \$52,666,338. The amount paid five years ago was \$34,484,274, while the expenses of all kinds of conducting the business for 1908 were \$8,241,290, and the expenses, exclusive of taxes, five years ago, were \$16,440,428. The amount paid in dividends to policy-holders three years ago was \$4,173,330.19, and the amount which will be distributed this year (1909), will be \$11,092,282.38.

He concludes his article with some words of practical advice, which are well worth noting:

If you are a new policy-holder, remember that life insurance in its present improved condition is as nicely adjusted to the needs of the man of small earnings as it is to the capitalist, and that the most sagacious business men in this country are the most liberal patrons of it. The multi-millionaire is just as sure to carry insurance on his life as is the clerk in his office. Do not allow any agent to persuade you to surrender your policy in one company in order to take out, through him, a policy in another company. He is not a missionary, and if he is clever enough to make you think that you will profit by this process, write to your own company stating his proposition to them and get their side of the story before you yield to his wiles. Remember that your home is your castle: that while you live you should defend

It and after death your life insurance should be a strong wall around it. You may explain to your wife that it is quite unnecessary for you to take out life insurance; she may see the force of your argument, but your widow will not. Remember that only six persons in each hundred who reach old age have enough to maintain them in comfort without the aid of relatives and friends. Are you sure that you are to be one of the six? Are you so lacking in imagination that you cannot picture to yourself what will happen to your family when you, its bread-winner, cease bread-winning.

Remember that when a man of little or no invested capital puts away \$50 in a savings bank he has to add many more similar sums to it before he has \$1,000 laid by, and if he died before he amasses that sum, the amount he has

banked is all his estate gets. But if he puts \$50 in life insurance (or a sum approximately that, depending on his age and the kind of policy he takes out), he has \$1,000 to the credit of his estate at once, which his estate will surely receive if he keeps up his annual payment of \$50 while he lives. And each payment he makes earns him nearly as much interest as the savings bank gives him. In other words, if one hundred men determine to accumulate \$1,000 each by saving \$50 each year, and putting these savings in a savings bank, a portion of those men will almost surely die before they have accomplished their object, while, if they paid their \$50 each annually into a life insurance company, all of them, whether they lived for many years or died at once, would have for their families the thousand dollars.

The Social Queen of the World

UNDER the title of "The Social Hegemony of England," Sidney Whitman gives a notable bit of evidence in the *North American Review* as to the influence of England on the world, even in such matters as the cut of a coat or the vocabulary of sport. Mr. Whitman attributes what he calls England's Social Hegemony to two facts—first, that the foreigner until recently only knew England by the wealthy Englishmen, who traveled abroad; and, secondly, that to the distinguished foreign visitor England consists of the West-end of London, Cowes and country houses. There are, however, other causes:

The English language is extending its boundaries abroad in social and commercial directions. English has long been compulsory in Norwegian schools, and is about to become so in German gymnasia. In our day Englishmen have taken the place of Frenchmen in the personal favor of northern Royalty.

Finally, the English tongue is in daily use in more than half the Royal families of Europe, and English nurses are the earliest teachers of their offspring.

Within the present generation England may be said to have usurped and finally taken over the part of Mentor of Fashion. The Austrian or the Hungarian aristocrat is never happier than when he is dressed up like an Englishman, looks like an Englishman, and is mistaken for one. If to a high degree, he and his family in all probability speak English and read English novels. Their trainers, coachmen and valets are often Englishmen.

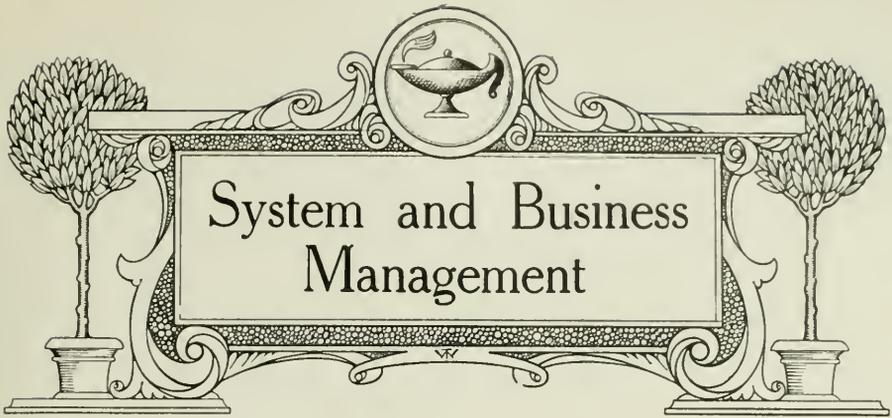
Every smart officer on the continent wears mufti made in London:

His clothes are English in cut; many of his class have their garments made in London, as an inspection of the leading West End tailors' cutting-rooms plainly shows: for within a stone's throw of Bond Street are to be seen the patterns of half the Almanach de Gotha. All that is left of the Crusaders as regards "measurements" may be inspected here.

Continental watering-places are overrun with English amateur athletes, in the same way as they used to be patronized by French, Spanish, Greek, and South-American "punters" in the good old gambling days. There are the champion golf, croquet, and tennis players, strutting about in their flannels and "knickers." There is scarcely a harbor in Europe in which at some time of the year a sumptuous English private yacht, with its spick and span crew, is not to be seen and admired.

The fascination which London has exercised of recent years upon foreigners of rank and wealth is one of the most striking features of the social dominion of England. An Ambassadorship in London which was once looked upon more or less as a penance by distinguished diplomatists, is now on account of the English climate, is now the great prize of the diplomatic service. London has displaced Paris as the centre of luxury and fashion, to which come during the season the rank and wealth of the whole world.

Has not a foreign monarch recently declared that he was in uncertainty whether he would not rather be an English country gentleman than a monarch in his own country? The sentiment of worship of their "betters" has not yet died out among the English people. The popularity of an English Duke of sporting proclivities is a thing unparalleled all the world over. England is an ideal resort for the foreign millionaire and his class. He meets everywhere with a deference to rank and wealth, on the part of the community at large, with which he has not been surfeited in his own country.



Getting Better Results from Salesman

By

JOHN LEE MAHIN

ALL I know about advertising I have learned as a practical everyday salesman. The word "Advertising" to me is always comprehended in the larger word "Salesmanship."

Salesmanship is bigger and broader than advertising, because it comprehends Personality plus Organization. Advertising is essentially an organized form of salesmanship and requires the co-operation of personality to make it effective. Organization in itself implies three fundamentals, Experience, Principles and System. Salesmanship can be organized and put on a scientific basis insofar as principles can be deduced from experience and a system of application of principles can be devised.

My first experience in writing an advertisement was for a man who sold tombstones. I had heard of special sales in connection with advertising and, knowing no better, suggested that he have one. The advertisement I wrote and ran for him enabled a quick-witted competitor to get out in the country and secure orders that had been promised for my customer because the other man insinuated that

he was selling out and called attention to the advertising he was doing as proof of the fact.

From this experience I acquired a working principle that any advertising a man did should be in harmony with his regular sales work and not be considered as something separate and apart from it.

Another experience that I had in conducting a country job printing office was in finding that one salesman with a pleasing personality, a fund of good stories and a hearty optimistic laugh, was outdistanced by a colder, quieter man who furnished me with samples of work that he picked up in his travels.

When he found out that I was interested in knowing the kind of work done by manufacturers elsewhere the quality of printing bought by merchants in other towns, he started to mail them to me and from these samples I got ideas by which I was able to increase my business with the manufacturers and merchants in my own city.

From this experience I deduce the fundamental principle that salesmanship added value to merchandise. In

other words, the quiet salesman's paper stock is worth more to me because with it I got effective selling ideas, than identically the same stock would be if I bought it from the other man.

I then and there learned the lesson that I could sell goods more easily and effectively if I considered what my possible customer would or could do with them rather than in telling how they were made or comparing in any way with those offered by competitors.

I also learned from this that price did not make the sale so much as an appeal to the buyer's imagination, showing him how he could use or enjoy what I had to sell him and convincing him that he really wanted it.

As price will always be a factor in sales work, it is of the utmost advantage that sales managers equip themselves with the most effective means by which they can meet, combat and otherthrow the price question.

At this point advertising to the possible purchaser in advance of the call of the salesman comes in for the most serious consideration on the part of the sales manager. Assuming that a salesman, before completing the sale, must lead the customer through various stages of mental attitude toward what he has to sell—then anything that can save the salesman's time along this line, is of great advantage to him.

An idea expressed on a piece of paper can be circulated much more rapidly and economically than by word of mouth. So if it is possible for prospective purchasers to be gradually informed of many desirable features of an article before the salesman talks to him, the salesman's time is not only saved, but he becomes more proficient in that quality which alone determines his value, i.e., the actual making of sales.

Most of the every-day knowledge that people possess and most of the convictions upon which they base their every-day actions have been acquired unconsciously. Very few people can remember when they learned to talk.

Very few can say at what time or under what condition they learned the meaning of a certain word, yet, everybody knows that at one time he could neither think nor talk and that all the knowledge that he possesses was laboriously and gradually acquired by him.

The great power of advertisements is in getting into people's minds the ideas that they carry in such a way that people think they always had them. The man or woman who reads the daily paper and gradually forms an opinion on public topics, unconsciously absorbs as part of his or her every-day knowledge the statements contained in the advertising pages. In this way is acquired the impression that Gold Dust is a good washing powder and that its use would be economical and saving of time and effort because of the reiteration of the phrase, "Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work."

Men who have spent time and thought in trying to express an idea in the most simple and effective way, receive unmistakable proof of the power of advertisements when in every-day conversation they find people telling them their opinion of a certain article in exactly the same words which were used in describing them in the advertisement. The people do this and honestly think they are using their own language and voicing their own fundamental convictions.

For this reason I maintain that the sales manager should know the purpose that the advertising manager has in mind, the kind of people he is trying to reach, the quality of an impression that he intends to produce and the effect these impressions will have unconsciously on the minds of possible buyers.

With this information clear in his own mind, the sales manager should instruct his salesmen as to what can be expected of the advertising of the house and what in my opinion is much more important, *where it is absolutely essential for the salesman to concen-*

trate his efforts to tie up the advertising with his general sales work.

Advertising that is intelligently directed to the final purchaser and that is used understandingly by a well organized and skilfully directed sales force, is practically invincible. The only way that I know of by which such advertising can be produced is by repeated conferences with everybody concerned in the formulation of a sales policy.

The actual writing of the advertisements or the illustrating of them is by no means as important as the developing of the ideas to be expressed in them. The only way that the importance of the ideas can be determined, is by carefully testing them and securing the judgment of those who have had actual experience in sales work.

There are many sales points that cannot be used in an advertisement because they must be directed to the individuality of the buyer. There are others everybody should know and these cannot be too strongly emphasized.

When these ideas have been developed and when they have been arranged in their logical order and it has been decided which are deserving of the most emphasis, it is time to write and illustrate the advertising copy and also to select the medium in which the advertisements are to be placed.

A salesman in the field fully advised as to the purpose of the advertising, campaign being conducted by his house, will be able to instantly recognize to what extent it has been effective in the minds of his possible customers. He can then save his time in not being compelled to go over the points that are already settled and he can concentrate his energies on those points which must be clinched before the sale can be made.

A salesman's time should be too valuable to do any of the work that can be done by an advertisement, and yet an advertisement cannot be always effective without intelligent co-

operation on the part of personal work of the sales manager and the salesman in the field.

In present-day selling methods, it may be truthfully stated that advertising is not on trial. Advertising has been demonstrated in too many lines and too many directions to waste any time in discussing the question, Is Advertising an Expense, or is it Advisable?

The only question before any business house to-day, is "How can we use advertising in OUR sales work?"

There is nothing about the power of printers' ink, or the circulation of different kinds of advertising mediums that really needs to be demonstrated because this information now is definite, positive and dependable. The only doubtful or experimental phase of an advertising campaign that is undertaken by any house, is the ability of *that house* to utilize the advertising *to its advantage*.

I assume that there is very little doubt in anybody's mind that a typewriting machine will do effective and economical work if placed in the proper hands. Personally, if I had to operate the typewriters in our own establishment, I would get very little use of them because I know I could express my ideas in longhand writing much quicker. I find, however, by dictating to a competent stenographer, who has been trained in the use of the typewriter, I get my letters written much more rapidly and they are read much more easily by those to whom they are sent.

An advertising campaign bears very much the same relation to the average business house. A man, to make intelligent use of advertising, does not need to know how to construct it any more than he knows how to make or even operate a typewriter. He should be able to test its results, not only after he has purchased it, but also to have some means by which he could determine in advance the quality of the advertising service which he employs.

Constructive ability is rare. It is

as scarce in the advertising field as in any other. Critical ability is much more plentiful.

A man can enjoy and comprehend and intelligently discriminate as to differences in execution in a musical composition whether he is able to perform it on a musical instrument or not.

The business man who buys advertising service of any kind, should consider its efficiency always by the tests whether it fits into his sales work or not. You may be interested in knowing the tests that we use ourselves everyday in determining whether the constructive work that we try to do comes up to the standard which we endeavor to constantly maintain.

So far as I have been able to determine, there are only ten fundamental tests of an advertisement which should be applied before it is published.

I do not mean by this that a study of these tests equips a man to prepare or write an advertisement. This work, like any other constructive work, has to depend upon inspiration, enthusiasm, and that something which finally comes to a man who does anything, the actual going ahead and doing it.

A man never learns to swim by learning the rules which are followed by a good swimmer. He simply strikes out and swims, but he unquestionably perfects himself and raises the standard of his performance by testing his work by standards that have become established.

No man ever became a salesman except by actually going out and persuading people to buy goods. Every salesman has unquestionably made himself a better salesman by carefully going over his work in his mind at the end of each day and deciding what fundamental principles, if any, he could deduce from his successes and what rules he could establish for avoiding failures another time, by carefully considering the circumstances which caused him to fail.

In this spirit the following tests are submitted to you.

HOW TO TEST AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Test No. 1.

Is It Natural?

Advertising space is a vehicle by which an advertiser's ideas are distributed to the readers.

That the identity of the sender may be immediately recognized, his message must be a natural expression of himself and reflect his personality.

So much advertising fails because the advertiser clothes his ideas in wording that is not at all consistent with his nature.

His best friends do not recognize him in his advertising garb, while those who do not know him, feel instinctively that he is masquerading.

The secret of a perfect photographic likeness is not an expensive camera, in the up-to-date equipment of a gallery, nor yet in the effective use of light.

It is the ability of the artist himself to command unconsciously the confidence of the sitter and the accurate gauge of his real character.

By it he overcomes the feeling of strangeness, the lack of poise in his subject, and catches him in a natural attitude. He can then transmit to a piece of paper a likeness of the man as he really is.

The best "copy" for a newspaper advertisement is simply the natural, sincere talk that a merchant uses in making a sale over his counter.

A copy writer must be able to impersonate the advertiser's personality and so express ideas in print that they are instantly recognized as a sincere message from the head of the business.

If he can make the reader feel in his "copy" that intangible something that pervades every successful commercial organization—he can be trusted with the work. If not, the head of the business had better prepare his own copy.

In a word, before sending a message to the people, through the columns of the newspaper, see if the thought and wording ring true as the natural expression of the advertiser.

Test No. 2.**Is It Specific?**

An advertisement which does not bring out individual features of the store and of the article advertised is almost as much help to competitors as to the institution paying for the space.

On the other hand, an advertisement which exploits distinctive features exclusively, is likely to create an impression of freakishness—a feeling that the advertiser is placing undue emphasis on mere talking points.

The best test of whether an advertisement is specific or not, is to substitute the name of a competitor. If the advertisement is just as effective over the name of another house, individuality should be instilled into it.

A specific advertisement meets a condition squarely as it is, instead of dealing with it as it ought to be.

It should give a definite reason, to attract the prospective customer's immediate attention as well as to justify its appearance from the view point of the advertiser.

It should so concentrate attention on the article advertised that the reader is completely absorbed in and unconsciously obtains a clear comprehension of the story itself rather than impressed in any way by the manner in which it has been told.

If the cleverness of the "copy," the brilliancy of the language or the vividness of the illustration diverts the reader's attention from the article itself—the advertisement fails to fulfill its real purpose.

To produce an advertisement which is consistently specific often requires much time and thought.

The only way to accomplish this is to write it experimentally, and if it does not stand the test, keep on attempting and testing, until the desired result has been accomplished.

Test No. 3.**Is It Timely?**

A storekeeper who permits dust and cobwebs to litter his store windows is no more wasteful than he who uses

space in a live, progressive medium merely to repeat a few hackneyed phrases in connection with his name and address.

The newspaper is the live merchant's most valuable display window. In it he should take care to exhibit by pictures and word painting his newest and most attractive stock.

There are always plenty of things that every advertiser can utilize to create and further the impression that he is strictly up-to-date; one of his most valuable assets.

Timely advertising inspires confidence in its readers that the advertisers is wide awake and ready to meet all emergencies.

It is not uncommon to see in provincial newspapers such absurd instances of untimeliness and public announcements of unprogressiveness as Ice Cream Freezers advertised in January or Heating Stoves in July.

Yet to be timely does not necessarily mean to make definite plans on the spur of the moment. Successful general advertisers forecast conditions, according to the seasons of the year and the general trend of events, and make plans months ahead.

The retailer should act on the same lines.

Such a procedure yields much more satisfactory results than a patch-work campaign, constructed from day to day in hit-or-miss fashion.

Should the advertiser wish to take advantage of some unusual event, it is very easy to substitute a piece of timely copy in harmony with what has appeared and what is to follow.

Timeliness involves an accurate insight into the trend of public opinion. But the public mind is fickle and in taking advantage of prevalent conditions, the unnecessary incurring of prejudice must be guarded against.

See if your advertisement is in harmony with the times, the season and the day.

Test No. 4.**Is It Pertinent?**

A publisher of a country newspaper had tried his hardest to interest a

piano and organ store in the use of space in his paper and was at his wit's end, when a farmer subscription solicitor, hearing of his quandary suggested some excellent "pertinent copy."

Instead of talking about how pianos and organs were made, or who made them, he headed his advertisement. "Why do the Boys Leave the Farm?"

He then went on to explain that to keep the boys on the farm, the home life should be made attractive with a piano or an organ, which the advertiser was ready to furnish.

An advertisement should deal with an article from the purchaser's standpoint. "How it is made?" is not so important to him as "What will it do for me?"

It is often well to cater to pretended motives, or subtly suggest the real ones.

Many a piano is bought for a larger purpose than to develop the musical talent of a family. The purchase actually marks their social advancement from the breadwinning state to the possession of some of the recognized luxuries.

Suggestion, recognized as a most potent factor in personal salesmanship is no less effectively utilized on the printed page.

A father who felt that the possession of a diamond would foster the love of display and extravagance in his daughter, would refuse to buy her one of the jewels.

Yet he would quickly change his decision if won over by the suggestion that in no other way could he make so concrete or permanent an expression of sentiment he entertained for her.

It is oftentimes a tortuous mental route that leads to the purse strings of the public.

In planning an advertising message, therefore, it is well to examine it from this point of view. "Is this copy adapted to the results I wish to secure?"

**Test No. 5.
Is It Consistent?**

An advertiser should make sure that

his "copy" is a perfect link in his chain of real selling policy.

To determine upon the character of the advertising in any particular medium, he should give careful thought to the following questions:

"What class of people read this publication?" "How best can I exploit my goods to them?" "What will they do when they read my advertising?" "What must I do to cash in to the best advantage on the impression I create in their minds?"

A cut price sale is a consistent procedure for one kind of a store but entirely inconsistent for another.

The writer of these articles discovered this fact in his first advertising effort—a mark down sale in tombstones.

On his regular fall trip a few weeks later the proprietor was astounded to learn that a number of sales promised him had gone to his competitor, who had deftly construed the advertising into an announcement that the advertiser was retiring from business.

The story of the "reasons" behind a store's policy—for instance; why bargain sales are not held—why high-priced goods are handled exclusively—often proves most profitable advertising.

It is wise for a merchant to impress upon patrons that he *has* a definite policy and *stick* to it.

Methods that bring success to one institution are ridiculously inconsistent for another to use. To exploit a bank in the extravagant superlatives of a circus publicity man would be absurd, and disastrous for the advertiser.

On the other hand some advertisers, in their fear of appearing undignified or sensational, actually say nothing in their announcements that is interesting.

Happy is the advertiser who early learns the lesson "How to be consistent and can consistently embody the quality in his advertising "copy."

GETTING BETTER RESULTS FROM SALESMEN.

Test No. 6.

Is It Persistent?

A single advertisement, standing alone, cannot perhaps be said to possess within itself the quality of persistency of pertinacity. It can, however, form a part of and bear out a plan which a business house has adhered to strictly for years.

The trade-mark, or name of a house which is reproduced in publicity of an individual or characteristic style, indicates that each advertisement containing it is one of a series or that the use of advertising space is an established policy of the house.

In no other way can a merchant win confidence or establish so thorough a credit with the public as by advertising prudently and *persistently*.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth, but persistency is its sun, rain and fertilizer.

When the late Frank Cooper, of Siegel, Cooper & Co., was running a store in Peoria and needed \$10,000 he did not go to the bank for it. He frankly told the people that he wanted to raise this amount of money and got it by offering them inducements for immediate purchases.

Persistency in an advertiser is necessary to establish such a reputation with the people that he can command co-operation like this.

An advertiser establishes his character with the public the same as he does with his bank by persisting in making promises and *never failing* to fulfill them. A credit with the great general public is a very present help in time of need.

A persistent advertising campaign covering a period of three years in legitimate publications will seldom fail to produce a good will asset that is worth more to the advertiser than the entire amount spent in space during that time.

In preparing an advertisement, remember this quality of persistency—the fact that it is published as a part of a house's policy and will either build or break down prestige.

Test No. 7.

Is It Authoritative?

The men who lead the masses all possess one distinguishing characteristic.

No matter how illogical are their arguments or how fallacious are their conclusions, they are confident in their affirmations.

An authoritative tone must be assumed and maintained by the advertiser at all times and in all conditions.

It is impossible for an advertiser to inspire confidence in others without possessing it himself, and unless advertising is awarded the reader's confidence, the advertiser is wasting his money.

Yet too wanton an exhibition of confidence is dangerous. The advertiser must keep in close touch with the pulse of the public and know how much the people will stand in this line.

While everybody unconsciously acknowledges leadership to others in many ways in their daily contact with their fellow men, no one is happy in the consciousness of being forced.

The results of advertising depend upon voluntary actions on the part of free people, and threats, scares, or pessimistic utterances will never make friends or customers.

Public service corporations should educate the public to the many advantages they offer.

They could overcome much current prejudice against monopolies and add greatly to their popularity by *asking* the people for their patronage in a pleasing manner, without in any way sacrificing their confident or authoritative standing.

Optimism is a wonderful confidence-inspiring tonic. The optimist who is tempted by self-control, makes the best advertiser.

An advertiser who in pessimistic tones continually decries competition and insinuates that the people themselves cannot be trusted, destroys confidence and will not command a large success.

Let your advertising be authoritative—not the self-assertiveness of the bully—but express a well regulated optimistic spirit of confidence.

Test No. 8.

Is It Institutional?

An institution is composed of individuals who have many thoughts in common.

The circulation of a successful publication is necessarily institutional in character.

A group of people cannot be constantly reading a single publication day after day without unconsciously accepting and at the same time influencing the institutional quality of the publication itself.

The business house that is well managed necessarily develops an established order of doing things which gives it an institutional character.

The best copy for an advertisement reflects not only the institutional quality of the business which it is promoting, but also takes cognizance in its appeal of the institutional traits of the readers of a publication.

While advertising is an organized form of salesmanship, because of its institutional quality it must necessarily place high premium upon personal, individual salesmanship, as it is dependent upon it to secure satisfactory results.

The advertisers can develop this institutional quality in their copy and intensify the personal sales power of their employees by encouraging suggestions from them.

In addition to their common interests as employees, each one is more or less closely connected with numerous institutional bodies, such as religious or political organizations. Their suggestions, therefore, are very broadening to the advertiser and reveal to him oftentimes new horizons of endeavor.

In this way the feeling of community of interest is fostered and the institutional idea in newspaper advertising is developed and emphasized to the highest possible degree.

An advertiser should test his "copy"

to see if it incorporates this potent quality—institutionalism.

Test No. 9.

Is It Plausible?

It is not enough that an advertisement tell the truth.

The reader of the advertisement must believe it before it can bring the advertiser any returns.

The fact that so many untruthful advertisements are plausible may explain their apparent success.

The highest are in writing newspaper "copy" is the ability to tell the whole truth in a plausible manner.

In other words, good newspaper "copy" is 100 per cent. salesmanship—Not 125 per cent. which overstates and which the wise buyer must discount to get the net value.

Nor is it 75 per cent., which is the weak refuge of negatively honest men. They endeavor to conceal their own shortcomings in not rising to 100 per cent. possibilities as salesmen, by de-crying the 125 per cent. men, who really are no more potential.

100 per cent. salesmanship is ability to state in an interesting manner all the desirable features of an article which cause it to make good—and in addition to make the statement in a plausible manner.

Plausibility is often secured by the use of illustrations, incidents, or suggestive references to situations apparently similar, where a doubted point was ultimately accepted.

Yet this latter method involves the danger of bringing up doubt where none might have existed before.

That "copy" is plausible is the advertiser's best assurance that it will be read with credence. He should take care, therefore, that this important quality is not lacking in his newspaper advertising.

Test No. 10.

Is It Sincere?

During the recent financial flurry the public did not look for relief either to the muck-rakers or the comedians,

It is always the sincere men in this

world who take things as they find them and do their very best, that succeed best as advertisers.

The best advertisement is one which unconsciously influences a purchaser to buy, honestly feeling that he or she has acted on his or her own judgment.

The advertisement with an earnest and sincere message burning through it—no matter how crudely the idea may be expressed—will command a respectful hearing.

Senator Ingalls crowded the galleries when he made a speech, but his influence in legislation was nothing to that wielded by Senator Allison, whose simple sincerity won the confidence of all.

Test the sincerity of your advertisement by laying it on someone's desk with the simple request for frank criticism.

The first thing that is said by the person to whom you hand the advertisement will generally show what impression it creates of itself.

If comment is made on the appearance, the wording or the size, rather than the story you are telling, try again.

For immediate dollars-and-cents returns from advertising, plausibility can be placed before sincerity. Yet mere plausibility in advertising, no matter how skilfully it has been utilized, has not built one genuine success.

But plausibility backed by sincerity finds in the advertisement unlimited possibilities of expression for the creative spirit of this age of industrial activity.

In all advertising be particular to say just what you mean, and above all, mean what you say.

I fully realize that individuality of salesmanship is of such intense importance that any talk about organization or systematizing is liable to create the impression that I am advocating machine methods; that I am suggesting the making of machines out of men.

The fact that your organization is a sales managers' organization, con-

vinces me that you believe in systematizing and organizing saleswork as far as it is possible.

You have certainly listened to what I have had to say on this subject in the most patient manner and it has been an inspiration to me to be here and find a group of men, each of whom carry the weight of everyday responsibilities and yet you are taking time unselfishly to do work that will advance the standard of salesmanship generally.

Thanking you for the high honor which you have conferred upon me in asking me to appear before you, I will close with a little story which to my mind, illustrates the one point that I want to emphasize in this evening's talk. That thought is that the man who succeeds, no matter what he thinks on any subject; no matter what his ideas or methods are, must be judged finally by the one test that includes all the others, "Does he make good?"

A story of Dr. Webster and Dr. Hillis illustrates this "making good" idea. Dr. Hillis had a number of doctors in his congregation. It was a fashionable church, but it didn't get Dr. Webster. He didn't go to church at all, but had the reputation of "making good" in his practice. Mrs. Hillis was taken sick one day and became so very sick that her husband didn't want to take any chances, so he sent for Dr. Webster. He came, took care of Mrs. Hillis, and she recovered.

Dr. Hillis called and said to the physician: "Doctor, I owe you a great deal. I would like to know the amount of your bill. I will pay you fifty dollars on account to-day and the rest as soon as I can, but I want to know the total amount, so that I can make arrangements to do so."

Dr. Webster looked at him for a minute and his characteristic reply showed his appreciation of Dr. Hillis who "made good" in his own line, for he said: "I will tell you what I will do. I will keep Mrs. Hillis out of Heaven as long as I can, and you keep me out of Hell as long as you can."

Sharing, Benefit and Pension Plans of the International Harvester Company

By

GEO. W. PERKINS

IN the progress and development of American business methods there is probably no subject more worthy of attention than that of profit sharing; for profit sharing, insurance, pensions, welfare work, etc., are vital elements in the relations between capital and labor.

If, as many of us have come to believe, co-operation in business is taking and should take the place of ruthless competition—if this new order of things is better for capital and better for the consumer, then in order to succeed permanently it must demonstrate that it is better for the laborer; and if profit sharing, pensions, insurance, and the like, mean anything, they must mean co-operation between capital and labor—co-operation in the broadest, most helpful and enduring form.

Plans for profit sharing, pensions, and the like, are not new in American business. They have been tried off and on, here and there, in various forms, for a long time, and up to a few years ago many of them had fallen more or less short of success. It is my judgment that the reason for this can be found almost wholly in the fact that the unsuccessful plans did not embody a true, an honest, and a fair spirit of co-operation. A secret, perhaps almost an unconscious purpose, existed to benefit the business in question out of proportion to the labor employed in the business; and no such plan having such a purpose can

permanently succeed, for the selfish points in it will work to the surface sooner or later, and cause failure.

On the other hand, there should be no sentimental philanthropy about this great question. It is purely a business question. Profit sharing, pensions, and the like, from a pecuniary standpoint, are a profitable thing for a business and also for its labor, or for neither. No American, worthy of being called a man, wants something for nothing.

Because of the enormous growth of business affairs in the United States many business concerns have passed beyond the period where one man or even twelve men can keep a close supervision over all the branches of a given business undertaking. Now it goes without saying that no business will run itself—either in its executive functions or in the machines themselves at the factory or plant. In all the inventions and ingenuity that have been brought to bear on business affairs in the last quarter of a century, nothing has been found to take the place of the human mind. Nothing has been found to take the place of individual incentive to accomplish results. Nothing has been found to take the place of a man's ability to do—with proper incentive behind that ability—and no such substitute ever will be found. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to American business interests of to-day and to-morrow that every man in any given concern be so

PROFIT SHARING

associated with that concern that he will give the best there is in him to the performance of the duties assigned to him. There is a vast difference between the work that a human being performs in a perfunctory, machine-like manner, and the work that he performs with a keen, loyal interest in what he is doing; and in just this difference does success come to the individual and come to a large concern, if it be so fortunate as to have a force of individuals who are working with this spirit.

If profit sharing means anything, if providing for old age means anything, if caring for those who become ill or injured while in the service means anything, it should mean the fostering of the interest of men in their work, whether that work be sweeping out the office, shoveling coal, or presiding over a great commercial company. In short, it should mean real co-operation between stockholders, managers and employes.

The management of the International Harvester Company, its subsidiary and affiliated companies, believing in the above theories, set out several years ago to see how nearly it could come to applying them practically to its business. As a result it has devised and put into effect plans covering the following:

First.—Profit sharing.

Second.—Insurance, covering sickness, accident and death.

Third.—Old age pensions.

Briefly stated, these three plans are as follows:

First.—Profit sharing. The profit sharing is divided into two heads—the first one being a certain sum of money set aside by the company in cash out of its earnings each year—the size of the sum depending on the size of the company's profits—the percentage scale being stated. This is for immediate distribution in cash among the men who make a satisfactory showing for the year.

The distribution of the sales department's share in these profits is based upon two important points—

first, increase of sales; second, reduction of selling expense.

In the works, the profits are distributed for increased production, decreased cost, or a combination of both.

Employes in any branch of the company's service, showing marked ability during the year, are entitled to receive recognition under this profit sharing plan.

The second classification of profit sharing is the sale of the company's stock to its employes. This stock is purchased outright by the subscriber on an instalment plan. The total amount that any employe is allowed to subscribe for is limited to the amount of his annual salary, and he cannot pay in excess of 25 per cent. of his salary in any one year; therefore, all are treated alike.

Twelve thousand five hundred shares of preferred stock and 15,000 shares of common stock were offered for sale last July at a price below the then market value. In addition to the regular dividends there is allowed a bonus of \$4 and \$3, respectively, on each share of the preferred and common stock, each year for five years—the only condition being that a man must be in good standing in the company's service during each of these years, have his stock, and either have paid or be paying for it. In such cases, as the men leave the company's service or discontinue paying for their stock, the company continues placing these \$4 and \$3 payments on such stock into a fund, and at the end of five years this fund will be divided among such subscribers as fully paid for their stock and remained in good standing in the company's service during the five-year period. The result of this plan, in a word, is that a man begins to buy a share of the company's stock at a price below the market value; he is allowed to pay for it in instalments, paying 5 per cent. interest on deferred payments; he is credited with 7 per cent. dividends on the preferred stock and whatever dividends are declared on the com-

mon stock. In addition to this, he is credited with, respectively, \$4 and \$3 per share, each year, on the preferred and common stock, and at the end of five years receives a further benefit by way of a share in a fund made up of such \$4 and \$3 deposits as are made by the company on account of those who do not continue under the plan. It will be seen that this offers the men an exceedingly satisfactory form of investment in the business in which they are employed, and gives to the company the great advantage of anchoring its organization to the business.

The stock offered last summer was largely over-subscribed and the company to-day has over 4,300 employes as stockholders.

Second.—The Company's Benefit Plan. On Sept. 1st, 1908, the Employes' Benefit Association of the International Harvester Company was inaugurated. This association was organized for the men, and it is to-day run by the men. It is governed by a board of 30 trustees, one-half of whom are elected by ballot. The contributions are 2 per cent. of the employe's wages or salary, and the benefits derived are as follows: Two years' pay for death due to accident; one year's pay for death due to sickness, and half pay for disability due either to sickness or accident, etc.

The membership in this association is purely voluntary, and anyone joining and later receiving benefits is not required to waive any legal rights. That this may be a co-operative movement the company's share in the plan is an annual contribution of \$50,000 to this association, provided the average membership equals 75 per cent. of the employes in the factories and works. Over 75 per cent. have joined and therefore the company is making its contribution of \$50,000.

The best answer as to whether the men approve of this association is made by stating that 21,600 people are contributing members to it.

In the first fourteen months of its

existence over \$200,000 has been disbursed in benefits.

Third.—The Pension Plan. The pension plan was inaugurated as a recognition of long and faithful service. All employes 70 years of age and over, and who have worked for 20 years, are pensioned; while employes, who have reached the age of 65 years, may voluntarily apply for a pension. The minimum amount of pension is \$18 per month and the maximum \$100 per month. The company has not favored higher salaried employes at the expense of the laboring man. All pensions are figured on the same basis—that is, on the pay a man receives during his employment, and on his length of service; therefore, there are no inequalities in the amounts paid.

All the benefits and expense of the pension plan are borne by the company itself—no contribution of any kind or nature being made to this plan by the employes.

The company is also doing welfare work. It is called welfare work for lack of a better name. It is as much a business branch of the company as any other division. The important features of this work are protection against injury, sanitation, health, educational work, charities, recreation, etc. The welfare work is controlled by an advisory board, composed of the superintendents of all of the works, who, through an executive committee, dictate the welfare activities of the company. Special attention is given to protection against injury and to sanitation. The accident hazard can never be removed because of the human element; that is beyond the realm of possibility. Therefore, the company is trying to arrive at the point where the occupation is surrounded with every known safeguard and only the man is the hazard. The foreman of each department is impressed with the fact that he is the one who is responsible for the safety of his men, and by securing the co-operation of every one it is hoped to establish a standard that will be of

benefit and use to others. Improved sanitary conditions mean better health, and better health means better work—and this matter is having the constant attention of the company's managers of welfare.

In the year 1908 the Harvester Co. spent about \$100,000 in its welfare work. This year it will probably spend a somewhat larger sum.

The company has been criticized by managers of other companies for making the plan above outlined too liberal and attractive. It has been said that the plans will be too expensive to the Harvester Company and that their cost will be very large. There is no doubt of the truth of this criticism insofar as the cost goes. No concern has ever put out plans that involved the application of so large a percentage of its profits to such plans. But the Harvester Company did not do this out of pure philanthropy. It had no intention of passing around a hat full of money, that employes might help themselves. It went into these enterprises in a purely business spirit, believing that the plans would so knit

its vast organization together, would so stimulate individual initiative, would so strengthen and develop the *esprit de corps* of the organization as to make it possible for the company to increase its business and its earnings—and with the spirit of being willing to share this increased success with its organization. So far the company has every reason to congratulate itself on the result. In all parts of the company's business, at home and abroad, in the office force, in the factories, in the sales department—everywhere, the average interest of the individual in the business is greater than formerly. The saving of the waste here, there and everywhere, is noticeable. The employes throughout the organization are vying with one another more and more to improve their respective branches of the business. This means profits for the stockholders, means extra compensation in various ways for the employes—in short, means co-operation that is real, that is beneficial to one and all.

The Loafer

AS I said before, God Himself cannot make a man or woman worthy of consideration except in the crucible of industry. Work is not a curse. Indolence is a beastly mother, breeding no high purpose and no sweet sentiments, nothing but the imps of selfishness. Earning one's bread by the sweat of one's brow—whether on the outside or the inside—is not a curse. God help the children of the rich, the poor can work. I have no patience with the rich loafer, I think much less of him than I do of the poor loafer, and I have no more respect for the female loafer than I have for the male loafer—a loafer is a loafer—nothing more need be said, nothing worse can be said.



THE COMPLETED BUILDING

YEARS WERE SPENT IN PLANNING THIS BUILDING BEFORE THE FIRST STONE WAS LAID

Planning an Office Building

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

SOME years ago a Chinaman, in an interview with a London newspaper, said that the main difference between the two races was that a Chinaman never knew what he was going to do next, while an Englishman always made his completed plans many months or years ahead.

This planning ahead is characteristic of the successful business men of to-day and in no direction is it more noticeable than in the erection of office buildings. The numerous fine structures going up in our Canadian cities at the present time are monuments to the foresight and careful attention to detail of Canadian business men. They are not the idea of a moment. They are the carefully thought out conception of years, and the time spent in erecting the buildings is really but a

small fraction of the actual time spent in working out the plans for them.

The story of the erection of the general office building of the Canadian General Electric Co. and the Canada Foundry Co. affords an interesting example of this noteworthy fact.

The building was completed in 1908, but it had its genesis five years before a sod was turned or a brick was laid. Mr. Frederic Nicholls, vice-president and general manager of both companies, believed in the policy of planning well ahead. He purchased the site on which the building now stands in 1903. Then he began gathering together ideas and data for the model office building, which should be erected on the site in due time. He was in no hurry, knowing that the Eternal City set on seven hills was not reared

PLANNING AN OFFICE BUILDING.

in twenty-four hours. The old offices of the allied companies were ill lighted, badly ventilated and too limited as to space. Extensions were made from time to time but, at best, they were only a temporary expedient, and the result was unsatisfactory. Permanent remedy lay in a new building of which Mr. Nicholls thought, studied and projected until the object in view literally became part and parcel of the man himself.

Month after month he made an earnest, consistent effort to learn all that he could about building, building materials and supplies, styles of architecture and every modern invention and appliance. He consulted works of reference. He carefully scanned the advertising pages of magazines and trade publications. He read articles in engineering papers, architects' journals and contracting publications. His interest in these problems was neither superficial nor curious. He resolved to master every detail. He wrote for catalogues, pictures, photographs, and plans. Read advertisements and folders, learning all that he could about

the durability, strength and economy of a mass of material, time and labor-saving practices and methods.

Imbued with what he read, all pointers or aids were carefully noted. Any announcements of a new material, or lighting, heating, roofing, or ventilation system, that he thought could be incorporated in the building for his companies were not cast aside, but were preserved and tabulated for future reference.

Men often see things, are impressed at the time and then forget all about them. These are recalled by advertisements and if Mr. Nicholls, in the strain and stress of managing large industries, overlooked any points that he read, numerous booklets and advertising literature recalled them. He followed everything to its legitimate conclusion, investigating its merits and learning from the experience of others. He took the heads of the various departments into his confidence and sought their co-operation and advice. They were asked to prepare a summary of their wants, the space they



THE GENERAL OFFICES



THE GENERAL MANAGER'S PRIVATE OFFICE

required for their staffs, and to draft sketches.

The different branches went unitedly and heartily to work. Interest and attention were soon converted into ardour and enthusiasm. In these rough outlines they were requested to embody any suggestions that would tend to rapidity, comfort, convenience and freedom in work. When this had been done, frequent conferences were held and the fullest interchange of ideas and opinions took place. Naturally there were many alterations and revisions; for a year these conferences went on. Mr. Nicholls' big business family took a personal pride in the proposition and were willing helpers, feeling that their welfare and well-being were one with the management. Harmoniously they labored, yielding a point here and gaining one there, but always with the one end in view—a head office building that would, in every respect, be a model and as near perfection as human means could devise.

At last order had been evolved out of chaos, and the system of evolution had proven so mutually satisfactory, that when the architects were invited to submit plans and specifications, it was known exactly what was wanted. There was a clear, definite conception in mind and, realizing just what was required, it was not difficult to procure it. Everything had been reduced to the minutest particulars in the way of materials, appointments, conveniences and facilities. Accurately apprised of the lines along which they were expected to proceed, it did not take the architects long to complete their work and call for tenders. The result of five years' careful, conscientious planning and preparation was carried out on the principle, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," and today in the executive building are employed nearly two hundred persons, with not a dissatisfied one among the number as to office requirements or working quarters.

Asked, were he to erect another

building, if he could suggest any improvements that might be made on the present one, Mr. Nicholls said, "No, I could not. We have now occupied these quarters over a year and, so comprehensively was everything planned and executed by the architects, the contractors and ourselves, that we have not found it necessary or advisable to alter a single feature. For our needs the structure is perfect—down to the smallest details. Large an undertaking as it was, it was completed within the estimates. We did not have one cent of extras, and our facilities for handling goods are so admirable, that the saving effected has gone a long way toward paying the interest on the entire cost of the building. We ship and receive on an average about eight hundred packages a day, so that you may form some idea of the magnitude of the business done within these walls and the demands made upon the resources of the different departments. The place is lighted from every side. There is plenty of air circulation for our working force, the members of which are not cooped up in offices with partitions extending to the ceiling, and yet everything is private and quiet, no one department interfering with the work of another—all form-

ing, as it were, links in a chain. The outside organizations rendered great assistance to the inside staff, and I believe that for freedom, flexibility and easy communication, as well as economy and adaptation of space to the best possible advantage, not only for our own requirements but those of the public, there is not ground for fault-finding. We have put up a compact, commodious building of dignified appearance, more or less ornate, and at a moderate cost. It is so planned that three more storeys may be added as our business extends, so that we have taken into consideration ample accommodation for the future."

The experience of Mr. Nicholls is that of all business men who build on business principles. The office building of 1915 are simmering to-day in the brains of the industrial leaders of to-morrow. Every here and there will be found far-seeing young men, who are industriously filing away in the recesses of their minds or in the drawers of their filing cabinets, ideas and data, suggested by articles and advertisements, which will be put to good use years hence. Though their businesses may be small now, they have in them the makings of great things a decade hence.

IT IS a mistaken notion that capital alone is necessary to succeed in business. If a man has head and hands suited to his business it will soon procure him capital. My observations through life satisfy me that at least nine-tenths of those most successful in business start in life without any reliance except upon their own heads and hands—hoe their own row from the jump.—*John Fredcley.*

Twentieth Century Bank Building

STANDING on one of Montreal's busiest city corners, facing St. James Street and Victoria Square with its trees and fountain, and overlooking the meeting of four great streets, is a massive new building—that of the Eastern Townships Bank. A fine picture it makes in its granite and limestone, and its storey after



EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING IN WHICH THE NEW MONTREAL OFFICES OF THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE ARE LOCATED.

storey — ten altogether — of office suites. Undoubtedly the building is worthy of the site—and the site is probably one of the finest, if not the finest, in the city. Great business acumen was visible in the selection of the location, and that a good bargain was made is shown from the fact that only a few days after the deal was put through the bank management were offered over \$50,000 more than they had given for the land.

Plain in style, and yet bold in its treatment, the building is a notable addition to the many fine buildings in

the city. It is as high as the local laws of Montreal will allow—130 feet to the top of the cornice—but the bank with a confident eye to the future, arranged for the structure to be built so as to stand six additional storeys, and therefore it is not unlikely that one of these days, when the City of Montreal is less nervous as to sky scrapers, there will be a building of 16 storeys housing the Eastern Townships Bank.

The year just drawing to a close has certainly been a red letter one in the history of the bank. In September of this year it celebrated the 50th anniversary of its conception, and a very fitting event in connection with the same was the taking possession of the magnificent new offices in the building which bears its name.

Probably no financial institution in Canada has shown more marked development, unattended by any spectacular manipulation, than the Eastern Townships Bank. Here has been no gigantic merger consolidating one large interest with another; but a provincial concern at its conception, developing a mighty corporation by solid business principles alone.

The bank was started 50 years ago in the town of Sherbrooke, by Benjamin Pomeroy and other prominent Eastern Townships merchants, who recognized that the growing farming, lumbering, and other producing interests around them demanded the financing and the convenience of a strong bank locally situated. It had then a paid up capital of \$101,400 subscribed for by enterprising citizens of the townships, at a period when there was but little development east of the Richelieu, with no banking facilities, and with very little money in circulation. Now it has a paid up capital of \$3,000,000 held by 1,433 shareholders, with a reserve of \$2,100,000.

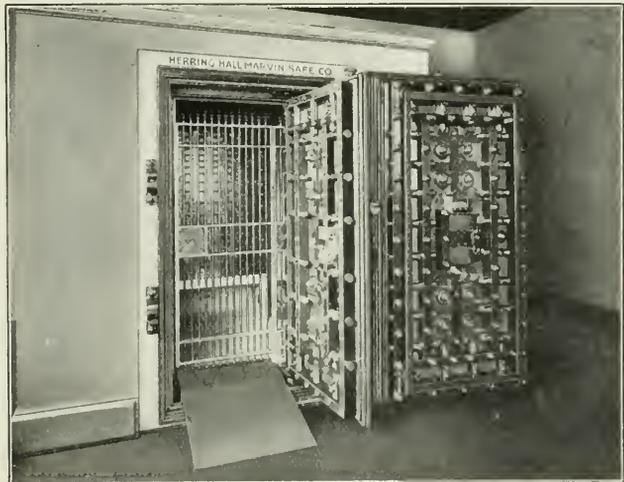
In 1901 the bank made its first great step outside of the Eastern Townships, and established itself in the Temple Building, Montreal, from there going to the Metropolitan Building when the former structure fell into the hands of the contractors. Early, however, in the metropolitan life of the bank the management saw that the extent of their trading necessitated a building of their own, and when the present magnificent site on St. James Street and Victoria Square became available a quick purchase gave the directors the chance that they desired, and the present magnificent building followed into which the bank moved during the year.

In these nine years of marked progress not only has the bank established a main and two other offices in Montreal, but an office in Winnipeg, and nearly a dozen offices in Alberta and British Columbia. In the Province of Quebec the bank has more branches than any other similar financial institution, and in some cases more branches than any three others combined, in fact, one-quarter of all the banking offices in the province are operated by the Eastern Townships Bank. At the present day the Eastern Townships Bank has altogether some 87 branches extending in a strong chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The figures for the year ending November 15th are worth scanning, for they show not only the largest profit in the history of the bank, but indicate that its resources and extending of operations have reached a new record. The net earnings were \$390,535 as against a net profit of last year of \$367,111, or 13 per cent. on its capital, enabling the directors to pro-

vide for the usual dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, leaving a balance of \$150,535. The latter, together with the amount brought forward from last year of \$215,305, made the sum of \$365,841 available for distribution. Out of this balance of profit and loss, \$100,000 was added to the reserve fund, bringing that amount to \$2,100,000, or 70 per cent. of the capital of the bank.

The Eastern Townships Bank building for three storeys is of dressed Stanstead granite, and for the remainder of the structure of Indiana limestone, and the whole is surmounted



THE ABOVE ENGRAVING SHOWS THE VAULT DOOR RECENTLY INSTALLED IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING, MONTREAL, BY HERRING-HALL-MARVIN CO. THIS IS THE MOST MODERN INSTALLATION IN CANADA.

by a handsome copper cornice. Sculptured designs relieve the facade of the building. Entering the grilled mahogany doors, faced by stately pillars, one is struck by the chasteness of the ornamentation of the interior. The banking room proper occupies the greater part of the ground floor. A striking effect is induced by the lavish use of marble, and it can be understood that banking under the circumstances must be particularly pleasant. Of lofty proportions, with ceiling neatly ornamented, the banking room is undeniably handsome in appearance. Pillars and walls are faced

with Botticeno marble, while the elaborate display of grillwork in solid bronze, the mahogany doors and trimmings, the up-to-date furnishings, the electric fixtures constructed from special designs, and the general architectural treatment of the rooms, give an effect that is not easily forgotten. The interior equipment of the bank was carried out largely by the Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont. This firm devote almost their entire facilities to bank and office fittings, and have fit-

ing, and the door is of the latest circular pattern. A special elevator carries the books to a vault situated in the first basement. On this floor is also located the clerks' lunch and toilet rooms, stationery rooms, etc., while in the sub-basement are the engine and boiler rooms, and coal cellars. In fact, nothing has been left undone to make the building worthy of the institution.

In the other portion of the building the same careful attention has been paid to every detail, and it is impossible to imagine any suite of offices having greater conveniences. All the corridors and toilet rooms have Italian statuary marble dadoes, and the floors are of mosaic, while the fixtures are handsome, and in keeping with the rest of the establishment.

The three Otis - Fensom elevators are especially worthy of note. They are of the traction type, and have a speed of 600 feet a minute. This is as



MAIN COUNTING ROOM OF THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK

ted up thirteen or fourteen hundred offices in Canada alone during the past few years—a guarantee of their ability to carry out thoroughly the requirements of an up-to-date equipment. They are at present virtually duplicating the work they did here in the Vancouver branch of the same bank. Special consideration has been given to the treasury vault, which is placed on the banking floor, and which is as burglar-proof as human ingenuity can make it. The vault is equipped with a 3-ply heavy chrome steel lin-

fast as any elevator in the United States, and, as can be imagined, little time is lost in traveling from the ground floor to the 10th storey. All the machinery controlling the elevators is situated on the roof. Another great convenience, and one extensively utilized, is the mail chute, which runs the whole height of the building. Every office is especially ventilated, and has hot and cold water laid on. There is also a strong room to every floor, thus saving the expense of a safe. Although

the building is absolutely as fireproof as it can be made, being of steel with terra-cotta floors and partitions, each floor has its hose and reel directly connected with the city pressure..

With so many important firms occupying the various suites of rooms it can be imagined that the building is the scene of much activity. This is also noticeable in the commodious rooms on the 7th floor, occupied by the Montreal branch of the MacLean Publishing Company, whose many publications, including that of The Busy Man's Magazine, deal so extensively with the great financial, technical and trade interests of the Dominion. The rooms, divided into advertising, editorial and business departments, to facilitate the working of the staff, are fitted up with every convenience for the handling of the large business transacted, and for the dispatch of the live matter that is part and parcel of the publications.

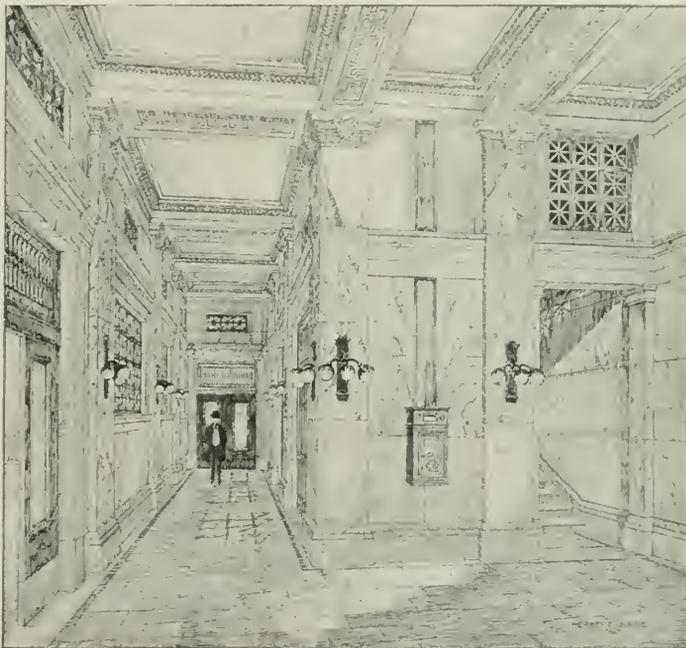
In the executive offices and board rooms are kept the bound files of the papers and other useful and valuable works of reference.

The 10th floor is occupied by the Builders' Exchange. In addition to the different offices of the association, there is a large hall set aside for permanent exhibition purposes. Stands have been taken by firms who are interested in the building trade, and the whole exhibit is not only artistic, but must be a great incentive to business.

The building managers are Gault &

Ewing, who transact all the business in connection with the letting and management of the various offices. These offices accommodate at the present time about fifty tenants, representing many important commercial interests.

Many favorable comments have been made by visitors to the building with reference to the handsome, genuine bronze work which guards the three elevator shafts and adorns the main counting house of the bank of-



MAIN ENTRANCE, FINISHED IN WHITE MARBLE

office proper. Architectural and ornamental bronze has come to play a very important part in the construction of any modern building. The contract for this work was placed with Messrs. Hutchison & Sticht, a Montreal firm, who enjoy an enviable reputation as manufacturers of this class of goods.

Up to a short time ago this class of work had to be imported from the United States, there being no Canadian firm able to execute a contract in bronze. The way in which the architect's designs have been carried

out compares favorably with the best examples of foreign work. The designs used in the bank building are plain, but neat, and handsomely finished.

In addition to being well lighted by day, ample provision has also been made for artificial lighting in the building, by a special arrangement with the Light, Heat & Power Co.

The contract for these fixtures was placed with McDonald & Willson, manufacturers of electrical fixtures, with headquarters in Toronto, but with a branch office at 99 Drummond Street, Montreal, and also at Winnipeg. The fixtures are plain in design, but neat in finish, a chandelier of three lights, manufactured in the Tungsten style (that is, with straight drop light) and numerous wall brackets, all provided with extra adjustments for attaching desk lights, etc., are supplied in each office. McDonald & Willson are among the leading manufacturers of this line in Canada and have carried out the lighting of several important public buildings in Montreal. Among others, the Sovereign Bank building, the McGill Y. M. C. A. building, Hampton Court apartments and New Sherbrooke apartments.

The Duckworth-Boyer Engineering & Inspection Co., Ltd., inspecting and consulting engineers, who have their office in the Eastern Townships Bank building, make a specialty of the designing and inspection of structural work, tests of materials of construction, cement and reinforced concrete work. Mr. Walter R. Duckworth, who is president and manager of the company, is an old graduate of McGill, and an associate member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers; his past record of twelve consecutive years as chief inspector for the Dominion Bridge Co. ranks him as an expert in this line of engineering. Mr. Aurelien Boyer, a graduate, with honors, of L'Ecole Polytechnique, and an associate member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, vice-president of this company, is one of the

few, some years ago, who had the courage and energy to leave the civil service in Ottawa, where he was occupying one of the best positions as engineer of the Department of Public Works, so as to extend his field of knowledge and acquire more experience. Mr. Boyer, before joining this company, was acting as chemical engineer and superintendent of the works of one of our local industries.

The awarding of the contract for so important a building was naturally no small matter and considerable interest centred in the outcome. When it was announced that the contract had been awarded to Peter Lyall & Sons, it was generally felt that it was in good hands, for this firm's reputation for successfully carrying out of big undertakings goes without question.

Peter Lyall & Sons have probably the largest construction staff in their own employ of any contracting firm in Canada. They have their own yards, occupying 250,000 square feet of land, in Westmount, including stone-cutting and marble-cutting shops, also their own factory for interior wood finish, ornamental plaster work, etc. In addition to this they owe their own quarries for a great deal of construction stone and marble. In the present instance they constructed the foundations, cut stone, the marble and tiling, the brick work, terracotta, plastering, carpentry, painting and glazing without sub-letting a single item.

Peter Lyall & Sons have been in the contracting business for some thirty years, during which they have carried out many important works. A few of the large contracts which they have at present in hand include the new Technical School, on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, occupying a whole block; the new Union Station, at Ottawa; the Union Station, at Winnipeg, and the Parliament Buildings, at Regina, Sask. Few contractors would be able to handle all of these important works at one time as Peter Lyall & Sons are now doing, in addition to many other smaller contracts.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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SOME VICISSITUDES OF THE SURVEYORS ON THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY

COLLAPSIBLE STOVE-PIPE SIGNAL
"WIG-WAGGING" SIGNALS ON A PEAK

SAME SIGNAL AFTER A STORM
OBSERVING ON A ROCKY SUMMIT

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XIX TORONTO FEBRUARY 1910

No. 4



Photo by A. J. Brabazon, D.L.S.

ONE WAY OF MARKING THE BOUNDARY
SHOWING HOW A VISTA IS CUT THROUGH THE TIMBER

Marking the Alaskan Boundary

By

J. D. CRAIG, D.L.S.

“HOW do you mark the boundary?” There is probably no question more often asked in connection with the task of defining the exact line where one passes from under the protection of the Union Jack to where Old Glory holds sway

in that northwestern corner of North America which at one time belonged to Russia. It was in 1903 in London that the famous Alaska Tribunal met, and its proceedings, which have now gone down into history, settled *on paper* just where the dividing line be-

tween Canada and Alaska should be. The work of transferring this line from paper to the ground was delegated to the Governments of Canada and the United States, and has been going on as rapidly as possible since the summer of 1904, when the first parties took the field for the purpose of definitely and finally marking the line. Some years previously, joint

parties of Americans and Canadians had spent several seasons gathering data from which were made maps showing the topography of the country through which the line would pass. It was on these maps that the Tribunal marked the line, after hearing the evidence brought forth by Canada and the United States, and after much discussion and much poring over old documents. A blue cross here or there on the maps was easily enough put on or removed, but until one has spent perhaps half a precious summer season in an attempt to reach some point represented by one of these little blue crosses, one cannot realize all that is implied in that simple question, "How do you mark the boundary?"

For the greater part of its fifteen hundred miles, the boundary traverses a country unsettled, unknown, and in some parts unapproachable. Of course, the line must be marked where the country is habited or habitable, but it seems doubtful if certain other parts

of the country will ever again see a human being once the boundary surveyors have completed their work and have departed. However, it is not given to us mortals to see into the future, and the boundary is being marked as carefully and exactly through these apparently valueless wastes as it is in the precious gold-producing portions of the country.

The land section of the boundary divides itself naturally into two distinct parts, the southeastern or panhandle strip, and the 141st meridian. The southeastern portion is a series of comparatively short, straight lines joining an irregular line of points determined by the Tribunal, extending from the head of the Portland canal to Mount St. Elias, and approximately parallel to the coast, at a distance of about thirty miles from it. The boundary from St. Elias north follows the 141st meridian. The exact point at which this meridian crosses the Yukon river was first accurately



A BOUNDARY MONUMENT
ERECTED ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE UNUK RIVER
TO MARK THE BOUNDARY LINE

determined by a series of observations made jointly by representatives of the two Governments, and from there the meridian is being projected due south and north. The water section, from Cape Muzon at the most southerly end of Prince of Wales Island, to the head of the Portland canal, is easy of access and is a comparatively simple matter. The turning points of the line will be lo-

MARKING BOUNDARY BETWEEN CANADA AND ALASKA



OBSERVING ON A SNOW SUMMIT

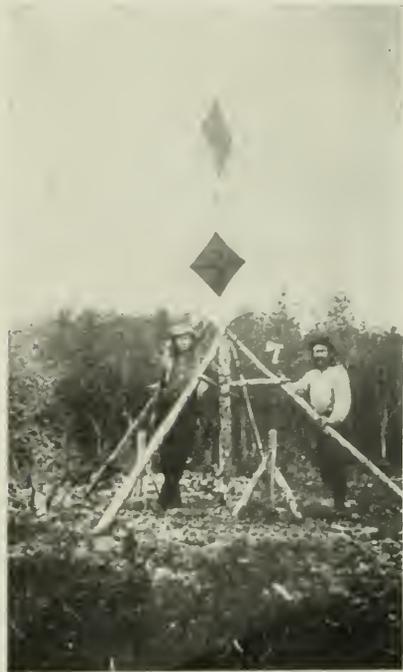
OBSERVER AND RECORDER ARE SHELTERED BY A WIND SHIELD SET UP ON ALPENSTOCKS

cated by reference points on shore, the positions of which will be accurately determined.

The line is "marked" in three ways—by monuments, by cutting out the "vista," and by ascertaining the exact position of each of its turning points or angles. The monuments are placed on the line at all prominent points, such as the banks of rivers, the crossing of trails, or on the summits of ridges or mountain spurs on line. These monuments are of aluminum bronze, and two sizes are used. For the more important points a large one, weighing about two hundred and seventy-five pounds, five feet high, square in section, hollow, and tapering toward the top, is set in concrete, the whole weighing from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred pounds. For the minor or less accessible points a more portable monument, weighing about fifty-five pounds, is used. It is of the same material, a hollow cone three feet high, with four legs, which are either cemented into holes drilled in the solid rock or set in a bed of concrete. A "twenty-foot sky-line," or vista, is cut through all timber along the line. All trees, or branches of trees, within ten feet of the line on either side, are cut down, and as it is generally easier to cut down a whole tree than to climb it to cut off some overhanging branch, many trees are felled which are outside the ten-foot limit. This gash in the timber is very noticeable and remains prominently

visible for many years. The latitude, longitude, and altitude of all turning points on the line, and also of all monuments, are ascertained by connecting them by a system of triangulation, with points, the positions of which, have already been determined. At the same time data are obtained from which are constructed accurate maps, showing the topography of the country for two miles on each side of the line. The cost of this work is divided between the two Governments, and the work is done by joint parties of Canadian and American surveyors.

The great problem of the whole work is transport. Each year since 1904 a small army has attacked this work, taking along with it all the supplies for a season of from three to six months, a task by no means light when one considers the nature of the country through which the line passes. The rivers of the southeastern coast of Alaska, as a general rule, have their sources in Canada and flow



A SURVEYOR'S SIGNAL

AT SOME OF THE LOWER STATIONS, TIMBER CAN BE USED FOR BUILDING SIGNALS

across the line through that part of Alaska into the waters of the Pacific. Canoes or boats on these rivers have been most commonly used to get to this section of the line. When canoes could be taken no further, it was usually a case of "back-packing," as the country is entirely too rough for horses. On the greater part of the work done thus far on the 141st meridian it has been possible to employ pack-horses for transport, thus simplifying matters somewhat, though this particular method of using "man's best friend" is by no means an un-mixed joy.

One would almost think that Nature had reserved for the boundary survey a specially exasperating combination of conditions, possibly to impress on man the fact that he is merely man and only an incident (or accident?) in this great system of which Mother Earth forms such a small, but to us such an important, part. It seems a very simple proposition to use a river as a highway to the line, but canoeing on an Alaskan river is not as simple as one would think. For the most part these rivers are, except for a few miles near the coast, raging torrents, full of treacherous bars and hidden snags, and with many fine examples of the deadly sweeper, this latter term being applied to a tree or log projecting over the channel at or near the surface of the water. No more swift or certain method of swamping a boat or canoe has yet been devised than to get foul of one of these sweepers. Canoeing in such streams has enough excitement and danger in it to make it interesting, not to say fascinating, for the most exacting person. To realize this imagine a river such that after working up stream all day with a load and making from eight to ten miles, the return trip light is often made in from half to three-quarters of an hour.

In a country as hilly as this, most of the triangulation stations are necessarily on prominent summits anywhere from thirty-five hundred to seventy-five hundred or even eight thousand

feet above sea-level. Generally speaking, climbing to such points means a tedious trip with pack on back, through some miles of about the thickest underbrush one can imagine, pestered by myriads of flies, and with the ever-present "devil's club" doing its best with its millions of poisonous spines, to make life miserable for all who come within its mighty grasp. Or, maybe, to reach the station one has to travel over miles of glacier, broken and crevassed, crossing treacherous snow bridges, everyone roped together to avoid, if possible, or at least to lessen the danger of, a bad slip. The mountains themselves afford opportunity for all degrees of climbing, from a "walk" up a gentle slope, to a "tooth and eyebrow" proposition on some rocky precipice. After all this the chances are more than even that the clouds will be so low or the "seeing" so poor that no observations can be made, and after spending a few hours in a vain attempt to keep warm a mile and a half above sea-level with no shelter, waiting on a chance of it clearing up, the return to camp is made, and after a night's rest the trip is repeated, unless, as frequently happens, the weather is so thick that it is practically useless even to make an attempt. Weeks are sometimes thus spent in an endeavor to make one station.

With such high stations it can easily be seen that a practically perfect day is needed to observe angles and to secure photographs. Records of a number of years' work on the southeastern coast show that twenty-five days in an average season of five months is about all that can be expected, and as these generally come in groups of two or three, it is often quite impossible to get from one station to another quickly enough to make use of them all to advantage. On the more northern portion of the work the shortness of the season is a great obstacle to rapid progress, this feature becoming yearly more noticeable as the work nears the Arctic coast. Up here, too, are

MARKING BOUNDARY BETWEEN CANADA AND ALASKA

miles of "nigger-head" flats. Imagine a mass of mushroom-shaped clods of muck and intertwined marsh grasses thickly distributed over a swampy flat with from one to three feet of water on it. These nigger-heads are so unstable and yielding that it is practically impossible to walk on top of them, and an attempt to find footing between them is equally futile. The only way to make any progress is to simply "wallow" along. As a legitimate excuse for profanity, this stands far above its nearest rival—driving a train of pack-horses or mules.

However, life in the field is not a continuous series of trials and tribulations as one might be led to believe. The "lure of the wild" is still strong in the average human being, and the discomforts and mishaps of a day's work, which loom up so gigantic at the moment, are forgotten immediately they are over, and the joy of an evening in camp round a roaring fire, with the consciousness of a good day's work well done, more than compensates for the trials of the day. And on returning to civilization one remembers the wonderful and glorious views from the mountain-tops, the many beautiful spots in valleys and on hillside never before seen by man, the exhilaration of shooting some rapid, or the excitement of a hunt with the prospects of a change in camp from the everlasting bacon to fresh meat, for sheep, goat, moose and caribou are all plentiful on various sections of the line. If a thought is given to a particularly bad glacier, or a treacherous river, or to hours spent fighting through underbrush, or to some peak which stubbornly resisted being climbed, it is with the joy of conquest, and these are taken as mere incidents in the great work of "getting the line through."



AN UNINVITING COUNTRY
THE POINT WHERE THE 141ST MERIDIAN CROSSES THE PORCUPINE RIVER, CONSIDERABLY NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE



Photo by C. Courtman

A SEA OF CLOUDS
LOW CLOUDS, FILLING THE VALLEYS, OFTEN INTERFERE WITH THE WORK



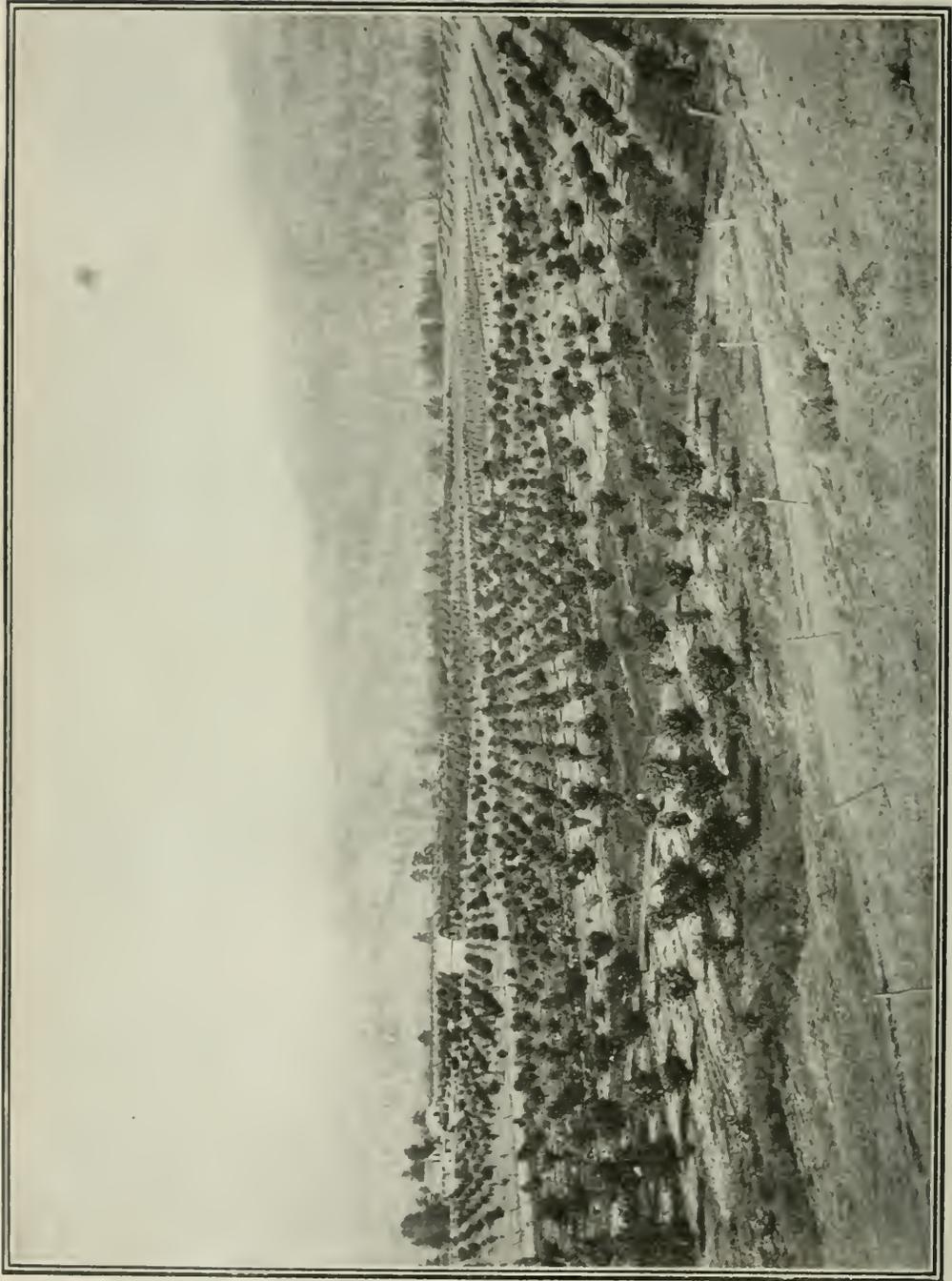
Photo by J. M. Bates

AN ALASKAN RIVER
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE WHITING, SHOWING THE RIVER FROM NEAR THE BOUNDARY DOWN TO SALT WATER



Photo by J. M. Bates

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN VIEW
THE SMALL FLAGS SHOW BOUNDARY PEAKS BETWEEN THE TAKLI AND WHITING RIVERS



SUMMERLAND TEN ACRE FRUIT LOTS ON JONES' FLAT

THE PROMOTER OF THE OKANAGAN

By Julian Webb



J. M. ROBINSON

Among the sons of Canada who have done so much to discover and exploit the potentialities of the Dominion, none is worthier of eulogy than J. M. Robinson, of Summerland, B. C., whose foresight, patriotism and unbounded enthusiasm have served largely to bring the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia into the lime light.

Mr. Robinson is an old Wellington County boy. Thirty years ago, ignoring the cheerful predictions of the timid, as to the lifting of his scalp, he fared forth into the little known west. He reached Winnipeg before the C. P. R.; taught school for a while; got caught in the memorable boom of '81 and '82; drifted into journalism in Portage la Prairie, securing control of the Review, still the oldest journal in the west, outside of Winnipeg, and proceeded as most newspaper men do, to make himself useful in his day and generation. In '86 he was elected to the local House, as member for Woodland, in which riding he had taught school. About

this time he served three years as grand master of the Orange Order and established another thriving journal, The Times, in the neighboring City of Brandon. He also served the public as a member of the Provincial Board of Education and in other ways. Eighteen years of his life were thus given to Manitoba during that trying period of re-

construction, which followed that wild discounting of the future under the rainbow arch of speculative mania.

Years of public life brought an ever widening circle of acquaintance and a deepening knowledge of social conditions. One fact that impressed him in those days was the number of subscribers to his paper who took to themselves wings and flew as an eagle toward California, Colorado, or some other sunny clime. The reason usually assigned was the too rigorous climate in Manitoba. There were always regrets about having to leave the old flag, but "needs must" when the doctor says



J. M. ROBINSON (FIRST FIGURE ON THE LEFT) ON BOARD HIS HOUSE BOAT "LILY OF THE VALLEY."

little Billy must have a change of air or go to sleep under the daisies.

Happening in 1897 into the then all but unknown Okanagan Valley in pursuit of other business, he was surprised, pained and delighted to find magnificent peaches, apricots and other tender fruits rotting on the isolated bottom land ranches by the lake shores and great reaches of upland, called "benches," covered with scattered pines and sagebrush and given over to grazing, when privately owned, as being hopeless from an agricultural or horticultural standpoint. In that arid waste his quick eye saw boundless possibilities and forthwith he made up his mind to do his part toward turning the tide of emigration from the interior toward the sunset province, rightly judging that Canadians go to California when they must, because they do not know that Canada has a California of her own

Acquiring a stretch of upland he sliced it into ten acre fruit lots, brought to them the vivifying currents of neighboring creeks, induced the C.P.R. to co-operate with him in stopping the migration leak by giv-

ing a preferential rate to his little community called Peachland, and then went back to Manitoba to dispose of his lots among his friends. For so doing he was called a fakir.

If so he was a successful one, for the community grew. So did the fruit trees, and anything else the people planted. In three years things had shaped toward a remarkable success. His campaign had no indiscriminate advertising, and as a consequence a homogeneous class of people found their way to the community. Ten years later, in 1908, the land that sold at \$2.50 per acre for grazing sold again in its improved state as high as one thousand.

So much for the triumph of foresight, faith, patience, and a little capital. As faith gave place to sight, Mr. Robinson launched out on another and larger community enterprise, the one now known as Summerland. This more ambitious attempt to remove the reproach of the bench lands required considerable capital. The financial sympathy of Sir Thos. G. Shaughnessy, Mr. B. B. Osler and some of their friends, was enlisted, one hundred

THE PROMOTER OF THE OKANAGAN

thousand dollars were spent in surveys, water system, etc., and as by magic a marvellous change came over the face of nature. In seven years the paths of wild cattle have given place to shaded roads. Where they grazed, 400,000 fruit trees, it is said, are now growing, and there is room in and around for as many more. Some of the highest honors in the world have been won by their fruit. Electric lights and water-works help to make life comfortable, while on the hill shines as an educational beacon light, Okanagan College, employing eight teachers and doing excellent work in Arts, Music, Business, Elocution and Physical Culture. The residents of Summerland are of the kind that appreciated such things, but "liquid refreshments" and police "bracelets" are at a discount. As yet no use has been formed for the latter in either community.

Mr. Robinson's success inspired others to follow in his wake. Throughout the hundred miles of

the Okanagan Valley they began to do likewise, and the flowing tide of the well-to-do Nor-Westerns began to leave the sides of the valley of dry bones throughout its whole extent.

Mr. Robinson's latest community, Narawata, lies three miles across the lake from Summerland. About 5,000 acres are tributary to it, and in his hands once more the desert begins to blossom as the rose. In this he rests content, his dream fulfilled, his two-fold ambition realized—to stop the leak of emigration and to prepare a place where tired business men of the North West might end their days under delightful climatic conditions in the pleasant and profitable pursuits of "the simple life," as found in the fine fruit culture of the Okanagan Valley of Canada. Of Canada, be it said, because it has a meaning, which far transcends the bounds of the beautiful province in which it happens to be located.

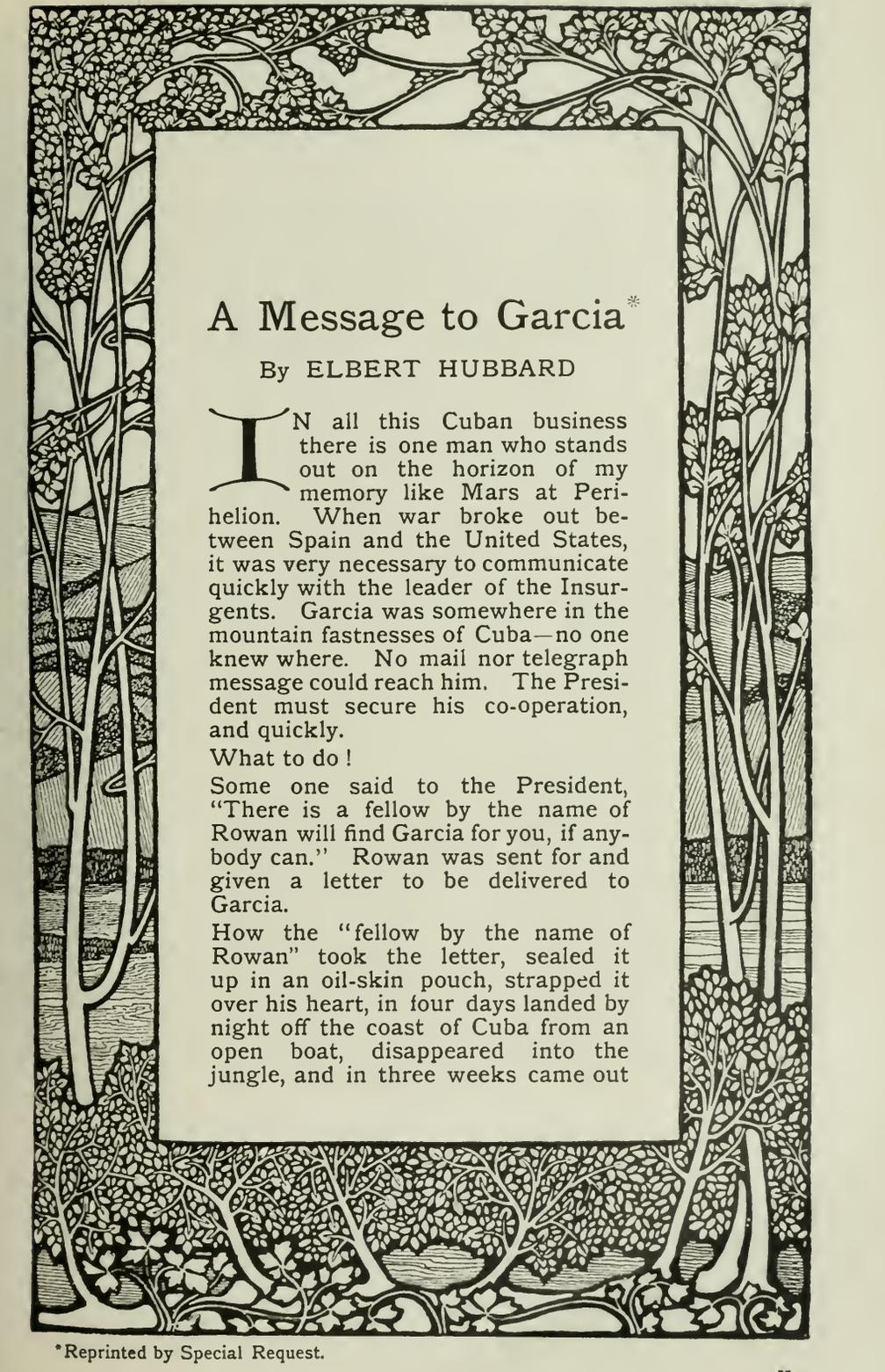


J. M. ROBINSON'S HOUSE BOAT "LILY OF THE VALLEY."

Miss Maud Allen

The Latest
Portrait of
the Famous
Canadian
Dancer.





A Message to Garcia*

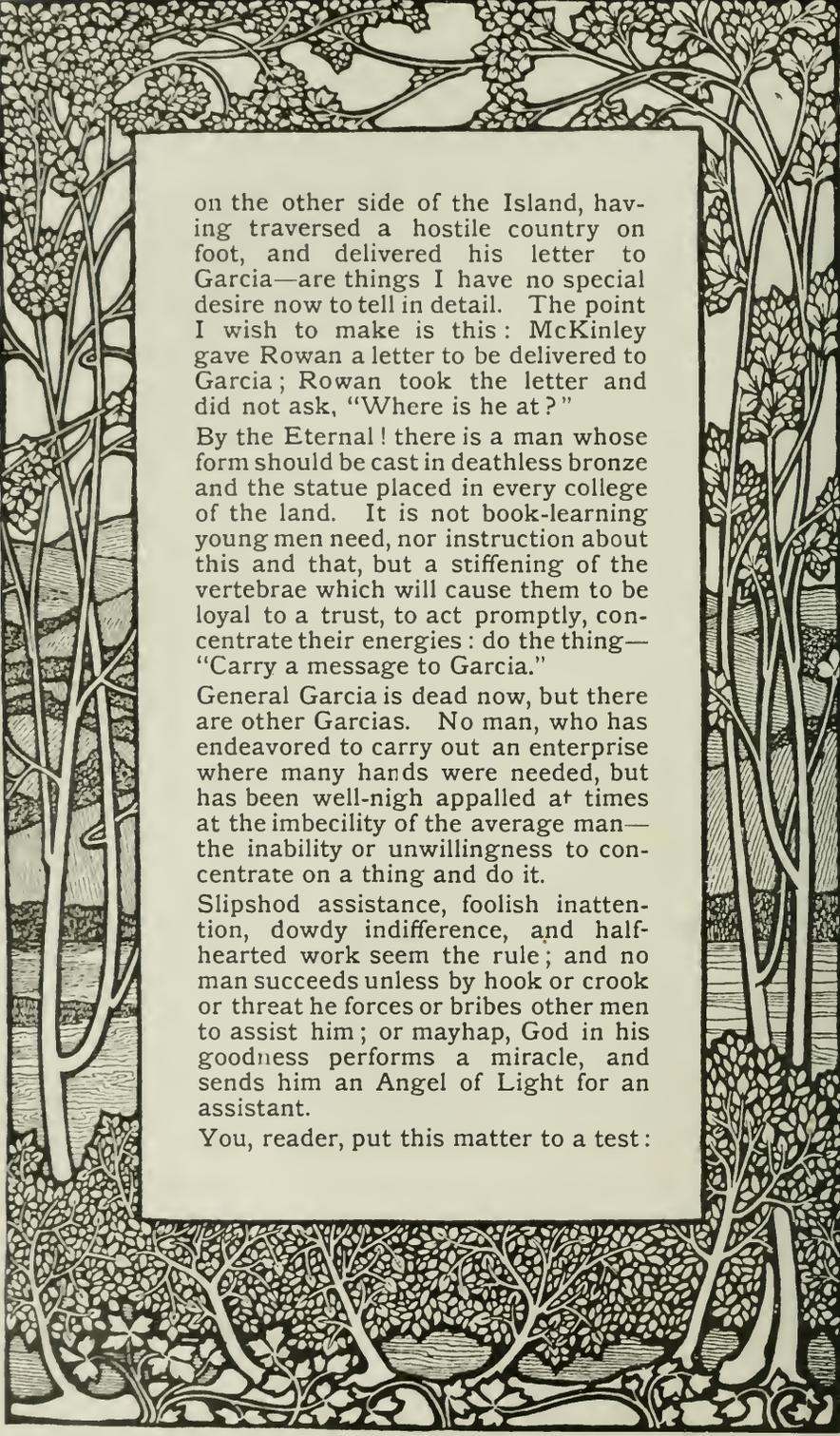
By ELBERT HUBBARD

IN all this Cuban business there is one man who stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at Perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out



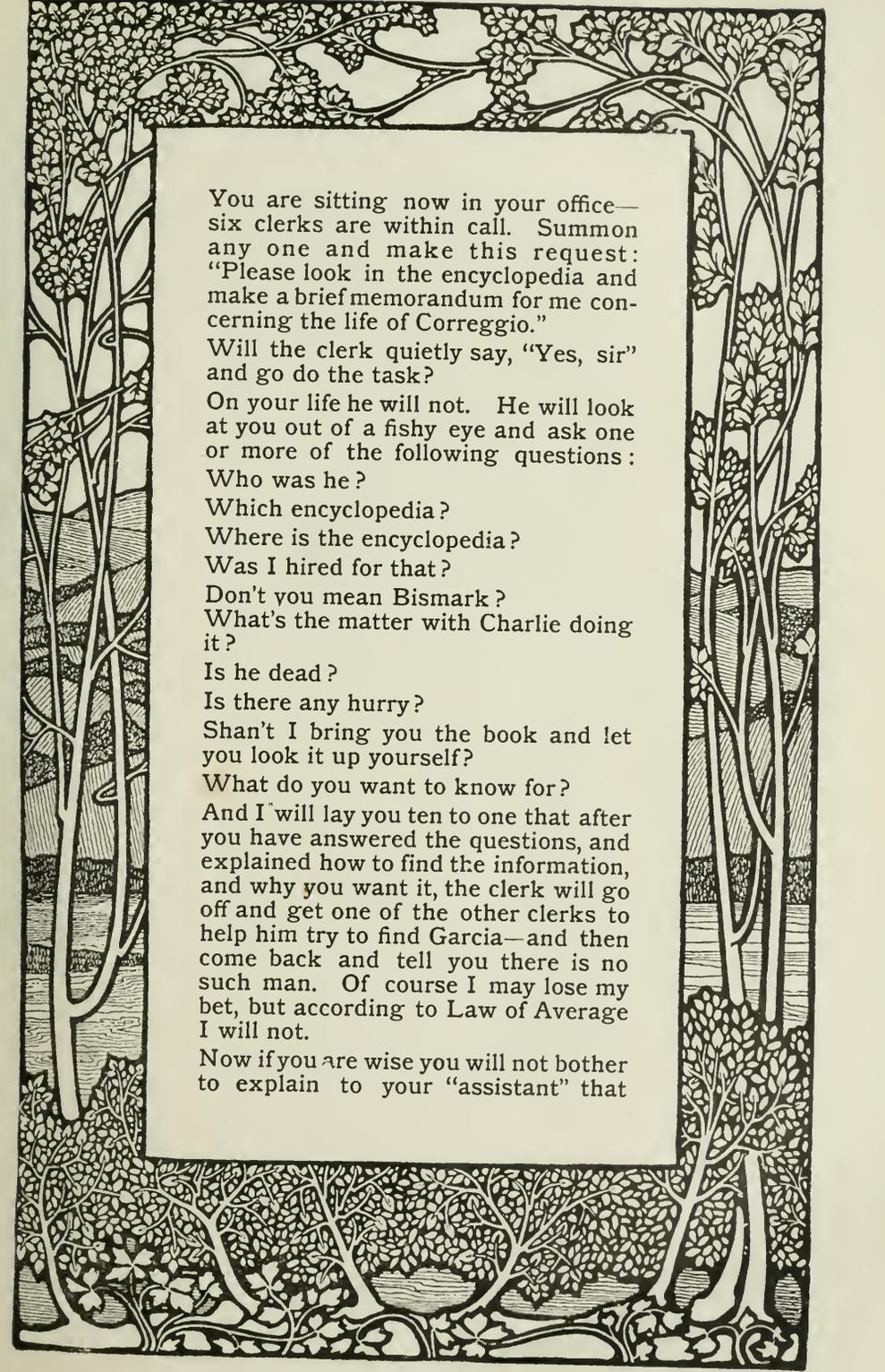
on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times at the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test:



You are sitting now in your office—
six clerks are within call. Summon
any one and make this request:
“Please look in the encyclopedia and
make a brief memorandum for me con-
cerning the life of Correggio.”

Will the clerk quietly say, “Yes, sir”
and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look
at you out of a fishy eye and ask one
or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismark?

What's the matter with Charlie doing
it?

Is he dead?

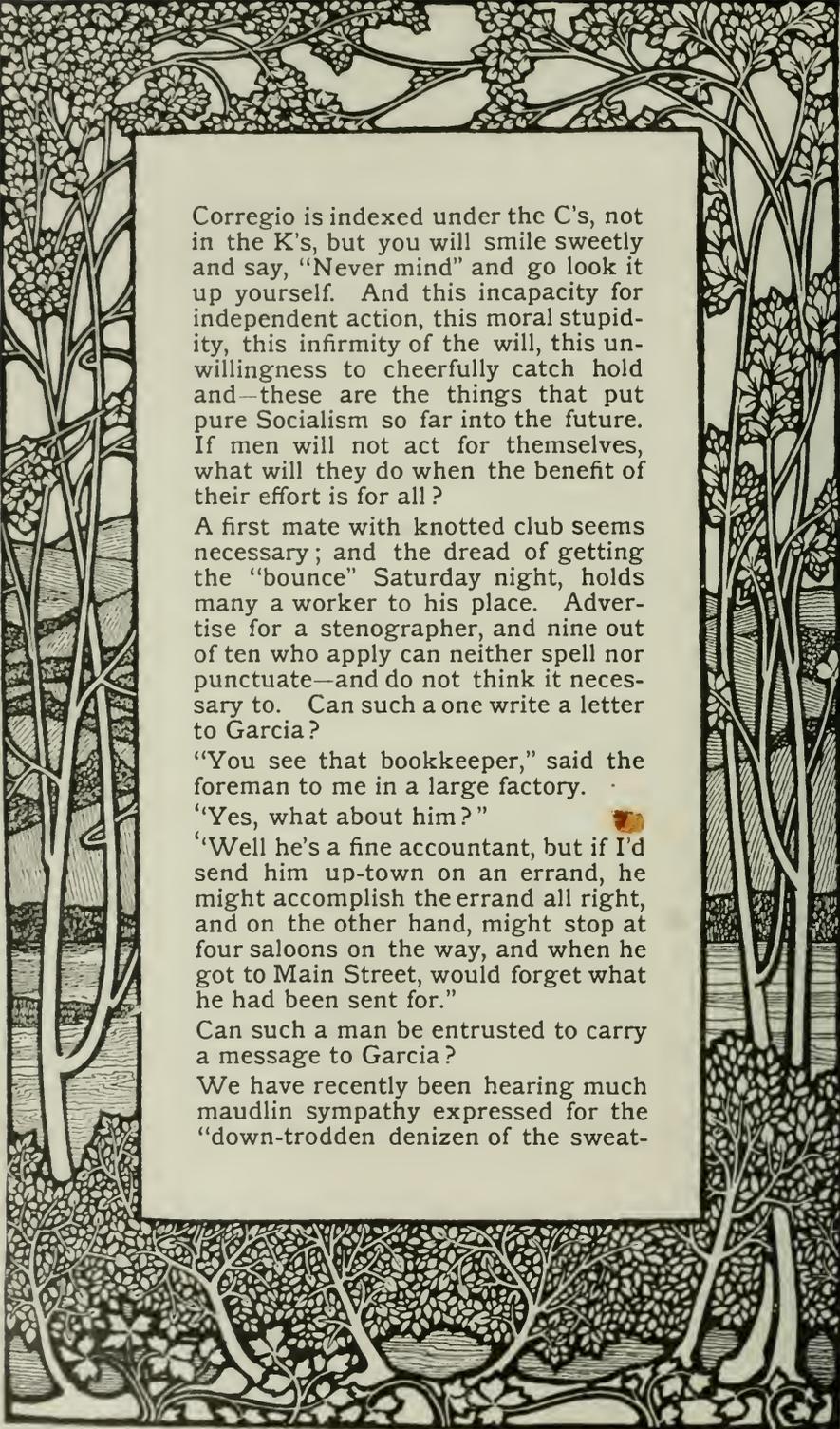
Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let
you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after
you have answered the questions, and
explained how to find the information,
and why you want it, the clerk will go
off and get one of the other clerks to
help him try to find Garcia—and then
come back and tell you there is no
such man. Of course I may lose my
bet, but according to Law of Average
I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother
to explain to your “assistant” that



Corregio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind" and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting the "bounce" Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

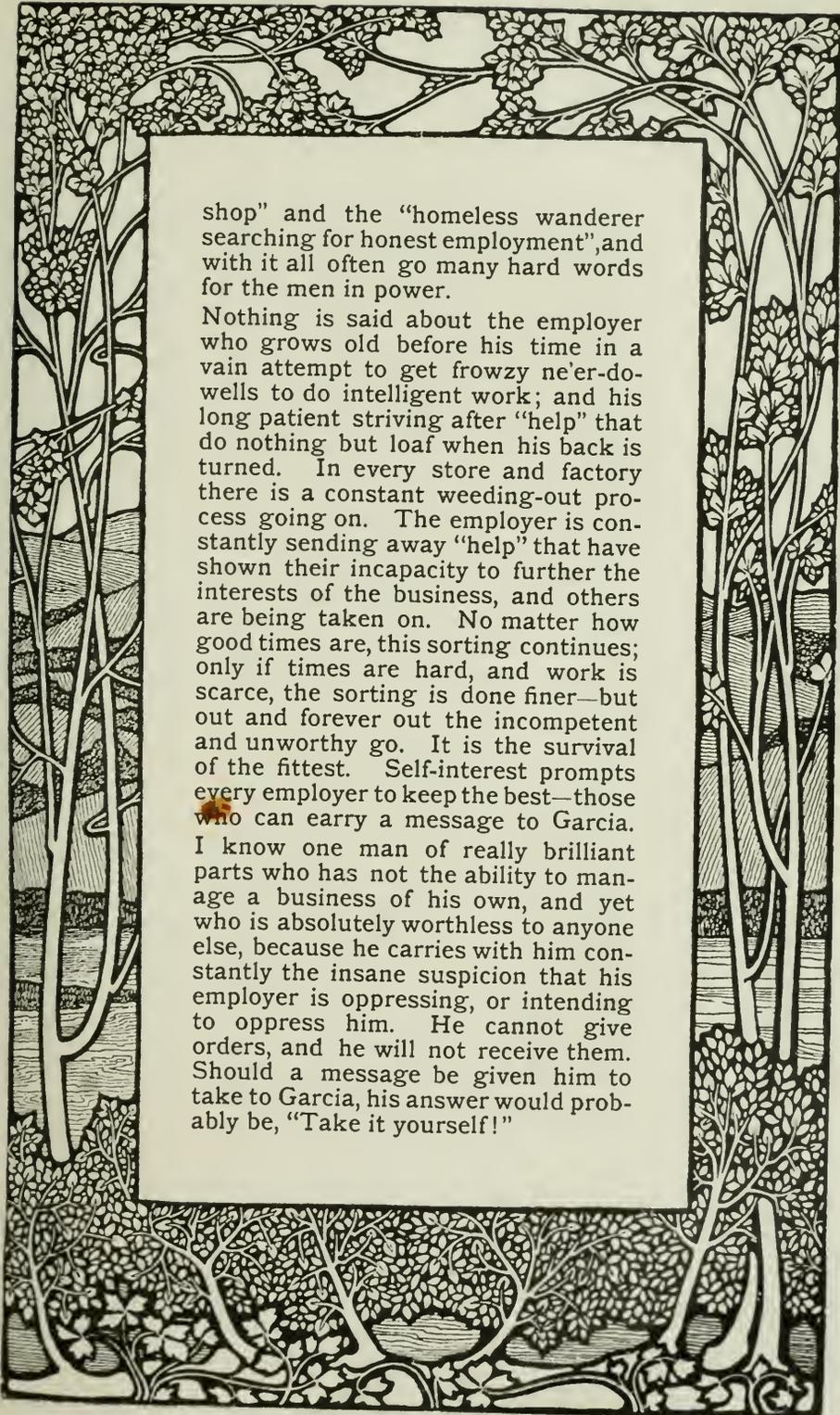
"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up-town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

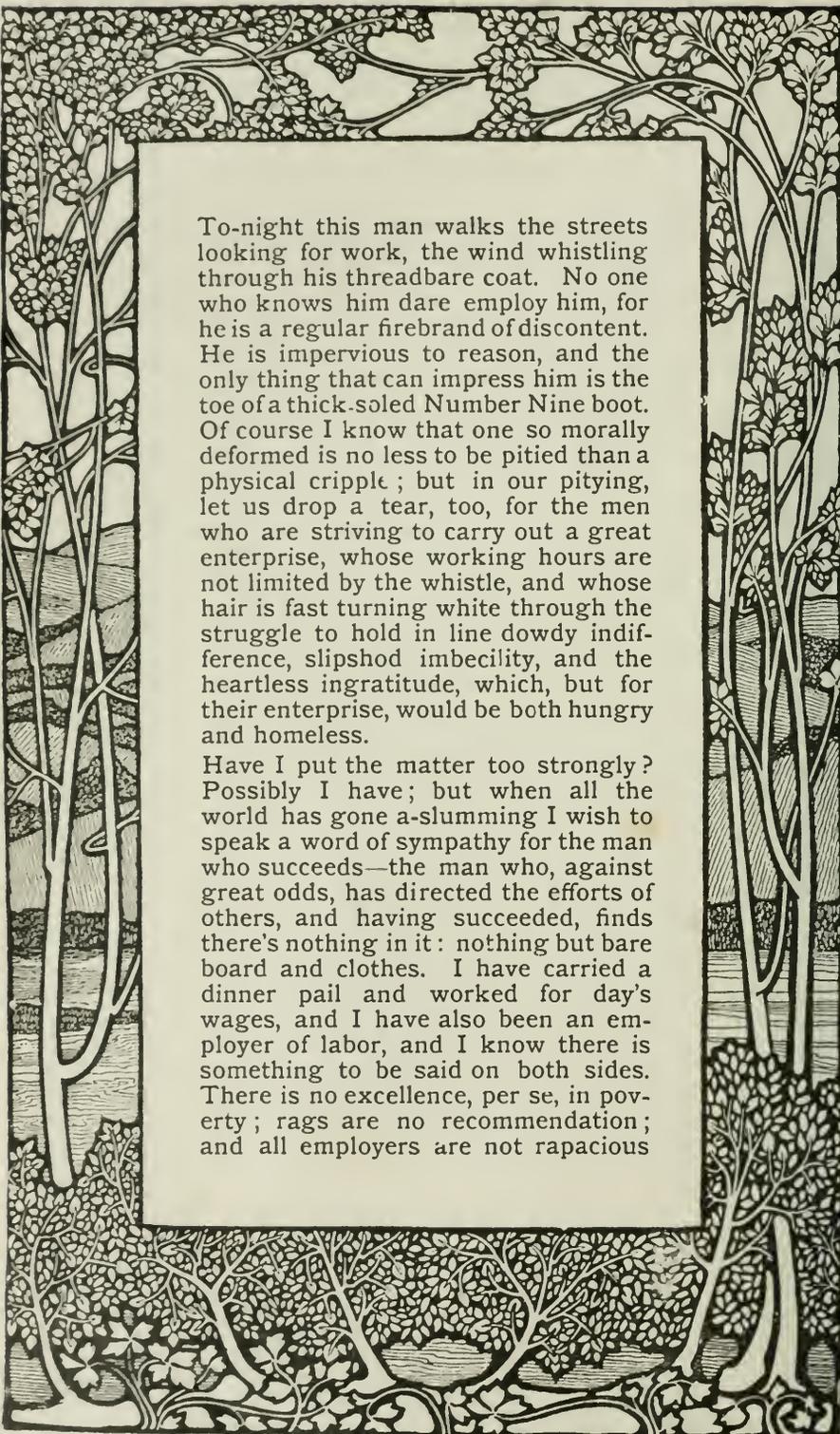
We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-



shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment", and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

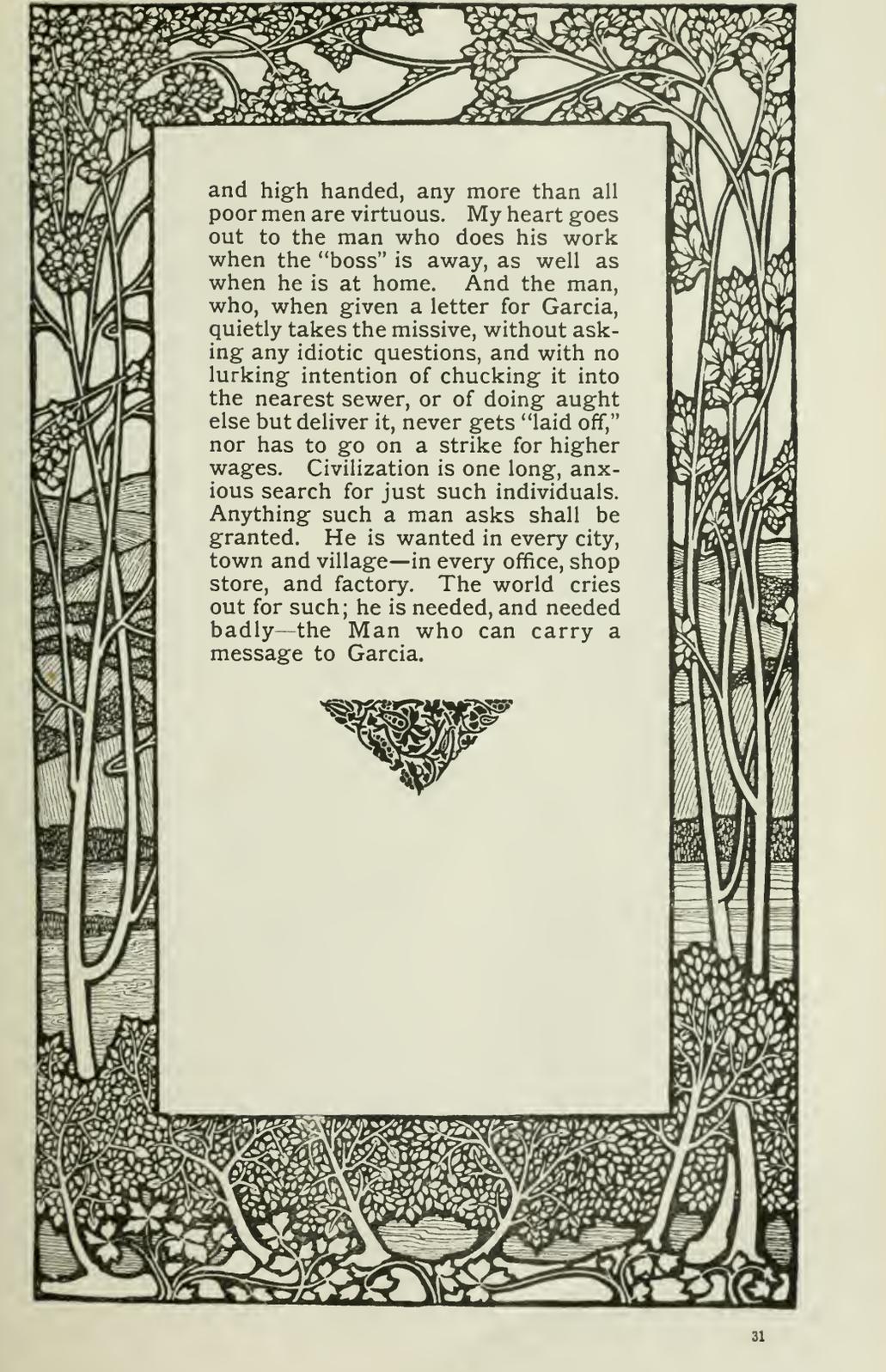
Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowzy ne'er-dowells to do intelligent work; and his long patient striving after "help" that do nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only if times are hard, and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"



To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot. Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple ; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry out a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious



and high handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the Man who can carry a message to Garcia.





THE MAN WHO LED THE INVASION

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE IN THE PATIO OF THE HOTEL, AT CAMAGUEY, CUBA



THE FAMOUS MORRO CASTLE
ONE OF THE INTERESTING SIGHTS OF SANTIAGO

The Canadian Invasion of Cuba

By

FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD.

TO help a new nation in its making, that is, surely, one of the greatest works that a man, or a company of men, can perform. Such a work is being carried on for the development of the newest nation in the world, the newest member of the New World group of Governments, the island Republic of Cuba, and that this work has been largely inspired and projected by Canadian genius and capital must make it of special interest throughout the Dominion.

It was during the first United States occupation of Cuba, at the close of the Spanish-American war, that the attention of Sir William Van Horne was first directed to that region so long torn by strife. The soil was known to be, or at least to have been

before being devastated by war, the richest in the world for sugar and tobacco growing; but the difficulties of shipping crops, no less than the chance of their destruction before becoming matured, made old planters, as well as new would-be investors timid. Even the close of the war had not inspired business men with the confidence needed to make them very venturesome in starting new enterprises. Nevertheless, all who visited the island were united in declaring it the richest spot of its size known on the face of the earth. Sir William Van Horne, who was wintering at the Bermudas, decided to make a trip to Cuba and look into the situation. His trained perceptions enabled him at once to note the possibilities in the



A GENERAL VIEW OF

fire and sword-desolated lands; he saw opportunities for a swift and wonderful development of these districts into luxuriant, revenue-producing regions whose chief need was—*means of transportation!* Cuba should have railroads, more railroads and better, more lines of communication between points of the island and between the island and the great world-centres. Lying in the path of traffic between the eastern and western continents on the direct route Spain's galleons once

found good and later merchant-ships have followed profitably, Cuba needed to have restored to her the importance her position had first given her.

But transportation within the island's area was the greatest need, and this Sir William saw and determined to supply.

From end-to-end Cuba is 810 miles long. The only means of communication between these points was by sea. Havana, 540 miles from Santiago, could only be reached from that port



AN IMPOSING LANDSCAPE, LOOKING TOWARDS SANTIAGO]



SANTIAGO FROM THE HARBOR

by water, for travel by rail ended at Santa Clara, the terminus of the United Railway line, and the centre of nowhere, being distant from any port. The first railroad built in the island, and one of the first in the world, was that which still runs straight south from Havana to Batabano, 32 miles. The cost of building it (1838) was \$17,000 a mile, less than the cost of the first European road—the one that was built in Belgium.

At the time that the United States

took charge of Cuba the lines of railway reached from Havana westward a short distance into the Province of Pinar del Rio, southward thirty-three miles to the Gulf of Batabano and westward one hundred and eighty-four miles to the before-mentioned point, Santa Clara. At the eastern end of the island there was only one very short road, which ran out of Santiago to Cristo, a distance of ten miles, and the country between these points was reached, if off the coast, by means of



A PICTURESQUE VIEW FROM THE RAILROAD TRACK NEAR SANTIAGO



A CANE TRAIN ON THE CUBA RAILROAD

bullock carts that had to travel difficult by-ways if they were not near the calzada or general turnpike, a military road that had been built and used from early times by the Spanish troops. It was evident that if this district was to be developed and opened quickly for settlement, there must be transportation, a service must be given that would make lucrative the restoration of deserted plantations and would richly repay investment. This is what Sir William saw on that first visit to the island. He bought the ten miles of road between Santiago and Cristo and started his project. His foresight was providential for Cuba, for it dictated the action that has given a mercifully rich and much-to-be-desired district to settlement and the product's thereof to northern consumers.

So sure was the promise of this enterprise that no time was lost in carrying it out. At the end of 1902, that is to say, two years after Sir William had made his first visit to the island, the Cuba railroad was open to traffic. It serves the middle of the island, which is especially adapted for sugar cultivation and for citrus fruits.

A hundred miles east of Santa Clara is the settlement of Ceballos, which is on a cross line running from the Atlantic, at San Fernando, to the Caribbean Sea at Jucaro. Here the citrus fruits have been grown so successfully that the district looks like a bit of California, only that grape fruit is more abundant and finer than the Golden State can show. The shipping of crops from this district can be done by rail to Havana or to the nearer point at San Fernando.

And now come the sugar lands. For miles and miles the road runs through the cane. Growers have their own roads intersecting their plantations so as to bring loads of cane easily to the grinding mills, and others can cart the cane to mills that are close to the railroad, making the shipping of sugar easy and less costly. And amid the sugar lands there are also many fruit ranches that import as fine fruit as that of the other districts. At Holquin I visited the ranch of one man who has been only six years on his place, and has all he can do to supply his orders for grape fruit grown from his own seedlings, and for oranges

THE CANADIAN INVASION OF CUBA

and lemons planted three and four years ago. A richer garden I never saw—the beds were adorned along their borders with flowers whose brilliance was scarcely needed to make color tones in the symphony in yellow supplied by the laden trees' burdens. At still another place the output of citrus fruits will have reached, in another two years, 500,000 crates. A crate contains, according to the fruit's size, 50 or 60 grape fruit. At Nuevitas, another Atlantic seaport, on a branch line, lemons were seen seven inches in diameter, twenty-two inches in circumference.

But the most wonderful of fruit ranches is that of Monsieur Hipolite Dumois, who has an immense estate on Antilla Bay, almost in a direct line north of Santiago. This is another district that has been opened to traffic by the branch road which Sir William built to that point and which was opened in March, 1904. Antilla is a superb sheet of water, very like San Francisco Bay. Hills that in late summer are, like those in the west, browned by the summer sun, slope towards the shores that are, however, level enough to afford fine orchard and sugar fields. "Saetia," the name of M. Dumois' place, is washed by the sea and the bay; it stretches for miles along the Atlantic; a narrow-gauge railway runs through it, carrying the fruit to the owner's own ships. His house, with numerous other buildings, forms a centre of social life, and the finest luxuries of the modern world are found in the midst of what, outside of the cultivated fields and gardens,

looks like the primeval jungle. Across the bay from "Saetia" is Felton, where the iron mines are being developed rapidly, since it was ascertained that the metal there found could be used in the manufacture of steel. Felton is almost entirely an American colony, the hotel being equipped with comforts people from the north are accustomed to, and as inviting to the tourist as to the prospector. Still further along the bay is Preston, where have been erected the enormous sugar mills of the United Fruit Company.

The town of Antilla is being laid out by the plan Sir William projected, by which the terminus of the railway and head of the bay will be an up-to-date metropolis before many years. Already a park is started, an electric



SOLEDAD CHURCH, CAMAGUEY

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE PRESERVED THIS CHURCH FROM THE DESECRATING RENOVATION PLANNED BY THE PARISH BY GIVING IT A FINE BELL.



GARDEN OF HOTEL CAMAGUEY

THE HOTEL HAS BEEN RECONSTRUCTED BY SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE FROM A HUGE SPANISH BARRACKS INTO A SPLENDID HOSTELRY EQUIPPED WITH EVERY LUXURY

light plant is going and means for loading and unloading cargo directly into and out of cars offer conveniences for work and means of diversion that will keep the dwellers in the place contented. Busy motor boats ply the bay at all hours, every settler having a launch, while a regular steamboat runs between chief points. On a Sunday afternoon or holiday the craft carries people to ball games at neighboring plantations or to tea parties, where the latest thing in cakes is apt to appear served by ladies who look as if they had just stepped in from Fifth Avenue or Regent Street.

Still another branch railroad from Santiago is to be opened shortly. This will run west from Palma Soriano, to which a short line now goes, and will continue to Berocal with a branch from Bayamo to Manzanillo on the coast, passing through forests of mahogany and other timber which, cut down, gives the richest sort of sugar fields. In this region, too, lie the cop-

per mines, which can be further developed to the profit of investors. It is expected that this new line will be opened by July next.

Whether Cuba is visited with a view to investment or only to be enjoyed as a place to spend a holiday, it offers more attractions than any other place I know within a reasonable distance, while as a winter climate, it is unsurpassed, indeed, hardly equalled by any. It is, to one who has never before seen a Latin country, quite as foreign looking as one could wish it to be.

One of the most charming hotels to stay at is the one that has been reconstructed from a barracks, which was occupied by Spanish troops during the last wars. This is another of Sir William Van Horne's experiments that has been wonderfully successful. The hotel is now a marvel of comfort and its gardens as lovely as can be imagined. Situated at Camaguey, about the centre of the island, it has

THE CANADIAN INVASION OF CUBA

proved to be a "half-way house" that becomes a fascinating resort. From the town excursions can be made that are well worth while. Camaguey has a picturesque old church that Sir William was just in time to save from utter destruction. The *padre* of the church, distressed at its look of age, was on the point of having the venerable building done over with thick coats of paint and varnish, when his plan became known. The lover of the antique was shocked. To save the church Sir William offered to give the parish a fine new bell if the repairs to the outer walls were omitted. The *padre* agreed, so the Soledad church is preserved in its hoary beauty.

Beyond Camaguey are the settlements of Bartle, where English-speaking families are gathered, and Bajate, a Swedish colony, that for the length of time it has been going is amazingly thriving. At Holquin is another fruit district of unparalleled fruitfulness, and a branch road leads to other cane regions, notably those of Chaparra, the property of General Menocal, who ran on the Conservative ticket for the presidency last year. The sugar mill there is the largest in the world.

The terminus of the Cuba road is at Santiago, the most picturesque of

all Cuban cities; words can feebly describe the grandeur of scenery as the old seaport is approached. The highest mountains in Cuba are at this part of the island, and the contrast between the verdure of tropic plains and the rugged summits that look down upon them is most impressive. During the administration of General Wood—the first American Intervention—a superb road was laid out to the top of Boniato hill, back of Santiago. If the road, being scarcely needed, became known by the suggestive title of "Wood's Folly," at least it gave employment—which was the chief reason for its being made—to hundreds of starving Cubans. To-day it is one of the attractions of Santiago. A ride to Boniato is an experience worth having. The view in all directions is indescribably beautiful. The bay, out of which sailed the brave fleet whose destruction seems inexpressibly pitiable, lies almost at one's feet, and the grim Morro Castle guards it still. The wars that ended in the gallant battle upon which these heights looked are over forever; Cuba under self-government, at last faces the world, a noble land, worth the efforts of patriots, and financiers to develop her to her utmost limit.



ONE OF THE RAILROAD STATIONS



I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER THEY HEARD US . . . THERE WAS NO TIME TO KNOW, FOR ZAMBRA'S REVOLVER WAS POINTED AND SENT ITS DEADLY MESSAGE."

The Stained Mackintosh

By

HEADON HILL

MOTOR-CARS and mysteries! Having run a public garage as a means of livelihood for over five years, I had long outgrown the tendency of the tyro to connect the two. I used to smile when I noted the fruitful vein of romance worked by ingenious novelists with such matter-of-fact commercial assets as motor-cars for the main-springs of their amazing plots. And then, suddenly, I was drawn into the central whirlpool of the most stupendous mystery that ever had a petrol-driven vehicle for its pivot.

It was about four o'clock on a dark December afternoon, when that tall, sinister-looking man came into the garage and asked my foreman if he could hire a powerful car for four-and-twenty hours. As he stipulated that he should not require the services of a driver, which was against my most stringent rule, the foreman brought him to me in the office. I took an instant dislike to the big fellow's overbearing demeanour, and promptly confirmed my servant's refusal.

"No, sir; if you are competent to drive yourself you are at liberty to do so, but one of my chauffeurs must go with you," I said politely, but firmly.

The would-be customer measured me with an ugly eye, and broke into a harsh laugh. "Afraid I should steal the car, I suppose?" he said with the trace of a foreign accent. "Well, trot out your chauffeur, my

friend. I should like to inspect him first."

I sent for Jem Bradley, one of my most capable and reliable men. I knew that he could be trusted to take care of my property, and that was all that I was concerned with. Jem was a wiry little chap, with rather a melancholy cast of countenance, and the customer, after looking him up and down, said that he would do. He then gave instructions that the car was to be outside Artillery Mansions, Westminster, at five o'clock, planked down a deposit of ten pounds, and departed. I bade Bradley select a forty horse power Daimler for the service, and shortly afterwards left the garage for my home at Brixton.

I went to business the next day as usual, of course, expecting to see or hear nothing more of Jem Bradley or the car till late in the afternoon, when the time for which they had been hired would expire. Yet to my horror and surprise, I had not been at my office many minutes when I received a telegram from the police at Chelmsford, stating that Bradley had early that morning been found dead in the road about two miles beyond the town, the body being identified by letters in his possession. No mention was made of the car.

I reached the sleepy old Essex town as quickly as I could, only to discover that the truth was infinitely more horrible than the first tidings had led me to expect. My faith-

ful servant had been murdered — stabbed in the back, presumably, as he sat at the wheel—and then flung out into the road. The police could tell me nothing of the car. A good number of automobiles had passed through the town on the previous evening, but as they were all conforming with the law no particular attention had been paid to them. My car, as well as its mysterious hirer, had vanished completely, though on being furnished with its number and description, and with a fairly vivid word-picture of my dreadful customer, they were confident of being able to trace it if it were on any road in the kingdom.

But that was just where the big Daimler was not. Three days passed without any news, and then I was notified that the car had been discovered by a wildfowler out after duck in the desolate marshland at the back of Mersea Island. It was lying, nearly submerged, in a creek of the Blackwater not far from Tollesbury, having apparently been driven or fallen into the water from an unfrequented road skirting the creek.

When I arrived on the scene the car had been raised on to the roadway, presenting a woeful sight of smashed mechanism and sodden upholstery. My first question was whether the body of whoever had been driving at the time of the accident had been found, but the sergeant of police in charge of the gang of workers answered in the negative.

"The only clue to anyone who may have been traveling in the car is this," he said, holding up a bedraggled garment. It was a lady's caped mackintosh. On the back and on one side of it there was a dark red stain.

"Why, that is blood!" I cried, pointing to the smear. "Jem Bradley's blood for a fiver!"

"That's how I figure it out," responded the sergeant stolidly. "She must have been in the car when your

man was attacked and thrown out. If we could cop the pretty dear this belonged to we should soon run in the murderer."

"How far is this from the spot where my chauffeur's body was found?" I asked.

"Not more than nine miles as the crow flies, but a matter of seventeen by road," said the sergeant. "To get here the car must have passed through Maldon after your man was killed. We must advertise the discovery of this blessed waterproof. Perhaps some one will come forward and give us a hint."

I am no detective, but it struck me as a feeble sort of straw to rely on. However, it was so clearly a police matter that I contented myself with arranging for the salvage of the wrecked car, and returned to London more puzzled than ever. The mystery of Jem Bradley's untimely end was intensified by the introduction of the female element. The ill-omened foreigner who had hired the car had not worn the aspect of an eloping lover. Yet there was fairly clear evidence that a woman had been a passenger in the Daimler, and that she had vanished from the scene of these strange happenings as completely as had my sinister customer.

Three days passed without the police communicating to me any result from the descriptive paragraphs and advertisements for the owner of a missing waterproof which I noticed in the newspapers, and from this fact I drew the conclusion that the woman to whom it belonged shared the guilty responsibility of her male companion for poor young Bradley's death.

If she was without offence why had she not come forward to claim her property and assist the authorities? The only hope now seemed to be in the advertisement being answered by some person other than she who had worn it on the fatal

THE STAINED MACKINTOSH

night—someone who was aware that such a garment was not in its accustomed place. For instance, the maid of the owner might tender the information in the hope of reward.

To some extent I was right in my surmise, though it was not from a menial source that information came, nor was it offered to the police. I was engaged in my office when a card was brought to me bearing the name and address of "Mr. Marston Vigors, The Hall, Little Badham, Essex." Giving orders for the visitor to be shown in, I was confronted by a gentleman who had certainly not called on the ordinary business of the garage. He was a good-looking young fellow enough, with suggestions of fresh air and country life in the cut of his clothes and his open-air complexion, but he had the eyes of one haunted by a great horror—eyes from which sleep had been banished for several nights.

"I have come about the waterproof coat that was found in the wreck of your car," he began in a low, strained voice, advancing to my desk as soon as he had assured himself that we were alone. "Are you a married man, Mr. Ramage? You are. Then I can the better hope to enlist your help and sympathy. I have been married just three months, sir, to the dearest and best girl in the world, and I believe that that coat is hers. My place is only seven miles from where your car was found, and my wife has been missing since the night your chauffeur was murdered near Chelmsford. She had such a coat as the one found, and that also is gone."

He had my sympathy already, for his distress was obviously genuine. But my help was another matter. I felt quite helpless myself.

"You have been to the police?" I said. "They attach great importance to the discovery of the owner of the coat."

He waved his brown hand in a

gesture of impatience. "Exactly what I want to avoid," he replied, eyeing me askance. And then, as though reassured by the pity he saw in my face, he went on, with a break in his voice: "Look here, Mr. Ramage, I feel that you're a good sort. I simply cannot have my Muriel's name smirched by being subjected to the ghastly inferences which the police and the public would draw. I have got a man outside—Zambra, the well-known private detective. He's at the top of the tree at the game, and will get round this thing without any publicity unless it's absolutely necessary. May I have him in to hear what you can tell us about the hiring of the car?"

I knew by repute the man he mentioned as a clever solver of mysteries, and as bearing a character for the strictest integrity. I did not like working behind the backs of the police, but for a certain distance the interests of Mr. Vigors and myself marched side by side, and if they were found to diverge I should not be committed to a continuance of the alliance.

"Very well, sir," I said; "I will help you all I can on the understanding that the police are called in to deal with any culprit whom Mr. Zambra may discover. I have not the slightest intention of assisting you to compound a felony which had as its victim an honest and valued servant."

"I agree to that without hesitation, for I have absolute confidence that whatever has befallen my wife, her part has been an innocent one," replied Mr. Vigors eagerly; and, stepping to the door, he admitted a short, rather corpulent man, who at once reminded me of the popular conception of the first Napoleon. The sombre eyes were secretive without being sly; the massive jowl betokened strength of purpose. In a few words Mr. Vigors acquainted him

with my conditional assent to be of use to their independent inquiry.

"Most reasonable," said the detective. "Now, Mr. Ramage, I need not trouble you to recount all the circumstances of the hiring of the car, for I have read your evidence at the inquest on your chauffeur. But I will ask you if there is any addition you could make to that evidence—any point, I mean, on which you were not questioned, yet which may have occurred to you afterwards as relative?"

I began to have a respect for Zambra, for there was such a point, and I had been seriously debating whether I ought not to inform the police of it. "Yes," I answered; "not having been asked the question, I omitted to state where the hirer of the car started from. The evidence read as if he might have got into it here at the garage and driven straight off. That was not the case. He left orders for the car to pick him up at Artillery Mansion, Westminster, an hour later, which would have been about five o'clock. I instructed Bradley accordingly, and I assume that it was done."

Zambra pondered my answer, and turning to his client, inquired if he knew anyone residing at Artillery Mansions. The reply was in the negative. Mr. Vigors had no friends in the block of residential flats mentioned, and he was quite sure that his wife had none either. Had it been so he would have been aware of it. They had no secrets from each other.

"I should wish to have a fuller description of the gentleman who hired the car," said Zambra. "There was not much to be gathered from what you said at the inquest," he added with the ghost of a smile, "except that you did not like his looks."

To the best of my ability I supplied the omission, dwelling on the man's great size, on his scowling

brow, on his arrogant demeanour, and, above all, on the faint foreign accent which I had observed in his speech. Some item in my statement seemed to make an impression, for the detective remained silent for over a minute, ruminating on it. Then he arose slowly from the chair in which I had installed him.

"There is nothing more to be done here," he said. "We are angling in a very deep pool for a wary fish. I shall more likely be of use to you, Mr. Vigors, by transferring the inquiry to your house at Little Badham. We had better go down there at once as speedily as possible."

"The quickest way for you to get there would be for you to let me drive you down in one of my cars," I ventured to suggest. "And something might arise to make my presence of advantage—for instance, to identify the person who started with Bradley."

Zambra expressed prompt approval of my offer, and Mr. Vigors was profuse in his thanks. The three of us were soon seated in the tonneau of a high-powered Panhard, with one of my best drivers in front at the wheel. Shortly after passing Chelmsford we slowed down to allow the detective a view of the spot where Bradley's body had been found, though, as nearly a week had elapsed and much rain had fallen, he did not trouble to get out to search for signs that must have been washed away long since. Our route then lay through Maldon, but on leaving that town, by Mr. Vigor's directions, it quitted the road which the doomed car must have traversed to reach the scene of its disaster, and turned north along the road to Tiptree. A few miles further on we came to the secluded village of Little Badham, and swung through the lodge gates of a picturesque Jacobean mansion, which Mr. Vigors indicated as his home.

He led us through an imposing en-



"WHY, THAT IS BLOOD," HE CRIED, POINTING TO THE SMEAR

trance-hall to a fine old oak-panelled library and rang for refreshments. I noticed that the butler who served them cast a half-furtive look of inquiry at his master, which was evidently not lost upon Zambra, for as soon as we were alone again he said:

"I observe that you have not taken the servants into your confidence as to your anxiety about Mrs. Vigors' absence.

"How could I — without implying a mistrust in her that I do not feel?" our host replied, almost angrily. "I

have let them think that she has gone on a visit to friends."

"Which is the very last thing they are thinking," said Zambra dryly. "If I am to do any good we must alter that and have it plainly known that Mrs. Vigors is missing. You have already told me that you were hunting on the day she disappeared, that she had left home when you returned, and that it was only when you had kept dinner back a considerable time that you pretended to remember that she had probably gone to London. Having committed your-

self to that, I presume that you did not question the servants as to your wife's movements that day."

"How could I," repeated Mr. Vigors, with a plaintive feebleness all out of keeping with his sunburnt face and athletic physique. "They would have thought that I suspected her—that there was something wrong. It was only when that infernal waterproof was found that I feared that some real harm had befallen her."

Zambra flashed a swift glance at him, like the gleam of a two-edged sword. "Then you must have had some reason in your mind satisfying you, after reflection as to Mrs. Vigors' absence," he retorted. "No husband so obviously devoted as you are would endure the suspense which you must have gone through unless he had some adequate explanation to comfort him."

It was distressing to me to witness the pain in the open face of the young country gentleman. The detective's brusqueness had touched him on a raw spot, but even to my inexperience it was patent that those rough words had come as a much needed goad.

"Yes," he said; "I thought that she had gone up to see her brother, Gilbert Softlaw, a clerk in the War Office. I called upon him this morning before consulting you, but he knew nothing of her."

"A clerk in the War Office?" said Zambra thoughtfully. "Had you any special reason for thinking that she had gone to him?"

"Only that I knew that Gilbert had been much in her mind of late," replied Mr. Vigors irritably. "Why, I can't conceive. He was down here on a visit to within a week of her disappearance, and since his departure she talked a good deal about him—even in her sleep. If I could imagine her having a secret from me about anything, I could have fancied

she was concealing something in connection with her brother."

"When you saw Mr. Softlaw this morning did you tell him about your chief grounds for uneasiness—the disappearance of the waterproof coat and the discovery of the same or a similar one in the wrecked car?"

"No; as soon as I found that he had not seen her I rushed off to you, Mr. Zambra, without wasting a moment."

"But why," pursued the detective, "did you wait till to-day to inquire of Mr. Softlaw? Surely you could have telegraphed at once?"

Vigors dashed his fist down on the table, making things rattle. The natural man was on the surface at last. "To tell you the truth, I didn't telegraph because I was angry," he said. "I never liked my wife's brother, and, taking it for granted that she was with him, I behaved like a brute and an idiot. I thought I'd punish her by not seeming to care where she was."

With a shrug for the infirmity of human nature, Zambra dismissed the subject by asking to be allowed to question such of the servants as would be able to throw any light on the matter. The first to be called in was the elderly butler. On its being explained to him that Mrs. Vigors was missing, he fixed the time of her departure from the house at six o'clock, and he supplemented this with the information, received second-hand from the lodge-keeper, that on leaving the grounds she had walked briskly off in the direction of Maldon. Mrs. Vigors' maid came next, and said that her mistress had left no message as to being late for dinner; on the contrary, she had given directions as to the evening dress she intended to wear. She had taken no luggage with her.

The servants having retired, Zambra sat for a long time silent. Then he asked how long it would take to walk to Maldon, receiving the reply

that Mrs. Vigors could do it easily in half an hour. In answer to a further question, Mr. Vigors stated that their dinner hour was eight.

"So that assuming that she meant to return to dinner, she could have expected to have plenty of time to do so, after meeting in Maldon a motor-car that had left Westminster at four o'clock," said Zambra. "It should be a consolation to you, sir, to know that she could not possibly have walked seven miles further to where the dead chauffeur was found, and that therefore she could not have been in the car at the time of the murder. My theory is that Mrs. Vigors, apprehending some mischief from the car, of whose advent she had warning, went into Maldon to waylay and stop it, and that for some reason she had got into the car and was driven to the scene of the smash."

"But," said Vigors, "if the mischief resulted in the murder she was too late. So why should she have got into the car?"

"Because the mischief hadn't ended with Bradley's death, of which probably she was ignorant," was Zambra's reply. "I think that Bradley came to grief through trying in a different way, and with less complete knowledge, to do just what Mrs. Vigors was doing—prevent the mischief."

"Then, in God's name, where is my wife?" groaned the unhappy husband. "The blood on the coat may not have been the chauffeur's, but her own."

"It is far too soon to jump to such a conclusion," said Zambra. "It is more likely that the stains were caused by your wife sitting on the seat where the chauffeur had been stabbed seven miles back along the road—before she got in. Let us go and see the place where the car was found in the creek. Its destination chief she was trying to stop was

seems to be the pivot of the whole thing, and I should like to know what lies beyond."

Within five minutes we were all seated in the Panhard, swinging down the road to Maldon, but turning to the left before we came to the town. We were now again on the track traversed by the ill-fated car. Soon after we passed Tollesbury the character of the country changed. Instead of flat arable and pasture lands, we ran through several miles of desolate marshes, with occasionally the tidal water of some silent, salt-fringed creek lapping the base of the raised roadway. At a word from me the chauffeur pulled up at the place where the big Daimler had taken its plunge, though all vestiges of it had now been removed.

Zambra got down and peered over the brink, plumbing the depth of the creek with calculating eyes. Then he walked some distance in each direction, finally coming back to us with the opinion that there had been no accident, but that the car had been purposely driven into the water. He had come to that conclusion because the spot was the only one for a space of two hundred yards in either direction where there was a depth of water that might reasonably have been expected totally to submerge the car.

"Whoever did it wanted the car to remain undiscovered as long as possible," he said. "If it hadn't been for the wildfowler in his punt, the object would have been gained. Close under the bank, the wreck would hardly have been noticed by anyone passing along the road. I understand, Mr. Vigors, that there are no houses for quite a long way—as a possible destination for the car?"

"No inhabited ones for another five miles," was the reply. "There is a decayed farmhouse a couple of miles farther on that has nearly been swallowed up by the encroachments

of the sea, but no one has lived there since I can remember."

The detective swung himself into the car. "Let's get on," he said shortly. "And we'll stop at that farmhouse on the way, please."

Once more we threaded our way through the dreary landscape, and I was glad that I had chosen a skilful driver. That road had never been made for motorcars, and I doubt if ours was not the first to traverse it, except the one whose movements we were trying to trace. Presently we sighted a jumble of gables which Vigors said were those of the farm, but from the distance the place looked as if it was on an island, and that we should have to wade or swim to reach it. Drawing nearer, however, we found that the greedy tide had left a narrow strip of practicable foothold along the two hundred yards that separated the ruin from the road.

Leaving the car in charge of the chauffeur, we picked our way over the sodden ground towards the house, Zambra leading. I could discern no sign of life. No smoke issued from the dilapidated chimneys; from most of the windows the glass had dropped, and no one had troubled to replace it with so much as a board. A phantom house, peopled, if at all, by phantoms of the past, it looked.

Yet why was it that Zambra, half-way from the road, paused for a moment and felt in the hip-pocket where men who go armed carry their revolvers? He said no word, and went on again directly. But passing the place where he had made that brief halt, I noticed in the muddy ooze the broken bowl of an earthenware pipe. Not till we were close under the mouldering walls did he explain his action, and then, partial as the explanation was, it was sufficient to raise the hair of a peace-loving citizen.

"We are up against a big thing,"

he said to Vigors in a hurried whisper. "I have suspected it since you mentioned your brother-in-law's connection with the War Office. Now I know that I was right, and that this house was the objective of Mr. Ramage's car."

"That broken pipe was of German make?" I hazarded under my breath.

Zambra nodded and went on: "It doesn't look as if there was anyone here now, but we must enter with caution, as I am the only one who carries firearms."

The front door, long since rotted from its hinges, offered no obstruction, and in single file we stole into the damp, foul-smelling hall. Into the rooms right and left of it we glanced, only to see at once that no one had occupied them for years. There was no furniture, and the floors were covered with piles of fallen masonry. Following a passage that led to the rear of the house, we found that the ravages of time and weather had been less severe, and suddenly I had to strangle an ejaculation of surprise as Zambra pushed open the door of what must have been the old farmhouse kitchen. The fumes of a recently extinguished oil cooking stove assailed my nose at the same moment that my eyes were astounded by the sight of chairs and a table, the latter strewn with the dirty plates and glasses. The window stood open.

This much I had noticed when the sound of a guttural voice came through the window and made my heart jump. It was the voice of the man who had hired the car that had taken Jem Bradley to his death. Before I could impart the fact to Zambra, he stepped quickly to the open casement with Vigors and myself at his heels. I shall never forget the scene that was being enacted outside. An arm of the creek came to within fifteen paces of the house. Against the low shore lay an electric launch in which a man in a peaked

cap was sitting with his hand on the starting lever, while another man, standing in the bows, was trying to drag a young and very pretty woman into the launch.

"My God, that's my wife!" came the hoarse cry from Vigors as he peered over Zambra's shoulder.

"And the man handling her is my chauffeur's murderer," I added.

I do not know whether they heard us, those outside. There was no time to know, for Zambra's revolver was pointed and sent its deadly message almost simultaneously with our feeble cries. The tall man in the bows of the launch sank down with a crash that made the little vessel shiver from stem to stern. The next moment it was tearing seawards, while the woman walked towards the house, waving and smiling at us.

"All right, Marston, old boy, it's been a narrow squeak," she shouted: "but you've come in the nick of time, and I've saved my country."

Then she toppled over and fainted in the wet slime of the creek shore, and we three ran out at the back and picked her up.

* * * * *

It was dark when the car swung through the lodge gates of the Hall at Little Badham and Murie Vigors was safe in the oak-panelled library. On the drive home no one had questioned her, though she had quickly revived in the cool air of the marshes. We all guessed that the story she would tell was not one to be heard by my chauffeur, honest fellow as he was. Our desire for secrecy was aided by his having heard and seen nothing of what had happened at the back of the farmhouse. I gave him a hint to keep his mouth shut as to where we had found the lady before I went into the Hall.

But when Mrs. Vigors had been refreshed with tea, and the wondering, but delighted butler had retired, her tongue was unloosed. Seated on the hearth-rug with her head on her

husband's knee, she told her amazing tale. During her brother's visit she had overheard him talking in a summer-house in the garden to the man Zambra had shot that afternoon. She heard enough to know that Gilbert Softlaw was a traitor to his country and that he was selling the War Office scheme of national defence for foreign gold.

She heard with tingling ears the tempter bid her brother bring copies of the scheme to him at the entrance of Artillery Mansions on a certain day and hour, where he would be waiting in a car so that in the quickest time possible he could convey them to the lonely ruin in the Essex marshes which had been used of late as a rendezvous for foreign spies. The swift car was necessary because a very high official indeed was to be landed from his yacht on the day fixed in order to inspect the stolen document at the very earliest moment.

"Then, having decided what to do," Mrs. Vigors proceeded, "I went boldly into the summer-house, and Gilbert was obliged to introduce his companion to me, naming him as the Baron Reichen, and explaining that he was staying in the neighborhood, and they had accidentally met. The introduction was all that I wanted, and as soon as I could I left them together. But on the appointed day I walked into Maldon in time to intercept the car on its way to that horrible place. I managed to stop it, and in accordance with the plan I had formed I claimed acquaintance with the Baron, who was driving and alone, begging him for a lift to the cross roads, as I was belated. He consented with ill grace, and as soon as I was seated beside him in the car I picked the pocket of his great fur coat of the precious paper, furtively tearing it in pieces and scattering them to the four winds of heaven.

"He was just about to set me

down at the turning when he discovered what I had done. With a furious oath he drove on, and I realised that I was a prisoner. Unseen by him, I slipped off my coat in the hope that it would furnish a clue to my whereabouts. When we came opposite the ruin he dragged me across the swamp into the house. It was dark in front, but at the back it was lit up, and full of men. Handing me over to two uniformed seamen, the Baron went into the kitchen, whence there immediately arose a babel of voices in a language you can guess at. I gathered that I was to be kept there till a steamer could be sent to take me away. It had arrived off the coast when you turned up this afternoon. I have spent a horrible time in a room over the kitchen, guarded by the Baron and another man."

"Gallant old girlie," exclaimed Vigors proudly. "But why didn't they take you away in the vessel that brought the gang?"

The brave woman laughed. "Because, my dear Marston," she replied, "the cloaked figure with the grey imperial who presently stalked from the kitchen on his way out said that he couldn't have 'that infernal she-cat' on his private yacht. There were some ladies of his family on board to keep up the idea of a pleasure cruise."

"What are we to do, Zambra?" asked Vigors helplessly.

"Say nothing about the whole thing," was the detective's prompt reply. "It is a sure thing the foreigners won't. The Baron undoubtedly murdered Bradley because he wouldn't get out and let him go on alone, but my bullet has settled that score. I think, however, that Mr. Gilbert Softlaw should not be allowed to remain in the public service much longer. A hint to him ought to secure his resignation."

"He shall have it straight from me," said Vigors heartily.

Knowledge and Culture

A GREAT memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relation toward each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them; still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-bred men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfills the type of liberal education.

The Advisability of Taking a Winter Vacation

By
R. P. CHESTER.

YOUNG Canada's delight in the rigors of the northern winter has been so often painted in picture, song and story that it has come to be part and parcel of the world's conception of this young nation's life. Youths and maidens, boys and girls, revelling in snow, tobogganing down icy slopes, skating on frozen ponds, tramping over snowy drifts, would seem to indicate that Canadians love their long and oftentimes severe winter. In a sense this is true. But just as the glory of the sun-bathed landscape has its converse in the depressing aspect of gloomy, rain-soaked nature, so there is another and a trying side to our winter season. There are days of penetrating dampness, there are weeks when epidemics of colds are prevalent, there are seasons of excessive frigidity. At these times, and particularly during that long period of transition from winter to spring, the mind turns longingly backward or forward to the solaces of summer.

Why should not those Canadians who are able, escape from the bondage of winter, if bondage it be to them, and flee to warmer climes? The habit of always taking one's vacation in summer has no reasonable ground for support. The proper time to take a holiday is when mind and body grow weary and, to many a worker, the period of greatest depression and consequently of greatest need is during the latter portion of the winter season,



AVENUE AT PALM BEACH, FLA.

when broken weather may be expected and when sickness is so rife.

From winter to winter, the little army of Canadians, who cross the border and journey southward to the resorts in the southern States, to the Bermudas, to the West Indies, to Mexico and California, is on the increase. From year to year, the popularity of these resorts is growing. And well it may. The contrast between the chill, damp weather so frequently encountered in March and April in Canada and the balmy breezes of the south, between the snow-clad landscapes of the north and the verdant vistas of the south, conjures up all sorts of delightful sensations in the mind of the northerner.

The nearest resorts to eastern Canada are to be found along the ocean shores of New Jersey, and amid the pines of North Carolina. Atlantic City has earned international fame as an all-year sanitarium and is probably



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

better known to and more frequented by Canadians than any other southern resort. Its splendid hotels, its spacious board walk and its social activities give scope to any one's desires.

Lakewood, N.J., has developed in the last few years into an ideal winter resort. The tonic of the balsams and the pines gives it a special charm. Walks and drives have been construct-

ed and are maintained at great expense by the hotelkeepers. Sight-seeing trips are run daily to Asbury Park, Allaire, Point Pleasant and other objective points by touring car companies, while devotees of the royal game of golf have every opportunity to indulge their passion on some of the finest links in the world. Two attractive and cosy tea houses have



BEAUTIFUL SAPPHIRE LAKE, NORTH CAROLINA

ADVISABILITY OF TAKING A WINTER VACATION

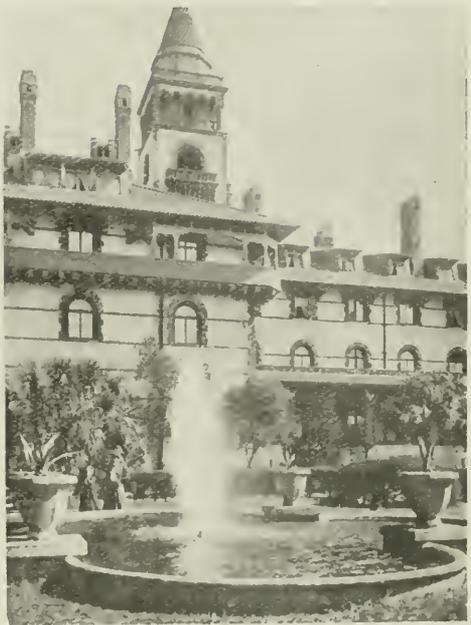
been constructed at convenient spots, whither pedestrians may direct their steps. All the large hotels maintain private bowling alleys and game rooms, while concerts, dances and theatricals are frequently provided.

Old Point Comfort on the shores of historic Hampton Roads, is a resort much patronized by friends and admirers of the American navy, and in all the functions there, the sailorman finds a place. For those fond of yachting, the hotels provide staunch yachts which cruise around Hampton Roads daily. A big sight-seeing car also makes daily trips to points of historic interest. Salt-water baths are available, while seafood menus are provided. Wild ducks are plentiful in the neighborhood, affording hunters an opportunity for a little exciting sport.

An ideal place to escape the extremes of winter and yet not become plunged into too warm weather is the western section of North Carolina. A territory of six thousand square miles is covered by this region, every portion of which possesses great natural beauty and is appropriately named "The Land of the Sky." Asheville is the centre and from this point many interesting places — Hot Springs, Waynesville, White Sulphur Springs, Lake Toxaway, etc. — may be reached. Asheville is a great tourist centre all the year round, for in summer the southerners come there to cool off, and in winter the northerners come there to get warm. All the luxuries and advantages of New York are to be had in Asheville's hotels, and special attention is paid to the cuisine,



HOTEL GARDEN, NASSAU, BAHAMAS



HOTEL AT ST. AUGUSTINA, FLA.



COURT OF HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE



ALONG THE SHORE OF THE GULF OF MEXICO

for the mountain air creates great appetites.

Hot Springs is another famous resort of this region. For more than a century it has been famed as a water cure, and for the invalid especially it offers great attractions. Hendersonville, twenty miles from Asheville, and in the heart of the mountains, is the rendezvous for travelers en route for the Beautiful Sapphire Country. This region has been compared to the English lake district, but it is on a grander scale even than the beautiful English resort. Lakes Toxaway, Fairfield and Sapphire, cradled in the mountains, are the finest sheets of water in the south.

Pinehurst, in North Carolina, has a great vogue, particularly for cottage residents. The cottage colony is growing from year to year. But the transient visitor is by no means neglected, and numerous hotels supply his needs. Golf is very popular here, and two nine-hole courses and three eighteen-hole courses have been laid out.

Passing southward, the traveler's

goal will probably be Palm Beach, Florida, the queen of all winter resorts. Its magnificent hotels are the temporary homes of thousands of pleasure-loving people, not only from America, but from the old world as well. Men and women even cross the ocean to enjoy its incomparable beauty, its perfect climate and its round of pleasures.

Miami, sixty-eight miles further south, possesses much of the attractiveness of Palm Beach. Fine, hard roads extend in all directions to beauty spots of rare interest. The Florida everglades are one of the country's most unique possessions, and in their fastnesses the Miami river takes its rise. On the banks of this river hundreds of visitors annually picnic. Biscayne Bay, into which it empties, has long been the favorite haunt of yachtsmen, and here the tarpon, gamiest of all fish, is to be encountered.

St. Augustine, the oldest resort in the country, becomes more attractive every year. From here many of the other resorts in Florida may be reach-

ADVISABILITY OF TAKING A WINTER VACATION

ed. An inland canal has recently been completed, which connects St. Augustine to Miami, and Biscayne Bay. This crosses several rivers and other canals and gives a system of waterways between all the principal resorts.

Ormond, not far away, has a famous ocean beach, very broad and more than eighteen miles in length. Daytona, six miles away, has been the scene of motor races, establishing world's records during the last five years.

At the uppermost tip of the east coast is Atlantic Beach, where the home-going vacationist breaks his journey north. The beach here is forty miles long and is also the scene of motor races.

Crossing over to the Bahamas, we come to Nassau, a charming resort established by the English Government years ago. A tri-weekly steamship service is operated between Miami and Nassau. During the season beautiful Nassau harbor is visited by many of the largest and finest yachts in the

world, and frequently a British warship casts anchor there. Sea bathing is extremely popular and may be indulged in almost every day of the year.

Jamaica, the pearl of the Antilles, will appeal to Canadians, for there the traveler will rest under the Union Jack. The island lies about four degrees within the tropics and ninety miles south of Cuba. It is about 1,500 miles from New York, and may be reached in a little under five days. The climate may be described as perpetual summer. Seen from the sea nothing can be grander than the coast line in opalescent morning or evening haze, with range upon ranges of forest-clad mountains towering in the background till they culminate in the Blue Mountain Peak, bathed in clouds. Ferns grow everywhere on the island and flowers blossom in profusion. Orchids are seen in all directions, and dainty humming birds and gorgeous butterflies flit from flower to flower. Kingston, the capital, is the chief point of interest, though some visitors prefer



PANORAMA OF RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

to land at Port Antonio, on the north shore, where there is a fine hotel and where sea bathing is the best in the West Indies. Mandeville, 2,000 feet up in the Manchester Mountains, in the heart of the coffee and orange plantations, has good accommodation. Spanish Town, the old capital, Montego Bay and Chester Vale are three other popular resorts.

Cuba has naturally become a favorite winter resort for Americans, and Havana is always crowded with visi-

and the soil is clad in a perpetual mantle of green. The transparency of the water is remarkable. On a still day, the bottom at depths of from fifteen to thirty feet can be distinctly seen, revealing a myriad of wonders. There is ample accommodation to be had at the three large hotels in Hamilton and in many minor hotels as well.

In writing of winter resorts, mention should not be omitted of the resorts in the west. To many, Colorado and



A FAMOUS WINTER RESORT—HOT SPRINGS ARKANSAS.

tors during the season. In this city the municipal government spends \$30,000 on the entertainment of visitors each winter. The roads in the island being excellent, motoring has come to be a favorite pastime, though horse-racing has its devotees as well.

The beautiful Bermudas, situated about two days' sail southeast of New York, have a delightful climate. Rarely does the thermometer go below 60 in the winter or above 80 degrees in summer. Vegetation is very rapid

California and Mexico are names that conjure up delightful visions. The land of sunshine and flowers—Southern California—possesses powerful attractions. Los Angeles is its centre, and from this city all other points are easily reached—Pasadena, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Riverside, Redlands and San Bernardino.

Los Angeles is favored with beaches as no other city in the country. Full fifty miles of sand stretch out to the north and south of the city, easily



BOATING ON A CANAL, MEXICO CITY

reached at any point by perhaps the most elaborate system of trolley lines to be found in the world. The cement walk at Santa Monica rivals the board walk at Atlantic City, Ostrich, alligator and pigeon farms are curiosities in the district.

One hundred and twenty-seven miles south of Los Angeles and fifteen

miles from the boundary of Mexico is Coronado Beach, where is located the Hotel del Coronado, the largest resort in the world open all the year round.

Those who desire novelty and have the explorer's fever will now feel inclined to cross the border and take a run down into Mexico. This interest-



ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF MEXICO! A BULL FIGHT!

ing republic possesses many attractions for the traveler, which a visit to Mexico City will satisfy to a certain extent.

Returning into the United States, the quaint old-world city of New Orleans, which is rapidly becoming one of the most favored winter resorts in America, claims attention. The city is full of historic associations, which will keep the visitor interested for many days. Its hotel service is excellent. From New Orleans to Mobile, along the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, are scattered a number of the most attractive winter resorts in the south. From Bay St. Louis, the first resort out of New Orleans, to Scranton, nearly fifty miles away, is an almost continuous string of cottages and hotels. Mobile itself, the second in age of all the cities on the southern coast, is a progressive place. Here the carnival street parade had its origin and to-day it vies with New Orleans in the beauty and splendor of its Mardi Gras display.

Only a few of the winter resorts of the south have been touched upon.

The number is enormous, testifying to the fact that the people of the northern States appreciate the advantages of a holiday in the south. Canadians in larger numbers might do well to follow their example and enjoy the delights of a warmer climate, and exhilarating sports and pastimes.

But, impossible as it may appear at first sight, it is none the less true that a Canadian need not leave the soil of his own country to escape the trying winter. The western coast of British Columbia, with its equable climate, attracts annually many Canadians from Winnipeg and the western plains. Vancouver is becoming an all-the-year round resort and its surroundings are just as charming in the winter months as in the summer months. For eastern Canadians, the accessibility of the southern resorts and the long journey to the coast may militate against any very general trend of winter tourist travel in that direction, but for the people of the Northwest, Vancouver and its neighboring cities and towns should become increasingly popular.



A MEXICAN VALLEY



"OH, ARE YOU HURT?" SHE GASPED AT LAST

Hector Alexander

By

MARY E. MANN

TAKE my advice, and get rid of it now we have the chance. We shall never have such a good offer again."

"But have I not said I have no desire to get rid of it? As my father left the estate to me, so I wish to leave it when I die."

"Why should you wish to do that?" the agent asked. "Why should not you wish to improve the estate? With the money from the sale of these outlying acres — bad, unremunerative land, a loss to you every year, as I can prove if you will take the trouble to look into the accounts — you can buy the Ovary Farm, joining on to your own land; a property your father would

have jumped at, had it been in the market."

"I have said I will not do it."

"Very well. I've only got the offer of it until to-night. Time enough for you to think better of it."

"Write at once, please, and decline."

"I don't think I will do that. Not quite yet."

He picked up his hat, and, abruptly bowing, walked to the door.

"You are at home all day, Mr. Alexander, I suppose?"

"Somewhere hereabout, Miss Traill. A message to the cottage will fetch me."

"I shall not have anything to say."

I like to know you are near. That's all."

"I'm never very far away."

A few signs of feminine occupation showed in the formal but pleasant room in which Miss Traill's father had carried on the business connected with his estate. The wide lattice windows stood freely open to the scented air of the summer morning; a bunch of roses, freshly gathered, lay on the writing-table at which the present owner of the property sat. In a deeply padded wicker chair beside her, her aunt, Mrs. March, reclined.

Of aunts and female cousins, Winifred Traill had a liberal supply, all of them ready to come at a moment's notice and stay for ever, if need be, to supply the place of father and mother to the orphaned young woman. But Winifred had early arranged to ring the changes among these devoted relatives rather than to put one in permanent residence. As it happened Aunt Sophy had not stayed at Swankey Court since her brother's death.

"Did you see the neck of him—how stiff it was?" Miss Traill asked, looking up from the letter she was writing.

"I thought he had a pugnacious face—distinctly pugnacious. And a most masterful way of comporting himself."

"Hasn't he?"

"Considering that he is your—what shall we call it?—hardly servant, perhaps?"

"Underling," supplied Winifred, writing on.

"That's it. He ought not to assume that air with you."

"I thought he'd put your back up, auntie." Miss Traill signed her letter and threw down her pen. "I shall have to give way about selling these wretched acres, you know. For three weeks I have told him I would not sell. For three weeks he has turned a deaf ear, and

hammered away. I can't do anything with him, as a matter of fact. He is master of the situation."

"My dear Winnie, show him that he is not."

Miss Traill gave a scornful laugh. "How?"

"Stand out about this matter. Make it a test question between you."

"Didn't you see me stand out? Didn't you hear him order me to change my mind?"

"No; I did not hear that, dear Winnie."

"I did," Winnie said. "Do you know what his name is, Aunt Sophy? Hector Alexander. I wonder it is not Caesar, Wellington, Napoleon, Hannibal, and all the rest of them, as well. How can you expect me to have strength to stand up against such a concentrated Force as he represents?"

"It does not require so much strength as dignity, dear Winnie; tact, gentle firmness—qualities I believe you to possess conspicuously."

"They seem to fail me here. You see; he's managed all my affairs for two years, and now I can't manage him—that's the truth of it. Hector Alexander's a strong man, Aunt Sophy."

"I thought there was something forbidding in his face."

Miss Traill laughed. "He is forbidding," she said. "He forbids me to have my own way in any single, small, trifling thing. I think I'm badly used, auntie."

"Get married, my dear, and let your husband take all your worries."

"Ah! and take the estate — and take me!"

She pulled forward an envelope, directed it, slipped within it the letter she had written. "This is to ask Gerald Herring to come in to dinner to-night, auntie."

"The Reverend Gerald Herring I have heard so much of? And how

many times has he asked you to marry him, Winnie?"

"Only twice. Seeing there's only the park between Swankey Court and Gerry's vicarage, I call that moderate, auntie."

"Don't they say the third time is fatal, my dear?"

"Then, never leave me alone with him for two minutes, Aunt Sophy, lest the third time comes off."

The young man from the vicarage answered his invitation in person that afternoon. "I've just looked in to say I'll come," he announced, finding the two ladies with their books beneath the beech trees in the garden.

Aunt Sophy, who had heard family talk of this rector of Winnie's—to be the Reverend Sir Gerald when his uncle died, and to whom Mr. Traill had presented the living, it was believed, not without a view to eventualities—was ready to fall in love with the young cleric's personal beauty and charm, as she was already impassioned of his aristocratic lineage.

"Well, how any girl can resist you, I don't know!" she said, apostrophising his slender back as the visitor, having at length been told by Winifred to go, retreated across the lawn. "I have rarely seen a handsomer man."

"Isn't he rather a dear? I thought you'd admire him," Winifred said, "for my taste, his neck is just a little too long."

"My dear! You don't admire a bull neck, like that creature's who was here this morning?"

"Poor Hector Alexander! Has he a bull neck? And I think Gerry's head a wee bit too small on the top of the too long neck. I like a man's head to look as though it held brains, even though there's only water in it."

"But Mr. Herring is certainly clever! Plenty of conversation. When the third time of asking

comes, my dear girl, you'll have to consent; and my blessing!"

"Everybody's consent, everybody's blessing! I don't suppose there'll be a dissentient voice. Except — perhaps — Hector Alexander's."

"He surely is not impertinent enough to expect a voice in the matter?"

"Before I do it I shall have to ask him."

"Of course, you're laughing"

"I do assure you it won't be any laughing matter."

"My dear Winnie" cried Mrs. March, aroused. "You must not let this agent dominate you in such a pronounced fashion. Something will have to be done. The man is evidently a tyrant."

"Will no one rid me of him?" Winnie asked.

"I will try, dear. Let me and this nice young Mr. Herring try. I am sure we would both do anything to serve you."

"Yes, do try. I give both of you leave to try—with pleasure," Winnie said.

When the ladies met in the drawing-room before dinner that night Mrs. March learnt that Mr. Hector Alexander was also to make one of the party.

"Three is such an uncomfortable number," Winnie explained. "And Hector expects to be asked to dinner every now and then."

"He might expect! He wants to be put in his place, my dear."

"You do it, Aunt Sophy. I confess the feat is beyond me."

"I think I shall be able to do it with very little trouble," the elder lady said.

She entered on her task with great satisfaction to herself in the minute it took her to traverse the hall from drawing-room to dining-room, the tips of her distinguished fingers resting on the plebeian agent's arm.

"This is the first visit I have paid

to Swankey since my dear brother's death," she said. "What an interesting sight to see this young lady at the head of the estate. Squire of the parish. All her affairs so well in hand. She so capable of managing and directing. She might have been chosen from all the world to fill such a post, Mr. Alexander. Beautiful in person, of commanding intellect, and strong business capacity——"

"Pardon me, I don't think she has any business capacity whatever," the agent said. "In fact, she knows no more about her own affairs than a babe. She is at the mercy of any unscrupulous person: an idiot could cheat her."

"I entirely disagree with you, I am happy to say. In fact, I think, with her, that not enough is left to her unassisted judgment. No one should attempt to bias her decisions. Her authority should be unquestioned."

"Do you and Miss Traill really think all that?"

"We do; emphatically. However, it is to be hoped that when she marries—and I greatly hope it will be before long—her husband, while assisting her with the fatiguing part of her duties, will—will——" She floundered here, not knowing exactly what it was she wanted the husband to do.

The agent, listening with imperturbable face, did not help her out.

"It will be very satisfactory," she concluded as she reached the dinner table.

"You think so?" Alexander asked, and took his seat with an air of stolid indifference.

Aunt Sophy, placed opposite her niece, gazed at the men on either side the table. "What a contrast!" she mentally ejaculated. "Bourgeois et gentilhomme!"

She was pleased with the phrase; she would use it to Winnie later on, she thought.

"Bourgeois" had much less height than his aristocratic-looking fellow-

guest, was of much heavier build, his shoulders very broad, his chest very deep. His stiff, high collar must have been three sizes larger than that which encircled the young parson's elegant throat, Mrs. March disgustedly decided.

"Dear me! He looks as if he would knock anybody down for sixpence!" Aunt Sophy said. "I shall certainly not rest till Winnie has wiped her hands of him."

Having bidden her agent to her dinner table, it seemed that Miss Traill took little further notice of him. He sat, for the most part, silent, listening, or not listening, to the talk among the rest. But his silence was evidently more the effect of imperturbability and an absolute confidence in himself, making him superior to the usual anxiety of the ordinary man not to be a nonentity than the outcome of awkwardness or shyness.

Miss Traill and her clerical guest had apparently an endless flow of conversation. They had the same friends, had read the same books, been to the same places; from Winifred's talk to-night, it appeared, enjoyed the same tastes. Each evinced an undisguised pleasure in the society of the other.

"There is not much doubt how this is going to end!" Aunt Sophy smiled to herself, looking across at her charming niece.

The Squire, as they called her in Swankey, was beautifully dressed—more beautifully than Mrs. March thought the informal dinner warranted; but it was natural, the lady reflected, that the girl should wish to show herself at her best to the man she was expecting to marry. Brown-haired, and softly tinted, she looked her sweetest in pink; and pink of a tender shade she wore, in soft folds crossing upon her white breast, in transparent gauziness veiling her white arms. A pearl pendant was at the base of her round throat,



"MR. ALEXANDER IS NEVER BEATEN, ARE YOU?"

and a pearl comb in her soft cloudy hair.

"Small wonder that he is madly in love with her!" her aunt thought, and turned from the contemplation of the happy couple to that of the silent agent, patiently eating his dinner, his mind one could divine, fixed on nothing more interesting than the means he would adopt to coerce his employer into taking the course he desired.

"By the way, Mr. Alexander, you were speaking of my niece selling an outlying property. Where is it, exactly? I knew the estate well in my brother's time."

Winifred was enjoying some joke the Reverend Gerry was telling her, but she heard, and turned at once to the agent.

"You wrote about it, as I suggested, Mr. Alexander?"

"Oh, yes."

"And declined the offer, of course?" Aunt Sophy supplied brightly. "Come, dear Winnie, I felt sure Mr. Alexander would follow your wishes exactly in the matter."

"Not exactly, either," Alexander explained slowly. "I wrote and asked them to give us another day's grace. They said they would, till to-morrow. It will give you a few hours longer to think about it," he said, looking directly at the lady in pink.

She turned from his gaze to the clergyman, with a lip that twitched for a moment. "What would you do?" she asked him; and she, her aunt eagerly joining in, explained the matter in dispute. "Now, Gerry, shall I do as Mr. Alexander wishes, or as I wish?"

"As you wish," the young parson said without a moment's hesitation, and with a smiling look in her eyes.

"There, you see, Mr. Alexander!" Mrs. March cried, briskly. "Two to one. And that, to my thinking, must conclude the matter. You must acknowledge yourself beaten."

The ladies had risen. "Mr. Alexander is never beaten, are you?" Miss Traill said, glancing at him as she passed him at the door.

"I like to be quite sure I am before I give in," Hector Alexander said.

"My dear, send him about his business," Aunt Sophy repeated, the pair being alone.

"I really must," said Winifred looking down into her coffee cup. "It is the only thing to be done, isn't it, auntie?"

"Dismiss him. Do it at once. Strike while the iron is hot," the elder lady encouraged. ("You are perfectly lovely in that frock, Winifred.") He had the impertinence to tell me to-night you had no head for business."

"I know he thinks that. He must be punished, auntie."

"Show him that, at any rate, you have determination."

"I will. You must be sure to back me up, Aunt Sophy!"

They drank their coffee on the terrace. Presently the men, having little to say to each other, came out to them there, with their cigars. And the four sat and watched the summer's dusk creep up through the park and settle slowly, like a gently disposed veil, on the roses in the garden at their feet. The great white owl came out from its nest in the elm tree and floated heavily on silent wing across the empty night. Ere long a star smiled in the dark blue of the sky.

The sweet influences of the night hushed the word and laughter on Miss Traill's lips. From being very gay she had grown very quiet, and lay in her chair with upturned face and dreaming eyes, out of which all the mischief had gone.

The Reverend Gerald Herring was a man who dreaded a silence in a social gathering as a reproach to his own conversational prowess. He talked on, therefore, gaily and unre-

mittingly, to Mrs. March, leaving the other unresponsive pair to their own thoughts.

"My dear Winnie, warm as it is, you should have something over your shoulders," the aunt said at length. "Which of these gentlemen will fetch you a wrap?"

"Bourgeois et gentilhomme," the good lady said again to herself as one man only rose, alert to do her bidding.

Alexander got slowly to his feet as the other went indoors.

"There is a matter of business on which I have to speak to you to-night. Could you spare me five minutes?" he asked of Miss Traill

"Surely my poor niece may be free of business bothers to-night," the indignant aunt protested.

But the "poor niece" got up docilely and led the way indoors.

In the office it was nearly quite dark. "Do you need a lamp?" she asked him.

"Oh no. I have, after all, very little to say. From a word or two Mrs. March said to-night, and from—other things—I derived the impression you are going soon to be married. I wish to ask you if this is true."

"Why?"

"I shall not continue as your agent when you are married to Mr. Herring."

"I suppose not."

"Are you going to be married to him?"

"Not to-morrow, Mr. Alexander; nor next week; nor— You may be quite sure I shall not forget to mention to you when I am going to be married to Mr. Herring."

They stood by the open window. There was light enough to show that she held her head high, that his face was pale.

"It is a matter of importance to me, I wish to remind you."

"To me also my marriage will be a matter of some importance."

Then she turned her eyes from the garden into which they had been gazing and set them on his face.

"We have worked together for a couple of years," she said, and her voice was suddenly very winning, "seeing each other every day. I should feel—something—in parting from you; and you——"

"I shall have to look out for another place," he said shortly. "That is why I want to be warned in time——"

"I see. But I am so accustomed to your—rule, Mr. Alexander; so used to—doing exactly what you tell me, that even in taking this step—this step of my marriage—I should like to be sure you approved."

"That is quite out of my province, Miss Traill. It is not in the bargain. You have not paid me to advise you in your matrimonial choice, and I decline the responsibility."

He turned on his heel and walked to the door, but after a minute came back to her.

"Nevertheless, I would prevent your marriage with this nincompoop parson, if I could," he said.

"You would, Mr. Alexander?"

"He has asked you twice before, and you didn't take him!"

"It is the third time which is always fatal. He has begged me to see him alone to-morrow morning."

"You could have told him that your mornings are always given up to business with me."

"That would hardly have been true—or polite, Mr. Alexander."

"In short, you wish to give him the opportunity?"

"I think it will be a good thing over—and settled."

"Then my connection with your affairs must cease at once. You understand?"

"It is you who will it so. I shall miss you, Mr. Alexander, for my part; rather."

"I am afraid not for long. Can I see you to-morrow morning to

decide finally about the sale of that property I advise.

"Certainly. Get here before Mr. Herring, will you? or I might not be able to spare you any time."

"I will endeavor to do so. Good-night, Miss Traill."

"Good-night, Mr. Alexander."

Winifred, left in the office alone, stood for some minutes in the window, looking up at the stars. When about to cross the brightly lit hall on her way to the drawing-room, she saw the agent standing, solitary, under the great central lamp, putting on his light top-coat over his dress-clothes. She drew back into the doorway and watched him, as slowly he thrust in his arms, slowly picked up and adjusted his cap. She waited, while with an abstracted air he chose a cigarette from his case, stood with cigarette in one hand and match in the other, forgetting that he held either, his heavy jaw advanced, his eyes fixed on a spot a yard beyond his own feet, evidently lost in thought.

Miss Traill moved, with her softly rustling draperies, across the hall: "Mr. Alexander," she said, and her voice was very low and sweet, "I should like you to sell the property you were speaking of; and to buy the farm you recommend me to acquire. Will you attend to it, please?"

"Certainly, Miss Traill." He had removed his cap, but he did not look at her.

"And you will see me about it in the morning, before Mr. Herring comes?"

"As you wish it. Certainly."

"You will be sure to be here before Mr. Herring?"

"You may depend on me."

"Good-night again."

"Good-night."

"That young Mr. Herring is the most liberal-minded young man," Mrs. March said when the ladies were alone. "He has been telling

me that as a business man your agent is quite unrivalled in the county."

"That is sweet of Gerry. Did he tell you anything else about him, auntie? That he is also the best whip in the county, has the best seat on a horse, rides the straightest to hounds, is a crack shot?"

"Is that so? But these things are not of much importance in an agent, dear."

"They are of importance in my agent, Aunt Sophy. You see, if he hadn't the sense to have things better than other men, and to do them better, I would not have had him for mine."

"Well, dear—if you look at it so! And there is something to be said for everyone, no doubt. But I think you would be happier with a person less autocratic in his place, Winnie. I still think we should try to be rid of him."

"Oh, we must certainly try, auntie," Winnie said. "In fact, when he comes to see me to-morrow morning I think I shall tell him to go, Aunt Sophy."

"Do, my dear; and when Mr. Herring comes, Winnie?"

"Why, I suppose I shall take Mr. Herring on instead, auntie."

Driving his dogcart on his way to hold his business interview with Miss Traill on the next morning, Mr. Hector Alexander must pass the vicarage. From its gate the Reverend Gerald was emerging, and he hailed the agent and asked him for a lift on his way. With a sullen face its driver stopped the spirited horse, and the young vicar climbed to the seat beside him.

"There is no particular hurry," Herring said, for it seemed to him they were rushing on their way somewhat recklessly.

"I beg your pardon; I am in a hurry," Alexander announced, and the horse flew along the road which divided the park. "Fact is, I pro-

mised Miss Traill to see her before you," he added.

"And now we shall both arrive together," the vicar said.

"We aren't there yet," the agent reminded him.

"Ever been turned out of a trap?" he was asking the vicar presently.

"Only twice in my life," the other said, his eyes fixed rather nervously upon the horse's ears.

"Like to go a third time?" the driver questioned.

"What do you mean? Lookout, man! We shall be on the bank!"

Miss Traill and her aunt were sauntering through the garden ways in the sunshine, when Winifred, suddenly stopping short, lifted a head to listen.

"Hark! Did you hear that?" she asked. "Someone called out. And there was a crashing sound. Look! Mrs. Peck is running from the lodge. There is an accident, Aunt Sophy!"

She started running towards the lodge gates, Mrs. March, less fleet of foot, hurrying after her. Halfway down the drive she was met by an excited Mrs. Peck on her way to the stable for help.

"It is Mr. Alexander's trap," she gasped. "Two of 'em in it. One of 'em's lying like death, miss."

"Which?"

"Oh, I don't know—don't ask me!"

But Winifred went, running with shaking knees and an ashen face. Presently Peck and a couple of stable-helps passed her, also running. "One of 'em's badly hurt, if he ain't dead. Best ride for a doctor," the woman screamed after them.

"Which?" Winifred called to her in vain. "Which?" she kept sobbing to herself as she ran on.

And when at last she reached the lodge gates, and in a few minutes, by gaining the road, could have known, her courage failed, and she turned off into the park, going heavily, with feet catching in the long grass beneath the trees, which

bordered the road. Perhaps when she reached the spot she would know without seeing—perhaps she might force herself to look over the fence—

She heard voices—Peck's hoarse tones, and—whose was that? Gerry's—Gerry's, sounding more shrill and excited than its wont. He was there, then! She had felt that he was one of the two. And it was not Gerry who was hurt! After all, she dared not look—she dared not know.

She turned her back on the road, and began making her way into the more deeply wooded part of the park. Someone who had seen her from the road, and had leapt the hedge, ran after her, ran past her, turned to meet her with arms extended to stop her.

She held him, with both hands clutching the collar of his coat, her eyes straining at his face, breathless, too moved for speech.

"Oh, are you hurt?" she gasped at last. "They said—they said you were hurt!"

"I am not hurt. No one is hurt."

"You aren't telling me truth. Oh! there is blood on your face, Hector!"

* * * * *

"You did it on purpose," she was saying to him presently.

"What makes you think such a thing?"

"You dare not look at me and say you did not do it on purpose! You might have broken his neck; poor Gerry! Aren't you a very wicked, wicked man?"

"Yes, dear."

"I can't have such a wicked man for my agent, Hector."

"No, darling."

"My husband is going for the future to be my agent, let me tell you."

"I always meant he should be."

"Hector Wellington Napoleon Hannibal Caesar Alexander?"

"The same."

A Central American Incident

How the British Navy Protected a Canadian

By
WATSON GRIFFIN.

A VERY large amount of Canadian capital has been invested in the countries of Spanish-America in the development of water power, the building of street railways, the purchase of oil lands, and in mining and lumbering operations. It is not the purpose of this article to consider whether it is wise policy to invest Canadian capital in foreign countries when there are so many opportunities for investment in Canada. However this may be, there is reason to believe that in the future even more than in the past many of the great engineering and commercial enterprises of Spanish-America will be financed by the group of men who control the banking and insurance institutions of Canada. There is a large and increasing demand for manufactured goods in those countries; already some of our Canadian manufacturers are reaching out for the trade, and a large export business to Spanish-America may be regarded as a certainty of the future.

Now, it is well known that government is not very stable in some of the Spanish-American republics, and that the ideas of law, order and personal liberty are very different from those which prevail in Canada, but few Canadians know to how great an extent the safety of Canadian investments and the liberty of Canadians employed in connection with them depend upon the power of the British navy.

Nearly forty years ago, before

Canadian capitalists had turned their attention to Spanish-America, at a time when it would be correct to say there were no Canadian capitalists, a Canadian by the name of McGee, a naturalist of no mean attainments, went from Montreal to Central America to make certain studies there, and eventually settled on the west coast of the Republic of Guatemala at the little town of San Jose, the port of entry for the capital city. He was shortly afterward appointed British consular agent at San Jose. The position was not a lucrative one, but it had its honor and gave him time to pursue his studies. One evening in the year 1871 Mr. McGee was entertaining a few friends when a messenger came from the commandant at the port, saying he wished to see him. McGee said:

"Kindly give my compliments to the commandant and tell him it is impossible for me to go at present, but I will be over to see him as early in the evening as possible."

Shortly afterward the messenger returned and said: "The commandant demands your immediate presence and says to tell you if you do not at once appear before him he will place you under arrest."

McGee told the messenger that he would see the Commandant in a hotter place than San Jose before he would comply with such a threatening order, and if the Commandant wished to see him immediately he had better come himself.

HOW THE BRITISH NAVY PROTECTED A CANADIAN

The Commandant did come, but with a body of soldiers, and carrying McGee off to military prison, ordered that he should receive fifty stripes on the naked back. As an actual fact McGee received fifty-one stripes and lay almost at death's door for several months at the home of another Canadian, Mr. Stanley McNider, of Guatemala City. He owed his life to the careful nursing of Mr. and Mrs. McNider, who, like himself, were natives of Montreal.

Meantime, however, the British Minister at Guatemala was active. He at once cabled the Home Office and immediately came a reply that a British cruiser then lying off Puntarenas, Costa Rica, had been ordered to San Jose, and would be there within forty-eight hours, and instructions were that if during the interim the Guatemalan Government had not made official apology, not only to the British Government, but also to McGee, and agreed to pay McGee five hundred pounds sterling for each and every stripe received, a total of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, San Jose should be taken. Before the British warship arrived the official apologies were given, immediate payment of the money offered and the Commandant reduced to the ranks and imprisoned. McGee did not accept the money, but he afterwards pointed out that the facilities for shipping and landing goods at San Jose were inadequate and that if he were given exclusive dockage rights he could secure capital to provide proper facilities. The Government of Guatemala granted him the exclusive rights asked for and he disposed of them to the Campania de Agencias, which today is one of the wealthiest corporations in Spanish-America, while McGee himself is a multi-millionaire.

About twenty years after the punishment and compensation of McGee, a near relative of mine was attending to some business in the Republic of Guatemala when war broke out be-

tween that country and the neighboring Republic of Salvador.

He had traveled much in Spanish-American countries, having an extensive business with a large number of native agents under his direction. He was thoroughly familiar with the Spanish language and well acquainted with the customs of the people, but had found on many occasions that nothing but his British citizenship saved him from outrageous treatment. The mere mention of the fact that he was a Canadian and a British citizen everywhere commanded respect. Some weeks after the outbreak of the war between Guatemala and Salvador I received from him a letter which read as follows:

"Since I left Canada I have more than once written you that I found my British citizenship of immense value while traveling in these southern lands. I may now relate another incident which will, perhaps, interest you. You have, of course, read in the newspapers about the war between Guatemala and Salvador. When the war broke out I happened to be at Coban, several days' mule-back trip across the mountains from Guatemala City, and had with me my mozo (Indian servant), saddle mules for him and myself, and a cargo mule for our luggage. I hastened for Guatemala City, intending to wind up business there, then get out of the country and down to Nicaragua by steamer. We found the country everywhere up in arms and men and animals being pressed into service. As it was, every day there were military attempts to seize my animals for army purposes. Fortunately, I had my British passport (Canadian issue) and we got through to Guatemala City without serious delay.

"My steamer was not to sail from San Jose until the third day, and as restrictions as to travelers were daily growing more severe I deemed it wise to take all possible precautions, so called at the British Legation and saw

Mr. Chapman, acting charge d'affairs. He asked for my passport, which he endorsed and officially stamped, and said he thought that would be sufficient, but as further precautionary measure, gave me a letter to the Guatemalan Minister of Foreign Affairs, asking him to give me any further papers necessary. The Foreign Office took a day to prepare a special document covering two large folios of double vellum, which called upon everyone in the Republic to afford me protection and freedom of travel. I took this back to the British Legation for examination by Mr. Chapman, who said that he considered I was well armed, but that should I by any means find trouble, to communicate with him by wire or otherwise and he would immediately act in the name of the British Government. I left for San Jose on the early train next morning, arriving at San Jose at noon, expecting steamer for Nicaragua to be there, but found it would not arrive until night. I left luggage at the docks, but spent the day about town. The steamer did not come that night, and the next morning, learning that it would be evening again before it arrived, and needing some of my luggage in the meantime, I picked up a couple of mozos to carry it from the docks to my hotel. On our way to the hotel we were stopped by a lieutenant with a squad of soldiers. He ordered me to proceed with him to the Commandancy. I asked permission to first see my luggage to the hotel, which he refused, but kindly deputed a couple of soldiers to see that the mozos took it safely.

"As I marched into the Commandancy, another officer and squad filed in with five more prisoners. The Commandant, a very military and very pompous looking individual, sat at his desk and we were all lined up before him. He commenced with me and asked what papers I had. From his manner and tone I judged he considered I had some seditious papers on me, so declared I had none.

"What," he said, "Have you no permit to travel?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I have my passport," starting to produce it.

"That is no good. I don't want to see it. What else?"

"I got out my big document from the Foreign Office and handed it to him. He merely glanced at it, threw it down and said, 'That is worthless.'

"I told him it was all I had. He turned to the officer in charge and said, 'Remove the prisoner aside,' and I was forthwith marched to the other side of the room with two soldiers to guard over me. The Commandant then proceeded with the other prisoners, each of whom produced a small slip of paper about the size of a note sheet, which was at once accepted, endorsed and returned and the men were free.

"I then asked the Commandant what was required.

"A permit from the Minister of War," he replied.

"But I am a foreigner."

"I know you are a foreigner."

"Well, as such it seems to me I have only to do with the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

"It makes no difference what it seems to you. It is what I require."

"What happens to me without it?" I asked.

"You remain prisoner until you get it. You may, subject to our censure, communicate by wire or letter with your country's Minister at Guatemala, and if everything be all right he will doubtless arrange the matter for you."

"Mr. Commandant," I said, "my steamer goes out this evening and there will not be another for ten days. It is a matter of great importance to me that I should go on it, and if I am detained by you I will see that it costs both you and your Government a pretty penny."

"You had better be careful how you talk to me," he angrily replied.

"You had better be careful how you act with me," I said, "You know

HOW THE BRITISH NAVY PROTECTED A CANADIAN

what happened in 1871 to a Commandant, who in this same port, took high-handed procedure with a British subject?

“‘Are you a British subject?’

“‘I am.’

“‘Let me see your passport.’

“‘I handed it to him. He examined it, then rose from his chair, stepped forward and said:

“‘I sincerely beg your pardon—I thought you were an American,’ and placing a chair for me, added, ‘Please be seated.’

“‘He instructed an orderly to bring some papers from an adjoining room, and after looking them over, said:

“‘Let me see. You came down from Guatemala by yesterday noon train, didn’t you?’

“‘Yes,’ I said.

“‘Well, I only received my instructions from the Minister of War this morning, and as you came in yesterday, I consider your document from the Minister of Foreign Affairs will be ample.’

“‘He then urged me to have luncheon with him, but I refused and went to the hotel. However, in less than half an hour he came over to the hotel and was so insistent that I finally went to luncheon with him and remained to dinner. I was treated throughout as a guest of honor. When my steamer arrived at night it was anchored about a mile out, as all steamers there are on account of the dangerous coast, but instead of being taken out in a ‘lighter,’ as all other passengers were, the Commandant himself took me out in the Government’s steam launch.

“‘As you already know, this is but one of many instances of British prestige. I have been through other affairs in different countries, all redounding to the fame of British protection, and I know of many more that have happened to others.

“‘I have no sympathy with those Canadians who talk of separation from the British Empire. I know there are not many of them at home, and I

think there are none of them here, for any Canadian who has traveled in these countries must recognize the value of his British citizenship. If Canada is to hold her own in the many countries to which her growing commerce extends, if her citizens are to feel proud of their country in every part of the world where they may find themselves they must know that not only at home but abroad their rights will be respected because of their citizenship, and in many foreign lands such respect and protection can only be relied upon when it is known that force would be used, if necessary, to maintain their rights and that such force would be adequate.”

Since the war between the United States and Spain showed the efficiency of the American navy, the prestige of the United States has greatly improved throughout the southern continent, and Americans are no longer held in contempt.

The same spirit of adventure and enterprise that made the early French explorers the pathfinders of North America, the same spirit that has sent Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen over the face of the earth and made the British Isles the world’s commercial centre moves in the hearts of Canadians to-day. Almost every Canadian family has at least one of its members abroad. They are found in every state of the American Union, in Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and all the countries of South America, in China, Japan, India and Africa. Wherever they go they are protected by the British navy and the British flag, the symbol of British power. What a sense of security it gives to a traveler, whether bound on business or pleasure, to know that the whole might of the British Empire is behind him! But how mean he feels when his fellow British passenger reminds him that the over-burdened taxpayers of the British Isles are paying the whole cost of maintaining British prestige!

The time has come for Canadians

to do their share in policing the seas. If they have the spirit of adventure and enterprise which distinguished their French and English ancestors they must have also the pride that would make Frenchmen or Englishmen scorn dependence upon any other nation for protection at home or abroad. Canadian naval defence should mean something more than defence of Canadian shores. It should mean defence of the rights of Canadian citizens everywhere. This can be best secured by the maintenance of a strong and efficient Canadian unit of the Imperial navy, which should be ready at all times to co-operate with the British fleets in the North Sea or any other sea, but should have as its special duty the guarding of the shores of Canada and the British West In-

dies and the protection of British citizens in the countries of Spanish-America. In return for this service to the Empire Canada might without shame depend upon the British navy for the protection of Canadians in other quarters of the world.

There might also be arranged in the future some system of co-operation with the American navy. To depend upon the Monroe doctrine and the taxpayers of the United States for protection of our citizens, as has been proposed, would be disgraceful to the Canadian people, but there would be nothing humiliating in the acceptance of service for service. The navies of the British Empire and the United States combined could enforce the maintenance of peace, law and order throughout the world.

Ending One's Work

By Josiah Gilbert Holland

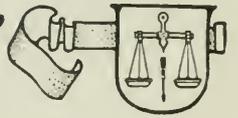
I ACCOUNT the loss of a man's life and individuality, through the non-adaptation or mal-adaptation of his powers to his pursuits, the greatest calamity, next to the loss of personal virtue, that he can suffer in this world.

If there be one man before me who honestly and contentedly believes that, in the whole, he is doing that work to which his powers are best adapted, I wish to congratulate him. My friend, I care not whether your hand be hard or soft; I care not whether you are from the office or the shop; I care not whether you preach the everlasting gospel from the pulpit or swing the hammer over a blacksmith's anvil; I care not whether you have seen the inside of a college or the outside—whether your work be that of the head or that of the hand—whether the world account you noble or ignoble, if you have found your place, you are a happy man. Let no ambition ever tempt you away from it by so much as a questioning thought. I say, if you have found your place—no matter what or where it is—you are a happy man. I give you joy of your good fortune; for if you do the work of that place well, and draw from it all that it can give you of nutriment and discipline and development, you are, or you will become, a man filled up—made after God's pattern—the noblest product of the world—a self-made man.—
From "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects."

BY RIGHT OF MIGHT



by Archie D. McKishnie



TIMBERTON, junior member of the Timberton Scale Company, sniffed trouble as soon as he entered the office, a large red-faced man glanced up from his desk, transfixed Timberton with one quick, icy glance and went on with the perusal of his morning's mail. Timberton shoved his suit-case under the table and glanced down at the pile of letters awaiting his attention. There was one lying open. It was brief and to the point. Timberton read it while he was drawing his chair out. Then he sat down and read it again.

"Well, don't that just beat the devil," he soliloquized half aloud.

"Yes, but unfortunately not our competitors, the Jepperman Scale Company," snorted his father, wheeling about. "The Jepperman people seem to be getting the whip-hand on us at every turn of late. How do you account for it, and how, I might ask, do you, sir, account for this, the cancelation of the biggest order of the season?" waving a pudgy hand toward the letter. Timberton, Jr., shrugged his shoulders and his black brows met in a straight line. He pushed his chair back and stood up. He was a tall, raw-boned man with a square chin like his father's, probing eyes like his father's, temper like his father's. "How do I account for it?" he repeated, "why I think that may be done easily enough. I should have stayed in Wilbury until the test was completed and the papers signed. I knew it, but, as usual," with a low bow, "you knew better. You said come in and make ready for Winnipeg. I came leaving that oily Dake,

Jepperman's agent on the ground. That's all."

"No! it's not all, sir. You might add that in spite of the fact that our springless, "Nonthermostat" is acknowledged the best scale on the market, it's the Jepperman Scale that is going to be placed in the Wilbury Departmental store. The manager just don't say that in his letter. He don't need to. He simply states that our scale, under test, has proven unsatisfactory, and this, after him telling you that he had decided to give ours the preference over the Jepperman, placed on approval in several departments of his store at the same time as our "Nonthermostat." We lose this order, then who, I ask you, will get the Figuet, the Stanley and the big Martin orders now? Jepperman, of course."

"Not by a-blamed sight." The son brought a big fist down on his table with a crash that sent the open letter flying across the room. The senior partner's cold eyes gleamed approval for a brief second's time then they burrowed into his letters. "Dake seems to have the knack of plucking your "near orders," he said with a dry smile. "The present case is simply a repetition of what happened in Quebec. Our scales came back yesterday, Jepperman's scales stayed. I don't want to think that little Dake a cleverer man than my son and partner. Have I made myself clear, sir?"

"Quite clear, thank you." Timberton walked over to the speaking tube. "Send Dorrin down to the office," he called. "How are you, Dorrin," spoke Timberton, waving the shipping-clerk to a seat. "Look



R. F. JOHNSTON. 99

"HOW DO I ACCOUNT FOR IT?" HE REPEATED

a little tired. Not used to long railroad trips, eh? By the way, you found everything right in Quebec, I suppose. Brought the scales back with you, eh? Have you unpacked them yet?"

"Yes sir," answered the clerk, "I unpacked them this morning."

"Well, suppose we go and have a look at them?"

Dorrin hesitated and made as though to speak. Then he passed through the door held open by Timberton.

"Turn on all the lights," spoke that gentleman, when they had reached the shipping room. "Now Dorrin, just point out the ones that have been away on vacation."

Timberton passed along scanning and testing the mechanical parts of the scales. The shipping-clerk stood behind him, toying nervously with a marking brush he held in his hands. After what seemed to him a long time, Timberton stood up and stretched his long arms with a yawn.

He sat down on a packing-box and motioned the other over beside him.

"Dorrin," he spoke, "You've been with us nearly four years. I've learned to depend on you in one way and another, maybe its because we used to swap grievances, before I was promoted." He laughed and slapped the clerk's shoulder. Dorrin's responsive laugh was a failure. "I'm going to ask you something," continued Timberton, "but before I do I'd like to know if there is anything you would like to tell me."

Dorrin stood up. "I guess maybe there is something," he said slowly, "I met Dake at the depot when I was leaving Quebec. We had words and I struck him."

"Why?"

Dorrin winced. "Maybe I was wrong," he said hesitatingly, "but the fact is I found every set of our scales out of balance. Somebody had loosened the adjusting device. I found out that Dake had bought

BY RIGHT OF MIGHT.

the night-watchman a new overcoat and I put two and two together."

Timberton got up and walked up and down the room.

"Turn off the lights, Dorrin," he said at length, "and Dorrin," he laughed catchingly and gripped the clerk's hand, "you're all right, boy, Keep on."

Timberton strode back to the office, head up and eyes ominous.

"You will please raise Dorrin's salary five dollars a week," he addressed the accountant. He turned from the wicket to meet the astonished and angry gaze of his father and partner. For a long second their eyes clashed, then Timberton reached under the table for his grip.

"I'm going to Wilbury," he announced shortly and passed out.

Through four golden hours of the afternoon Timberton sat in a private compartment of the International Limited smoking cigar after cigar and thinking, thinking.

He was still smoking and thinking when the train drew into Wilbury. Hoarse-throated hack-drivers bowed to him deferentially and waved him an invitation to ride up-town.

Timberton handed his grip to the driver of the Union Hotel, and swung down a by-street. It was evening and the cold electric lights

that kill the twilight beauty, jabbed spitefully through the semi-darkness. Timberton skirted the main thoroughfare and sought the Wilbury Departmental store by a round-about course. As he expected, he found the store closed for the day; but a glimmer of light dribbled through the chink between the blind

and sash of the office window. Timberton knocked and waited. Then he knocked again. He heard a chair being pushed back and a step come down the hall. The door swung open and a short, heavy-set man in his shirt-sleeves, peered out.

Timberton stepped inside. "Mr. Fish," he said, "I want three minutes of your time and I want it now."

The manager of the Wilbury store turned with a frown, then recognizing his visitor, laughed and held out his hand.

"Mr. Timberton," he said, "you may have as much of my time as you wish, but before you

speak allow me to express my regret at being compelled, after an honest test, to purchase a different make of scale than your own, for our various departments."

"Tell me," said Timberton, dropping into a seat, "I would like to know just what changed your mind regarding our scale. You remem-



"DAKE HAD BOUGHT THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN A NEW OVERCOAT."

ber, you were more than pleased with it, you told me so."

"And, ecad, I meant it too. Every word of it. I thought it had the Jepperman spring scale beat to a stand-still. But, do you know after you left here that scale of yours seemed to develop nervous trouble. Couldn't seem to control itself at all; indicator balked and wouldn't stop anywhere, it seemed. Why man, it takes it a full half minute to come to balance. You know what that means in a place like this."

Timberton nodded. He pulled a circular from his pocket and placed it on the table before the manager. "See that?" he asked indicating, with his pencil, a small thumb-screw in the scale's beam. "That screw adjusts the balance. It has to be kept tight. It takes years to loosen it ever so slightly and it was tight on all the scales, when I left."

Mr. Fish looked his surprise. "Then somebody?" he commenced and checked himself, nodding his head slowly up and down.

"Precisely," answered, Timberton.

"And I could'nt find the book of directions you left me either," said the manager, "do you suppose, Timberton, somebody got hold of that, too?"

"Undoubtedly."

Mr. Fish leaned back with a sigh.

Suddenly he rose and pressed an electric button. "John," he spoke, to a man with a lantern, who responded to the summons, "light the way into the grocery department."

In the grocery department the Timberton "Nonthermostat" and the Jepperman scales, reposed side by side on the various counters. Timberton picked up a three pound weight and placed it on his scale. The indicator swayed drunkenly to and fro, and in exactly half a minute came to a stand-still.

"You see," spoke Mr. Fish, with a shrug, "it's too much of a time-killer, my boy."

"And you see," said Timberton,

"this adjusting screw has been loosened as far as it will go. However, one twist of thumb and finger fixes that. Now then put on your weight."

Mr. Fish placed the weight on the platform, and at once the indicator flashed about and stood still. "That quick enough?" smiled Timberton.

"Well, now," commenced Mr. Fish, then he swung about on the night-watchman. "You have never admitted any one here after hours, have you John?" he asked sternly

"No, sir," answered John promptly, "At least no one except Mr. Dake, sir, who came to me with an order from you. He'd left some tools here as he needed, so he said."

"So Dake had an order from me, did he?" said the manager, quietly, "an order to be admitted after business hours, the liar."

He turned to Timberton, "I gave Dake an order for thirty sets of his scales not two hours ago," he said. "You've got to come over to the Union with me right now and help me get that order back."

"With pleasure," said Timberton.

Mr. Dake was smoking comfortably in his room, magazine on knees and feet on table, when he became aware that he had visitors.

Recognizing Mr. Fish, he smiled an oily smile, then, catching sight of Timberton, he brought his feet down off the table with a crash.

He sat, his small eyes shifting from one to the other of the men before him, the combination of triumph, insolence and conceit.

"Well?" he asked at length.

"I want that order back," said Mr. Fish.

"That order has been mailed to the company," smiled Dake.

Timberton strode over and stood before him. "You had better give Mr. Fish that order," he said, quietly, "and you had better be quick about it."

"Ho, it's a hold-up, eh?" snarled Dake. "Well, we'll see about that," and he reached for the bell.

Timberton's strong hand gripped him by the collar, and he was swung forcibly back into his seat.

"I tell you I haven't got the order," protested Dake.

"Oh, yes you have," said Timberton, "and because you got it by a trick, as you have got others, I'm going to take it from you by force if I have to break you all up to do it. You are going to learn your lesson right here. I'm speaking now under great restraint. If you don't believe that,

you needn't hurry about passing over the order."

Dake glanced up fearfully. One look at Timberton's face and he made haste to play safe. With shaking hand he drew the order from his pocket and threw it on the table.

Mr. Fish picked it up with a smile.

"All hunky," he said, "this is it."

That night Timberton took the midnight express back to the city. In his pocket reposed an order from the Wilbury departmental store.

Brain-Building

By

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE

"Buld me straight, O worthy Master !
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !"

THAT is practically the order given by every conscientious parent when he sends his boy to school. The vessel is the brain and the schoolmaster is entrusted with the building of it, but the fact is that it is already built before the schoolmaster's aid is invoked.

I remember asking that gifted man, the late Dr. Rutherford, when he was Headmaster of Westminster School, whether I should be correct in saying that, regarding education as a preparation for life, seventy-five per cent. of it in England was done before a boy entered a public school. His reply was, "Put it at ninety per cent. and you will be nearer the mark. What we do in public schools is to impart a certain polish, but the form and function of the particular article of furniture, and the texture and grain of the

wood, have been fixed and determined before it comes into our hands."

It would take volumes to describe fully the building of the brain, and to discuss the merits of the different styles of cerebral architecture that have been recommended as best calculated to fit it for its perilous voyage. There are brains of all sorts and sizes, of many different calibres, but whatever their dimensions, capacities, or uses may be they are all built of the same kind of material. They are constructed of brain substance, white and grey, and it is about that, that I wish to say a few words.

The most wonderful stuff in the world is the brain substance—the apotheosis of protoplasm. If we could read it aright, and holding it in our hands understand what it is, we should have revealed to us more fully than by any "flower in the crannied wall" what "God and Man is."

The brain substance proper, or grey mantle, composed of countless mil-

lions of cells, little pyramids of nucleated protoplasm, sending out branches in all directions, and enclosing the mass of white substance made up of conducting cables, differs demonstrably in structure in different animals and in different regions of the same human brain. As regards the form, number, arrangement, and connections of the elements of which it is built up, it is not alike in any two human brains—never was and never will be—for it is the arcanum of individuality.

But as regards its chemical constitution, brain substance is, everywhere, very much the same. It is impossible to distinguish in the test tube between a bit from the brain of an idiot and a bit from the brain of a philosopher. And yet we are justified in inferring that there are chemical differences in it if we could only detect them.

In certain diseased conditions chemical changes have been recognized in the nerve tissues and in the fluid that lubricates the great cerebro-spinal shaft and dome, and it is probable that subtle differences and substitutions in its diorganic compounds correspond with differences in temperament and habit of action.

It is upon the integrity and vigor of this brain substance that all mental manifestations depend, and therefore the due supply of proper nutriment to it is of paramount importance in connection with all human affairs. The brain must be suitably dieted if it is to do its work, and the question of the feeding of the brain is therefore one in which all are interested.

Now the brain, like all other organs in the body, feeds itself. The blood current, when normal, presents it with an ample choice of foods; and from these, it, with nice discrimination, selects those which are most suitable to its requirements. But the blood is not always normal; it may be impoverished and the brain is starved; it may be excessively enriched and the brain is surfeited; it may carry per-

nicious ingredients and the brain is poisoned.

Strictly speaking, there is no especial brain food, but there are certain constituents of food that are essential to brain nourishment, and amongst these there is one that has been exalted into a position of primary significance, and that is phosphorus. "*Ohne Phosphor kein Gedenke*," said Buchner—without phosphorus no thought—a wild generalization founded merely on the fact that a phosphorized fat enters into the composition of the brain. We might as truly say, "Without sulphur or without iron no thought."

Ever since its discovery in 1669, phosphorus, "the light bearer," has been credited, more on analogical than on scientific grounds, with some integral part in mental operations, and modern research has so far confirmed this by showing that it is necessary to the completeness and growth of the brain. Whenever growth is most active, phosphorus is most abundant; and the brain and the bones more especially demand supplies of it while they are developing.

A due admixture of it in the food of children and adolescents is therefore of vital importance; and while we cannot specify any particular diseased condition that is induced by a deficiency of phosphorus in food, we are warranted in concluding that as a deficiency of lime in the food causes softness of the bones, a deficiency of phosphorus may make the brain slow and slack in evolution.

But although phosphorus is essential to brain growth and health, quite enough of it for these purposes is to be found in an ordinary mixed diet, and there is no call for the use of phosphates in their inorganic form. It would seem indeed that phosphorus in its inorganic shape is much less useful than in its organic combinations, and it should therefore be furnished to the system as contained in food rather than in manufactured salts,

BRAIN-BUILDING.

which are phosphates of the alkalies and earths.

Foods, however, differ greatly in the amount of phosphorus they contain, and regard should be had to their phosphorous endowment in choosing and recommending foods for the young.

If the ultra-vegetarians had their way in the feeding of the young, indigence of the brain would probably be induced. A child reared on carrots and turnips, which contain 0.036 and 0.058 per cent, of phosphoric acid, respectively, would probably grow up sheepish, if it grew up at all, and make a poor show compared with another child fed on eggs and mutton, which yield 0.337 and 0.425 per cent. of phosphoric acid.

Of all ordinary foods cheese is richest in phosphorus. It contains as much, expressed as phosphorus pentoxide, as 1.81 per cent., while green vegetables contain only 0.18 per cent. As cheese, besides being well stored with phosphorus, is really the most concentrated form of nourishment with which we are acquainted, and contains in most suitable proportions the best nerve- and muscle-forming ingredients—a pound of Cheddar cheese represents the total casein and most of the fat in a gallon of milk—it is a highly desirable food for the young. The drawback is that the fat it contains makes it indigestible for delicate stomachs, and young stomachs are delicate as compared with adult ones.

Apart from mere idiosyncrasy, which is sometimes responsible for a repugnance to cheese, a distaste for it often arises out of its indigestibility, and this again is often attributable to its not having been properly masticated, to its having been eaten too freely after a full meal, or when over-ripe and so tough and dry, or to its not having been combined with farinaceous matter of some kind, as it should be. Properly employed and of proper quality, it is a form of food that is appetizing, wholesome, nutritious,

and cheap—excellent as a substitute for meat or to supplement an insufficient meat diet.

It is to be hoped that, having regard to these qualities and more particularly to its flesh- and brain-forming principles, and its freedom from toxins which conduce to gout, cheese will hereafter enter much more largely than it has hitherto done into the dietary of children and adolescents in the brain-sprouting period.

Special preparations of it, such as the Casona cheese and cream, which make savory combinations with farinaceous and vegetable foods of all kinds, and in broths and soups afford concentrated nutriment to the sick, and which supply proteids and phosphorus in a highly digestible form, will, I believe, prove a boon to the rising generation.

The recognition of the need of phosphorus as a brain food, and the belief that fish contains much of it, have led to the extensive use of fish by brain-workers. But the belief is a fallacy—founded, it appears, on a random statement by Dumas, the chemist—and those who seek phosphorus in fish will be disappointed. Fish is, nevertheless, an excellent food for brain-workers who are leading a sedentary life—as so many brain-workers do—for the lean kinds of it, at any rate, with a smaller proportion of proteids and of extractives, are less stimulating than meat. For young folks with excitable and unstable nervous systems or with neurotic tendencies, fish may with advantage to a large extent take the place of meat.

It was the quest for phosphorus, and a crude notion of like nourishing like, that originally led to the adoption of the brains of animals as a brain food for man; but recently it has been suggested that they might be beneficial otherwise than through the phosphorus in the lecithin which they contain.

The wonderful effects that have followed the administration of extracts derived from certain glands of the

animal body, or of these glands themselves, have created the hope that the growth and working of the brain might be furthered by feeding on animal brain substances or extracts which would supply to the lymph and blood in an easily assimilable form the active principles which are essential to brain nutrition.

It is now a matter of common knowledge that a transformation that may be called astounding has been wrought in cretinous idiots and the victims of myxœdema—a grim disease—by preparations of the thyroid gland of the sheep. Dwarfish, feeble-minded, toadlike, hide-bound beings—mere human caricatures—have been made to add a cubit to his stature, to display intelligence and assume comely lineaments by the supply to them of the material of which they had been deprived by defect in their own thyroid glands.

The triumphant results thus obtained have instigated experiments with many other healthy animal glands and bodies, with the view of rectifying many varieties of impaired nutrition and degeneration: and what may be called a fair trial has been given to cerebral or brain extract.

That trial has not proved satisfactory. The extract is not without some slight physiological action, but in mental disease it has been practically useless, and no indications have been obtained that brain-feeding in any shape will stimulate brain function or growth. The brains of animals may, therefore, continue, as they have hitherto done, to form a not very popular element in diet, a readily digestible but not highly nourishing food: but no expectation need be entertained that they will do more than this, or contribute to what, in slang phraseology, is known as "braininess."

As I have said, there is no special brain-food. At all stages of life a rational dietary based on physiological common-sense, which holds the balance between economy and prodigality, will yield the brain all that it

wants to make the best of its resources.

In the first stage of life—in infancy—mother's milk is the only thoroughly wholesome brain-food. No foster mother, or cow, or bottle nursing, or patent packet, can take the mother's place. Many a failure in life has been due to the denial of this natural right, and to a check given to brain-growth by improper feeding during the lactation period.

After infancy, at every stage the diet may be regulated on general principles, without any attempt at supplying any particular kind of building material to the brain. At every stage there are errors to be avoided and modifications to be adopted, but these can be adequately dealt with only in a treatise on dietetics.

At every stage a proper quantum of proteid—that omnipotent tissue former—which seems to have a stimulating influence on the brain, should be provided, and as growth goes on this should be derived more and more from animal foods, which are its most compact and digestible source.

There is one stage of growth when the proper feeding of the brain is of especial moment, and that is during the transition from childhood to adolescence. With the metamorphosis that then takes place there is a change in the appetite for food.

While the wisdom teeth are growing tastes are altered. Childish things are put away. In boys the love of sweets and fruits becomes less clamant, and is replaced by an increased relish for animal food and savories. In girls, on the other hand, the appetite for sweets is intensified, and in them the reconstruction of taste that is going on is sometimes betrayed by squeamishness about certain kinds of food, or by morbid appetites, as for chalk and raw rice.

At this transition period and throughout adolescence there is a peculiar tendency to malnutrition and anæmia, and very liberal food supplies—more liberal, indeed, than those

BRAIN-BUILDING.

required by the adult—are absolutely necessary. If these be withheld, nervous exhaustion and unrest are not unlikely to arise, and these again may develop into a craving for stimulants. It is at this period that the drink habit which is so likely to end in inebriety in later life is formed: so alcohol in all its disguises, and in all its happy associations, should be studiously avoided. But a generous diet should be insisted on, and foolish experiments in abstinence, whether from religious or athletic motives, or from pure faddism, should be discouraged.

There is one kind of food that seems to me to be of marked value as a food to the brain and to the whole body throughout childhood and adolescence, and that is oatmeal. Oats are the most nutritious of all the cereals, being richer than any other in fats, organic phosphorus and lecithins.

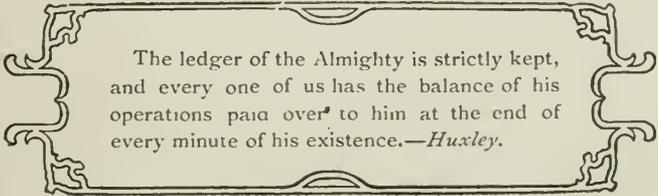
Wheat bread is, and will probably always remain, the principal nutritive substance of the civilized white man, and is pre-eminent for assimilable proteid; maize is a food highly nutritious and sustaining, and is richest in fat; rice is richest in starchy matter, barley in mineral matter; but oats have good qualities that are all their own.

Oats used to be often spoken of disrespectfully as a food fit only for the lower animals and Scotsmen. A recent French writer says the bread made from oats is coarse and consumed only in very poor countries, which shows that he is unacquainted with the vogue of oatmeal in England.

But while oatmeal has been gaining

ground amongst the well-to-do in Great Britain, it has unhappily been losing its hold on the laboring classes. At one time it was the mainstay of the Scottish laborer's diet, and it produced a big-boned, well-developed, mentally energetic race; but it is so no longer, having largely given place to less useful and economical foods, and, in the case of the children in the large towns, at any rate, to tea and bread-and-dripping. This is much to be regretted, and it is to be hoped that the efforts now being made to win the people back to a faith in oatmeal will be successful. Oatmeal in the form of porridge with milk is, I believe, unrivalled as a breakfast food for children and for young men and women.

Some recent scientific observations have thrown new light on the physiological effects of oatmeal. It has been shown that in rats fed for eight weeks on oatmeal and water the thyroid gland was double the size of the same gland in rats that had been fed for the same time on bread and milk. Now the secretion of this gland is, as has been already said, intimately connected with nutritive processes throughout the organism—atrophy or destruction of the gland and cessation of its secretion being productive of cretinism or myxœdema. It seems probable, therefore, that the bulk and brawniness of the Northerners have been in some measure due to the stimulation of their thyroid gland by porridge in childhood. Oatmeal is apparently through its action on the thyroid, as well as directly, conducive to the building of the brain.



The ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence.—*Huxley.*



Halley's Comet and the Fate of Humanity

Some Interesting Prognostications of What May Happen Should the Earth Run Into the Tail of Halley's Comet and Become Enveloped in its Poisonous Gases.

Camille Flammarion, the eminent astronomer, takes up some of the prophecies in connection with the probable encounter of the earth with the tail of Halley's comet next May, in the Herald Magazine Section. What will be the result of this meeting and the immersion of the earth in the immense gaseous appendix of the comet, he asks.

The poisoning of humanity by deleterious gases is improbable. Doubtless if the oxygen of the atmosphere combined with the hydrogen of the comet's tail it would mean universal death with short shrift. If, on the contrary, there resulted a diminution in the supply of nitrogen the brain of every one of us would experience an unexpected sensation of physical activity and the human race would come to a sudden end in a paroxysm of joy, universal delirium and madness; at bottom, probably, overjoyed at its fate. Carbonic oxide, on the contrary, would cause universal poisoning of the lungs. Spectral analysis has not yet shown us what are the chief elements in the tail of the comet.

Hydro-carbonic combinations of nitrogen are frequent.

From photographs and analyses made last year at my Juvisy observatory by Messrs. Quénisset, de la Baume-Pluvinel and Baldet of the Morehouse, comet electricity seems to play an important part in the strange dislocations observed. There exists there a formidable electrostatic field, and electro-magnetic forces have added their influence to the repulsive force of the sun.

Anxious minds have, however, no reason to be tormented—uselessly, too—by these prognostications. Comet tails, it is true, are immense, but they are so light, so rarified, that the terrestrial atmosphere is like lead in comparison. Even were our globe completely plunged into such a tail we would, without doubt, be saved from a cataclysm by the atmospheric curtain which surrounds us. The comet might be compared to a fog through which a locomotive was dashing at full speed.

A shower of shooting stars might, perhaps, fall silently in the high regions of our sky or we might be treated to the illumination of an immense aurora borealis. Besides, the earth has twice within the last hundred years passed through the tail of a comet without being

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troubled thereby. This was in 1819 and in 1861 Let us hope that it will be the same this time.

For Americans the passing of the comet before the sun will take place during the day. It will be night in France. In both conditions the phenomenon will be interesting to observe. It is not, however, certain that this phenomenon will be produced. The calculations are not yet finished. Let us live in peace.

M. Flammarion gives some interesting particulars about the comet. It should reach, on April 20, the point of its nearest approach to the sun. Its speed is then 54,000 metres a second or 194,000 kilometres an hour, the fastest speed which it attains in its immense circuit of 65 years.

Bathing in the effluvia of the electric, calorific, luminous radiation of the sun, it becomes impregnated with its rays, undergoing in its whole being fantastic transformations which lend it prodigious glory, develop it by multiplying, ten times, a hundred times, its volume, lengthening it to millions and millions of kilometres by a kind of phosphorescence which always is extended away from the sun and gives rise to the formidable tails which filled with terror the souls of our ancestors.

Thenceforth the wanderers' path takes it away from the ardent centre to sink into the deserts of immensity, gradually diminishing in size, becoming a sort of invisible bubble, and finally to find again the night of its aphelion in which for years and years it is lost to the eyes of astronomers on the earth. It goes away to a distance of five thousand million kilometres, into the ultra Neptunian night, in which its speed is gradually decreased to less than a kilometre per second. The total duration of its circuit is sixty-five years.

It is during its retreat from the sun that the encounter with the earth may take place. According to the calculation of several astronomers the comet may pass before the sun about May 18. At that date its head will be twenty-six million kilometres away from us. Now the comet's tails are often thirty, forty or fifty kilometres in length and they are always extended away from the sun. Hence the earth may be enveloped in one of the tails for several hours, and it is on the effect of this immersion that scientists have been speculating.

King Albert and the Congo

A Careful Student of Modern Government, Albert I. Has Brought to the Problem of the Congo Possessions a Mind Determined to Clear up all Grievances.

The attention of humanity has been directed so much of late, both in books and magazines, to the alleged atrocities on the Congo, that it is interesting to read such an article as Professor Foster, of Bowdoin College, Maine, has contributed to the New York Post, in which he gives his impression of the new King of Belgium, after having interviewed him at Brussels.

King Albert is thirty-four years old, vigorous in body, manly and commanding in appearance, alert, keen in mind, catholic in interests, deep

in sympathies, wholly unostentatious—in short, a man who might well be a leader in an American college community.

It is to his credit that he has maintained a reputation quite out of keeping with that of the royal family of Belgium. With the doings of the late King and his disinherited daughters, Albert has had nothing to do. Through all the unhappy disquietude of Belgian royal affairs, the heir to the throne kept serenely on his way, preparing for the duties and responsibilities that awaited him. Through it all, too, he maintained the confidence and respect of all Europe. In a situation where the least breach of conduct would have been seized upon and magnified to the injury of his reputation, the young prince kept his name untarnished. He married one of the daughters of the enlightened and pub-

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He-spirited Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, and the marriage has been a happy one.

It is characteristic of the young king that he took pains to visit not only the African country, over which he might some day be called to rule, but also the industrial and manufacturing centres of the United States, being the only monarch of Europe to explore the Congo, and the only one to prepare himself for the commercial leadership of his people by a first-hand acquaintance with the economic resources and methods of the new world. On his visit to America, with characteristic straightforwardness and simplicity, he refused to waste his time at feasts and receptions, proceeding directly to mines, factories, and commercial seaports to attain the chief aim of his visit.

Professor Foster found King Albert possessed of a remarkable grasp on every phase of his country's history and present conditions. He had as well a knowledge of what other countries were doing in various departments of education and government.

Evidently he was in touch with the Congo reform movements throughout the world. The room in which he was at work was rich with carefully collected material bearing on all phases of the question. The idea current in America that the authorities in Belgium were careless of the opinions of the world was quite contrary to the actual conditions. Nor was he eager to follow the course of the Congo agitation merely for political considerations. He was evidently making a genuine effort to disentangle from the mass of unfounded opinions that came to him on every hand such facts as appeared to have any kind of verification.

His Congo Museum, which Professor Foster was privileged to inspect, contained a collection of maps, products, photographs, native utensils, and every conceivable thing bearing on the history and present condition of the Congo.

One cannot come away from an inspection of the thousands of photographs in this museum and in the possession of the Belgian statesmen without being convinced that Leopold's rule of the Congo has done some things for those be-

righted peoples that the world has not yet given him credit for.

It would be absurd to question the genuineness of most of the promoters of the Congo Reform Association in America. Yet it must be admitted that reformers, both here and in Great Britain, are eager to give weight to photographs that indicate abuses in the Congo, while they pass by or distrust those that show the beneficent influence of the Belgian rule. Prince Albert showed me, for example, a picture that appeared first in London, and was later reproduced in the United States, aiming to exhibit the awful carnage in Africa. It represented a group of natives sitting around a rude hut amid numerous human skulls. One of the women held one of these skulls in her hands, bending over it as if mourning the loss of a dear husband who had been cruelly wrenched from her by the inhuman agents of Leopold. Beside this I saw the original photograph, in which the "skulls" were earthen pots about the size of a human skull, and in the lap of the woman was one of these pieces of pottery upon which she was working. The photograph had been skillfully doctored. And yet on a pamphlet against the Belgian rule, widely circulated in America, appears the legend: "Photographs do not lie."

Professor Foster also refers to the memorial presented to King Leopold by the oldest and largest Protestant mission in the Congo, which reads as follows:—

"The committee of the British Baptist Missionary Society of London desire most respectfully to address your Majesty as King-Sovereign of the Congo Free State and to express their grateful acknowledgment of your Majesty's gracious and helpful sympathy with all wisely considered efforts put forth for the enlightenment and uplifting of your Majesty's native subjects living within the territory of the Congo Free State. In the prosecution of these labors the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society desire gratefully to acknowledge the many signal and helpful proofs they have received of your Majesty's approval and support."

That there have been abuses in the Congo, Professor Foster admits, but he holds that these abuses have been largely confined to the vast regions that have been leased to private rubber companies. The shame of these affairs, so far as Belgium was concerned, lay in the fact that King Leopold himself was a large shareholder in these private companies. A hope for better things has dawned with the accession of King Albert I.

Taking the Census in England, Germany and France

*Lessons of Economy for the United States and Canada
in the Systems Employed by Those Countries When
They Take Their Periodic Census of Population.*

It will not be many months now before the Dominion's decennial census will be taken. This fact lends interest to an article on census-taking to be found in Pearson's Magazine, in the course of which the systems employed in England, Germany and France, are contrasted with that followed in the United States. The former are conducted on a most economical basis, whereas in the United States, the securing of census returns is made the opportunity for working a huge political graft. From this danger we are not at all free in Canada.

The English system is first explained in detail.

Official announcement is made that on a certain hour of a certain day, the census will be taken. The day is usually Saturday, and the hour is either midnight or 11 p.m. A late hour Saturday night is selected, because even those who have been away during the week usually come home to stay over Sunday. Printed circulars, prepared by the government, are sent by the police to the head of every family that lives in a private dwelling, to the owner of each apartment house or lodging, and to the owner of each hotel.

These circulars contain blank spaces in which the citizens are required to record every fact about themselves that the government desires to learn. The householder at whose home such a blank is left is required to fill in, within a specified reasonable time, the names of all those who, at the hour the census was taken, were under his roof, together with information concerning the probable whereabouts of those domiciled with him who were temporarily absent. The owners of hotels, apartment houses and lodgings are themselves required—and under heavy penalties, too, for disobedience—to see that their guests or tenants both promptly and properly fill in the blank forms.

While the work of preparing data is proceeding within doors, the police are engaged in rounding up stragglers in the streets. A man is seen in the shadows, walking toward what may be his home. A policeman stops him, taking his name and address. Another policeman boards a car filled with passengers. Every pas-

senger must tell who he is and where he lives. All of the required information concerning these persons has probably already been written out in the place in which they live, but the late-hour travelers, as a check against omission, are nevertheless interrogated.

Sometimes a frisky Englishman who, for reasons of his own, does not want to figure in the census, tries to evade the government by riding around all night in a cab. Ten chances to one he will not succeed in his purpose. Cabs are stopped as unhesitatingly as are street cars or pedestrians. The government wants to know. The government will not be denied.

All over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales this proceeding takes place at the same hour. Rural police have carried the blanks to the peasants' cottages, as the metropolitan police have borne the circulars to the homes of the dwellers in the cities.

A day or two later—perhaps Monday or Tuesday—the blanks are gathered up. But they are not collected by specially appointed enumerators working, by the grace of politicians, for extra wages, but by the police, as a part of their regular work for their regular pay.

In Germany, a census is taken whenever the Bundesrath gives the order, usually every three or four years. As in England, circulars are printed and distributed by the police. But they are not collected by the police. The burgomaster issues a call for volunteers. So many offer to help that the aid of all cannot be accepted. School teachers, unemployed clerks, retired business men and others proffer their services without promise or hope of a mark or a pfennig as compensation. "In Germany" says a German official, it is considered an honor to respond to any call that the Government may make for gratuitous public service.

The French system is perhaps the best organized and most efficient of the three.

France, at all times, has the name and address of each of its people, as well as the names and addresses of all travelers who are sojourning within its borders. Within a week

from the time a child is born. Its name must be reported to the police. The birth-report must also give the names of the child's parents, together with their address.

French officials, thereafter, carefully look after that name and address. If the child's parents move, they must give due notice. If the child dies, notice must also be given. If the child be a boy, his name, when he becomes of voting age, is placed upon the roll of eligible voters. If he remove from the country, his name will be crossed from the records. So long as he is in France, his name and address are kept. Only death or emigration can end the record.

It is therefore a simple matter for France to take a census. Knowing the names and the abiding places of her people, she knows whom to reach and where to reach them. Even the aid of the police is not required. The whole

proceeding is carried on by mail without postage. The chief civil official in the smallest political division—approximating one of our townships—mails the necessary blanks to all of those persons who are domiciled within his district, together with envelopes in which the completed documents may be returned to him without the payment of postage. The official of this division makes up the totals and forwards them to his superior officer, whose position is comparable, let us say, to that of an American county clerk. The officials whom we should call county clerks report to others whom we should call governors, and in this way all of the facts of the census are finally concentrated in Paris, where they are prepared for publication by regular government employes and published at the bare cost of white paper, press and bindery work.

Making a Small Farm Pay

*The Remarkable Achievement of a Retired Clergyman,
Who, Without Any Previous Knowledge of Farming,
Cultivated a Small Fifteen-acre Farm Successfully.*

A small fifteen-acre farm in Pennsylvania, which was for some years owned and managed by a parson, who went a-farming without any practical experience whatever, has been thought worthy of a special bulletin by the United States Department of Agriculture. This extraordinary farm and its owner are described in Putnam's Monthly. His name is Rev. Josiah D. Dietrich, and when he bought the place he had never guided a plow-handle or pitched a fork of hay. He did not know when, what and how to plant, the kind of earth suitable for certain grains and grasses, what the slope of a hillside means in increasing labor, or the effect of swampy land on certain seeds. He was equally ignorant about the care of live-stock, the best breeds for such a locality, how to make them give more milk and other knowledge so necessary on the farm.

The Rev. Josiah D. Dietrich determined, however, to make it go if possible. He did a great deal of reading and thinking about agriculture—becoming what out West they call a "brain farmer." It was not an easy task, for there was so much extra work to be performed before he could get everything running as he wanted it, but the system he had planned was finally completed, and the farm routine then proceeded without a hitch.

The result? When the nature-loving preacher began operations he had a mortgage of \$7,200 on the property. The first year he came out just \$46 behind his expenses; but in the next six years he paid the mortgage and stopped this drain on his income—without borrowing a dollar. All of the money was the surplus income from this little corner of Pennsylvania. To-day its herd of seventeen milch cows earn \$2,400 every year at an expense for their "keep" of only \$625; and milk is only one source of revenue.

"No waste" was the owner's motto from the outset and his economies related especially to manure. At first there was not enough forage to support two cows and a horse. Now thirty head of cattle keep sleek and fat on the feed which

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comes yearly from the same area. The average harvest of every green thing has greatly increased, because the soil has been enriched by the use of stable manure applied directly from the barn as it was produced. No commercial fertilizers have been used, and no manure has been brought in from outside.

Mr. Dietrich made milk one of his sources of income. The farm is a dairy one, the only products regularly sold being milk and a few head of young cattle each year.

Male calves, if worthy of it, are reared for breeding purposes, but none is raised for veal. If a calf is not fit to raise as a breeder, it is killed at birth. "It doesn't pay to feed \$18 worth of milk to a calf that will sell for \$7" thinks the owner, who has figured it all out. The young cattle bring on an average \$100 each, and about five are sold every year.

All the milk is sold at 25 cents a gallon the year round to a State institution two miles distant. It contains on an average 5.8 per cent. of pure cream. The amount of milk produced is nearly the same at all seasons, and averages about twenty-six gallons a day. This is equivalent to a yield of 4,800 pounds a year for each of the seventeen cows.

The farm has no pasture. No time is wasted in driving the cows to and

from the pasture, and all the land is utilized for raising food crops. All the work, with the exception of the planning, is done by a man and a boy.

The bill of fare of the cows is as carefully arranged as the meal of the invalid at a sanitarium; for Mr. Dietrich is a great believer in the milk-giving and beef-making properties of good food. When meal-time comes the cows get what he calls their "rations." Each is divided into three "courses." A portion of it is some succulent stuff—silage in winter, and rye, timothy and clover, corn, peas and oats, or some other green crop in summer. A second portion consists of dry hay or fodder. This is used to improve the quality of the manure proper and adds much to the convenience of caring for the cows. A third portion is mill products, of which three kinds are used—bran, oil meal and gluten. The proportions depend on the condition of the cow and are regulated by the flow of milk and the consistency of the manure.

Mr. Dietrich is no longer living on the farm. He found that he had to give up so much time to showing visitors around and explaining things, that he had no time for himself. He sold the farm and has taken up another tract of land elsewhere, its location being a secret, known only to the Department of Agriculture.

Negro Colony Where White Men May Not Settle

*An Illuminating Instance of the Ability of Negroes to
Work Out Their Own Industrial and Social Future
When Cast on Their Own Resources and Left Alone,*

In the heart of Bolivar County, Mississippi, lie the village and colony of Mound Bayou, a remarkable settlement of negroes, which was discovered by a Memphis journalist only a few years ago, after it had been in existence for twenty-three years. It has since attained such a measure of fame, that President Roosevelt in the last year of his ad-

ministration went out of his way to approve of it as a visible proof of what the negro could do in the matter of self-colonization and Andrew Carnegie set his seal on its intellectuality by presenting it with a \$10,000 library.

The colony is described in some detail by Hiram Tong in the Century Magazine.

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The history of Mound Bayou is the account of a definite, deliberate race movement. In 1887, two ex-slaves, Benjamin Green and Isaiah Montgomery, bought from the Yazoo-Mississippi Valley Railroad a plot of its uncleared land in Bolivar County. To Montgomery had come the vision of a race colony which should be from its inception self-governing and self-supporting. At the time that part of Bolivar was an impenetrable forest, through which the railroad had blazed its right of way. The land was for sale at a few dollars an acre, and the tract was five miles from a white settlement. It was the opinion of Montgomery that this wilderness was the territory for a race colony.

Montgomery and Green purchased a tract of eight hundred and forty acres lying on both sides of the railroad, and began selling it in small holdings to negro farmers. The initial difficulty was to attract colonists to the forest, and then to hold them until the land was cleared and they were well started on their farms.

Gradually a number of colonists drifted in. When they brought their families and household goods, they took up tracts of land and remained. Those that came to loaf and to shirk soon vanished from the colony, frightened away by the hard work and the actual hardships facing them. A score of White-Cap victims fled to the colony from the southern counties of the State. These early colonists were confronted by the very real problem of gaining a living until the wilderness retreated and the crops could be raised and sold. And this problem the Mound Bayou colonists met by their own efforts, much as the Western pioneers had done in the wildernesses of Kentucky and Tennessee. They arduously managed to sustain themselves in the forest while they were cultivating the soil and gathering the first crops. But in the place of sallying out of block-houses with small-bore rifles to hunt in order that they might eat, the Mound Bayou negroes took their axes and went out into the uncut forests. During the first three years of the colony they sold \$8,980 worth of timber, the cutting of which enabled them to clear their fields for planting. And in the place of planting corn and wheat, they planted cotton, which yielded them two hundred and twenty bales a year. So energetic and thrifty were the colonists that in three years they not only paid for the original tract, but they added to it four thousand acres.

After these critical three years, the colony's permanence was secure. Montgomery's vision of a race colony has been made concrete, and the American negro, on his own initiative, had gone out from the white race, and through his own thrift and endurance had built him a thriving community.

Five thousand negroes now live in the colony, and every acre in its alluvial soil is owned by negroes. The largest part of its acreage is farmed in forty-acre tracts by negro owners, the remaining colony lands are held by village capitalists. A

white man cannot secure Mound Bayou real estate at any price.

The agricultural colony is the important fact in the Mound Bayou experiment. It is the most significant evidence that the Southern negro has yet given of his fitness as an independent planter, or of his economic value as a citizen. Strangely enough, in his own colony the negro's shiftlessness, his laziness, his racial ineptitudes, disappear or are reduced to a minimum force. The negroes of Mound Bayou Colony are industrious, painstaking, and shrewd.

On the colony's ten thousand acres of cleared land, its colored farmers raise and market annually five thousand bales of cotton, the sale of which puts into circulation in Mound Bayou \$250,000 yearly. They ship from its uncleared lands large exports in ties and stave lumber. They raise eighty per cent. of the corn and hay the colony consumes, and export to adjacent cotton-oil mills thousands of pounds of cottonseed. They raise and own enough live stock to farm their lands. In short, they are a group of average Southern negroes who have managed, without white philanthropic subsidy and without outside advice and assistance, to build up a highly successful agricultural community.

The negro colonist of Mound Bayou owns his land, or rents it at standard cash rentals from negroes. He hauls his cotton to the gins of Mound Bayou, stores it in the warehouses, and sells it in the market of Mound Bayou. He buys his fertilizers and his live stock in the town, and his building materials he gets at the Mound Bayou lumber-yard. He purchases his calico, his jeans, and his furniture from the Mound Bayou general emporium. He even reads his news by the week in "The Demonstrator," Mound Bayou's paper. He takes his physic from a negro doctor, and he gets his new teeth from the Mound Bayou dentist. They are expensive teeth, for his penchant is toward gold crowns and other glittering dentistry. Finally he is buried by a Mound Bayou undertaker.

In brief, the profits of all his transactions go to his race. His industry and thrift contribute to the prosperity of his race, his town, and indirectly to his own welfare. He has become, though he does not know it, a race-builder.

The town has a bank, which is capitalized at \$25,000, and is handsomely housed in a new brick building. There are forty-seven stores and shops. The head of nearly every family owns some real estate and nearly every individual has a bank account. The astonishing fact is that all the capital in Mound Bayou has been amassed in the last 20 years, by negroes who are not above the average negro in education and training, and that their efforts have remained virtually unaided.

The Principle and Application of the Gyroscope

An Explanation of the Principle on Which the Mono-Rail System of Locomotion is Based, With an Account of Louis Brennan's Experiments in England.

The practical demonstration made by Mr. Louis Brennan of his ability to operate a railway car on a single rail by means of the gyroscopic attachment, has awakened the keenest interest in all parts of the world. The question naturally arises, how is the balancing feat accomplished? and in various magazines writers have set about explaining the principle. *London Engineering* explains that stability is secured through the same principle as is to be seen in Nature, when the movements of the heavenly bodies are steadied. The earth revolves on its own axis, while at the same time it moves round the sun.

But besides these two movements there is a third, which was discovered by the Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in Bithynia about 160 to 125 B.C. He made several important contributions to scientific knowledge, but by far the most valuable one, which he must have obtained by analyzing the Chaldean observations recorded for the previous 1,500 years, was that the axis of the earth has a special top-like motion—known as 'precession'—in the opposite direction to that in which the earth itself rotates. If you mount a gyroscope, or magic top (a flywheel within a ring), upon a long pair of spindle-legs with pointed extremities, which will not hold themselves upright when the flywheel is at rest, you will find that rotating the flywheel keeps the whole structure steady. By degrees, of course, the outer circle increases its precession to a point at which a fall is inevitable; but, as Lord Kelvin pointed out, 'hurry on the precession and the top rises.' That is to say, in this kingdom of anomalies we are investigating, if you increase a movement which would, unaided, have produced a fall, you actually prevent that fall from taking place.

"The peculiar property of 'gyrostatic domination' has been known, therefore, to exist. But Mr. Brennan is the first to investigate fully those stresses which it causes in the spindle-legs of the instrument I have described, and he is the first to discover a practical way of automatically 'hurrying the precession' in a manner which enables a machine containing his invention to keep its own balance under all conditions. He is, in fact, the first fully to utilize

the latest energy evolved from the spinning of a flywheel, and to produce, with its aid, a state of things so like life that it first appears to be diabolical, and then seems to contradict every known law of Nature.

"He has found, to begin with, that two gyroscopes are necessary, inasmuch as both vertical and horizontal curves have to be dealt with. These gyroscopes (or 'flywheels,' as they would more accurately be called) are so coupled as to produce a combined effect which is the sum of the effect of the two wheels together; and they rotate in opposite directions, but in the same plane, their axis being normally parallel to the axes of the roadwheels and at right angles to the rail. The actual position of these flywheels is immaterial. They may be in the cab in front, or beneath the seats in the middle, or at the back. Provided they are within the framework of the carriage they dominate it so effectually that it would run in equilibrium in any position upside down, for instance, or even on edge.

A good description of the car and its performances appears in *Nature*, which was written by an engineer on the spot at the time of the trials.

The railway truck was of considerable size and weight, being forty feet long and ten feet wide, weighing when empty twenty-two tons. It ran upon four wheels three feet in diameter, placed below the center-line of the truck, each pair of wheels being attached to a 'bogie carriage' similar to those fitted under the long vehicles now commonly used on ordinary railways. In ordinary practice, of course, four wheels instead of two are attached to each 'bogie,' and the arrangement is adopted chiefly in order to permit long vehicles to pass readily and safely around the curves of the railway line. The centers of the bogies in the Brennan vehicle were twenty feet apart, and curves only thirty-five feet in radius were traversed in the course of the trials. The wheels are double-flanged so as to fit over the upper part of the rail, and the experimental track was laid with seventy-pound Vignole section rails, carried by transverse sleepers three feet six inches long. The carriage was self-propelled, and was electrically driven by two motors of forty to fifty horsepower, a speed of about seven miles an hour being maintained when running on a circular track of a hundred and five feet radius. From the track the carriage ran on a straight piece of line, and was subsequently driven over

sharp reverse curves, keeping practically upright throughout. When some forty people stood on one side of the car, it remained almost level. This stability as was explained previously, was due to gyroscopic control. There are two gyroscopic wheels, each three feet six inches in diameter and weighing three-quarters of a ton, which are driven by an electric motor at a speed of three thousand revolutions per minute, within an air-tight case in which a high vacuum

is maintained. Mr. Brennan would have preferred a still higher rate of revolution, and it may be obtained hereafter, in which case smaller and lighter wheels would give equal stability. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Brennan has succeeded in reproducing on full scale in this large carriage, which can carry a load of from ten to fifteen tons, results corresponding to that obtained in his model truck of 1907, which was only six feet in length.

The Nation With the Money Bags

*How France has Become the Banker of the World,
Having More Available Cash in its Banks to the Credit
of its People Than Any Other Nation on Earth.*

From a strictly financial standpoint, the nation of the world best equipped for war at the present day is France. That is to say France possesses the greatest hoard of gold and silver, that, at a moment's notice, could be employed to meet the urgent necessities of the Government. These are facts that are brought out by George M. Richards in the Scrap Book.

In November last, the Bank of France contained, in actual gold coin, more than 3,300,000,000 francs, or \$665,000,000, an increase within one year of more than \$125,000,000. Since that time it has steadily added to its hoards, so that now it holds several times the amount of gold which lies in the vaults of the United States Treasury, while the amount of silver which it possesses is at least equal to ours.

France, in fact, is in a position to be the banker of the whole world. Its government immediately controls an amount of coin appreciably near the whole mass of coin existing in the United States, while to this must be added, according to the estimates of M. de Foville, at least a billion dollars in actual specie, circulating among the people or hoarded by them.

In the savings-banks of France there are deposited almost this sum, and no one can form any accurate estimate of how much gold and silver are stored away by the thrifty peasants of the thriftiest nation in the world.

No one realizes the widespread wealth of

France. That country contains no such number of multi-millionaires as the United States; but, on the other hand, it is populated by men and women who make the saving of money almost a religion. Every sou is weighed and counted. Every source of waste is stopped; and, therefore, the forty million people who inhabit the republic are almost all engaged in hoarding money.

Mr. Richards proceeds to tell the story of the way France met the huge war indemnity levied by Germany, after the Franco-Prussian War was over. Bismarck, shrewd man that he was, under-estimated the French resources. He thought that five billion francs or one million dollars would cripple the country and would enable Germany to occupy permanently some of the richest provinces in France, as an alternative. But he figured wrong.

The government of France called for a loan which should release the fair fields and vineyards of Champagne from the helmeted invaders. The response to this appeal was astonishing. Men, women, and even children, brought forth their hoards of gold and silver in exchange for government securities.

A flood of bullion and quaint old coinage poured out from every city and hamlet in the land. Stockings were emptied, hiding-places long disused were opened. A river of gold and silver pieces flowed into Paris and at once railway-trains packed with bullion and guarded by

soldiers began to roll out of Paris toward the French frontier.

The Germans interposed obstacles. There were delays, intentional and unintentional. But France showed itself to be the possessor of money almost beyond the counting. Millions of crowns, of louis, and of napoleons, gold pieces which bore the effigies of kings who had been dead for centuries, were cheerfully extracted from their hiding-places and gladly given in order to free the fatherland from foreign occupation.

The treaty of Frankfort was signed on May 10th, 1871. In September of 1873 the last franc of the indemnity had been paid, and the last spiked helmet had disappeared from France.* It was a wonderful demonstration of patriotic feeling. It was, perhaps, a still more wonderful demonstration of the financial strength of a nation which then held, precisely as it holds today, the greatest store of actual money to be found anywhere in the world, the estimate for 1909 being \$40.88 for every human being within its borders.

Racconigi, the Tomb of the Triple Alliance

Speculations Based on the Meeting of the Czar of Russia and the King of Italy Which Seem to Portend a New Grouping of the Powers on the Continent.

The meeting last fall of the Tsar of Russia and the King of Italy at Racconigi, a royal castle in Italy, has been taken by many statesmen to mean that the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria and Italy—is doomed, and that a new grouping of the European powers is about to take place. Dr. E. J. Dillon, of the *Contemporary Review*, elucidates the situation in his monthly essay on "Foreign Affairs" in that magazine.

The meeting itself was not remarkable, though the circumstances surrounding it were noteworthy. For many years it had been the hope of Italian statesmen to secure a durable friendship with Russia, but at every attempt to bring the monarchs together a barrier would suddenly spring up against it. Even the recent meeting was in danger of being put off, owing to the attitude of the Italian populace towards Nicholas, whom they regarded as the cause of innumerable abuses in Russia and Siberia. But the fickle public were transformed from hissing opponents into cheering admirers when it was announced that the Tsar would not set foot on Aus-

trian territory en route to Italy, but would make a long detour through Germany and France to reach Racconigi. The hatred of the Austrian more than balanced the hatred of alleged Russian tyranny.

This sudden and complete change of attitude on the part of a whole nation offers the nearest approach to a miracle one could find in the world of latter-day politics. True, the ground had long been prepared for the rapprochement which Tsar and King achieved. Their meeting was but the finishing touch publicly given to a long sequence of private efforts. And they met with little natural resistance, for the partnership with Germany and Austria-Hungary had never kindled the enthusiasm of the Italian people, who none the less continued to pay for membership a subscription disproportionate, as they believed, not only to the objects attained or attainable, but also to their own limited resources.

The visit of the Tsar to King Victor Emmanuel has served as a theme for countless journalistic comments and speculations. The bulk of political writers predict a dissolution of the Triple Alliance and the rise of a powerful quadruple entente of Russia, France, Great Britain and Italy, which will make itself felt in the diplomatic campaigns of the future. Even the

friends of the Triple Alliance feel that Italy has virtually shaken off its allies. But Dr. Dillon takes a different view.

Personally I am inclined to think that the grounds for construing the Raceonigi interview as a new and momentous political departure are inadequate, while the reasons that make for the contrary conclusion seem forcible. In the Triple Alliance, when first devised by Bismark thirty-nine years ago, there was nothing unnatural. In its first conception it was a combination of conservative States for the purpose of resisting the revolution as personified by Republican France. Bismark accordingly chose Russia and Austria as partners. But from the outset he was faced with the difficulty of collaborating with two States which were antagonistic to each other. And that has been the greatest obstacle to the Triple Alliance ever since. Once Germany makes common cause with Austria she can find no third ally who will work without friction. And this is equally true whether her choice fall upon Russia or Italy. As a matter of fact, when the concern was first established after the Franco-Prussian war, Russia was the third partner. But the Near Eastern Question set her and Austria by the ears. Germany had to keep the peace between them, and the endeavor taxed her powers to the utmost. She contrived to hinder them from fighting, but she could not induce them to work together. To choose between the two and throw in her lot with one of them against the other was the one consummation which Bismark dreaded to contemplate. But he ultimately had to face it, and he took his stand with Austria-Hungary.

In the shape which the Alliance first took on 7th October, 1879, it was an Austro-German defensive alliance. Germany was to espouse Austria's cause against Russia, but was not to be drawn into the winding mazes of the Near Eastern tangle. If the Hapsburgs wished to hunt in the Balkans and came to grief there, Germany would not feel herself bound to raise a finger to help them. Since then things have greatly changed in Europe, but nothing has taken place to disturb the close partnership of the two central States. They have come to be considered as one great Teutonic firm. Their alliance is the corrective, suggested by Bismark—who was perfectly conscious of this aspect of the transaction—for neutralising the worst of the disuniting effects of the Austro-Prussian war. Changing circumstance, however, has forced Germany to give up the restrictive condition informally laid down by Bismark in respect of the Balkan labyrinth. For the first time during those thirty years Austria-Hungary, under Aehrenthal, ventured to enter the arena of the peninsula, not only without the promised help, but entirely without the foreknowledge of her ally. And her ally, heedless of Bismark's admonition, hastened to offer her military help as well as moral sympathy, to the dismay of the more fearful spirits in the German Empire. But the true reason of this alacrity and enterprise was less concern for the fate of Austria-Hun-

gary than apprehension lest, under Aehrenthal's star, she might become the predominant member of the Alliance.

Italy, under Crispien, joined the Austro-German combination, and for a time had reason to feel satisfied with the results. The question of Rome was still open in those days, and there were the designs of domestic as well as foreign foes to be thwarted. The French Republic—still monarchical and clerical at heart—followed with uneasiness the movements of the anti-clerical Government of Italy. At last the war of tariffs, finance and diplomacy broke out between the two Latin States, and so long as it lasted Italy found abundant moral sympathy and slight material succour from her allies. But the arrangement, like all diplomatic instruments, was of a temporary nature. Unlike the Austro-German alliance, it lacked the cement which is derived from homogeneity of race and language, identity of political aims, and the absence of conflicting interests. For Italy it was a convenient shelter from the threatening storm. She would leave it again as soon as the danger had ceased. She had agreed to set aside those of her national interests which crossed Austria's political plans, but only until such time as those interests did not grow pressing. And since then the contingencies in question have gone far to become real.

During the twenty-seven years that Italy has belonged to the Triple Alliance France has undergone a bloodless revolution. The Republic is become republican, and the clericals have been swept out of politics as a powerful party, and likewise out of the army and the Press. There is no longer the slightest fear that France's sympathies will go with the Vatican against the Quirinal, or that the temporal power will be restored to the Pope. France and Italy accordingly made peace and are now fast friends. With Great Britain as a Mediterranean Power, Italy has always cultivated relations of cordiality. And after her rapprochement with France it was natural that she should draw closer to France's staunch ally, Russia. The marriage of the King of Italy with the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro was another strain in the bond between the Italian dynasty and the house of the Romanoffs, who are the friends and protectors of Montenegro. The development of Austria's policy in the Balkans, the refusal of a university to the Italians of Trieste, and the paralysing fear of an Austrian move towards Salonica, have all contributed to make the Italian people reconsider their international position. But it is the people, not the Government, that has called in question the wisdom of renewing the Triple Alliance in 1912.

The Italian Government has not changed its point of view, and even should it resolve to modify its action, will not issue any notice or display any symptoms of such a determination in advance. Officially, therefore, everything is as it was. And for a long time it will remain so. And unofficially nothing of moment has changed. It is urged that the Triple Alliance is dead and that a Dual Alliance alone remains. Well, that

contention was as true a twelvemonth ago as it is to-day, and the attempts made to muffle it up by means of artful futilities deceived nobody, and least of all the officials of the Ballhausplatz or the Wilhenstrasse. Italian statesmen

held then that Austria-Hungary's aims, as they imagined them, struck at the very root of Italy's interests. Convinced of this, they did not fail to act upon their conviction whenever action was advisable.

A Vessel With an International Mission

The Work of the "Carnegie," a Ship Specially Constructed of Non-magnetic Materials and Intended for the Work of Determining the Magnetic Meridian.

At a time when so much attention is being bestowed on the development of naval strength and the multiplication of fighting machines, it is a relief to turn to the work being done by the "Carnegie," and to feel that all the efforts of man on the sea are not being directed to advance the cause of war. The "Carnegie," it might be explained, is a vessel built especially for the Department of Research in Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, founded by Andrew Carnegie in 1902. The work for which it has been designed and the prosecution of which it has already commenced is described by L. A. Bauer, director of the department, in *Harper's Weekly*.

The navigator must set the course of his vessel almost entirely by the compass, which consists essentially of a magnetic needle delicately poised on a pivot, and hence free to settle in some definite direction. Were there some guiding, fixed star like the Pole Star, visible at all times, he could not do better than put his sole reliance upon it. But this is unfortunately not the case. The sun and the stars are of material benefit to him in shaping the ship's course only when they can be sighted. The earth, however, because of its being magnetized, is enabled, by some unseen force to impart direction to the mariner's compass at all times, be it sunny or cloudy, night or day. "Fickle" though the compass may at times be called, it alone is the mariner's constant and unfailing friend. With its aid we cross the boundless oceans, penetrate trackless forests, and map unsurveyed regions. The great boon this instrument is to mankind could only be appreciated adequately

were its power to point out a definite direction suddenly destroyed.

Our planet is not magnetized regularly either about its axis of rotation or about any other diameter. Hence the magnetic poles are not coincident with the true poles, as was thought in the early days of magnetic science to be the case. If they were, the navigator's problem would be a very simple one. The magnetic poles are not even on opposite sides of the earth. Thus the north magnetic pole is in the vicinity of Boothia Felix, approximately in latitude 70 deg. north and longitude 97 deg. west of Greenwich, and the south magnetic pole is about in latitude 73 deg. south and in longitude 156 deg. east of Greenwich. The magnetic poles are, accordingly, 1,200 miles and more distant from the geographic poles; were a straight line drawn connecting them, it would pass 750 miles away from the centre of the earth! There are, therefore, but very few north. Starting out from New York for Southampton, England, the compass at first would stand at about 10 deg. west of north, and then, after reaching 30 deg. west or more, its departure from true north would decrease to about 16 deg. west at Southampton. The "north" end of the compass may point due east, or due west, or even due south, depending entirely upon location with reference to the magnetic poles.

The compass direction, besides varying with geographic location, also is subject, at any one place, to numerous fluctuations, dependent upon the time of day, the season, the year, the spotted area of the sun, the relative position of the moon and earth, etc. The principal one of these fluctuations causes appreciable changes in magnetic charts in a comparatively short time—five to ten years. Hence, in order that they may be kept up to date, a magnetic survey of the earth must likewise include in its operations the determination of the changes ever going on.

As seen from the foregoing remarks, the information of immediate and direct importance to the mariner is that of the compass direction

and its change from year to year. There must, accordingly, be furnished him on his navigation charts lines showing what angle the compass makes with the true north and south line wherever a ship is likely to go. These are called the "lines of equal magnetic variation" or of "equal magnetic declination"; they connect the places where the compass stands the same—just as the "isothermal lines" join the places where the temperature is the same at a certain time.

Besides determining these lines the work of the Carnegie also includes the measurement of the "dip of the magnetic needle" and the strength of the magnetic force. A knowledge of both of these additional qualities is requisite in the adjustment and compensation of compasses aboard the modern iron vessels. To ascertain the laws governing the earth's magnetic phenomena, the scientific investigator requires the most complete knowledge attainable, and to him the dip and force are as important as the compass direction.

The Carnegie has been made absolutely non-magnetic throughout. The white oak which so largely enters into her construction was grown, cut and sawn within twelve miles of the shipyard where the vessel was built. She is fastened together by locust tree-nails, copper and Tobin bronze bolts, and composition spikes. Her rigging is of special-made Russian hemp. The four anchors, weighing in all nearly 5,500 pounds, are of bronze, with no clanking iron chains, but three 11-inch hemp cables each of 120 fathoms in length. Even the auxiliary propulsion, weighing about ten tons, has

been almost exclusively built of non-magnetic metals—bronze, brass, copper, and non-magnetic manganese steel. The crank shaft is of manganese brass, hammer forged; the fly-wheel is of brass and lead; the propeller, with two feathering blades of bronze; and the producer is made almost entirely of copper. The galley cooking ranges are of special design and constructed of bronze and copper. The cutlery—knives, forks, spoons, etc.—are of Mexican silver, and the sailor's sheath knives of the non-magnetic manganese steel. Every bit of metal was subjected to a rigid test before it was allowed to go into the vessel.

The auxiliary propulsion referred to is of the internal combustion type, the engine being operated not by gasoline, but by producer gas, generated from anthracite pea coal. This is the first serious attempt to operate a producer-gas engine of this size on a sea-going vessel. With 25 tons of coal, representing a cost of about one hundred dollars, the Carnegie has a cruising radius of 2,000 nautical miles at a speed of 6 knots (7 statute miles). The average cost per day for coal consumption would be about seven dollars and the run per day 165 statute miles.

The Renaissance of the French Fleet

A New Expert Administration is Rapidly Bringing the French Fleet up to a Standard Which Will Give it Second Place Among the Navies of the World.

According to an anonymous contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*, the French navy is undergoing a surprising change. A sailor—Vice-Admiral Boue de Lapeyriere, the youngest officer of his rank in the fleet—has

been made Minister of Marine and has become practically a naval dictator. The effects of his rule are already beginning to be felt, for in a short time a French heavy battle squadron will be stationed in the English Channel for

the first time in many years. In comparisons of actual naval power in northern waters it is no longer adequate to balance the British fleet against the German fleet. France can no longer be tacidly ignored.

France has suffered severely from the administration of her navy during the past ten years by the party politician.

Nothing indicates the ineptness of French naval administration better than one simple statement; whereas in the past ten years France has spent upon her fleet over 129 millions sterling, and has sunk to fifth place in the order of the leading naval powers; Germany has spent 121 millions odd, and has proudly risen to the position of second naval power of the world. Again, from 1900 to 1909, France devoted of the aggregate expenditure on her fleet over 43 millions to the building of new ships of 310,405 tons and their armament; Germany, in the same period, spent 47½ millions, and has obtained 474,876 tons of war shipping. In other words, France in this period has spent considerably more than Germany on naval defence and has steadily declined to a relatively negligible place as a naval power. While Germany, at less outlay, has succeeded in becoming the most serious rival to the supreme Navy of the United Kingdom. The French have been paying for second place in the naval race and have secured only fifth place.

There has been a deplorable waste of national resources. There is no

navy in the world in which more money in the past few years has been devoted to the central administration and there is no navy with a central administration which has proved itself so incapable of meeting the real needs of the fleet.

Ships have been built, occupying three times as long as in England and twice as long as in Germany, and have had to wait for their big guns, and have finally been put into commission without their anti-torpedo armament; other ships have been built and armed and sent to sea without ammunition. It has been stated in the Chamber, and the assertion has never been seriously challenged, that recently the supply of ammunition to the Mediterranean Squadron was so inadequate that it would have been exhausted in two hours, while the coal supply would have proved insufficient if the ships, in time of war, had been required to steam any ordinary distances. Only those who have read the report of the recent inquiry can appreciate the deplorable state of administrative chaos to which the French Navy had been reduced.

The new Minister of Marine has initiated many reforms. He has made a clean sweep of the heads of departments. He has re-distributed the fleet. He has secured an increase in the estimates of 37,000,000 francs over last year's estimates and he is accelerating the construction of the six battleships of the 1906 programme.

Has Limit in Size of Battleships Been Reached?

Admiral Seymour of the British Navy Gives His Reasons for Believing That the Limit has Now Been Reached and Bigger Battleships are not Desirable.

Writing in the *Cosmopolitan*, Admiral Seymour, R.N., advances four reasons for believing that the limit in the size of battleships has been reached. These are apart from the important consideration of cost of construction, which has now attained such appalling proportions.

It is so easy to sink a big ship with a war machine of much lesser cost that as a principle of national economy this issue must arise when battleships of greater cost are proposed. Another reason that should seriously interfere with larger ships than we now have is the limitation of harbors. There are only a few harbors in which the great battleships can anchor with ease. Then again, the salvage of ships that run ashore, which is a possible ac-

ident to any big battleship, is a far more difficult problem. The most important of all reasons, however, lies in the fact that few of the world's dry docks can handle any larger ships than are being built to-day. The problem of the battleship larger than the Dreadnought type will be to solve the building of a dry dock that will hold the ship. These I consider important reasons—the salvage, the ease with which large ships can be sunk, insufficient harbors, and lack of large dry docks—that will interfere with any construction of battleships on a larger scale than they are being built at present.

Admiral Seymour expresses doubts as to the wisdom of the production of the Dreadnought type of battleships.

It was a model for the world of the last word in battleships. It inspired the nations to a comparative calculation of their armament. It may be an important question of the future, how far one nation shall advertise to the world its advantages in equipments for war. The supremacy of the British navy and the explanation of it have never been a secret. It consists in the large number of her fighting ships, the strength of her armament, and the efficiency of her officers and enlisted men. The nations now have a complete knowledge of one another's national strength. The guns of the British navy (for that matter, of any navy) can be duplicated to serve any cause. This state of mutual understanding in Europe has its bearing upon the present peacefulness of political situations. For this reason the notoriety which the Dreadnought received tended to infuse a sentiment for war, which is not the true spirit of national diplomacy.

The Admiral favors an equipment consisting of a few powerfully constructed guns and a numerous array of small-calibre guns, rather than a greater number of large guns.

He has great faith in the men who man the British navy. He states that they have no difficulty in enlisting men, and that the physical character of the service is excellent.

As for the aeroplane, he does not consider it a formidable ally or a dangerous enemy. It may at some future time be serviceable for scouting purposes in finding the enemies' ships. The dirigible balloon, on the other hand, can be made extremely effective in a sea battle. Its use will probably be to drop explosives upon dockyards or ships.

Of the future, Admiral Seymour

hazards a few opinions, which, coming from such a source, carry weight.

It has often been declared, at any rate, that the next naval war will be the last sea fight of the world. In this connection, I have been asked if humanity will not call a halt on future conflicts should such a naval battle occur. My observation of human nature the world over leaves me in wonder sometimes whether we have really escaped its savagery, after all; whether our vaunted civilization is much more than an adornment of the savage. Human nature has not altered. One war will probably not make permanent peace.

Of course peace commissions, of a more or less civil nature, have aimed to restrict the mechanical violence of war machinery, but peace organizations of the character of the Hague Commission have been unable to accomplish much more than arouse the interest of public sentiment. The peace of the nations is best insured by sufficient warships to maintain it. The sea must be policed as efficiently as the land. There is as much need for the power of arrest at sea as there is in the street. The British navy has been compelled to discover this fact in the proper control of her colonial lands. Perhaps its supremacy has been established largely upon grounds of police duty rather than national aggressiveness. Navies are police forces of the sea. Upon them the peace of nations very largely depends.

A somewhat similar view to that expressed by Admiral Seymour, relative to the manning of the fleet, appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which Archibald S. Hurd writes: "The impression that it is difficult to obtain the 128,000 officers and men needed for the fleet ought to be well founded. Many reasons could be advanced in explanation of a shortage if it existed. Yet the truth is that the Navy is manned without difficulty, and the explanation is only in part due to the better food, higher pay, and improved prospects of promotion. One of the main causes of the change must be found in the officers. Finally, we have the ships and the men, and it depends on Parliament how many more ships and how many more men we shall have in the future. Our capacity for building ships and arming them is still unrivalled; as many men as are required can be obtained without difficulty, because the Navy is becoming increasingly popular."

What the Future Has in Store For Us

Thomas A. Edison Makes Some Notable Forecasts of the Effects Future Inventions Will Have on Our Life, and Describes Some of the Wonders of Radium.

A member of the staff of the New York Independent has been interviewing Thomas A. Edison and drawing from him some remarkable forecasts of what the wizard believes the future holds for humanity.

The clothes of the future will be so cheap that every young woman will be able to follow the fashions promptly, and there will be plenty of fashions. Artificial silk that is superior to natural silk is now made of wood pulp. It shines better than silk. I think that the silk worm barbarism will go in fifty years, just as the indigo of India went with the production of indigo in German laboratories.

There is much ahead of us. We don't know what gravity is; neither do we know the nature of heat, light and electricity. We are only animals. We are coming out of the dog stage and getting a glimpse of our environment. We don't know—we just suspect a few things. Our practice of shooting one another in war is proof that we are animals. The makeup of our society is hideous.

Communication with other worlds has been suggested. I think we had better stick to this world and find out something about it before we call up our neighbors. They might make us ashamed of ourselves. Not individualism but social labor will dominate the future. Industry will constantly become more social and interdependent. There will be no manual labor in the factories of the future. The men in them will be merely superintendents watching the machinery to see that it works right. Less and less man will be used as an engine or as a horse, and his brain will be employed to benefit himself and his fellows.

Edison believes that we may discover the germ of getting all the power from fuel to-morrow. Regarding the possibility of using radium as a fuel, he believes it is only speculative.

Radium has great power. It has no appreciable limit or end. It is not combustible. It gives off intra-atomic energy. We don't know how its energy was stored up. A carload of radium would have as much energy as all the millions of tons of coal mined in the United States in a year. Radium is the cause of the

earth's heat, according to the view of most scientists to-day. That explains why the earth, constantly radiating vast quantities of heat into space, doesn't cool down. The planet would be pretty chilly after all these millions of years if it had not radium in it. While only small quantities of radium have been isolated, it exists everywhere in water, rock and soil. It is universally distributed, and a little of it goes a long way. The possibility of harnessing the force for our use is somewhat of a speculation. A radium clock has been made, and it will go several hundred years without winding.

I have a spintharoscope, which is a tiny bit of radium, of a size that will go through the eye of a needle, mounted over a piece of willemite. It has been shooting off millions of sparks for the six years that I have had it, and I expect it will be shooting sparks the same way for thousands of years. There will be enough sparks given out by that fragment of radium to cover and illuminate the State of Rhode Island. Some say they travel at the speed of light, others 12,000 miles a second. This speed is the source of radium's power. Indefinite velocity makes up for lack of mass. Microscopic particles projected at high velocity are equal to heavy bodies going a slow gait. The illustration of a wax bullet being fired through a wooden plank applies to radium's emanations. Rankin said that spider web running over two pulleys with the velocity of light would be capable of running all the machinery in England; they would prove as strong as rubber and leather belting.

It is hardly feasible to carry around radium as a pocket stove or to keep it in the house for domestic uses. Professor Currie had a tiny bit in his vest pocket that he was taking to London and it had the effect of making a festering sore in his side. Radium is found along with uranium and thorium. Some day we might find immense deposits of it, and then it will be a problem how to handle it without dangerous consequences. A large quantity of the stuff would kill everybody around. A fellow shot up with seventeen thousand million atomic cannon balls poured into him with the velocity of light would feel uncomfortable.

Besides its mechanical possibilities radium is valuable, it is said, in the treatment of the skin cancer and some other diseases. Cancer is a hard proposition, but when it bucks up against radium it meets its match. I guess it is a case of *similia similibus curantur*.

The Economic Working of Our Mental Machinery

To Secure Effective Results From the Mind, it is Necessary to Study the Conditions of our Best Moments, Clear Away Hindrances and Provide Helps.

A most entertaining collection of memoranda bearing on mental hygiene appears in the *New York Post*, the compilation of Clyde Furst. While the illustrations employed are drawn in the main from the lives of literary men, their application to all classes of mental workers is quite apparent and the experiences of the writers are only used because of the greater ease of securing them.

Physical conditions, it is first pointed out, are the basis of all mental hygiene. Whatever may be the relation between mind and body, no one can doubt its intimacy. Many persons, like Wordsworth and Lowell, suffer physical prostration after mental exertion. Habits of confinement or exercise mean so much that we might almost know from their work that Balzac and Poe wrote in closed rooms; but that Wordsworth and Browning composed in the open air, Scott on horseback, Swinburne while swimming. Food and sleep also influence mental life tremendously. Whether we eat one simple meal a day with Kant, or many varied ones with Goethe, we must remember the laws of nutrition and Carlyle's warning that indigestion comprises all of the ills.

Mental life is also largely conditioned by our sensations. What did not Tennyson owe to his hearing, Keats to his taste and smell? Has anything ever affected human character more than the present eye-mindedness due to printing and artificial lighting? We have recently been shown the relation between thought and jerks of the eye in reading, and even between pessimism and eye-strain. The very posture of the body

is important in mental labor—many books are cramped from being bent over. Writers in bed have scientific endorsement for their approach to the horizontal.

The influence of climate on mental life is beyond control, except as we may choose our place of residence and vary our occupation according to season or weather. Days vary according to the ebb and flow of the vitality stored at weekends—Monday often wasting energy that is much missed by Friday. Deliberation and determination can do much to increase efficiency and well-being by employing one's best times appropriately; prizing the cumulative value of unbroken hours, of morning concentration, afternoon acquisition, and evening meditation. Those who cannot control the day, must use the night—a French scientist even advocates a watch in the middle of the night. There are no rules of universal applicability, but study of the characteristics and circumstances of our best moments may make possible their easy and frequent duplication. That was Pater's recipe for successful living.

Much seclusion, it is pointed out, is essential for knowledge, some solitude for wisdom. Both independence and sympathy are attained through an inner circle of select companions. Mental health, moreover, demands some conscious agreement with one's income and some mastery of expenditure. Too much money is as bad as too little.

From physical foundation and social setting we approach personality; that something peculiarly our own which, in the words of Petrarch, "it is both easier and wiser to cultivate and to correct than to alter"; that something within as which, in the words of Emerson, "accepts and disposes of impressions after a native, individual law." We grow in wisdom as we grow in the knowledge of such inner laws. They are fundamental and inevitable. They control mental life and are not to be controlled save through much self-realization.

What, again, are our inmate or acquired interests and desires? Does their vision of the future help or hinder our realization of the pre-

sent? Do we aspire after the impossible, expecting precision or clarity, brevity or completeness, where they cannot or should not be? Do we apprehend the unlikely? "If anything external vexes you," says Marcus Aurelius, "take notice that it is not the thing which disturbs you, but your notion about it, which notion you may dismiss at once, if you please." "Disappointment," says Dr. Johnson, "you may easily compensate by enjoining yourself some particular study, or opening some new avenue to information." If we cannot attain, like Lamb, to hissing our failures, let us, like La Motte, retire to a Trappist monastery, and drown consciousness in study. Let us not expect ideal conditions—Spencer and Huxley could work but three hours a day. Let us look, if necessary, to our compensations. Napoleon had satisfactions in spite of his standing forty-second at military school. Darwin's inability to master languages and his loss of pleasure in poetry, painting, music, and natural scenery, were more than made up for. Let us hope for no 'simple, plausible, easy solution of life that will free us from all responsibility': but endeavor to apprehend and ennoble our practical religion, that scale of values according to which we spend our hoard of life.

Mental action varies with individuals. Thought is a kind of reception uncontrolled by will. All we can do is to open our senses and clear away obstructions. Attention may be led, if not driven. Experience will teach us how to free the mind from haunting suggestions by fixing and holding their values; how to begin work steadily and slowly, and then accelerate. We may learn, through the slowness

of accumulation, that we retain only what we use, that a bad memory may be the best, because selective, that even leisure may be well employed.

Each mind has some way in which it works most easily and efficiently; let us discover this way and arrange for it. Wisely controlled change combines the benefits of continuity and variety. The scientist whose study requires muscular as well as mental activity tires less easily than the scholar busied wholly with books.

The chief criteria of mental efficiency, then, lie between Matthew Arnold's definitions of genius—'mainly an affair of energy' and 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' Professor James, holding that the average man uses only a small part of his energy, would have us persist through fatigue and 'second wind,' perhaps to a third and a fourth. Even if experiment, however, did not show that working beyond fatigue yields rapidly decreasing product at a rapidly increasing cost, it would be uneconomic to attempt to increase our flow of energy so long as we waste so much of what we have in inefficient and unhygienic methods of work. Let us rather study the conditions of our best moments, clear away hindrances, and provide helps. Let us prize the spontaneous activity of each state, using fortunate moments for concentration, less efficient periods for accumulation and selection looking to future co-ordination. Let us follow natural rhythms of activity, relaxing primary activities by secondary functions useful also in themselves. Thus regularity and routine will develop speed: accumulation and economy end in ripeness.

The Value of Rapid Deep Breathing

As a Mental Stimulant and a Preventative of Muscular Fatigue, This Exercise Exerts a Powerful and Beneficial Influence on the Human Body.

A simple and effective method of stimulating mental processes while increasing physical endurance, at the disposal of any one without apparatus and without expense, would seem to be worth attention. Such a method

is noted by D. F. Comstock, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a letter to Science (New York, December 3). The writer modestly disclaims all pretense to originality; he simply calls attention, he says, to

important facts that have been generally neglected. He refers to the effects of enforced deep breathing, lasting for several minutes. Besides the results noted above, this produces ability to hold the breath for an unusually long period, and quickens the pulse. Writes Mr. Comstock:

It has been noticed by others that deep violent breathing for several minutes so changes the system as to make respiration unnecessary for perhaps as much as five minutes after this preparatory breathing is over. In my own case I have found that four minutes' enforced breathing makes it possible to hold the breath for 3½ minutes, whereas without this preparation 56 seconds was my limit. The time during which it is possible to do without respiration increases, of course, with the length of time during which the preparatory breathing is carried on. The increase does not go on indefinitely, but reaches a definite limit, beyond which further length of time given to preparatory breathing does not increase the time during which the breath may be held.

The preparatory breathing is effective long after the 'washing out' of the lungs must have been completed. The change produced in the system is certainly, therefore, more fundamental than a lung change, and would appear to a layman to indicate a temporary change in blood constitution.

The effect as a mental stimulant is very pronounced. I have noticed in my own case that mental fatigue may be postponed, far beyond

the usual point, by two minutes of rapid deep breathing at half-hour intervals. A feeling of sluggishness, of sleepiness, may be almost completely dispelled. I have never noticed any reaction as in the case of most stimulants and altogether it seems to me very satisfactory.

The effect on muscular fatigue is also striking. A difficult arm exercise with heavy weights which I could not repeat under ordinary circumstances more than twenty times, I found after four minutes of this preparatory breathing that I could do twenty-seven times, i.e., about 30 per cent. more. This increase I found to exist at all stages of fatigue, as might be expected.

The pulse beat goes up very rapidly while the breathing is continued, in my own case from about 65 to 106 after four minutes' breathing.

Another curious effect which perhaps is worth mentioning is the apparent rapid lapse of time during the latter half of a hard breathing period. This change in the time-sense is very noticeable.

I should not have ventured to describe phenomena which are so easily in the reach of every one, had I not found in people at large, and even among scientific men, a surprising ignorance as to their existence. I have seen some very amusing betting on how long it was possible to hold the breath, and have seen the cocksure bettor laid low by not knowing of this possible resource of his adversary.

As a mental stimulant, and as a means to increase the time during which the system can do without respiration, violent breathing might find considerable useful application, and daring rescues from suffocation are common enough to make a knowledge of this possible threefold endurance without air of no little value.

Impress of Personality on a Magazine's Fortunes

How Theodore Roosevelt's Connection With two American Magazines has Expanded Their Circulation and Increased Their Effectiveness as Advertising Media.

While it is generally true that personality no longer dominates journalism as much as it used to do, still the personal element breaks forth here and there with astonishing results even to-day—a Stead breathes life into a Review of Reviews, an O'Connor gives a personal touch to an M.A.P., and a Robertson Nicholl preaches to thousands in a British Weekly. On

our own side of the Atlantic, two periodical publications are at present being dominated by the spirit of that remarkable individual, Theodore Roosevelt. Just what the influence of Roosevelt has been on the fortunes of Scribner's Magazine and the Outlook, is made the basis of an inquiry by George French in *Advertising and Selling*. He asks the question, "What

is Theodore Roosevelt worth to these magazines?" and in the answer to this question we find the answer to the more abstract query, "What influence does he wield on the minds of the people of America?" For the number of his readers gauges fairly closely the power of a writer.

Briefly, and not trying to be too exact, Scribner's and The Outlook will double their earning power through having the name of Theodore Roosevelt connected with them.

This result has not yet been attained, but the indications very plainly point to it, and not in the distant future.

The circulation of Scribner's will doubtless be doubled by the time the present campaign for new readers is completed. The Outlook gained 53.25 per cent. subscribers before July 1—in four months after Mr. Roosevelt left the presidency. That rate has more than been maintained since, by the force of the general announcement by the press. The specific campaign for subscribers was not begun until November, and none of its results are considered. During October and November 11,174 new subscriptions came in—5,354 men and 5,820 women. (This analysis was made at the request of an advertiser who wanted to reach women and believed that the increase on account of Mr. Roosevelt was mostly men.)

The advertising in The Outlook has increased about 60 per cent. over last year, and probably at least 50 per cent. is due to the Roosevelt connection.

Scribner's had its first Roosevelt article in its October number. One hundred thousand extra copies were printed. Within 24 hours telegrams for more copies began to come in. Another hundred thousand could have been sold. The November number provided for the increased demand. Subscriptions have literally poured in, though until last month there was no special effort made in that direction. The sales through the news companies have already more than trebled. The increase has been 3½ fold in the northeast, 4 fold in the northwest, 2½ fold in the south; an average of more than 3 fold. In the face of a sharp rise of rates, made effective in November, the number of pages of advertising has increased as shown by this little table:

| | | | |
|----------------|------|----------|-------------|
| In Oct., 1908, | 86; | in 1909, | 173—inc. 87 |
| In Nov., 1908, | 99; | in 1909, | 171—inc. 72 |
| In Dec., 1908, | 113; | in 1909, | 183—inc. 70 |
| In Jan., 1909, | 65; | in 1910, | 107—inc. 42 |

This is an average increase of 68 pages, or an average rate of increase of 74.65 per cent.

These figures need no interpretation. They show where the Scribners are coming out. It is said that the Scribners paid all the expenses of their Roosevelt campaign with the excess receipts of the first three months, October, November and December. I do not know if this is true, but am inclined to credit it.

It is to be remembered that the receipts for advertising and sales were augmented by the re-

ceipts from publishers abroad who purchased the publication rights from the Scribners. These rights were purchased in London by the Telegraph, and in Paris and Berlin by prominent houses, whose representatives hurried to London to meet Mr. Mix when he went over, so that he did not have to stir out of his hotel in order to place the business.

It was reported that Mr. Roosevelt was to receive a salary of \$30,000 from the Outlook and that Scribner's was to pay him \$1 a word for his tales of African hunting.

Now \$30,000 is a pretty stiff salary for an editor. There are not many who get as much; none that I know of, except Mr. Arthur Brisbane; and he gets more; and he gets more because he thinks of things that make the Hearst newspapers thought of, not for what he writes, though that is worth more, per word, merely as writing, than anything Mr. Roosevelt has written, or is likely to write.

There are not many writers who can get \$1 a word for their MSS, and be secure in the knowledge that the editors will neither return them nor prune and change them. Most writers are glad to be assured of 1, 2, or 3 cents a word, and he or she who can get 5 cents a word has no call to rail at fate. It is hard to say just what rate the articles which Mr. Roosevelt sends to Scribner's and The Outlook would command if they came from an unknown writer. It is practically impossible to disassociate the name from the work, and to appraise the writings of a man of Roosevelt's caliber by the usual cold literary standards. The known eagerness of the public to know what the ex-President is doing and just what he has to say for himself would strongly prejudice the most exacting editor in favor of his contributions, even if he were a commonplace and uninteresting writer. However, it is principally because Theodore Roosevelt writes these articles that they are esteemed at so high a figure, and they are proving to be the shrewdest and best investments magazine managers have ever made, despite the doubts and scepticism of the other managers and the men in the advertising business.

From back when Mr. Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York his personality has been one of the elements in the public life of the United States about which there has been no chance to argue. Now it is the most potent fact in our public life. There is no other person who has anything like the hold upon all the people. There is no group of public men whose influence is at all comparable to his. There is no great preacher who can influence people in comparison with him.

He is not in the country. He is not in office. He has no "machine." There is no organization of any kind in his interest. So far as people know, he has no ambition. He has not "butted in" since he left the presidency last March. He has no newspaper spokesman. He has no particular personal representative. Nobody is

either booming or justifying him. So far as can be perceived, there is nothing whatever being done to keep him before the people. But his is the most vital and the most influential personality in America. The people would follow him further and more willingly than they would follow anybody else, and more willingly than they would follow any party. Think what the result would be if he were to return to America and

put himself at the head of a movement for real tariff reform!

It is this personality that these magazines have enlisted to promote their interests. I must insist that it is an advertising move. I do not think the magazines will object to that definition. What then is Theodore Roosevelt worth to these magazines? What have they gained? What are they likely to gain?

A Bogus Peer and His Distinguished Dupes

The Astounding Story of an Impostor Who Successfully Duped Leading American and Canadian Financiers, Part of Whose Story was Enacted in Canada.

W. A. Croffut has resurrected in Putnam's Magazine the story of "Lord Gordon-Gordon," the bogus peer, who duped several of America's most famous business men early in the seventies. The story is a new one to the greater part of the present generation, and, as it was enacted partially in Canada, it is not out of place to outline it here.

Lord Gordon-Gordon first set up his pretensions to nobility and wealth in the City of Minneapolis in 1871. In two days, his suavity of manner had won the entire confidence of Colonel John S. Loomis, Lord Commissioner of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He represented himself to be possessed of an income of a million dollars a year and his visit to the west was for the purpose of securing areas of land on which to colonize his overcrowded Scotch tenantry. For three months, the audacious charlatan traveled around the state, inspected town-sites and taking part in buffalo hunts, at the expense of the Northern Pacific. Colonel Loomis spent \$45,000 on him that summer and beamingly said to the directors: "He is the richest landlord in Europe. He will invest \$5,000,000 with us." His Lordship selected sites for his colony and

then announced that he would go to New York to secure the money to pay for his purchases. When he left, he bore with him a letter of warm introduction from Colonel Loomis to Horace Greeley.

It was early in the year 1872—the psychological moment to visit New York. The Erie war was raging and a battle of magnificent proportions was on. The Erie road was the centre of the conflict. Jay Gould had just fallen outside the breastworks, to his great astonishment and the bewilderment of his friends, and Generals Dix and Sickles were securely entrenched within; while Daniel Drew and Col. Thomas A. Scott were gently bandaging their wounds. The sum at stake was more than \$30,000,000.

Greeley was at once taken in and was soon on most intimate terms with Gordon-Gordon. The latter intimated that he held 60,000 shares of Erie and with this and the holdings of his English friends, he intended to control the next election for directors. The news spread among the financial magnates of the day. To Thomas A. Scott, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad System, and to Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia Times, Gordon-Gordon outlined his plans for the re-organization of the road. Then Jay Gould came into the comedy. After a preliminary conference with the bogus peer,

an agreement was consummated. Gordon represented to Gould that in making his investigations, getting bills passed and bringing litigations to an end, he had been at very large expense; that his bills had been paid by him personally and that he considered these expenses a legitimate charge against the new organization. Gordon claimed that his expenses had been over a million dollars.

"In view of the fact," explained Mr. Gould later, "that he had made these advances personally, and that the success of the new plan would depend very much on my good faith and his co-operation, I agreed to deposit with him securities and money to the extent of about one-half of his expenses, or about \$500,000. This pledge was not to be used by him, but was to be returned to me on my carrying out my part of the agreement. In accordance therewith I deposited with Gordon money and securities as follows:

"500 shares of the National Stock Yard Company.

"500 shares of the Erie and Atlantic Sleeping Coach Company.

"200 shares of the Elmira Rolling Mill.

"200 shares of the Brooks Locomotive Works.

"20 bonds of \$1,000 each of Nyack and North-
era R.R. Company.

"500 shares of the Jefferson Car Company.

"4722 shares of Oil Creek and Alleghany Val-
ley R.R. Company.

"600 shares of the Erie R.R. Company.

"Cash, \$160,000.

"When I gave him these securities I put a memorandum against each of them of their value. Gordon afterwards wrote me that there was an error in the footing, he thought; and though there was no error, yet, not wishing to raise any question, and supposing that the money was safe in his hands, I took \$40,000 more and deposited with him, making, in all, the securities mentioned and \$200,000 cash."

Marvelous as it may appear, it is absolutely true that at this date this consummate knave was not only possessed of the entire confidence of Jay Gould, the admiration and respect of Thomas A. Scott and Alexander McClure and the trust and affection of Horace Greeley, but he had more than half a million of Gould's securities and greenbacks in his handbag and Gould's voluntary resignation as director and president of the Erie Railway Company in his vest pocket! Gould admitted to his associates that he had given his resignation to Gor-

don simply to induce his co-directors to do the same thing, and in the interest of harmony!

More than this: he had not only obtained without the pretence of an equivalent this vast sum, but he had exhibited such airs of superiority as to bring the marvelous millionaire to his knees and cause him to assume an apologetic tone and attitude when asked to give some slight guaranty of his honesty and good faith! This most extraordinary thief had so impressed his new friend with his own fidelity that when he superciliously refused to furnish any voucher for his truthfulness, Gould instantly yielded and handed over half a million dollars on "his lordship's word of honor"! And only a week had passed since he first set eyes on his lordship!

But matters were now approaching a crisis. Gordon-Gordon began to sell the stock which he held. Six hundred shares of Erie went without attracting attention, but the sale of 5,000 shares of Oil Creek and Alleghany produced a depression in the market and Gould became suspicious. Greeley was requested to interview him and ask for the return of the securities. All were handed back except 4,722 shares of Oil Creek, the shares of Erie, which had been sold, and a few others. Proceedings were instituted and his lordship was arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. To the astonishment of Jay Gould, two eminent financiers, A. F. Roberts and Horace F. Clark, a son-in-law of Commodore Vanderbilt, went bail for \$40,000 for his appearance in court.

The bogus noble put up a great fight when the case came on for trial. He assumed an air of injured innocence and was quite frank in giving the names and addresses of his Scotch relatives. The court favored him. After adjournment Gould cabled to England and secured a repudiation of all Gordon's claims from the parties whom he had mentioned. Armed with these he attended the hearing on the next day, but in the meantime Lord

Gordon-Gordon had skipped out to Montreal. From there he traveled to Fort Garry.

When the facts became known in Minneapolis, a party was organized to capture the pseudo lord. They went to Fort Garry, caught their man and were on their way home, when a pursuing party overtook them, rescued Lord Gordon-Gordon and took his captors prisoners. Great excitement prevailed and for a time the affair took on an ugly complexion, threatening to become an "international conflict." However, wiser counsels won the day, representations were made to the Canadian Government and the kidnapers were released.

The "international conflict" was at an end, but Jay Gould's offer of \$25,000 for Lord Gordon-Gordon still held good, and New York City was not without adventurous speculators who were willing to pocket it. It shortly became known that the Hon. Lord Gordon-Gordon, cousin of the Campbells, and descendant of the bold Lochinvar and the Highland kings, had concealed himself in a cottage near Toronto. His pursuers again gave chase, but were fated to obtain meagre satisfaction. Extradition papers were quietly obtained from Washington, two vigorous officials were employed, and the much wanted nobleman was found, not boldly exposed to capture on the front porch, but ignominiously asleep in the recesses of his chamber.

"Ah, yes; do you want me?" he asked, on being touched lightly upon the shoulder. He found that he was at the mercy of two officers stationed on each side of the bed and for a moment he imagined that one of them was Hoy, Brackett's vigilant chief of police. He playfully requested permission to sleep a little longer as it was not yet noon, but was informed that the

exigency would not permit it. The "gentleman's tiger" who had accompanied his lordship's splendid retinue over the prairies of Minnesota was not at hand and the sleepy nobleman was compelled to get out of bed without assistance and to complete his toilet by his own unaided exertions. Lord Gordon-Gordon took his arrest with the cool nonchalance which had always been his distinguishing characteristic. He surrendered at discretion. He was permitted to consult a lawyer, and was given five minutes for the conference.

"Tell me," he said, "if these papers are sufficient to compel me to go with these men and appear in a Toronto court."

"They are," answered the lawyer.

"Very well, I will go," and the prisoner smiled a peculiar smile. "Cold, isn't it? Then I must wrap up." At this moment his valet returned, not the gorgeous "gentleman's tiger" of the northwestern prairies, but another who, though much humbler, showed himself capable of great astonishment and alarm. He followed his master into the bedroom where they busied themselves with getting the clothing requisite for the journey to Toronto, perhaps New York.

"What have I done that I should be seized like a felon?" he asked as he vanished into the bedroom.

"Are you ready?" asked one of the detectives.

"In one moment, policeman," said the soft, indiffererent voice from the inner room. "Here, Grant, help me with these boots."

There was a long silence. Then came the crash of a revolver in the little apartment and the Right Honorable Lord Gordon-Gordon fell dead across the threshold, carrying all the mysteries of his strange life with him.

Thus ended the career of a man who, while posing as a nobleman on two continents, had successfully imposed on the shrewdest merchants and ablest men of affairs of the day. He proved to be the illegitimate child of a clergyman's son, and his mother was the parlor-maid in the family. From which of his ancestors he inherited his brilliancy and his vices can only be conjectured.

The Most Wonderful Boy in the World

An Eleven-Year-Old Prodigy Astonishes the Sages of Harvard by His Learning and is Pronounced to be the Greatest Mental Marvel Ever Born.

William James Sidis, acknowledged to be the greatest boy wonder in the world, is the subject of a sketch in the New York Herald, in the course of which the writer describes the methods

employed by the boy's father to develop his talents. He entered Harvard last fall at the age of eleven as a special student, who having completed all the ordinary higher mathematics, is

taking only the most difficult and advanced mathematical work taught at Harvard, work intended for seniors and graduates who have specialized for years in the science of numbers. He knows Greek and Latin so thoroughly that he can write original verses in each language.

But, most wonderful of all, he can think in the fourth dimension. Most people have never heard that there might be a fourth dimension, and only a very few of the most brilliant scientists who have ever lived have been able to think in it. Most people are content to believe that objects have but three dimensions—length, breadth and thickness. But try to imagine another dimension that they might have—the hypothetical fourth dimension, a hypothesis of such fine texture that the mentality of but few can discern it. Then, if you invent theories and problems involving this dimension, work them out to accurate conclusions and explain them lucidly to mathematicians so that you convert them completely to your way of thinking, and you will have done once what William J. Sidis, eleven years of age, does daily.

In appearance and many of his tastes this precocious boy is a normal youngster. His cheeks are a healthy pink, his grey eyes are clear and bright and his frequent squinting is a racial characteristic—for his parents are Russian Jews—not a sign of poor eyesight.

Though slender, he is, physicians declare, in perfectly sound physical condition. He is small even for his age, but both parents are short. His muscles are developed no more than those of any other eleven-year-old boy, but they are firm. When he speaks it is without a trace of nervousness or self-consciousness and in the rather high, sweet voice of a child.

His head, its brown hair trimmed in childish bangs, is not larger than the average. His knickerbockered legs are as active as those of any other boy, and they carry him with remarkable friskiness across the yard at Harvard, and two steps at a time up into Seaver Hall.

His parents, who are both doctors, are exceptionally gifted. His father believes that the boy's marvellous precocity is the result of a training, in

which a practical application has been made of certain little known psychological laws. Most important among these is the so-called "law of reserve energy."

According to this law, every human being possesses a great reservoir of latent energy, upon which he does not usually draw, but upon which he does draw in times of crises or other exceptional moments, with sufficient frequency to make its presence certain.

In explaining this Professor James said:—"Every one knows what it is to start a piece of work, either intellectual or muscular, feeling stale or cold. And every one knows what it is to 'warm up' to the job. The process of warming up gets particularly striking in what is known as the 'second wind.'

"If an unusual necessity forces us to press onward a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, masked until then by the fatigue obstacle usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience.

"It is evident that our organism has stored up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon, but that may be called upon and which repair themselves by rest as well as do the superficial strata."

It is the belief of Dr. Sidis that the reason people do not more frequently make use of their "hidden energy" is because they have not been trained to do so, and that such training, to be most effective, should begin in early childhood. This will not, in his opinion, entail any "forcing process" on the child. On the contrary, he is convinced that the modern practice of letting the child's mind remain fallow for the first few years of his life is utterly and indefensibly wrong. No one can keep a child from thinking and using his mind, Dr. Sidis says, but unless he is taught how to think correctly he is certain to form bad thought habits, which the training of later years may never completely overcome.

Before he was two years old the infant could talk, read and spell. When he was three years old he could use a typewriter. When he was five, he was an expert accountant, had begun to study French and Latin, and was proficient in anatomy. At five he began to study arithmetic, but oddly enough he was for some time quite backward in this study. He entered Brookline High School when eight years old. Three years ago he applied to Harvard for admission, but was refused because of his youth.

Lord Strathcona and Louis Riel

Some Sidelights on the Interesting Chapter in Canadian History, Showing the Way in Which Canada's Grand Old Man Handled the Turbulent Riel.

By NORMAN MURRAY

From Chambers's Journal

The year 1837 was a year to be remembered by all loyal Britons both in Canada and Great Britain, for that was the year in which the late lamented and beloved Queen Victoria ascended the throne and the so-called Canadian Rebellion took place. It is a very rare thing in Canada now to come across any one who remembers that little turmoil or has seen any one who took part in it. I introduce this incident here merely to illustrate the long years that our Grand Old Man, Lord Strathcona, has been in the public service; for he came to Canada in 1838, the year after the ascension of Queen Victoria and the Canadian Rebellion already referred to, being then eighteen years of age. My prime object in connecting these two well-known names, Strathcona and Louis Riel, is to illustrate two types of character. A very good definition of a civilized man and a barbarian is that the one has his passions under the control of reason, while the latter has strong passions and a weak reason, and even a good education will not civilize the savage mind. I very much doubt if Donald A. Smith could have gained as many marks in an examination in the classics when he left school at Elgin, in the Highlands of Scotland, as Louis Riel could have got when he left the Montreal Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice. To Louis Riel, however, a classical education meant the pride

that comes before a fall, while the education of Donald A. Smith helped to develop a keen intellect.

The nearest parallel I can find to the manner in which Donald A. Smith handled the turbulent Riel on his first effort at rebellion in the winter of 1869 is the manner in which another Scotsman, of immortal fame, David Livingstone, often succeeded in handling the savages of South Africa without shedding a drop of blood. When the Hudson's Bay Territory was transferred from the company to the Dominion of Canada in 1869, there was more or less disappointment among the subordinate officials of the company, and this helped to lead the misguided Louis Riel to the rash conclusion that there was now an opportunity for him to become a second Napoleon. Donald A. Smith had been thirty-one years in the service of the company in Canada, and had risen from the position of clerk on a wild Labrador station to be head officer of the company in Canada. Being always a man of broad ideas, he surveyed the situation from all points of view—the interests of the company, its servants, the misguided half-breeds, the Dominion of Canada, and the Mother Country. The misguided Riel could only look upon the situation from one point of view—his own dream of becoming president of a republic composed mostly of half-breeds in the Northwest.

The whole population of this vast region, nearly as large as European Russia, was only about twelve thousand souls at the time we are writing about, a little more than half of which were French half-breeds, or Metis, as they were called, who were the only class at all likely to accept Louis Riel as their leader. Mr. Macdougall who had been Minister of Public Works of the Canadian Government when the transfer of the North-West from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Canadian Government was made, was sent out as its first governor. The half-breeds, with Riel at their head, blocked the road and made a hostile demonstration; and under the circumstances the unfortunate Macdougall had no alternative but to turn back. Riel's policy had been to prevent any communications between the Canadian Government and the people. He did not wish them to hear anything but what he chose to tell them, and this is where our Grand Old Man's skill in tactics, determination, and diplomacy came into play. In the meantime Riel with about one hundred men took possession of the old Hudson's Bay post Fort Garry, in spite of the protests of Mr. Cowan, the officer in charge. Riel was bent on proclaiming himself dictator of the newly formed province of Rupert's Land, and accordingly issued a proclamation to the people. Sixty of those who were not favourable to Riel's ambitions were arrested by his orders. A new flag was made with a representation of the Shamrock and Fleur-de-lis (the old French Royalist flag). The Union-jack was conspicuous by its absence from this new flag. And we know now what happened to that flag.

In the meantime Donald A. Smith surveyed the whole situation from Montreal, two thousand miles away. It was now the middle of a Canadian winter, with no means of communication for the longest part of the

distance but dog-sleds. Another clear-headed Highlander, John A. Macdonald, was now Premier of Canada, and between them it was arranged that Mr. Smith should undertake the difficult mission of explaining the intentions of the Canadian Government to the people. He was appointed a special commissioner to inquire into and report upon the causes and extent of the disaffection of Red River, to act as mediator amongst the inhabitants, and also to report on the best mode of dealing with the Indian tribes in the country—surely a large contract. This was, indeed, a wide-sweeping commission, and the responsibilities under it were truly immense. Mr. Donald A. Smith, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Hardistry, proceeded on his difficult mission from Ottawa on the 13th of December, and reached Pembina, a few miles outside of the settlement, on Christmas Day. There he left his most important documents in safe keeping until he could investigate matters at closer range. To the astonishment of the settlers who met him, as well as of the sentinels appointed by Riel, he drove in his dog-sleigh right up to the old fort, the gates of which were open, and requested to be shown into Governor Mactavish's house. Governor Mactavish, who was the Hudson's Bay Company's representative, was now a prisoner of Louis Riel. 'Comment appelles-tu?' inquired a surly sentinel in French, garnishing his inquiry with an oath. 'Je me nomme Donald A. Smith, et je viens de Montreal.' This was possibly not the first time that the grim Metis heard the name. The sentinel responded that he would inform 'President Riel.' The title president surprised the new-comer. After a few moments Louis Riel appeared. He said he had heard of Mr. Smith's arrival at Pembina, and was about to send off a party to effect his capture. 'I then,'

relates Mr. Smith, 'accompanied him to a room occupied by about a dozen men whom he introduced to me as members of the "Provisional Government." I was then asked to take an oath not to attempt to leave the fort that night nor to upset their Government legally established. This request I peremptorily refused to comply with.' As a consequence Mr. Smith found himself a prisoner for the next two months. On the 13th January, as Mr. Smith relates, he was awakened at three o'clock in the morning. Springing up in bed, he saw Riel, surrounded by a guard, at his bedside. The dictator demanded of his prisoner a written order for the delivery of his commission and official papers, which had been sent for. But Mr. Smith was not to be terrified by vague threats, and emphatically refused to give any such order. The well-affected French party, becoming aware of what had happened, and beginning to have doubts concerning Riel's good faith, resolved to prevent the papers from falling into his hands. Bloodshed at one time seemed certain; but things calmed down, and finally, after a good deal of recrimination, it was arranged that a meeting of the inhabitants from all parts of the settlement should be called for the 19th, at which the papers bearing on the subject should be read, a guard of forty men remaining in the house to ensure the safe keeping of the documents.

Probably never before in history has a regularly ordained meeting been held in British territory under such conditions. This was the meeting that Donald Alexander Smith had come two thousand miles to hold with the people of Rupert's Land. 'The part I had to act was that of a mediator. Not only would one rash or unguarded word have increased the difficulty, but even the pointing of a finger might have on more than one occasion been suffi-

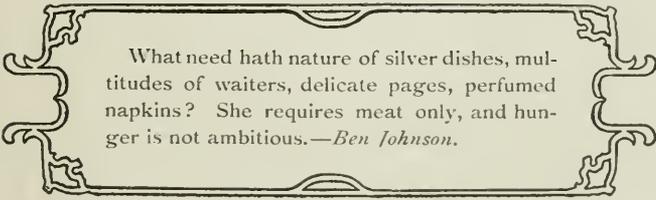
cient to put the whole country into a flame.' Thus he wrote afterwards in referring to this extraordinary affair. In the open air, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, in the teeth of a biting blast, this meeting was conducted with a respect for decorum and ancient parliamentary methods worthy of Westminster itself. Louis Riel, the so-called president of the Provisional Government, took a prominent part; and in due time Mr. Smith rose, holding a packet of papers in his right hand. He began by reading the Secretary of State's official letter to him. We can only give short extracts from the address delivered by Mr. Smith on this remarkable occasion. 'Although,' he said, 'I am personally a stranger to you, I am as much interested in the development of this country as others I could name. On both sides I have a number of relations in this land—(cheers)—not merely Scotch cousins but blood-relations. Besides that, my wife is a native of Rupert's Land. (Cheers.) Hence, though I myself am a Scotsman, you will not be surprised that I should feel a deep interest in this great country and its people. (Cheers.) I am here to-day in the interests of Canada, but only as far as they are in accordance with the interests of this country. As to the Hudson's Bay Company, my connection with that body is, I suppose, generally known; but I will say that if it could do any possible good to this country I would at this moment resign my position in that company. I sincerely hope that my humble efforts may in some measure contribute to bring about peaceably union and entire concord among all classes of the people of this land.' Mr. Smith then read the documents, the contents of which Riel had so strenuously tried to keep from the people. In one of the documents reference was made to the fact that all complaints that any one had to

make should be made to Her Majesty's representatives, and that the Imperial Government had no intention of acting otherwise or permitting others to act otherwise than in perfect good faith towards the inhabitants of the Red River District of the North-West. A great sensation was made when Mr. Smith asked that additional letters sent by the Canadian Government through other parties be produced and read to the meeting. These documents had previously been seized by Riel and destroyed, but fortunately Mr. Smith had copies of them, the reading of which made a profound sensation. The dictator was being undermined most effectively.

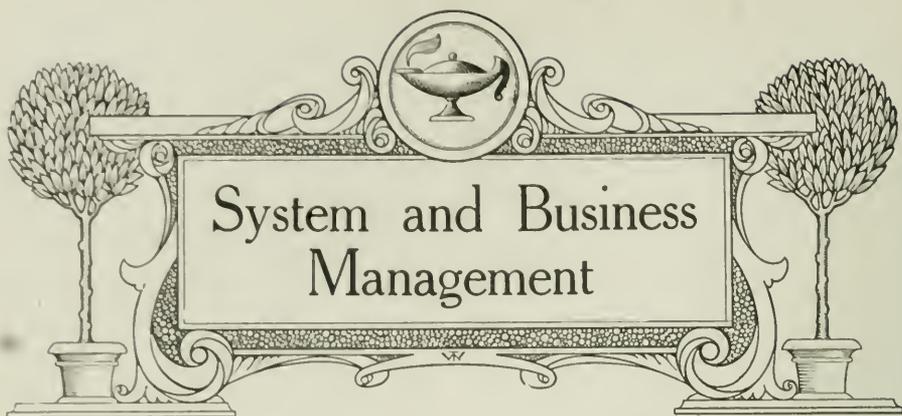
Next summer a military expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley was organized; but when the red-coats reached Fort Garry the bird had flown in the night. Mr. Smith had countered the would-be dictator, and he could not rally sympathisers enough to make even a show of resistance.

How this same Riel started another rebellion fifteen years after-

wards, and how other methods were adopted, resulting in considerable bloodshed; how he was finally hanged, and how the hanging was made afterwards, a political issue, are now matters of history; but, as Kipling would say, 'that is another story.' Sir Donald Alexander Smith is now Lord Strathcona. He belongs to no particular party, but to the whole State. His first appointment as Canadian High Commissioner in London was made by a Conservative Government, and he was urged by the Liberal Government which succeeded, with the greatest French Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at its head, to continue in office, and there was no dissenting voice. Among his monuments here in Canada we may mention the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Royal Victoria College (in connection with which the name of Lord Mountstephen must not be omitted). A great deal more might be said; but as the space at my disposal is limited, I can only refer the reader for further particulars to Wilson's *Life of Strathcona*.



What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? She requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious.—*Ben Jonson*.



Inquiry Cost as a Misleading Advertising Factor

The Unfairness of Figuring the Value of Advertising on the Basis of the Number of Enquiries it Draws Out, With Concrete Examples to Prove It.

A SYMPOSIUM OF OPINIONS

From Printer's Ink

NOT many years ago the Singer Sewing Machine Company, after years of advertising along general publicity lines which neither asked nor got any responses, started a contest to locate the oldest Singer machine still in use.

Nothing more interesting in "results" ever happened to an advertiser. All over this broad land, and from many other lands, came responses. If advertising ever got a sealed and certified approval, it got it then. It must have made a telling impression on the Singer people, who have appeared to regard advertising as a rather unimportant auxiliary to their quite wonderful agency organization.

That Singer incident held the germ of an advertising truth which has not grown articulate until recently. The Singer distribution was so nearly perfect that the effect of general publicity was quite submerged below visibil-

ity. Mrs. Thimble, on reading a Singer advertisement, cared not a bit to write to headquarters. Why should she, when an agent was almost around the corner, willing to break his neck getting to her, if she but made a sign?

And yet Singer headquarters, because so few people gave any evidence, by inquiry, that they read the advertising, felt skeptical about its value!

In the same way exactly, some manufacturers to-day look upon individual mediums as prohibitive, and perhaps upon all magazine advertising as too costly, when the thing they are judging it by—requests for a booklet, invited by about four lines nonpareil in an ad.—is a small part of the real business of general advertising to any concern with general distribution.

Many advertisers, figuring inquiry

costs (upon which they frequently base their entire judgment of mediums) simply divide the net cost of the ad. by the number of keyed inquiries received. They do this whether the booklet or sample offer was allowed six words in small type or six inches of display—without reference to the certainty that the difference between the two is considerable. One magazine may carry an ad, with the six-word invitation, and another magazine may contain a more prominent invitation to reply—but both are judged by the same rule o' thumb.

Now, if such advertisers were advertising solely to get inquiries—which, of course, they admit they are not—advertising would be as prohibitive, judged on inquiry cost in such a way, as a thirty-foot penitentiary wall. Articles retailing at \$2 or less are every day being advertised in mediums considered "fair pullers" at a cost per inquiry of from \$5 to \$8 and as high at \$12 and \$15.

Obviously, when you put it this way, general advertisers will concede that they look to their advertising, not to get mail inquiries, but to *send people to their dealers*. The advertising's success or failure in accomplishing this result is the only true test. The invitation for booklets, samples or mail orders where no dealers carry the goods is an altogether separate and secondary department of the advertisement's function. It is simply a means of getting in touch with the residue of people reached by advertising—that part merely which the dealer-distribution does not cover; or of cementing the interest of the customer still stronger. If the general advertiser's customers were bounded by the people whom he could get to write to him, sudden and mournful would be his funeral!

Advertisers going into the magazines are often greatly scared, either before or after they have taken the leap at the cost of inquiries. Landers, Frary & Clark some time ago adver-

ted in their advertising, which offered a booklet. The small results almost scared them, yet they found that people, after all, were being induced in large numbers to go to dealers to get the goods.

The Pompeian Massage Cream people got results direct by mail quite cheaply for the first year they advertised, and from these results established agents. The second year cost was higher. People were going to agents instead of buying direct; and each succeeding year, as distribution has grown more complete, inquiry cost has become higher and higher, for perfectly natural and logical reasons. Yet if an advertiser who is inclined to place great stress upon direct results should be told the cost per inquiry he might reply that Pompeian Massage Cream advertising is extravagant general publicity. It is no such thing—it is the very motive power of the business and always has been, and the rising inquiry cost is not an alarm signal, but on the contrary, a mechanical gauge indicating the successful operation of the powerful silent forces of advertising.

Some years ago, in spring, the Knox hat folk (another superb instance of a purely publicity advertiser who has not considered advertising an indispensable creative sales force) put an ad. in the *Ladies' Home Journal* offering a catalogue of *women's* Knox hats. The requests for catalogues ate up Knox's supply of 5,000 in a jiffy, and thousands of women are still waiting for a copy. That was a fine proof of the fact that advertising works instantly when people *have* to write to get something they are convinced they want. A Knox *woman's* hat was new and welcome, but to buy they had to send for a catalogue. If the ad. had said "for sale in all stores," and distribution had been thoroughly arranged beforehand, the effect of the advertising would have been apparent at the stores.

An interesting evidence of the tendency to look at inquiry cost a little

differently is the fact that the General Electric Company has just adopted a new plan of figuring inquiry cost, in addition to the old method. It has two sets of inquiry costs, one "gross" and the other "net." The "gross" figure is secured in the usual way, while the "net" cost is obtained by figuring the cost of the actual space used to invite inquiries. This gives an additional hint as to the operation of the advertising and the value of the mediums. Says F. R. Davis, assistant advertising manager, concerning this plan, "the justice of this new idea is obvious—it makes the inquiries bear a proper ratio to the total expenditure, instead of making advertising apparently prohibitive by charging the entire ad. against the inquiries. I consider it a step forward in analyzing results."

Converse D. Marsh, of the Bates Advertising Company, which handles the General Electric account, is the originator of this idea and is thoroughly convinced that inquiry cost needs to be looked at in a different light than ordinarily. "The first purpose of a national advertiser with national distribution is to send people to the store for the goods," he says, "and the second purpose is to induce retailers and jobbers to stock the goods. The common custom has been, nevertheless, to charge the total cost of the advertising to the inquiries received. As a result, many advertisers are fooled by this method of calculation, and some publishers have had less advertising than they deserved. Advertisers have been deterred from spending their money on seeing what inquiry cost, as commonly figured, amounts to.

"A little more imagination—which is so much needed in business of every kind—and a little less habit, would cause some new facts to be unearthed about the advertising expenditure of many concerns. How it is possible for advertisers to charge as cost per inquiry the total amount of space used in selling goods to the public, when

that space is very considerably devoted to quite another purpose than getting inquiries? It may be argued that talking for retail sales is also talking for booklet inquiries, but there's a distinction. You can't talk for two results at once without confusion. Either you are trying to get people to go to dealers or you are trying to get inquiries, and the amount of attention you give in the ad. to getting inquiries is all that you can justly charge to inquiry cost. Large space may increase inquiry results, but mail-order advertisers get strong results from small ads.

"One of the strongest reasons for abandoning the present widely practised method is that, excepting those advertisers who key the month as well as the publication, a great many advertisers have their returns quite mixed up, and cannot possibly get an accurate estimate of an individual piece of copy. Experience in several accounts has shown that returns from, say, September advertising is within ten per cent. as strong in October as in September. Advertising in the weeklies pulls two and three weeks afterwards. Unless the month is keyed, September results are frequently counted in with October results and inquiry cost. This is obviously misleading, particularly as to the value of a piece of copy."

Herbert M. Post, advertising manager of the Western Electric Company, says, "I have come to believe that inquiry cost doesn't amount to a hurrah in estimating the value of mediums. I have given a considerable amount of study to this subject, and I must say I haven't found any system of measuring values in which I have any confidence whatsoever. I have at least one medium on my list from which an inquiry has cost \$450. If I was inclined to hang my faith on inquiry cost I would be scared stiff, but I have good evidence of another kind that the publications whose inquiry cost looks prohibitive are doing good work. Advertisers who are scared at

inquiry cost should ask their sales organization what help advertising is giving them. Our salesmen say Western Electric advertising saves half their time in eliminating introduction and securing standing. Now, a sales organization is a mighty expensive thing, and if advertising can save half its time, the advertising is doing some mighty corking work, and it is useless for me to worry about inquiry cost."

O. C. Harn, advertising manager of the National Lead Company, does not abandon inquiry cost as a help toward judging mediums, "but," he says, "I am far from making mail replies the sole test of advertising. The subject of inquiries and results is a most live one, and needs constant analysis. It doesn't matter to me whether inquiries cost \$2 or \$5: my appreciation of a magazine does not fluctuate if I am satisfied with other things. I use inquiry cost to some extent in judging mediums, but I do not judge a magazine out of its class. If a magazine's inquiry cost is somewhere in sight of inquiry cost in magazines of the same class, I do not bother, but if it is much higher than other magazines of the same class, I feel something's wrong in circulation.

"I made some investigations not long ago of inquiries per dollar of cost, and then also per 1,000 of circulation, and the latter method quickly brought some magazines which had been tail enders in inquiry cost as usually figured, up toward the middle."

Mr. Janvier, who has handled the accounts of Pears' Soaps, Beecham's Pills and Sheffield's Dentifrice, had some interesting things to say. "Eighteen years ago," he said, "I ran the advertising of Beecham's Pills with a line at the bottom suggesting sending for literature. At first the direct returns were large. Gradually, as the article became widely distributed, these direct returns fell off, but the business kept on increasing. The idea of judging advertising by the cost per reply is all right for some things and at some times. But to use this test

indiscriminately for measuring the value of your advertising is wrong."

The Gillette Sales Company, handling the Gillette Safety razor, had an interesting experience in point. They advertised in many periodicals with the offer of a free booklet. The printing order for the booklets had been very large. But very few of these booklets were asked for, yet it was certain that that very advertising had sold many of the razors. The only conclusion they could draw was that people are not supremely anxious to ask for advertised literature—that is, people who are the kind that actually buy. This testimony is significant in the face of the growth of the Gillette sales the past year—fifty per cent.

George H. Hazen, of the *Century Magazine* and the *Woman's Home Companion*, said: "Twenty-five years ago I went from New York to Chicago in thirty-six hours; I can get there now in eighteen. Judgment in advertising values has also improved. The cost per inquiry is the wrong basis altogether. Let me illustrate. The General Electric Company uses, say, space in the *Century*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Farm & Fireside* for their Tungsten lamp. The *Farm & Fireside* might produce three inquiries to the *Century's* one or to the *Woman's Home Companion's* two. Would you, therefore, judge the value of space in the *Century* as being worth one-third that of the *Farm & Fireside*? People write for advertised booklets from all sorts of motives; often out of mere curiosity and with no intention of buying whatsoever. Are you going to level the *Century* and the *Farm & Fireside* with the cost per inquiry standard? Absurd. The cost per inquiry is a false gauge of advertising value. This seems perfectly elementary to me.

"The General Electric Company is on the right track. What they want to do is to forget about any cost for inquiries and to select an advertising expert who knows the value of the mediums. If you take the cost per

inquiry as a basis, then you have got to relinquish partly or altogether the matter of quality. Readers of the *Century*, of *Scribner's*, of *Harpers'*, etc., are presumably cultured. They are people who have money to buy and the inclination to buy. They don't spend their time asking for booklets. If they are impressed with the advertising of an article they consult their dealer. A thousand of this class might succumb to the advertiser, and buy the article through the dealer, and yet the manufacturer might never know they existed as far as any inquiry was concerned."

Mr. Rodgers, advertising manager of *Harper's Magazine*, was another who took a fall out of the cost per inquiry habit. "Most certainly you cannot rightly judge advertising by the cost of the direct inquiries. Suppose I lived in Dayton, Ohio, and saw

the advertisement of the Tungsten burner. Suppose again I wanted it. Do you think I would write to the General Electric Company? The chances are 75,000,000 to one I would not. I would do the sensible thing and telephone the local light company, or go to a local dealer in electric light fixtures. To write a letter to the General Electric Company would be as antiquated a way of doing business as that of using a quill pen for a typewriter. I believe that the high-grade magazines have very few curiosity hunters, the class that contributes so much to the manufacturer's mail. This public of culture does business in a modern way. They doubtless are accurately sensible to good advertising of a desirable staple, but they demonstrate the motive power of the copy by going to their dealer and not to the post office."

Forcing the Buyer's Attention

Many Successful Schemes Adopted by Salesmen to Attract the Attention of Buyers, Which Have Resulted in Making Sales in Apparently Hopeless Cases.

By DONALD L. KINNEY

Reproduced from System

Turn your eyes from this page to the smoke-painted horizon, and one building, reaching skyward, grips your attention. Drop your gaze to the placarded billboard on the street below, and one poster signals its message. Recall your morning's mail, and the first paragraph of the letter that sold you the office chair still tingles your senses. Similarly, the clever salesman tops his fellows. With a word, a gesture, a suggestion, he forces the buyer's attention on his proposition and rounds the first lap toward a sale.

The buyer is always on the defensive. With indifference, excuses and anger, he guards his cash drawer from attack. This is especially true of the small retailer who is canvassed daily by a score of solicitors. Working behind the counter with his clerks, he reluctantly gives the salesman an opportunity to even open his selling talk. The keen salesman, however, jolts his indifference, dissolves his excuses, undermines his anger, and secures attention.

The salesman who fought apathy by

dressing up the janitor and introducing him to an unresponsive prospect as "my sales manager," was certainly unethical, but he showed that he realized the attention-drawing quality of a third person in making a sale. This salesman knew that he would never come away with the prospect's money until he had caught his positive attention. The presence of the dummy sales manager secured that, and the salesman clinched a sale while the flattered buyer focused his attention on an article that a "high-priced" sales manager told him he needed.

The introduction of a third person into a sale in this manner is a common practice among salesmen in their efforts to secure attention. But the third person, unlike the masked window washer of this story, is usually all that the salesman claims for him.

One sales manager makes it a point to so time his visits to salesmen that he drops in on them when they are about ready to close up a big deal. While he does not assume any of the salesman's rights, his presence inspires the prospect with a flattering attention that could be secured in no other way.

A sales manager for an office appliance recognizes the "third person" as a principle of salesmanship, and actually spends most of his time lending moral support to the efforts of his salesmen. Among small prospects the subtle flattery of the sales manager's presence is one of the most potent forces toward a successful sale. With the more important prospects, the sales manager may take entire charge of closing up the contract. This sales manager never lets an opportunity pass to help his salesman break the ice. He has found that it pays with orders, perhaps otherwise not secured.

A young scales salesman, calling on a city grocer, had been ordered out of the store. The next morning, supported by his sales manager, he advanced to the second attack. They were scarcely over the threshold when

the aproned grocer saw them. Anger, simmering from the day before, boiled over.

"I thought I told you to keep out of here," he shouted at the salesman. "I don't want any of your scales, and I told you so. Now you get out of that door. 'I—"

"We didn't come here to be insulted," the sales manager cut in at the proprietor. "I came here to buy groceries. Get out your pencil and take this order," he continued, as he drew a ten-dollar bill from his pocket.

"But I didn't know—" protested the shop-keeper, eyeing the money.

"Shut right up," snapped the sales manager, "and take this order."

When the order was on paper, the grocer was still mumbling his apologies. The sales manager had twisted his anger into attention and was now ready to broach the sale.

"Mr. Wilkes," he said, "I came in here to talk to you like a gentleman, and you know how you treated me. There is just one way that you can apologize to me, and I'm going to give you the chance. My office is at 69 Winthrop Street. Come over there and I'll show you how one gentleman should treat another. I don't care whether you buy a scale or not; I just want to give you an example of business courtesy."

"I'll come," said the unhappy merchant.

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"What time?"

"Two o'clock."

"All right, see that you keep your appointment. I'll be waiting for you."

The grocer was prompt, and within an hour the sales manager, with his suavest manner, had sold him two machines.

The sales manager afterward admitted that some men would have kicked him and his money into the street, but a slight knowledge of the grocer's reputation precluded that possibility.

"I'm going to steal \$100 from you," were the electrifying words flashed at a manufacturer by a salesman for an accounting device.

"What's that?" exclaimed the executive who had a vinegar reputation for souring salesmen. "Make out a voucher to me for \$10 and I'll show you how easy it is to carry eleven times that amount into the street."

The manager filled in the voucher, and the salesman, with the same pen, raised the check to one hundred and ten dollars, hurried the voucher to the voucher clerk for an O.K., received the money from the cashier and laid it on the astonished prospect's desk before the ink had dried on the order.

The salesman had riveted the prospect's attention from the moment he opened his door; it was only a detail of salesmanship to show the manufacturer how impossible were such occurrences after the installation of his accounting device.

Two schemes for securing attention, more familiar to salesmen, were those used by a typewriter agent. On one occasion he had just presented his card to the buyer of a large corporation. "We have made a year's contract for our office appliances," the buyer said as he absent-mindedly tore the pasteboard into bits.

Instantly, the salesman slipped another card into the buyer's hand and said, "You owe me two cents, Mr. Brown. Those cards cost a penny each." The thoughtless buyer was disarmed, and the salesman secured an audience through the very act of dismissal. As the aggressor, the salesman plans every move. Thus he takes advantage of the defensive buyer.

Tactics bordering downright bullying sometimes secure attention where every other means will fail. For three years a china salesman had been trying to lure a small dealer to the sample room. On the sixth visit, the salesman's salutation was studied.

"What would you do, Mr. Bartle, with a big business?"

With a snort of rage, the storekeeper pulled his feet from the top of his desk, crumpled a newspaper in his fist and shouted, "Big business? I've got a big business. Why, sir, this is the biggest—"

But the salesman knifed pride with this: "You've got the rottenest store in town and I don't wonder at it. You've cooped yourself up until you don't know a Meakin pattern from a Grinley."

By this time buyer and seller were shouting and disputing, face to face. When the word war was over, salesman and merchant understood each other for the first time. The salesman had forced attention by puncturing a shell of indifference which the dealer for years had successfully presented to strange salesmen.

In a similar way, a shoe salesman secured an audience, although he did not realize until afterwards that his own fit of anger was responsible for his success. In three years of travel, he had been unable to show his samples to a central shoe dealer.

Picking leaders that he felt would incite the dealer's interest, he threw them into a tray, and started for the store.

As usual, the shoe man sat behind a high desk in the rear of his store, and as usual he repeated: "No, I won't look at your samples to-day. You people haven't got anything I want."

As the injustice of the buyer's attitude swept over the salesman, he lost control of himself and deserted every principle of salesmanship when he exclaimed, "How do you know what we have? You have refused to even look at my samples. But you will look at them." And with that he dumped tray and shoes on the top of the dealer's desk.

Before the wrangle was over, a working shoe caught the dealer's eye. His protestations died away and within an hour he had placed an order.

Strong personality always commands attention, but more than this is sometimes required. An insurance solicitor backed up his appearance so cleverly that in competition with a dozen rivals, he carried away an application at the first call.

As pompous and as faultlessly groomed as the bank president upon whom he was about to call, he followed the page to the glass door and a chair at the prospect's desk. Grudging even a "good morning," he stared for a full minute at the fifth button on the president's checked waistcoat.

At the moment the president swung from his work, the insurance salesman matched eyes with his prospect and exclaimed, "Mr. Wright, do you realize that your \$125,000 of insurance policies are worth only \$50,000 in actual protection?"

That was a startling and attention-forcing question to the banker, but to the salesman the answer was simple. All he now had to do was to show the interested banker that his policies were so near expiration that their actual protection only amounted to the difference between the face value of the policies and what the banks had paid on them. The insurance salesman had lifted his strongest sales argument into the introduction of his sales talk for the sake of riveting the prospect's attention at the first word.

But it isn't always first attention that the salesman has the most difficulty in securing. He may be well launched into his sales talk when the prospect's eyes take the fatal shift. A book salesman fortifies himself for this with a paper bundle. Slipping into a chair at the prospect's side he lays the package on the desk. As he warms to his selling talk he nervously shoves it from side to side. The prospect's curiosity is finally so thoroughly aroused that he bursts out: "*What have you got in that package?*"

Instantly, the salesman snaps off the rubber band and says, "These, Mr. Brown, are our A1 bindings. The green leather is the most popular this

year, but, of course, I want you to choose for yourself."

Another salesman, by harnessing some of his college psychology, secures attention through what he calls "ocular suggestion." Every salesman comes in contact almost daily with the buyer who, because he is buying, feels, and sometimes expresses, a certain contempt for the seller. As this salesman instinctively feels this state of mind taking root in the buyer's prejudices, he unconsciously pulls three or four gold pieces from his pocket, absent-mindedly running them through his fingers, as he shoots his sales talk at the awed buyer.

With this display, an invariable process of reasoning flashes through the buyer's mind. "This fellow has money. He doesn't need mine. He is as prosperous as I." Thus the buyer's feeling of superiority is instantly dispelled and the salesman's talk again draws him to the proposition.

Money also magnetized the buyer's attention in the scheme used by a cash register salesman. "Mr. Smith, it costs you sixty per cent. to buy your goods," this salesman said as he pulled ten dimes from his pocket and threw six into the waste-basket. "And it costs you thirty per cent. to sell them," he continued, as three more coins rattled to the bottom of the basket. "This little dime represents your profit—ten per cent.—on every dollar you spend. Every bit of carelessness and dishonesty among your clerks cuts into this ten per cent. Now I am going to show you how you will absolutely know that you are getting this tenth part of every dollar you spend."

The ten dimes pictured a graphic representation of costs and profits. The salesman got the buyer's attention in two minutes after his introduction and, like the insurance man, nailed the prospect's attention by exposing his most clinching argument at the very start of his selling talk.

A clothing salesman forced the attention of a buyer by appealing to his

bargain-hunting instinct. When the buyer arrived at the deserted hotel sample room, his eyes instantly swept to a pile of suits, thrown under a table.

Here a moment later, the salesman found him on his knees, rummaging the clothing. "What are these, outs?" the dealer asked as he bit a loose thread.

"By George, trust you to dig up a bargain," exclaimed the salesman. "No, they are not 'outs,' but I received word from the house this morning, saying that they were sold out on this cloth, and wouldn't know for a week if more could be secured this season. But if you want some of them I'll take your order, to be filled if we get the goods." The dealer smelled a bargain and bought instantly the goods the salesman knew were the best for his town. This salesman knew the proclivities of his prospect. By appealing to bargain instincts in a distinctive way, the salesman forced attention on the balance of his samples.

There are times when a salesman is forced to resort to downright circus methods in securing the buyer's attention. A brush salesman learned of the opening of a new store and jumped a hundred miles with two grips of samples. In the larger, he had placed all his medium-priced brushes. In a small, black bag he had placed only his quality brushes. This bag he placed, unopened, in the centre of the sample room. The samples from the larger case were spread on the tables.

Beginning on the cheaper grades, he worked the new dealer down through the line until he was sure he had sold him absolutely to the limit from stock he had exposed, and yet the buyer was not properly supplied for a Christmas opening.

During the course of the sale, the salesman had noisily stumbled over the black bag in the middle of the room at least a half dozen times. And

finally, with the buyer just ready to leave, the salesman sprawled flat over the bag. The buyer's curiosity broke its bounds. "What have you got in that bag?" he shouted. "The best brushes we manufacture," gasped the salesman as he dusted off his clothes and opened up his choicest samples. "I put these in my personal grip and had nearly forgotten them."

When the buyer left, the salesman had booked the biggest order in five years of travel.

A mill-trained silk salesman uses about the same methods when he steps into the dry goods store. "I want to have a little talk with you, Mr. Bailey," he says. "I have been in the business from mill to grip all my life, and there is nothing I like to talk about better than silks. But I don't pretend to know it all. The most of my experience has been in the factory, I am learning something every day from the fellow who sells it over the counter.

"Let's get together for a little talk. You can probably learn something from me, and I am sure you can give me pointers."

Thus merchant and salesman immediately get together on a subject of mutual interest. The salesman tactfully leads around to a description of his mill, its facilities, its tests and checks, and lets him in on a few of the semi-secret tests with which only a mill man is, as a rule, familiar.

This salesman says that he has talked two hours beyond the lunch hour with merchants whom he could, perhaps, have interested in no other way.

And in gaining attention, that is the first requisite—getting on common ground. You can't talk up to the buyer. You can't talk down to him. Both must be on the same level. These salesmen knew this. Attention prefaces every sale. Usually, your proposition and personality secure it. If not you must force the buyer's attention.

Why Every Salesman Should be a Writer

The Immense Advantages Possessed by a Man Who Can Write a Good Letter, With Some Maxims as to How He Can Attain Proficiency in the Art.

By JAMES H. COLLINS

The one calling I know anything about is writing.

This was definitely selected, about ten years ago, as the thing I wanted to do, and I have nursed it through its baby troubles, and refused to leave it on a doorstep when something more attractive appeared for the moment, and like any other calling clung to with a little faith and a good deal of love and a very great deal of hard work, it has developed like a baby, or a business, and paid returns on the investment, as well-brought-up babies and businesses do.

Business men seem to like what I write, and to get fresh viewpoints from it, and sometimes ask if I have not had wide experience in many lines—have I not sold goods, or come in contact with mill-folks, or at least swept out a bank? And the reply is, uniformly, that I have had no practical experience of business whatever. For six years or more I wrote half of each number of a weekly advertising journal, yet never wrote a real advertisement, or placed a dollar's worth of advertising. Sometime ago a salesman in the supply trade was keenly disappointed to learn that I had never sold supplies on the road. Something in one of my articles had led him to infer that I had, and to think kindly of me as one who had experienced all the sweet as well as the bitter in his particular line, and then got into something better or worse.

"You mustn't jar people in that way," advised a friend who sells bonds. "When they ask such questions, just look wise, and answer. 'Well, the less said about the days when I was in the supply trade the better.' See? Admit that you were

in it for a little while, and got out because you didn't want to force all the other manufacturers into bankruptcy. Use a little tact."

Now, as a matter of truth, it is my business to tell things about business—things done by other men. Telling, or writing, is my trade, and a very distinct one. There is a wide field for the teller in our American business life. The man who does the thing well can by no means tell it well. So long as I am permitted to tell of things, I am willing to let abler men do them.

One of the first essentials in a trade like this, of course, is raw material—something to write about. For several years I interviewed business men in many industries, writing news accounts of what they told me. Presently men began to stand out here and there, and it became evident that while one man who handles supplies never has anything happen to him, and cannot tell about it, there is another type of man to whom something interesting happens every hour, and he loves to tell about it. He has definite mental processes that lead him to find out what is going on. He puts two and two together, and draws conclusions, and works up contrasts and high-lights, and turns everything into a striking story that will take hold of anybody he tells it to, even the man to whom nothing ever happens, and create belief and enthusiasm.

Soon it was clear that I needed contact with all men of this sort to be found. To-day I know dozens of them. Some are factory superintendents, others engineers, others purchasing agents, collection attorneys, and so on. But the first ones that I ever

got hold of were salesmen, and to-day salesmen are two to one among these friends.

It took but little study to see how closely the teller and the seller are related to each other in their mutual processes. A good salesman thinks much like a good writer. The average salesman, indeed, far excels the average journalist in his grasp of facts and breadth of view. At the point where a writer begins putting his arguments on paper, however, the salesman uses them to convince men and women. He seldom writes what he has thought, and so I have found my field very largely in writing what he and other business men think, and believe, and feel, and would like to write themselves.

As the salesman has meant so much to me in my work, it is only fair that I should give him something in return, if I can, helping him carry his gifts further by putting himself on paper. What form his writing ought to take may be left to himself. He may send vigorous personal letters to his customers. He may write advertising, which is nowadays reaching out for the salesman in so many fields. He may even write general magazine articles, for the way in which he popularizes commodities and makes a proposition vital to the man in the street is strikingly like the methods used by a writer in interesting an audience of several million people. If I can point out to him a path of development, he will not lack energy to follow it if there seems to be value there for him, nor be at a loss to know what to do with facility, once acquired.

Writing is a fearfully self-conscious business at the outset. The beginner has feelings akin to stage-fright when he reflects that what he is putting on paper is to be read by others—maybe. If he is a college man, he has been impressed with the need for following masters, and probably taken a course in the noble art of writing without having anything to say. Hundreds of books tell him how to do it, and what to avoid.

The only way in this world to overcome these early difficulties is to write, write, write. The present scribe knows only one fact in grammar, namely, that a noun is a name, and this has never been of the slightest use to him. For months he wrote like Stevenson, Carlyle, Emerson and other safe masters, until the pressure of writing several hundred thousand words a year for a living left no time for that nonsense. As soon as it was possible to forget writing, grammar and style, then it was possible to think, and to be chiefly concerned with getting views before readers forcefully, even if they couldn't be parsed. As with an actor or after-dinner speaker, when the whole soul is directed to getting right at the audience, and warming it up, then one cares not whether his dress-tie is crooked, and his knees tremble no more.

The salesman has one prime advantage over the professional writer at the outset—he is already a thinker, and has something to say.

Last spring, when Lincoln's centenary was observed, critics speculated as to how our great War President learned to write his strong, clear English. That a rail-splitter should have been a master of prose was regarded as mysterious. But Lincoln was a thinker, debater, trial lawyer. If ever a man made his way on convictions, it was he, and those convictions he literally sold, in the broad sense, to juries, campaign audiences, voters, and finally the whole American people. The one mystery in his pure English, and that he doubtless got from the Bible, and by being born before the days of the deadly college course in literature.

Napoleon was another master of the same type. His general orders to the French army are the sort of stuff that, in another form to-day, make a man reach down for his pocketbook.

The salesman, therefore, has certain of the arts of writing already developed, and his chief problem is to

"A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS."



Naylor's



World Famed

CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS

THE MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT

"A man is known by the candy he sends."

When near our store don't forget our unexcelled chocolate ice cream soda and all fountain drinks.



130-132 Yonge St., - TORONTO, ONT.

Our candies made on the premises.

DO YOU PAINT?

Don't waste your time and talent over poor color.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S

Oil and Water Colors are the world's standard, and cost no more than cheap colors.

Don't forget it is not the color that costs, but your time.

Ask your dealer

A. RAMSAY & SON CO., Montreal

Wholesale Agents for Winsor & Newton.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks

For Sale by all Grocers

Manufactured by

THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.
Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,
Canada



IT HOLDS UNTIL YOU TAKE IT OUT!

One of the many disadvantages of the old style furniture castor is that it WILL keep on FALLING OUT of its place. Every housewife knows how difficult it is to keep castors in place. That's why every housewife—and her husband—should know about the

Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe

Made with Glass Base and Mott Metal Base

IT NEVER FALLS OUT. Moreover, the Onward Shoe does NOT tear carpet matting or oilcloth, or in any way injure, mar or scratch polished wood floors, as invariably happens where old-fashioned castors are used. The Onward Shoe is made in all sizes and styles to suit all kinds of furniture—including pianos. There is a very interesting booklet about this Onward Shoe. You'd enjoy seeing it. Write for a copy.

The Onward Manufacturing Co., Berlin, Ont.



Every advertisement on this page merits your attention.

learn to adapt them to a different audience and a different medium.

Let us assume that it would be advisable for him to send a good genial form letter to his personal trade, and indicate some of the points to be followed in writing it.

The salesman's audience is usually one person. He has that person right there to play upon, and can shape his argument accordingly. If the audience has a weak point, or a strong one, that may be the place to strike.

When the salesman puts his selling arguments into a form letter, they must be broadened and diversified a bit. Let him begin by thinking of three or four people he sells to regularly, and considering their cardinal vices or virtues. To Skinner, he sells because Skinner is greedy, and likes profit. There must be a line or two in the letter shot right straight at Skinner's greed. To Merriman, on the other hand, he sells because Merriman is proud of his carriage trade, and so there must be two or three lines of definite carriage trade appeal.

This may seem to open up prospects of a pretty long letter, if one must make a personal appeal to all the different varieties of customers. But when one's customers are well analyzed it will be found that there are not so many varieties. The young doctor just entering practice writes prescriptions a foot long. But the old practitioner gets through the year and treats everybody with not more than a dozen specifics.

Now, when a letter is built on such a skeleton, Skinner is not only interested in what you say to him, but that gives him confidence in what you say to Merriman and others, and the reverse. All of us look at written and printed matter to find some assurance, however slight, that the fellow who is talking knows a little about us personally. If he can put his fingers on our pet vice or virtue, we willingly take his word for other matters.

The first operation in approaching a customer in the flesh is to link him to us by some direct bond of sym-

pathy. Every capable salesman knows how to do this, and has doubtless been surprised very often to see how strong a bond may be made of a slight bit of tact, such as telling Skinner that he looks well, or assuring Merriman that his store ought to be in the swell shopping district of New York instead of there in Centreville.

It is the simplest thing in the world to put these little bits of tact into form letters.

Not long ago a life insurance man sold me a policy through two letters. First he wrote and stated that he had something extra special to lay before a few of his friends, which is an appeal hard to withstand. When I asked for particulars, he replied congratulating me on being one of the sensible fellows. The mechanism was as clear to me as the movement of a skeleton watch, yet it worked just as certainly.

Another instance where a touch of warmth was infused into a cheap form letter came to my notice several years ago. A building and loan society to which I belong sends interest cheques twice a year to members, with a form letter. This letter was palpably printed on a printing press, and would have deceived nobody. But down in one corner a few words were written in blue pencil. "I trust that you and yours are well, and wish you a prosperous New Year." It was signed with the initials of an officer who is known personally to many members. I was touched by the thought that this officer had hunted out my form letter from several thousand others and written me this kindly greeting. Next day I went into the society's offices to tell him so. And there, on a counter with other printed matter, were the remnants of those form letters, and they all had this same blue penciled greeting, for it was printed on! I shook hands with him anyway. The odd thing about such touches is that there is a good deal of personal feeling left in them even when you can stand apart and see the wheels go round.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIX.

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HON. ARAM J. POTHIER, GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND
THE FIRST CANADIAN-BORN GOVERNOR OF FRENCH ANCESTRY IN THE UNITED STATES

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

V. O I XIX

TORONTO MARCH 1910

No 5



AMERICAN SETTLERS ARRIVING IN WINNIPEG

Men Without a Country

Being an Attempt to Describe the Wonderment
of Alfred Alfalfa and Associates, Late of Kansas

By Roden Kingsmill

WHEN the Canadian land company's agent, following up his beautifully illustrated pamphlets, struck the village of Washington Centre, near Alfred Alfalfa's Kansas farm, Alfred announced that he was going to hitch up, drive in, and see what the man from Canada had to say for himself. Alfred knew that a few thousand Kansas farmers had sold out and gone to "Canaday." He

had thought some of doing the same thing himself. Letters from the first adventurers into the Canadian West had been optimistic. The Kansans who had sold their farms, loaded the bulk of their implements and household goods on freight trains, and hit the steel trail northward, were all prosperous. They had nothing but jeers for the stay-at-homes who had told them that they would be frozen to

death. They had nothing but cheers for the new country.

Alfred saw the Canadian land agent. Moreover, he saw samples of Canadian wheat and Canadian roots, and he read copies of testimonials as to the value of the land. Alfred thought there might be something doing. So, in family conclave, thought Marietta, his wife, and the three six-foot sons. Within two months the farm was sold and the Alfalfas were dwellers in the Canadian West. They had gone into the promised land to stay, and when, at the end of three years, Alfred and the two boys, who had attained their majority, were advised to take the oath of allegiance and become Canadian citizens, there was little objection.

"Why," said Alfred, "I'm going to live and die in Canada. I want all the rights any other man in the country has. I want to vote and I have been here long enough to know the difference between parties, and I propose to exercise my rights and my judgment, too. Just now there don't seem to be any great issues up, and in some sections there ain't any great objections to Americans voting if they're property owners. That's kind o' by favor, I'm told. But I want to be the whole, genuine article. I don't want any favors. I want nothing but my rights."

So Alfred and Cy and Hank went before the district judge, swore that they had been dwellers in Canada for three years and solemnly promised to bear allegiance to Edward, of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King. It was not an oath repugnant to their ingrained Americanism, for there was not, as there is in the American naturalization obligation, any specification that they would divest themselves of "more especially" their former allegiance. An Englishman taking the American oath has to name particularly King Edward; a German, the Kaiser. But the Canadian oath attends strictly to the future, and lets the past look after itself. All of which

seems to be the more courteous and satisfactory method of performing the desirable. There are no wrenchings of old memories and inborn affections; there is no suspicion on the part of the newly-made Canadian that he is being made to pay something for his new citizenship.

Alfred and Alfred's sons went their way of prosperity. Like some tens of thousands of Americans who had taken the Canadian naturalization oath before—and some thousands have taken it since—they believed that they had become British subjects. They told American newcomers that they had changed their flag with their home and they advised the new arrivals to do the same thing. They felt just about as comfortable as British subjects, they said, as when they bore allegiance to Uncle Sam.

But, though they believed that they were British subjects, they were and are, nothing of the kind. Not one of the thousands of Americans who have taken the Canadian naturalization oath is a British subject. Nor, are the Germans, the Icelanders, the Galicians or any other alien newcomers to Canadian soil. They think they are as fully British subjects as the native-born Canadian, or Scotchman, or Irishman or Englishman. They are not. All that Canada has given them is the right to vote in Canada, to serve on juries, or in the volunteers, to sit in the Canadian Parliament or the Provincial Legislatures, and to enter those professions which no outlander can join.

Canada has not enfranchised these aliens under false pretences. Neither are the British Ministers of the Crown greatly to blame. When the question of Empire-wide naturalization first came up at the Colonial Conference, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain promised to do his best to secure a change in the Imperial regulations. But illness brought about the great Commoner's retirement. Alfred Lyttelton, his successor, evinced slight interest in the question. Then, four years ago, the Campbell-Bannerman

Oath of Allegiance

I, A. B., formerly of (*former place of residence to be stated here*), in (*county of origin to be stated here.*), and known there by the name of (*name and surname of alien in his country of origin to be stated here*), and now residing at (*place of residence in Canada and occupation to be stated here*), do sincerely promise and swear (*or, being a person allowed by law to affirm in judicial cases, do affirm*) that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward VII. (*or reigning sovereign for the time being*) as lawful Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Dominion of Canada, dependent on and belonging to said Kingdom, and that I will defend Him to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies or attempts whatsoever which shall be made against His Person, Crown and Dignity, and that I will do my utmost endeavor to disclose and make known to His Majesty, His heirs or successors, all treasons or traitorous conspiracies and attempts which I shall know to be against Him or any of them; and all this I do swear (*or affirm*) without any equivocation, mental evasion or secret reservation. So help me God.

Sworn before me at
this

day of

4-5 E. VII., c 25, s.2.

A. B.

THE OATH TAKEN BY A NATURALIZED CANADIAN

Government came in, and at the Imperial Conference of 1908, the Canadian Prime Minister brought the question up again. Herbert Gladstone, the Home Secretary, promised to give the matter his attention. But a general election began to loom on the political horizon, and minor matters were disregarded.

Under the English naturalization law, an alien must reside in Great Britain for five years before he can take the oath. And he cannot take it unless he swears that he intends to live in Great Britain. Of course, he may travel as much as he likes, and everywhere he travels the British flag will protect him; the British Ambassador, if he gets into trouble in a foreign country, will see to it that he gets justice and a fair trial; the British Consuls are at his service in all

matters of trade and commerce. He is as much an Englishman as if he were a descendant of one of the Conqueror's reivers and had been born a royal duke. He is in all respects the genuine article. In fact, Great Britain rather makes a point of looking after her naturalized subjects. There was the famous Don Pacifico case in the middle of last century. Don Pacifico, although he carried a Spanish style, was really a Portuguese Jew, who had become naturalized. He was about as crooked as they make them, according to all accounts, but, when a Greek mob manhandled him during a Greek church festival, the father of the same Mr. Gladstone of whom we have been hearing, nearly brought about war between England and Greece just because the Don was a naturalized Britisher.

And the system has not been changed. In last year's British Government accounts there is a curious little item among the unclaimed moneys standing to the credit of private citizens. It reads thus

"Unclaimed account of Manuel Costelli. Paid by Venezuelan Government. £500."

Costelli was a naturalized Spaniard who had lived in London for a good many years. Business took him to Caraccas, where—Spaniards are not so awfully popular in Venezuela—he was beaten up in some sort of anti-Spanish row in a club. He died, and, so far as the British authorities could find out, he had no heirs. But the British Government demanded reparation, and they got it—twenty-five hundred dollars' worth. Now there is no claimant to the money.

So that is the way Great Britain looks after her naturalized citizens. But, they are not citizens naturalized by Canada or Australia or anybody but the officers of the British Secretary of State. And it works the other way. A German, for instance, who has taken out his papers in Canada, might be seized on his return to Berlin and forced to fill out his time in the German army. The British Ambassador, if he were appealed to, could do nothing. The man is not, says the British Government, a British subject.

Two years ago a naturalized Canadian—a former American—and his wife, were severely injured by being knocked down by a motor car near the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. Now, under French law, aliens who wish to sue French citizens must first communicate with their ambassador. This is to prevent blackmailers and other crooks getting up fake claims. This gentleman, after his recovery, went to the British Embassy with his French lawyer, saw the chief secretary, was received most courteously, got the necessary certificate and was leaving when he happened to mention that he was a former American who had taken the oath in Canada. Whereupon there was a hurry call for the

legal functionary attached to the Embassy, a whispered colloquy between the secretary and that eminent lawyer, and then,

"Very sorry, y'know," said the secretary, "but I'm afraid we can't do anything for you. Fact is, Downing Street doesn't recognize colonial naturalization."

"But where am I to go?" demanded the amazed American-Canadian.

"Fraid I can't tell you that. Why not try the American Embassy?"

"But I'm not an American now. I've taken the Canadian oath."

"Quite so. But not the British oath. I'm sorry, but you have really no standing here."

Which, of course, settled it. Our American-Canadian friend, who lives in Toronto, is a wealthy man. He was in no want of money, but he is a bonny fighter, and he did want to punish the owner of that motor car. He couldn't. He was, in so far as international law was concerned, a man without a country.

Which was just what Herbert Gladstone said at that Colonial Conference. Here are his words:

"Even if a man in the colonies is naturalized in that colony, he cannot qualify if he comes to the mother country until he has resided here for five years. So that his colonial connection is really a disqualification for five years during which he cannot become a British subject."

A man without a country.

So far as England is concerned, the liberality of her naturalization law is of comparatively modern growth. Until 1870 the practice with regard to subjects naturalized abroad was based upon the principles of the indelibility of natural allegiance and of liberty of emigration. Everyone was free to leave his country, but whatever form he went through elsewhere and whatever his intention to change his nationality, he still remained an Englishman in the eye of the law. Therefore, wherever English law could run he had the privileges and was liable to the obligations imposed by them;

MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

if he returned to a British country he was not under the disabilities of an alien and he was not entitled to the protection of his adopted country. On the other hand, so long as he stayed within foreign jurisdiction he was bound by his own professions. At the beginning of the last century the assertion of the doctrine of the indelibility of allegiance was little else than nominal. It had become an anachronism and its consistent practical assertion was impossible. It was opposed to the fundamental and essential idea according to modern public law, that an individual can be a citizen of but

one country, and can have but a single nationality at a time. He ceases to be a citizen of the Mother Country the moment he is naturalized to another, and whether or not he has been naturalized is a question determined by local law, and from this decision there is no appeal. In 1868 a committee was appointed to report upon what alterations ought to be made in the naturalization laws, and in 1870 an act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, which provided that a subject becoming naturalized in a foreign state shall lose his British national character and which makes liberal pro-

Certificate of Naturalization

Dominion of Canada,

Province of

In the (*name of court*) Court of

Whereas

formerly of

(*name of country*)

now of

in the province of

(*occupation*)

has complied with the several requirements of the Naturalization Act, and has duly resided in Canada for the period of years;

And whereas the particulars of the certificate granted to the said under the fifteenth section of the said Act have been duly announced in court, and thereupon by order of the said court, the said certificate has been filed of record in the same pursuant to the said Act;

This is therefore to certify to all whom it may concern, that under and by virtue of the said Act has become naturalized as a British subject, and is, *within Canada*, entitled to all political and other rights, powers and privileges, and subject to all obligations to which a natural-born British subject is entitled, or subject, *within Canada*, with this qualification that he shall not, when within the limits of the foreign state of which he was a subject (*or citizen*) previous to the date hereof, be deemed to be a British subject unless he has ceased to be a subject (*or citizen*) of that state, in pursuance of the laws thereof, or in pursuance of a treaty or convention to that effect.

Given under the seal of the said court this day of one thousand nine hundred and

A. B.

Judge, Clerk (or other officer of the Court).

A NATURALIZED CANADIAN'S CERTIFICATE
NOTE THE LIMITATIONS IMPOSED BY THE WORDS "WITHIN CANADA"



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY
(FORMERLY T. G. SHUAUGHNESSY, OF MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.)

A NATURALIZED CANADIAN CITIZEN, HONORED WITH KNIGHTHOOD BY QUEEN VICTORIA
AND YET WITH NO RIGHTS AS A BRITISH SUBJECT OUTSIDE THE DOMINION

vision for the naturalization in the United Kingdom of aliens or foreigners. The doctrine of the right of expatriation was thus embodied in the statutory law of the land and the right of an individual "who does not owe any debt and is not guilty of any crime" to leave the place of his birth and to adopt another citizenship or national character was formally conceded as it had theretofore been conceded by most civilized states.

A citizen in the largest sense is a native or naturalized person who is entitled to full protection in the exer-

cise and enjoyment of the so-called private rights, and citizenship is the term now generally employed to describe the political relationship which exists between an individual and the sovereign state to which he owes allegiance. A native or natural born citizen has a distinct advantage over a naturalized citizen, in that the citizenship of the native must be recognized in all parts of the Empire, while the acquired citizenship of the alien or foreigners is distinctly local in character. In time and place the disabilities a naturalized citizen is under may

seem more sentimental than real, but at any time international complications may arise which will make it of the utmost importance to naturalized Canadians to be entitled to the fullest privileges of British citizenship. The tendency of legal development is to abolish all differences between aliens and citizens or subjects, yet there are a few special privileges to which subjects are entitled. No alien has any legal remedy in respect to any act of state. He will not be heard in an English court of law to complain of the acts of the English Government. Whatever grievance he has he must take it with him to his own country, where, by way of diplomatic action, he may obtain redress. He has the protection of the law of England against all private persons who do him injury, but between him and the servants of the Crown the laws are silent. A British subject, on the other hand, whether in the realm or out of it, has the same defence against acts of state as against those of private persons. No alien can own a British ship or any share of one, nor can any alien take advantage of any statute which is expressly or by application limited to British subjects.

More and more frequently the Europeans who have come to Canada



J. CASTELL HOPKINS

MR. HOPKINS IS ONE OF THE MOST ARDENT OF IMPERIALISTS, YET HE WOULD NOT BE RECOGNIZED AS A BRITISH SUBJECT BY ANY BRITISH CONSUL. HE WAS BORN IN IOWA.

have been naturalized and have made good, will re-visit their native land. In all of these countries conscription is in force. In many of them decent civil law is unknown. The naturalized Canadian will be at the mercy of any official crook or blackmailer who can trump up a charge against him. He might as well be a Siamese or a Burman, as long as his international rights are concerned. He would a long way better be a Chinaman. China looks after her traveling citizens pretty well.

The former American is in the worst hole of all if he goes abroad. He is used to utilizing the services of American Consuls as a right. If he is accorded the services of a British Consul it is as a courtesy. But he may once in a while profit by his nominal British enfranchisement, as Billy Reynolds profits in Alaska. By the American law an alien cannot stake claims in that territory. Billy, an American born, had lived for a few years in the Canadian West. He took the Canadian oath, but, when the hard times followed, the partial crop failure in 1907, he pulled up stakes and started for Alaska. He knew something about placer mining, for he had washed out many a pan in Nevada and Colorado. Up in the northwest corner of the continent he struck the golden grains, struck them so rich that he hustled to Juneau and entered his claim. He saw before him a fortune that could march along beside the Guggenheims'. But there was trouble ahead. A certain shyster lawyer heard that Billy had come up from Canada. He lodged a caveat against the recording of the claim in the ground that Billy, being a British subject, was incompetent to exercise a miner's proprietary rights in an American territory.

But there were other lawyers, and to one of them Billy sped hot-foot. He told his story and this counsellor, a former eastern Canadian, who had become an American citizen, put him through a cross-examination as to his antecedents. When it came to the

part where his Canadian naturalization came in, the lawyer threw up his hands.

"Why," he said, "you're as good an American as the judge himself. That Canadian naturalization doesn't amount to shucks. Keep your mouth shut and I'll show you."

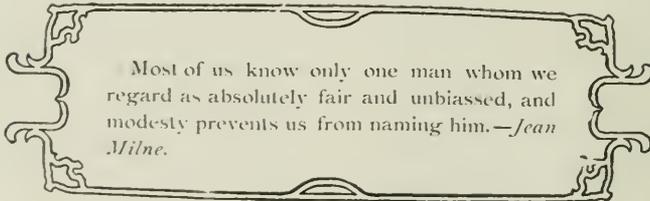
The judge saw the point—although he had never heard of it before—when the lawyer produced authorities borrowed from the Territorial Secretary's library. When Great Britain said that Billy was none of hers, of course Billy reverted to his former status as an American citizen. And he got his mine and made a fortune—cruiser yacht, country estate size.

But Alfred Alfalfa and the thousands of Alfred Alfalfas in Canada are not in the same happy position. They are not what they thought they were—which is quite another thing. A return furnished by the Ottawa Department of State shows that in the last six years 24,702 aliens have been naturalized in Canada. As the three years' residence is necessary, and as American immigration has grown five

times as fast, almost, as the foreign, there must be quite 40,000 Americans in Canada who will be naturalized within the next two years.

Still Alfred Alfalfa is not alone in being proprietor of a second-class citizenship. He has belted knights with him. In his company are Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, no less! Wouldn't a mummy grin to hear that a man could be singled out by the King for the accolade and yet could be held by the King's Imperial Ministers to be an alien and no British subject?

Further, there are in the Canadian House of Commons naturalized Americans. They are to be found in the Legislatures of the Prairie Provinces. They can make laws in a British Legislature, but the head office in London has not yet carried out the instructions of its former chief, Herbert Gladstone, and submitted an Empire-naturalization measure. The new Home Secretary will have a clean slate. He should make a memorandum thereon—"Naturalization"—and underscore it with three thick strokes.





BROKEN HILL SILVER MINES

The Great Gold Rush to Australia

By

F. S. Hartnell

HISTORY contains few more romantic and exciting chapters than that which describes how Australia, a sparsely populated, remote and little-known colony, was suddenly precipitated into nationhood in the middle of last century by the discovery of gold. With almost electric speed it became noised abroad that nuggets of the precious metal of fabulous worth were being picked up or dug out of the earth with a spade or tomahawk.

Men did not wait for confirmation. They flocked to the Antipodes in tens of thousands from every quarter of the globe. The capital cities of Melbourne and Sydney were deserted. Merchants, doctors, lawyers—everybody who could possibly manage it—abandoned their ordinary avocations and set out for the gold-diggings in search of fortune.

By good chance the wildest rumors did not exaggerate the real value of

Australia's gold deposits. The discovery proved not only the turning point in the colony's history, but a powerful factor for the expansion of the trade of the old world, besides a means of relieving it of some of its surplus population. In 1841 there were only 220,968 people in the whole of Australia. When the great gold rushes began in 1851 the population was but 437,665, yet by 1861 it had risen to 1,168,149.

Up to the year 1851 the progress made by Australia had not, judged merely by the figures, been very striking. Just at the right moment her un-failing good fortune stepped in and supplied the needful golden magnet to draw the people to her shores.

As one so often finds in reading the story of Australia's development Fortune had to proffer her hand several times before it was taken. Quite a number of indications and even actual discoveries of gold occurred before

the industry was set going in the proper way. Even the early European navigators would appear to have had some reason for suspecting the great Southern Continent to be a gold-bearing land. In the Dauphin Chart (1530-1536), which lies at the British Museum, "Terra Australis" is fixed to the south of Java and called "Jave la Grande," and its northwest coast is designated "Costa d'Ouro," or Gold Coast. This may, of course, have been mere fancy on the part of the voyagers of old who were prone to ascribe fabulous attributes to those things which stood outside the sphere of their actual knowledge.

It is definitely recorded that in 1823 a surveyor named McBrien discovered gold in the Bathurst district of New South Wales. Again, in 1830, Count Strzelecki, the famous Polish explorer, found gold, but in response to a request to the Governor, Sir George Gipps, he "kept the matter secret for fear of the serious consequences which, considering the condition and population of the colony, were to be apprehended." It is recorded to the credit of quite a number of other persons that they "discovered" the precious metal, but the man who really set the mining industry going, which, in its various branches, has so far brought to Australia's purse over £690,000,000, was Edward Hammond Hargraves.

Hargraves was a squatter living near the town of Bathurst, and the drought of 1844-1848 had all but ruined him. About the last-named year the news of the rush to the California diggings reached Australia, so Hargraves determined to try his luck there. He met with no success, but noticed the similarity between the Californian auriferous region and the geological formation of the district round his home in New South Wales. Armed with this knowledge, he returned immediately and began prospecting. After a little search he was rewarded early in 1851 by finding golden specks in almost every panful of dirt he "washed."

Hastening to Sydney with the great news, he displayed to the astonished Government officials several ounces of pure gold in proof of the bona fides of his discovery. A surveyor was forthwith dispatched with Mr. Hargraves, and when he confirmed the news the excitement in the colony knew no bounds. The discoverer's reward does not appear to have been very handsome. Within a twelvemonth of his making the news known, gold to the value of £2,660,946 was won in New South Wales; yet Hargraves was only granted a sum of £15,000 by the Governments of New South Wales and Victoria.

By an exactly similar circumstance was gold discovered in Victoria. James Esmond, a mail-coach driver at Buninyong, went to California, where he noticed the same resemblances that had struck Hargraves. He, too, returned to Australia conjuring up visions which seemed more likely to be false than true. On landing in Sydney he heard of Hargraves' discovery on the other side of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, but, not to be drawn from his purpose, he made straight for Buninyong in Victoria. In July, 1851, gold was discovered on a tributary of the river Loddon, and by the end of the year £500,000 worth of the metal had been won by the use of most primitive implements on the gold-fields of Clunes, Buninyong, Mount Alexander, Ballarat, and Bendigo. In 1852 Victoria's yield was no less than £10,953,936, and in 1856 it was £12,000,000. It is worthy of note that in 1850 the Hon. W. Campbell had found gold at Clunes, but concealed the fact for a time for fear the announcement might prove injurious to the squatter on whose run the discovery was made.

With the first news of the discoveries the wildest rush began to the diggings. The local population got there first, of course, but it was not long before fortune-seekers arrived in thousands from all countries. Adventurers of every description flocked to Sydney and Melbourne and made

THE GREAT GOLD RUSH TO AUSTRALIA

their way up-country to the gold-fields. So wide was the distribution of the precious metal that there was room apparently for all. Political refugees from Russia, Poland and Austria, "younger sons," hordes of Asiatics, university graduates, fugitives from justice, clerks, mechanics, hardy campaigners from the diggings of the Western States of America—every conceivable class was represented in the motley crowd that thronged the bush-tracks and peopled the canvas townships that rose like magic round the workable deposits of gold. It is on record that the late Marquis of Salisbury—Then Lord Robert Cecil, and a younger son—paid a visit to the Bendigo fields, but evidence is lacking to support the interesting stories that have been written representing the young nobleman as an active participant in the rush.

In the early days of the industry it seemed as if fate directed the steps of the miners to the richest and most easily-got deposits of gold. The discovery of a mass or nugget of the precious metal was naturally the occasion of great excitement, and was almost invariably followed by a rush. Some of these nuggets were of surprising size and value. The first ever found in Australia was obtained at Hargraves, in New South Wales, in 1851, and weighed about one pound. In the same year the Burrandong nugget found near Orange in the Central Western division of New South Wales weighed 2,217 ounces, and the "Brennan" was sold in Sydney for £1,156. At Temora in more recent years nuggets weighing from 59 to 1,393 ounces have been found.

Victoria has not been less prolific. In Canadian Gully a mass of gold weighing 1,620 ounces was discovered in 1853. Five years later the famous "Welcome Nugget" was got at Ballarat. It weighed 2,217 ounces. The "Welcome Stranger," unearthed at Mount Moliagul, near Dunolly, in 1869, weighed 2,280 ounces. In support of the opinion of well-known experts that Australia's mining history



HOLTERMAN'S NUGGET

in the future will probably be more remarkable than that of the past, it may be stated that only two years ago a rich discovery of gold was made near Tarnagulla in Victoria. A miner who had prospected the district for years obtained seven ounces of gold from a shaft nineteen feet deep, and some big nuggets were unearthed within a few inches of the surface. The largest weighed 953 ounces, and two others 703 and 675 ounces, respectively.

Valuable as these alluvial nuggets are, however, they do not compare with the large masses of gold that have been found in situ in reefs. The largest piece of gold ever found in any part of the world was obtained in 1872 at Beyer and Holterman's claim at Hill End in New South Wales. Its total weight, including the small amount of quartz in which it was encased, was 630 pounds. As the illus-

tration on page 25 shows, it stood nearly as high as Mr. Holterman, one of its owners, after whom it was named. Its exact dimensions were: Height, 4 ft. 9 in.; width, 2 ft. 2 in.; average thickness, 4 in. It was valued at £12,000, though the owners are stated to have refused to sell it for £13,000. A mass of gold known as "Kerr's Hundred-weight" was found at Hargraves in 1851, and yielded 106 pounds of the precious metal.

The most stirring events in the early history of the Australian gold diggings not unnaturally occurred in Victoria, where the richest deposits have been found. The gold-fever, as one writer points out, not merely disorganized society; it dissolved it. No "get-rich-quick" scheme ever turned the heads of so many sober-minded citizens; certainly none ever helped so many to fortune. The Governor and the principal officials of the colony were perforce above temptation, but it is written that the ordinary ranks of the civil service, and even the police, vanished almost to a man.

Between June and December, 1851, more than ten tons of gold was won in Victoria. And here it must be remarked that all figures relating to the early totals of gold yield are greatly under-stated. There was, of course, no official machinery then in existence to compel registration of yields, and a large number of successful diggers preferred, for various reasons, to keep the amount of their wealth secret.

Before the end of 1851, over 15,000 people had arrived in Port Phillip from overseas attracted by the gold; 94,000 arrived during the next year, and 250,000 between 1853 and 1855. The crews of the incoming vessels usually deserted immediately an opportunity occurred. Melbourne could not accommodate the new arrivals, so a large encampment, known as Canvas Town, was built on the south side of the River Yarra. With gold flowing like water—£12,600,000 was taken from the soil in the space of twelve months—famine prices ruled,

and the chief difficulty was to find men willing to perform the tasks of everyday life.

Those who could resist the prevailing fever found a fairly rich and more certain reward than that afforded by gold seeking. As much as £100 a ton was paid for the cartage of stores from the seaboard to the gold-fields. One may judge of the profits made by traders out of the miners by the fact that one publican who owned a number of houses on the diggings, paid no less than £45,000 in seven months, in 1853, for cartage of goods! There is more than one merchant prince alive to-day in Victoria and New South Wales who has reason to thank the wise choice which made him prefer a certain profit of two or three hundred per cent. on goods sold to the alternative of a quickly won fortune or possible beggary.

Many stories are told of desperate deeds performed in these times when life and property were so insecure that no man with anything to lose slept or went abroad unarmed. Gangs of desperados of all nationalities robbed coaches and gold escorts, and many an heroic defence is recorded by the mounted police who were engaged in the perilous task of guarding the precious dust on its way from the fields to the Melbourne banks. In 1852 a gang of men actually boarded a vessel called the *Nelson*, lying at anchor in Hobson's Bay (Melbourne) and got off with £24,000 worth of gold dust.

The most exciting event of the times, however, was not altogether a conflict between the lawful and the lawless. It was the famous Eureka Stockade Rebellion, in which the diggers fought a battle with the soldiers and the police in defence of what they held to be their rights. Victoria had just been promoted to the dignity of an independent colony, separate from New South Wales, and the new Legislative Council imposed a license fee of thirty shillings a month—afterwards raised to sixty shillings—on every person searching for gold. The license was not transferable, and was

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"THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF THE TIMES" — THE FAMOUS EUREKA STOCKADE REBELLION

only available for use within half a mile of the police camp from which it was issued. Such a rule as this at such a time was bound to bring about trouble, and it appears that the regulations were often carried out with needless severity. It was no uncommon thing for the police to go out on a digger hunt and return with a "bag" of fifty or sixty delinquents chained together. Public opinion on the Ballarat diggings had become dangerously heated and was brought to flash-point by an incident arising out of the death of a miner and the burning of the public-house owned by a man supposed to have been implicated. Two detachments of infantry were sent from Melbourne on November 24th, 1854, and were at once attacked on arrival at Ballarat. Nothing serious happened, but to "vindicate" their honor the authorities ordered another digger hunt, and the soldiers were called out to support the police.

Arming themselves, the diggers, under the leadership of Mr. Peter Lalor, erected a stockade near Eureka Street, and on December 3rd a force of 275 soldiers and police, including a section of cavalry, began the attack. Several volleys were fired on both sides, but after a gallant resistance of half an hour the insurgents were defeated and their stronghold captured at the point of the bayonet. A number of fatalities occurred during the firing. About thirty miners are believed to have been killed and four of the military, including Captain Wise of the 40th Regiment. Many others were wounded. Mr. Lalor was left for dead in the stockade, but escaped, having lost an arm, and lived to attain to high office in the public life of the colony. He occupied for many years the position of Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. One hundred and twenty-five prisoners were taken, and they were arraigned before the Supreme Court on a charge of high treason. But owing to the tactless course pursued by the authorities and the needless provocation they had heaped upon the men, public sym-

pathy was wholly in favor of the prisoners. No jury could be found that would be likely to convict, and in the end the miners were acquitted. Several leading barristers gratuitously undertook their defence.

A subsequent commission of inquiry expressed the opinion that the diggers had been goaded to insurrection by bad laws badly administered.

The discovery of gold in Victoria and New South Wales led to prospecting activity in all the other Australian colonies, and before many years had elapsed mines were being worked with greater or less success in Queensland, South Australia and Tasmania. Queensland has proved the most productive of these three states and, indeed, occupies third place in the Commonwealth to-day, Victoria being first, and Western Australia second.

The remarkable example of Western Australia seems to contain in it the strongest evidence for the belief that, great as has been the amount of mineral wealth already discovered in Australia, there remains still greater deposits to be won and enjoyed by future generations. Up to 1886 the amount of gold found in Western Australia was so insignificant that there is no record of it in the official publications. In 1892 and 1893 the great Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie fields were discovered, and by 1903 the State had risen to premier place in the Commonwealth, with a production for the year of £8,770,719.

The story of the rush to the Western Australian fields will be too fresh within memory to need recounting in detail. The principal influx of gold-seekers was from the Eastern States, so that the Commonwealth population was not increased very much by the discovery.

Two prospectors named Bayley and Ford discovered the Coolgardie field in 1892, obtaining over 500 ounces of gold in one afternoon by the aid of a tomahawk. Mr. J. G. Dunn, the discoverer of the Wealth of Nations

THE GREAT GOLD RUSH TO AUSTRALIA

claim, obtained £20,000 in a few days. Up to July 31, 1908, the gold-mining companies of Western Australia had paid actual cash dividends totaling £18,415,306.

Nothing in the history of gold mining, however, can compare with the fabulous rewards reaped by the discoverers of the Broken Hill silver fields in New South Wales; or the terrible disappointment suffered by those who had the prize within their grasp and, becoming disheartened at early failures, threw it away.

The story is related of how fortune came to Mr. George McCulloch, who died in London in December, 1907, a reputed millionaire, and leaving a magnificent collection of paintings. About sixty years ago he arrived in Australia as a boy from Glasgow, with £5 in his pocket. In September, 1883, Mr. McCulloch was general manager of Mount Gipps sheep station in the vicinity of Broken Hill. Charles Rasp, a boundary rider, galloped up to the homestead one night in a state of great excitement with the news that he had discovered an enormous deposit of tin (it turned out to be manganese). The seven men employed on the station, including McCulloch, subscribed £70 each and applied for mineral leases of seven 40-acre blocks. These blocks now constitute Broken Hill proper. After assaying for tin without success they decided to prospect for silver. Several of the original holders were disappointed and withdrew.

According to an anecdote which is believed to be founded on fact, Mr. McCulloch, sitting one night in a tiny bush shanty shortly after the discovery of the mine, played a game of euchre with a companion. His stake was one-half of his interest in the mine itself—a fourteenth share—and he lost it. Six years afterwards that share was worth no less than £1,250,000!

Here is the account of the venture as given by the Government geologist of New South Wales in an official publication:

“The sinking of Rasp’s shaft was proceeded with for some time, but the results were discouraging. The site for the shaft happened to be selected in one of the poorest portions of the lode. The shares were at a discount, and there were offers to sell at prices which, in the light of subsequent developments, appear ridiculous. One gentleman bought three fourteenth-shares for £330. He sold two of them. About a year later the remaining share was worth £30,000, and within six years its market value, with dividends and bonuses added, was about £1,250,000.

“But the cheapest sale of all was that of two of the original one-seventh shares, which were disposed of for less than £100 each and which were afterwards worth £2,500,000 each!”

The marvellous richness of the Broken Hill field is shown in the fact that with a total authorized capital among the eleven companies of £4,323,000, up to the end of 1906, the value of the output of silver was £46,798,600, and no less a sum than £11,957,935 was paid in dividends and bonuses.

Few countries in the world are endowed with such a diversity of mineral wealth as Australia, and the work of mineral exploration is, as yet, only in its infancy. The following table of the total recorded production throughout the Commonwealth up to the beginning of 1908 in the various minerals will give some idea of the wealth of the deposits already discovered:

| | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| Gold | £488,428,157 |
| Silver and lead ... | 55,086,080 |
| Coal | 59,676,367 |
| Copper | 49,319,015 |
| Tin | 25,709,789 |
| Miscellaneous | 10,257,395 |
| Grand total | |
| | £688,476,803 |

The term “Miscellaneous” includes diamonds, opal, oil, shale (£2,200,000), antimony, zinc, wolfram, salt, chrome and so on.

The White Paw Hold-Up

By Arthur Stringer

From the Popular Magazine

IT WAS midafternoon when the breakdown came. It resulted in a sudden call and clamor of voices, a signal to the engineer, a slackening down of the soap-polished belt, and a gradual subsidence of the golden pencils of grain straw cascading from the huge wind-stacker's spout.

"That's what comes, I s'pose, o' gearin' you sloth-lovin' hoboes too high," said "Sunset" Stevens, blinking through the strong light at the disabled machinery.

"Ow too 'igh?" protested a sleepy-eyed little Englishman in a pair of frayed-out army puttees, that left him as ragged-legged as a Shanghai. He was averse to new ways; for, years before, at home, he had threshed grain on a barn floor, with flails.

"I mean, son," languidly answered the lean man with the prairie squint, "that you've got to work willin' in the West, and work quick, or you ain't workin' at all."

"To 'ell with workin' quick," remarked the placid and sleepy-eyed wanderer in the old army puttees.

"That's what them Brisco boys was always a-preachin'..," murmured Sunset indifferently, staring up into the robin's-egg dome of the sky.

"What Brisco boys?" asked the man from the East. And, in the shadow of the huge wind-stacker, Sunset Stevens was prevailed upon to explain how Jack and Andy Brisco came into prominence as exponents of the frontier labor problem and its possibilities.

"These two Brisco boys," said Sunset, lolling back on his bed of yellow

wheat straw, "were two broken-up sheepmen from down New Mexico way. They'd ambled up across the line, lookin' for cheap land and a locality where deputy-sheriffs weren't recognized. They went moseyin' round till they got hold of three hundred acres o' sod at Little Dip, right alongside the railway tracks. Still havin' money to burn, they negotiated a plowin' and seedin' gang, and had 'em turn over their whole farm and put her in Number One Manitoba Hard. They likewise invested in a full line o' harvestin' machinery, and a newfangled portable shack o' corrugated iron, and a half dozen good teams o' horses. Then things kind o' came to a stop. Their energy just kind o' petered out. They sat around that shack porch smokin' Mexican cigarettes, and figgerin' out just how much money they were a-goin' to make out of that wheat crop.

"'Why, this here Canada wheat farmin's got sheep herdin' stung to death!' says Andy, sittin' back in a armchair and watchin' the Western express go down the line.

"This here Northwest is sure the land for me," agreed Jack, putting his feet up, same as Andy.

"'Always cool and nice here,' says Andy, 'and something to see now and then along the track, to keep you from gittin' overlonesome!'

"'And a blained sight easier than alkali pacin'.' murmurs Jack, twiddlin' his thumbs and lookin' out over that growin' wheat. 'All you've got to do is give Mother Nature a tickle under

THE WHITE PAW HOLD-UP

the ribs, throw in your seed, and tell her to get busy!"

"It didn't take the Little Dip natives a week of Sundays to get onto the fact that these here Brisco boys were about as all-fired indolent and dog-lazy a team of gringoes as ever migrated northward into the Dominion. They'd turn out about ten or eleven in the mornin', and then ride round horseback, rollin' cigarettes and gloatin' over that growin' wheat. By the time she'd begun to head up good and full, they had it all figured out that she'd sure yield a good forty bushel to the acre. By the time she'd begun to 'color,' they had it calculated out that they couldn't help 'bein' at least nine thousand dollars to the good. And finally they wakes up and decides it's about time to git a couple o' dozen men into that grain, with self-binders.

"And about that time they saw that they'd butted up against the darndest snag that had ever impeded their advancin' ship of progress, so to speak. They kind o' changed their tune, and started cussin' the all-fired, good-for-nothin' country. Where were they a-goin' to git those men? Round harvest time, same then as now, spare hands were about as scarce as hen's teeth. And there was twelve thousand bushels o' wheat gittin' good and ready to shell, and nobody to go a-gatherin' in the sheaves, as the old hymn tune has it.

"Now, this here team of New Mexicans I speak of were certainly some indolent. But I ain't denyin' they weren't likewise unduly schemin' and ingenious. Just what chewin' and plannin' and secret powwowin' they had together, it ain't for me to say, not bein' an eye-witness. But at sunup next day Andy, the oldest of the two, strikes out, on a cayuse, thirty-five miles west, for Portage station. He takes along with him a carbine and a couple o' sixes of about ten pounds weight apiece; and when spoken to at the Dip he allows he's layin' off for a couple o' days o' pigeon shootin'.

"That is what Andy called it. But

when he gits to Portage he ain't worryin' about wood pigeons. He just ambles into that little way station, and apprehends the telegraph operator. He gits the drop on him as he's sittin' there receivin' and sendin' out wire messages. This happens about four o'clock in the mornin'. And he lays out to his operator that section three of the Alberta Harvesters' Excursion from the Maritime Provinces would maybe be passin' Little Dip in about forty minutes, and he wants that train held at Little Dip.

"'I'll lose my job for this,' says the operator, blinkin' at the barrel.

"'Well, I allow that's some better'n losin' your head!'

"'But it's plumb again' all precedent—holdin' up a train like that!' says the operator.

"'Not where I come from,' says Andy.

"'But I ain't got no excuse for it,' says the operator.

"'Yes, you have,' says Andy. 'You can say there's obstruction ahead—which same might maybe be this gun o' mine!' And the operator goes to the key with that gun a-followin' him, and cuts in and calls Little Dip, and tells him to hold section number three westbound on the sidetrack there, as there's obstruction ahead. And he decides to tick out a second message something like this: 'For Heaven's sake, send help down here on a hand car. There's a crazy hobo in here with a gun, holdin' me up,' But he took a second look round at that menacin' barrel, and didn't feel like riskin' it.

"But, when Andy's backin' out o' that station house, to slip down the track a few rods and cut the wires before they got busy again, that operator says to him, kind o' curious: 'I know you won't mind my askin', stranger; but why in hell're you holdin' up that string of eleven coaches o' down-East farm laborers who would not bring you in thirty dollars to the car?'

"Andy looks at that operator, kind o' sad and pityin'.

"'Why, young man,' says he, 'I ain't no road agent. I ain't no hold-up man, tryin' to rake down a train-load o' honest laborers. I'm just a plain, everyday, ordinary, peace-lovin' farmer from the other side of the line, who's got a brother down at Little Dip so plump lonesome for company he's gone and killed a steer and teamed in a couple o' kegs o' fire-water.

"'But d'you realize that the company'll hound you off the face o' the map for a-doin' a thing like this with one o' their trains?' says the agent.

"'Then they'll have to hound,' says Andy, takin' his leave. 'But I ain't goin' to set back and see the only brother I got go dippy, just for the sake o' congenial company!'

"By the time Andy'd shinned up a telegraph pole and cut the wires and then circled off south o' the track and struck the trail for Little Dip, section three o' the Alberta Harvesters' Excursion was hauled up at the sidin' in front o' the White Paw ranch. And Jack Brisco was pacin' languid and offhand, up and down inside the wire fence, waitin'.

"D'you ever see one o' them Mohawk harvester specials held up on the prairie? Ever see 'em stone hand cars and smash eatin'-house windows out o' pure, all-fired, ingrowin' energy? Well, them eleven coaches were disgorgin' hamfisted human bein's, some prompt, like a split punk log disgorgin' black ants! They went swarmin' out over the tracks, and whoopin' and kickin' up their legs, and grabbin' through the fence wires at wheat heads, like Apaches grabbin' for scalps.

"'Steady there, boys,' says Jack. 'You'll have to keep off this grain land!'

"'Whoopee!' yells a Blunose Comanche, climbin' a fence post and surveyin' the farm.

"'Better come round by the trail,' says Jack, 'if you all have got to exercise. Or, if you all are set on wan-

derin', come up to the shack and lap up a half-barrel o' moonshine.'

"'There ain't time,' says the Bluenoses.

"'Oh, yes there is,' says Jack. 'You're tied up here for five hours. Bridge at Wilson's Slough's burnt out.'

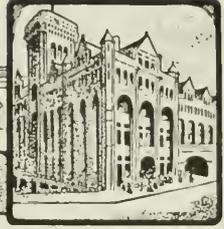
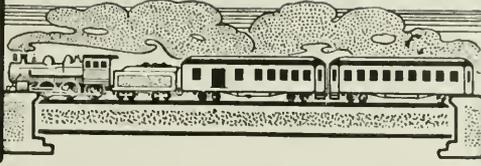
"'Whoopee!' says that gang o' liberated and stagnatin' pilgrims, swarmin' and kickin' and jumpin' over into the White Paw ranch.

"Now, when you git four or five hundred able-bodied farm-hands who have been penned up in a colonist car for five long and slothful days, you're gittin' four or five hundred regular dynamos o' human energy. I don't see no use enlargin' on what happened when them cavortin', gyratin', tie-jumpin' fork-handlers from down East got up against them three hundred acres o' open wheat land just achin' to be reaped.

"They swept that wheat farm up as clean as a whistle, put her through a high-bagger, and set fire to the straw stack, free and easy, just to see it burn. And they were still devourin' barbecued steer when that train crew got orders to go on. And they all shook hands with the Brisco boys, kind o' regretful, and voted them six hours o' break in their trip a regular, all-fired hell of a picnic.

"And the darndest, queerest, most puzzlin' thing about that whole sidetrackin' business was the fact that there had been an obstruction ahead, right along. The old wooden bridge over Wilson's Slough had burned away and left the rails danglin' out into empty space. But just whether or not that same bridge fire was an afterthought on the part o' Andy Brisco, or just whether it was the all-round workin' out o' Providence, it ain't for me to say, not bein' an eyewitness to the same.

"Knowin' them Brisco boys as I did later on, howsomever, I allow it's some reasonable to believe Providence ain't altogether in the incendiary business, just to save the hide of a no-account hold-up man!"



THE MAKING OF A SKILLED MECHANIC

By F. C. D. WILKES, B. Sc.

COMPETITION, the life of trade, grows keener every day, and to meet the resultant conditions manufacturing processes are becoming more highly organized. This has brought about a greater sub-division of labor and has necessitated a working force with a higher plane of intelligence than was needed in the days of simpler machines and simpler processes. A careful analysis of the conditions in most manufacturing plants at the present time will reveal an unnecessarily large amount of waste because of the abuse of machinery and tools, a low standard of work and spoiled work. That most, if not all, of this waste could be eliminated by raising the standard of the workman's intelligence is the logical conclusion of those who have investigated these conditions.

This conclusion brings us to the question of "skilled labor," and many are the complaints that have been heard, from the heads of manufacturing industries, of the difficulty of obtaining this form of labor. Some concerns have tried to meet this condition of affairs by recruiting skilled labor in their own plants, and at the present time a great deal of attention is being paid on the American continent to industrial education. Some railroads and industrial firms have embarked upon elaborate schemes for the training of apprentices, and have gone as far as establishing separate and independent schools for training telegraph-

ers, machinists, engineers, brakemen, etc.

Unfortunately, the majority of educational schemes at present in operation in industrial plants and railroads lack continuity, for they leave off where they practically should commence, and the apprentice or employe is turned out after a partial training and left to his own resources. The training offered by most companies to their employes is generally so unprofitably mismanaged by incompetent and untrained men that it is not surprising to find that managements view with suspicion any scheme put forward for raising the intelligence of their employes. It may be that this unprofitableness in many cases has been due to the fact that the recruiting or training of apprentices has been allotted to some officer of the company who already has all he can attend to. The result is a slipshod system, efficient only on paper. Another difficulty has been that in teaching the apprentice there has been but little attention paid to the difference between practice and theory, resulting in "half-wisdom" and, as every one knows, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Again, the most deplorable inefficiency of many officials and their ignorance of the economies of modern labor, probably accounts largely for the restless conditions existing today among employes. No heed is given to the morrow, officials giving

little or no thought towards making the task easier for those who have to follow them or for those who have to co-operate with them. This arises, in many cases, through incapability, for the official attains a certain standard and it is frequently found that it is impossible for him to assimilate the work of his co-officials. His deficiency prevents his further advancement and he therefore not only unconsciously hinders the work of those under him, but also the work of his fellow officials. Thus it is that an official, minus early definite and concise training, becomes competent only at a large expense to the company employing him.

The ideal system of training is that one which allows an employe when he joins a railroad or any other industrial corporation (provided he has the mental and physical qualifications) to be put through a systematic and continuous training which will enable him to qualify for minor positions. Then by further instruction he can consistently advance to the highest positions in the organization. The aim of any industrial system should be to create desire in the ambitious employe and enable him to rapidly and efficiently assume positions of trust and responsibility. The training of an employe should be continuous and not discontinued at the end of his apprenticeship as is often the case, the employe after desultory training being left to himself.

It is, perhaps, only natural that the companies in the van of this move-

ment for the production and conservation of skilled labor in Canada should be our two largest railroad companies—the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways.

The latter has now under way a most complete system of apprentice training which is being developed under the direction of Mr. H. Martin Gower.

Mr. Martin Gower is exceptionally well qualified to handle the apprenticeship problem in all its different phases, as he has made the technical and industrial training of employes his life study. He went through the mill as a railroad apprentice in the days when work commenced at six in the morning and ceased at six in the evening, so he is well able to appreciate the difficulties which boys have to contend with in the workshop. After his apprenticeship, Mr. Gower spent some time in the offices of an English ship-building firm. He afterwards worked in various railroad shops until he was appointed assistant mechanical engineer in a South Wales colliery. He wound up his practical experience by going to sea and qualifying for his Board of Trade certificate as a marine engineer in the British Mercantile Marine.

Subsequent to this practical work Mr. Gower received his degree at the Cambridge University and obtained a wide insight into industrial training as principal and director of technical and secondary schools in the Old Country. Mr. Gower is deeply interested in athletics and is a firm believer in the bene-



H. MARTIN GOWER
SUPERVISOR OF APPRENTICES, CANADIAN
PACIFIC RAILWAY



STAFF OF C.P.R. INSTRUCTORS AT THE ANGUS SHOPS MONTREAL

fit they confer on a young man, morally, mentally and physically. He contends that games teach boys to be independent and to think for themselves, kindle esprit de corps and also give them good experience in organization and management.

Mr. Gower is assisted by a staff of instructors selected from men and foremen of high moral character. These men possess the knack of imparting their knowledge and skill and the faculty of instilling into the boys an interest in their work. They devote their whole time to the system and the keynote of their efforts may be found in Mr. Gower's own words when he says:

"A great deal of stress is being laid on the educational side, but to my mind the most important factor is the moral training which it is essential our boys should receive, for as we now train our boys, so will our men be in the future. Therefore, every care should be taken to train them to become honest, straightforward, well disciplined and self-respecting men who will be conversant with shop organization and realize that foremen are appointed by employers, not for the purpose of standing over them to see that they do their work, but to allot and give out the work required by their employers.

"Underlying all the best systems that

were ever devised is the first essential that the apprentice should be taught to think in measurable quantities—in other words, to think definitely. The principles of the trade in view should be carefully instilled into the boy's mind, after which the details will not be hard to master. However, to do this properly, the system should "make haste slowly" and should be designed to meet the requirements of the backward rather than the bright, capable lad, the latter will make his advance all right and by himself. Slowness in preparation is essential to the competent workman."

Until the inauguration of comprehensive apprentice systems, such as are in vogue on these two roads, the average boy, who from force of circumstances had to leave school in the early stages of his education and take up his life work, had little to look forward to in the matter of education, except by years of unassisted toil, unrewarded, save by a smattering of a few primary subjects imperfectly learned. It is true that the night schools which have been organized throughout the country have met some of the requirements. One of the disadvantages of the night school is that the classes are held after the attending boys have had a day of hard work and for that reason are apt to become a drudgery and be given up altogether by the boy after



C. P. R. APPRENTICE INSTRUCTION-CLASS IN SESSION

a trial. Then, too, the subjects treated may or may not bear directly on the daily work of the student. The fact that their teaching is applicable to the daily work of the boys is a strong feature of the classes run in connection with the proper apprentice system.

It is, generally speaking, upon the broad lines mentioned above, that these apprentice systems are based. Besides the teaching, the companies feel that it is also important how the boys spend their time outside of working hours and with that end in view are always willing to assist in providing healthful recreation and opportunities for mental and physical advancement.

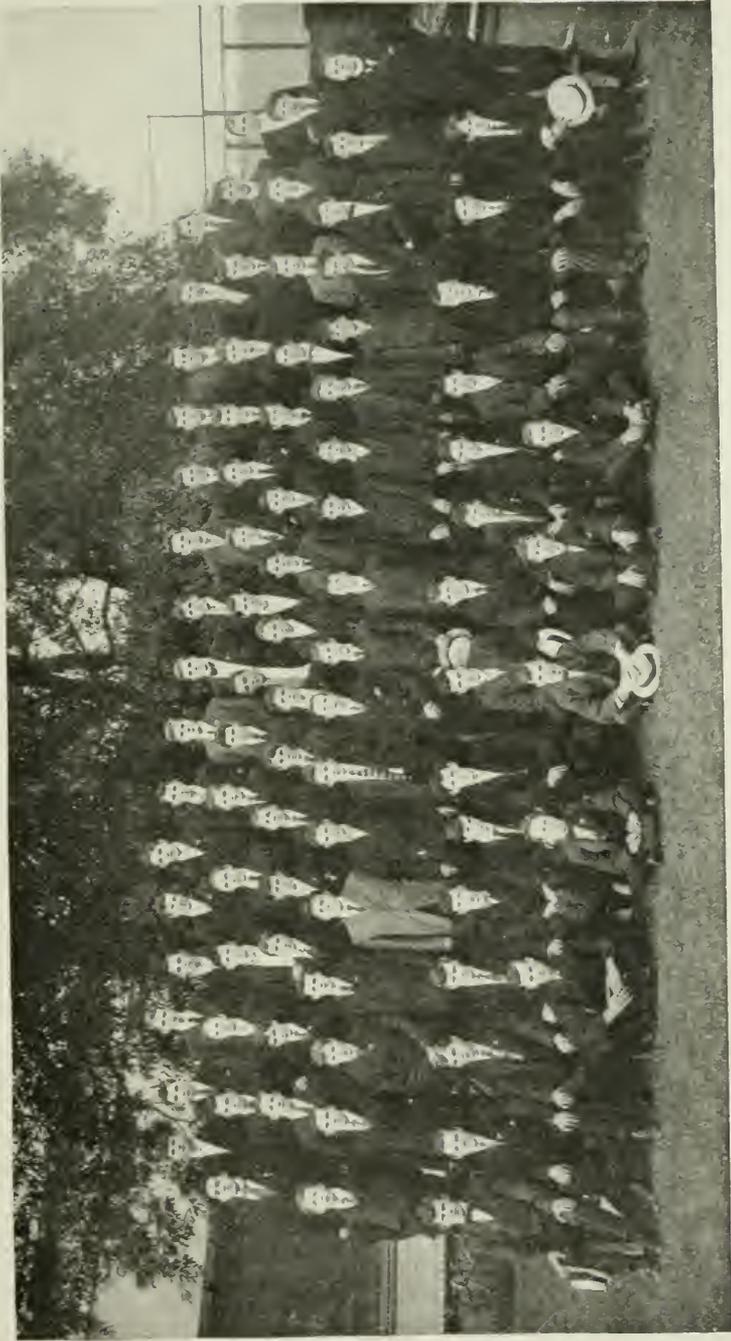
This is not the effect of a philanthropic viewpoint. Not a bit of it. The managements frankly admit that this considerate treatment and the large amounts of money spent on the apprentice system is in anticipation of large dividends on the investment. They recognize the policy of giving every chance to their employes to learn the business and to qualify for advancement to higher positions. Each year a larger sum of money is spent on special work for their men and the officials of the roads are perfectly satisfied that this increasing expenditure is being abundantly justified from

both the humanitarian and business standpoints.

In the systems under discussion classes are held regularly in classrooms maintained by the companies. The C.P.R. hold their classes during the working hours of the boys, and allow them the time consumed. The G. T. R. schedule differs from this in that the classes are held after working hours in the boys' time.

In both systems, however, every facility is placed in the way of the ambitious and intelligent employe to receive instruction from qualified and experienced officials in shop and railroad practice. The trend of this preliminary training has the tendency to create a desire to advance in the aspiring lad. The training is progressive—starting first with educational instruction for the young employes, then advancing to shop and educational instruction for the apprentices and finally the journeyman receives educational facilities which enable him to qualify for minor positions on the staff.

It requires more than a mere application to become an apprentice with either of these roads. First of all, the boys must pass an examination as to their physical condition as pertains to eyesight, hearing and general health. In both roads the ages of applicants are limited between 15 and 18. In the C.P.R. system the boys are on pro-



GROUP OF GRAND TRUNK APPRENTICES



LARGEST GROUP OF RAILWAY APPREN
APPRENTICES AT THE C.P.R.

bation during the first year, at the end of which they are required to pass a general examination in: Reading and dictation, elementary arithmetic, free-hand drawing of mechanical objects, Canadian history and geography. Besides this preliminary education they must show some aptitude for the work on which they are employed and their conduct, punctuality and attendance must be satisfactory, otherwise their services as apprentices will be dispensed with.

In the G.T.R. service this examination is required upon entering, and the successful applicant is given a text book for his instruction and guidance. The object of the text book is to have the boy theoretically conversant with the work that is going to be done by him after his next promotion. For instance, a boy going from the blacksmith shop to the machine shop has to pass his examination before he is accepted in the machine shop. This examination is "For promotion of apprentices from other shops to the machine shop." He is also examined

before being moved to another machine. As he is usually put on a drill to commence with, he learns a lot about it from his text book, and about the tools he is to use in connection with it. While he is working on one machine he is studying as much as possible about the machine he is to go on next. The advantage claimed for this system is that it tends to induce the apprentice to think and leads him to reading literature bearing on his work.

Where, a few years ago, the trades were confined to a comparatively small number, the conditions of competition holding to-day have necessitated the breaking up of these trades into subdivisions. The sub-divisions, which number thirty and more, are now so thoroughly developed that it would be impossible to follow more than one and make a success of each one followed, so that under the new development a man becomes more of an expert than he could possibly have been when his trade really embraced as many as four or five distinct voca-

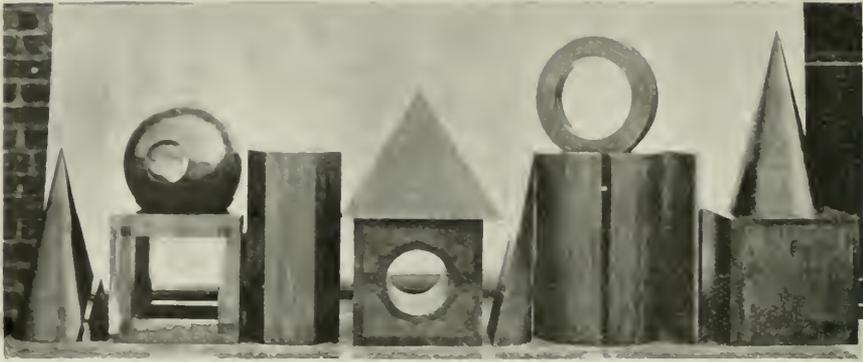


TICES ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT
ANGUS SHOPS, MONTREAL

tions. As an example of the scope of the various courses it will probably be interesting to many to know that the C.P.R. apprentice system embraces a course on silversmithing, and now all their silverware, such as is used on the dining cars, is made by C.P.R. employes.

In the shops the order of passing from one class to another is not necessarily the same for each apprentice. The variations are arranged to suit the progress made by the boy and, therefore, depends a good deal on himself. The C.P.R. group the boys under the supervision of the different shop inspectors, who make monthly reports of the work done by each apprentice under his charge. These instructors are expert machinists or carpenters, or whatever class of work in which they instruct, and their duties consist solely in looking after the boys under their charge, showing them how to set up their work. These men do not allot the work (the foreman does that), they merely stay with an apprentice until the lad understands

the work thoroughly. Under the old system the foreman was supposed to instruct the apprentice. Sometimes he did and sometimes he didn't. It invariably happened that he would be interrupted several times, and the boy would get a jerky, disjointed explanation hard to understand and difficult to apply. Often the foreman would be called away in the middle of a demonstration, expecting, of course, to return and get the boy started. The chances were that the boy would be forgotten and left to shift for himself. Under the old way a boy might produce 30 per cent. of a mechanic's output after three or four week's work on the same machine, but under the new system, an apprentice can be put on an absent workman's work and, with the assistance of the instructor, the output suffers but little. Usually an apprentice under the new system turns out three-quarters to seven-eighths of a mechanic's output inside of three or four days. Thus is the work of the instructor productive of immediate returns.



C. P. R. MODELS FOR FREEHAND SKETCHING

It must not be supposed that this instruction is similar in any way to a kindergarten, where pupils are at liberty to fall back on the instructor for trivialities, and thus fall prey to the impression that he is always there to help them out. The instructors are continually striving to instil into the lads a spirit of independence, teaching him to think and act for himself, and to work out his own difficulties.

In connection with the shopwork, considerable care is taken to see that the boy thoroughly understands the mechanism of the machine on which he is working. Of course, he doesn't take long to learn that a lathe, for instance, derives its power by means of a belt from a countershaft, and

turns the work because the work happens to be fastened to the chuck. But the system goes further and demands that the boys learn just how this power is transmitted and the internal arrangements of the machine they work on.

Blue print diagrams of the machines are furnished, which show the different methods of applying the laws of leverage and other mechanics. A boy is sometimes asked the shape of some internal part of a machine, and if he cannot give a rough sketch of it, he is told to get a wrench, open up the machine and find out for himself, make a sketch and put it away. In this connection note books are encouraged.



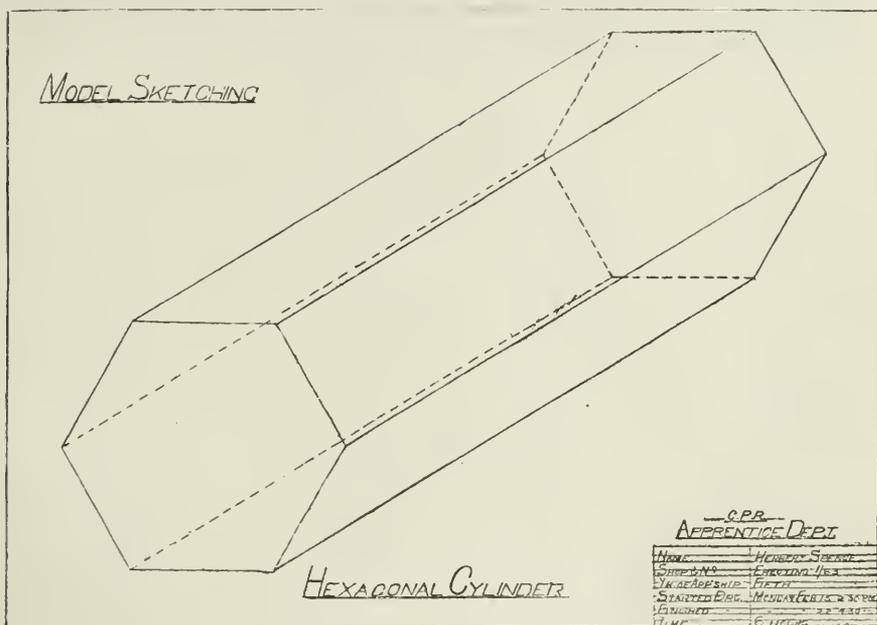
C. P. R. ENGINE AND MACHINE PATTERNS USED IN APPRENTICE INSTRUCTION CLASSES

THE MAKING OF A SKILLED MECHANIC

The class work is devised so that the class room has the closest possible connection with the shops, so much so that the drawings and lesson sheets are literally covered with dirt and grease from the shops. Freehand drawing is taught from actual objects, a few of which are shown in the accompanying photograph. Each apprentice is kept at one particular object until his drawing receives the O.K. mark of the instructor. The accompanying photograph shows a drawing done absolutely freehand, and is

merely a guide to show the correct way of dimensioning the drawing. In this way the apprentice is taught just what dimensions are essential and so there is no danger of the drawing being difficult to read on account of a mass of useless dimensions. The importance of this will be recognized by many a chief draftsman and engineer.

In connection with this work it is obvious that the instructor should be at once kindly, patient and withal firm. Discipline is not hard to maintain as the boys are paid for the time



SAMPLE OF FREEHAND DRAWING C.P.R.

one that many draftsmen could not improve on even with the aid of drawing instruments.

When drawing of actual machine parts are to be made, the apprentice is given the part he is to draw and a blue print sketch with the dimension lines on it, but no dimensions. He then makes a freehand sketch of the object and takes his own dimensions of it, after which he makes his mechanical drawing, putting in the dimensions as shown on the blue print sketch. The object of the blue print

spent in the class room, but usually they are so interested in their work that little or no trouble is experienced along this line.

Considerable attention is paid to teaching the boys the use of the various scales. This takes the form of what might be termed "Practical shop mental arithmetic." They are led from the simple problem of "what is the half of one-quarter," etc., up to where they are asked to multiply and divide larger and more complex fractions. As the progress is very slow and all



C.P.R. APPRENTICE SCHOLARSHIP CLASS

the fractions are the multiples of two, as used in the shops (1-16, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, etc.), the result is thorough, the boys are encouraged in asking one another questions, and of course, each is anxious to puzzle the other.

This practice is excellent training for the boy's brain and makes him exceedingly alert. I would ask the reader of this article to tell me what the half of 13 13-16 is. I wager the answer would take considerable time in coming and it wouldn't be surprising to see a pencil and pad used in some cases. Ask any of these chaps the same question and the answer comes like a shot, before you or I have started to dissect the question.

The problem courses in the class room are based strictly upon the work with which the apprentice comes in daily contact in the shop. All useless and puzzling higher flights of mathematics are eliminated. The work in the shop is referred to even in the simplest problems of addition and subtraction. New principles are evolved gradually and here, too, the progress is slow and very thorough. The simpler principles of elementary mechanics, algebra, geometry, physics, etc., are taken up as the problems gradually become more difficult.

No text books are used by the

C.P.R. in either the drawings or the problem courses, but as stated above the problems are arranged on sheets, and in being allotted a problem it does not always follow that each boy in the class is working on the same problem. As soon as he is finished with one he is given another.

In the apprenticeship classes, in order to stimulate enthusiasm and interest, the C.P.R. donates each year 10 scholarships. These consist in complete courses in mechanical, boiler, car or electrical engineering following those of the International Correspondence Schools but taught by the company's own instructors. The two main scholarships are those which are given each year to sons of employees and which give the fortunate winners a full four-year course at McGill University, Montreal. The holders of these are employed in the company's shops during vacation, receiving remuneration for their services.

The G.T.R. also offer a large number of annual prizes open to competition to all classes on the system and include free scholarships in engineering at McGill University, as well as cash prizes. These competitions are held at different centres, being open to those apprentices only who have kept their shop and class work above

THE MAKING OF A SKILLED MECHANIC

a certain standard. The G.T.R. bear all expenses of transportation and entertainment of apprentices to and from the examination centres, allowing them their time while attending.

These examinations are conducted by the chief draftsman, Mr. James Powell, from Montreal, who has charge of the apprentice system. Prizes are awarded to the apprentices obtaining the highest average in their respective years. These prizes amount to \$40 for each shop, and are distributed over the different years of apprenticeship, thus: the average for his first year in mechanical drawing gets \$4, and the one obtaining the highest in practical mechanics gets \$4 also. Therefore, it is quite possible for one apprentice to obtain both prizes. A keen interest is taken in this examination, which takes the form of a contest between the various shops.

In addition to the prizes as stated above, the G.T.R. offer a capital prize of \$25 for each subject. This is competed for by the apprentices obtaining the highest averages in drawing and practical mechanics at their respective stations. It is therefore possible for an apprentice to win as much as \$58 if he has been successful in all subjects.

The shops in the province of Quebec, particularly those in Montreal, derive a large proportion of the men and boys from the French population and for this reason difficulties sometimes arise due to the inability of the French boys to speak English. To cope with this difficulty the C.P.R. decided, in the spring of last year, to

instal an instructor capable of teaching English to the French apprentices. Each French boy who is unable to speak English is given, during working hours, two hours of instruction per week in reading, writing and conversational English. These boys are taken into the shops on an equal footing with the English apprentices but at the end of 12 months must pass a simple examination in the English language.

From the time an apprentice enters the service of the company until he finishes his apprenticeship a record of his career is carefully kept on file, in the office of the Supervisor of Apprentices in the case of the C. P. R., and by the Master Mechanic in the case of the G. T. R.

The mark on workmanship is based on ability shown by the boy and the quantity and quality of work done in the shop. The same applies to the drawing classes, but here is taken into account the attitude of the apprentice toward his studies.

The personality or deportment mark is based on the attitude the apprentice takes toward his work, his willingness to serve and be instructed, his general character, and his ambition, i.e., whether or not he is doing his best.

With the C.P.R. the boys and their parents are allowed to see their marks at stated intervals by applying to the Shop Superintendent, and are given a report at the end of each year.

One economy that has so far resulted from this system is that there is less spoiled work, and the boys can



JAMES POWELL
CHIEF DRAFTSMAN GRAND TRUNK RY.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

use their knowledge of drawing to a great advantage. This is shown in their greatly increased ability to read the shop blue-prints. Many dollars are saved for the company through this ability, both in speed and elimination of spoiled work on account of misinterpretation of a blue-print.

The effect upon the apprentices is an enthusiastic endeavor to do better, which, of course, increases his skill and incidentally his output, increasing his value to the company.

It might be assumed that the rank and file of the men would be inclined to resent this innovation which so increases the efficiency of the apprentice. The opposite is the case, however, and they look with favor on the plan which will enable their sons to become skilled mechanics.

Here it may be mentioned that those in charge put a great deal of emphasis upon the fact that they are endeavoring to turn out skilled mechanics, rather than superintendents, draftsmen, etc. The fallacy of many another elaborate system is the fact that they instil into the boys' minds the idea that they are on the way to the "super's" desk or that they will soon

take charge of the road. Wherever this idea shows a tendency to appear it is promptly corrected by the instructors or others in charge.

The liability of prejudice among the older men is overcome by the organization of the evening classes spoken of later. Besides the instruction received these classes result in closer intimacy between men and officers and the shop organization.

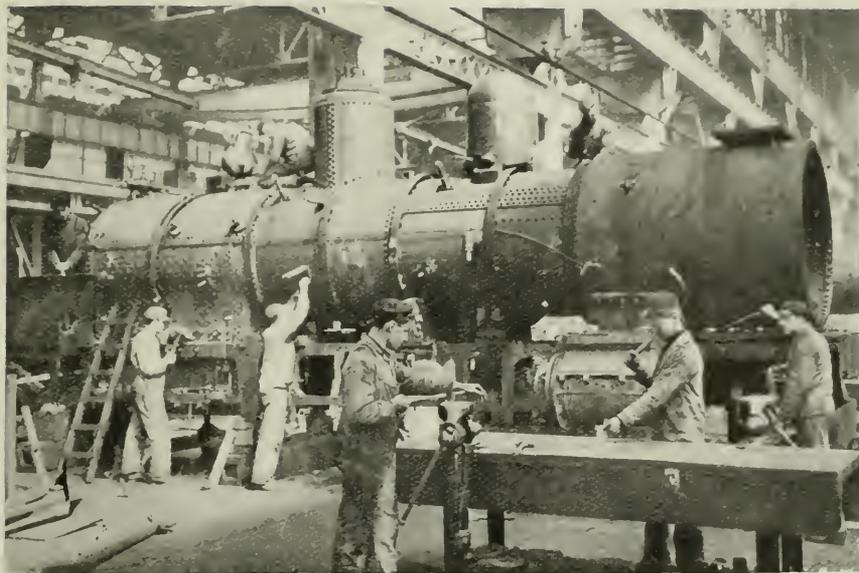
These systems are attracting a better class of boys, and as a result the standard of the shops is being automatically raised. Parents are beginning to waken up to the fact that it is possible for their sons to receive a technical training while they are making a livelihood.

The appreciation of individual promotions forms one of the strongest features of these apprentice movements and serves to keep alive the keenest interest in the classes, as the boys realize that as soon as they arrive at a certain standard of excellence, increased pay is their reward.

Another feature of no little importance is the fact that all expenses of this educational movement including all the equipment are borne by the two



G.T.R. APPRENTICES AT WORK



G.T.R. APPRENTICES AT WORK

companies and, in the case of the C.P.R., each lad is furnished with a complete set of drawing instruments which become his own property. The courses, then, do not cost the boys a single cent nor are they docked for time spent in classes.

When the boys have served their time, the C.P.R. still makes it interesting to them to continue their educational work and evening classes are held from October to April inclusive. These classes are for those that have served their time and any other employees who want to attend.

Those attending these classes are encouraged to ask questions and promote discussion on the subject of the evening, and that they are popular is shown by the attendance last winter when there were 260 enrolled. Examinations are held at the end of the session and prizes awarded.

With the C.P.R. the upkeep of these classes is divided between the company and the Educational Department of the Province of Quebec. The latter allots an appropriation every year, covering the salaries of the instruc-

tors. The G.T.R. are independent of the province.

As these evening classes of the C.P.R. take place immediately after work, the company supplies a good substantial meal to those men who take the classes. This meal is free and there is no charge made for the building, light or heat. The company also furnish absolutely everything connected with the classes, such as pencils, drawing instruments, paper and other materials. The C.P.R. holds that the man who has a large family perhaps, or other cares that give him no excess money for outside things should have the same chance for advancement as the more fortunate man who has less calls on his pay envelope. This education then does not cost the men one single cent.

The author had an interesting interview with Mr. Gower, who holds very decided views upon industrial education. He stated that, "Generally speaking, both in America and England, showy and unsuitable buildings are erected, a lot of unpractical and underpaid teachers employed, princi-

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

pals, or as they are sometimes called, directors of technical education, appointed, who have no practical knowledge of commercial and industrial life, the students are selected from the well-to-do families, and the education given fits them neither for the work in the shop nor in the office. Elaborate annual reports are spread broadcast giving the people the impression that these technical colleges or technological institutions are indispensable.

"It is essential that educational work should not be left in the hands of one class of people. The captains of business, commerce and industry should co-operate with the civic or provincial educational authorities. The shop and the school should work side by side. When the self-centred pedagogue steps outside the cloister in which he

is yet immured, he will become a contributing instead of a wholly supported social institution."

Mr. Gower believes that the growth, the development and the life of the Dominion depend upon the steps taken during this decade towards establishing industrial education upon a basis which will appeal not only to the employer of labor, but also to the parent, whether he be a workman or a Cobalt millionaire.

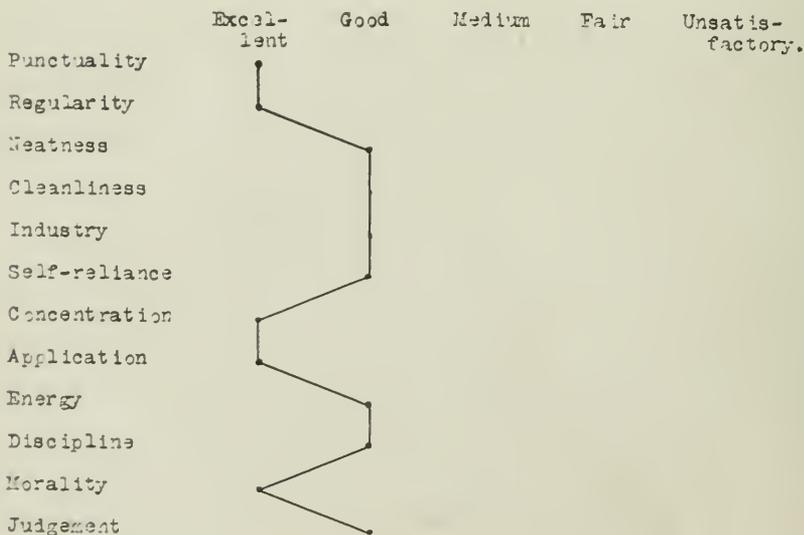
The Dominion of Canada is certainly indebted to these two great railways, for the interest they are taking in the welfare of the young people in their workshops. They are creating a fine type of workman who will be able to hold his own against the world.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

APPRENTICE SCHOLARSHIPS, JULY, 1909.

CHARACTER EXAMINATION.

Name of Apprentice



C.P.R. CHARACTER CHART

"The Ghost"

By

Mrs. Henry Dudeney

"IF anything happens to me," said Eckstein, with his rasping cough that filled the room, "you'll slip into the job. I've settled that with the editor. I said you were the best authority on chess—after me. I said you'd been good enough to give some little help."

Some little help!

Dixon's eyes flashed at this; then they died into a benevolent twinkle.

"You see, the people on *The Cornet* never dismiss a contributor nor discontinue a settled feature. You'll be set up for life: a man can't starve on two hundred a year,"

"Nothing is going to happen to you," returned Dixon briskly.

He spoke in the cheerful voice which does not ring true; spoke with the boisterous gale outside.

He laughed, leaning back, his spectacled eyes upon the rafters ceiling.

The laugh brought a woman. She lifted the latch of the old, low-hung door, and looked in. There was a towel in her hand, for she had been washing dishes; and as the men sat in the paper-littered room, getting ready for this weekly chess column of Eckstein's for the *Cornet*, they had caught the busy clatter of crockery. You heard everything in this cottage. There were five rooms, yet it was as if you lived in one.

"I heard you laugh, Jim, so I knew you weren't working. I won't stay one minute or be a nuisance. But isn't it lovely to be down here? I had to look in and say that. Is your cough"—her face, which had rippled,

darkened—"troubling you more than usual to-day, Mr. Eckstein?"

"No more than usual, thank you."

He disapproved of all women and of this one in particular. For she would never keep her proper place; she jiggled about through and over everything. He managed to instil contempt and rancour into his voice.

She looked sorry for him and distasteful. Her shoulder leaned at the old brown door; the towel was lax in her hand. Dixon looked up and marked idolatrously how graceful his wife was; that proudly poised head and sideways slope of the shoulder to the firm bust!

Their eyes met, in the most profound glance of perfect love possible. Her black hair was spun fine with silver—so that all the time she wore a delicate diadem. Her buoyant dark face was cut into by deep lines. He knew the full history of those furores, and worshipped them. Yet somehow she was younger than youth. Her whole attitude expressed a sound, unshaken joy in life—as just life! Did he not dearly love her, this valiant wife of the long years—and would a man stick at anything to give such a creature gladness?

She withdrew, shutting the door softly and as softly singing. Dixon's worn face remained strangely lighted, and he looked not now at the rafters, but through the window at the bit of a garden. He saw a ghastly dead ash tree, and saw a big fuchsia bush, regally red. He was thinking of the past; the struggle and heart sickness

—for he had essayed everything—the bright married love burning through, well trimmed, undimmed, all the while.

He had been an usher, a private coach, an actor, a journalist—lots of things—and a dead failure at all. When he married Elizabeth he had expectations from an uncle. Through the early years they had said to each other, "If only we can grub on until Uncle Jonas dies." They smiled at the foretaste. For you couldn't possibly love Uncle Jonas—so why not be truthful and smile? However, he had not died, but had married late and low and gone to live at Ipswich. They heard no more. Uncle Jonas had painted himself out from the picture.

Dixon now looked furtively from the forlorn ash, from the blood-red bush, at the man whose ghost he was. Yes, just a ghost; a grey, vague thing, docilely pulling spectral wires. For it was he who stood behind Eckstein doing all the work. He saw a cadaverous face, purple patched. It was a horrid blend of bad health and dissipation.

Why should Eckstein, with his rattletrap body and cheap mind, succeed—and go on living.

At this thought, he fell upon his papers, checking problems and correcting proofs almost frantically. Eckstein took a lozenge from that sticky box upon the table. He made a great noise. It was extremely disagreeable to be boxed up in a small, dull room with an invalid!

"Hurry up." He sucked desperately at the whitewashed wall. "I'm choking and cold, for this place is damp. Why did we come." He spluttered with the lozenge. "I won't stay. I'm paying, after all."

"Elizabeth and I wouldn't have a holiday if you didn't. I won't be a minute. Throw over one of those long envelopes, can't you? Do something."

Eckstein threw it.

"Got it all in?" he asked, watching Dixon lick the envelope. "The corrected proof and this week's copy and

the letter that grumbling fool from the provinces—"

"All in. Elizabeth shall post it. I've asked her to."

"Very well."

Dixon spoke curtly. He was staring round the room; as if he had never seen it before, and never again would see it—with the same eyes! He hated that row of medicine bottles upon the shelf, and hated the great-coat on the peg behind the door and—well, the lot!

"Come out into the sun," he said.

"So you feel it, too?" Eckstein shivered and grinned—that shapeless mouth of his was, for all the world, like a wound in his face.

He looked relieved and eager. He stumbled as he took his fluffy coat from the peg, and put it on and slipped the lozenge box into his pocket.

"We'll go up that hill over the way," he said imperiously. "What is it called? Tre—something. We'll take it slowly. Tell Mrs. Dixon to have dinner ready by the time we come back, will you?"

They were, the three of them, camping out in an old engine house. The mines were disused, and some genius had hit upon the idea of converting the place into a dwelling. It was irregular and weird. Elizabeth, whose nature it was always to get off the track, had seen it advertised, and been wild to take it. Eckstein, who could very well afford to be generous to the Dixons now and then, had consented. He had been advised that mountain air was excellent for his chest.

"It isn't only my chest," he wheezed, as he pounded slowly up the great bracken-covered hill. "My heart's touched badly. This local fellow has told me so. I can't live without a doctor for a moment. I go quite giddy sometimes; you must have noticed me just now."

He appeared to be afraid of himself, and yet morbidly proud.

"I've noticed you lots of times," said Dixon thoughtfully. "So has Elizabeth; so have several people."

"One fine day I shall double up sud-

THE "GHOST."

denly under the nose of a motor 'bus. You'll get The Cornet column, and your troubles will be over."

Dixon listened. Looking at the lantern jaw, listening to the labored breath, he said pensively to himself: "Well, why the dickens don't you?"

He was walking with his head stuck forward and his eyes saying several things behind the big glasses. Now and again he had to pull up sharp for Eckstein to look at the view; this was always the excuse.

"I don't suppose," he now said coarsely, "that you make a hundred a year, all told, do you? It comes rough on your wife, I must say. It's as bad as if you drank. That would be better. You'd get some fun, and she'd have the run of of your pockets."

"I don't always make an even hundred—but you are very kind, old chap."

Could a voice convey more malignant gratitude?

Eckstein appeared mollified and flattered.

"I do what I can," he said, grandiloquently. "I'm sorry for you."

Certainly he had done well for himself! There was a look of shattered opulence about him. His thick coat with the expensive collar, the very cigar which he had lighted at the foot of the hill, briefly puffed at, then tossed away!

Yet he had no brains in particular. He just had the gift of getting on. In addition to The Cornet, he worked for other papers. He worked also for a syndicate. He had saved, and he had speculated warily.

Dixon, pondering on this, was chafing at his own perpetual poverty, and mournfully adoring Elizabeth for her splendid efforts.

The darling! How she had turned and patched her own clothes and his, so that they might come away for this little jaunt and be a credit to their prosperous and influential friend. For Eckstein had a coldly critical glance; she had flinched beneath it often, and it was not wise to vex him.

She had boggled and cobbled and

darned, laughing through the wreckage of it all, making quaint jokes on their constant dilemma of the pocket. Yet the man who loved her looked straight through into the very depths of her heart and saw the long aching and the weariness.

"Those engine houses"—Eckstein pointed to them as they dotted the hills—"look gaunt."

"They look like churches that have been sold to the devil." was the ready answer, "and certainly living in one gets on your nerves."

"I'm glad you feel it, too. This is a very good view."

"Splendid," Dixon seemed to snort.

He stared at the purple heather, at the crimsoning bracken, at blackberries so ripe that they appeared to be bursting with juice. These hills were of wine and of fresh-flowing blood.

"It's a wild place and a wild people," he said deliberately. "The sort of place that would make your sin less. Do you know what I mean?"

"Not I. Nor care. They certainly are a queer lot. My doctor told me yesterday!"—(Why did he so often say, "My doctor told me"? Why would he drag this abominable medicated trail behind him?)—"that one winter a foreign tramp turned up in the town. He seemed ill, and they couldn't understand a word the poor beggar said. It was a stormy night. They turned him loose, and said that the chances were he'd fall down a mine shaft and so save a lot of trouble."

"Now I call that courage!" Dixon jumped, and looked suddenly intelligent. "There's a mine shaft over there. Come and look at it."

He walked fast, cutting across the grass and heather, skirting the great grey boulders that, seen from the road, looked like sheep upon the hills.

"They all ought to be walled round. It is disgraceful," panted Eckstein when he came up and they stood together at the edge. "Anyone might stumble or take a false step or turn giddy—"

"They turned him loose! I call that courage," laughed Dixon.

"It would be murder anywhere else, my friend," returned the other man dryly.

Then, remembering that sometimes he turned giddy, he stepped back.

This place was certainly frightful, and they felt it. For one of them was thinking his own sad tangled thoughts and the other knew perfectly well that, mine shaft or no, he, for his part, stood cheek by jowl with Death.

Hadn't the specialist said so before he came away?

"The very trees are twisted. I shall be glad to get back to London," he said pettishly.

"Will you? Well, it's safe and small, anyhow. No open holes." Dixon, as he spoke, laughed—just as he had laughed in the little damp chamber of the converted engine house over there. It perched, giddy, yet gaunt, upon its particular hill. He could spy it through the enchantingly warm sea mist. Elizabeth was probably still inside—innocent, hopeful, anxious; always young and wholly his. He would do anything in the world to give her constant rest.

He stared at a stunted oak that grew near.

"Devonshire says," he spoke stupidly, "that Cornwall can't grow wood enough to make a coffin. Got that from the guide book."

"Confound you! I don't want to talk about coffins."

"Why not? We must all conform to them. And yet—I don't know. One might get—drowned."

"One might," affirmed Eckstein, and they screwed their eyes to blink at the sea.

"Come up closer. Let's have a good look."

Dixon took one more step forward towards the shaft; perhaps the last a man could take with safety.

"No, thanks; I might turn giddy."

"Nonsense I'll hang on to you."

Dixon sniffed at the salt, sunlit gale. It was blowing so sweet and strong up here. Now that was Elizabeth—sweet and strong! The fronds of the bracken waved—as fans. Bramble trails toss-

ed their sharp, wine-stained arms. The air itself was wine, and it raced in his veins.

"My doctor told me"—Eckstein advanced; he stood so close that you heard the rattle of his breathing—"that if you threw a stone down one of these places and hit—"

"Let's throw a stone," shouted Dixon, with a boyish, holiday manner.

He stepped back, stooped, and picked one up. It was a biggish stone, stained softly with many-hued lichens that ate into its grey.

He carried it in both hands and, cautiously, he threw it into that cruel hole, with its tangle of briars and ivy and fern, with its blackened, wet sides: glossy sides that you might slide down.

"You might have given me a sly push." He stood up, and his worn face looked extra haggard. "But it wouldn't pay you to kill me. Hear it?"

"Pay me? What are you driving at?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. But ten bob a week is cheap for doing all the work and swallowing every cursed insult, and knowing that Elizabeth is eating your bread and lying under your roof."

He stopped. Eckstein had not listened. He appeared transfixed. The rough wind blew his straggling hair about, and flapped at the tails of his long coat. He was listening to the clear bump and thud of the stone as it fell.

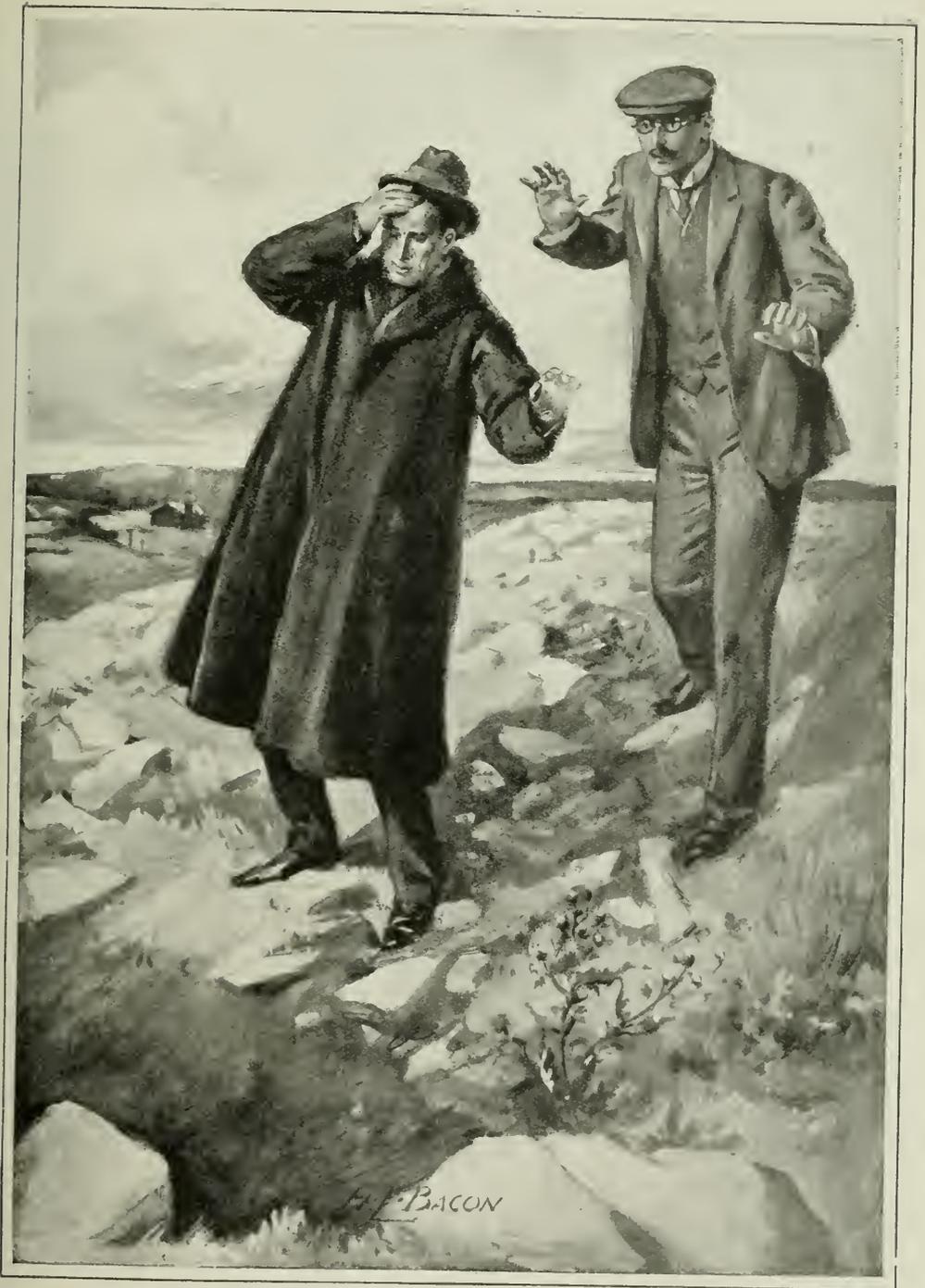
"They ought to wall such places round. They do, as a rule, so I understand from my doctor. A man might stumble or turn giddy. Hold on to me, Dixon. I'm afraid to step back!"

"I warned you," returned Dixon strangely.

Then, appearing jubilant, just as if he did some grand, uplifted deed, he gave the one little necessary push.

* * * *

The thing was impetuous, inevitable. He had been destined to do it, since endurance suddenly snapped. And—this he had said a short time



"HOLD ON TO ME, DIXON. I'M AFRAID TO STEP BACK!"

before—a purple place of this sort, it made your sin much less.

II.

He did not feel afraid. The wine of the day yet raced in his body. Delicious airs fanned him. The mist was cool upon his face. He felt as if the weight of all the years had fallen off.

He went and sat upon a great, heather-girt rock, not so very far away. He dreamed about the many things that he would now buy for Elizabeth. He would not only get The Cornet column—that was settled—but he would move heaven and earth to get those other columns of poor Eckstein's, too.

He slipped gradually into the greasy slow sea of journalism. Dreams died. They must get back to London as soon as possible, he and Elizabeth. He must buzz round and see editors. Little by little, he became obsessed by fear. Not fear of the thing he had done; already, he had decided that he did not do it. The niggling dreads of his calling came to him; as to whether, say he got the work, it would last. If it did not—then Eckstein had turned giddy for nothing!

Will The Cornet keep on the column? Will they cut down the price? Shall I be able to keep up the standard?

These were the questions he unceasingly asked himself.

He looked back at the mine shaft. He could not clearly see that awful gap; the wonderful, violet mist of the day got between him and it. That was as well. Otherwise he would have felt compelled to move off and, whimsically, he wondered if his legs would carry him.

He said to himself that here, in the space before Elizabeth climbed the hill to look for him, he would look into the awful eyes of Truth. For he was, of course, just a murderer. The mark of Cain was upon him—clear! Childishly, he took off his cap, and laid it on the vivid, warm rock.

Urging himself to be impersonal, to

be cynical, not to miss one point; to be just a journalist writing up this most interesting affair in a popular, a thrilling form, he thought things out. He remembered cases quoted where murderers after many years had given themselves up to justice. Perhaps he might do that—say Elizabeth died first.

“But if I did”—he rubbed a finger across his brow and felt nothing—“nobody would believe me. They would say that the shock of seeing him go over had turned my brain.”

And, indeed, it had been a shock. It was going to account in the future for any eccentricities he might develop. A man's nerves never recovered.

Everyone knew what great friends they were, he and poor Eckstein. They were as much to each other as two men could possibly be. This was common knowledge, and had been for years. Even the people down here had commented behind his back on his devotion to the invalid. Elizabeth had gleaned this, and joyfully brought the news to him.

Everything would be all right—if only he did not talk in his sleep!

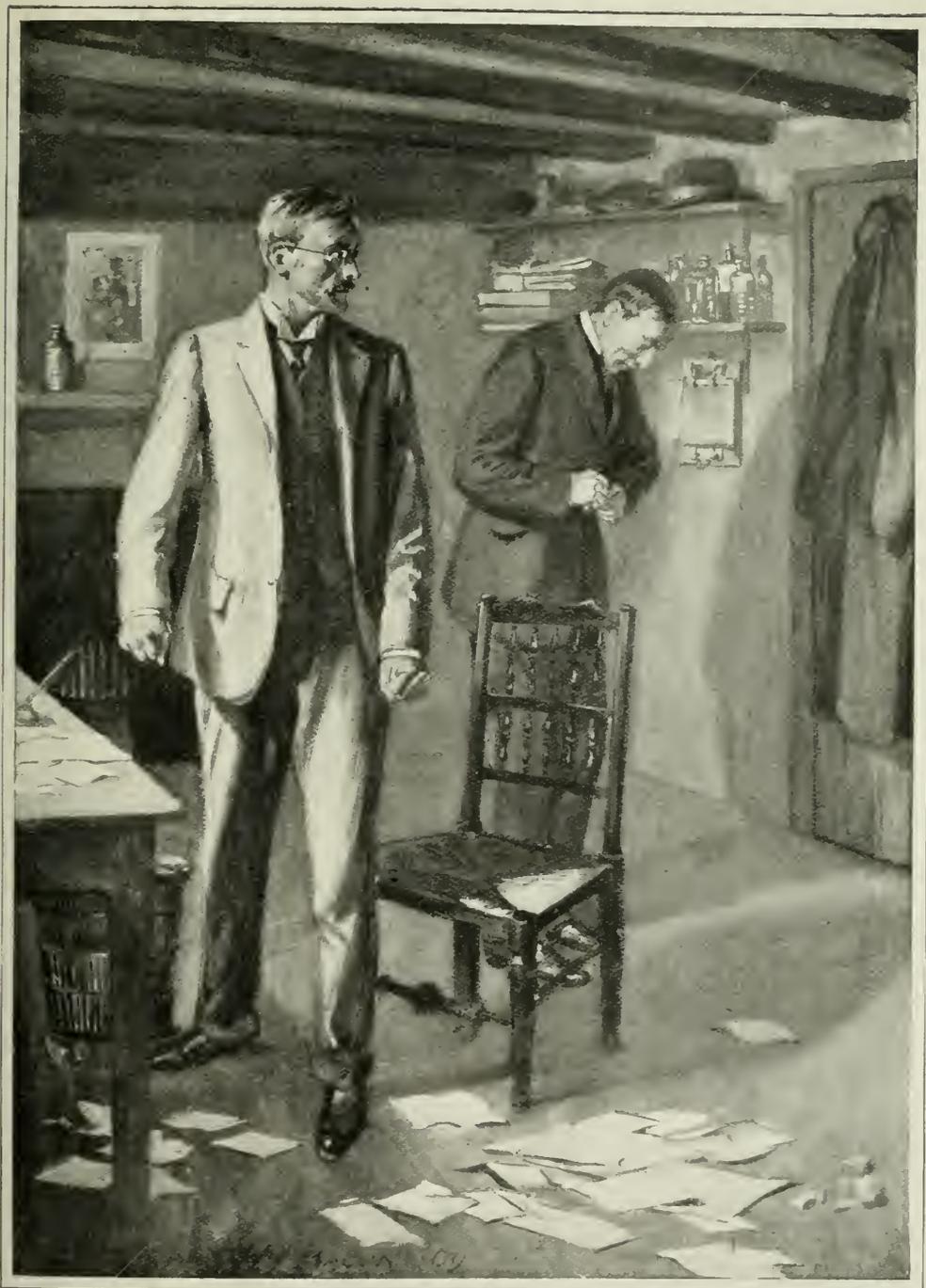
The sick, new knowledge now came: that there would be barriers between him and Elizabeth. The old perfect communion was forfeit. He did not mind, so long as she never saw the spikes and palisading.

He laughed. How these awful, wine-stained hills did echo! You'd think some man was laughing underneath.

He was—a murderer! He said the word now, for the first time and the last. He would deny the thing to himself, for you could disprove anything if you kept on denying long enough and savagely enough. You could put it out and totally destroy it. The power of will was wonderful.

He would go on living—and lying inside of himself. The sea was blue, the world was warm, and there was Elizabeth.

Presently she would be coming up to look for him and Eckstein. Then he would have to be very careful as



"DIXON WAS STARING AROUND THE ROOM AS IF HE NEVER AGAIN WOULD SEE IT—WITH THE SAME EYES!"

to what he said and how he said it; not only to her, but to the rest of the world, and for the remainder of his days.

Only at breakfast this morning Eckstein had said, "I keep on turning giddy, Mrs. Dixon." One must remind her of that, and it was one of the things to say at the inquest. There would also be the evidence of the doctor. Poor old Eckstein!

He said beneath his breath, and counting each word off on a finger:

"He had a way of turning giddy: that was heart. He would insist upon going too near the edge, although I warned him."

Now, everyone knew that Eckstein had been obstinate!

He sat rigid on the rock. But when he suddenly saw Elizabeth coming up the flashing zigzag mountain track he picked his cap up and jammed it down hard over his brows.

Why couldn't Elizabeth have stayed where she was in the engine-house?

Her cotton skirt brushed at the wiry heather on either side the path. There was a patch in the skirt: a new bit, looking dark.

For one frightful moment he hated that figure in the patched skirt. And he said to himself frantically, "Is everything going to leave me?"

The darling! It had been only for a moment. The next, he loved her more madly than ever before. He had done it for her, after all. And she would never know.

She approached. There were awful moments. She put her hand in her pocket. A revolver, perhaps, to blow out his brains. And that would be best, for he felt sure he would not keep that column in *The Cornet*. He never kept anything. One by one the means of making a decent living had slipped away. His very touch was destructive. He had killed everything and everyone save Elizabeth.

She took a letter from her pocket. She called out clearly as she came:

"Why, where is Mr. Eckstein?"

Dixon stood up and spoke, sound-

ing his legs and voice. To his marvel and joy they were cunning; for they stood and sounded normal—stood and sounded guiltless, rather. For, of course, he was hideously upset; he was stunned. That must be remembered.

"Never mind him for a minute. Is that letter from *The Cornet*?"

Of course it was. Without any doubt they had chucked the chess column. He was suddenly choking and falling. He bumped back on the rock again. That man under the hill—which now was haunted—laughed and wheezed. The—suicide? Suppose that Eckstein, sick of suffering, had deliberately gone down the shaft! That was ingenious.

Elizabeth's face was marvellous. It was more joyful than even he had before seen it, and it ran with tears.

"The *Cornet*! Why, Jim, don't look so frightened, darling, my darling. Newspapers don't matter any more."

"Has it told on you so, our long struggle?" she said pitifully. "I didn't think you felt it quite so much."

He leaned on her, not speaking: keeping himself safe and sure by the close radiance of her presence.

She gave him the letter.

"It's from Ipswich. I had to open it, Forgive me. I went to the post office with Mr. Eckstein's copy, and this was waiting. Your Uncle Jonas is dead. Only five hundred to that woman he married; the rest to you. It's the lawyer's letter. Read it. We are rich, and—how awfully ill you look! I wish we had some brandy. Doesn't Mr. Eckstein always carry a flask?"

Roughly, passionately, her husband drew her head away from all sight of the mine shaft. The most supreme sacrifices were secret! She would never know.

They drifted speechless, misty, into each other's arms: she pure and protective, he clammy and shaking.

For in a minute or so he must spin his little yarn.



THE STATE CAPITOL AT PROVIDENCE

The Canadian-Born Governor of the State of Rhode Island

By

J. Earl Clauson

PARAPHRASING the Apostle Paul, Governor Aram J. Pothier, of Rhode Island, the first Canadian-born governor, of French ancestry, in the Union, can truthfully say that he is the chief executive of no mean state. For the Rhode Islander, whenever he becomes the subject of what he considers ill-timed jests about the political division he calls home, is able to call to his command a mass of statistics calculated to stagger his tormentor.

He will admit, gracefully and without reserve, since evasion is out of the question, that Rhode Island is in area the smallest of the fifty-two states and territories, excepting, of course, the District of Columbia, which, after all, is only another name for the City

of Washington. Rhode Island comprises only twelve hundred and fifty square miles against—for the sake of comparison—the two thousand square miles of Prince Edward Island, or the 222,000 square miles of the Province of Ontario.

But he will also show that, while smallest of the states, Rhode Island ranks thirty-fourth in population, with a total of 480,082 by the census of 1905. That is to say, there are more than half as many states and territories containing fewer souls as there are containing more. He will point with even greater pride to the fact that only fifteen states can boast a greater per capita wealth than Rhode Island, with its \$1,702 to each man, woman and child. And, if that is

not enough, he will pass on to remark that Rhode Island, microscopic though she may be in area, is twenty-third in the amount of capital invested in manufacturing, second in the output of cotton cloth, third in woolen goods, and outranks them all, no odds asked, in the production of "filled gold" jewelry.

To these convincing statements he may add another, namely, that Rhode Island is eighth of the states in her Canadian-born population, and that in some sections, notably in Woonsocket, her third largest city, and the home of Governor Pothier, every fourth person one meets on the street first saw the light in the Dominion.

Three of the states which surpass Rhode Island in Canadian-born population are of the New England group—Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The others are New York, Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota. The election of a native of Canada to the chief office in the gift of the people represented, therefore, only the discharge of part of the debt Rhode Island owes to the Dominion for the thrift and industry of this element.

Governor Pothier was first elected Governor on November 3, 1908, by a plurality of 7,270, in the largest total vote, 77,586, ever cast for chief executive of Rhode Island. It was thought a good showing for the year, being within three thousand of the record plurality, but in November, 1909, when Governor Pothier ran for a second time, he set a new mark by rolling up a plurality in excess of eleven thousand.

He was inaugurated on January 5, 1909. It was his manner of discharging the duties of an office which demands the exercise of great tact and the retention of the friendship of all classes of a heterogeneous population which made it expedient for the Republican party of Rhode Island to draught him for service for a second time.

The most important event in Mr. Pothier's life, preceding the time he moved to Rhode Island, was his birth

near the pretty little St. Lawrence valley city of Three Rivers, 54 years ago. His ancestors came from Chartres, France, the ancient city on the River Loire, France, the first of the name landing in Montreal about 1635, a year before Rhode Island's famous founder, Roger Williams, established Providence. Mr. Pothier passed his boyhood near Three Rivers, receiving his early education at Nicolet College, and he was still a student there when his father, the late Jules Pothier, decided, in 1870, to look for a revival of fortune in one of the factory villages of New England. It was the reconstruction period in the United States. Between '61 and '65 a great civil war had drained the nation of the flower of its youth, and retarded development. Following the surrender of the Southern armies there came a notable revival of industry. Business entered upon an era of expansion, prosperity once more beamed upon the people of the North, with a smile which promised at any moment to break into a hearty laugh, and the country could not meet the demands of manufacturers for labor. The call for help went northward to Canada; it sounded most loudly in the Province of Quebec, where it was listened to at first by only a few. Presently these sent back word of steady employment with good pay, and a movement southward began, which, in the lower provinces, assumed the proportions of a tidal wave of emigration.

Most of those who answered the summons were bent, like the father of the Governor, on getting employment in the rubber mills and the cotton and woolen establishments of New England. There was plenty of work for all who sought it, wages were good, and with this accustomed thrift the newcomers scaled their living expenses to a point where they could pile up a balance on the right side of the ledger.

To the future Governor of the state of his adoption, however, a career as a mill operative did not appear es-

RHODE ISLAND'S CANADIAN-BORN GOVERNOR

pecially attractive. So, instead of learning how to direct the movements of a loom, he found a position when he was 21 in the Woonsocket Institution for Savings, and there he spent the succeeding 33 years. When he first entered the bank, Woonsocket was a place of about 12,000 souls; now it numbers about 35,000, and the bank has grown proportionately. Each year has seen new responsibilities placed upon Mr. Pothier's shoulders, and it is a matter of record that he has never failed to rise to them. In the

land Legislature, and in 1889 was appointed by the then Governor of Rhode Island commissioner from the state to the Paris Exposition. In the same year he was chosen city auditor of Woonsocket, a position he held until he was elected mayor in 1894, receiving the honor of re-election the following year. In 1897 he was the candidate of the Republican party for lieutenant-governor, and the manner in which he ran ahead of his ticket forecasted the victory he was to win eleven years later in his race for the



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR POTHIER AT WOONSOCKET, R.I.

passage of time he has acquired a knowledge of the bank's affairs which makes him indispensable alike to the house and its customers. To the latter he impersonates the bank itself to a large degree; his countrymen are in the habit of speaking of the place as "Mr. Pothier's bank," with never a thought but that he and the institution are one and inseparable.

Governor Pothier's public career began in 1885 when he was elected a member of the school committee of his home city for three years; in 1887 and 1888 he was elected to the Rhode Is-

land Legislature, for he piled up the largest plurality ever obtained by a candidate for the lieutenant-governorship. In 1900 Mr. Pothier was again sent abroad to represent the state at the Paris Exposition of that year.

It was during his visits to Paris that two very important things happened. One was his meeting with Mlle. Francoise de Charmigny, whom he married in 1902. The other was the cultivation of an acquaintance with some of the big French manufacturers of lines of goods which Mr. Pothier believed could be successfully

handled in America. During his term as mayor he became interested in the development of Woonsocket industrially, believing that, situated as it was, midway between Boston, the great wool entrepot, and New York, the great distributing centre for manufactured goods, it was able to offer special advantages to those engaged in the production of woolen goods. His friendship with French manufacturers gave him an opportunity to preach this gospel, which he did so effectively that the addition of seven big factories to Woonsocket's industrial establishments is directly traceable to his efforts. The seven represent about three million dollars in capital invested, and give employment to about 2,000 hands. As explaining in part the confidence his fellow citizens repose in him it may be noted that while Mr. Pothier has been remarkably successful in obtaining tax exemption for plants which have been established in Woonsocket, he has never sought this privilege for concerns in which he is directly interested.

It is easy enough to tell what a man has done, but to tell what he is presents certain complexities. Governor Pothier may be pictured as somewhat under the average height, smooth of face, with grey hair, sparse above the temples, dressed probably during business hours in a grey frock coat, grey trousers and the accessories which indicate a self-respecting attention to the details of attire without foppishness. There is nothing about the costume to detract attention from the face, and it is the face which is most worthy of study.

Governor Pothier's face is of the type artists like to paint. It is a series of planes with few softening curves. That does not mean that it is a hard face; it is far from that. Rather, it is a sensitive face, which responds readily to its owner's feelings—the mouth, which frequently goes with "temperament." But the crisply cut planes of the face would render the portrait painter's task an easy one, a

fact which has been proved by the ease with which newspaper artists in their hasty pen sketches have caught the likeness. As he talks with you, Governor Pothier conveys the impression that he is interested in what you have brought to his attention. There is a world of difference in "glad-hand" men. Many of those in politics fail utterly to convince their auditors that their friendliness lies deeper than the surface. They are actors, but their acting is indifferent.

It is to the other type of "glad-hand" men that Governor Pothier belongs. His interest in your story is made both apparent and convincing, and you feel while with him and afterwards that he is friends with the human race for other than purely selfish reasons. There is nothing dictatorial about his manner. He does not attempt to direct the conversation and movements of those who enter into relations with him. Adaptability is one of his prominent qualities. He fits into a situation as if he belonged there.

Governor Pothier represented in advance of his time the tendencies of the second generation of the States' Canadian-born citizens, the trend away from the mills and into business and professional life. Of the nearly 40,000 native Canadians in Rhode Island, more than 31,000 are, like the state's chief executive, of French ancestry, and the great bulk of them was added to its population during the influx of the seventies. A few, to be sure, went into trade, a few were already educated for the professions, but the great majority were green from the little farms of Quebec and unfitted for any labor requiring at the outset greater skill than is demanded for tending a loom or running the spindles of a cotton mill. But they were steady workers and saving beyond anything their Yankee fellowmen dreamed of, and they appreciated the advantages of education. They were quick to seize the opportunities of the free-school system for their children, and many of them, not content with

RHODE ISLAND'S CANADIAN-BORN GOVERNOR

what the high school offered, spent their accumulations in sending their boys to the institutions of higher education.

For boys and girls thus trained, the mill was, of course, out of the question. The latter, with few exceptions, married, but the former sought an outlet for their energies in the recognized professions. As illustrative of the wholesale way in which they have grasped their chance, a few figures from Woonsocket, the state's most typical French-Canadian city, may be taken. It has eighteen French-Canadian physicians, five lawyers, one architect, fifteen clergymen, and one hundred and sixty-four merchants. Clearly the mill has been outgrown.

During recent years the trend toward the professions has been so marked among the second and third generations of Canadian-born citizens as to cause fear that they would become seriously overcrowded. The note of alarm was struck by Governor Pothier in an address delivered during

the summer before the Franco-American Chamber of Commerce of New England. He said:

"Since the colonial period the tendency has been toward professional life. That life has been and is the aim of so many in successive generations that we have had and have today crowded professions as a result, and because of this tendency I believe that the industry and the energy of your people have suffered.

"We should encourage our young men to get away from the professions—to enter commercial, trade and scientific schools and military or naval academies. With a fast-growing population on this northern hemisphere, immense and untold resources to develop and extraordinary possibilities in trade here and in South America and in the Pacific, such schools should invite our young men, and you business men should be the advisers of our youth and the advocates of such preparation for the practical affairs of life."



WOOLEN MILL AT WOONSOCKET

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT INDUSTRIES BROUGHT BY GOVERNOR POTHIER TO HIS HOME CITY



"HE CAUGHT HER HANDS AND HELD THEM TIGHTLY, FORGETTING THAT SHE WAS TOM ST. CLAIR'S WIFE."

An Unpremeditated Ceremony

By L. M. Montgomery

Author of "Anne of Green Gables."

SELWYN GRANT sauntered in upon the assembled family at the homestead as if he were returning from an hour's absence instead of a western sojourn of ten years. Guided by the sound of voices on the still, pungent, autumnal air, he went round to the door of the dining-room, which opened directly on the poppy walk in the garden.

Nobody noticed him for a moment, and he stood in the doorway, looking at them with a smile, wondering what was the reason of the festal air that hung about them all as visibly as a garment. His mother sat by the table, industriously polishing the best silver spoons, which, as he remembered, were only brought forth upon great occasions. Her eyes were as bright, her form as erect, her nose—the Carston nose—as pronounced and aristocratic as of yore.

Selwyn saw little change in her. But was it possible that the tall, handsome young lady, with the sleek brown pompadour and a nose unmistakably and plebeianly Grant, who sat by the window doing something to a heap of lace and organdie in her lap, was the little curly-headed, sunburned sister of thirteen whom he remembered? The young man leaning against the sideboard must be Leo, of course; a fine-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow who made Selwyn suddenly think that he must be growing old. And there was the little thin, grey father in the corner, peering at his newspaper with near-sighted eyes.

Selwyn's heart gave a bound at the sight of him which not even his mother had caused. Dear old dad! The years had been kind to him.

Mrs. Grant held up a glistening spoon and surveyed it complacently.

"There, I think that is bright enough even to suit Margaret Graham. I shall take over three dozen teas and two dozen desserts. I wish, Bertha, that you would tie a red cord around each of the handles for me. The Carmody spoons are the same pattern, and I shall always be convinced that Mrs. Carmody carried off two of ours in place of her own the time Jenny Graham was married. I don't mean to take any more risks. And, father——"

Something made the mother look round, and she saw her first-born.

When the commotion was over, Selwyn asked why the family spoons were being rubbed up. "For the wedding, of course," said Mrs. Grant, polishing her spectacles and deciding that there was no more time for tears and sentiment just then. "And here they're not half done—and we'll have to dress in another hour. Bertha is of no use whatever—she is so taken up with her bridesmaid finery."

"Wedding? Whose wedding?" demanded Selwyn in bewilderment.

"Why, Leo's, of course. Leo is to be married to-night. Didn't you get your invitation? Wasn't it that which brought you home?"

"Hand me a chair, quick," implored Selwyn. "Leo, are you going to com-

mit matrimony in this headlong fashion? Are you sure you're grown up?"

"Six feet is a pretty good imitation of it, isn't it?" grinned Leo. "Brace up, old fellow. It's not so bad as it might be. She's quite a respectable girl. We wrote you all about it three weeks ago and broke the news as gently as possible."

"I left for the east a month ago, and have been wandering around preying on old college chums ever since. Haven't seen a letter. There, I'm better now. No, you needn't fan me, sis. Well, no family can get through the world without its seasons of tribulations. Who is the party of the second part, little brother?"

"Alice Graham," replied Mrs. Grant, who had a habit of speaking for her children, none of whom had the Carston nose.

"Alice Graham! That child!" exclaimed Selwyn in astonishment.

Leo roared.

"Come, come, Sel, perhaps we're not very progressive here in Croyden, but we don't actually stand still. Girls are apt to stretch out some between ten and twenty, you know. You old bachelors think nobody ever grows up. Why, Sel, you're grey around your temples."

"Too well I know it; but a man's own brother shouldn't be the first to cast such things up to him. I'll admit, since I come to think of it, that Alice has probably grown bigger. Is she any better-looking than she used to be?"

"Alice is a charming girl," said Mrs. Grant impressively. "She is a beauty, and she is also sweet and sensible, which is not a usual combination. We are all very much pleased with Leo's choice. But we have really no more time to spare just now. The wedding is fixed for seven o'clock."

"Is there anybody you can send to the station for my luggage?" asked Selwyn. "Luckily I've got a new suit; otherwise I shouldn't have the face to go."

"Well, I must be off," said Mrs. Grant. "Thomas will go for your things. Father, take Selywn away so that I won't be tempted to waste time talking to him."

In the library father and son looked at each other affectionately.

"Dad, it's a blessing to see you just the same. I'm a little dizzy with all these changes. Bertha grown up, and Leo within an inch of being married! To Alice Graham at that, whom I can't think of yet as anything else than the long-legged, black-eyed imp of mischief she was when a kiddy. To tell you the truth, dad, I don't feel in the mood for going to a wedding at Wish-ton-wish to-night. I'm sure you don't either. You've always hated fusses. Can't we shirk it?"

They smiled at each other with chummy remembrance of many a family festival they had "shirked" together in the old days. But Mr. Grant shook his head.

"Not this time, sonny. There are some things a decent man can't shirk, and one of them is his own boy's wedding. It's a nuisance, but I must go through with it. You'll understand how it is when you're a family man yourself. By the way, why aren't you a family man by this time? Why haven't I been put to the bother and inconvenience of attending your wedding before now, son?"

Selwyn laughed, with a little note of bitterness in the laughter which his father's quick ear detected.

"I've been too busy with law-books, dad, to find me a wife."

Mr. Grant shook his bushy grey head.

"That's not the real reason, son. 'The world has a wife for every man.' If he hasn't found her by the time he's thirty-five there's some real reason for it. Well, I don't want to pry into yours, but I hope it's a sound one, and not a mean, sneaking, selfish sort of reason. Perhaps you'll choose a Madam Selwyn some day yet. In case you should, I'm going to give you a small bit of good advice. Your mother

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now—she's a splendid woman, Selwyn, a splendid woman. She can't be matched as a housekeeper, and she has improved my finances until I don't know them when I meet them. She's been a good wife and a good mother. If I were a young man I'd court her and marry her over again, that I would. But, son, when you pick out a wife, pick one with a nice little commonplace nose, not a family nose. Never marry a woman with a family nose, son."

A woman with a family nose came into the library at this juncture and beamed maternally upon them both.

"There's a bite for you in the dining-room. After you've eaten it you must dress. Mind you brush your hair well down, father. The green room is ready for you, Selwyn. To-morrow I'll have a good talk with you, but to-night I'll be too busy to remember that you're around. How are we all going to get over to Wish-ton-wish? Leo and Bertha are going in the pony carriage. It won't hold a third passenger. You'll have to squeeze into the buggy with father and me, Selwyn."

"By no means," said Selwyn briskly. "I'll walk over to Wish-ton-wish. It's only a mile across lots. I suppose the old way is still open?"

"It ought to be," answered Mr. Grant dryly. "Leo keeps it well trodden. If you have forgotten how it runs he can tell you."

"I haven't forgotten," said Selwyn a little brusquely.

He had his own reasons for remembering the woodpath. Leo had not been the first Grant to go courting to Wish-ton-wish.

When he started, the moon, round and red and hazy, was rising in an eastern hill-gap. The autumn air was mild and spicy. Long shadows stretched across the fields on his right, and silvery mosaics patterned the floor of the old beechwood lane. Selwyn walked slowly. He was thinking of Esme Graham, or rather, of the girl who had been Esme Graham, and wondering if he would see her at the

wedding. It was probable—and he did not want to see her. In spite of ten years' effort he did not think he could yet look upon Tom St. Clair's wife with the proper calm indifference. At the best, it would taint his own memory of her; he would never again be able to think of her as Esme Graham, but only as Esme St. Clair.

The Grahams had come to Wish-ton-wish eleven years before. There was a big family of girls, of whom the tall, brown-haired Esme was the oldest. There was one summer during which Selwyn Grant had haunted Wish-ton-wish, the merry comrade of the younger girls, the boyishly, silently devoted lover of Esme. Tom St. Clair had always been there, too, in his right as second cousin, Selwyn supposed. One day he found out that Tom and Esme had been engaged ever since she was sixteen; one of her sisters told him. That had been all. He had gone away soon after; and some time later a letter from home made casual mention of Tom St. Clair's marriage.

He narrowly missed being late for the wedding ceremony. The bridal party entered the parlor at Wish-ton-wish just as he slipped in by another door. Selwyn almost whistled with amazement at sight of the bride. Could that be Alice Graham—that tall, stately young woman, with her masses of dead-black hair frosted over by the film of her wedding veil? Could that be the scrawny little tomboy of eleven years ago? She looked not unlike Esme, with that subtle family resemblance which is quite independent of feature and coloring.

Where was Esme? Selwyn cast his eyes furtively over the assembled guests, while the minister read the marriage service. He recognized several of the Graham girls, but he did not see Esme, although Tom St. Clair, stout and florid and prosperous-looking, was standing on a chair in a far-away corner, peering over the heads of the women.

After the turmoil of handshakings

and congratulations, Selwyn fled to the cool, still, outdoors, where the rosy glow of Chinese lanterns mingled with the waves of moonshine to make fairyland. And there he met her, as she came out of the house by a side door, a tall, slender woman, in some glistening, clinging garment, with white flowers shining like stars in the coils of her brown hair. In the soft glow she looked even more beautiful than in the days of her girlhood, and Selwyn's heart throbbed dangerously at sight of her.

"Esme," he said involuntarily.

She started, and he had an idea that she changed color, although it was too dim to be sure.

"Selwyn," she exclaimed, putting out her hands. "Why, Selwyn Grant! Is it really you? Or are you such stuff as dreams are made of? I did not know you were here. I did not know you were home."

He caught her hands and held them tightly, drawing her a little closer to him, forgetting that she was Tom St. Clair's wife, remembering only that she was the woman to whom he had given all his love and life's devotion, to the entire beggaring of his heart.

"I reached home only four hours ago, and was hailed straightway here to Leo's wedding. I'm dizzy, Esme. I can't adjust my old conceptions to this new state of affairs all at once. It seems ridiculous to think that Leo and Alice are married. I'm sure they can't really be grown up."

Esme laughed as she drew away her hands.

"We are all ten years older," she said lightly.

"Not you. You are more beautiful than ever, Esme. That sunflower compliment is permissible in an old friend, isn't it?"

"This mellow glow is kinder to me than sunlight now. I am thirty, you know, Selwyn."

"And I have some grey hairs," he confessed. "I knew I had them, but I had a sneaking hope that other folks didn't until Leo destroyed it to-day.

These young brothers and sisters who won't stay children are nuisances. You'll be telling me next thing, Esme, that Baby is grown up."

"Baby is eighteen and has a beau," laughed Esme. "And I give you fair warning that she insists on being called Laura now. Do you want to come for a walk with me—down under the beeches to the old lane gate? I came out to see if the fresh air would do my bit of a headache good. I shall have to help with the supper later on."

They went slowly across the lawn and turned into a dim, moonlit lane beyond an old, favorite haunt. Selwyn felt like a man in a dream—a pleasant dream from which he dreads to awaken. The voices and laughter echoing out from the house died away behind them, and the great silence of the night fell about them as they came to the old gate, beyond which was a range of shining, moonlight-misted fields.

For a little while neither of them spoke. The woman looked out across the white spaces, and the man watched the glimmering curve of her neck and the soft darkness of her rich hair. How virginal, how sacred, she looked! The thought of Tom St. Clair was a sacrilege.

"It's nice to see you again, Selwyn," said Esme frankly at last. "There are so few of our old set left, and so many of the babies grown up. Sometimes I don't know my world, it has changed so. It's an uncomfortable feeling. You give me a pleasant sensation of really belonging here. I'd be lonesome to-night if I dared. I'm going to miss Alice so much. There will be only mother and Baby and I left now. Our family circle has dwindled woefully."

"Mother and Baby and you!" Selwyn felt his head whirling again. "Why, where is Tom?"

He felt that it was an idiotic question, but it slipped from his tongue before he could catch it. Esme turned her head and looked at him won-

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deringly. He knew that in the sunlight her eyes were as mistily blue as early meadow violets, but here they looked dark and unfathomably tender.

"Tom?" she said perplexedly. "Do you mean Tom St. Clair? He is here, of course, he and his wife. Didn't you see her—that pretty woman in pale pink? Lil Meredith, why, you used to know Lil, didn't you. One of the Uxbridge Merediths."

To the day of his death Selwyn Grant will firmly believe that, if he had not clutched fast hold of the top bar of the gate, he would have tumbled down on the moss under the beeches in speechless astonishment. All the surprises of that surprising evening were nothing to this. He had a swift conviction that there were no words in the English language that could fully express his feelings, and that it would be a waste of time to try to find any. Therefore, he laid hold of the first baldly commonplace ones that came handy and said tamely:

"I thought you were married to Tom."

"You—thought—I—was — married —to—Tom!" repeated Esme slowly. "And have you thought that all these years, Selwyn Grant?"

"Yes, I have. Is it any wonder? You were engaged to Tom when I went away. Jenny told me you were. And a year later Bertha wrote me a letter in which she made some reference to Tom's marriage. She didn't say to whom, but hadn't I the right to suppose it was to you?"

"Oh!" The word was partly a sigh and partly a little cry of long-concealed, long-denied pain. "It has all been a—funny — misunderstanding. Tom and I were engaged once—a boy and girl affair in the beginning. Then we both found out that we had made a mistake—that what we had thought was love was merely the affection of good comrades. We broke our engagement the spring we came to Wish-ton-wish. All the older girls

knew it was broken, but I suppose nobody mentioned the fact to Jen. She was such a child we never thought about her. And you've thought I was Tom's wife all this time? It's funny."

"Funny? You mean tragic! Look here, Esme, I'm not going to risk any more misunderstanding. There's nothing for it but plain talk when matters get to such a state as this. I love you—and I've loved you ever since I met you. I went away because I could not stay here and see you married to another man. I've stayed away for the same reason. Esme, is it too late? Did you ever care anything for me?"

"Yes, I did," she said slowly.

"Do you care still?"

She hid her face against his shoulder.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then we'll go back to the house and be married," he said joyfully.

Esme broke away and stared at him.

"Married!"

"Yes; married. We've wasted ten years, and we're not going to waste another minute. We are *not*, I say."

"Selwyn! It's impossible!"

"I have expurgated that word from my dictionary. It is the most possible thing when you look at it in an unprejudiced way. Here is a ready-made wedding, decorations, and assembled guests, a minister on the spot, and a province where no license is required. You have a very pretty new dress on; I have a plain gold ring on my little finger which will fit you. Aren't all the conditions fulfilled? Where is the sense of waiting and having another family upheaval in a few weeks' time?"

"I understand why you have made such a success of law," said Esme. "but—"

"There are no 'buts.' Come with me, Esme. I'm going to hunt up your mother and mine and talk to them."

Half an hour later an astonishing whisper went circulating among the guests. Before they could grasp its significance, Tom St. Clair and Jen's

husband, broadly smiling, were hustling scattered folk into the parlor again and making clear a passage in the hall. The minister came in with his blue book; and then Selwyn Grant and Esme Graham walked in hand in hand.

When the second ceremony was over Mr. Grant shook his son's hand vigorously.

"There's no need to wish you happiness son—you've got it. And you've made one fuss and bother do for both weddings—that's what I call genius. And—" this in a careful whisper while Esme was temporarily obliterated in Mrs. Grant's capacious embrace "she's got the right sort of a nose. But your mother is a grand woman, son—a grand woman!"

The Power to Choose and How to Develop It

By C. M. Falconer

THE disciples of Darwin tell us that, in the process of evolution, the Will was the last faculty to appear.

Whether we accept their whole theory or not, the fact remains that Man is distinguished from other animals by the possession of the power to choose between two or more lines of conduct and put that decision into execution; that this faculty is capable of unlimited development; and that men are distinguished from one another, on final analysis, solely by the degree to which they have trained their Wills to decide and act effectively. That is to say, back of every success that was ever achieved you will find a strong Will, and back of every failure a weak will.

The man of weak Will may be blessed with all the other advantages it is possible to give him, he may have the wealth of a Rockefeller, the strength of a Hercules, the symmetry of an Adonis, the intellect of a Newton, the soul of a Lincoln; but could such a man lack will power, he will make very little out of those resources: while the man of Will Power, of indomitable strength of purpose, will not only make the most of what he himself has, but will bend others to the execution of his plans.

The Will is a curious faculty. Though it dominates every other fac-

ulty singly, yet, together, all the others control the Will.

Indeed, I may say that they constitute it; for the Will is in many respects a sort of product or distillation of the other faculties. This is evidenced by the fact that any fault in body, mind or soul reacts upon the Will, and the strength of the latter increases in proportion as the other faculties are well developed and harmoniously related. And the condition of harmony is more important than separate strength.

If you are afflicted with either of the two diseases of the Will—which affect us all at times—if you execute too hastily or defer action until too late, turn the searchlight of analysis upon yourself.

Find the guilty negatives and get rid of them, work for unity in your personality, so that your whole mental, spiritual and physical personality will respond to the commands of your will, instantly.

Get your exercise out of your work, or you will derive very little benefit from it. You can't strengthen the Will by directly trying to, but by working earnestly and persistently in the substitution of positives for negatives, you will find that the Will automatically responds.

That is the whole secret of developing your power to choose.—*Business Philosopher.*



The Queerest Town In Canada.

By

John Bruce Cowan

"IT nestles picturesquely at the base of a towering, snow-crowned mountain," or, "it lies peacefully on a beautiful lake or splendid stream," describes comprehensively the appearance of many a British Columbia town. No such description befits Steveston, the principal salmon-canning centre on the Pacific coast. On the Fraser's bank, near where that mighty river enters the Gulf of Georgia, it lies huddled, in appearance much as though the sea had washed up many derelicts that assumed the shapes of canneries, the driftwood being the fishermen's shacks close in the rear.

"Queer" is not an uncomplimentary term to use in describing this Canadian Canton, this detached bit of a rickety, improvised, formless and void Chinese town at its worst.

Hideous were more truthful, but hideous is harsh to one who has laughed at its incongruity, and been amazed at its industry. So it is just queer!

And queer it assuredly is, in every feature, yet it has an excuse to offer for existence, being an unsurpassed vantage point for fishermen and canners during the seven-weeks' salmon race up the river for spawning grounds. These few weeks are of much concern to myriad homes throughout the world, and to the forty canneries and their six thousand fishermen operating in or near this strange town.

A contrast to fishing villages in the Old Land—no landscape here to delight the artist's heart and employ his brush—Steveston, never-

theless, possesses an interest for the student of psychology, as well as for the merely curious, that makes it worthy a visit.

Situated about twelve miles from Vancouver on Lulu Island — an island of alluvium, formed by the main river and the north arm of the Fraser, a fertile farming and fruit-growing district, resembling much an Ontario farming section — the country for some miles back is prairie-like. Looking toward the Gulf, the rugged mountainous outline of Vancouver Island enveloped in grey haze in the distance, the view is more inspiring. Below sea level, dikes are a necessity on the island, Steveston being particularly well supplied. In keeping with the construction of everything else about there, the great heaps of mud from these dikes were left where thrown, giving it the appearance of a town permanently experiencing the instalation of waterworks, or being pernetually besieged. One is not impressed at first sight. Interest, however, is soon drawn to the inhabitants.

Taking them numerically, the Japs — swarthy, sturdy, undersized, swift-moving — are foremost: then come Chinese, Indians, Whites (including Canadians and Americans, Scandinavians, Italians and Greeks), and Hindus.

Great concern is expressed because the Japanese have superseded white fishermen on the Fraser. Underlying that concern is more sentiment than sense. It strikes one salmon-fishing is not a white man's job at best. The Japs have secured control of that work, have wrested the white man's "noble heritage" from him, just because he was more competent, more willing at any rate, to handle efficiently that class of work. The contrast is marked when conditions are studied at close range. Alert, energetic, always hustling about purposelessly, with his boats,

his nets, his food supplies for the night when ashore, he displays the same industry afloat. Contented, too, he appears to be, judging by the snatches of tuneless song one hears from him as he bustles about his work, jokes with his companions or romps with his children. White fishermen acknowledge him cleanly in everything, but say there is a discernible tendency in him to be overbearing and unhelpful to his white or Indian fellow-workmen. There is little sentiment about the Jap, but he is healthy!

Bearing her part (the heavier part, maybe, considering the atmosphere she remains in!) is the Jap's diminutive, dark-haired, slant-eyed wife, she appears to be as industrious and contented as he. A plump, brown, ruddy-cheeked infant generation waddles plentifully about, coming fishermen or fishermen's wives considering how they thrive in the Steveston air.

While the Japs are principally engaged in fishing, the Chinese are employed in the canneries — work for which they appear better fitted. When the canneries are inoperative — the catch having been light, or during "close" hours — these languid, oily Celestials collect about the streets in noisy, gabbling, staring, gesticulating groups, or gather in their dens to drink and gamble. During the fishing season the undermanned police force has a strenuous time in attempting to curb the passion for gambling among the Chinese, as many as seventy of them being corralled in a single raid. The Chinese engaged in store-keeping shuffle lazily about their stores or stand in their doorways, more intent apparently on street doings than on business. Such a ludicrous situation as that occasioned by three tinsy Chinamen attempting a flirtation with a demure Indian maiden I have seldom beheld.

Not so cleanly as the Japanese and



A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE FISHERMEN'S HOMES



HOUSES FRONTING ON A DYKE

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

more indolent even than the Chinks, the Indian is a source of more amusement than either. Generally taciturn, but willing enough to converse if approached politely, the present-day representative of Canada's early, ingenious, crafty, ferocious redman, is a lazy, good-natured, much-tamed creature, inclined to laugh unnecessarily, to pow-wow and get drunk. Many Indians are engaged in salmon-fishing, following it, one judges, more from force of habit and as a pastime, than as a serious business, though they do not reject the remuneration! The Indian, though seemingly careless, has an eye to the main chance.

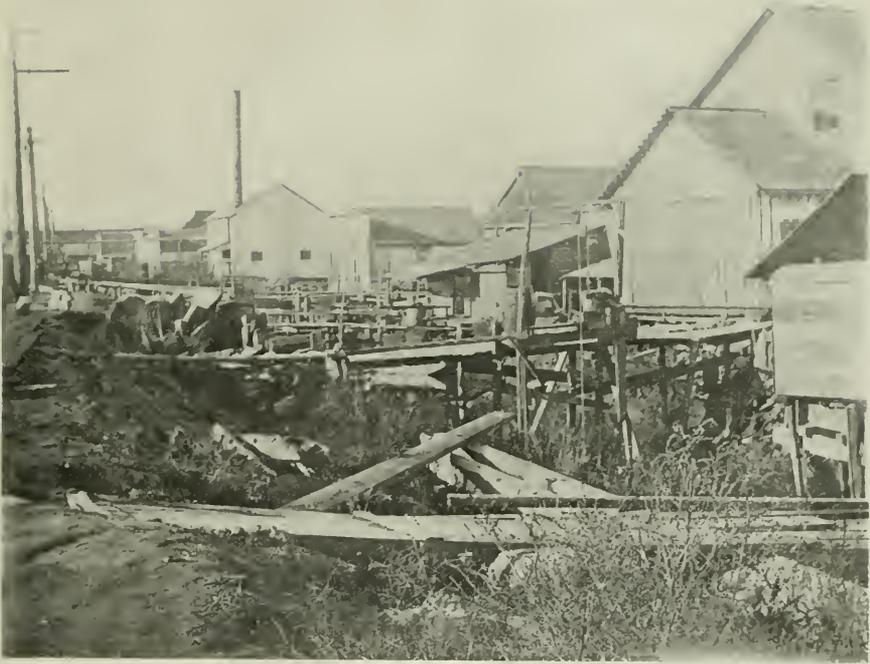
Politeness to his squaw or consideration for her appear to be undreamt of amongst the Steveston Indians — characteristics generally observable in all the race. The squaw doesn't pine, however, and die young. Not she! she seems rather to thrive on her treatment

and in defiance of all hygienic laws attains without difficulty the century mark. Groups of three or four of these old Klootchies, all looking to be at least one hundred, battered hats on grizzly, trowsled heads, a jaundiced yellow, wrinkled like washboards, barefooted, and wearily shuffling about with the assistance of staffs, are seen in different parts of the town. Steveston is quite distinct in the possession of relics. In addition to the Klootchies are seen Indians, Japs and Chinese, painfully old, who assuredly lend color to the Darwinian theory. The labored articulation of the Indians and the splashes of color they affect in their dress (the brighter the more highly prized!) are features that amuse the visitor.

It cannot truthfully be said, in the words of a Kentucky colonel, that the white fishermen now found on the Fraser are "superior pussons, sir!" If they are typical of the class



SUNDAY MORNING ACTIVITY AMONG THE JAPS



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE APPROACHES TO THE HOUSES

who once controlled the river, no need to wonder why the Japs have now supremacy. A few of them were honest-looking and industrious, even superior to their work, but the majority were shiftless and drunken. Three of this latter class, indifferent and drunk, sat on the edge of a dike bemoaning the fact that their boat had been stolen, and they were unable to go out with the fleet. I was hailed as a "sky pilot" by the trio and invited to be sociable over a whisky bottle. It is good in that motley throng to see even that kind of a white face!

Bewhiskered, bright-eyed, gaudily-beturbaned Hindus are sometimes seen, though few of them are engaged in fishing (their aroma would indicate they dread the water!) and few are employed in the canneries.

John Ruskin would never have been moved by Steveston's habitations to write learned treatises on architecture; equally certain it is

his grim humor would have had airing and exercise at the sight, the crude, low frame stores; the unsightly but capacious Chinese "apartment" houses; the fishermen's shacks—all speak plainly the exigencies of business for a migratory population. Houses of more pretentious bearing, which have withdrawn themselves from immediate contact with the waterfront, embowered in clematis and honeysuckle, and boasting magnificent roses in their patches of garden, are seen here and there—welcome sight in that Sahara of shacks!

Steveston's liveliest aspect during fishing season is presented on Sundays. From midnight Friday until six o'clock Sunday evening the salmon have respite from the slaughter of the nets. Preparations for resuming work are extensive and interesting. Business is brisker than on week days, and many visitors from Vancouver are on hand to see the

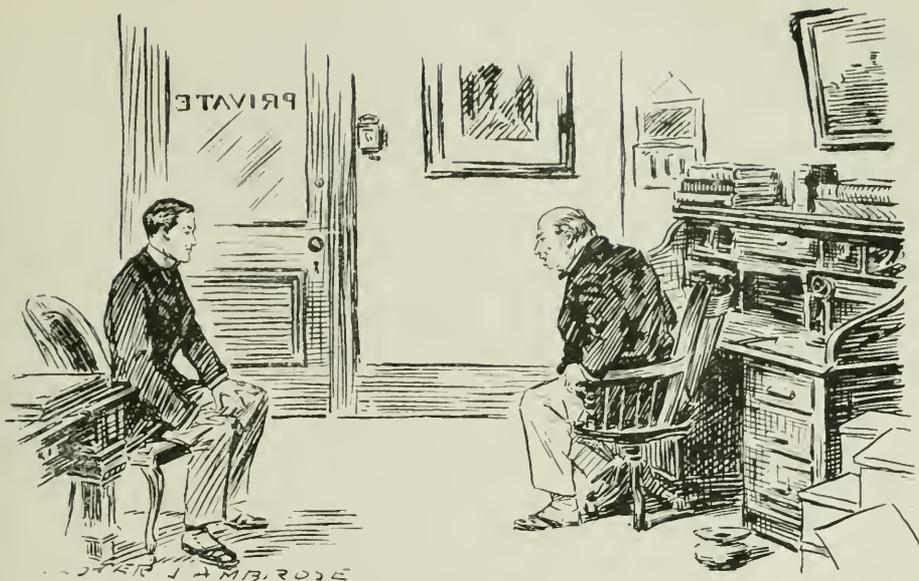
fleet go out. The several thousand fishing boats scattered across the Fraser's generous mouth, each boat with a mast, resemble nothing so much as a forest of gaunt trees, and give an adequate idea of the extent of the industry. A gunshot is the signal for commencing operations. Impatiently the fishermen await it. When given, the scene instantly changes: The mast-forest becomes indescribably active as the nets are being thrown out, the multitude of floats striking the gunwales, making a report like a prolonged volley of musketry. It dies gradually to complete, almost painful, silence. A quarter of an hour later the visitor witnesses the gleaning of the fish harvest. Sockeyes and humpbacks are taken in about equal numbers; considering the fishing area each net secures what seems a profusion. The sockeyes are thrown into the "wells" for the canneries, and the humpbacks, oilless and valueless, are returned whence they come—often, in a spirit of fun, thrown into a close-lying net. The congestion in the

river is soon relieved, the boats seeking "amplifier fields" in the Gulf. An area of fifteen or twenty miles is covered. Unless the run has been exceptionally heavy, the fishermen remain out twenty-four hours, sleeping and eating when opportunity permits, one can imagine with what pleasure! It is not an uncommon thing in a good year during these few weeks for fishermen to make from \$500 to \$1,000; it must be conceded, however, that by hard, dirty work, and long vigils is it earned.

On the north arm and extending some distance past Steveston, are forty canneries, representing half the total number in the province. Each of these canneries represents an average investment of \$50,000 in land, buildings, machinery, boats, nets, scows, etc., approximately \$2,000,000 for Fraser river plants alone; over six thousand hands are employed to garner this salmon harvest, and a sum of not less than \$3,200,000 paid in wages, and for tins, power and light. And all within six or seven weeks!



AGED INDIANS OF STEVESTON



"IF ITS NECESSARY TO FIX THEM, WHY FIX THEM."

Figuring it Out

By Edwin Dowsley

Illustrated by Lester J. Ambrose

"LOOK here, Dollenby, there's no other construction to it, this doesn't pay, and you know it!"

"I'm not saying it does."

The general manager jerked up with an undisguised expression of sourness.

"I'm not saying it does," repeated Dick, his eye meeting the other's meaningly.

"Now then, Dollenby," continued the manager, somewhat mollified in tone, "here's the situation." He picked up a paper with a condemning column of figures of Dick's sales and expenses, and continued:

"If you can't make the business pay the company, you cannot make it pay yourself. I have talked this over with you several times, as you are aware. I know you have your own ideas about selling, but I also have mine. Sometimes your ideas work, but sometimes

they don't. Being successful in a field molded after your own ideas doesn't prove that your ideas will be successful everywhere. A salesman must be pliable enough to accommodate himself to conditions as he finds them."

Dick said nothing. He was an experienced salesman, and he was irritated. The manager continued:

"Now this is the point," picking up a long printed paper, "here's a specification of wants from the Chinaway Transit Company; and-I-want-that order!" The manager struck the paper with his hand to emphasize the want. "Do you understand, Dollenby? I want the order!" bending over, looking closely at Dick, partly menacing, partly coaxing. "That order will make things hum if we get it, and it's up to you to get it!"

Dick nodded, and agreed that it was.

The manager leaned back, assuming again his dignified bearing.

"You know, Dollenby," he continued insinuatingly, "a bit of commission is neither here nor there with us. If it's necessary to fix them, why, fix them! That's all there is to it. I'm not stingy about a present or two, and I lay no limit to what you pay, except common sense. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean!"

"Very good!" interrupted the manager. "You have just twenty minutes to catch your train, and this time—Dollenby—you understand, of course, it's business."

Dollenby suddenly found himself outside the manager's office, scarcely comprehending how, so politely was the ejection accomplished. A slow crimson tinge mounted his forehead, but discipline saved the general manager.

Walking swiftly to the sample-room, Dick stopped at the entrance, his big, six feet three, nearly filling the doorway. Dropping his bag, he delivered a violent kick that sent the thing wobbling sideways, endways, to the centre of the room, a couple of samplers stepping smartly to escape the bolt.

"Whew!" from both of them.

"Fill it up with Chinaway samples!"

"Going down to sell 'em?" timidly from one.

"No," from Dick, savagely. "To buy 'em."

The samplers worked rapidly. Dick Dollenby in a tantrum. The idea silenced them.

The bag nicely packed, brushed and cleaned, was finally tendered gingerly to Dick.

Immediately, the old winning smile broke out. Patting one on the shoulder, "Thanks, old man." Then his hand to the other, "Thanks, son."

Years ago Dick Dollenby had possessed himself of a fund of that good-humored optimism that believes it can annihilate anything that bars the way

to progress. Now, things revolved so contrarily that Dick developed a suggestive temper. He indulged in a swear or two, and there was, to use his own words, "pure cussedness in things in general."

Dick had been summoned several times lately within the precincts of the inner sanctum, and there, as he put it, "made to walk the carpet" before the general manager of the house which had bid so high for his services, and he did not like it a bit.

Dollenby had always been rated high by his brother salesmen. His easy, non-combative, gently persuasive manner, bore with it some graceful meretric influence, finding an opening for him into the hearts of the most obstructive buyers. To-day, this winning optimism, this ingratiating personal influence seemed to have lost its charm.

Hurrying along to his train, Dollenby comprehended more fully the significance of that last remark of the general manager. It roused all the fight within him. What did he care for the general manager? He would sell goods for the pure love of selling them, and do it his own way, too.

Sneaking into any company's establishment with a bribe for some subordinate to recommend his goods was repugnant to Dollenby's ideas. He did not graduate from that school. To attempt success along those lines would be folly. Yet, he thought, how much there was of this underhand business, and how was he to make returns unless he conducted his business along the lines by which buyers were the most easily accessible?

Then, he reflected, with some misgivings, his own way had not worked lately. The manager only gave him a hint. He even recalled he had permission—suggestion, to fix them. A savage delight suddenly evolved itself that he might easily fix a price, the recoil from which would compel even the general manager to wince; only to be as quickly rejected.

To sell the Chinaway Company, however, or rather, their bribe-seek-

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ing dependants, Dollenby was determined. He would sell them once, no matter what it cost, and deal with his own house afterwards.

As the train sped along, he wondered why such a company as the Chinaway should tolerate such a system of buying. The chiefs were blind—or deaf, if they didn't know it. It was common talk with every road salesman.

Then he began to consider how he should approach a man with a bribe for his departmental business—a delicate undertaking, practised to a nicety by those who knew how.

He was still wondering how they did it when his train pulled into the depot.

The Chinaway Transit Company's establishment was a busy place. The very hum of immense development and many interests were potential. Even prestige was to be gained from the mere selling to such a concern.

Dick steered his way along the line of offices to the door of the Purchasing Department, arriving there on the minute for the appointment made by wire for a representative from his house.

The moment he handed in his card he found himself being ushered down past a long column of clerks, each of whom eyed him curiously, until he passed into the sanctum of the chief buyer.

Dick mentally noted with reserved expression the buyer's attitude. It was characteristically assumed to convey the impression that he was a very busy man. He was actually seated on

a high stool, with his feet on a high rung, his face almost lost in the depth of papers on the desk before him.

The busy man turned quickly, put his hands on his knees, and eyed Dollenby suspiciously. He was at once the possessor of a little bald head, his face ornamented with a sharp peaked nose, and little beady eyes that looked out over his spectacles in a spirit of annihilation.

Dick, once again in the presence of an important subject for his skill, forgot any nervousness he might have acquired, and entered into the business of securing a hearing with his wonted vigor and grace.

He talked of many things in easy, fluent style; with genial interest, touching lightly on the main idea, then back again to things in general and on by interesting by-ways until his listener was actually led unconsciously, though not unwillingly, to the topic of the goods he had to sell.

Dick had him thoughtfully interested, and taking quick advantage,

went on deftly to put forward the becoming points of his own particular brands. He pointed out consistently their excellent qualities, proved successfully their durability, satisfied the buyer on the price. With easy, unassumed courtesy his samples had been decorously introduced, and altogether, Dollenby got as good a hearing as any drummer could possibly desire.

Through it all, however, Dick instinctively experienced an air of something absolutely uncongenial, as those little eyes looked into his—sometimes



LESTER J. AMBROSE

"HE WAS ACTUALLY SEATED ON A HIGH STOOL."

quizzical, sometimes suspicious, other times altogether beyond comprehension.

Finally, when there came the natural lull after all had been said, the little man angled his head a point lower, and again looked over the top of his spectacles.

"Well"—slowly and deliberately—"I believe all you say. You certainly have got it down well; but the point now is—what is there in it for me?"

"Beg your pardon?" queried Dick, rudely shocked at the very bluntness of the suggestion.

"Oh, now, Mr.—Mr.— (looking around for his card, and then finding it)—Dollenby, don't pretend you don't know what I mean. I say, what-is-there-in-it-for-me?" with a suggestive dig of the thumb at his right lung as he said for me. "I've made it easy for you; I didn't leave any thorny path for you to crawl up wondering how you were going to do it; I just gave you the cue right off the handle," and he stretched out his hands, slightly elevating the shoulders.

"As a matter of fact, I never thought of it," suggested Dick, mildly.

"Didn't you, indeed? Well, I won't hurry you," sneered the buyer.

"I have shown you honest guarantees for honest goods—fill your orders properly—make the price right—"

"Now, Dollenby," interrupted the buyer, "let us drop that to get over with it. You know well enough that buyers in concerns like this get a rake-off, and if they don't—so many more the fools. Neither you, nor the sellers, nor the powers that be of this or any other concern can prevent it. We're here alone and my word is as good as yours. If there isn't room in the price for a rake-off, chop it off the goods. I'm here to pass the stuff or condemn it, see?"

"I see," replied Dick.

"Well, here's a paper; sit down over there and figure it out; don't hurry yourself," suggestively.

Dick took the paper and sat down by the window. He looked out on

the busy crowds passing up and down in the great factory yard. Here in his grasp was an order that meant thousands to his house, dollars and restored prestige for himself. He had come to that house with a brilliant record. He was drawing a large salary. His record had gone back on him. To lose now was to lose all. He realized it was disastrous for a salesman to leave a house under a cloud. This order would retrieve everything. Why should he not have it? It only meant handing a bribe to this miserable buyer—yes, and cutting the honest goods he had talked about to dishonest ones and cheating the people who were paying for them, to put something into this fellow's pocket. Still, that wasn't his affair, he had the authority of his house to do it—it need be only this once, then he could leave the house, his prestige retained. His whole future might be staked on this one order. He must have it. And yet—and yet—

Suddenly, some great resolve steadied him.

Dick took up the paper; looked at it—hesitated, then stooped and hurriedly wrote upon it.

He took it to the desk and laid it down before the man.

The buyer picked it up. "Not one cent." He turned on his stool and looked at Dick over his spectacles.

Dick nodded his head assertively twice, dug his thumb into his right lung and said, "From me."

The buyer calmly turned to his work with admirable indifference.

Dick knew well enough the fellow could get what he wanted from other houses, and he knew that the fellow knew it. Yet, he was angry. He could have thrown the peaky-faced little sinner out the window, but he realized that it would be impolitic even to say a word. So he quietly packed his grip, turned to the man and said, "Good-day."

The man returned "Good-day" without looking up.

A couple of hours later Dick's composure was restored, and his illimit-

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able good humor had returned. He could scarcely restrain a laugh now at the whole sorry business, but as for himself he was quite resolved.

Strolling over to the hotel telegraph counter, he scratched off the following to his firm, "Send another man, can get order, please accept my resignation."

As he finished writing a boy came shouting along the corridor. "Mr. Dollenby! Mr. Dollenby!"

"All right, here you are," and Dick held out his hand for the note. It read: "The president of the Chinaway Transit Company wishes to see Mr. Dollenby immediately at his office."

"Hum," said Dick to himself, "wishes to see me—immediately, does he? Well, he can see me after I send this message—if I'm ready then."

On second thought he put the telegram in his pocket, and walked away to the office of the president.

When Dick was ushered into the president's office, after presenting his card, he encountered a small, wizened man with a bald head, a small, peaked nose, and beady eyes that looked at him over the top of his spectacles.

"Well, so you're back again, are you?"

"Looks a bit like it, doesn't it?" returned Dick, with his most engaging smile.

"What can I do for you now?"

"Fact is, I don't know that you can do anything. I got a little note a minute ago requesting me to come to see the president, and here I am."

"So you did, Dollenby. Sit down. I'm the president."

Dick closed his eyes tight for an instant, then opened them comically to look at the little man.

"It's all right, Dollenby. You're awake. Sit down. I sent for you." Dick began to get a glimmering of the play.

"Now, Dollenby, it's one on you, or it's one on me. I don't much care which; but I've found out a thing or two these last few days that has opened my eyes. It may not have been the least questionable way to find it out, but it was about the only way, and I did it. I became acquainted with a number of firms ready to figure it out differently from the way you did it, and I have my suspicions that your firm would have been with them if they hadn't sent you. Well, never mind that. This concern wants a buyer, Dollenby, and I have an idea, mark me, that a man who won't give a bribe, won't take one. Do you follow me?"

Dick hinted that he did.

"Are you open for an engagement?"

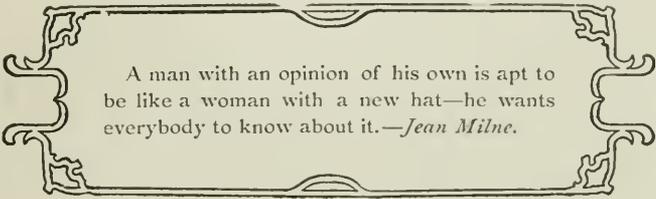
Dick slowly pulled the telegram he had written from his pocket, and the president read it.

"All right—that's fair." Then turning he wrote hurriedly on a piece of paper, and handed it to Dick, continuing, "That's what there is in it for you—from me," with a twinkle.

Dick looked at the paper. The amount nearly took his breath away.

"Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, sir."



A man with an opinion of his own is apt to be like a woman with a new hat—he wants everybody to know about it.—*Jean Milne.*

Important Articles of the Month

Another International Difficulty Confronts Canada

Frederic Blount Warren, writing in the *Technical World Magazine*, fears that the building of the proposed Hudson's Bay Railroad will give rise to another international difficulty with the United States. The Americans claim that Hudson's Bay is not a closed sea, and, if Canada should attempt to make it one, there would be trouble. The matter dates back to the time of the royal grants to the Hudson's Bay Company by Charles I.

In opposing the royal grants to the Hudson Bay Company it was early contended that King Charles gave away a vast territory of which he had no conception and that it was impossible to transfer property which could not be described. Canada at a far later period opposed the theory that the company possessed such absolute privileges as it claimed and again there was never any effective occupation of the northern seaboard of the territory. The great fur and trading trust remained undisturbed in its semi-arctic field. If the company did not possess an absolute monopoly of the fur trade rights of the region then it did not possess kindred fishing rights either, it has been argued. American citizens, in the exercise of a privilege granted in 1818, could cruise up the Atlantic coast and enter every inlet, including Hudson Bay itself, unless the monopoly was effective. But if it were, British subjects could not enter there either, the company's charter being equally directed against them. Were this contention accepted it would follow that British fishermen had no rights within any waters within the jurisdiction of the Hudson Bay Company, or else that when British fishermen were admitted there American fishermen should be granted the same privilege. In 1857 a select committee of the House of Commons reported that whatever might be the validity or otherwise of the rights claimed by the company under the charter, open competition in the fur trade might tend to demoralize the Indians and bring about the total destruction of the most

valuable fur-bearing animals. Finally, in 1869, an agreement was reached under which the company consented to accept \$1,500,000 for the surrender of the territories to Canada through the imperial government.

Thus was doubt still thrown upon the company's exclusive rights and as the Scotch whalers began frequenting Hudson Bay in 1829, thirty years before the transfer of authority took place, it is shown that this monopoly cannot be maintained. No attempt was made to hinder the Scotchmen or the Americans who followed them and they have carried on the industry since then. Nevertheless Britain and the United States are at odds over the question of "rights" in the Bay. The British view is that all water within a line drawn from headland to headland is embayed and constitutes a "mare clausum," or closed sea of diplomacy. Uncle Sam does not incline to this view though the entrances to Boston, New York and Philadelphia might be held to bring him thereto. Hudson Strait, the entrance to the Bay, is 500 miles long and forty miles wide and the bay itself is the third largest sea in the world, only exceeded in size by the Mediterranean and the Caribbean, the area of the first being 997,000 square miles, the second 680,000 and the third 567,000. No attempt has ever been made to hold the Mediterranean or Caribbean as the exclusive possession of any one power and it is contended that Canada's claim to Hudson Bay is not tenable as American whalers have been virtually the only occupants of the western shore for sixty years.

If the American right to fish along Labrador and "northward indefinitely" is valid it gives these fisherfolk the right to operate along Baffin Land, and now toward the north pole itself, and inasmuch as they would have authority to enter every estuary more than six miles wide the United States, through the State Department, is prepared to insist that they could not be successfully prevented from fishing in the Strait or Bay. The northern extremity of Labrador and the southern point of Baffin



THE PROJECTED HUDSON BAY ROUTE

THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE PROPOSED ROUTE AND THE BLACK LINE
THE PRESENT ALL-CANADIAN ROUTE

—Harper's Weekly

Land form the entrance to the Strait and according to the British view under the Hudson Bay Company's charter no ships but the company's can go west of a line drawn between Capes Chudleigh and Resolution, the promontories on either side of the entrance.

Canada's position has been stated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. "We are aware," said he recently, "that Americans have been patrolling northern waters and giving American names to some of the territories there, which, I think, are under our jurisdiction. We have already provided against that by sending an expedition there, which returned, after planting the British flag on many points in these northern lands. We cannot allow Americans to take possession of what is British territory, and we intend to assert our jurisdiction over it."

Of the Hudson's Bay Railroad itself, the article treats at some length.

The policy adopted by the Government is as follows:

Open the territory of Keewatin with a railway; establish a harbor at Fort Churchill; build elevators and coal docks; place lighthouses along shore to facilitate the navigation of Hudson straits, thus giving to western Canada an independent seaport of its own.

The necessity for such a railroad was based on the argument that the success of the western wheat fields, especially those lying in northern Alberta and Saskatchewan, depends on cheap transportation, preferably by water, and that the natural outlet was via Hudson's Bay.

"The Hudson's Bay route has always been a bogey in the eyes of eastern Canada, whose business interests are afraid of it. The 'anti-propaganda' can be blamed in a measure for the stories circulated decrying the possibilities of developing the region. Yet,

Sir Sandford Fleming, the distinguished engineer who built the Canadian Pacific Railway, in describing the Hudson's Bay line's advantage, said to the writer of this article:

"Moose Factory on the margin of the bay has the same winter and summer temperature as Winnipeg and the average snowfall is less than half of that in Montreal and Quebec. In a

few years the British Government will possess in it a new seaport. Archangel, the Russian port, is on a parallel of latitude of thirteen and one-half degrees, or more than 900 miles farther north than Moose Factory, and it is a seaport of importance, with a dockyard and a prosperous shipping trade. Its population is not inferior to some of our Canadian cities."

A Beneficial Bank Guaranty Law

U. S. Senator, the Hon. Robert L. Owen, gives, in the *Twentieth Century Magazine*, a brief and concise explanation of a banking law in force in the State of Oklahoma, which possesses several advantages. This law "establishes a guaranty fund as an insurance fund to protect the depositors of the State Banks of Oklahoma. The fund is made up of contributions of each State Bank provided by an assessment against the capital stock of each bank and trust company equal to five per cent. of its average daily deposits, to be collected in twenty years. The assessments comprise one-fifth of the total, or one per cent. for the first year, and one-twentieth thereafter until the five per cent. assessment shall have been paid.

"It is a limited liability, therefore, even of the contributing banks, which thus establish a mutual insurance fund to safeguard their depositors.

"It involves no state liability to the depositor, except a faithful administration of the insurance fund provided by the banks. The value of this system is:

"First, it adds stability to the banks, and therefore to commerce in Oklahoma, by abating the fear of the more timid depositors. The timid class is thus encouraged not to make a run upon the banks or to hoard money drawn from the banks.

"Second, it has brought from hiding an unexpectedly large fund of currency by giving confidence to the most

timid classes of citizens, the State Bank deposits having increased over one hundred per cent in one year's time.

"Third, it has fulfilled every expectation under the most crucial test in the way of giving stability and peace to the state commerce.

"It has added greatly to the banking resources of the state, and, therefore, to the commercial prestige and power of the state. It has not encouraged reckless banking as its enemies prophesied; it has had the exact contrary effect. The bankers of the state participating in drawing the law drafted the law to prevent this very thing, by forbidding a high rate of interest to be paid for deposits; by forbidding a high rate of interest to be charged for loans (which would hazard the principal); by imposing a double liability on stockholders; by forbidding any bank officer from borrowing from the bank; by requiring a substantial reserve to be maintained, and other safeguards, well known to the banking world.

"The opposition of some of the central banks to this system has in no wise weakened it, but this system having brought into effect a large increase of banking capital has been actually beneficial to the opponents of the system itself. The failure of a state institution with three million dollars of deposit caused no panic in Oklahoma City because of the stability

which this system gave and the confidence it inspired.

"The defunct institution has been wound up within less than ninety

days and I am informed the guaranty fund will suffer no loss; the depositors paid in full and the state will suffer no loss."

A Protest Against the What to Eat Fads

An editorial writer in the *Nation* enters a strong protest against the habit of what he terms "gastronomic introspection," which is gaining such a hold on the average American.

"It is exasperating to the normally healthy man to be informed by some self-constituted authority what diet he must adopt. Yet such authorities and such diets confront one at every turn.

"The arguments advanced by enthusiasts in favor of their diets are often interesting, even when absurd. Pre-digestion is advocated on a presupposition, to wit, that the human stomach is no longer capable of performing its proper function—so degenerates the body where the spirit grows. Propagandists of raw food rest their case on man's descent: our simian ancestors could procure only raw foods, hence it must be the best form of nourishment for the human anthropoid. But why draw the line short of snakes and lizards, the true delicacies of the simian age? All these food conceits spring from two causes: first, a disordered digestion, without which no one ever experiments with foods—on himself; secondly, a little knowledge, worse than ignorance, of human physiology and anthropology.

"In the homo-simian period evolving man lived on raw vegetables; as his increasing intelligence made the capture of animals less difficult, his diet became more and more carnivorous, and he gradually discarded acrid roots and seeds from his bill of fare. It was not, however, until he learned the art of hunting and fishing and setting traps that meat assumed more importance than vegetables. During the ages that mark the transformation in human nourishment, the digestive func-

tions also underwent adaptive changes. With the decrease in the use of raw vegetable matter, for example, the power to digest uncooked starch was lost, because it was no longer essential; and doubtless many other functions were modified to meet food environment.

"The use of fire marked the final period in the evolution of the human dietary. Cooking not only rendered meats savory, but unlocked vast supplies of heretofore unavailable materials. Roots and seeds too hard even for strong teeth were rendered soft and palatable; and so, in time, it dawned upon the lord of creation that it was less laborious to make his women cultivate the soil and grow these edible roots than it was to hunt and trap. After the discovery of cookery, vegetables slowly superseded meat again, just as previous to that time the painful ascent through the anthropoid and homo-simian period is notable for a gradually increasing animal diet, which reached its height in the hunting stage when man was chiefly carnivorous.

"It appears, then, that we cannot arrive at a rational conception of perfect aliments by reasoning from what our forebears ate. Through the ages there has been a wonderful accommodation by man to his food supply, and this is perhaps not the smallest factor in his successful competition with other animals. This adaptability of the human digestion is not sufficiently taken into account. A common error is to regard the human diet as definite with an ideal suitable for every one, any deviation from which is either morbid or sinful. On the contrary, it is an individual affair; as there are various

types of intellect, so there are different types of digestive function. One may thrive on uncooked food. Another feels himself best when he eats no meat. If the chosen food suits the demands of his individual being, it is for him the ideal. And notwithstanding a stupendous amount of scientific research on the subject, we have no completely satisfactory way of estimating what an individual's nutritive demands really are.

"There is no food that is particularly adapted to repair worn-out brain cells or increase brawn. Sausage and black bread have furnished the nutriment for thinkers as stalwart as any that ever broke their fast or cereals and fruit. This suffices to disprove Savarin's "Dismoi ce que tu manges, je te dis ce que tu es." There are, aside from salts and water, only three nutrient elements — proteins, fats, and carbohydrates—and these in different proportions occur in all food-stuffs, whether they be of animal or vegetable origin. So far as science knows to-day, there is not a special food for the man who exercises his wits and another for him who uses his muscles; at most it is a question of

quantity—the brain-worker needs less. The whole sum and substance of diet for the healthy man is "know thyself" and be temperate. Every man over thirty not a fool understands what foods agree with him; this is individual and obeys no law but idiosyncrasy. The common sin is to refuse to cease eating when one has had enough.

"The worst thing about fads when they encroach upon the festive board is that they kill all festivity and change what should be a pleasant occasion into something of almost funereal solemnity. The habit of introspection so engendered is at the base of many a deranged digestion. The normal man does not ponder the advisability of partaking of some toothsome dish unless it recalls unpleasant memories of a past experience. And who has not suffered at table, tormented with hunger and eager for the tardy roast which is delayed that his neighbor may have leisure to masticate and thoroughly insalivate his soup? Beneath our napkin our thumbs deride while we endeavor to see the funny side of life, and we say with wise Montaigne, 'I hate those remedies that importune more than sickness.'"

The Retirement of a Great Legal Physician

Some interesting sidelights on the life of Sir George Lewis, the great London lawyer, who has just retired from the active practice of the law, are given by a writer in the *New York Herald*. During the greater part of his career, Sir George has been a sort of legal physician. His business was rather to adjust social difficulties quietly than to recommend the public operation in the law courts. He made his successes, it may be said with truth, by cases that never came into court.

"The firm name of Lewis & Lewis will be continued, with the son of the retiring barrister, Mr. George James Graham Lewis, and Mr. Reginald

Ward Poole as partners. The old offices, in Ely Place, a quiet and somnolent backwater of Holborn, in the same house in which Sir George was born, in 1833, will be continued.

"The mere recital of the list of famous cases in which Sir George has been professionally engaged since his admission as a solicitor in 1856 epitomizes British legal criminal history for that long span of years. He is a living tomb of secrets. His first important case was the prosecution of the captain, first officer and insurance broker of the steamship *Severn*, charged with scuttling the ship. Counsel in that case were Sir J. B. Karlake, Sir Hardinge Giffard, now Lord Hals-

bury, and Mr. Montagu Williams. The insurance broker absconded, was traced to Switzerland, from where his extradition was obtained, and the three accused went to penal servitude.

"He was connected with the famous Bravo case. Mr. Bravo, a barrister, was found dying in his bed, and at the inquest an open verdict was returned. The man died from poisoning, but was it murder or was it suicide? Another coroner's inquiry was ordered by the Court of Queen's Bench, and it lasted a month. The late Sir John Holker, then Attorney-General, and Sir John Gorst, then Solicitor-General, represented the Crown. Sir Henry James, now Lord James of Hereford, appeared for Mrs. Bravo. Sir George, though that was long before he became a knight, appeared for the decedent. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, but declared that there was not sufficient evidence to say by whom it was committed, and that was the end of the case. It went into the list of London's unsolved mysteries, but while it lasted it created as much excitement as the Maybrick trial of later years, and newspapers sold at three to four times their face value.

"He acted for the defendants in the celebrated baccarat case in which Sir William Gordon-Cumming brought an action for slander against Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, and others in connection with a card playing scandal. The Prince of Wales (now King Edward) was called as a witness. After a trial of unusual piquancy the jury found for the defendants. In the case of the "Parnell Commission" Sir George acted for Mr. Parnell, and the Irish Nationalist party, in one of the longest judicial inquiries ever known. They had been accused by the Times of complicity in Irish crime. That investigation, which continued for fifteen months, involved in the legal ranks many men of prominence, including Sir Charles Russell, afterward Lord Chief Justice; Mr. H. H. Asquith, now Prime Minister, and Sir Richard Webster,



SIR GEORGE LEWIS, BT.

—The Bystander

now Lord Chief Justice. The Irish members were acquitted of the conspiracy charge. Soon thereafter the late Mr. Gladstone recommended Mr. Lewis for the honor of knighthood, which was duly conferred by Queen Victoria. At the last coronation Sir George was raised to the dignity of a baronet, and in 1905 the King honored him with the C. V. O.

"Another action which aroused general interest was the divorce suit against Lady Colin Campbell, in which the late Duke of Marlborough and three other correspondents were cited. Lady Campbell, for whom Sir George appeared, won the case. The retiring barrister has been a constant advocate of legal reforms. He was untiring in his efforts in behalf of the Court of Criminal Appeal, which has established signal success, and the Usury Act,

the success of which has not been so marked. He was a pioneer in support of the act enabling prisoners to give evidence in their own behalf, and he has constantly urged reforms in the divorce laws."

It is stated on good authority that Sir George never kept a diary and that he will not write his reminiscences.

"No reminiscences for me," laughed this distinguished solicitor. "I haven't kept a diary for more than twenty-five years. When I found my business was becoming so confidential I determined that I would never chronicle another thing, even in a private diary. So when I die the confidences of London society will die with me. That's official."

In view of some things that have happened in the financial world of the United States it will be of interest to know that Sir George again laid emphasis upon an opinion expressed a few years ago relative to "mushroom financiering" and the legal steps which

have been taken against that evil. As far back as the early '70's he had made a big name in connection with several banking prosecutions. He, therefore, spoke with authority when he asserted:

"It seems to me that fraud has been and is on the steady increase, both in volume and in scope. As the law tightens its grip, so the dishonest rascal exercises even greater ingenuity in his methods, and the result in the end is the same—the surplus money of many fools slides into the pockets of one wily and unscrupulous individual. There is an old Yankee 'saw' which says that a man who steals a nickel is a thief, but the man who steals a million dollars is a genius. Many of the huge fortunes which have been amassed by 'mushroom financiers' and promoters during the last decade have been built up on foundations of trickery, deceit and fraud, and if we examine the methods employed we find them little different from those of the race course thimble-rigger."

The Peaceful Revolution in Europe

The Outlook is publishing a series of articles on the progress of Industrial Democracy in Europe, written by Frederic C. Howe, which contain some remarkable statements and opinions. According to Mr. Howe, the nations of the continent, and Britain as well, are passing through a revolution quite "as colossal in its ultimate significance to the human race as was the French Revolution a century ago."

It is not revolution, however; it is industrial and social change. It is obvious in England, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy; it is obvious in the diminutive states of Denmark, Belgium, and Switzerland. It is not revolution, but evolution. It is not class war; it is class disintegration. Nowhere in Europe, unless it be in Russia and Spain, does the chasm yawn or the gatling gun grimly suggest a reversion to force like that of Colorado, Idaho, Pittsburg and elsewhere in this country. There are classes there as there are with us. They control political parties:

they resort to respectable corruption; they make use of power to rob the unrepresented by unjust taxation. All this is obvious in England, Germany, and Belgium. Everywhere the long-ascendant feudal class clings tenaciously to its tottering privileges. Everywhere, too, the old feudal order is reaching out for support to the newly created business and financial interests. But everywhere the arrogance, the cohesion, and the self-satisfied assurance of a generation ago are passing away.

Mr. Howe illustrates what he means by a reference to conditions in the British Isles. The revolution began there after the election of 1906, when the Liberal party found itself in power once more, supported on the one hand by thirty members of the Independent Labor party and on the other hand by sixty advanced radicals. For a time the Ministry clung to its old Whig traditions and to the instincts of the trading classes. But, argued along by the radical element, it began

a programme of social reforms, which were only stopped by the repeated opposition of the Lords. Last year's budget was but one of a series of measures of a decidedly socialistic color, which were to have been introduced.

The issue in England is symbolic of a psychological condition which is universal. There is a yeast in Europe not unlike that of the French Revolution, which changed the face of nations during the early years of the nineteenth century. The English Radicals protested against the visit of the Czar of Russia as a disgrace to the nation. So did the French Socialists. Members of the Labor party in England recently fraternized with the working people of Germany as an evidence of protest against the German phobia of the Tory press and statesmen. Anti-military protests and demonstrations have been held in France, Germany, and Spain. International meetings have been held in the leading countries. It may seem chimerical, but it is within the bounds of possibility that within a score of years the governments of Europe will feel so insecure over the support of their people to any war, except one of resistance to aggression, that a movement towards disarmament will result. Certainly the thought and the declarations of the heretofore inarticulate masses are strongly imbued with the idea that wars have ever been inspired by big business men or by personal ambition, and not by the nation itself. To Socialism, with its 7,500,000 voters, must be accorded a large share of the credit for this peace sentiment which adds a new deterrent to the war lords of Europe. The fear that they may be deserted by the nation and humiliated by their own people is already exercising a wholesome restraint on those who rule.

Germany has advanced further in the path of social reform than any other nation. Her cities have taken over the public utility corporations; they are building workingmen's homes and encouraging co-operative associations to erect model apartment houses; they furnish emergency work during the winter months and hard times; they supply free meals to poor school-children, maintain labor registration offices, legal and medical dispensaries, model lodging-houses, and in a hundred ways look after the welfare of the poor. The cities have shifted the burden of taxation on to the well-to-do. The bulk of municipal taxes is taken from incomes. Now the cities are taxing the speculator on the profits which the growth of the commun-

ity makes possible. They are taking, on an average, nine per cent. of the land speculator's profit.

The fear of poverty, the accidents of industry, and old age are relieved by pension schemes. There are schemes for insurance against sickness and loss of work, as well as the most wonderful tuberculosis sanatoriums, convalescent homes, and hospitals upon which tens of millions of dollars have been spent.

The French Government is largely socialistic. The Premier and three members of the Ministry are socialists. It has pledged itself to a number of social reforms.

All over Europe the ascendancy of the feudal class is tottering. The parties of Liberalism, which were usually parties of the commercial and trading classes, are passing away. They had no ideals to offer and no traditional reverence to sustain their claims. Socialism, on the other hand, both as a party programme and a philosophy of life, is making great headway. Its methods differ in different countries. In Germany it still holds itself aloof from participation in legislation. It refuses to form coalitions. It remains a militant class-conscious party with a concrete working-class programme.

Its philosophy, however, has saturated the public consciousness and influences ministries and legislation.

In England, France, Denmark, Belgium, and elsewhere the Socialists are opportunists. The Independent Labor party in Great Britain is Socialistic. It is, however, always ready to take the next step, to identify itself with the Liberal party, but, like Oliver Twist, ever to cry for more. In Belgium Socialism is making its way up through the cities. A general election is to be held in May, 1910, when it is expected that the Socialist and Radical parties will control the ministry. Belgium is now in the hands of a Conservative party made up of large landowners and the Catholic Church. The party has been very reactionary. Education has been neglected and social legislation delayed. The programme of Socialism, of one vote for one man, of free secular education, of old age pensions, of a reform in taxation, has allied to it an increasing number of business men and the educated classes.

City after city is falling under the control of the Socialists. Copenhagen has been a Socialist city for years. Many of the cities of Belgium are in control of the Socialists. The same is true in Italy. Two members of the Ministry in Switzerland are Socialists. In Austria the Government has been greatly steadied by the formation of a Socialist party, which is the only party not disintegrated by the warring nationalities which compose the Empire.



THE MORGAN MEMORIAL BUILDING
 J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S SPLENDID GIFT TO HARTFORD, THE CITY OF HIS BIRTH
 —Harper's Weekly

[Mr. Morgan's Latest Gift to Art]

J. Pierpont Morgan's most recent art benefaction is described and illustrated in Harper's Weekly. This time it is not New York, but Hartford, the city of Mr. Morgan's birth, which has been favored. The Morgan Memorial Building, as it is called, has been erected as a memorial to the late Julius Spencer Morgan, father of the distinguished financier. The newly-completed structure is the western section of a building, which will ultimately comprise an art gallery and a sculptor's hall.

The exterior of the Morgan Memorial Building is of pink Tennessee marble, and its design is a modification of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. It is of fire-proof construction throughout, the amount of wood used in some of the window facings and in the cores of several of the doors being so small as to be entirely negligible. The heavy glass skylights are all reinforced with wire to prevent fracture from excessive heat or from firebrands should there chance to be a conflagration near by.

The gates at the entrance to the building are of wrought and cast bronze of a beautiful design and lead into a vestibule finished in Tennessee marble with inserts of Grecian marble in the barrel vault. The name of Hartford and the famous Charter Oak are symbolized in the decoration of the tympanum over the entrance door. Throughout the structure the walls are a composite of three marbles harmonizing closely together—Tavernelle and Hauteville from France and Italian Botticino. German Famosa is used for the floor borders, the field being of Tennessee marble.

To the left of the entrance is a room containing exhibition cases of Circassian walnut in which are displayed the catalogues of Mr. Morgan's art collections. Opposite this room is the one devoted to pottery and natural history.

In his speech of acceptance at the dedication ceremonies, Mayor Hooker, of Hartford, referred to the statement of Everett Hale, that a man can get more out of life in Hartford than in any other city in the world.

"Our happiness and content exists because a large number of our people have

similar ideals, and so naturally they work in harmony, and the many have labored together with the one purpose of helping all. This Hartford spirit of service can be directly traced to the standards of value that we have adopted and on which our character has been built. The influences that form the character of a community must in the first place be personal; the achievements of great individuals moulding and directing the thought and action of the people. Hartford is fortunate in its inheritance and possession of a long line of thinkers, workers, and builders, who have given the spirit and inspiration of their lives to help us all upward and onward. To-day we mark another step in our process of development and advance. The gift of this beautiful memorial building to Hartford adds not alone to our material possession, great as that is, but it brings with it an increasing opportunity to learn more of art and beauty, and to make these influences mould our lives.

"The trustees have appointed me to express to our benefactor the thanks and appreciation of the city for this gift. Mr. Morgan, we all know that Hartford must be very dear to you, that our improvement and welfare are matters in which you take a real interest, as has

been so abundantly manifested by your many acts of kindness and generosity toward us. We in turn hold you in our hearts and minds as one of us, a Hartford man, and the city feels a pride in your every success, and appreciates the thought and spirit that have given us this building. Its beauty is admired by all, its value classes it as a princely gift, its memorial character adds to its dignity, and the city rejoices that one of her sons has not only erected a building, but has also built a name so worthy of honor and admiration. Hartford has ever been a goodly city; here men have lived and loved, toiled and striven, and have reaped the rewards of success in many fields of useful endeavor, and through the years they have found that life here was worth while and full of opportunity.

"This gift adds much to our possessions and possibilities, and as we now dedicate and open this building new influences and powers will go abroad among our people, leading them to a fuller appreciation of the beautiful and inspiring them to emulate the example of one who has given largely to enrich their lives, and who, through the achievements of his own life, has ever contributed to the betterment of the world."

The Manufacture of Spurious Old Masters

An interesting description of how "picture-fakers" carry on their business is to be found in *Wide World*, written by Chas. J. L. Clarke. Prices for genuine "old masters" have never ranged higher than they do to-day and in consequence the vogue for such pictures is so great, that the production and sale of counterfeits has become most attractive.

The making of many of these pictures is the work of men who have a considerable ability, but who have from some cause fallen into the hands of unscrupulous dealers, who are prepared to find a market for a supposed "old master." Many of the paintings are actual copies of parts of different canvases executed by the same master. A male figure from one picture, a female from another, cunningly combined into a treasure to be subsequently "discovered," is made by the practised copyist to contain all the elements and style even a fairly acute collector would look for; and after the shade of passing years has been added

by the cunning rogue it is no wonder that the more or less ignorant amateur is easily persuaded that he has at last got "the real thing."

The maker of spurious "old masters" has generally studied in most of the chief cities of the world, and is thoroughly conversant with the examples of the great masters' work hung in the national galleries of the leading nations, so that his "fake" may contain parts of pictures hanging in the galleries of, say, London, Paris, and Berlin. The deceived purchaser has this consolation: that, even if he has not bought a twenty-thousand-pound Titian for fifty, he has a clever creation by a man of considerable knowledge and skill, probably really worth nearly as much as he has paid for it.

The writer of the article was introduced in Paris by a friend to one of these manipulators, who was not at all ashamed of his business, holding that if the people wanted "old masters cheap," they might as well have them.

He was at work on a "Turner," which he expected would be "planted" on some wealthy English or American visitor.

It is not every one of the picture-faking fraternity who can finish a picture throughout himself, and there are in most cities men who make a special study of the signing of the names of great artists, and the faithful following of the differences which existed in the signatures at various periods of the master's life. Others do nothing else but "age" pictures, while my friend told me that there is even a man in Paris who is a recognized expert at imitating with absolute exactitude the fly-marks which appear on every ancient canvas!

My Parisian acquaintance had gone into his curious business with all the enthusiasm of a genuine artist, and had perfect copies which he had taken in the early days of his life as an art student of many famous pictures and signatures; hence, as he explained with a touch of conceit, "I can sign my own pictures.

"I can put hundreds of years on to the life of a painting in many less hours," he explained, "and if buyers want age I can give it to them. This is a quick-drying varnish. I run it over a new painting, so"—and a dull scum rolled evenly over the finished 'Turner,' which was carefully put on one side to dry.

"Many of my works of art are finished in frames complete, and even this little detail must be carried out with a deal of study if you hope to be successful with your picture. I buy ancient frames whenever I can find them—aging frames is out of my line; and although there is no reason why a picture a hundred years old should not be put in a modern frame, it really spoils the effect. This frame, for instance"—he picked up another 'treasure' and proceeded to rub a sooty mixture on the canvas with the palm of his hand—"is to my knowledge one hundred and thirty years old. Obviously it would be dangerous to frame a 'Turner' in that, for it was made before he was born. But the picture I have in it, a lovely Rembrandt, might quite easily have been framed over a hundred years ago.

"I am always rather particular about the general appearance of my work, and I believe proper framing is a great art. One of my best sales was greatly helped by a time-worn gilt frame. A Devonshire man bought that picture, I remember: I suppose it is still shown to visitors to his country seat as a lucky find he made in Paris. It was an imitation of the work of your own Sir Edwin Landseer, a shepherd and his dog. I was always very fond of his work, and if there is one thing I could excel at it

would be animal painting—but there, I paint, or rather copy, anything. It was just the thing to appeal to a countryman, and I framed it in an old frame made about 1826, just when Landseer was elected A.R.A., and before he exhibited his first Highland picture. Of course, my friend the dealer had all these facts at his fingers' ends, and suggested that it was probably a study which preceded his exhibited work. The bait was successful, and we got one hundred and twenty pounds for the 'find.' But it was really beautiful. I often tell myself—though perhaps you will think me conceited—that it was worth the money.

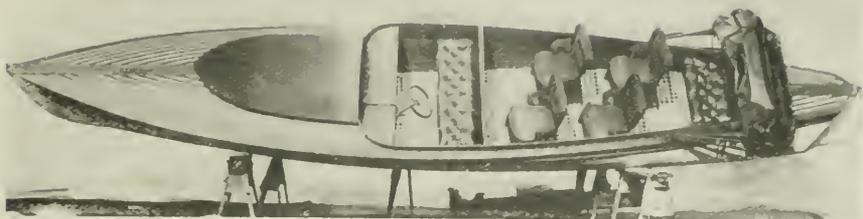
"Have you ever noticed the fly-marks on ancient canvases? Of course you have! Well, this is how my flies work." Forthwith this arch deceiver proceeded to load a stiff artist's brush with sepia and gum water, and then, standing a little way off, he gently let the bristles fly from his fingers one or two at a time. As he worked, tiny specks began to appear irregularly on the face of the "faked" Rembrandt.

"Poor old fellow!" murmured the manipulator. "He little dreamed that his paintings would be prized as they are. Fancy the great Rembrandt being bankrupt! But he was. Perhaps he would have done better as a 'picture-faker,' like me.

"This is my little oven," he went on, as he lit a gas-ring at the bottom of an iron box and put the "Turner" in. "You will see when it comes out how the paint is drawn and cracked, exactly as you see it on 'old masters.' But you need not wait; here is the final touch; this is one which has been baked. Wait a minute while I trim it with my knife. You see the varnish leaves a little thread or two here and there across the cracks, but I cut them away—so. Now you see an old painting—all my own work. You would judge it to be quite old, wouldn't you?" he inquired, as he viewed his work from a distance. Really, the deception was perfect; anyone save an expert of the very first water would have been completely deceived.

"How many can you do in a week?" I asked.

"It all depends," he said, mysteriously, "but enough to live comfortably at Fontenay-sur-Bois in a better style than I ever could by painting my own conceptions. Yes, tell the public what they force modern artists to do," he added, bitterly. "They will pay a hundred times more for the worst example of a dead artist's work than for the best of a living one's. Never mind, though; they will at any rate pay me fairly for my work while I am alive, although they don't know my name. Bon soir, monsieur!"



A 6-FOOT AUTO BOAT

By courtesy of Recreation.

How to Select a Motor-Boat

WITH the near approach of the summer season, when outdoor amusements will once more take up the attention of all healthy-minded persons, the thoughts of many a man or boy will turn towards the motor boat, as a source of benefit and pleasure. The number of these boats in use is increasing year by year, and this summer will undoubtedly see a considerable addition to the ranks of motor boat owners. Purchases will have to be made, some by individuals who are familiar with motor boats, others by people who know very little about them. It is for the benefit of the latter class that Harold Whiting Slauson writes in *Recreation* on how to select the motor boat that will suit you.

Mr. Slauson points out that so many varieties of sizes and styles of motor boats are on the market to-day and all at about the same price, that a novice is in danger of buying a boat that he will find not just what he wanted, after he has used it for awhile. Accordingly he endeavors to present as clearly as possible the advantages and disadvantages of several models.

First, he refers to the light, speedy auto boat. "The racy lines, trim appearance and small cockpit in which no motor is visible unite to give evidence of a combination of speed, luxury and comfort which it is difficult to resist. These boats obtain their name from the facts that the power

plant is concealed under a front hood or long extension of the bow deck and that the direction and speed of the craft are generally controlled by a tilted steering wheel on which are placed the throttle and spark levers in much the same manner as on an ordinary motor car. The reverse lever is located near at hand and the entire boat is under the control of one man. Aft of the long bow deck and the operator's seat is the cockpit in which will be found cross seats or, as is more generally the case, several wicker chairs in which the passengers may be carried. Many of these boats are provided with wind shields and folding tops with detachable side curtains such as are found on automobiles, and the whole arrangement is a marine counterpart of the land vehicle from which it is named.

"Such a craft, when properly designed and equipped, makes an ideal form of boat in which to take one's friends on a sight-seeing or pleasure trip for a few hours, and furnishes a convenient means of rapid conveyance from one point to another on the water on which it is located."

The use of the auto boat, Mr. Slauson points out, is restricted almost entirely to short pleasure trips. It is not suited for rough or stormy weather or for extended cruising.

"The cruiser, on the other hand, possesses those qualities—seaworthiness and roominess—which are lacking in its more speedy sister. With



AN EXPLORING TRIP UP A RIVER

By courtesy of Recreation.

its cockpit extending nearly the entire length of the boat and enclosed in a hunting cabin which allows sufficient head room for a man to stand erect, this craft affords accommodations for three or four persons for an extended cruise, lasting an indefinite length of time, and appeals in many ways to the camper and the lover of the "roughing it" style of vacation. Aft of the cabin, a few feet of a stern deck may be railed off and provided with chairs. The one-man type of control is used on these boats, the steering wheel and reverse, spark and throttle levers being located at the stern end of the cabin. The motor is generally installed in the rear compartment of the cabin, and is easy of access from the deck. All of these cruisers are provided with a galley and toilet and, considering the accommodations afforded, it hardly seems possible that such an outfit could be purchased for less than \$1,000, and yet such is the case. Of course, the extra outlay required for the cabin and fittings is deducted from the cost of the engine, and for this price, not more than six or seven horsepower should be expected. This will serve to drive the craft at a rate of seven or eight miles an hour, however, and as speed is not expected to be included with cruising comforts in a motor

boat, this size of engine should be found sufficient.

Although many of these cruisers are built with the "V-transom" stern such as is found on the majority of racers, the broad beam and added weight of the cabin make the attainment of high speed impossible, even with a motor of great horsepower. The very features, however, which reduce the speed make this class of boat the most seaworthy of any of the many forms of pleasure craft yet designed. The broad beam adds to the stability of the craft in a heavy sea, and the fact that the cabin floor is placed near the keel keeps the centre of gravity so low that the boat will not roll to any great extent. The enclosed cockpit prevents the entrance of water to the hull, even though the boat may be deluged with flying spray and curling waves. All things considered, a boat of this type is as staunch and safe a little craft as will be found on any waters."

But both the cruiser and the auto boat possess disadvantages for the man who wants to combine speed and roominess. Mr. Slauson thinks this combination is best found in the "family" boat. "Such a boat can be used as a one-man 'runabout,' a pleasure and sight-seeing craft accommodating from ten to twenty per-

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sons or as a very good cruiser. Every inch of space is as available as in the cruiser, and yet the entire cockpit is open and the view unobstructed by any cabin or partitions."

"The craft, then, which should meet all the requirements of the average man and cost under \$1,000 is a strong, heavy boat equipped with a ten or twelve horsepower gasoline motor of either the two-cycle or four-cycle type. The original cost of the former would probably be less than that of the four-cycle motor, although on the other hand the gasoline consumption would be somewhat greater with the cheaper form of engine. The hull should measure about 30 feet in length by about six feet in beam. Either the torpedo, compromise or transom form of stern may be used, but the last named is preferable, as it furnishes more room for the storage of camping utensils, rope and the like. Furthermore, this design of stern has been found to prevent the 'drawing down' of the boat while under way better than any other, and for this reason it is used on the majority of racers—for this is an important consideration in the attainment of the highest speed.

"The motor may be placed either amidships or at the stern of the cockpit, but is probable that the former

location will give the better balance to the boat when under way and will prevent the stern from drawing under as mentioned above. Another advantage found in locating the motor amidships is the opportunity afforded to continue the side seats around the stern of the cockpit and thus make a roomy, comfortable seat in the place which is the pleasantest in the boat and which would otherwise be occupied by the power plant. These seats should be in the form of lockers covered with cork-filled cushions, and, when so arranged, many articles of clothing, food and boat supplies may be stored therein, out of sight and well protected from the sun, wind and spray. The cork cushions form excellent life-preservers and should be made to fit the top of the lockers, or seats—but should *not* be fastened in place. This last is important, for should the boat be overturned or sink, the cushions will float on the water if they are left free on the seats.

"The lockers should not extend the entire available length of the hull, as it is better to leave the forward third or half of the cockpit free for the use of wicker chairs. There will be room for five or six of these forward of the motor, and in this respect this type of craft is as pleasant and comfortable as the auto boat. The gaso-



A WELL-EQUIPPED CRUISER

by courtesy of Recreation

line tank, anchor and anchor rope may be carried under the forward deck, and the rudder cable should be so arranged that the boat can be steered from the bow and from a wheel located within easy reach of the operator. With the reverse, throttle and spark levers and steering wheel located on or near the motor, this boat is very easy for one man to handle—another respect in which it resembles the autoboat. A boat, built on good lines and of the specifications men-

tioned above, should be able to maintain a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour. The dimensions and weight of the hull make it a good rough water boat, and if properly designed with sufficient "flare" at the bow and high enough freeboard, it will be found to be "dry" as well as safe. A boat of this size could probably seat fifteen or twenty persons and would have sufficient power to tow several skiffs as well with scarcely any noticeable reduction in speed."

Business Success and Failure

The tradition that ninety-five per cent. of the men who enter business life ultimately fail, is convincingly disproved by Frank Green in the *Century Magazine*. In fact, he says, Bradstreet's, as a result of over a quarter of a century's experience and research, has found that in no one year has the commercial death-rate exceeded one and one-half per cent. of the number then in business, and in thirteen out of the last twenty-eight years the death-rate has fallen below one per cent.

Long years of experience have demonstrated to the seekers after the underlying causes of business failure the fact that, generally speaking, four-fifths of all failures are due to faults inherent in the person, while about one-fifth are due to causes outside and beyond his own control. This proportion varies slightly in some years of stress, but on the whole the percentages are so constant that in themselves they constitute a virtual guarantee of statistical accuracy. Under the head of faults due to the subject himself the following causes are grouped by Bradstreet's:

- Incompetence (irrespective of other causes)
- Inexperience (without other incompetence)
- Lack of capital
- Inwise granting of credits
- Speculation (outside regular business)
- Neglect of business (due to doubtful habits)
- Personal extravagance
- Fraudulent disposition of property

On the other hand, the following causes are classed as not proceeding from the faults of those failing:

- Specific conditions (disaster, panic, etc.)
- Failures of others (of apparently solvent debtors)
- Competition

In 1908, 77.5 per cent. of the 14,044 individuals, firms, and corporations failing with assets insufficient to liquidate all claims were attributed to faults inherent within themselves. This left 22.5 per cent. of the failures to be charged to causes outside of the control of the failing traders. This was a trifle below the average, which may be attributed to the exceptionally depressed conditions in the year following the panic of 1907. However, these returns undoubtedly throw the burden of the blame for a majority of the failures upon the unsuccessful themselves, and are interesting as showing that even in a year like 1908 the cause of non-success lay more largely with the trader than with his environment. In other words, the cool, disinterested judgment of thousands of investigators shows that success or failure largely lies with the person himself rather than with outside conditions. For the purpose of eliminating all chance effects, however, it is perhaps best to take the average of the causes over a period of years, and in the following table will be found grouped the results of the averages of the last eight years reduced to a proportion of so many failures per 100 of those succumbing to their own weaknesses or to the operations of outside influences.

| Due to the individual | Per 100 |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Lack of capital | 33 |
| Incompetence | 22 |
| Fraud | 10 |
| Inexperience | 6 |

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| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| Unwise credits | 3 |
| Neglect | 3 |
| Extravagance | 1 |
| Speculation | 1 |
| 79 | |
| Despite the individual | Per 100 |
| Specific conditions | 17 |
| Failures of others | 2 |
| Competition | 2 |
| 21 | |

Here it will be seen that seventy-nine out of every hundred failures—just a trifle less than four-fifths—were attributed to the unsuccessful ones themselves, and only twenty-one, or about one-fifth, were beyond their control. Chief of the causes attributable to the bankrupts themselves was lack of capital, which claimed one-third of all the casualties as due either to insufficiency of capital, or, what amounts to the same thing, to trying to do too large a business on too small a margin of real capital. This is a cause essentially inherent in the man, though it is apparently inseparable from the conduct of business in a comparatively new country, where opportunity abounds and the sanguine temperament outruns discretion.

The next cause, also essentially inherent in the man, was lack of proper business training, unfamiliarity with markets, or other reasons, which claims twenty-two out of every hundred, or about one-fifth of all commercial deaths. Closely linked with this cause is inexperience, with six out of every hundred casualties. Third in the list of causes is not the main outside disturbing influence, or specific conditions, which accounts for only seventeen out of every hundred failures. Fraudulent disposition of property or capital, the fourth most damaging cause of failure, claimed ten out of every hundred, a proportion slightly lower than in recent years, which may be taken to indicate that many concerns choose times of stress as cloaks for crooked dealing with their creditors.

As for minor causes of failure, such as unwise granting of credits, failures of others, extravagance, and speculation, there is little to be said. It might be well to note, however, that speculation by itself is not classed as a very important cause of failure. That speculation within the trader's own business is a hurtful influence is probably true, but the firing down of the causes here is not possible, and the bulk of the damage caused by "inside speculation" is probably covered by lack of capital.

Nor is the item of excessive or undue competition as productive of disaster as

popular impressions would seem to render probable, despite the talk of the grinding effect of the competition of large corporations with small traders. Intemperance, gambling habits, and the smaller vices which prey upon human and business natures are virtually grouped under the head of neglect, and are strikingly small.

On the other hand the constancy of the percentages indicating that ten per cent. of all business failures are credited to fraud is possibly disquieting. When, however, the business life of every important seeker after credit is recorded in a credit institution's files and what is just as important—intelligently utilized—the tendency is certain to cut down what the fire insurance men call the "moral hazard" involved in giving credit to unworthy seekers of the outside business community's potential capital. The credit-reporting agency does a public service when it points out the nature and extent of this departure from the paths of honesty or sobriety because it sets up a species of danger-signal which the upright man may learn to watch for and to heed, to the end that the business life of the honest portion of the community may thereby be safeguarded.

The meaning of these statistics, of course, lies in their practical application to the affairs of business life. Business life is safer because of increased publicity, improved methods of communication and transportation, a more civilized and coherent currency system, and a better knowledge of the underlying causes of non-success. It can be made still safer by greater co-operation on the part of business men with the credit agencies to expose fraud and by more stringent laws defining responsibility for false statements. Furthermore, it may be said that as lack of capital is the chief cause of failures, and that ninety-one per cent. of all those failing have not more than \$5,000 capital, an indispensable requisite for entry into business life is adequate capital. But this is not the only requisite. The waste of one fifth caused by incompetence speaks loudly for improved methods of commercial and technical education. The moral hazards of speculation, such as improper habits, extravagance, and fraud, make up nearly one sixth of all the losses. When the business community finally wakes up to the knowledge that business failure, like fire damage, is largely preventable, and that these two items, failure loss and fire loss, constitute heavy taxes on the whole community, swifter progress will begin to be made in reducing the burdens of losses which the business community and, through it, the country at large must bear.

The Housekeeper and the Rising Cost of Living

The *Review of Reviews* devotes considerable space in its last number to the rising cost of living. Agnes C. Laut provides some figures, which if they do not alarm the reader, at least make him pause to think. She shows that with but two or three exceptions, prices are higher to-day in America than they have ever been in war time and yet the country has never been so prosperous.

When you come to consider prices for food,—essential food, not luxuries,—the scale of increase is one to alarm the man of moderate means. Bacon sliced was 18 cents in 1909. In 1910 it is 25 cents. The increase dips a hand into the householder's pocket every time a pound is purchased and extracts 7 cents. Suppose the man cannot afford that extra 7 cents,—what does he do under these high prices? He buys just that fraction of a pound less than last year; and the average size of the average family being computed at five as it is in all calculations, each of those five eats just that fraction less of necessary nourishment than last year. A year ago ham in New York was 15 cents. Now it is 20, and the buyer must pay 33 per cent. more, or eat 33 per cent. less. Is it surprising that the Russell Sage investigations of the poor prove that just and exactly as income decreases or prices increase, the poor eat just and exactly that proportion less of the food most needed to make muscle and brawn,—namely, meat?

In New York City in 1908, according to prices current as reported in trade journals, you could buy a porterhouse for 24 or 25 cents, now it is 28 and 30; or a sirloin for 20, now it is 24; or a round steak for 18, now it is 20; or corned beef for 14, now it is 16. Salt pork three years ago cost from \$16 to \$18 a barrel. Now it is \$25 to \$28. Lard represents an advance of 60 per cent., pork 15 per cent., poultry from 20 to 50 per cent. in the past year. Have salaries advanced at the same pace, from 15 to 60 per cent.? Not that we have heard! Imagine the outcry and the stoppage of industry if wage-earners demanded what the increase in the cost of living demands of them?

Over the period from 1900 to 1910 prices have been increased from 20

to 100 per cent. on the various necessities of life.

It has been figured out over and over by practical workers that where income ranges from \$600 to \$900, at present prices 50 per cent. must go with a family of five for food,—that is, of the larger income \$450 goes for food. Of the total income of \$900, \$750 has gone for rent and food, leaving only \$150 for clothing, illness, fuel, carfare, education, insurance, incidentals. Now it is also figured out at present prices that \$100 is the absolute minimum at which a family of five can be clothed. I may say I do not believe that figure myself, unless the smaller members of the family spend most of their time in bed. That leaves \$50 for illness, fuel, carfare, insurance, education, and such very important and to-be-expected incidentals as a visit from the stork.

The Russell Sage Foundation, which has investigated the matter shows that as the income goes down or cost of living increases, the use of meat decreases, the proportion of dark rooms increases and child labor increases.

Professor Walter E. Clark examines five of the alleged causes for the steady rise in the cost of living.

The leading manufacturer guesses that the trade union, curtailing output and compelling higher wages, is the cause; or he catches up a handful of causes in his phrase "increasing cost of production." The laboring man guesses that giant trusts are dictating rising price schedules. The trust magnate cites farmers' combinations and increasing raw material cost. The farmer guesses short crops and exhaustion of free lands. The politician blames the tariff. The railroad president and the agriculture specialist charge unscientific American farm cultivation. The minister sees rising prices as the sinister shadow of needless extravagance, of riotous living, or of iniquitous speculation. The business man points to industrial and trade activity. The publicist notes the great world growth of population; the psychologist emphasizes the rising standards of consumption and the buoyant hopefulness, causing the American to spend freely; the economist mathematically demonstrates his one best cause,

the phenomenal increase in the world's gold supply.

Professor Clark comes to the conclusion that the increasing gold supply alone explains satisfactorily the general and the universal advance in prices.

If gold be greatly increased, unless the demand for it increases just as rapidly, it will become less valuable just as strawberries grow less valuable as the red boxes pour in with the advancing season.

There is this marked difference, however, between the cheapening of gold and the cheapening of any other thing. When gold cheapens, the money medium of the world cheapens. This means that it will take more of it to buy given amounts of other things. But this is only another way of saying that the prices of other things rise. An increase then in the amount of gold, out-running the increasing demand for it, causes a general rise in prices.

The world is now experiencing a general rise in prices. They are rising in free-trade Britain and in protectionist Germany. They are rising in sparsely settled Maine districts, which have been steadily losing population since the Civil War, and they are rising in congested New York. They are rising in the products of the uncombined farmers more rapidly in most cases than in the products of the great industrial trusts. They are rising in the case of boots and shoes almost as rapidly as in the case of new buildings, though the boot and shoemaker's union is ineffective as to wage determination, while the building trades have pinnacle union power. The rise is general as to goods and universal as to geography.

Accidental, local, partial causes do not satisfactorily explain such a case. There must be some general cause for so general an event. That general cause

is the increase of the world's money medium.

Other causes explain differentials. They make clear why the advance in the prices of a few goods has gone far ahead of the average advance. Reverse causes serve to explain why the prices of a few other goods have lagged far behind the average price advance. The increasing gold supply alone explains satisfactorily the general and the universal advance in prices.

Finally, the professor arrives at two interesting conclusions, which throw a brighter light on the situation.

(1) The rise in prices is inevitable until gold-producing conditions change. The nation and the world might as well meet their inevitable cheerfully. At least they can save their tempers and their time by not squandering condemnation on those responsible for trusts, trade unions, tariffs, and other mistakenly alleged causes for rising prices.

(2) The general price rise has its distinctly cheerful side. In the United States this has been the farmers' decade. Instead of toiling endlessly to meet mortgage interest, the farmer has framed his mortgage as a memento of past hardships. He crowds the bank vaults of the villages and he pays cash for his automobiles. Farmers comprise nearly one-half the nation. Prosperity for the farmers then is cheering.

Further, general business thrives. An era of rising prices always encourages ventures and fosters development. Such an era stimulates rapid accumulation of fluid capital. This is well illustrated by the giant total of \$14,035,523,165, individual deposits in banks of the United States, as reported in the just issued report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1909. Swift prosperity reaction from our late panic has come largely because the fundamental tendency is toward rising prices. The silver lining of the cloud of rising prices is worthy of much consideration.

Some Marvellous Things About Men

A writer, who evidently delights in figuring out curious results, has compiled some extraordinary figures about the human being, which are printed in the *London Magazine*. Starting out with an average man and an average lifetime, he figures out that in his life a man walks 146,000 miles or the

equivalent of circling the globe nearly six times.

"This is not more remarkable than an amazing fact which I had brought home to me one day, and which really caused me to probe the marvellous accomplishments of the average man to their real depths. I felt rather tired

after a day's work amongst the lofty buildings which are growing up in our great City of London, and it occurred to me that perhaps there was some reason for 'that tired feeling' about which we read so much in the patent medicine advertisements; so I made a rapid calculation of the approximate number of stairs I had climbed during the day, and found that I had mounted some nine hundred steps and descended a like number. I really could not find it in my heart to condemn even marvellous man in such an undertaking each day, but if I let him off with three million stairs he certainly will have availed himself of all the advantages of modern lifts for this apparently amazing total only calls for a climb of a little over a hundred and sixty-one stairs each day, a number which I am quite convinced is generally exceeded.

"These are only a couple of roughly selected details of man's wonderful lifetime accomplishments. If he does untold work and endures such startling physical efforts he must, of course, derive his energy from somewhere. He does! He consumes a trifling matter of sixteen tons five hundredweights and one hundred pounds of bread, to begin with; and, not satisfied by any means with even that Titanic loaf, which would form a crushing load for the most powerful traction-engine ever built, he doggedly masticates in small portions from day to day a farmyard of leviathan animals which would horrify him if he could roll them into single examples of their kind. Supposing we allowed an average man only one pound of flesh per day, we are providing eighteen bullocks, six pigs, and a dozen sheep for his lifetime consumption.

"If I really wanted to provide some astounding figures of the marvels of men, I could take examples of individuals who far exceeded the quantities I have mentioned; and in an even greater degree I could swell the ocean of liquid which is composed of the countless small quantities which

an ordinary person takes in the course of a lifetime, but selecting a thirsty soul to form my 'horrible example.' Few people would lay claim to drinking less than a couple of quarts of liquid each day; and if they followed the extraordinary idea of a certain genius, who at meal-times kept a great bowl by his side, and for every portion of food and drink he took, emptied a similar portion into the receptacle, just to see the kind of mixture he was endeavoring to assimilate, they would require a good-sized bath to hold the liquid consumed during their life, for the total works out at some 9,125 gallons.

"With a fashion and feeling as it is at the present day, I would rather not even endeavor to calculate the trousers, coats, shirts, and other articles in which we clothe ourselves; for while one man will be reasonably content with one suit of clothes a year, another, who is a mysterious 'something in the City,' will require at least four times the quantity to appear before the eyes of his neighbor as he would like to do. Overcoats, though, are rather more constant, and the differences are not so great, so that I feel on fairly safe ground in estimating the number of these which a man will wear. Certainly enough to stock a fair-sized tailor's shop. There will be no less than twenty-two overcoats required to keep out the rigors of our climate during a man's lifetime; and these make quite a lengthy row if hung one beside another, as shown in our illustration.

"How many pairs of boots did you have last year? You couldn't possibly have done with less than a couple of pairs, could you? Very well. If you take that as a fair example, you will, if not cut down in the flower of your youth, have worn not only enough boots to put your feet into, but enough, if combined into one great boot, to comfortably live in, your quaint residence being some twelve to fifteen feet in height at its tallest part.

"Hat—men's hats I mean, for our dear sisters would vigorously dispute

even the most astounding figures I could think of in connection with their marvellous headgear—tell the same tale. Collectively, a man wears an enormous hat in the course of his life, one which would quite easily hold a goodly sized elephant; and it leaves a pretty problem for anyone more fond of figures than I am to calculate out the number of rabbits which give up their fur to make the felt for this gigantic hat.

“Your half-ounces of favorite mixture assume giant proportions during the years you smilingly acknowledge that you are an inveterate smoker. You could nearly buy a house with the money you spend on the fragrant weed; or if you used up the amount in the present old-age pension of five shillings a week you would be provided for nearly twelve years, entirely apart from interest on your money. Perhaps it is as well not to count the cost of most things, or the frugal-minded men would cut off many little luxuries which they feel justified in enjoying.

“No wonder the bald man feels more or less ashamed of himself. He really ought to feel a little inferior to his brother man from whose head a stream of hair flows which is quite horrifying in its abundance. Of course, if left to its own devices the human hair seldom exceeds six feet in length, but if we “cut and come

again” the hairdresser will certainly cut off half an inch a month; and if he keeps this rate of clipping up as long as we live we shall have covered his floor with twenty-five feet of hair, which one might be excused for looking on collectively as a bit of a bore.

“I have no desire to ruin the trade of the country, or I would work out for my readers the cost of a number of things the average man cheerfully pays for in small daily and weekly sums, but if I take the hairdresser alone I can show him as a very expensive man to us indeed.

“To remove our surplus hair from our head alone he charges us some ten pounds, or nearly ten shillings a foot, for cutting; while I will not expose him too unmercifully by calculating how much a foot it costs to scrape the beard from our manly chins.

“Without doubt man is a marvel! No wonder he has to work nearly a hundred and fifty thousand hours to get money enough to satisfy the craving for food, drink, clothes, and luxury made by his marvellous body, which would be almost as hard to find as the proverbial ‘needle in a haystack’ if cast in among the enormous quantities of material which he disposes of in the course of an average lifetime.”

The Unwisdom of Worry and Its Remedies

While magazine readers have been saturated of late years with articles on Worry, yet it would seem that they never grow tired of this theme and are always ready to read about it and to learn how to remedy its evil influences. This is our excuse for referring to Dr. Woods Hutchinson's article on this subject in *Munsey's Magazine*, for in this particular article he seems to have summarized and ex-

plained the disease very thoroughly.

Dr. Hutchinson begins with tracing worry to its cause and this he finds in an inconsiderate treatment of the body. If a human being would treat his body as well and as considerately as a farmer does his horses, with regular hours for meals, with which no stress of work is allowed to interfere; regular sleep, regular grooming, and plenty of all three, we should hear lit-

tle of worry and sleeplessness and neurasthenia, and get just as much real work done.

Worry, in fact, is oftener a symptom of trouble than a cause. A perfectly healthy human animal well fed, well rested, and worked within his strength, will not worry. It is only the disordered liver that "predicts damnation." A perfectly healthy man does not know he has such a thing as a digestion. A dyspeptic does not know that he has anything else.

Life, as a whole, is composed of at least nine parts of happiness and sunshine to one of suffering and gloom. The healthy mind sees it in its normal proportions. When the ten per cent. of discomfort begins to bulk larger in our consciousness than the ninety per cent. of comfort, it is a sign of disease, as well as a fruitful cause of more disease.

Don't scold yourself for worrying unnecessarily, or for wanting to cross bridges before you come to them, but look sharply about to find where you are ill-treating that faithful, devoted slave of yours, your body. You will usually find that you have given him good ground for revolt and for causing your imagination to play jaundiced tricks with you, by overwork, by underfeeding, by lack of sleep, and, not the least frequently, by lack of play, that literal re-creation, without an abundance of which no life can be kept sound and sweet.

Fatigue, Dr. Hutchinson points out, is not produced by absolute exhaustion, but by the presence in the blood of more or less definite poisonous chemical products of the activities of our muscles and nerves. In order to restore a fatigued muscle it is not necessary to build up anew its exhausted strength, but simply to wash its fatigue poisons out of it. For this there are two great agencies—rest and change of work.

When we are tired out all over the only remedy is sleep. But often when we worry, we are not tired at all in the greater part of our brain and of our body, but simply sick and weary in some distant and insignificant corner of our mind, from doing some monotonous little thing over and over again, until we are ready to shriek. It is then that variety should be introduced. Intelligent recreation, interests outside of the daily grind, changes of scene are necessities of life.

Whatever our individual possibilities may be, we are not getting the

best out of them by overdriving ourselves.

If you find that you are overdriving yourself, that you are taking your work home with you, that you can't get your mind off it, that you begin to doubt your ability to get through with it, pull yourself together and take stock! If the work in its entirety is too much for you, try to change to some other field of activity better adapted to your powers, or get back to the soil. If you're a misfit, a round peg in a square hole, don't be too proud to recognize your mistake. A change, and work that fits your hand, may make all the difference between constant friction and ultimate failure, on the one hand, and ever-increasing efficiency and success on the other.

If, as will oftener be the case, you have got into a bad or wasteful way of doing your work, think over the situation. Get a short vacation, if you can, to change the taste in your mouth, no matter where you go; then plan your day so as to get plenty of time for your meals and digestion afterward, and plenty of sleep. Observe your holidays as holidays, as religiously as you do your work-days; let nothing interfere with your play and your hours in the country.

In short, plan to put and keep yourself in condition to do the largest amount of work of which you are capable, in the shortest practicable time. The beauty of this method of work is that your capacity, instead of diminishing under it, is steadily increasing, and your task becomes easier for you instead of harder, not merely up to forty years of age, but up to sixty or sixty-five.

Dr. Hutchinson concludes with a plea for the housewife.

I think that few men adequately realize the deadly monotony and endless trivial repetition of much of the life of their wives and sisters and daughters. They themselves have their business interests, their daily contact with all sorts and conditions of men, their trips to purchase goods and raw material, to visit customers, to attend their national and State associations. The town or section of the city in which they live has been selected as the best or most available place for the prosecution of their business, but it may be anything but ideal as a place to make a home, or to find congenial society and healthful companionships and surroundings for their wives and children.

The average American man is devotedly kind and even generous to his wife and family, but he often fails to understand how a home, which to him is a delightful place to rest and refresh himself for the real struggle of life outside, may become a place of deadly monotony to be tied up in all day long by an unceasing round of duties; the net result and highest achievement of years of unceasing work being simply to keep the household fed, the clothes mended and clean, and the carpets and curtains respectable.

Particularly is this the case in families where the brood has been reared and the children suc-

cessfully started for themselves in life. The man's business and work still occupy and interest him. He is still making plans for the future and enjoying the successes of the past. His wife, on the other hand, is apt to feel, after the strain of motherhood and the responsibilities of the training of the family are over, that the keenest of her life-interests has, for a time at least, gone out. The routine of household existence begins to pall upon her; she begins to worry, to brood, to lose her appetite, to develop symptoms of illness, real or imaginary.

She needs a chance to get out of the harness

for a few months; to see something of the great world outside of her own, to get a fresh grip on life, which will enable her to transfer to the world at large the interests and the care which have been concentrated upon her children. Whenever your wife begins to worry, buy the tickets and tell her to pack up for a trip to the great city, to the country, to Europe, to the South, to the opera season, to some art exhibition or convention—any of these is better than a sanatorium, and may save months of drugging and dosing at home.

Automobiles for Average Incomes

C. F. Carter, writing in *Outing Magazine*, thinks he begins to see signs of the disappearance of all prejudice against the automobile. It took years to remove popular apprehension about the railroad, and later on the trolley car was the subject of prefervid resolutions of condemnation for some years.

In 1910 approximately 150,000 American citizens will part with their antipathy to automobiles and become the worst, because the newest, of motor maniacs. The only reason a greater number will not undergo this metamorphosis is not because the people cannot raise more than the two hundred million dollars they will have to pay for this number of cars, but solely because the manufacturers cannot assemble the men, machinery and material to build more than a hundred and fifty thousand. They will try to do better.

It is only fair to say in this connection that in addition to the hundred and fifty thousand converts of 1910 and the one hundred and fifty thousand who owned cars at the beginning of the year, approximately three times that number will crack the shell of prejudice preparatory to becoming recruits for the ever-growing army of automobile owners. For a new car in the neighborhood spreads its insidious lure with all the certainty with which a case of measles goes through a boarding school. Whatever he may say for public consumption, the average man's real grievance against the automobile is that he doesn't own it.

Realizing this great truth, the crafty manufacturers are building only enough \$11,000 cars to relieve the sufferings of those who cannot get rid of their money fast enough and are concentrating all their energies on the endless task of

supplying the needs of the average man. The present year marks the real beginning of the era of the low-priced car, which, as the dealers understand the term, is one that calls for less than two thousand dollars.

Precisely how much less depends upon the individual purchaser, his bank account, and the service required of the car. The average selling price of the hundred and fifty thousand cars built in 1910 will be \$1,200, though there is every indication that the cars selling below that will be in considerable demand.

Mr. Carter gives some interesting figures as to cost of running a car.

One owner of a \$2,500 car, who kept a careful account of his expenses for thirty months, during which time he averaged a thousand miles a month, found that his outlay for tires was five cents a mile; for gasoline 2.7 cents per mile; for incidentals .09 cents per mile; total 7.79 cents per mile, or, adding garage charges and chauffeur's wages, \$2,300 a year. Another man having the same general type of car found his total expenses footed up 33 cents a mile.

On the other hand there is the case of T. H. Proske, a farmer near Denver, Colorado, who found the expense of running a 28 horse-power touring car eighteen months at an average of 35 miles a day totaled 5 cents a mile. He found that the cost of gasoline, oil, and batteries amounted to \$12 a month, as compared with \$35 for the cost of feeding two horses the same length of time. For the whole period his automobile cost him \$1,136, including depreciation, or difference between buying and selling prices, while the cost of a team and carriage for the same time would have been \$1,980, a saving of \$844.

The owner of a light car who knew how to run it and take care of it found

that the cost did not exceed twenty dollars a month. A California owner of a similar car who had formerly kept a horse at an outlay of a hundred dollars a year for feed alone, to which must be added \$2 a month for shoeing, besides the expense of repairs to harness and carriage, found he could get a great deal more service out of a little automobile at an outlay of \$2.50 a month. He could take a ride of thirty-five miles for 40 cents, and he never had to feed the car when it wasn't working.

The manufacturer of a cheap auto looked up the records of one hundred and fifty of his cars. He found that their owners had driven them an average of nine thousand miles each at an average outlay of \$40 each for repairs. The cars had averaged eighteen miles per gallon of gasoline.

The expense of maintenance, however, is more than offset by the many economies of owning an automobile.

The country doctor who owns a car finds the territory in which he can practise extended to a radius of fifty miles, while twenty miles is the extreme limit a doctor depending on a horse and buggy can hope to cover with safety to his patients and profit to himself.

Surrounding every large city is a rapidly increasing class of suburbanites who save time, which is said to be money, save doctor's bills, which is worth more than can be computed in dollars and cents, by taking a fine airing morning and evening, and save railroad fares by using automobiles.

Buyers of grain, fruit, and cattle find the automobile of inestimable value, for it enables them to cover ten times the territory that they could otherwise. On many of the ranches of the West and Southwest where horses are cheap and abundant the foremen use light cars to get around in. No matter how many horses they used these men simply could not do as much work nor do it as well as they can do it with an auto.

Country merchants living within forty or fifty miles of a jobbing centre are relieved of the necessity of carrying large stocks, as the automobile will bring them small supplies on very short notice.

W. G. Raish, of Clarks, Nebraska, concluded to move to California, so he loaded his family and belongings, including tent, bedding, gasoline stove, etc., to a total of 2,100 pounds, on an automobile and started across the plains just as they did in '49, only he made better time.

Real estate agents find the automobile the greatest promoter of business

they have yet discovered. They get potential customers into their cars and whirl them out to remote properties in such quick time that the victim imagines he is right in town and so magnifies the bargain he is offered. Being exhilarated, too, with the swift ride in the open air, he closes the deal out of hand. The awakening comes when he flounders over the weary way with a horse and wagon.

The farmer, however, is the man who gets the worth of his money out of an automobile. It is priceless in running errands in the busy season. It is no effort at all to lift a can of milk or a small lot of fruit, eggs or other produce into an auto and take them to the creamery or to market and get back home before the dew is off the grass. It can be used as a motor for shredding corn, elevating grain, pumping water, churning, sawing wood, etc.

No wonder the automobile manufacturers are paying particular attention to the requirements of the farmer, and even building special types for him. These include low-priced cars with detachable tonneau, which, with a slight twist of the wrist, so to speak, can be transformed from a family carriage into a market wagon, or vice versa, and high-wheeled or buggy-type cars that will straddle the deeply gullied roads of the prairies or the stumps and stones of the Pacific Northwest.

The latter type has been developed to a degree surprising to the confirmed city dweller. No fewer than forty concerns are engaged in their manufacture, of which eleven are in the State of Indiana. Twenty thousand of the hundred and fifty thousand cars built in 1910 will be of the high-wheeled type.

In brief, the automobile is getting into the hands of the people just as fast as the two hundred million dollars invested in its manufacture and distribution can place it there. Just as rapidly the time is approaching when it will cease to be a nine days' wonder, when manufacturers will have to pay regular rates for their press notices, and when the popular prejudice against the automobile will take its place in the museum of history along with the once prevalent belief that "love apples," otherwise tomatoes, were poisonous.



LEW FIELDS AND HELEN HAYES IN "OLD DUTCH."

The Popularity of Melodrama on the Stage

Channing Pollock, dramatic critic, gives a general view of what is going on in New York theatres at the present time in the Green Book Album for March. He singles out Clyde Fitch's last work, "The City," produced at the Lyric theatre, as the most successful of the fourteen new plays which have been on the boards since Christmas. It is a melodrama in which a subject of general concern is rather inconclusively argued, and in which a set of stirring circumstances

leads into a big scene of truly terrific power.

Fitch meant "The City" to be a demonstration of the manner in which life in a great community develops all that is worst in weak characters. This purpose is not accomplished. The five people whom the author uses in manifestation are no more despicable when the play ends than they were when it began. The sin that is the foundation of their tragedy is committed during their stay in the country, and its consequences must have overtaken them in Middleburg as surely as in New



FRITZI SCHEFF

York. "The City," therefore, has to be considered simply as a melodrama, and its success credited to the dynamic force of the scene already mentioned and to the remarkable acting of the chief figure in that scene, Tully Marshall.

The Rands are the most highly respected citizens of Middleburg, where the head of the family, George Rand,

owns a bank and a closet containing one of the finest skeletons in captivity. From this closet, early in the first act, there emerges an illegitimate son, who, in addition to being a blackmailer, is accustomed to permitting himself such minor indulgences as the use of the hypodermic needle. This man, George Frederick Hannoek, is ignorant of his relationship to Rand, but, armed with the knowledge that his mother was seduced by the banker and that the bank itself has been plundered by its guardian, he has lived a life of ease on money extorted from his father. George Rand, Jr., overhearing part of the last purchase of silence, is told the whole truth, after which the whited sepulchre of Middleburg goes into a room off stage R., and dies of an apoplectic stroke.

George Rand, Jr., and Mother Rand, and the two girl Rands have spent a large part of the first act begging the master of their house to take up his residence in New York. We are not surprised, then, several months and one intermission later, to find the remnant of the family in town, where the eldest son is about to be nominated for the governorship. George, moved by a strong sense of duty, has given his half-brother employment as his secretary, though he has confided to no one the facts of the relationship. Hannoek takes an injection of morphine in full view of the audience, insists upon being bribed by the campaign manager, who notifies Rand of the honor in store for him, and finally declares himself in love with Rand's youngest sister, Cicely. It is at this spot that Fitch enters into what undoubtedly is the strongest single incident to be found in any of his half hundred plays.

Rand, horrified at the revelation made to him, implores Hannoek to give up Cicely, urging a reason which he dare not put into words. The secretary replies that they were married that morning. Struck dumb for a moment by this confession, Rand insists that the two must part immediately and forever, finally striking Hannoek full in the face with the information that he is wedded to his own sister. Hannoek, staring across the table at the divulger of this monstrous secret, cries: "You're a — liar!" The phrase isn't a pretty one, spoken on the stage, but it probably is just what would have been said by Hannoek, and its effect is electric. The man refuses to believe what has been told him. It is a trick, he cries—a trick to keep him away from the woman he loves. They won't be separated by any such falsehood. He calls Cicely, who is in the next room, and asks her to renounce her family and

go away with him. Cicely consents, and Rand proceeds to carry into effect his threat that, if need be, he will tell the girl herself why the fulfillment of her marriage is impossible. Hannoek, goaded to frenzy, draws a revolver, and, to prevent his bride's hearing the truth, shoots her dead. Rand locks him in the room and sends for the police.

What follows really baffles description. It is almost too dreadful, too gruesome, too wholly pathological for exposition in a theatre, but there can be no denying its tremendous grip and power. Hannoek, a moral and physical degenerate, a nervous wreck, a mental ruin, is utterly crushed by the series of calamities that has fallen upon him. Tortured by fear and grief and impotent hatred, facing inevitable doom, writhing helpless in the irresistible grasp of his enemy, he whimpers, cries, makes inarticulate sounds, beats his head upon the floor and in every other conceivable way demonstrates the reptilian loathsomeness of the most repulsive type of human being. That his rat-in-a-corner denunciation of his tormentor awakens in Rand a tardy comprehension of his own moral obliquity is a development of the theme that subtracts from rather than adds to the nerve-racking stress of the situation. It is unbelievable that any man, no matter how great an egotist, the victim of

such a tragedy as this, facing the murderer of their sister, not fifty feet away from the spot where the body of that sister is lying, would indulge himself in introspection. Certainly, the audience does not devote much attention to this self-probing, focusing its eyes upon the horrid spectacle of the terrorized creature, who, baffled in his attempt to compass self-destruction by showing how his suicide would hide the disgrace of the Rands, finally drops at the feet of his persecutor, groveling in the dirt, as the curtain falls.

The third and last act of the drama, which is supposed to occur three hours later, is not particularly important. It shows the Rands gathering up the tangled threads of their lives, and preparing, after an oratorical discussion of the influence of the city, to return to Middleburg. George, who has lost the coveted nomination, nevertheless retains his sweetheart, and, with her as his inspiration, announces his intention of beginning again, this time on sound moral ground, his fight for worldly success. None of this is particularly convincing when one remembers the dead girl in the next room, and, as I said in the beginning, the author has not succeeded in showing that the city had anything to do with the tragedy of his play.



FRANCIS WILSON, WINIFRED WEST AND BABY MARTHA DAVIS IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE BACHELOR'S BABY."



KATHLENE MACDONELL
A TALENTED TORONTO GIRL, WHO IS PLAYING
LEADING ROLES IN A STOCK COMPANY AT
THE CHESTNUT ST. THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA

Mr. Pollock also describes the plot of "The Lily," which has been adapted from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux by David Belasco.

The Comte de Maigny, a bankrupt and wholly selfish old roue, has two daughters who practically are prisoners in his chateau. Finding his own relaxation in Paris, this nobleman sees no reason why the lives of his children should not be given wholly to the care of him and his house. Odette, the elder of the pair, has had a love affair many years before the beginning of the play, but has been induced to give up her suitor and resign herself to spinsterhood. This she does without complaint, and her father succeeds in believing that she is happy. Christiane, when

she ripens into young womanhood, bitterly resents her confinement, and, becoming enamored of an artist, Georges Arnaud, who is painting in the neighborhood, permits him to court her by means of secret messages and meetings. Emile Plock, a wealthy cotton merchant, whose daughter is to marry De Maigny's son, Maximilien, learns of this wooing, and breaks off the match between his daughter Lucie and the Vicomte.

De Maigny, apprised of the reason for the breach, cannot believe that Christiane would have been so base as to disobey him. He compels her to write a note summoning her lover, and waits for the coming of Arnaud. The letter has been sent unsigned; if the painter responds it will prove that he recognizes the handwriting and has been accustomed to receiving similar communications. The scene of waiting is full of suspense, and it is followed by an exceptionally tense interview, in which Arnaud, caught in the trap, tries to convince his host that his visit had nothing to do with the letter. When he has gone, there ensues a violent scene between Christiane and her father. The Comte orders her to her room, presumably with the intention of beating her, and Christiane is shrieking for mercy when Odette, theretofore a model of silence, discretion and obedience, turns upon the old scoundrel, her father, drawing a vivid portrait of his wretched selfishness and of her own suffering through years of empty-heartedness. She whom her father thought happy, wearing her poor hands to the bone in his service, has never ceased to want her lover, to mourn him and her own loneliness, to yearn in silence for the blessings of wifehood and motherhood. This situation is one of amazing power, so universal in its humanness that the audience is moved to sympathy and to enthusiasm despite the fact that the greater part of it never heard of another household in which such parental despotism could be maintained.

For some reason not quite clear, the existence of an incumbrance not having been required for her father to end the engagement of Odette, the artist who loves Christiane already has a wife. This is said to be the way with artists, and perhaps Mr. Belasco married off Arnaud for the sake of verisimilitude. At all events, the Comte de Maigny, in the end, is persuaded to go to that dear Paris, and Christiane to wait for her wooer to get a divorce, a proceeding that, in France, occupies three years. One doesn't find the conclusion altogether satisfactory. One knows artists almost as well as Mr. Belasco seems to know them, and one feels pretty sure

that, long before the three years are up, M. Arnaud won't be able to recall whether Christiane was the girl with the red hair whom he met in Normandy or that delightful little thing with the brown eyes who used to pose for him in Bordeaux.

Whatever happened to Christiane while we were disposing of our lobster and musty ale, in a fifth act that was never written, Odette's outburst at the

end of the third act is what keeps a two-blocks-long line of carriages in front of the Stuyvesant. The Lady Who Goes to the Theatre with Me was so moved by it that she forgot to powder her nose when it was over, and she begs me, as a personal favor, to say that Nancee O'Neil, as Odette, proved herself to be pre-eminently the greatest actress in America.

As America Does

By Anne Warner

From the Grand Magazine

DARE promised to call. "I know you'll like her," Kitty said earnestly; "of course, she has different ideas from us—all French girls have—but she likes the way we do, and, really, she speaks English very well indeed."

"That's good," said Dare, "because I don't know a word of French."

"And she's pretty," said Kitty, the blonde; "she's dark and has most beautiful eyes. And she's very rich—awfully rich for Europe, and her mother is a real, true, live Countess by her second marriage."

Dare, who had begun by being quite interested, lost all interest in the visitor that was-to-come at that. He had no time for the sort of girl that a Count and a fortune have much to do with—he was too busy. A strange girl is always interesting to meet, but an heiress with a countess for a mother was altogether outside the pale of his consideration. He was always nice to visiting girls—when he had time to be so—but this one would be more than able to dispense with his attentions, he felt; all the other men would fill her days easily enough. So, as business pressed especially hard just then, Dare went ahead with his work and failed to find time to call as he had promised.

It was one Sunday three weeks after her arrival that Delphine saw him first. She noted at once the tired, white-looking man standing on the other side of the golf-course watching someone drive off with eyes that saw and saw not at the same time.

"Who does—who is that?" she asked Kitty.

"That?—oh, that's Lenox Dare—I told you about him—you know?—the nice man who is always too busy to be nice. Such a pity, too."

Delphine looked across the green strip at the tired, white face.

"I wish he called," she said simply.

"He promised to call," said Kitty. "He was so nice about it, too—he's always so nice—but he's so busy."

"He should play this," said Delphine; "it does good, this game. He should—he might—he ought to play a game; he is too tired-looking."

"Yes," said Kitty, "it would do him a lot of good, but he says he hasn't time. He's so ambitious in his profession."

"What does he then? How works, what works, what does he for work?"

"Oh, he's a lawyer, a young lawyer, you know."

"He looks to us now," said Delphine, observant.

"I'll call him over," Kitty said.

Then she called him, and Dare came over and was glad to see them both and to meet the stranger. He looked at her in a very straight-forward manner, and she returned his look with wide-eyed sincerity.

Kitty asked him to stay and take dinner with her aunt's little party, but he couldn't do that.

"It would mean the evening," he said, "and I must be back in town before seven."

Then he took them to the club-house and gave them tea, talking always to Kitty, but looking at Delphine with that same wide, earnest gaze which she kept returning each time.

"You'll come and see us now, won't you, Mr. Dare?" Kitty asked as they rose from the table.

"Yes," said Dare, "I will. I'll try to come soon."

When he was gone, Kitty asked her friend what she thought of him.

"He is very fine," Delphine replied slowly, "but so white. It is a pity to be white like that."

"That's because he works so hard," said Kitty.

Dare called the next evening, and with the next evening his troubles began. He found himself looking to Delphine each instant, and only the comprehension of her return look bridged the chasm between their lives.

For there was a chasm, and the man measured its depth at once. Chasms do not count for difficulty unless we want something that happens to be situate on the other side. But if that happens—

Delphine's ways were not Dare's ways, and that was the first depth that opened between them. It was deep and wide and no heart might hope to bridge it lightly. The difference was not just a difference of race and habits, it extended all through the daily life of each. But, like all great things, it betrayed itself in those arrow-shots of circumstance which we call mere trifles.

Delphine laughingly declared she was becoming more American each day. "I shall learn even to cook and to wash with my hands things," she said merrily, but the next instant she discovered a tiny rip in the trimming of her blouse, and forthwith bewailed the absence of her maid.

"See, I am—how do you say?—all raggy. I need Louise, but it is not possible for her here, one knows," and she sighed, looking disconsolately at her sleeve.

"It's such a tiny little tear," said Dare, trying to be consoling, "no one would see it."

"Ah, but me—I see it. And who is she that matters when I am always knowing that I have this tear?"

Then she sighed again, and Dare, noting, with a man's apprehension, the beauty and costliness of the torn blouse, felt a sharp desire to sigh also.

But that was only a little way into the chasm.

The house where Delphine was visiting was not so very large, although much larger than Dare's wife might ever expect to live in, and yet—

"I choke in these little rooms to-night," said the count's step-daughter; "all rooms in that land of mine are high."

"They must be very cool in summer," said Dare gently. His head ached and he passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "It is hot here," he added.

"Yes," said Delphine, "and you are tired, too—oh, I see so plain when that is so! You are more tired these last days."

"I haven't slept much at night lately," he said: "it isn't anything, though."

He looked at her and smiled, and an answering smile dawned in her dark eyes.

"You should sleep," she advised gravely.

"You think so," he laughed; "then I'll try."

But he did not sleep on that night either, nor on the next, nor the next.

The chasm kept him awake. It was so black and so awful, and he was so tired—so lonely—so full of distress.

But the worst of all that lay between them was her foreign speech. She spoke French, and so did Kitty, and so did all Kitty's family. When Delphine was puzzled they all hastened to make things clear to her in French, and Dare would have to sit by unable to understand one word until—the difficulty over—they returned to English—and him.

Sometimes Delphine, unable to explain herself when alone with him, would also burst forth in French, and only the sight of his puzzled patience resalld her to herself with apologies for her lack of English words.

"Oh, I'm of another world!" she exclaimed once.

"Yes, that you are," he said, very quietly; "we must try not to ever forget that, you and I."

"No," she said, coming nearer, for they were out walking; "no, that I meant not. The same world—the same God—for both. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps," said Dare, with his pleasant smile. "We'll hope so, until you go, anyway."

"Until you go—"

The words fell heavily upon her ear. She had to look the other way for a minute before she could laugh again. But then she laughed.

"The birds sing—listen!" she cried, almost gaily.

"Yes, I hear them," said the man.

And thereupon she began to sing herself, very softly and prettily and sweetly, in French.

"If you could know that!" she said. "My nurse sung so by my cradle. That song sings in my heart when I am happy—yes, always."

"Then you are happy to-day?"

"Oh, so happy—and you?"

"What does it matter? Of course, I am happy, if you are."

"Ah, but if you only knew French! If you only knew my tongue!"

He turned his quiet smile towards hers of radiating brightness.

"Would it help at all, do you think?" he asked.

Although he meant it in half-banter, the echo of his words was sadly wistful—sufficiently sad and sufficiently wistful to quickly make her laughter fade into earnestness equalling what he felt without intending his his feeling to be seen.

"Ah!" she said, with a quick indrawn breath, a quick attempt at the old wide gaze and a sudden inability of accomplishment; "ah! but that would be wonderful—to speak to you—just you of everyone—in my own speech."

Dare looked at her and his hand went to his forehead with the old gesture of a fatigued brain dictating its constant call for solace; it was a gesture of which he himself was unconscious, so habitual had both gesture and weariness now become. He was considering a resolution, and as he was one who did not make resolutions to break them, he gave a minute's frowning thought to this one.

Before Dare spoke again two gentlemen passed driving. Both bowed and Dare responded mechanically.

"Those are the members of the firm," he said presently, having made the resolution for good and all now.

"The horses were very beautiful," said Delphine, looking after them.

She did not not know that both the men were even then speaking of herself and Dare.

"Too bad so nice a girl to appear before he's on his feet," remarked the senior partner, who had been born to brains and a fortune, too.

"Yes, he can't marry yet a while," said the junior pleasantly.

"But she has money, hasn't she?" the senior queried.

"Yes; but he isn't that kind," the other answered.

Then the fine horses carried them swiftly on to other topics of conversation.

The next day Dare, who was down town at an unconscionably early hour and read at night to an extent that would likely use up his eyes before

he was thirty-five, curtailed the time he allowed himself at noon for lunch and a quick walk, and set about keeping his new resolution. He disappeared, and for the next two weeks he continued to vanish every noon directly he had swallowed some coffee and anything that was food and took no time to prepare. No one knew where he went, and he told no one, but in close connection with the stolen half-hour was a little book he carried in his pocket and a new tax on the already overtaxed mind. He was not fit for any new tax; he was looking very bad indeed these days—painfully thin and white. And, now, he began to alter, almost from hour to hour. At the office they offered him a fortnight's holiday, but he refused. He did not want to go away.

Delphine's visit was drawing to an end, and the roses were fading on her cheeks, too. Dare, who never knew what he himself looked like, noticed the fading roses quickly enough.

"It's this cold country," he said; "you must be getting back home."

"Ah, no!" said the girl, with a protest of pain in her denial; "the cold—but I like it. I am very well. Believe me."

"But you're paler than you used to be," said the man, oblivious of his own deathly whiteness. "You were always so full of light and color."

Delphine looked up, and her eyes met his in a sort of shock of reticence and confession.

"But you are always so," she said, almost with tears. Her French bringing-up clashed sadly with her American predilections as she spoke. "I am always thinking how you look now," she added, choking.

Dare was too dizzy at that instant to speak. The world often took a sudden double swing round him now. He put his hand to his head.

"I know," he said, after a little; "I am pale, but it's natural to me. I work pretty hard, too, you know, and lately I haven't slept at all hardly."

"I don't sleep also—"

She looked at him, tears again close, her lip quivering in spite of herself.

"Why?" she asked childishly.

He hesitated.

Then he took courage; a sort of boyish flush came over his face, and he said, smiling slightly:

"*Mais, je ne sais pas.*"

For one second she stared, startled, then all the lost color streamed into her cheeks.

"Oh," she cried delightedly, "you have learned that for me!—you have been learning my tongue!"

The secret of the half-hour daily was out. He had his reward, or thought he had it.

She seemed so utterly overjoyed that he could not trust himself to look at her.

"I haven't got very far," he confessed; "it's awfully hard for me to get any time."

"But I shall now help you—I shall teach you!"

Her happiness was intense.

He realized then how far he—she—they both had gone. It frightened him, for it could not be. The pain in his head, and the loneliness, had led him beyond his depth, into the very chasm itself. He turned away in spirit. No, it might not be. But it was terribly hard. It was harder than he had anticipated.

He managed to live the evening somehow. When it was over and he was back in his shabby room with its piles of second-hand law-books, he sat down on the side of the bed, bowed his racked head within his hands, and told himself what an awful fool he was.

"She'll be in her own home again in a month," he said. When the dawn broke he realized that he had been sitting for hours repeating that single sentence over and over.

And then he realized nothing more.

On the evening of that day they took him to the hospital with brain-fever.

It was one afternoon in February that Kitty took upon herself the office

of Good Samaritan and Lady Ambassador combined. Of course, she and some others had kept close track of poor Dare and his battle for life as he lay in delirium, raving French grammar mixed with the single phrase, "She'll be in her own home again in a month."

Kitty knew it all, and had wept with, and for, Delphine. And, now, she was to visit him and speak to him, and actually see what was left of the lonely, worn man, who had gone down to the very gates of Death, and returned so slowly to life again.

She felt herself trembling as she followed the Sister along the corridor. The very violets she had brought seemed to sympathize, hiding the dew-drops in their own blue eyes against her bosom as she walked.

Dare was expecting her and was on the couch; only a wreck of himself—but alive.

"It's so good of you," he said, as the nurse placed a chair for the caller; "it's very kind."

"I wanted to come," said Kitty, trying to be quite natural and acting very queerly. "Shall I sit here? Oh, dear, but it's a table, isn't it? And Delphine sent the violets—oh, I wasn't to tell you—"

She stopped, appalled at her disclosure.

"She hasn't gone, then!" said Dare, taking the flowers in his terribly thin hand. "Sister, will you get a vase, please?"

His nurse went for one at once.

"No, she isn't gone," said Kitty, seeing the chair which had been placed for her when she entered, and seating herself conventionally this time. "She has been here all winter. She's very well and happy."

"I'm so glad," said Dare.

"Yes," said Kitty vaguely, "it's nice, isn't it? And she was so touched by the thought of your studying French. She keeps speaking about it."

"It was rather stupid of me, I'm afraid," said Dare; "it was the straw that broke the camel's back."

"Yes," said Kitty, always ready to be agreeable; "but you'll soon be well now. They say you'll be out by Easter. Delphine is so glad."

Dare looked towards the window and smiled a little.

"I hope so," he said, not referring to Delphine, but to Easter and its promise.

Then there was a slight pause.

"I'm not tiring you, am I?" Kitty asked anxiously. "Delphine wanted to come, but mamma thought she'd better not. She—you—she isn't as calm as I am, you know,"

"It was so good of you to come," Dare said again.

Kitty smoothed the fur on her muff.

"You know Delphine is so funny," she said; "she had some money the other day and she invested it in the Glenn house—you know the Glens wanted to sell it and take a flat."

"The Glenn house?" said Dare.

"Oh, dear, I haven't excited you, have I?—because I mustn't. If I excite you, Delphine might just have come as well, too. Oh, she is getting so American! She went down town alone in a street-car the other day. She was so pleased with herself."

"You don't excite me," said Dare; "but tell me why she's bought a house. Is she going to get married?"

"Oh, no—oh, dear me, no! Oh, no! Why, she never thought of such a thing." Kitty seemed completely at a loss at the mere notion of Delphine's contemplating such absurdity. "But, you see, that Count in France, who has married her mother, doesn't like her, and she isn't going back there. She has hardly ever lived at home, you know."

"Is she going to live here, then?"

"Yes, she is," said Kitty; "she wanted me to tell you. Mrs. Denbigh is going to live with her. She is furnishing the house now. We go into town every day and buy things. It's such fun. Delphine says it's so American to furnish your own house. She likes our ways more and more every day."

Dare leaned back and shut his eyes.

"Dear Kitty," he said faintly, "I'm afraid I must be quiet—I'm so weak."

The Sister came in with the violets in a vase just then, and Kitty went hastily away, fearful that she had excited him after all.

But she came again another day, and many other days, and told Dare of Delphine and her house, and tried to tell Delphine of Dare, but there was so little to tell. Dare had made another resolution now, and became as colorless in character as in face in consequence.

"I am going away next week," he said one day, when Easter was quite near, "and for a long time."

"What?" cried Kitty.

"I waited to be sure of my plans before I said anything, but now everything is arranged. I'm going to the woods down in Florida for ever so long. You must say good-bye to Delphine for me."

Kitty sat dumb—aghast.

"Perhaps I shall never come back," said Dare, quite steadily, "I'm afraid I can't stand the shut up life of a profession. It looks that way."

Kitty was too overcome to express herself. She hardly had strength to get away and to Delphine, and tell her it all in the same breath.

The French girl sat quite still. She had changed mightily since the last time she had seen Dare, and her face had altered into a new expression. She was in her own home now—the cosy little nest which love had built to house its dreams.

When Kitty had finished, Delphine said with decision:

"He is very right. He must go to the forest. There is no other place."

"Delphine!" stammered her friend.

"Hush! He is very right. He is very right."

It was not Kitty who came next day during the visitors' hour—it was Delphine herself.

Dare was greatly surprised when he saw her enter just as his nurse had taken his tray away and he was looking listlessly out upon the garden

square. But he was much more surprised when she came beside him and, kneeling there drew his wasted hand into hers, and, lifting up her big sweet eyes, began to speak.

"I am come to beg to go too," she said steadily, but with her cheeks shining as in firelight. "I have thought it all out. I, too, have slept very little for a long time. I am come to beg to go too."

"Delphine!" he stammered, as Kitty had stammered.

"I love you," said the girl. "I have watched in spirit by you all these weeks. I love you dearly." Her face flamed yet more brightly. "And you love me. The little phrase in my tongue showed me that. It was not a small thing for you to do that—so as you work. Stupid pride and stupid money shall not part we two. I will not let it do so. I am no longer of France—I am of America. The women are not to be held back here. I must have my will. So I beg—oh, with all my full heart!—I beg that I go too."

Dare felt his brain reeling.

"I bought a little house here," Delphine went on. "I wanted to show this was my country. I have worked with a teacher—your tongue is mine too, now. My family do not want me—I am alone like you. There is no one to stand against us. The forest that will cover you will cover me too. I beg that I go too. I beg it, and, besides, you must allow it. No one denies what a woman asks here. I must go too."

"You bewilder me," said Dare. "I can't think." His hand went to his head.

But Delphine, reaching quickly, caught it again in hers and kissed it tenderly. "I have learned much this winter," she said. "I am no longer young and laughing. When one comes or sends daily to the hospital gates, one learns what life is, and what life was and what life may be. I have learned. You see, I have learned. But I must go too."

"But—" said the man.

"No," she said, "you cannot talk. You are ill. You must not say a word. And you must not try to think. There will be a nurse for you, and I shall be there too. We shall go to the forest for Easter. Now you see what America does for a French girl. I come alone to the man I love, and ask him to take me with him, and am not at all ashamed."

She smiled her radiant smile at that, but the big tears stood in her eyes. Then she rose.

"How can I—" Dare began in protest.

And then she stooped and laid her face against the forehead that had lined itself so deep in nights gone by.

"I only have ten minutes," she whispered; "the Sister comes again now. Do not quarrel with me. Nothing can cure me or help me. That first day, across the green of the golf place, I knew you. And you knew me. Say that you will take me with

you, and then I will kiss you quite nicely and go."

Again the last straw.

"You shall go," Dare murmured. "Oh, Delphine, God has been very good to me!"

"You are a real American man," she said, laughing with trembling lips. "You obey so prettily. Ah! here is the Sister. Dear Sister, help him to get well quickly, for next week we go away."

"So!" said the Sister.

Delphine was standing by the door, her eyes shining. And now her old merry smile returned.

"We shall be married, you know. Sister," she said laughing; "I forgot to tell him that."

The Sister laughed too. Then the girl fled, leaving her radiance behind her until she should come back to lead the man who lay there forth with her, to live for ever after in the full glory of love's light.

Planning One's Life

By Newell Dwight Hillis

Planning one's life a week, a month, and a year in advance helps. A tree is compacted of innumerable leaves, twigs and boughs. And life for three-score years must be a solid piece of workmanship. No mistakes can be greater than for the young tree to think it can sow its wild oats by trifling with moles at the root and borers in the trunk, with the idea that when thirty summers have passed over it the rotten heart of the oak will become sound, solid wood. Man's thoughts, loves, plans are like his arts—long, though the days are short. No one can despise his childhood and safely fling away his youth. It is a singular fact that all young people want to be older and all old people want to be younger, and that both, by neglecting their present to gaze into a far away realm, fling away their opportunity. Old men know that if there only was some fountain of eternal youth they would spend their whole life in search for it. It then, experienced man had

learned to put a true and high value upon youth, why should not young men take their youth at the estimate that wisdom places upon it? For there is nothing that the youth could do that has even been done. He has only to lay out his life in advance, as the architect lays out the plan of his house. If his message to the world is trade, it is given him to make commerce more and more honorable. Is his life work culture, let him maintain a scholar's stainless name. Is his task art, music, or eloquence, let him sing for the estate, paint for the State, speak for the people, with a single eye, doing it for man's sake and for God's sake in the presence of his Great Taskmaster. But whatever he does, he must have a distinct goal before him. He must, with a powerful will, adhere to his purpose, must organize and unify his life, and make his plans march like a regiment toward certain victory.

System and Business Management

Methods of Checking Expense Details

By Edward L. Wedeles

Condensed from *System Magazine*

IN every establishment there are two kinds of expense, productive and non-productive. Productive expense is the investment of money in salesmanship, labor, rent, advertising, and all those tangible and intangible commodities that go to make up the conduct of an establishment. It is an outgo that brings dividends, directly or indirectly. The principal items of productive expense may be likened to the parts of a machine; the smaller items are the oil that keeps the whole machine running smoothly.

Non-productive expense is waste, though it often masquerades under false colors. It is the money that gets away without bringing any return whatever. It is the drain that saps the life of a business and perhaps destroys it. Not always is non-productive expense easily detected, for it may be cleverly hidden. An incompetent or lazy employe may give in service less than he receives in salary; a team may be idle for a day; an advertisement may be poorly devised and cost more than it returns in business. These losses are more difficult to discover than the actual waste of some commodity that can be weighed or measured, but they are none the less non-productive expense.

To distinguish between these two varieties of expense, therefore, is important. To do so requires the exercise of the intellect in a double ca-

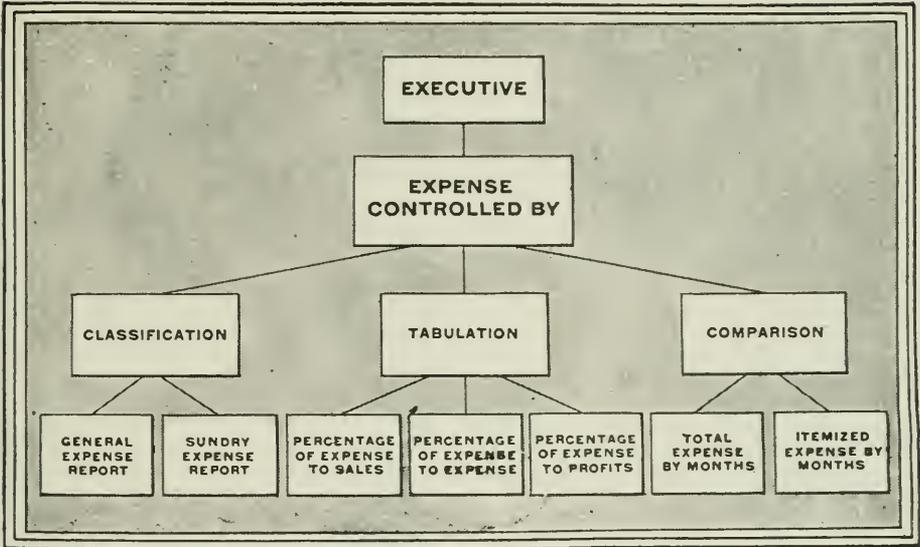
capacity; first, judgment; second, system.

The line of demarcation may be hard to find. For example, artificial light is a productive expense, because without it the transactions of store or office would cease. But just how much light is needed, is a different question. Should there be ten, twenty or thirty lamps? Can two persons use the same light? These are matters to be determined by the judgment, not by bookkeeping or statistics. Eyesight, health, efficiency, are all to be considered. No mathematics will determine for you just where the light bill ceases to be a productive expense and becomes non-productive.

But take two electric light meters, each supplying the same number of lamps under the same conditions, and let one show double the expense of the other in a given period.

The question is no longer one of judgment, but of system. Indeed, it must be system itself that discovers for you this non-productive expense. You may have the best judgment in the world on all matters involving business logic, but if you have an inadequate expense system the drain on the cash-drawer will go unchecked.

A satisfactory system by which a managing executive may watch and control the expense of his establishment involves three things: classifica-



A GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION OF HOW EXPENSE IS CONTROLLED BY CAREFUL CLASSIFICATION SHOWING THE DIFFERENTIATION OF RECORDS TO SIMPLIFY THE SUPERVISION OF EXPENSE

tion, tabulation, comparison. These make up the means of discovering non-productive expense, so far as ink and paper can show it.

In classification, it is scarcely possible to go too much into detail. The modern tendency is to divide and subdivide expense outgo until there is no possibility of classifying it further. It is only through these minute classifications that tabulation and comparison have their full value. For example, take the electric light meters just referred to. Suppose no individual record was kept of each meter, but all were charged against one general account, light. The waste would go on undetected. Carry the illustration further. Suppose that individual records were kept of each meter, but not tabulated. Or suppose, again, that the meters were all classified separately and tabulated, but no one made the comparison. These three elements, it will be seen, are vitally connected one with another.

I believe it possible to classify business expense to the point where the untagged items are almost infinitesimal. In our own business we classify and tabulate ninety-nine and eight-

tenths per cent. of expenses. Our tabulations run back without a break for many years.

Expense items reach my desk daily in the form of entries in two books entitled "General Expense, Classified," and "Sundry Expense, Classified." These books are ruled like a double-column journal, but are divided into accounts like a ledger, a certain number of pages being set apart for each classification of expense. A bookkeeper posts these books from the general cash book, entering items in the left-hand column, and in the body of the page a full identification or explanation of the item. At the close of the month the footings are extended to the right-hand column.

The accounts are arranged alphabetically, and indexed. In the book entitled "General Expense, Classified," accounts are as follows:

- Advertising, including only general advertising not subject to classification against particular brands of goods.
- Agencies, embracing reports of all kinds on customers.
- Attorneys' fees and court costs.
- Brokerage, including travelers' salaries at branches.
- Teaming, done by teams other than our own.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Charity, covering contributions to institutions and the like.

Cost books, or daily price sheets sent to travelers.

Fuel.

Fixtures and tools, including office furniture, alterations in partitions or railings, and smaller tools and appliances, such as hammers, saws, etc. Larger apparatus and implements, such as typewriters and adding machines, are charged to property accounts.

Insurance.

Light.

Mail order department.

Meals, embracing expenses of employes working overtime.

Office salaries, covering wages of every kind except those in the shipping department, which are charged to Sundry salaries.

Power.

Postage.

Rent.

Sundry salaries.

Stationery.

Sundries, unclassified in this book.

Taxes.

Teaming, by our own wagons.

Telegrams.

Telephones.

Travelers' salaries, including those of buyers, department managers and the officials who control them; in our business we have no account directly representing travelers' traveling expenses, for we allow our travelers a given sum to cover both salary and expense.

At the close of each month the totals from these classified expense accounts are transferred to the "Comparative Expense Book," ruled like a trial-balance sheet, so that the various items are arranged in tables for comparison month by month. These monthly totals, in turn, are classified by years and arranged for comparison.

From the book called "General Expenses, Classified" is made up the secondary book, "Sundry Expenses, Classified." These accounts are now sub-divided under the following headings:

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| Cleaning windows. | Repairs. |
| Dues to associations | Rubbish, including |
| Excelsior. | cleaning refuse. |
| Exchange. | Safes, in safety deposit vaults. |
| Laundry. | |

Elevators, also classified elsewhere.

Matches.

Soap.

Milk, for cats kept in building.

Miscellaneous, including items that cannot be classified.

Nails.

Newspapers.

Packing materials.

Petty expense.

Paper, used in wrapping.

Smoking, covering cigars given customers and visitors.

Specimens, boxes.

Specimens, purchased of solicitors for entertainments, and so on.

Stencils.

Tickets.

Twine.

Water, for drinking tanks.

Watch service.

The totals from this book are, of course, included in the tabulated recapitulations in the "Comparative Expense Books."

The two books, "General Expense, Classified" and "Sundry Expense, Classified," are valuable as a medium for the methodical scrutiny of daily items. From them an executive can watch the outgo in all its details and ramifications. Expense might be compared to a group of water-courses draining some common region. In every direction the streams flow, all centering from the same source. Some of them are only rivulets, some creeks, some rivers, but all drawing away the same waters. To get a bird's-eye view of this group of streams, one must mount an eminence. To attempt to follow each separately would be a long and tedious task, but from an elevation the course of every one may be studied.

So, too, the business executive can scan the expense streams from the eminence of his own desk if he has the proper system. No rivulet will be too small to see. Each entry will be itemized under its proper classification. In running through the accounts every morning he can place his finger on items that appear too large, or uncalled for, or which need explanation. He can point out the spots where expense streams must be dammed.

Expense is best controlled by centralizing its supervision. All its ramifications should be subject to some system that reduces them to this daily

scrutiny of the higher executive. And, necessarily, all the items must be condensed in form, though minutely classified. The executive's expense records should be permanent, in the form of books. The detached report sheet is bulky and inconvenient to handle. The most efficient record lies in the executive's private account books.

But the classified and comparative books named make up only one step in the controlling of expense. They give the executive a daily, monthly, and yearly scrutiny, but their statistical value is as yet imperfect. Their figures represent money, not percentages. In keeping the various items of expense at their proper ratio, percentage statistics play an important role. The more detailed these statistical tables are, the more efficient will be the executive's supervision of outgo. The deadly parallel is used here, not to show similarities, but to reveal incongruities, dissimilarities. Expense, as a rule, is governed by fixed or progressive percentages. When there are abrupt variations from this rule, they must be shown up conspicuously on the records. Nothing does this so graphically as percentage tables.

For this purpose we keep a number of books, made up of tabulated percentages, monthly and yearly.

The first gives the percentage of expense to sales. The page is ruled at the left for entering the various classifications, one under another; at the right are perpendicular columns for the percentages. Thus the table shows office expense, salaries, sundry salaries, cartage and the like. The executive, for example, desires to know the ratio of office expense to sales. He turns to the index, finds the table, and running his finger along the designated cross-line, sees at a glance the percentages for each month in the year. Now turning to the yearly table, he compares the years as he did the months.

Going down a line, he follows the ratio that salaries bear to sales, and

so on through all the sub-divisions pertaining to the expense of selling.

The advantage of this record is manifest. All these items bear a natural relationship to the chief classification under which they are grouped—sales. For example, once determine approximately the percentage office expense ought to bear to sales, and you have the key to the subsequent controlling of this item. The ratio may have to be increased gradually because of increased costs, but if you do increase it you do so intelligently. You know exactly why. You do not waste brain force wondering why your selling expense is so big or where you ought to cut. The percentage table shows you just what department is beyond its normal ratio.

The second comparative percentage books shows the ratio of expense to expense. In other words, it shows the ratio each item of expense bears to the total expense.

This book is ruled the same as the other, following out the monthly and yearly percentages in the same manner. For instance, suppose the executive wants to learn what relation his teaming bears to the total cost of conducting his business. He wishes to establish some rule for controlling this item. The percentage rule is an excellent guide. Month by month, year by year, he tabulates his teaming expense in ratios. Without such a table, he must go it blind. There must be wastes he does not detect.

In this book it is scarcely necessary to tabulate with extreme minuteness. The minor classifications detailed in the more general expense books may be omitted and only the more general classifications tabulated. But this book affords opportunity to keep track of expense percentages in any general or special item the executive desires. Every business has its particular departments or phases, especially in need of watching.

The third comparative percentage book gives the ratio of expense to gross merchandise profits. The method

or tabulation is the same as already described. Here, too, the classifications need be less detailed than in the daily and monthly itemized record of expenses.

This book gives the officials a succinct survey of the bearing the expense account has upon the business as a whole. It measures the differ-

ence between income and outgo, and shows in percentages the results of the firm's enterprises. If the ratios shown are too large to harmonize with the amount of capital invested, the various classifications may be analyzed and traced back in ever-increasing detail to the tabulated dollars and cents tables and accounts.

Sharp Bargains Poor Business Policy

By Howard W. Martin

From Office Appliances

ONE often hears of men in business who are close buyers and those of us who are not on the other side of the fence trying to sell something are inclined to admire the shrewdness which will succeed in shaving a few dollars off something that is a bargain at the price offered. Sometimes the "close" buyer is so close that he maintains his reputation at the expense of his opportunities, and pays double and treble price in the loss of friendships and of chances which are not brought to his door on account of the belief that no matter what was offered he would try to shave the offer down to a point where the salesman wouldn't have any commission left on the sale.

It is not the intention of the writer to counsel carelessness in buying, but between carelessness and the other extreme there is room enough for the right degree of care and judgment—indeed, for just that degree of care and foresightedness which makes it evident that the merchant is alive to his own interests and will neither risk his credit nor jeopardize his chance of profit by injudicious purchases. The man who exercises the proper degree of care as to how much he buys and what he pays, and assures himself that he is not paying more than the legitimate market price for goods which

he can fairly see a way of disposing of profitably, earns the respect and the confidence of the salesman and of the houses with which he deals.

Credit is the backbone of business, and there is one man who is in a worse pass than the stingy buyer; he is the easy mark, who bites at everything and is finally swallowed by his creditors, as he inevitably must be. When Jones, salesman for Smith & Co., has a "sticker" and Billings, the salesman for a rival house, tells him to sell it to Bjinks because Bjinks will buy anything, it is pretty bad for Bjinks. He is marked for slaughter and everybody as soon as the word goes 'round will get busy and load him up past the limit.

But there is another side to the picture. Suppose Jones has something that is really worth while—a lot which he can dispose of at an advantageous figure to make room for something else. If Bjinks has the reputation of being "close" as the bark on a tree, the goods will be offered to Goodfellow & Smart, who have a big store on the main street and can dispose of them as leaders—at a profit. Trust the traveling salesman for a man who has parted with his illusions.

Mutual confidence between the buyer and the seller is the basis of commercial success. The buyer who deals fairly with his wholesaler and his

manufacturer earns a regard which never fails to stand him in good stead. Thousands of men have been rescued from ruin because their creditors backed them up and helped them with extensions and with even more active assistance, all because of a confidence and esteem which had grown bigger than dollar for dollar considerations. But apart from this, even if one never needs such extreme help, it pays to trust the house one deals with. It pays to attempt, at least, to practise the Golden Rule. There is a good deal in getting the best end of it, as they say, and many a man owes his success and his position in life largely to the opportunities that others were willing to bring to his door.

In business there are always two equations—the goods one sells and the personality of the man who sells them. The dealer sells his customers a good deal more than the goods they buy—he sells them the service he gives; and his service is based on his own individuality. If he has the qualities of a good merchant, his entire establishment will reflect his mind. He will be orderly, genial, liberal, tactful. He will do all things he ought to do within reason; he will needlessly offend no one. His time will be so ordered that he can see everyone who has legitimate business with him, and when he must say no he frames his negative in such a way as to omit the sting. He will treat buyer and seller with equal fairness and consideration, seeking first, last and all the time to do business as an honorable man ought to do it.

If manufacturers and wholesale houses could make every merchant with whom they deal successful they would do so. A credit man is a two-edged tool—he protects the interests of his house in the giving of credits and by his admonition and suggestion he seeks to help his firm's customers so that they may continue to be successful and proper subjects for the further extension of credit. The interests of no reputable house are conserved by the failure of a customer

where that contingency can be avoided. Business is built not for to-day but for the years to come. A million dollars invested in a wholesale or a manufacturing business cannot turn itself into profits on one or two deals. Its very life depends upon the conservation and support of those minor enterprises upon which it depends as a channel through which to market its product. Its roots are spread all over the country wherever the commercial traveler can penetrate, and no feeder is allowed to die if it can be made a source of profit by any reasonable means. It pays the merchant therefore to get close to the houses with which he deals. It pays him to get acquainted—if he can, let him go to market himself as often as convenient and get in touch with men of bigger minds and broader outlook. He may be assured that he will go home filled with enthusiasm and hope and ideas, and will be better able than before to turn that dead stock that has disgraced his shelves so long into cash with which to buy something that reasonable diligence and industry can move.

The most welcome visitor is not always the big-dealer. Very often the small dealer comes to the market and finds that he has been preceded by a flattering reputation as a live wire. The size of a man's establishment does not always govern the rating the commercial traveler has put upon him. When he meets the salesman who calls upon him and is introduced to the head of the house; when he finds that the big man takes a real interest in what he is doing, wants to know all about his town, about his prospects; when he discovers the flattering fact that the president of the company knows points about his business that he thought nobody outside his own town had discovered, then the small merchant begins to do some thinking. He is prepared then to profit by an occasional suggestion or hint or word of advice dropped with apparent carelessness, and to go home feeling that the hundred dollars he spent was the best investment he ever made.

Publicity, a Creative Force in Business

By

E. St. Elmo Lewis.

I WANT to talk to you in a free and unpoetical fashion about the creative power of advertising so little understood, and then to take a bird's eye view, as it were, of where it is leading business.

Advertising is simply the voice of the market place, speaking in the highways and byways to all men. Its animating spirit is educational, as has been said for twenty years. Its first purpose is to educate the people to realize new wants and desires and to create a confidence in the ability of this generation to satisfy these wants.

A vast population, a continent-wide distribution, a busy and changing civilization, an aggressive demand for immediate knowledge of the very latest developments in supply and demand, requires some quicker method than the salesmen's visits, more economical than the waiting until a pleased public shall by the slow creepage of satisfaction from man to man wear a pathway to the door of the maker of good goods.

A business-like desire to keep our advertising work well within the requirements of good business; to get our "feet on the ground"; to know where we are going, is leading the most optimistic to an inevitable inquiry as to what we are accomplishing, and how and why. I don't know if there is a final science of advertising—I am sure there is not—but I feel sure there is much more to be found out about the fixed laws that we are not now conscious of—that we shall find these out just as fast as we make the profession of advertising attractive to educated men of trained intelligence.

Probably all of you would like to know just what kind of advertising would pay you the best—just what

you should expect from a certain course of action. But that is not to be desired, for it would lessen competition, and the man who knew would be an enemy of both the people and the market place, and probably would be hung. Yet to lessen the losses from bad practice is a sane ambition and is being realized.

We should advertise because we want to realize our greatest success. I am not impressed with the testimony of the disingenuous veteran in business who confesses himself to be an advertiser and then says: "I have been at it for ten years, and I know less to-day than when I began." He should know more—he should be sure of things, or he should stop advertising and be sure that he gets more business with advertising than without it.

I know experience cannot be generalized, especially when it is disorganized and undigested experience like much of that in advertising, but let's throw aside this pose of childish innocence, and let's, out of deference to our human common sense, once and for all, cease this silly cant of trusting to the god of luck for direction in making one of our largest business investments.

In order for advertising to become the potent creative force of a bigger business for you, for it to achieve even a small part of its possibilities for those interested, we must reform this attitude. We must assume a positive and not a negative attitude, for it is the moral and business coward who has no faith in things as they are, who has no enthusiasm, which is faith on fire, for his future and the future of his business, that makes trouble.

It is the so-called practical man who has stood in the way of development

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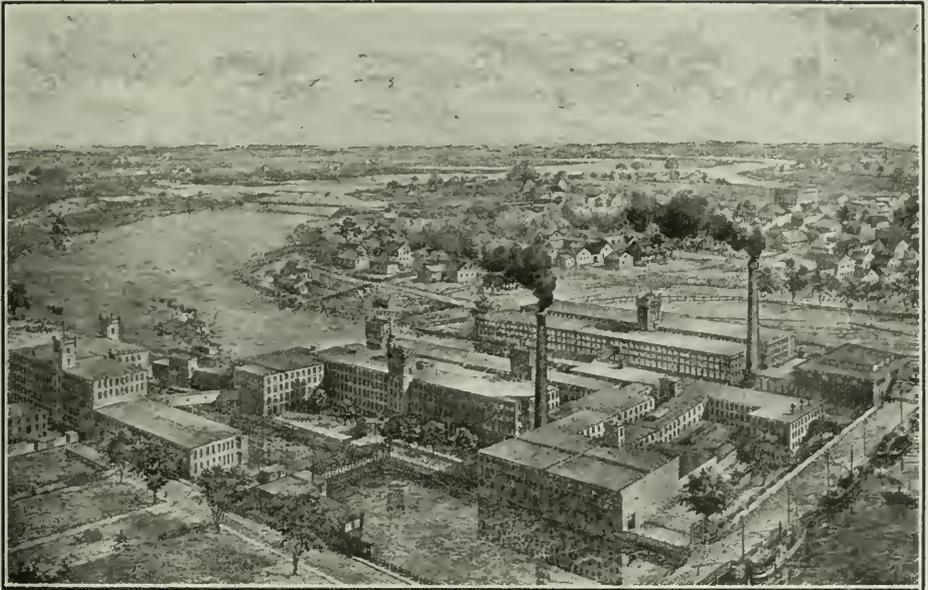
MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW
A GREAT CANADIAN VIOLINIST

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XIX

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No 6



THE DEVELOPMENT OF CANADIAN INDUSTRY
A HUGE COTTON MANUFACTURING PLANT AT VALLEE FIELD, QUE.

Canada's Struggle for Industrial Supremacy

By G. M. Murray

IT HAS been said of many a great movement that its earliest beginnings are shrouded in obscurity. Perhaps when the history of the Made in Canada movement comes to be written up a century hence some such statement will be made of it. It all depends upon what is meant by beginnings. If one is satisfied to look

upon the first organized plan of action as marking the beginning of the movement then the birth of the Made in Canada idea can be fixed almost with definiteness, but if, on the other hand, it is thought necessary to go beyond this stage, to trace back the idea in the abstract and to observe the extent to which the principle was prac-



A TWENTIETH CENTURY
A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ENORMOUS

tised by individuals on their own initiative without the promptings of an organization, then it may truly be said the beginnings of the Made in Canada movement are shrouded in obscurity.

The practice of the Made in Canada doctrine by individuals probably antedates the arrival in this country of the United Empire Loyalists. If it does not, we are at any rate safe in assuming that immediately after the War of Independence the spirit of loyalty and patriotism ran sufficiently high in Canada to constitute a serious obstacle to the sale of American goods.

But there is nothing to show that the phrase "Made in Canada" was in

use at so early a period in our history. On the contrary, it seems to be an adoption of the last ten years. More than likely it is a local adaptation of the "Made in Germany" cry about which such a curious story is told.

There was a time not so very many years ago when an article labelled "Made in Germany" had about as much chance in the English market as an article labeled "Prison Made." This was due partly to the fact that in the manufacture of their goods the Germans used to sacrifice quality to cheapness, and partly also to the fact that as a commercial and naval power

they were beginning to challenge the supremacy of Britain. If they had had any choice in the matter the Germans would probably have abandoned the phrase, but the customs regulations of England required all imported goods to be marked with the country of their origin. To meet the situation, the Germans began to use better material and to educate their artisan classes so as to permit



A CONTRASTING SCENE
THE FAMOUS OLD FORGE OF ST. MAURICE, NEAR
THREE RIVERS, QUE.



IRON AND STEEL PLANT.

WORKS OF THE DOMINION IRON AND STEEL CO. AT SYDNEY, N.S.

of the highest class of workmanship going into their goods. The result was that in a remarkably short space of time the articles they produced were of such merit that they commanded a ready sale in England, despite the sentiment against them. To-day the expression "Made in Germany" is synonymous with the best the world can produce.

The first definite use of the phrase "Made in Canada" as part of an organized campaign dates from the formation of the Canadian Industrial League in 1902. Although the operations of this League were more or less scattered and covered a period of only three years they were much more far-reaching in their effect than most people have any idea of. The campaign which the League conducted was mainly one of newspaper education, supplemented by Made in Canada Exhibitions, hangers and stickers, one of the latter bearing the well-known legend, "Keep your money in circulation at home by buying goods Made in Canada."

Members of this League were required to subscribe to the following undertaking:—

"I hereby agree to become a member of the Canadian Industrial League, and promise to support by my vote and influence the principle of Tariff Protection for Canadian farming, mining and manufacturing industries, the development of shipping facilities at Canadian ports, and their use in preference to foreign ports, the improvement of Canada's internal and external transportation facilities and Government regulation of railway rates, so that the products of farm and factory may be carried to con-



ANTIQUE METHODS

INTERIOR OF THE ST. MAURICE FORGE SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

sumers at home and abroad cheaply and with despatch. I also agree in making purchases to give the preference to articles "Made in Canada," when they are as cheap and as good as similar foreign products."

The above is interesting as showing the relation of the Made in Canada doctrine as conceived by its promoters to the Protectionist doctrine of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. It will be noted that each is the complement of the other. One defines the joint relation of our industries to the industries of foreign countries, the other defines the individual relation of our industries one to another. Protection is, as it were, our foreign industrial policy; "Made in Canada" our domestic industrial policy. Or, to put it briefly, loyalty to home industries is to be the domestic side of the tariff.

It is for this reason that the "Made in Canada" movement is sometimes referred to as our new national policy. Its advocates firmly believe that if rightly exploited it will eventually rival the great N.P. to which it has linked itself up. Whether it will or not remains to be seen, but the idea certainly seems to be capable of tremendous development, and under the guidance of a proper leader there is no reason why it should not revolutionize the industrial life of Canada just as its German counterpart has revolutionized the industrial life of Germany.

The "Made in Canada" doctrine bases its claim for recognition in the first instance on common ordinary pride. It seeks to inculcate into the mind of the average Canadian citizen a pride in his country, in its resources, its products and its institutions. It endeavors to inspire him with confidence in the future of his country, and to lead him to believe firmly in its ability to produce what will compare favorably with the best in the world.

For such pride there is no doubt ample justification. Our resources, both as regards quality and extent, are unsurpassed by those of any other

country. Our wheat, our timber, our pulp, our fish, our fruit and our dairy products are standard the world over. Indeed, one only needs to mention to a Canadian audience No. 1 Hard, British Columbia "toothpicks," Malpecques, Montreal Melon, Northern Spy, or any one of a hundred other native products, to realize that we are proud of our country, proud of what she yields us and proud of what she grows us.

Now the average Canadian is a man of some grit; he comes from a virile stock, and he has been reared in a vigorous climate. Compared with the average foreigner, he has as much native ability and can do as good a day's work, and since he has an abundance of raw material of the first quality to work upon, it naturally follows that he should be able to produce as good an article. Whether he is really doing so or not makes little difference to the argument—no one disputes the statement that he *can* if he tries, and once he gets the proper infusion of Canadian pride in his blood, once he is shamed into acknowledging the fact that the foreigner is outdoing him, he *will* try and *will* succeed.

Just here it should be emphasized that it is essentially a part of any comprehensive "Made in Canada" campaign to put the Canadian manufacturer and the Canadian workingman on their mettle, to apply to them the spur of emulation, so that they will bring their product at least up to the level, if not beyond the level, of the foreign product with which they have to compete. Our country is an exceedingly prosperous one. As our people grow richer they are getting better educated, they are becoming more discriminating in their tastes. They are no longer content to put up with cheap or inferior goods, but are calling for the best and insisting on having them. The advocate of "Made in Canada" principles recognizes this condition and endeavors to meet it by encouraging the production of high-

CANADA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY

class goods. He preaches the more careful selection of material, the adoption of better methods of manufacture, the use of modern and up-to-date machinery, and above all the employment of highly skilled help. The scarcity of thoroughly competent artisans is one of the most serious difficulties with which he is at present called upon to contend, but he knows that that difficulty can and will be removed by technical education, so, nothing daunted, he includes that subject as a part of his programme and keeps hammering away.

When the manufacturer, with the aid of his highly skilled workmen, has succeeded in imparting to his product some degree of style, of durability and all the other qualities that go to make up a first-class article, then, in the opin-

ion of the "Made in Canada" advocate, he is entitled to appeal to the Canadian public for a business preference, so long as he is willing to sell at a reasonable price. But not till then. The "Made in Canada" movement can never amount to anything so long as it appeals for support on purely sentimental grounds.

When international relations are strained, sentiment in business may sometimes count for a good deal, but at all other times it is the almighty dollar that rules. Given value for value, sentimental considerations may fairly be invoked to swing the decision one way or the other, but it is only when other things are equal that a right-thinking Canadian manufacturer should endeavor to bring this argument into play.



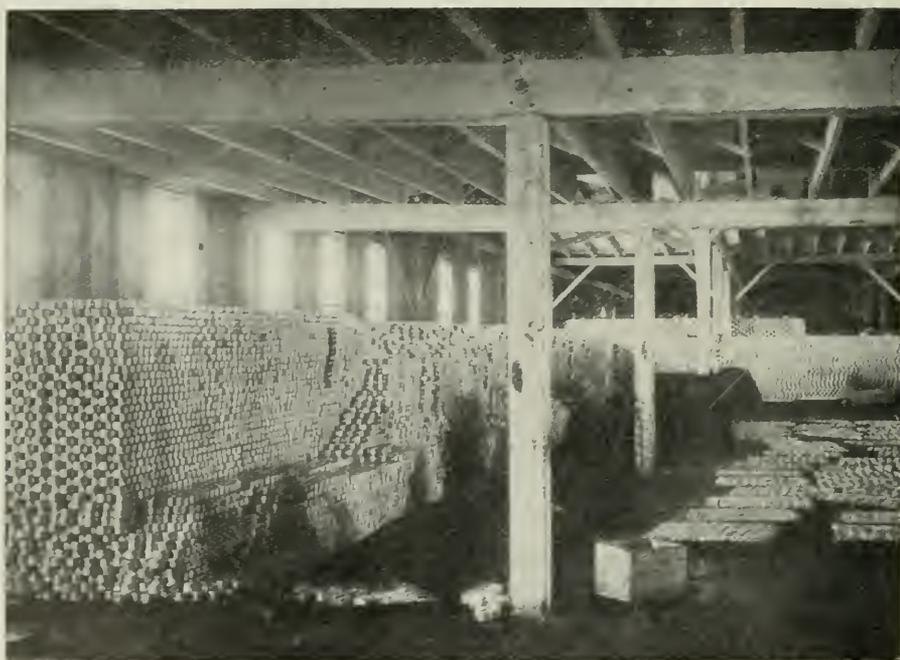
THE OLD—
PICTURESQUE WIND-MILL IN OLD ONTARIO



—AND THE NEW
GIGANTIC MODERN FLOUR MILL AND ELEVATOR AT FORT WILLIAM



RAW MATERIAL—
THOUSANDS OF SALMON FOR A BRITISH COLUMBIA CANNERY



—AND FINISHED PRODUCT
CANNED SALMON READY FOR SHIPMENT TO THE EAST.

The man who turns out a second-rate article at a long price, labels it "Made in Canada" and then endeavors to work upon the patriotic feelings of the Canadian consumer in order to effect a sale deserves no sympathy. On the contrary, he deserves condign punishment, for by so doing he neutralizes the efforts of those who are trying to lift the standard of Canadian made goods, he disturbs the confidence which the public are beginning to place in the merit of our product, and he damages our national reputation, both at home and abroad.

It is perhaps a hard thing to say, but it is true nevertheless, that a large part of the so-called tariff troubles which some manufacturers complain about are not tariff troubles at all, but simply troubles that come about as the result of trying to sell goods which people do not want to buy. These manufacturers have been leaning too heavily upon the tariff; they have been depending on the tariff to help them out of any and all difficulties, to cover up their multitude of sins. The "Made in Canada" idea properly explained to them would show them that they must do something for themselves, that they must make the goods for which there is a demand, make them at a price, and then let the people know by advertising that they have them for sale. The "Made in Canada" army will tolerate no sluggards in its camp; everyone must be a worker in the common cause of enhancing the country's reputation, and making it to be known as the workshop where people can get high-class goods, and value for their money.

But in working to this end there is another and perhaps more stubborn kind of opposition to be met with. It comes originally from a certain class of people who have a high opinion of themselves, who are more or less slaves of fashion and who think that nothing is good enough for them unless it comes from New York, or from London, or from Paris. To them Canadian-made suggests home-made, and of course anything home-made is

quite too common for their fastidious tastes. In catering to these people the retail trade have been forced into carrying imported lines, first one thing and then another. Naturally the retailer will not belittle a fad which is profitable to his business; on the contrary he encourages it, and he soon finds it an easy matter to persuade the understrapper who delights in aping the manners of his betters, to buy imported goods too. In the end all these people become thoroughly prejudiced against Canadian-made goods, and will flatly contradict anyone who is bold enough to suggest that they could get equal value and equal style in domestic goods.

Some two years ago a business man whom we shall call Mr. Brown went into a King street tailoring establishment in Toronto to look at some suitings. He asked for serges and was shown the usual assortment of English and Irish goods.

"Let me see your Canadian serges," he asked.

"Oh, we don't carry any Canadian serges" was the somewhat deprecating reply. "You see there is no demand for them, they are of such inferior quality."

"Well, I want a Canadian serge" answered Mr. Brown. "As to the quality, I am quite prepared to take chances on that. Can't you send out to the wholesale and get me some samples?"

"Well, really," answered the tailor hesitatingly, "I would like to oblige to sustain, and anyway I don't know a you, but you see we have a reputation single wholesaler in the city who carries Canadian serges."

"Do you want my order, or don't you" asked Mr. Brown curtly, "because if you do you will get some samples and send them over to my office." With that he turned on his heel and walked away.

In less than half an hour the tailor's clerk called with an assortment of samples, all Canadian serges, from which a selection was made and the order given.



THE OLD WAY —
SETTLERS OF THE OLDEN DAYS PLOUGHING WITH OXEN

A week later Brown was called over to try his suit on. The tailor received him with an apologetic smile and as he helped him into the coat he remarked — "That is a beautiful piece of goods, Mr. Brown, I must admit I had no idea such fine serges were made in this country?"

"Of course you didn't know," retorted Mr. Brown, "because you've been so eager to humor the whims of your customers that you wouldn't even take the trouble to look at the samples the travelers for Canadian houses brought around to show you. By the way, what are you going to charge me for this suit?"

"Well really, Mr. Brown," said the tailor, "I can't afford to give it to you for any less than that Irish serge. It costs me just as much."

"That's all right," said Brown, "it's just as good a cloth, isn't it?"

"Yes, it seems to be."

"Then it ought to be worth as much."

But the tailor's feelings were hurt. His dignity had been offended. He had been tripped up in a misstatement of fact when he had characterized Canadian serges as inferior, and he felt that in some way or other he must vindicate himself. So after a pause he hazarded another remark.

"There is just one thing about that serge, Mr. Brown, I'm afraid of. I don't believe it will keep its color."

"Time will tell" was all Brown vouchsafed in reply.

Eighteen months elapsed and again Mr. Brown found himself in the same establishment trying to pick out a suit. The tailor was all smiles.

"You haven't been patronizing us lately, Mr. Brown," he remarked by way of breaking the ice. "I must say, though, that you have been getting your clothes made by someone who seems to know his business. That is a nice piece of goods in the suit you have on."

"Yes," replied Brown with an air

CANADA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY

of absent-mindedness, "I can't say much for the fit, but the cloth is all right. That's the piece of Canadian serge you thought was going to fade. I have been wearing it ever since."

Whereupon Mr. Brown, the "Made in Canada" missionary, felt that he was entitled to mark down another convert to his credit.

Now it needs comparatively few men of this stamp, men with deep-set convictions and determination to get what they want, to swing the current of trade from foreign into domestic channels.

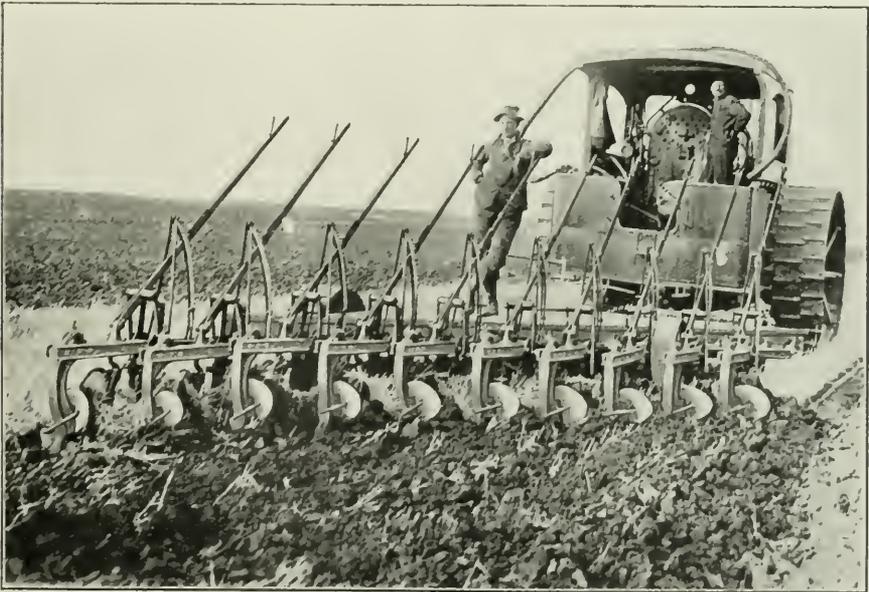
But, it will be asked, where are they to be found? We do not run across men every day who are willing to give themselves all kinds of trouble merely for the sake of gratifying a fad. No, perhaps not, but most men are amenable to reason; they will give a sound business proposition serious consideration, and if they can be shown that it is really to their interest to patronize Canadian industries and to give the preference in their purchases to Canadian-made products,

they will do so or else they will be forced to acknowledge themselves that they are weak-kneed fools.

The argument which is used most successfully in accomplishing this result has been very concisely expressed by the Canadian Manufacturers Association in one of a series of talks on Business Building recently issued to the retail trade. While it is directly pointed at the retailers, its application to every Canadian, no matter what his occupation may be, is quite apparent. This is how it reads in part:

"Abraham Lincoln was once discussing with some political friends the advisability of purchasing home-made goods in preference to those made abroad. This is how he put it: 'If we buy a ton of pig iron from England, we have the pig iron and England has the money; but if we make the pig iron for ourselves, we have the iron and the money too.'

"The foreign workingman who gets your money doesn't spend one cent in your store; he never brings any grist to the mill of the Canadian banker or



—AND THE MODERN WAY

A MADE-IN-CANADA ENGINE GANG PLOW IN OPERATION. SCORES OF THESE PLOWS ARE EXPORTED ANNUALLY FROM CANADA TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

the Canadian professional man; the factory that he works in, and that grows on your money, doesn't add one cent to the value of your real estate.

"The Canadian workingman on the other hand, spends his money over your counter. If he is thrown out of work, you lose business, if he has steady employment you hold your trade.

"If the factory he works in languishes for lack of orders, your real estate insensibly depreciates in value, but if the factory is kept running so busily that it has to be enlarged, the value of your holdings goes up."

Just to bring home the lesson here taught, it may be stated that during the last fiscal year there was imported into Canada nearly \$100,000,000 worth of goods of a class or kind that we might just as well have made ourselves. Now in the census of 1905 the average Canadian factory employe was credited with having turned out products to the value of about \$2,000 and with having received 23 per cent. of that amount in wages. On this basis therefore, assuming that we were suddenly to stop importing what we could make at home, we would at one stroke place 50,000 additional hands on our pay roll and distribute among them \$23,000,000 a year in wages. Allowing three dependents to each worker it would

mean an immediate increase of 200,000 in our population, to say nothing of the concomitant increase in store-keepers, bakers, gardeners, dairymen, professional men, and others whose services would be required in supplying the wants of this army of workers.

It only needs a few practical illustrations of this kind to open one's eyes to the limitless possibilities that await a systematically planned and persistently followed "Made in Canada" campaign. And there is reason to believe that such a campaign will shortly be inaugurated. The country seems to be ripe for it, business men seem disposed to accord it generous financial support and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has undertaken to start the ball rolling. Just what form the movement will take it is as yet difficult to say, but in all probability the advertising columns of the newspapers and magazines will be used freely for heart to heart talks to the consumer. From first to last it will be a campaign of education, education by means of literature, education by means of lectures, education by means of exhibitions. Those behind it are said to have set their heart on raising by subscription \$50,000 a year for at least five years. If they are successful in doing so, and conduct their campaign methodically and judiciously, their work will unquestionably mark the commencement of a new era in the history of Canadian industry.



One of Queen Victoria's Chaplains



REV. JAMES BARCLAY, D.D.

AMONG the striking figures in the Presbyterian Church in Canada is Rev. James Barclay, D.D., of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, who, during her lifetime, enjoyed the honor of being a personal friend of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. A native of Paisley, Scotland, where he was born in 1844, he was ordained in 1870, and before coming to Montreal in 1883, held several charges in Scotland, notably that of colleague to Dr. McGregor in St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. On several occasions he was called upon to preach before Her Majesty and, even after taking up his residence in Canada, he was summoned to cross the Atlantic to officiate before her. A loyal Briton, he became a devoted Canadian, and when the Rebellion broke out in 1885, he marched with the Garrison Artillery to the front as their chaplain. On the occasion of the celebration of his twenty-fifth year as pastor of St. Paul's, a notable gathering of the leading representatives of every Christian denomination in Canada took place. Handsome gifts were made, among the most notable of which was a letter from Lord Mount Stephen, asking the acceptance of securities to the value of \$75,325, as a personal testimonial to his former pastor. Dr. Barclay recently intimated his desire to retire from the active work of the ministry, but he has been induced to withhold his resignation until next fall.

A Canadian Authority on Government



PROFESSOR W. BENNETT MUNRO

AMONG the sons of the Dominion, who are making for themselves an international reputation, is William Bennett Munro, assistant Professor of Government in Harvard University. Professor Munro has had a distinguished academic career and has already written several books on government. He was born in Almonte in 1875 and is still attached to the place of his birth, for he has a summer home there, where he manages to spend a pleasant month or so in each year's vacation period. His education was secured at the Almonte High School and Queen's University, where he graduated in 1896. He pursued post graduate studies at the University of Edinburgh, Harvard University and the University of Berlin, and is now Assistant Professor of Government in Harvard. His first book, "The Seigniorial System in Canada," appeared in 1907. The following year he issued, through the Champlain Society, "Documents Relating to Seigniorial Tenure." "The Government of European Cities" appeared last year and was highly commended by the critics, and this year will see the publication of his new book on "The Government of American Cities."

The Head of a Great Fraternal Order



ELLIOTT G. STEVENSON

GREAT occasions bring strong men to the front. Had it not been for the investigation of the Insurance Commission in Canada three years ago and the recent libel suit entered by a leading politician against the editor of an influential Canadian newspaper, the wonderful grasp and comprehensive knowledge which Mr. Elliott G. Stevenson has of the complex affairs of an almost world-wide fraternal organization might never have been known beyond the pale of the order. Even proverbial judicial restraint was for the moment forgotten, as the court paid tribute to the Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters, for his impartial attitude, strict probity and high business ideals. Mr. Stevenson is a native of Middlesex County, Ontario, and, as a resident of Detroit, has long been one of the ablest lawyers in Michigan, standing at the head of his profession. While he receives a salary of \$15,000 as Supreme Chief Ranger of the I. O. F., it is not generally known that he has sacrificed a legal practice, which netted him thrice this sum, to carry on the work of his illustrious predecessor, Dr. Oronhyatekha. Mr. Stevenson is another example of an active, brainy Canadian who has "made good." His first job was teaching a rural school near Strathroy, Ont., at \$300 a year.

A Signaller with an Observant Eye



JAMES O. FAGAN

TO be by occupation a humble signaller in a tower on the Boston & Maine Railroad in Cambridge, Mass., and yet to be on intimate terms with university authorities, railroad kings, and even the President himself, is a contrast, which may seem impossible, but yet is absolutely true in the case of James O. Fagan. Mr. Fagan came into prominence simply as the result of being a little more observant and thoughtful than the average railroad employe. Born at Inverness, Scotland, fifty years ago, he drifted around the world for several years, until he entered the service of the Boston & Lowell Railroad in 1881 as telegraph operator. For twenty-two years he has been stationed in a signal-tower at Cambridge, but instead of becoming an automaton, Mr. Fagan kept his eyes open and from his small corner made a very unusual study of railroading, economics and sociology in general. These results he put into writing and one day entered the office of the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly and submitted his composition to the learned editors of that most literary of all American magazines. The editors were astonished and promptly accepted his work, "The Confessions of a Railroad Signaller." The publication of this series attracted widespread attention, and, as a result, Mr. Fagan was invited to the White House, requested to lecture at Harvard University, and to speak before many railroad clubs and other organizations.



THE LILIAN MASSEY SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE SPLENDID NEW ADDITION TO THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S EQUIPMENT AND ANOTHER OF THE DONATIONS OF THE MASSEY ESTATE

Impecuniosity of Canada's Rich Men

By

Arthur Conrad

"One of the stingiest men of the day! His contributions to charity and philanthropic schemes are so small as to be almost ludicrous for a man of his wealth."

The speaker, an architect of my acquaintance, had been indulging in a wholesale condemnation of a group of Canada's wealthiest manufacturers, whilst we smoked an after-dinner cigar at the club.

My friend is naturally of a grouchy disposition and so long as he levelled his sarcasm at men outside my own limited circle of acquaintance, I was content to let him talk, half-believing and half-disbelieving his statements. It is oftentimes amusing to listen to the diatribes of such a man.

But when he suddenly veered around and, in the terms I have set down, proceeded to demolish the reputation of a man I knew and esteemed, I at once took the defensive. How often are we content to listen passive-

ly to attacks on men we do not know, while we are so keen to take up the cudgels for our friends, and yet the former are probably quite as deserving of our support as the latter.

"One of the stingiest men of the day!"

That was surely a hard statement to make, and yet might there not be some ground for such an accusation, considering the matter from the outside? In vindicating my friend, as I hope I did completely and finally, this question came forcibly to my mind. There are probably hundreds of men throughout Canada who have to bear the brand of parsimony, who are, by force of circumstances, compelled to be something quite the reverse of what they really are by nature.

A business man, who has gone through the hard and oftentimes bitter experience of building up a big industry, knows well what it means to be money-poor. But the great pub-



MACDONALD HALL, GUELPH
THE HANDSOME RESIDENCE FOR THE STUDENTS AT THE MACDONALD
INSTITUTE, THE GIFT OF SIR WM. MACDONALD

lic, accustomed to judge solely by externals, cannot understand this. They see the huge factory, the army of workmen, the high-salaried heads of departments, and from these outward signs they deduce that the manufacturer himself is rolling in wealth, his pockets full of greenbacks, his bank account overflowing. Nor can the public well be blamed for this deduction. Does not a Carnegie build and endow princely libraries out of the profits of a steel industry? Does not a Sir William Macdonald erect splendid college buildings out of a tobacco industry? Why should not other manufacturers do as much in comparison?

The answer is simply this: neither of these benefactors of the race are at the present time actively concerned with building up an industry. Their days of struggle are over. They have succeeded and having brought their business up to the point aimed at, they are now in a position to draw from it the funds necessary to carry on their philanthropies.

Possibly the case of the Massey bequests will serve to illustrate this point. The late Hart A. Massey for many years had to bear the reproach of the parsimonious. He was maligned right and left as a miserly man. To applica-

tion after application and appeal after appeal he turned a deaf ear. The churches were ready to curse him; the university to abuse him. He simply did not rise to the occasion as everybody believed he ought to do, and as nearly everybody thought he could do, if he wanted to.

But there was at least one man, who was a little wiser than the rest. He knew Mr. Massey, and he understood the situation. That was the late Dr. Potts, the agent for the Methodist Church. Dr. Potts was aware that it wasn't inclination that deterred the great manufacturer from giving, that he was as anxious to forward the cause of his church as any other man. He was simply money-poor. All his much-maligned wealth was tied up in his business.

So Dr. Potts watched the situation and kept in touch with Mr. Massey.

One day, the clerks in one of the Toronto banks were surprised to see the dignified agent of the Methodist Church come rushing into the bank with unwonted haste. He held in his hand a cheque for a large figure, signed by Hart A. Massey. Hastily slipping it through to the ledger-keeper, he exclaimed, "I want that cheque accepted at once, before the balance disappears." And that contribution was



THE MACDONALD INSTITUTE, GUELPH

THE BUILDING ERECTED BY SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD OF MONTREAL TO ACCOMMODATE THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES AT THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

the beginning of a series of princely benefactions, which have been continued since Mr. Massey's death, by the trustees of his estate, and which have just culminated in a splendid gift of new buildings to the University of Toronto.

The objective which Mr. Massey had in view justified the means. Had he given generously during the period of business-building, even if that had

been possible, he might have enjoyed a better reputation, but he would certainly have reduced the ultimate amount available for philanthropic work.

The manufacturer himself is often proportionally the smallest salaried official in the factory. Many a manufacturer is content to draw a modest income from the industry in which he is engaged, just that it may become



ANNESLEY HALL

ERECTED AND GIVEN BY MRS. MASSEY TO VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, AS A RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS

stronger. He is willing to pay high salaries to salesmen and department managers and to raise mechanics' wages to the maximum, without claiming an extra cent himself. He is, of course, working for the ultimate good of the industry, believing that later on he will be rewarded for his renunciation. But in the meantime he has not only to put up with inadequate returns, but he has also to bear the reproaches of the crowd of agents and collectors, and sometimes his own employes, who think he is in a position to give large sums to charity, when he is not.

The attitude of the man or organization which seeks to draw money from the wealthy men of the country is oftentimes an extraordinary one. Apart from their misunderstanding of the rich man's motives and their consequent accusations of penuriousness, which to a certain extent are natural, when the exact circumstances of the case are not known, their treatment of these men, when they do give money and are in a position to repeat their gifts from time to time, is frequently not less surprising. They seem

to take it for granted that these gifts are always available and from acting as humble suppliants for assistance, they turn into dictators of what should be given and to what purpose it should be assigned. If such a course of action arouses resentment it is not to be wondered at, and if the rich man diverts his gifts into other directions, these people have only themselves to blame for it.

The path of the rich man is by no means a bed of roses. The public seem to forget his services to the country in building up industry, in providing employment for hundreds or thousands of artisans, in conserving national resources and in opening up new channels of trade, and think only of his outward personal attitude toward philanthropic movements. In judging a man, all these considerations should be included, and it is not fair to the manufacturers and big business men of Canada that they should be compelled to bear the brand of parsimony, without having all the circumstances of the case weighed and taken into account.



MEN'S RESIDENCES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

THESE COMPRISE THREE BUILDINGS, VALUED AT \$150,000, OF WHICH ONE WAS GIVEN BY E. C. WHITNEY OF OTTAWA, BROTHER OF THE PREMIER OF ONTARIO

Red Rubber

An Absorbing Story of the Machinations of a Belgian Baron on the Congo and in London, and of the Retributive Justice which Coverley Gutch Metes Out to Him

By Paul Urquhart

MARY Grindley had once smiled at Coverley Gutch, and her brother, Frank, had taken it into his head to try his luck in the Congo—a step largely accounted for by his want of luck at home, and the general feeling that prevailed among his family and his friends that the Congo was as good a burial-place for a man as any other in the world, seeing that there not only the register of his decease, but anything in the shape of an obituary notice, might be dispensed with—and these two facts, woven together into the web of fate, were responsible for the extraordinary interest that Gutch suddenly showed in the shares of the Rubber Development Company.

Had not the smile from that lovely, English face made a deep impression on his susceptible heart, it is quite possible that the fate of Frank Grindley would have left him more or less unmoved, for Mary's brother was not exactly the kind of man to imbue anybody, least of all Coverley Gutch, with any particular interest. A feeble course of drinking, betting, and borrowing, accompanied by certain dubious commercial transactions had made his departure from England a matter of considerable satisfaction to everybody who knew him. His subsequent fate was known only to a distinguished Bel-

gian nobleman, Baron Laroche, who had, as a matter of fact, shot him out of hand for his maudlin objection to the Baron's evangelising and civilising methods.

What those methods were, Frank had informed his sister; and their success, as exemplified by the prosperity of the Rubber Development Company, and the honor conferred upon Laroche—previously an undesirable who had been given thirty days in which to clear out of his native country with the alternative of a cell in the State prison—was beyond question. The natives who, prior to the concession of their land to the company, had been lazy and indolent, had been electrified into hard working, careful living, and industrious beings, and, though the population had shown an extraordinary decrease, and the number of the halt and maimed a surprising increase, the prosperity of the Rubber Development Company was a by-word in all the exchanges in Europe.

The news was conveyed to Gutch in a letter from Mary, which reached him at his office, and as he read it, with his long legs stretched out on his desk, he whistled solemnly the opening bars of Chopin's Funeral March.

George Walker, who was engaged in what he called "teasing" a few blades of wheat into justifying his

master's whole-hearted faith in his skill as an intensive culturist, carefully readjusted the glass top of one of the boxes which filled the window sills of the office, and turned a questioning face in the direction of Coverley Gutch.

"Bad news?" he queried.

Gutch read the letter to the end before he answered.

"Know anything about the Congo, George?" he said, inconsequently.

Walker shook his head. Geography was not his strong point.

"It's of no consequence in the world," continued Gutch, fingering his flaming, spotted tie. "It's a country in Africa—nice sort of place somewhere about the equator. Niggers and rubber and things, you know. Strange kind of hole, where the blacks, I'm given to understand, decrease in proportion to the consumption of the natural products of the country. But that's not the point—ab-so-lute-ly not."

Walker preserved an appearance so stolid as to suggest that he was training for a living statuary performance at the music-halls. Gutch looked round at him over his shoulder.

"Oh, you are listening; you're not asleep. Just see if you can find the name of his Most Eminent Excellency the Baron Laroche in the Directors' Guide."

While Walker turned over the pages of the volume in search of the particulars he had been asked for, Coverley Gutch gave his attention once again to the letter from Mary Grindley and the enclosure which had accompanied it.

Briefly, that letter narrated certain facts concerning Frank Grindley's three years' experience in the Congo. He had obtained, after knocking about in various positions, a junior District Commissionership in the south central portion of the Congo, in a corner between Portuguese West Africa and Rhodesia. There he had struck a virgin rubber

forest, and, backed by ten thousand pounds of his father's money, had secured a concession embracing this forest. The formal authority, a portentous document decorated with the royal coat of arms, he had forwarded to England, and it now lay upon the desk in front of Coverley Gutch.

It had been Frank's idea to float a company in London for the proper development of the concession. For weeks his letters had been full of the scheme, full also of the arrival of a great official from Brussels, the Baron Laroche, who was supposed to be touring the country in the interests of the natives. The sequence of letters from Frank Grindley related how a rupture had taken place between himself and the Baron on the subject of the latter's treatment of the blacks. The very last letter described a violent scene, in which the two men had almost come to blows. Then the correspondence had abruptly ceased, and not a word more had been heard from Frank Grindley. For eighteen months a lingering hope had remained in the minds of his family that news would be heard of him; but all their inquiries proved futile, and now they had given him up as dead.

After relating these facts, Mary Grindley went on to implore Coverley Gutch's assistance. He was the only man of her acquaintance, she said, to whom she could turn; her father, fearful lest Frank might have disgraced himself again, had refused to pursue his investigations, and it was left to Mary, his only surviving child, to avenge the wrong, if wrong had been done to her brother. Would Mr. Gutch, she wrote, try and ascertain the value of the property mentioned in the enclosed document, and further, find out some particulars for her regarding the Baron Laroche?

"Here you are, Mr. Gutch," said Walker, interrupting his meditations, and pointing with a big, broad thumb to a paragraph in the volume

he had in his hands, “yon’s chap you mentioned.”

Gutch read through the list of companies with which Laroche was concerned. His enterprises in the field of commerce were of a variegated sort, from beet-sugar to Hungarian timber. There was only one of the companies of which he was director whose operations were connected with the Congo, and that was the Rubber Development Company. Taking his legs off the desk, Gutch rose lazily from his chair, and, crossing the room to a file cabinet, took out from one of the drawers the prospectus, of the Rubber Development Company. He read it through carefully, and then, with a puzzled look on his face, took up the document Mary Grindley had sent him. Leaning over his desk, he looked from the document to the prospectus and back again. Suddenly he stood erect, and, plunging his hands deep into his trousers pockets, began whistling the March from “Athalie.” He pulled up in front of Walker and eyed him gravely for a moment, as if his continued existence was a matter for surprise.

“George,” he said at last, “have you ever known a Belgian baron?”

“Nay,” retorted Walker, gruffly, “I don’t hold with them foreigners.”

“Well, I’m going to make the acquaintance of one before many days are out — that’s certain, ab-so-lutely.”

He looked at his watch. It was half-past eleven. Without troubling about his hat, he passed out of his office and made his way across the street into the “House.” There he calmly sold fifty thousand “devils,” as the Rubber Development shares were called, at a premium of $1\frac{1}{2}$, and then went leisurely, with a good-natured smile upon his face, to his lunch.

II.

As Baron Laroche sat opposite his wife the following morning, combin-

ing the business of eating his petit dejeuner and reading his favorite financial paper, he suddenly gave an exclamation of surprise, and his face assumed so angry and so ferocious an appearance that his wife committed the unusual indiscretion of asking what was the matter.

“It is nothing,” said the Baron, with an assumption of indifference. “It is a lie of these papers, but it is nothing, nothing.”

He repeated the phrase twice. It was one which had won him a certain amount of celebrity. With a cigarette between his lips, and the air of a grand seigneur, he dismissed lightly all sorts of reflections on his conduct as an official with those same words, “It is nothing.” Somehow or other, on this occasion they did not seem to carry the same conviction, even to himself. He grew angrier and angrier, and at last, in an explosive fury, jumped from his seat and rushed to the telephone. In a few moments his flat in Kensington had been placed in connection with the office of the Financial Chronicle.

“Yes, yes. I’m Baron Laroche. This report in your paper that the Rubber Development Company has no title to the property in the Congo — it is scandalous. It is a most serious business. If it is not contradicted I must place the matter in the hands of my solicitors. What is that you say? — you had it on good authority? Who is the authority, I should like to know? Your representative had it from Mr. — who? — Mr. Coverley Gutch, of the Stock Exchange, eh? I will see this Mr. Gutch, and I will consider what steps are necessary to protect the interests of the company. And his address?”

He made a note of the address on his shirt-cuff, and then banged down the receiver, tempestuously.

“It is nothing,” he muttered to himself, ignoring the existence of his wife, and striding up and down

the room, stroking his imperial and garing ferociously at the carpet, "it is a blague, but all the same I will see this Coverley Gutch—yes, I will see him at once."

He rang the bell for his valet, and, dressing himself with particular care, sallied out to the motor-brougham, which had been got ready at his hasty summons. When he ultimately knocked at the door of Coverley Gutch's office, he was a calm, dignified, almost distinguished-looking foreigner, with the authoritative air of a field-marshal.

"What dost tha want?" was Walker's greeting, as he opened the door.

"I am Baron Laroche. There is my card. I wish to see Mr. Coverley Gutch—at once."

He waited for Walker to hurry away at his command. To his surprise, the Yorkshireman examined the card with a care and deliberation which seemed to suggest that he thought the piece of paste-board a forgery and his visitor a suspicious character.

"Tha mon bide a bit; Mr. Gutch is in't 'House.'"

Though the Baron spoke English perfectly, he had some difficulty in following Walker's dialect.

"If Mr. Gutch is in the 'House,' kindly send for him. My business is urgent."

"Happen!" retorted Walker with non-committal lethargy.

How much longer the exasperated Baron might have had to bear Walker's stolid indifference to the importance of his business, it is difficult to say, but a further trial of his temper was obviated by the arrival of Coverley Gutch himself, whistling Schubert's Serenade.

"Ah! Baron Laroche," he said, looking at the card he took from Walker. "I was expecting you."

"Take any interest in intensified culture, Baron?" he asked as he closed the door of his office. "Some in-

teresting examples here. Growing more wheat in a square foot than you can get in a square yard under the ordinary system—ab-so-lute-ly.

Baron Laroche interrupted angrily.

"Your wheat is nothing to me. I have come here about the report in the Financial Chronicle, for which, I understand, you are responsible, concerning the Rubber Development Company."

Gutch suppressed with difficulty a craving to whistle.

"I told the Chronicle people to tell you I had given them the information," he said, blandly smiling, "it has had a tremendous effect on the market. 'Devils' have fallen a whole point this morning."

He thrust his long arms deep into his trousers pockets and looked good-naturedly at the Baron, as if he were convinced the news must have an inspiring effect on his temper. The Baron glowered back at him with ferocious indignation.

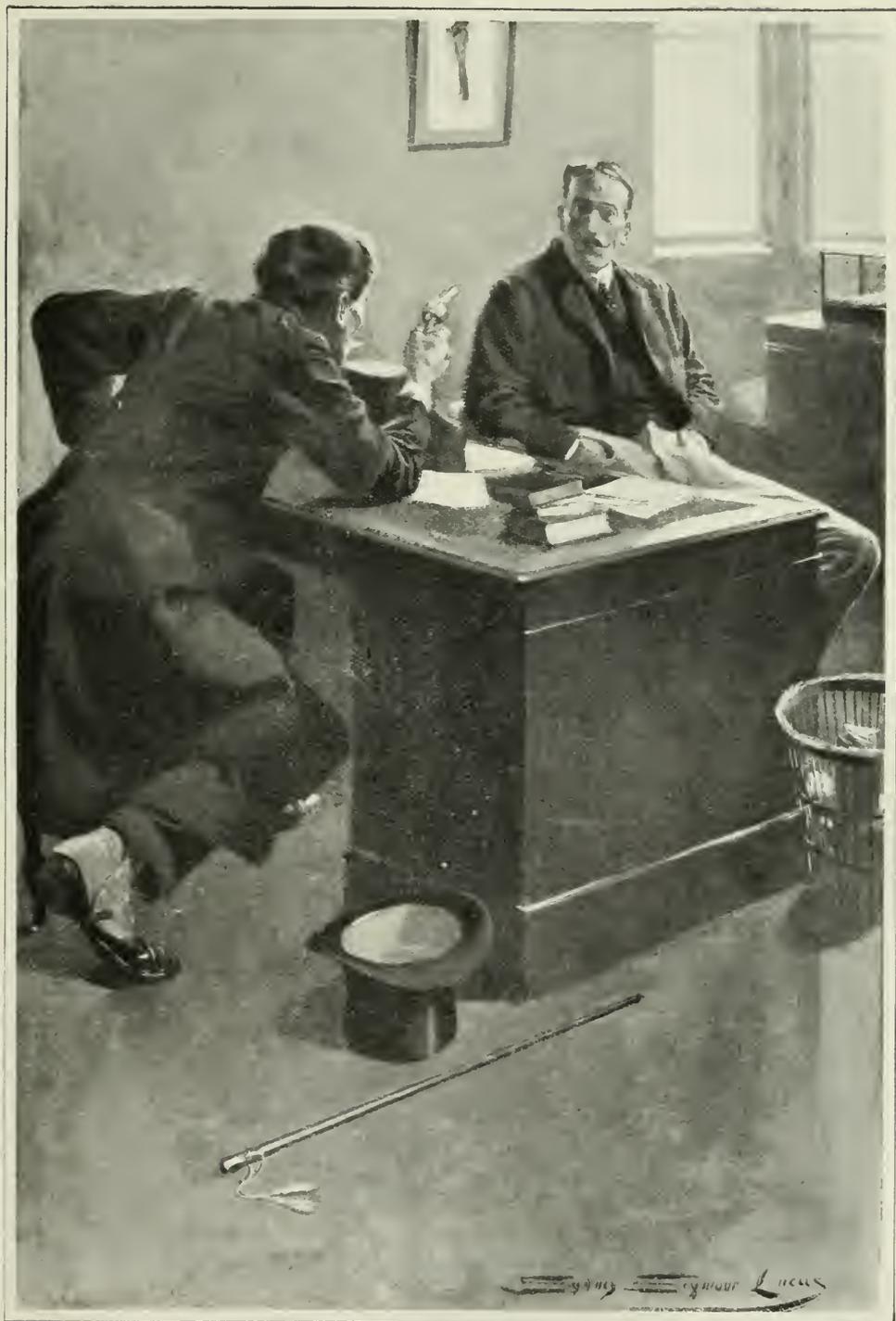
"You put in this false report, and then you have the impudence to tell me that."

"Ab-so-lute-ly, Baron," retorted Gutch serenely. "I am 'bearing' 'Devils,' you see."

With a supreme effort the Baron recovered that air of authoritative dignity for which he was famous. He calmly took a seat at the desk facing Gutch.

"Very well," he said, tapping off the points with his gloved fingers. "You are 'bearing' these shares, and you secure the insertion of this false and scandalous report in the Financial Chronicle to insure depreciation of the shares. You make this gross charge without a shadow of proof. I shall report the matter to the committee of the 'House.'"

"My boy," retorted Gutch, with the grin of a schoolboy, "you could n't do anything I should like better. They shall have the authority for my statement whenever they wish it."



(Drawn by Sydney Seymour Lucas)

"HE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING DOWN THE GLITTERING BARREL."

"And who is your authority?"

"Mr. Frank Grindley, to whom the concession was made in the first instance."

"That is a lie," retorted the Baron, slowly, "for your Mr. Grindley has been dead, now, over eighteen months."

"Ah, you know that?" questioned Gutch eagerly, leaning across the desk.

The Baron stroked his grey imperial.

"Certainly, I saw him die—of a stroke. So your pretty little story tumbles to the ground, Mr. Coverley Gutch."

"Coverley—not Coverley—Baron. As for the proof of my statement, I have the original document granting Mr. Frank Grindley the concession in consideration of ten thousand pounds and the usual royalty. Also I have a collection of charming anecdotes—ab-so-lute-ly charming—about your Excellency, which I shall publish from time to time, unless we can come to terms, Baron."

The Baron's brows contracted, and his eyes narrowed.

"Your silly threats, they are nothing, but if you have any such forged document, you will give it me, please—now."

He spoke emphatically, as one with authority, his eyes fixed on Gutch. Gutch leant back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"Don't, Baron, you're too funny—ab-so-lute-ly too funny."

He closed his eyes in the exquisiteness of his enjoyment. When he opened them again, he found himself looking down the glittering barrel of a revolver.

"You will give me those papers, please," said the Baron, watching Gutch closely, the hand which held the revolver as steady as a rock.

"This is not the Congo, Baron," Gutch said calmly, not a sign of

nervousness escaping him. "You are qualifying yourself for a stretch on the gallows."

"That is nothing. You are trying to ruin me. You will give me the document or I fire."

With his right foot Gutch rang the bell that was hidden in the carpet beneath his desk.

"The document is the property of Mr. Frank Grindley's sister, and so I certainly shall not give it to you. I should put that toy away, Baron; it might go off."

The glass door behind the unconscious Baron opened softly.

"I will count ten, Mr. Coverley Gutch, and if you do not give me the papers before then, I will fire. One—two——"

Suddenly a huge hand closed upon the Baron's right wrist. The revolver was wrenched from his grasp as if he had been an infant, and, before he could utter a word, he was lifted out of the chair and flung on the ground.

"That'll do, George," said Gutch, still calmly sitting at his desk, "let him get up. I wish you good-day, Baron. Our interview has been most interesting. The little dispute between us I'll settle in my own way without calling in the police. George, show His Excellency out."

III.

On the evening of the same day, Coverley Gutch, having concluded his business in the city, by buying twice the number of "Devils" he had sold, motored out from his house at Hendon to the old manor which belonged to the Grindleys, some five miles from Rickmansworth. It was nine o'clock as he passed the lodge gates. Half-way up the long drive, he saw a familiar figure, walking rapidly towards him.

"Mr. Grindley," he called out, stopping his car. "I was just coming up to see you."

Dazzled by the glare of the acetylene lamps, Mr. Grindley was unable to distinguish his visitor.

“Who is that?” he asked in a shaky voice.

“Coverley Gutch. Ought to know me after all these years, Mr. Grindley,” said Gutch, getting out of the car and going up to the side of the old gentleman, with whom he had been intimate ever since he had received his first tip from him at school.

Mr. Grindley was in evening dress, and without a hat, and his face showed signs of great agitation. “Thank God it is you, my boy,” he said warmly, taking Gutch’s hand. “I can speak to you and perhaps you can help me.”

“Rather! But what on earth’s the matter?”

“It’s about Frank, my poor boy. He’s come back. God knows what disgrace there is this time.”

“Frank come back! Why——”

Gutch stopped himself abruptly.

“I found it out by chance. We had some friends up to dinner and bridge. About a quarter of an hour ago I missed Mary. It was awkward, because, since my dear wife’s death, she has had to act the part of hostess. I made inquiries among the servants, and one of them brought me this letter, picked up in Mary’s room.”

With a shaking hand he held out a crumpled piece of paper. Taking it, Gutch bent over the lamp and read what was written there.

“Dear Mary.—I’ve come back, but I’m in a deuce of a hole and don’t like to face the old man. Will you meet me without fail, in Lark’s Avenue, at 9.30 tonight? Don’t fail me.—Frank.”

“I don’t know what to do,” exclaimed Mr. Grindley. “I thought I would just go to the lodge to see if I could see Mary, but I can’t leave my guests without an explanation. Will you go, Coverley, and see my poor boy? I can trust you;

find out what is the matter, and do whatever is necessary. Save me from any further disgrace, if you can.”

Coverley Gutch swung himself into the car.

“You go home, Mr. Grindley,” he said. “I’ll see everything’s all right.”

He turned the car and sped quickly back down the drive. As he passed the lodge gates again, he turned to Walker.

“George, you heard what Mr. Grindley said. There’s something wrong here, ab-so-lute-ly. Frank Grindley can’t have come back.”

“Why?” retorted Walker, with his usual monosyllabic brevity.

“Because he’s dead!”

Lark’s Avenue is a pathway about half a mile long, cut through a magnificent beech wood. Leaving the car at the little inn hard by, Gutch and Walker picked their way in the moonlight across the grass. As they entered the Avenue they were enveloped in darkness. Not a thing could be seen beneath the thick leafy arch of the trees. Behind them the light of the inn seemed to shine almost with the glare of Regent St. They moved forward a few paces into the impenetrable blackness and then stopped. From what seemed a long distance off, they heard a faint cry. Both men broke into a run at the sound, stumbling about among the trees and tripping over the bared roots. After a minute of this sort of progress they came to a halt, hopelessly lost and thoroughly confused as to their whereabouts. Suddenly out of the darkness they heard voices, speaking in whispers, quite near to them.

“Hist, monsieur, somebody is coming.”

For a few seconds dead silence reigned in the wood; then a voice, familiar to Gutch, spoke.

“The devil take her obstinacy! We must carry her to the car.”

There was a rustle of dried leaves and the cracking of twigs, and then the sound of hard breathing coming nearer. Indistinctly, through the blackness, two figures appeared.

There was a sound of something dropped, and the light scuttering of feet as Gutch clutched out into the darkness. His hands closed vise-like, on the arm of a man.

"Strike a light, George. Never mind the other man."

A little spurt of flame cast a yellow circle on the screen of darkness, illuminating the grey silver trunk of a gigantic beech tree, at the foot of which lay the figure of a woman, with a handkerchief tightly bound round her mouth. Gutch pushed forward the man he held so that he could see his face.

"Baron Laroche! I thought so—ab-so-lute-ly. George, hold his Excellency a moment, while I attend to Miss Grindley."

Handing over his captive, he went down on his knees and gently loosened the handkerchief which was bound round the girl's face.

"It's all right, Miss Grindley, it's I—Coverley Gutch. Try and tell us what's happened."

A perplexed look passed over the girl's face. She smiled faintly at Gutch and then knit her brows as if to collect her thoughts.

"I thought it was Frank, but it was Baron Laroche. He told me Frank was dead, and he wanted to force me to get back that concession paper from you. When I refused, he seized hold of my arm and threatened me, and I think I must have fainted."

"Right you are, Miss Grindley, I'll settle with the Baron. Now, you try and walk. Your father's fearfully anxious about you. George, bring along his Serene Eminence."

He helped Miss Grindley to her feet, and slowly conducted her down the Avenue again, through the field, to his car. Leaving George to stand

sentry over the Baron, he drove her back to the house. What exactly passed between them on the way, Gutch never breathed to anyone, but when he returned once more to the place where he had left Walker and his prisoner, he was in the wildest spirits.

"You are going to give me to the police?" stuttered the Baron, as Walker forced him into a seat.

"No, Baron. That's not my way. I'm going to have a little talk and do a little business when we get back to my place."

Gutch's little talk, which took place between midnight and two in the morning, was a rather one-sided affair. He did most of the talking, and the Baron answered in muttered monosyllables. In the end his Excellency signed a cheque payable to Mr. Grindley for fifteen thousand pounds, being the ten thousand pounds, plus interest, paid by Frank Grindley for his concession, and appended his signature to a transfer by which he made over all his shares in the Rubber Development Company to Mary Grindley.

"This is highly illegal, Baron—ab-so-lute-ly," said Gutch, at the conclusion of these transactions. It's compounding a felony and all that kind of thing, but it's a more satisfactory way for all parties concerned than draining bogs at Princetown."

Two days later, an announcement in the Financial Chronicle, stating that the difficulty which had arisen over the title of the Rubber Development Company to their concession had been settled, had an inspiring effect on the market. "Devils" rose again to a premium of 1½, at which figure Gutch sold his hundred thousand shares.

Four days later Baron Laroche hastened to take his departure from London for his native country—a poorer, and, perhaps, a wiser man. As for Mary Grindley, that is another story.



A GREAT CANADIAN VIOLINIST



KATHLEEN PARLOW

By

F. M. Atkinson

WHEN a little girl of fourteen years, Kathleen Parlow, arrived in London four years ago, and won from the keenest and wisest critics high praise for her violin playing, it was only natural to expect that the child-prodigy would mature with years and study and training into a great violinist. And we have not been disappointed. Her

tone is marvellous, her technique masterly, and her emotional interpretation adequate and individual. In short, at nineteen years of age the little girl from Canada is one of the greatest living woman-violinists, and takes a place among the very foremost players of either sex.

When I went to see Miss Parlow I found her established in rooms in

artistic Hampstead, where so many painters and musicians congregate in London. She had just completed a round of concerts in the provinces, and though her drawingroom was pleasant enough, Miss Parlow could not help regretting, while chatting with me, that she is too much a bird of passage to have a real home of her own in London—at anyrate just now.

“Tell me something about your early days in Canada.” I said, as soon as we had settled down informally to the business of interviewer and interviewee.

“I was born in Calgary, Alberta. I am afraid I cannot tell you much more than that about my early days in Canada. You see I was almost a baby—only five and a half—when we left to go to San Francisco. My first ambition was to learn to read; and I mastered the A. B. C. part of it in Canada, at four years old.”

Then Miss Parlow went on to tell how her taste for music was born and developed—“As a little thing, though I could recite both poetry and prose, I could not sing at all. But my mother played the violin, and also my cousin, Mr. F. J. Conrad, who is very well known in San Francisco as a violin teacher. I used to watch them both play, listening intently the while. By and by I became fascinated with the instrument, and thought how lovely it would be “to play like mother.”

“At this time I had a tiny fiddle given to me. I had seen it in a toyshop, and had set my heart upon having it for my very own—” (Miss Parlow was an only child, and delicate: she got what she wanted). “That was the beginning. My mother taught me how to use the instrument, and was so pleased with my progress that she promised I should have lessons from my cousin, who taught quite big people. This was, of course, a very important

event for a little girl of barely six years old.

“After six weeks' hard practice, I gained what is known as a positive pitch. Not many months later I made my first public appearance in San Francisco; and at seven I gave my first recital there.”

Beside me is a programme of the little girl's first recital. It bears a picture of a quaint, laughing, little child, with long curls—not a bit like the tall Kathleen Parlow of today, whose hair, then fair, is now quite dark brown, and whose pleasing face is full of depth and character. The announcement on this programme runs as follows:

Thursday evening, Sept. 15th, 1898.
LITTLE KATHLEEN PARLOW
The wonderful 7-year-old Violin Virtuoso, assisted by the Press
Club Quartette.

The child played four solos, and made a tremendous impression.

From Mr. F. J. Conrad's excellent tuition, Miss Parlow, passed to Mr. Henry Holmes, with whom she studied for four years, touring in the meantime in California, as a prodigy, and always under the wing of her mother. By this time she was a tall, slim, fragile girl of about fourteen, and it was decided that she should come to London, the Mecca of all musical artists. This she did, and was heard for the first time in March, 1905, at the Bechstein Hall. She was at once marked down by the critics as of unusual ability and promise.

In the autumn of that year she played with the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall, and was specially applauded by the musical critics for her magnificent tone. The Times, in fact, went so far as to say: “Very rarely indeed have we heard tone of such volume, even in an artist of many years' standing, and there is no sign of forcing it, so

A GREAT CANADIAN VIOLINIST

that its quality is generally beautiful." Her big, full tone still stands out as a "point" in her playing, while her technique now is extraordinarily good. Before this eventful year had closed she had received a Royal Command to play before Queen Alexandra.

Later Miss Parlow studied for a year and a half with Prof. Auer (conductor of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic) in St. Petersburg, playing the while at many concerts on the Continent. Miss Parlow has now been under Prof. Auer more or less for four years. They are excellent friends, and several photographs of him adorn her room.

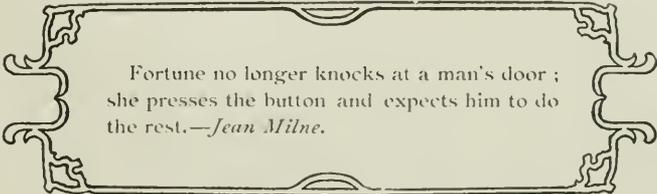
Miss Parlow is thoughtful and purposeful, and seems to have a peculiarly well-balanced temperament; but she has an abundant fund of nervous energy. She is decidedly "bookish." "What is she like?" readers will be asking. Well, her photographs will give an excellent answer. She has a charming smile and both her rippling hair and her eyes are dark. Her dark hair impressed me, because on the concert-platform, with the light full on it, it appears fair. She only put it up last summer. She dresses simply. Miss Parlow has always been delicate, and this has been in some ways a great handicap, but each year she is growing stronger. She has led a gentle, studious, sheltered life, and has always had her mother with her, and all the care which only a mother can give. Her father died many years ago, and she is an only child.

Russia suits her excellently, and she is (at the time I write these lines) looking forward to going there during the spring, when she will again see Prof. Auer, and come into touch with her circle of musical friends in St. Petersburg. In April and May, she will be playing with the Beecham Orchestra in the United States, and perhaps will be heard also in Toronto.

Miss Parlow was far too delicate to go to school when she was a little girl, and she has been entirely educated by her mother, who is an accomplished, cultured woman of a very bright disposition. The two are close friends and companions.

Then Miss Parlow told me about her Guarnerius, which once belonged to Viotta, and which was bought for her at a cost of 40,000 marks (£2,000). "I saw it in Berlin," she said, "and coveted it; and to my great joy it was afterwards given to me by some Norwegian friends, after I had played ten times in Christiania. Of course, I value it tremendously, and I play on it always."

Miss Parlow has played four times before the King and Queen of Norway, and after the last Royal Command in Christiania Queen Maud presented her with a beautiful brooch set with brilliants. She has played three times to our own King and Queen; also at a party given by the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and before several other British Royalties and notabilities.



Fortune no longer knocks at a man's door ;
she presses the button and expects him to do
the rest.—*Jean Milne.*

The Paying Guest

An Amusing Irish Story

By E. G. Granger

“H E'S coming, Molly,” I cried, bursting unceremoniously into my sister's room. Molly sat up in bed, her eyes shining with mingled fear and excitement.

“Oh, Nora!”

“Yes, Mill, I knew you'd say that. But isn't it grand? Fancy having three guineas a week, girl! Why, I'll be able to face the butcher and the grocer and all of them again.”

“I thought you said three and a half in the advertisement.”

“Well, so I did.” I confessed reluctantly: “but he can't afford more than three. It's a long journey from London to the West of Ireland, and—er—I'm afraid, dear, we will have to give up playing and singing while he's here, because he wants to be quiet. He's ordered to take a rest cure, you see.”

“I believe he'll be a pig,” said Molly hotly.

“Never mind, it will be lovely to have some money again; but, Nora, do you think papa really won't find out?”

“We must risk it, dear, for we must have money,” I cried fiercely, thinking of that terrible pile of bills in my desk.

“Nora, do you think father's books ever will make us rich?”

“I don't know. He says they will live after him.”

“Still, it does seem hard that his daughters should starve in order that future generations may call him blessed—”

“Molly!” I said sternly.

“I can't help it, Nor. Just look at my skirt, and it's the only one I've got left to wear now.”

“Never mind, darling, you shall have another soon.”

Running downstairs, I wrote a hasty reply to Mr. Brown, promising faithfully that there should be no children in the house, no bridge, and, above all, no music. Then, summoning all my courage, I took the letter out to the kitchen. Biddy received me with an ominous snort. “Sure, and is it for the lodger, Miss Nora?”

“Biddy, how often am I to tell you he is not a lodger, but a paying guest?”

“Well, it's mighty like the same thing, I'm thinking. Sure the O'Moore's, that's lived and ruled in these parts since before the Flood, will turn in their graves wid horror to see their childer taking in lodgers at the last.”

I walked to the door, but the old woman followed me.

“And what would himself say if he knew ut, Miss Nora?”

“Biddy, you know we've no money, and father has none either, he says. In fact, I daren't mention money to him now, and how can we live? Would you rather see the O'Moores unable to pay their debts?” I demanded proudly.

“You'd not be the first of the race that never paid their bills, alannah. Isn't it honor enough for thim dirty tradespeople to serve quality like you? Ah! now child, let me put the letter behind the fire; it's no use at all, at all.”

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"Biddy," I cried fiercely, "give that letter to Larry at once, and tell him to post it." Rather to my surprise, Biddy gave in.

"All right, Miss Norah," she said sullenly. "Have it your own way, thin," and went off to the stables. I watched her hand the letter to Larry, and then ran in to breakfast.

* * * * *

On Wednesday morning I rose with a curious feeling of excitement. Mr. Brown was due to arrive on Thursday, and to-day papa had to be informed somehow that we expected a visitor. Would he demand explanations, or would he—as we fondly hoped—merely nod his head, and with the usual reminder that he must not be disturbed, plunge again into the realms of ancient Phœnicia? It was with a trembling hand that at last I knocked at the study door, and the impatient bellow, "Come in, come in!" sent my heart down into the soles of my boots.

"Nora, of course. It is quite impossible for you to realize that I am engaged on a most important work?"

"I only wanted to tell you, father, that—I—that—is—"

"Get on, Nora, get on."

"Yes, father—we—there is a guest—"

"A guest? Well, can't you get a room prepared between you without disturbing me? Now, for goodness' sake, don't interrupt me again to-day, and don't let us have that everlasting rabbit for dinner while he's here."

The ordeal was over, and I flew upstairs with a light heart to help in preparing Mr. Brown's room.

As I was putting the finishing touches, and wondering if our guest would mind the somewhat rickety furniture and decidedly threadbare carpet, an unwonted sound reached my ears. Rushing to the window, I saw with amazement an ancient car coming down our moss-grown drive. It was driven by no less a person than crazy Mick (one of Biddy's innumerable cousins, by the way), and balanced on the other side of it was a man surrounded by guns, golf clubs,

fishing tackle, and gladstone bags. As they came nearer I saw he was young and decidedly good-looking.

Suddenly the stranger looked up, and I saw him give a start of surprise before I fled back into the room, my cheeks burning, and horribly conscious of my large blue check apron and the dusting brush clutched in my hand. The car drew up at the front door with a flourish, and I listened breathlessly to hear Biddy's apologies, and the inevitable abuse which would be hurled upon Micky's worthless head. But none came. Instead, I heard sounds of blarneyings and blessings, the bang of dropped packages and bags, and finally the sound of wheels driving off. I tiptoed to the window and peeped out. Yes, the car was going away again, but it had left its passenger behind!

"Oh, Nora!"

"Well, Molly, who is it?" I cried eagerly, as I dragged off the blue apron and tried feverishly to tidy my rebellious locks.

"Oh, he's come, and he's perfectly sweet, Nora."

"Who's come, girl?"

"Why, Mr. Brown, of course!"

"Mr. Brown? That hands—I mean healthy-looking young man, with all those guns and clubs? Molly, are you sure?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"He asked if I was Miss O'Moore. So I said 'No, I'm only Molly.' He laughed then and shook hands—he's lovely teeth, Nora—and said, 'Can I see Mr. O'Moore?' I didn't know what to say to that, so I ran off and left Biddy with him. Do come down, Nora, and explain things."

My heart beat rather unsteadily as I walked downstairs. I was determined that Mr. Brown shouldn't shake hands with me at first sight in that familiar way. After all, he was only, as Biddy had said, "the lodger," and must be kept in his place.

"Miss O'Moore?" cried Mr. Brown, rising as I entered the room. I drew myself up and bowed, and

though he looked a little surprised he did likewise.

"Yes, I am Miss O'Moore. I am afraid you cannot see my father at present. He is a literary man, and it is a rule of the house that he is not to be disturbed when he is writing."

find everything as you like it. If not——"

"I am sure I shall," he interrupted, smiling. (Molly is right: he has good teeth.) What a charming old place this is!"

When the door closed I walked to the window and tried to cool my



"RUSHING TO THE WINDOW, I SAW WITH AMAZEMENT AN ANCIENT CAR COMING DOWN OUR MOSS-GROWN DRIVE."

"Oh, please don't think of troubling him on my account."

"Would you like to see your room?"

"Thank you."

I rang the bell. "Will you follow Biddy, please, and I trust you will

burning cheeks against the glass. Mr. Brown was so very unlike anything I had pictured to myself—so much younger and handsomer. Somehow I couldn't possibly imagine him haggling over that extra half-guinea as he had done.

Molly and I were both late for lunch. On reaching the dining-room we found Mr. Brown and father chatting away in the friendliest fashion; and, to my amazement, and I confess annoyance, papa was actually calling our paying guest by his Christian name.

"You've already met the children, Reggie, eh?"

Yes, he had. So we all sat down.

As soon as the covers were removed papa laid down his knife and fork with a bang.

"Rabbit again, Nora, and after what I said, too!"

"I am so sorry, papa," I stammered; "I—"

"My dear Reggie," he interrupted crossly, "I must prepare you for what you will have to expect here. Nora's one and only idea of food is rabbit, morning, noon, and night—rabbit, rabbit, rabbit"

"Jolly good thing, too—one of my favorite dishes," protested Mr. Brown. I looked gratefully, while Molly murmured "Brick" under her breath.

"Have you any golf about here?" asked the lodger presently.

"Have we, girls?"

"No," we both said together, turning anxious eyes on Mr. Brown.

"Take your gun out this afternoon, my boy, then. Rough shooting, of course, as I don't preserve. But Larry will show you round; only, for Heaven's sake, don't bring Nora any rabbits."

* * * * *

We had a ripping dinner that night. Pat Connor, the butcher, had sent us a leg of mutton on my promising faithfully that I would give him "something on account" next Wednesday. Father was quite genial, and Mr. Brown most entertaining.

"He's a darling!" cried Molly, when we found ourselves alone in the drawing-room afterwards. "Oh, Nora, how I wish he were our brother, don't you?" And she danced over to the piano and plunged

into one of Chopin's waltzes before I could stop her.

"Molly, didn't I tell you he hated music?"

Molly stopped abruptly, just as the door opened and Mr. Brown came in.

"Oh, please go on," he cried eagerly.

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "She doesn't want to play, really. She forgot, you know."

"Yes, I quite forgot. I wouldn't worry you for anything," cried my enthusiastic little sister.

"Worry me! Why, I love music, and you have a charming touch. Come, Miss Molly, do let me hear you play."

Molly looked at me.

"It is very good of you, Mr. Brown," I said graciously: "but, you see, we know you don't like music, because you laid such stress on there being none in the house."

"I laid—oh, well," he said in some confusion, "you see, in some houses the music is so bad. Do forget it, Miss O'Moore, and let us enjoy ourselves."

So we played and sang and had a most delightful evening.

* * * * *

Mr. Brown seemed horrified the first time he found us girls making his bed, but he soon got over all that, and helped us in various ways himself. And every night, when we got upstairs, Molly would say, "Oh, Nora, what shall we do if Reggie goes away?" And every night I used to lie awake wondering how on earth I should give him his bill. I felt I simply could not say anything about the money unless he offered it to me, and yet—suppose he forgot? My word was pledged to Pat Connor, and I felt sure that long-suffering individual would never let us have another joint of meat again if I failed to give him that "something on account."

Wednesday came at last. I made out a receipt and put it into my poc-

ket, hoping against hope that Mr. Brown would place the three guineas beside my plate at breakfast, or slip them unostentatiously into my hand in what Bidly called "a ginteel envelope."

Our paying guest, however, seemed to have completely forgotten all such mundane matters as debts and creditors, and, breakfast over, strolled after me into the kitchen, where he sat watching me making the bread and pastry for dinner. Now Bidly has so often told me that "it's the fine fat lump of an arm ye've got, Miss Nora, entirely," that I cannot help realizing they are too fat, especially as Mr. Brown always stares at them, so when I'm bread-making I usually invent some errand down at the village for him. To-day, however, I wanted that money so badly that I let him stay where he was, and tried feverishly to lead up to the subject nearest my heart. But the lodger seemed decidedly stupid this morning. Then all at once I heard the sound of Pat's horse trotting steadily up the drive, and, taking my courage in both hands, I turned and confronted Mr. Brown, my face crimson with mingled shame and determination. Oh! how hateful it was, and how hateful he was, too.

"Miss O'Moore? What is it?" he asked, rising hastily. "Are you angry with me for looking at your beautiful arms? I—Oh, child, don't" he cried, seeing the tears of real anguish in my eyes. "Can't you tell me what it is?"

"It is that," I said desperately, almost flinging the receipt into his hands.

"Oh how stupid of me," he stammered, and hastily taking out three golden coins he held them towards me.

I almost snatched them from him, and, not waiting for the shillings or the stammering apologies he had commenced, rushed to meet the

butcher, who was already hammering at the back door. "There!" I cried, pressing a sovereign into his hand, and without another word I turned and fled upstairs, and, locking myself into my room, buried my burning face in the pillows.

"Oh, Nora," a small voice whispered pleadingly through the door. I rose and opened it reluctantly. "Nora, how could you be so unkind? Poor Reggie has been perfectly miserable the whole morning."

"Poor Reggie!" I echoed in amazement.

"Yes, poor Reggie," repeated Molly firmly. "You've made him simply miserable. Why did you make such a fuss over the disgusting money? Bidly says that you'd be apt to get your dues from the angel Gabriel himself!"

"Don't, Molly! I had to ask for it, or there would have been nothing but rabbit to eat ever afterwards," I said incoherently.

"Well, come down now, and tell him it's all right."

So down I went, and Reggie was so nice, and he made me take a whole month's pay in advance; so I need not worry over the bills any more.

Another week slipped by. I had ordered a special dinner for this evening, and everything went splendidly till Bidly put the dessert on.

"A very nice dinner, child," said father, leaning back and smiling across the table at me. "Excellent," chimed in Reggie, also smiling at me.

"But," continued father, "why are we always condemned to eat with the kitchen cutlery? I won't have it. Just run and get the dessert forks, Nora."

All the blood in my body seemed to rush to my face.

"Oh, papa," I faltered, "I—I don't think I know where they are."

"Why, in the plate chest, you stupid child. Come, what are you waiting for?"

I was conscious of Molly's scared little face as I rose and walked mechanically towards the door—to do what? To go and look

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for spoons and forks in an empty cupboard. For had we not sold, with Biddy's help, every piece of silver it contained? As I turned the handle I heard Reggie's voice: "May we have the silver out to-morrow instead, Mr. O'Moore? I expect Biddy hasn't

down the winding avenue, the unswept leaves rustling under my feet. But soon there came a frightened little voice calling after me, "Oh, Nora!"

"Well, Molly," I said desperately, "we sold it to keep us all—papa included—from starvation and naked-



"HE CLASPED ME SUDDENLY AND ALMOST FIERCELY IN HIS ARMS."

cleaned it to-day, as she's been busy doing some things for me."

"Well, well, let's have it to-morrow, then; and, Nora, another good dinner, if you please."

So I was saved—for one night.

Stepping out of the drawing-room window, I sped across the garden and

ness, and who would ever have thought that he would have made such a fuss over the lodger? Oh!" I ended with a gasp, for, turning a sharp corner, we had almost run into the arms of the paying guest himself!

"Biddy wants you up at the house, Molly," he said.

She caught his hand. "You'll help us, won't you, Reggie?"

"Indeed I will," he answered kindly.

With a sigh of relief Molly set off running home, and we stood still, facing one another.

Then, "I'm sorry I said that," I whispered guiltily.

"Little girl," he said gently, "shall you be just a little sorry when I am gone?"

"When you are gone" I repeated stupidly. "Oh, you are not going away!"

He said nothing for a moment, and an icy despair seemed to clutch at my heart.

"It depends entirely on you, for I— Nora, I love you!" And he clasped me suddenly and almost fiercely in his arms. "I loved you from the moment I saw your sweet face looking at me out of the window. I knew then that after all my travels over the world I had to come back to my own country to find the one perfect woman of my dreams.

"Your own country? Are you Irish, Reggie?" I ventured, looking up as well as I could under the circumstances. "Brown seems such an English name.

"I'm coming to that; but, Nora, do you love me, darling—even a little?"

Love him? Why, I felt as if I must always have loved him.

"Nora, answer me," he pleaded; "you don't know what it means to me."

"Yes, I do love you," I whispered shyly.

* * * * *

Presently I repeated my former question, "Are you Irish, Reggie?"

"Yes, dear, and my name is not Brown, but Reginald Sinclair."

"What? Are you Viscount Gorleston, the son of father's old friend?" I cried, in amazement.

"Yes; and, as perhaps you know, I was abroad when my poor old dad died. On my return I came across a letter from your mother, written on her death-bed, in which she had ap-

pealed to him, as an old and once dear friend of the O'Moores, to help her little girls in the sad and strange circumstances in which she would have to leave them. Your few relations had been estranged from your father years ago, and she explained very fully the state of his health, and how friendless and helpless her two young daughters would be. I wrote asking your father if he would put me up for a few days, but received no answer. Still, I came, determined to see what could be done for you."

"But what about my advertisement? I don't understand how you came as Mr. Brown," I said wonderingly.

"Ah! there is where I need your forgiveness, Nora, asthore. When I first arrived Biddy implored me to impersonate this paying guest whom you expected, in order to prevent your writing him again. Your first letter, I fear, Larry forgot to post!"

"Oh!" I interrupted furiously.

"Biddy told me," he continued teasingly, "that it was the only way in which the honor of the family could be saved! 'For if the twelve apostles themselves came down from heaven they'd not be apt to turn Miss Nora!'"

"Oh!" I said again in a feeble voice. "You see, dear, I had to make up my mind very quickly, so—well, I agreed to be Mr. Brown for a short time, partly because I wanted to see for myself how the land lay, but chiefly because I had already seen you; and the thought flashed into my mind that if I could win you as plain Mr. Brown, the lodger, to whom you were under no obligation, it would be far sweeter than if I came to you as—myself. Can you forgive me, sweetheart?"

Well, I expect it was very weak of me, but I not only forgave him on the spot, but I also forgave Larry, and he is going to be our head keeper. Biddy fairly hugged me with joy when I told her that the lodger had said "the word." She intends to stay with "the old mather," but Molly will live with us, and we've made up our minds that we'll never eat rabbit again as long as we live.



GALT'S MARKET BUILDING AND A PART OF THE MARKET SQUARE
AT 8.30 A.M. ON MARKET DAY

The Making of a Town Market

By

Talbot Warren Torrance

THE evolution of a Town Market is never an entirely natural process, but always a matter of industry, perseverance and judgment. The plain, proven fact is that where there is a Good Market Town there can be created a Good Town Market, self-supporting, if not profit-earning, a boon to the community and a genuine source of satisfaction and of pride. And it does not matter if these Good Market Towns run in the proportion of half a dozen or more to each county, according as the county is big or little.

The Town of Galt is over half a century old, and since its incorporation it has been trying more or less

strenuously and sincerely to establish a first-class, dependable, "going-concern" of a public market, for which it boasts exceptional facilities, natural and artificial. Galt has that very kind of market to-day—the finishing touches of market success and assured permanency having, within about a year, been added to the structure erected on foundations laid good, deep and solid, literally and figuratively. And among the nine thousand and more inhabitants, there are very few to be found decrying its status, challenging its usefulness or predicting its decadence.

Facing a fifty-year undertaking might possibly frighten an average

Good Market Town from the notion of creating a Good Town Market.

But the case of Galt need not be deterrent; rather, it should be educative, encouraging stimulative. If one community has blazed the way, another may expect to find the trail. I have frankly stated that Galt has virtually been on its market-making job for half a century. At the same time, I want to give the formula which the town has discovered, after all these years of experimentation, so that *mutatis mutandis, pari passu*, or other fitting phrase, any other Good Market Town can, as it were, take a wine-glassful three times a day after meals, shaking the bottle well, and be able to establish its own Good Town Market in the course, perhaps, of one short year.

First ingredient: The local public spirit that approves a market, wants to see one established and will loyally and steadily support it. If not existent—and it is easy to conceive of opposition to a town market, active and passive—employ educational methods. Hold a public meeting or two. Circulate market literature. Get the Town Council and the Board of Trade busy. Agitate, agitate, agitate! The popular “coon” simply has to agree to come down off the limb when he is dead certain you are going to shoot. The example of the Mayor of Galt in encouraging public sentiment towards market support is worthy of imitation. He endorsed market-making in his inaugural of two years ago. He has never lost an opportunity to talk market-making in his public addresses. He secured a considerable civic appropriation this year for advertising the market, and some of the money was spent in editorial and circular matter, aimed at convincing the townspeople that a Town Market is a good thing. It has taken a couple of years of straight work along these lines to spread such an atmosphere of local good-will to the

Galt market, that it is almost fattening now to breathe it. Everybody goes to the market in Galt. Everybody boasts of its size and consequence. Everybody, I had almost said, swears by it. At all events, everybody now stands up, after a deputation for “market pointers” visits the town, (as one now and then does), and proudly exclaims: “See that? didn’t we tell you so?” And everybody, or pretty nearly everybody, is willing that later on, \$3,000 be spent in the work of enlarging and improving the present fine market building and premises, which have become somewhat inadequate for the large attendance of sellers and buyers every market day. This last-named proposition is, perhaps, the most signal and satisfying proof that the Galt Market has duly arrived, with all that the term implies. A look at the picture of Galt’s present market accommodation will enable one better to appreciate the gratifying situation that calls, like little Oliver, for “more.”

Second ingredient: The market square for vehicles and the market house for baskets. The Galt square covers an area of two large lots; is macadam-paved and top-dressed, with cement border, and effective gutter. It would give room on three sides for at least fifty farmers’ wagons. The town hall, in the basement of which licensed butchers sell (no other meat, except pork purveyor being licensed within a radius of 300 yards of the market) adjoins the square, as do also the hay and wood area and the big weigh scales. There is a corner reserved on the square for auction sales. This fine square has been evolved, after some years at considerable expense. But it is an ideal open market place. The housed portion is a building, 270 x 40 feet, of brick, with verandah roof on one side. In it are movable tables extending the full length and apportioned in 3-foot spaces to the vendors. Some mar-

BEST IN THE DISTRICT

GALT CHRISTMAS

MARKET

TWO DAYS

WEDNESDAY DEC 22
FRIDAY DEC 24

THE BUYER IS WAITING FOR YOU

Dealers can sell in a Comfortable Building.

Attentive Clerk on hand to assign Locations

WANTED

Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Meats, Vegetables
COME ALONG. JOIN THE CROWD

JAPPAY BROS. Limited

ADVERTISING THE MARKET

A COPY OF A LARGE POSTER ISSUED BY THE MARKET COMMITTEE JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS

ket gardeners and florists have pre-empted extra large spaces, which they rent by the year. The interior is warmed with gas stoves, lighted with electricity, provided with women's lavatory, and kept scrupulously neat and clean. Ventilation and admission of natural light is all that could be desired. The market clerk's office is in an end corner. No more satisfactory accommodation,

say those who enjoy it, is furnished by any other market in this district. Before the erection of the Carnegie building, the Public Library was located above the market. Now these fine quarters are occupied as a Club Room. The cost of this model market building may be stated approximately at \$20,000.

Third Ingredient: An operative and active market by-law. The Galt



THE MARKET COMMITTEE FIGURING ON PLANS FOR A NEW BUILDING

market by-law has undergone many changes since, long years ago, it was framed. The effort to make each succeeding change fit into place and not clog the movement was perplexing and painful, not to say futile. Now, however, there is a workable market by-law, the provisions of which are called into use only so far as they are of practical service to help the market along. The Galt market by-law creates an open market, in so far as freedom of buying goes. The plan of prohibiting a jobber or dealer operating before ten o'clock a.m. on marketday has been abandoned. Now any buyer may come along and do what he likes with the stuff, at any hour; always provided that he shall not buy and corner and then proceed to sell on the market. The small buyer, the citizen, is protected to that extent. It is his own look-out if he comes late. There is also provision restricting the itinerant huckster, so that he may legally deliver only such goods as have been ordered, and prohibiting trucking from house to house. This trucking system has

long been the bane of the market-maker. There could not be a more complete way of dissuading a woman from attending market than to have the market, as represented by the huckster, come and wait on her. That style of selling has to be frowned down, talked down and turned down, because it is fatal to the market — until, of course, the good lady tastes the market and acquires the market-going habit. Then huckstering on back streets dies a natural death. But the process of cure must not be too drastic.

There are two market days provided for in Galt. Wednesdays and Saturdays. The "free-or-fee" market was for long years a bone of contention. And now — like the Scotchman, who declared: "Honesty's the best policy — I've tried baith"—the Town of Galt is ready to say the fee system is best, for it has given both a trial. But it is a merely nominal fee the by-law provides—10 cents on the vehicle, 5 cents for the stand at the table, and all privileges, except smoking, inside the building, thrown in. The fees

THE MAKING OF A TOWN MARKET

are, after all, merely an earnest that the market is under the control and supervision of the Town; and yet they net a good, round sum every month. Fresh meat may not be offered, except by the quarter. Hams shall not be amputated at the foot. Poultry must be rightly dressed. Stands must not be shared with vendors who pay no fee. The fees for measuring and weighing are also purely nominal. The Market Clerk has absolute jurisdiction, and his finding in all cases is final. The by-law, on the whole, isn't oppressive or exacting, and, wisely administered, works smoothly. But such a market by-law can be made, and then enforced, as would rip up the back of any Good Town Market ever put on its feet. "Be careful with your framework and don't use any more of the fast tongue-and-groove stuff than you really have to!" is the sober counsel of Galt's expert market-makers.

Fourth Ingredient: — A market committee, that knows the situation and is always ready to meet it accommodably. The Galt market committee comprises some of the best and most experienced aldermen. In their work they don't go ambling all over the British Empire and pawing all over the British Constitution. The Galt market is field enough for them, and they are Market aldermen first, last and always. Chairman Radigan will frankly tell you that, if as a market produce-dealer the presence of a market hits him in the store, yet the indirect benefit to his business, not to speak of the fun he has, amply compensates. He and his colleagues know, because they study market needs, and their constant aim is to hold what the institution has and honestly get more. No Good Town Market, let it be insisted, can ever be built up and stay built unless back of it are experienced, active aldermen who, like Jim Bludso, "see their

duty, a dead sure thing, and go for it thar an' then."

Fifth Ingredient: An efficient market clerk. Charles Bart, Galt's market clerk, has filled the office for over five years past, with satisfaction to the council, with the approval of the public, and with credit to him. His duties are many, but they sit easily on his smiling, ruddy, ro-tund personality. He is always in good temper, and tries to keep everybody else on the market that way. He adjusts differences tactfully: he never convicts a first offender; he is everybody's willing servant, and he collects every copper due the town in a style that almost makes the party assessed want to pay more. "Make friends for the market and the market will grow," he reasons. He is a real market missionary. Away out in distant quarters he discovers likely prospects and sends his circulars or pays a personal visit to induce a new vendor to come to Galt. He has been known to guarantee a fruit dealer at a long distance the sale of a wagon load of water-melons, and run the risk safely. The same with a butcher who lingered shivering on the brink in the late fall, and feared to launch away a few carcasses of spring lamb. "I'll buy every pound you don't sell," promised Charley—and he didn't have to spend a cent; the people were there ready to buy twice the amount of lamb that was offered. The kind of market clerk Mr. Chas. Bart, Galt, is was signally testified to at Christmas, when an appreciative address, accompanied by a handsome arm-chair, was presented to him by admiring friends from the surrounding countryside.

Sixth Ingredient: Make good roads of the main thoroughfares that are the arteries of countryside transportation. Galt spent, a few years ago, two thousand dollars on a portion of East Main St., leading to the great Stone Road, a stretch of

GALT MARKET

— IS THE —

**Best in these parts for
the Seller.**

BRING YOUR PRODUCE HERE

WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS

The Buyer awaits you. He has
the Cash and Wants your Best.

Every Convenience and Comfort
in Vegetable Market Building
for All.

Galt Stores can supply you with
all your needs.

ADVERTISING THE MARKET

A COPY OF ONE OF THE DODGERS WHICH ARE SCATTERED BY THE
THOUSAND THROUGHOUT SURROUNDING RURAL DISTRICTS

about half a mile. It has spent in proportion to that on West Main St., the extension of South Water St., the Blenheim Rd., the Preston Rd., St. Andrew's St., in fact on every highway that leads to the townships where the farms are and from whence come the farmers to make the Good Galt Market. The streets of central Galt are models. On forty miles of them are laid the best concrete walks that money and skill in labor can produce—which is another story, however. But it is the roadways serving the suburbs that excite the keenest admiration. A very great deal of money (\$40,000 to \$50,000) has been expended in this direction, but not a dollar of it is re-

gretted. It's all coming back, in the most natural and pleasing way. The case of St. Andrew St. is typical of the resolute way in which topographical obstacles are surmounted in good road-making. It is a winding hill road. The prey for many years of recurrent spring and fall floods. The sum of \$5,000 has been laid out on it. It passed Government inspection last fall, and now is in perfect shape.

Seventh Ingredient :

A vigorous policy of advertising. Newspaper space has been regularly taken and paid for at current rates. It was editorial, apt, timely, strong. At intervals the publicity sheet, affectionately called a "dodger," because you can't dodge the boy properly delivering it, and the feuillon in

the shape of a missive per mail, have been placed by the thousands, where they were likely to do some good in persuading (1) the farmer of this section that Galt is the right town to make his market town, and (2) in impressing on Galtonians that a fine market offering was being spread for them twice a week, and that if they neglected to get some of it they were missing the chance of their lives. They were the proverbial "good stuff," they made excellent ammunition, and they helped to a large extent to create a healthy market boom. The immediate result of all this well-directed effort at profitable publicity has been to bring

THE MAKING OF A TOWN MARKET

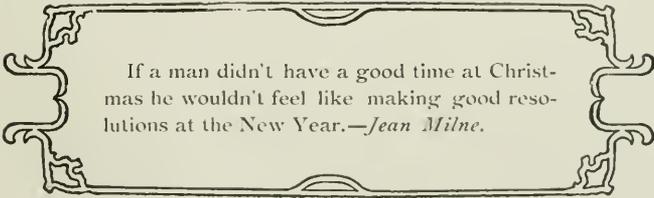
the farmers, fruit-growers, poultrymen, and others of the food-producing class from points that were esteemed too remote to be tributary to this town. The newcomers came to experiment, and remained to trade, right straight along. From as far north as Wellesley; as far south as Ancaster and Grimsby; as far east as Stoney Creek; as far west as miles beyond Ayr, new names have been added to the list of regular vendor patrons of the Galt Market, within the past year or two. And the list is growing fast. It can't help growing; for, as one of the local papers observed, one day last June—the article is typical of the editorial contribution to the subject, following or preceding market day—“The Galt market is fast gaining the reputation of being one of the best in the country for produce of all kinds. Farmers and market gardeners sell out their butter, eggs and vegetables in short order, and at good prices, and the supply is scarcely ever equal to the demand. It is to the interest of both town and country people to boom the Galt market.”

Eighth Ingredient: Evincing tangible interest in essentially agricultural institutions. This is done by

store-keepers and citizens generally helping the Farmer Directors to make a success of the Annual Fall Fair by approving the combined Spring Seed Fair and stallion show, and subscribing to the prize-list; by building a joint-stock farmers' feed stable, independent of hotels whose licenses were cut off—to which may be added the holding of genuine bargain sales in the various stores at stated intervals, and thus bidding directly for the farming trade.

So, faithfully adhering to the foregoing formula, in the course of the past year or so a turn in the tide of Galt market affairs has set in and is leading on to the proverbial fortune. The good town market in the good market town is a fixture.

Why should not other good market towns, go and do likewise? One G. M. T. will never hurt, but rather help, another. The farmer and his wife will merely grow and trade more; the town family will buy and eat more. All through the operation will be verified the truth of the aphorism: “Supply creates demand—You can't tell what and how much the public want till you show them what and how much you have to supply their wants.”



If a man didn't have a good time at Christmas he wouldn't feel like making good resolutions at the New Year.—*Jean Milne.*



HC

THE DOCTOR'S BULL MOOSE

By HOY CRANSTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THIS is the first time that I have ever written a sporting story, but

I have read all sorts and conditions, from a possum hunt in the southern States to a speckled trout tale that originated on the weeded shores of Lake Nipegon; and I have an idea that I know how the thing should be done; consequently, I will endeavor to give you a plain, unvarnished account of a thrilling moose hunt that I participated in last October. I also wish you to bear in mind that this was not a meeting of "sports" to indulge in all-night poker in the backwoods under the pretext of shooting big game.

The well known and ubiquitous stork that visits the majority of our homes had so overworked the doctor, and impaired his health to such an extent, that when the "stork season" was over, I persuaded him to accompany me on a moose hunt to recuperate his shattered nerves, and enjoy the benefit of an outing in the woods. The doctor handed over his practice to a brother physician and borrowed four dogs from a hotelkeeper with the understanding that he would give "mine host" one of the moose heads when he returned. The night before we started on our shooting trip I went over to the doctor's house for the purpose of helping him overhaul his kit, and found him lying on his stomach on the surgery floor, snapping the trigger of his rifle, and taking practice aims at a bottle of cough-mixture

he had set up on a couple of medical books to represent an imaginary moose. While he continued the snapping, affirming each time he pulled the trigger, that his aim would have sent a bullet behind a moose's shoulder, his surgery bell rang and I was obliged to retire temporarily till he prescribed for a patient. In three days from the time the doctor treated this last case, we were at the terminus of the railway, where an Indian guide by the euphonious name of "Mike" met us with a rickety democrat and a long-haired bay horse that a green sportsman would easily have mistaken for a cow moose. The game warden confiscated our four hounds and threatened to send them back to the hotel-keeper, stating that it was against Canadian game laws to hunt moose with dogs. The hotel-keeper emphatically told us that hunting with dogs was legal or we never would have taken the animals with us. The game warden's manner plainly told us that a \$10 bill would square him; but we prided ourselves on being thorough sportsmen, and not poachers, and the hounds went back much to the disgust of the warden, who got nasty and said something about us to Mike in Indian language, which he knew we didn't understand.

There was only one seat in the democrat, with scarcely room behind for the kit, and we were compelled to sit with the Indian. I don't know whether or not the doctor ever sat

THE DOCTOR'S BULL MOOSE

near an Indian before, but he got into the democrat after I did, so that I would be between Mike and himself. After we had driven half a mile I didn't blame the doctor for sitting on the outside. In fact, I had more respect for him. When we had gone a mile I asked him if he had brought any consumptives' respirators in his kit. After we had journeyed two miles I got out and walked. So did the doctor when there was nothing between himself and Mike. We unanimously came to the conclusion that a little fresh air would be beneficial.

An occasional chipmunk chattered boisterously on being alarmed, and fled to its hole beneath some stones; or a ruffled grouse rose and whirred away on fast-beating wings that made our hearts thump.

"Hark," cried Mike, as he suddenly pulled up the horse, "I heard bull moose calling. Don't make noise."

I could hear the doctor's heart excitement and throbbing with anticipation.

"We're going to see game before we get to camp," I quietly remarked. "I told you so," he replied, looking at Mike, but keeping about twenty yards behind him.

"I think big bull moose on road round bend," said Mike. "All get into democrat and Mike drive up and meet moose. Moose not afraid of horse; but if moose see you walk, him run away."

We got into the conveyance again and Mike goaded the steaming animal onward by sawing its mouth and flap-

ping the ribbons on its hollow flanks.

"Shu, don't make noise," whispered Mike to the doctor, who nearly fell out of the conveyance in his endeavor to keep as far as possible from the savory Indian. Just as Mike finished his words of caution we turned a bend in the road, and the horse came to an abrupt standstill, thrust its ears forward, and snorted like a stampeding mule. The frantic animal then took a couple of back jumps in the air, and afterwards sat motionless on its haunches staring straight before it

like the chief character in an Irish wake. For about six seconds the horse remained temporarily hypnotized, during which time not a sound disturbed the stillness save a gentle rustling of the autumn leaves; then followed a loud wof from a gigantic bull moose that stood facing us not fifty yards away. I am positive his antlers measured eighty inches.

"You shoot first," I yelled to the doctor, who wasn't directly behind the pranc-

ing horse like myself.

"No, you fire first," he replied, trembling more than the horse that was making wild efforts to shake off its harness. I could see that the doctor had "stage fright," and was too nervous to commence firing; and I was in the act of pulling my trigger, when the confounded horse swayed in front of my rifle and spoiled a good shot. Just as Mike jumped out of the democrat to pacify the horse, the enraged bull moose charged our caravan. There is



"SNORTED LIKE A STAMPEDING MULE."

no use trying to disguise the fact that both the doctor and I completely lost our heads for a few seconds. This was our first moose. Neither of us had ever shot anything larger than a wild turkey. I took a random shot, and yelled to the doctor to fire also. He blazed away just as the prancing horse kicked the dashboard to splinters; but the Balaclava charge of enraged moose flesh came thundering onward. Before I could fire again, we were enveloped in dust and variegated autumn leaves; and the huge mass of dark brown material collided with our outfit, and shot past. I will never forget the crash, which gave one an idea what a railway smash-up would sound like. When the dust cleared away, and the beautifully tinted leaves settled, there was a spectacle that no other moose-hunting party had ever witnessed, and one that I haven't any desire to see again. The doctor was dangling from the limb of a tree, with his tattered shirt hanging round his legs like a Highlander's kilt. The moose had carried away his trousers, and pulled them off as easily as a schoolboy disrobes a frog's hind legs. The horse was lying on the ground, with Mike sitting on its head trying to hold it down. But the Indian was wasting energy. The blood spurted from a hole in the animal's side, where the doctor's bullet had entered. I found myself lying between some twisted sprigs and the off front wheel of the democrat. Our kit was strewn all along the road, save one pocket-case of medicines which the charging moose must have carried away on its antlers with the doctor's trousers.

"I told you that Mike would find moose," painfully remarked the doctor, while struggling to free himself as he twirled round in the air with his arms outstretched, and, "Didn't I kill the moose?" he added.

"You kill my horse," said Mike, "me want fifty dollar for him."

"We'll settle that after," affirmed the doctor. "Please wheel the democrat beneath me so that I can get down."

When he observed that the democrat wasn't wheelable, he instructed us to place the bedding beneath him and cut off the limb on which he hung. After a difficult climb, and five minutes' cutting, Mike severed the limb, which crashed down with the doctor, whose scratched legs I was obliged to bandage with the lining we tore out of our coats and vests.

"By the Deputy Minister of Agriculture!" yelled the doctor, "I'm done for. I'll swear my right thigh is dislocated, and that there's a compound fracture of my femur. Observe how my left leg hangs."

"You're only slightly scratched," I rejoined.

"Slightly," yelled the medical practitioner, as he took a gulp out of a brandy flask and limped toward Mike, who was still trying to stop the flow of blood from the poor horse's side by stuffing a piece of red handkerchief into the wound. But his efforts were futile, as the animal's eyes had blurred.

"Hark! There he is again," hissed the doctor, as we all distinctly heard sound of antlers striking against the tree limbs. We listened breathlessly, but could not see anything, though the noise of an animal crashing through the alders became louder and louder. I wouldn't swear to it in a police court, but I have a faint idea that I saw the doctor's cap rise about an inch on the ends of his hair as he dropped his rifle and brandy flask and rushed for the nearest tree; and the agile way that he got over the ground proved that his thigh wasn't out of joint, nor his femur fractured. Mike drew his hunting-knife and slipped behind a tree; while I preferred to climb one like the doctor, I hadn't been in my tree more than ten minutes when the furious bull moose charged us again. He bounded over the debris of democrat and sporting paraphernalia, lifted the dead horse on his powerful antlers, and carried its mangled body seventy yards along the road. Here he tossed the animal off, gored and trampled its carcass, then hurled it

into a cedar tree, through which it crashed to the ground with a sickening thud. The moose looked down the road again, sent forth a triumphant blast, then dashed into the thick alders and cedars and disappeared. How grand and powerful he looked after vanquishing the dead horse. His huge antlers swayed from side to side; the steam was rising from his flanks; and puffs of hoary breath were blown from his large dilated nostrils like spent steam from the exhaust-pipe of an engine making three hundred revolutions a minute.

"Get my rifle and shoot the brute," hissed the doctor to Mike, who failed to hear the remarks as he stealthily followed the great bull. The doctor looked from his secure perch across the road to me, and I looked from mine over to him. We were each ashamed of the other.

"I'll bet you ten dollars you're afraid to descend," said the doctor.

"I'll bet you the same," I replied.

"That won't do," he rejoined. "I bet first. But what's the use of descending? That Indian has got my rifle."

"He didn't take it," I answered. "Our rifles are lying near the smashed democrat."

"Then let them stay there," he replied. "Tell me honestly, Wade, did you shoot the horse, or did I?"

"Why, you shot it, Drake; and it's a miracle you didn't blow Mike's brains out, too."

"Hum," said the diagnoser of ailments that flesh is heir to. There was a short silence, then we both did what many other sportsmen have done before us; we lost our tempers, and began calling each other cowards and fearfully libellous things, till we descended simultaneously from our respective trees to try and prove that each had belied the other.

"We can't afford to quarrel here," said the doctor, seizing my hand in his and shaking it, and then making a dash for his rifle with his improvised kilt flapping round his swathed legs.

"Are you game to follow up the

moose?" I asked, when I felt the secure grip of my own rifle.

"Yes, while my ammunition lasts," he rejoined. "Besides, I want those trousers, they've got a purse in their hip pocket in which are four hundred and odd dollars." As the moose had not any of the doctor's trousers clinging to his antlers when he came back, we searched down the road and amongst the alders where he turned, but failed to find the pocketbook. We concluded to leave the road near the damaged democrat and follow up the moose's tracks. I told the doctor that we would also be following Mike, who might call us if he succeeded in overtaking the big deer.

"Is that likely?" he queried.

"It's possible."

The doctor looked a sight with his legs wrapped in coat and vest linings as we left the road and began tracking the moose. We hadn't gone far before we lost both ourselves and the tracks; but we courageously kept struggling through the underbrush and fallen timber. We had gone patiently on like this for two hours when the doctor suggested that we retrace our steps; but I asked him in which direction we would begin? He mopped his moist brow, and looked disconcerted. I offered him a cigar, but he declined. He then suggested that we should fire a signal to Mike and wait where we were for half an hour. He fired, but Mike failed to turn up, and we trudged on again through even more difficult country than before. When we were crossing a small stream the doctor slipped on a damp moss-covered log, and went in up to the neck, rifle and all. With difficulty I got him on to the muddy bank, and it took us about twenty minutes to fish out his rifle with a branch having a crook left on the end to manoeuvre into the trigger-guard. It was a chilly October day, and the doctor's teeth soon began to chatter and his legs grow rickety, but we bravely tramped on, following the circuitous creek which sporting books affirm always lead somewhere. No man has ever



"TRYING TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD."

doubted that a creek must naturally go to such a place. The doctor, who was a little ahead of me, suddenly came to a halt and cautiously peered over a fallen tree obstructing our way.

"Look, Wade; there's the moose resting on the ground."

We both sank quietly on to our knees, and looked over. Luck had come to us at last. About forty yards away the flanks of the moose could be seen through an opening in the red and yellow foliage. The doctor claimed first shot as he had made the discovery, and I reluctantly gave way. I held my breath as he rested the barrel of his rifle in the hollow in the tree, and fired three shots in rapid succession. I couldn't resist the temptation and banged off two myself. But instead of waiting like a wise sportsman to ascertain if he had killed his quarry, the doctor foolishly rushed forward in a state of wild excitement, followed by myself, frantically urging him to wait.

"I got him this time," said the doctor, pointing towards the dark mass lying on the ground, but only partially visible through the trees.

"I'll toss you a quarter afterwards to see who gets the head," he shouted as he raced towards the dead moose. There was just a trace of cynicism in

his remark. (There is nothing like a sporting trip in the woods with a friend for disclosing little touches of human nature). When we got up to our quarry we discovered that it was as dead as the proverbial door-nail. We also made a further discovery. We had been wandering about the woods in a circle, and were not far from the place we had started from. Our five shots from the fallen tree had hit the Indian's dead horse. The doctor scratched the bald spot on his cranium, but remained silent. I told him that the head was his without tossing the quarter. As he was a good fellow, and could take a joke, he burst out laughing. His laughter was contagious. "Don't say anything about me shooting a dead horse to the members of the Toronto Sporting Club," he pleaded. But I didn't promise. A good joke, like a secret, can't be kept.

"If you do, they'll laugh at you as well," he added, "you shot also." I was helping him wring out his coat when Mike came running back down the road. He informed us that the moose was mired in a swamp about three miles away, but that he was unable to get near enough to dispatch it with his hunting-knife. We had a brace all round from the brandy flask, and started in hot pursuit; and at last got to the swamp; but we only saw a

THE DOCTOR'S BULL MOOSE

place where the moose had fallen in and struggled out again. Mike looked disappointed, so did the doctor. I don't know how I looked, but I felt the same. After giving Mike another stiff horn of brandy, we followed the moose tracks through an alder wood. When we came to a ridge where the trees grew sparsely we all got another surprise. Not thirty yards away was the bull moose lying on the ground chewing its cud and contentedly wagging its long ears. The animal was covered with mud, but that didn't appear to concern it. Near him were two cow moose also enjoying a chew. The cows saw us first and disappeared in that mysterious way that only a moose is master of. It was like the vanishing of a ghost. The great bull struggled to his feet, snorted, sent two thrilling woufs at us, and charged for the third time, before we could collect our scattered nerves. I slipped behind a tree, advising the doctor to do likewise, but he didn't require prompting. I knew Mike had experience enough to take care of himself. The moose singled me out as its objective, and as he charged past the tree, making a sweep at me with the grandest pair of antlers I ever saw, I stepped aside, raised my rifle and fired behind his shoulder, but I didn't get a bull's eye, as the sun was shining directly in my eyes. My bullet ripped up the hide on his back, and went singing on its course. I looked for Mike, but he had vanished like the cows. He may have learned their secret. I waited for a report from the doctor's rifle, but it didn't come off. I yelled to him to keep under cover for fear of another charge. My advise was unnecessary. He was struggling to force his body into a hole in a decayed log. Finding it impossible to get all the way in he backed himself out, and stood shaking with fear. I won't say that. It must have been with cold, brought on by his immersion in the creek. I told him that if the moose returned again he was to fire and then lie down close to the log on the side away from the charging animal, where he would

be safe. We hadn't long to wait. The easy manner in which the bull moose dispatched Mike's horse gave him increased determination to slaughter the whole hunting party. A crackling of branches and fallen leaves, and numerous woufs told us he was still on the war-path. We fired simultaneously as the enraged beast was tearing back at us at a pacer's gait. Taking an aim under such circumstances was quite a different thing from snapping at a bottle of cough mixture in a surgery. You could hear the thud of both our bullets, as they entered his flesh, but the furious, wounded monarch only momentarily wavered. His impetus carried him onward. I could have counted his eyelashes as he chased me three times round a tree, launching his whole body at me, with his pointed hoofs held together and sticking straight out. They would have gone through me like a spear. I dodged and he fell forward, driving his fore-legs up to his knees into the soft earth. Then I bolted towards the doctor, never expecting that I would reach him alive. At that particular moment I completely lost my wits. It can be done so easily. When I had got out of the way the doctor began a rapid fusilade, but all his shots were barking the distant trees. I yelled to him to take a fuller sight, and he told me to go to a place that I hope I shall never see. Partially recovering my senses, I dropped behind the log and aimed behind the moose's ear just as he succeeded in extricating his imprisoned legs. We could see that they were both broken and hanging lifeless from the knees down. A second time I fired behind his ear, and my bullet pierced a hole in the palmed part of his right antler. He discovered our whereabouts, rose on his hind legs like a gigantic kangaroo, and bounded towards us. We were certainly getting our money's worth.

"My last cartridge!" yelled the doctor, as he fired at the snorting animal's heart. The moose jumped high in the air, made a final lunge, and fell across the log as we crept on our hands and

knees further along it to avoid the beast's antlers and hoofs. I thrust the muzzle of my rifle against the struggling animal's shoulder and pulled the trigger. There was no report, as my rifle was empty.

Both the doctor and I were shaking like blanc manges, and the wounded moose was kicking out with its hind legs and trying to reach us with his gigantic antlers. But something always turns up in the nick of time when the cornered sportsman is in danger. In our case Mike was the "something." Poor Mike. He is now in

with the butt of my rifle; while the doctor in his excitement grasped one of its hind legs. He received a kick that sent him a dozen yards away. But the knife wound had done its work, and put the finishing touches to the doctor's capital shot through the heart. The lordly monarch gave one snort that seemed to shake even the clouds drifting overhead, and collapsed on the mangled remains of poor Mike. The doctor waited till we could breathe freely before we decided what to do with our guide's remains. We gently and reverently



"WE PLACED MIKE IN A PIECE OF THE MOOSE'S HIDE."

the happy hunting ground, where baths won't trouble him any more than they did on this earth. Where he re-appeared from I haven't the faintest idea. I only know that he uttered a loud war whoop, rushed at the moose, and buried his hunting-knife up to the hilt behind its shoulder. While he did so he tripped and fell. The dying moose swung round his head and pinned him beneath his antlers and the log and began goring him to death. I rushed forward and struck the enraged animal on the ribs

placed the fragments of poor Mike in a piece of the moose's hide and secured the animal's gigantic head, which measured $84\frac{7}{8}$ inches. My guess of 80 inches wasn't far wrong. While placing the last fragment of Mike in the piece of moose-hide, we found the doctor's pocketbook and bank bills tied up in the Indian's red handkerchief. We now knew why he had disappeared the first time. With melancholy thoughts, intermingled with those of victory, we retraced our way to the wrecked democrat. The doctor, after

THE DOCTOR'S BULL MOOSE

donning Mike's trousers, carried the moose head, while I shouldered Mike. It was much easier carrying him in concentrated form than if he had been intact. We made a sort of improvised combination cart and hearse out of the democrat, and started back for the distant railway station. When we handed his squaw and widow the moose skin full of her husband, she thought at first that we had presented her with a bag of newly-made pemmican and smiled her thanks. When she recognized Mike by his torn garments and shirt buttons, she sobbed hysterically for fully ten minutes on the doctor's shoulder, till a hundred dollars from each of us relieved her sorrow, and squared both the loss of her connubial felicity and the damaged democrat. She made us pay \$25 more for the dead horse, which seemed to cause her more grief than the loss of her husband. When we explained matters to the coroner, he decided that an inquest was not necessary, and didn't detain us.

It is not usually done in sporting articles, but I wish to state that the hairbreadth adventures which the doctor and I had with that big bull moose never really happened, because we decided at the railway terminus

to return with the dogs. The moose-head we took back with us and presented to the Toronto Sporting Club, we purchased from a half-breed two stations down the line. But such a tame narrative, compared with the one I have related, would not have pleased our club associates, who are always yearning to hear a thrilling sporting yarn. At the same time, if a sportsman isn't allowed a little poetic license, as it were, to improve and embellish uninteresting, matter-of-fact hunting trips, the clubs and sporting magazines would be robbed of one hundred per cent. of their best articles; and quite a number of famous sportsmen of the most of their reputations. I wonder how many moose-heads and big speckled trout were shot and hooked with a roll of bank bills, and secured for club houses and dining-rooms in the same way that the doctor and I got our trophy. I also sometimes wonder if Mike's spirit still refrains from the bad habit of indulging in an occasional bath.

But there wasn't any Mike at all. Yet if there had been, I'm certain he would have turned out to be just such a Mike as we carried home in fragments — I mean would have carried home to his heart-broken cash - appeased, widowed squaw, if such a squaw had ever existed.



MIKE

How to Attract a New Industry

Factors Governing the Location of a Factory and the Keeping of a Located Factory

By William P. Fitzsimons

THE city or town desirous of attracting manufactories should appreciate that the essentials to the success of such enterprises are four-fold.

First—Power—fuel, water or electric; the cost of power being as low as it is possible to make it.

Second. — A supply of suitable labor, or ability to obtain it.

Third. — Ample transportation facilities.

Fourth — Attractive living conditions. This covers residential features, rent, taxation, sanitary arrangements, religious and educational facilities and means for recreation.

The tendency to-day in the manufacturing world is towards the centralization of kindred industries because of the many economic advantages of such a policy; it facilitates the assembling of raw materials, enlarges the supply of skilled labor and establishes a purchasing centre. It is,

therefore, important that each municipality should have a business organization and through it make a close study of the advantages it possesses and determine what kinds of industries it is best adapted for. When this question is definitely settled, the business organization should carefully

compile the data and have it printed in attractive form.

The secretary of the organization should get into close touch with the industrial department of the railroad serving the city or town and keep that department posted on the activities of the organization, on the openings for business enterprises, and sup-

ply the department with full particulars of such building sites, vacant factory buildings, flour mills or other structures as may be available.

It is frequently claimed that accessibility to raw materials and nearness to the most desirable markets is positively essential. This claim, of

Every community possesses latent energy.

If a community is not progressing, its latent energy needs putting into action.

It is unworthy of any community to neglect its own resources and expect to profit by the activities of other centres.

Equally is it unworthy of any community to be lacking in appreciation of the value and importance to it of the home industries.

course, is based on economic principles, but hundreds of concerns are to-day successfully operating at "unnatural" locations. It is true, that all things being equal, the point of location should be where the greatest saving in transportation charges can be effected, but this item does not enter into a manufacturing proposition to anywhere near the degree popularly supposed. Freight is hauled at astonishingly low charges when the almost numberless factors governing railroad transportation are closely studied. Inefficient labor, bad government, unattractive living conditions or insufficient water supply will do far more to cripple an industry than transportation charges.

The chief essentials to the establishment of successful manufacturing are:

1st—Local genius. (Inventiveness and industry).

2nd—Local enterprise. (Loyalty to local genius, including financial support).

3rd—Good management (without which the very best enterprise will fail).

4th—Push. (More push—push all the time).

A city or town should have a substantial industrial growth *from within*, and should not, like the "wall flow-

er," sit with folded hands waiting for some vigorous young industry to come to it; nor is artificial sustenance to new industries, in the shape of bonuses, usually productive of satisfactory results. It is of the greatest importance that the industries and other business enterprises now in operation receive fair treatment at home; that they be given all possible encouragement by the community to expand. If all the citizens are loyal in advancing their interests, then, provided the managements are progressive, keeping pace not only with the numerical growth of the country, but also creating a healthy home market, for their goods, they will expand beyond that growth and ultimately extend their sales to foreign countries. Besides effecting the enlargement of existing concerns, such a policy tends towards the establishment of new concerns, to manufacture at home, articles now brought in from distant places. Indifference, jealousy, labor troubles, and other forms of obstruction, affect not only the established concerns, but scare away persons seeking the most favorable location for new industries. In exact ratio to the unity, efficiency, care and enterprise exercised by all the elements of the city or town, will the local industrial development advance.

Team Work

The coach of a baseball team, a football team or a crew tries above everything else to promote among his men what is generally known as "team work." Team work means the kind of effort where every man is working with every other man in harmony and with a like determination to bring about the desired result, which is victory. One jarring element can destroy the effectiveness of a whole organization, however perfect it may otherwise be. Professional coaches know this, and they govern themselves accordingly. If it were not for the

importance of team work, a great deal of the training could be eliminated. The individual ability of each man would suffice. But no, it is the steady, persistent training—the working of man with man—that brings out the power and the quality. All this is the introduction and leads up to one short but very important statement. No great or successful business can be built up without team work, with every man in the establishment playing on the team. If this is not the case, a professional coach is sorely needed.



NEWNURSES' CORPS

Woman in War

By

Frederic W. Walker

THIS is an age in which the question of national defence has become paramount and of vital moment. No longer can it be pushed aside to make room for parochial matters, and amid this increased attention it would be strange if the women of Britain failed to interest themselves in the means by which our homes are to

be defended. Without entering into the political or material aspects of Home Defence it may be said at once that our women have entered into sympathy with things as they stand, and are nobly setting an example to the nation at large.

Personally, I have an idea that British women are, in the main, conscrip-

tionists, in the sense that they believe it the duty of every man to serve his country. This is a very general principle found in the minds of women, and were it not so things might be worse with us than they are. But this trend of mind does not interfere with support to current principles of organization, whether lacking in essentials or not, and so we find ladies identified with Home Defence work, and also nursing to an extent not previously noticeable.

Former generations have been stirred by the deeds of brave women, and historical instances are found in the chronicles of all countries. Perhaps the first record of organized work on behalf of the sick in the field was "The Queen's Hospital" of Isabella of Spain in 1843. The latest is our own beloved Queen's Imperial Military Nursing Service, with its Regular and Territorial branches. Among individuals it is record-

ed that a Duchess of Gordon filled the ranks of her clan regiment by the bribe of a kiss, whilst who shall say what limit there was to the influence which Florence Nightingale carried with her? But, so far as organized effort is concerned, the work of women has been hitherto restricted to professional nursing for the Regular Army, and to participation in the welfare of such bodies as the Red Cross Society and St. John's Ambulance Association and others. Nursing for Home Defence has only re-

cently come into the forefront of discussion, and it is the women who have forced it forward.

Many of them are unequal to "the strain of doing nothing," and so it is that we find a strong forceful movement in the shape of a Mounted Nurses' Corps. Whether its members should be quite militant is not a matter of much importance; what does matter is the fact that this corps is the outward and visible sign of a greater and broader movement which, carefully fostered by the Territorial

County Associations, will be of value when the hedgerows are filled with wounded.

A number of well-meaning gentlemen have suggested that the ladies should work and embroider or present colors for the Territorial Force as a useful method of patriotic endeavor. This is, of course, a good idea, but it is not broad enough to satisfy modern women. It would indeed be a pity if such a re-

stricted horizon were acceptable. Ladies can, of course, be extremely helpful in subscribing to the cost of colors, or in giving them, as (to name only two) in the case of the Duchess of Westminster to the 5th Cheshire and Lady Inverclyde to the 9th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. In this direction H. R. H. Princess Louise has shown a splendid lead, and among corps in which she is interested are the Dumbartonshire and other battalions of her own Highland regiment, Princess Louise's, and



(Photo: Alice Hughes.)
Miss Haldane.



NURSES AT A MILITARY CHURCH PARADE

(Photo: Stevens, Poole)

the 13th (Kensington) Battalion of the County of London Regiment.

The Territorial Army is permitted to possess colors under the provisions of the new army scheme if they bear the cost themselves. Pride in the possession of regimental colors is still great in the Regular Army, notwithstanding the fact that nowadays they are never taken into action; and there is every reason to suppose that the same feeling of pride exists among the non-regulars. Regimental colors cost something like £100, but that sum, divided among the women of a city or county area would work out at a very small sum per share, and purchased in that way would be more likely to stir local patriotism than if subscribed for by the wives and daughters of a few wealthy citizens. And even though a lady may not be a nurse, or subscribe to the regimental colors, it does not follow that the average

woman will have no demands made upon her patriotism.

In many cases it will be no small sacrifice on the part of women and children to take their summer holiday without the companionship of husband and father, who will be away at camp for two weeks' training. Yet it will be a sacrifice readily and cheerfully made, one may rest assured, and quite as valuable in the long run as a more direct display of patriotism.

An excellent scheme, which should be more widely known, has been put forward by Miss Dorothy Davis, a well-known worker in the patriotic cause. This lady's plan aims at concentrating the work of women in aid of a national scheme of general army training. Under it each woman should take charge of a parish, secure other women (not men) to support her, and see that every house or cottage in the village receives a personal call during

WOMAN IN WAR

the week to urge general training for defence. Some of the methods suggested are as under:

Posters to be displayed in each shop, public house, schoolroom, and other prominent places.

Calling personally at each shop, schoolroom, etc.

Securing the support of the clergy of all denominations.

Distributing at each dwelling some kind of leaflet.

Getting local newspapers to insert notices.

Miss Davis also adds instructions as to how best to carry out open-air meetings. She urges that no one need be deterred from undertaking this work owing to want of practice in speaking, as a brief and simple statement of the case could be prepared at headquarters which could be read clearly and distinctly. The essence of the scheme lies in an organized effort throughout the United Kingdom.

Miss Davis also gives suggestions as to sending out notices for "At Homes," where women are not able or willing to speak at open-air meetings. One woman should undertake the organization, assisted by a committee of three; one woman of local position and influence should come forward for each county as a County Organizer; each County Organizer should secure and appoint an organizer for each Petty Sessional Division; each Divisional Organizer should count the parishes in her division and distribute one Parish Organizer to each. Divisional Organizers should let their County Organizers know when they have either (a) parishes without speakers, or (b) speakers to spare. Woman's influence is so all-powerful in the home that this scheme deserves careful consideration. Such an organization would achieve more good than all the political rhetoric.

Noteworthy among the workers on behalf of the new Nursing Service for the Territorial Force is Miss Haldane, sister of the Secretary of State for War. Not only does this clever lady

work at organization, but she speaks in various centres on behalf of the official scheme. This new plan is, briefly, to divide up the United Kingdom into areas corresponding with the military commands. The work required of the Nursing Service is under the following heads: 1, First Aid and Transport Work. 2, Care of the Sick and Wounded in Hospital. 3, Convalescent Nursing.

In this work the aid of the Red Cross Society is being largely employed. This society has to undertake, among other things, the transport at home of the sick in war time, in co-operation with the Territorial Associations. The general work comprises the finding of nursing quarters and their equipment; maintenance of a trained personnel; and the staffing of rest stations for the sick as they come down from the front to the base hospitals. The general hospital forms an important item in the new home medical arrangements. First aid, temporary dressing, and rapid skilled aid sees the patient passed on to the general hospital for permanent treatment. For the purposes of a home war twenty-three of these hospitals will be established. In peace time they do not exist, but on mobilization for war in case of invasion the staff appointed comes together at twenty-three appointed places, where they receive the equipment necessary for the work. The buildings selected are public halls, schools, institutes and the like, and the towns chosen are as follows: Glasgow, Newcastle, Sheffield, Manchester, Leicester, Oxford, Cambridge, Plymouth, Leeds, Liverpool, Lincoln, Brighton, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Portsmouth, London, Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

London will have four hospitals and Glasgow two, whilst the remainder of the towns named will have one each. The hospitals will contain 520 beds each, and these 12,000 beds will need 2,800 members of a staff of women, as each hospital needs two matrons, thirty-six sisters and eighty-eight other nurses. An organizing matron, with

a local committee in each centre, is busy enrolling qualified ladies, and these women will continue their ordinary civil duties until called up for war service. Each wears a silver badge to denote membership in the Territorial Nursing Service.

The peace work is voluntary, but, in war, army rates of payment will be given. The whole work is placed under a committee of matrons and sisters of great hospitals, and other ladies, with whom is the distinguished ex-matron-in-chief of the Regular service, Miss Sidney Browne, R.R.C. The Queen is, of course, president.

At one time it was thought that the civil hospitals and the medical and nursing professions would, in some undefined way, respond to any war call at home, but a better conception of what a conflict in these islands would mean has shown that distress and sickness in the civil population would keep the civil establishments fully employed. Hence this effort to detach and train a nursing service for the needs of the Territorial Force, which might have under treatment as a first legacy of conflict as many as 15,000 cases.

In other countries the sphere of

woman in war has been placed on an organized footing long ago. In Japan, for example, the ladies of the Red Cross supervise the training of nurses, prepare bandages, and collect materials. They spread in a link along the lines of communication, and refresh and rest the wounded and sick as they travel from the firing line to permanent hospital. After that there is the care of the convalescent.

An advanced militant section of horsewomen, as I have said, have an outlet in the Mounted Nurses' Corps, with which Lady Ernestine Hunt is connected, and which has been recruited by some smart work performed by "Sergeant Major" Baker and others. Recently this Women's First Aid and Yeomanry Nursing Corps mustered at the Regent's Park Riding School for a mounted march round the western side of London. Some forty members formed the column, which was under the leadership of Lady Ernestine Hunt, who has the command.

All this work of women should have a good effect in killing insular prejudice and in forming a proper conception of defence as a duty and privilege of citizenship.



(Photo: Half-tones, Ltd., Fleet St., E.C.)

NURSES AS YEOMANRY: ENLISTING CANDIDATES

Make Believe

By E. Temple Thurston

From *The Throne and Country*

THE daffodils were in bloom in the Embankment Gardens below Charing Cross; the sparrows were house-hunting, or they were pursuing, in sudden, noisy flights through the bushes. On the paths children were playing with skipping-ropes—little girls with pale hair, tight-knotted in numberless plaits, secured at the end with thin fragments of cotton, in preparation for the service next morning in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

It was a Saturday afternoon.

Almost every seat had its occupant. There were old men, looking out across the river as the trams thundered by, who mused with tired eyes upon times when the Embankment was a quieter spot than it is now. There were old women, resting for a moment or so with odd parcels under their arms, then passing on towards Villiers Street and the Strand; having come perhaps some distance out of the way in order to catch a glimpse of the flowers in the garden—their garden—the only garden beyond their window-sill that they knew. There were young women and young men, in company or alone—there were nurses with prams, wheeling pale-faced babies. Now and then a soldier in his tight-fitting trousers would pass by, with little peaked jacket, with brilliant stripes, clinking spurs, and perhaps a medal dangling on his breast—a gallant soldier, who flicked at his well-polished boots as he hurried on to keep his appointment with the fair lady of his heart. And many a nurse-

maid's eye would try to catch his as he went by; and many a little sigh would flutter in many a simple heart as he strode on, still clinking in the distance, through the gate, and vanished out of sight.

There was even a moment of wistfulness in the eyes of Emily Allpress, as she watched the last glint of the spurs, the last flick of the cane. The next instant, she was sitting sedately erect in her corner of the seat as a young man strolled up and, with a glance at her, took the opposite corner.

He leant back, crossing his legs with the ease of one who is accustomed to leisure. He gave a little hitch to his trousers from the knee; it saved them from bagging—incidentally, it gave better display to a pair of violet-colored socks which matched the tie he was wearing, his shirt, and the handkerchief obviously concealed within the sleeve. There was even a bunch of violets in his coat.

While he was settling himself, Emily had the opportunity for one glimpse—the briefest. Then she arranged herself more comfortably in her corner of the seat. Undoubtedly he was a gentleman.

By means of a series of quick glances, escaping observation, which, if you are a woman, you know so well how to do, Emily noticed him take out a cigarette case. It looked as though it might be gold; and if the sun is shining on a Saturday afternoon in April and there be but the taint of romance in your nature, you will give

these matters the benefit of the doubt. She felt sure it was gold. He hesitated—glanced in her direction, to find her gazing after the top of a passing tram—then he opened the case. He hesitated once more—glanced again in her direction to find her looking pensively at the point of her shoe—then he took out a cigarette.

"Would you have any violent objection if I smoked?" he asked.

She coughed, to make her voice sound nice and clear.

"Not at all," she replied, and for one moment, she gave her eyes fully to his. He had nice grey eyes. Of course, he was a gentleman. The way he had asked her—had she any violent objection—violent objection was just what a gentleman would say. "Please smoke," she added. "I like the aroma of tobacco."

Mr. Simpson lit his cigarette. Who would have thought to run across a lady sitting on a seat in Charing Cross Gardens! That was quite a nice phrase—the aroma of tobacco. He determined to make use of it himself in future.

"The daffodils are luxuriant, aren't they?" he ventured presently.

Emily awoke from a reverie of wondering what he was going to say next.

"Glorious! Such a wonderful harmony of color."

In a few minutes they had overcome these formalities.

Mr. Simpson had leant his arm over the back of the seat and drawn imperceptibly nearer to her. They were becoming friends. Both knew it; both felt that indescribable thrill of interest as when, opening the door of his house, a stranger says to you, "This is where I live."

"Do you come to the Gardens often?" Mr. Simpson asked presently.

"Not often—Saturday afternoons occasionally. The people you find here then are quite interesting."

"Mostly out of shops," said Mr. Simpson, with a faint note of contempt.

"I suppose they are really," replied Emily and, as though she refused to have her illusions spoilt, she added, "I don't think I find them any the less interesting because of that."

He looked at her with admiration. "You're like me," he said. "You're broad-minded. One person's as good as another in my eyes. I'm by way of being a Socialist."

"A Socialist?" She lifted her eyebrows.

"Yes—I believe in everyone dividing their incomes—everybody being equal—everybody making the same amount of money."

"It would be nice," mused Emily. "I don't think I should like that though," she added quickly. "Oh, no! Surely not! Why, one's servant would be as good as one's-self."

"Yes—I hadn't thought of that," said Mr. Simpson. "I hadn't thought of that. That would be awkward. Still, one would always know the difference."

"I suppose you would," she agreed. "At first you would, of course. Do you live in London?"

"I've rooms in town," said he, taking out that gold cigarette-case once more and extracting another cigarette. "But my place is up in—in Norfolk."

Emily cast her imagination into the country—the country as it was then—the blackthorn in blossom, heaping the white of snow in the pale green hedges; the birds building; blackbirds, deep-throated, making sudden chattering flights from the undergrowth; a thrush on the tree-top singing with swelling breast to the sunset.

"I get very little opportunity of seeing the country," she said; "far too little. I idolize the country. No—what little time I have to spare, I generally go abroad."

He nodded his head casually. It was the thing to do, of course—to go abroad—it was the thing to do.

"Where do you go as a rule?" he enquired.

Emily shrugged her shoulders. There were so many places—abroad

was such a comprehensive term. "I like Paris, very much," she said, "and Boulogne."

"Charming place, Boulogne," said he with feeling.

"Oh, quite," she replied. "You know it, of course. I do so like to have French spoken all round me—don't you—there's something—I don't quite know what about it."

"That's funny—we think very much alike," he said, with a smile of admiration into her eyes. "I feel that, too. You speak French, of course?"

"Oh—*oui—oui*," said Emily, and she shrugged her shoulders. She had pretty shoulders. To say that she knew it is no disparagement of the woman. The woman who does not know her beauties is a fool—God forgive me for applying such an epithet to the sex; the only mitigation possible is to say I have never met one.

"And where do you live when you're in town?" continued Mr. Simpson presently.

"I've a pretty little house in Kensington," said Emily. "Quite small, of course. But it's the only part of London to live in."

"For a woman undoubtedly," said Mr. Simpson. "My chambers are--are just off Piccadilly. But if you're ever up in Suffolk—Norfolk, I mean—I shall be delighted if you will look me up."

"Charmed, I'm sure," said Emily. "Where is it?"

"Near Norwich—not far from Norwich—about six miles or so. Takes me about—well, about ten minutes or so in the motor."

"Oh, you have a motor?"

"Yes. A—a—what's the name of it?—a Panhard."

"Of course, that's lovely," said Emily quietly. "One of these days, I think I must get one. Oh, certainly; I shall be delighted to come and see you,"

"Simpson is my name—Simpson—I'm sorry I haven't got a card with me." He laughed. "Scarcely thought I should want one coming here this afternoon."

"Quite so," said Emily; "of course." She rose reluctantly to her feet. "Well—I'm afraid I must say good-bye now, Mr. Simpson. It's been very pleasant meeting you. I hope we shall see each other again."

He rose quickly, gallantly, from his seat.

"It's always a pleasure to meet a lady," said he, holding out his hand.

She smiled gratefully at his recognition in such a place of her good breeding. She took his hand and, when she felt the slight pressure on her own, she returned it, letting her eyes just fall in delicate submission.

"Are you likely to be this way again?" he inquired, encouraged by her responsive humor.

She smiled. "Oh—I don't know. It's not a place I usually come to, of course. I may be here next Saturday afternoon—if you like, I will."

"Same time?" he said eagerly.

"The same time—certainly."

"Well—I was going up to my place in Norfolk next week-end. But I'll stay in town, of you're sure to be here."

"Why, of course," said Emily, and she smiled so graciously when she left him that his heart beat a lively tattoo as he sat back again in his seat.

He followed her rapturously with his eyes as she walked down the path towards the bandstand and Villiers Street. There are certain ways of telling a lady, even when you know nothing about her living in Kensington and spending her spare time abroad—one of the most reliable is the way she holds her dress. Mr. Simpson could see at a glance, by the way Emily held her skirt, that she was not the ordinary frequenter of Charing Cross Gardens. She had a nice ankle, too—and what was that? A ladder in her stocking! For a moment his heart faltered. But, of course, what did that prove? If she were not a lady, she would be over-particular about such little details of her garments, fearing that they might disclose her want of breeding. With

a real lady, such things need not be considered—not to the extent of a ladder in her stocking. Stockings do not make a lady—sometimes they become her, but that is entirely another matter and need not be mentioned here.

But whether there were a ladder in her stocking or not, she was coming there to the Gardens to meet him next Saturday afternoon. Possibly she would consent to have tea with him. That was scarcely outside the province of a lady. Ten minutes later, Mr. Simpson rose from his seat, his whole mind steeped in the possibilities of romance.

* * * *

It was a Wednesday—mid-day—and the little restaurants in the Strand—the cafes, the tea-shops, and eating houses were beginning to fill up with their regular customers at lunch-time. As the clocks struck one, Mr. Simpson, leaning familiarly on the arms of two friends, emerged from a hosier's shop into the street. It was an attractive-looking shop, the windows crowded with brightly-colored garments of underwear, festooned with ties of every conceivable shade and texture. It is quite possible he may have been purchasing a dainty colored shirt and socks to match.

On the previous Saturday afternoon, his attire had been faultless. Perhaps it was not quite so immaculate on this occasion. The clothes he wore were not so new—they had fitted well once. There was really not much to be said against them now. Otherwise his appearance was just as gentlemanly. His tie had evidently been bought to suit his shirt—his socks as well. One missed the handkerchief in the sleeve; but that was nothing. He wore his gold signet ring, cut with his crest—a swan riding upon flames. Only a person very meticulous would have noticed any difference in Mr. Simpson that Wednesday morning in the Strand.

"Well, where do we go?" he said to his friends.

Mr. Harper suggested one place for lunch; Mr. Lonsdale another.

"I'm going to try an A.B.C.," said Mr. Simpson, and he said it in all simplicity. When a man has a place in the country and a motor-car that can take him over six miles in the space of ten minutes, it is quite an unaffected taste to prefer an A.B.C. where he may eat his lunch.

To the A.B.C., accordingly, they went and on the way Mr. Simpson unburdened to their attentive ears the little story of his romance in Charing Cross Gardens. He was finishing it as they entered the shop and descended the stairs to the gentleman's smoking-room.

"I shall probably call on her in Kensington," he said, and the last word withered on his lips.

In a white cap and apron—set prettily, no doubt, upon her dainty head of hair—was his lady of Charing Cross, engaged in pouring Bovril into a cup at the counter. He hurried by with his friends, taking a seat at a table in a far corner of the room.

From that moment he scarcely spoke to them, complaining of a headache—any excuse that might gain him the liberty of the thoughts that were gyrating wildly in his brain. She had told him a whole tissue of falsehoods! She had deceived him! She was not a lady! Only a girl in an A.B.C.! Lived in Kensington! More probably it was Clapham—a bed sitting-room at seven shillings a week! But she was pretty—undeniably, she was pretty. He suddenly thought of the ladder in the stocking. Of course, really, that was characteristic of a girl in an A.B.C. shop.

He watched her as she departed from the counter with her tray of cups and plates. She was coming in their direction. That was Fate that he had chosen one of her tables.

When she saw him, the whole tray trembled in her hands. She almost dropped it then on the floor at her feet. Even the next moment, as she

MAKE BELIEVE.

steadied herself, it clattered down on to the nearest table she could find.

When she had delivered the various dishes to their respective owners, she came hesitatingly to their table, swinging the empty tray nervously in her hand.

"You look nice and fresh this morning, miss," said Mr. Harper.

Emily took out her order sheet, wetted the tip of her pencil and waited, saying nothing.

"I'll have a poached egg on toast, miss," continued Mr. Harper, unconconscious of the dignity of her silence.

"You always have 'em poached," said Mr. Lonsdale.

"That's just as a check—know what you're eating—and a cup of coffee, miss—plenty of milk—if *you please*. Some of the stuff that's seen a cow for preference."

"As distinguished from that which comes out of the chalk pit," added Mr. Lonsdale. They relapsed into a paroxysm of laughter, of which neither Mr. Simpson nor Emily took any notice. Mr. Simpson, in fact, took out his cigarette case and lit a cigarette.

Then Mr. Lonsdale gave his order, While this was proceeding, Mr. Harper leaned across the table to his friend.

"You sold the old gentleman his half-dozen pair of pants, didn't you?" he asked. His eyes caught the expression on Emily's face. "Excuse my

language, miss—it's just a little bit of business—pretend you didn't hear." He looked back to Mr. Simpson. "I saw you leaning over the counter, taking him right into your confidence. That's the only way to do it. What I always say is, trade's a confidence trick—nothing more, nothing less."

Mr. Simpson said nothing. He just closed his cigarette-case with a snap.

"That's a nice case you've got, Bertie," said Mr. Lonsdale, looking round at the noise. "Three and six, aren't they? I'm going to get one, Give us a cigarette."

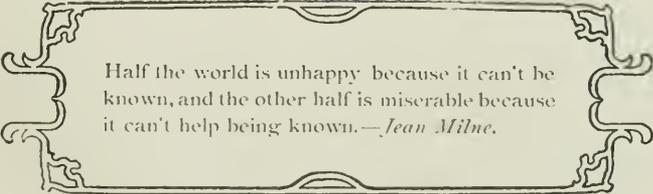
Mr. Simpson's eyes tried to meet Emily's as he gave her his order. It was quite impossible. Hers clung to the little block of order papers—his lowered to the table.

When lunch was over and they rose with their bills in their hands to depart, Mr. Simpson allowed them to reach the top of the stairs, then he suddenly remembered that he had left something behind him. He told them they need not wait.

At the foot of the stairs he met Emily. He lifted his hat—just as he had done in Charing Cross Gardens.

"I beg your pardon," said he in an undertone. "Does it make any difference? Will you be there on Saturday?"

"If you can find somebody to introduce us," she replied, lifting her eyes. And then she smiled.



Half the world is unhappy because it can't be known, and the other half is miserable because it can't help being known.—*Jean Milne.*



BROWNIE CASTLE
RESIDENCE OF PALMER COX AT GRANBY, QUEBEC

Palmer Cox of Brownie Fame

By

C. D. Chown

two's enjoyment of the delightful scenery and bracing air of his former home. This winter, for private reasons, he has remained in Granby, and chancing to be in the town recently, I was fortunate enough to be

granted the privilege of an interview.

THE Town of Granby, Quebec, possesses several claims to distinction. Not least of these must be reckoned the fact that it is the birthplace and the home, for a great part of the year, of a man, who has contributed vastly to the enjoyment of countless children, young and old, during the past thirty years. While the success of most men, even of writers, is reckoned in dollars and cents, that of Palmer Cox must be summed up in the clean, wholesome pleasure he has given, wherever his Brownie stories have been circulated.

I found the author-artist hard at work in his study, a room adjoining his studio, which, to secure the best light possible, is situated in the upper part of the tower, shown in the illustration. He was busily engaged putting the finishing touches to a series of sketches to accompany his latest Brownie story for St. Nicholas magazine. Affable in the extreme, Mr. Cox was not at all averse to relating the story of his life and telling how he began to write the adventures of the Brownies.

On the highest spot in town, near its boundary line, and adjoining the open country, stands Brownie Castle, the residence of Mr. Cox, when he finds time to spare for a month or

Palmer Cox was born in Granby on April 28th, 1840, and at an early age developed astonishing skill with pen and pencil. The caricatures which he produced at school were so telling that as a punishment he was often



PALMER COX
AUTHOR AND ILLUSTRATOR OF THE BROWNIE STORIES

made to stand on the schoolroom floor, exposing his work on his slate.

When seventeen years of age he went to the Eastern States, but in a short time removed to Lucknow, Ontario. Then, attracted by the gold-mining boom in California, he went west. It was there that he discovered where his talent really lay and he began writing articles for the western papers and illustrating them as opportunity offered. Gradually he found his writing taking a secondary place

to his drawing, but as California did not offer much encouragement to him in those days, he decided to return to the east, where he had already formed some favorable connections with New York publications.

The year 1878 found him in New York devoting his whole time to literary and illustrative work for the comic papers. By chance his work brought him into touch with a German firm, who called his attention to the tales written in Germany for children,

telling him that they discerned in his comic stories indications of his ability to write interesting children's stories. He accordingly prepared a clean, wholesome tale, that would bear the inspection of mothers, illustrated it, and submitted it to the editor of St. Nicholas, then, as now, a young people's magazine. It was promptly accepted and immediate arrangements were made with him for other stories on similar lines.

Each of these stories had a separate identity, but in time Mr. Cox conceived the idea of originating some character which would be the central figure of a series. Memories of his boyhood days recalled the tales he had heard from his Scotch-Canadian neighbors of the Brownie legends, and in these mythical little people he felt he had just the kind of material he wanted. He set to work to ransack encyclopedias and books of reference in pursuit of information about the traditions surrounding the Brownies. He found that they were small male spirits similar to the fairies, and that they were the reverse of the old English gnomes, being kind and careful little fellows, delighting in performing acts of kindness for the farmer and his wife. All that was needed to keep in their good graces was to leave in a convenient place a bowl of cream or home-made malt. Their name was

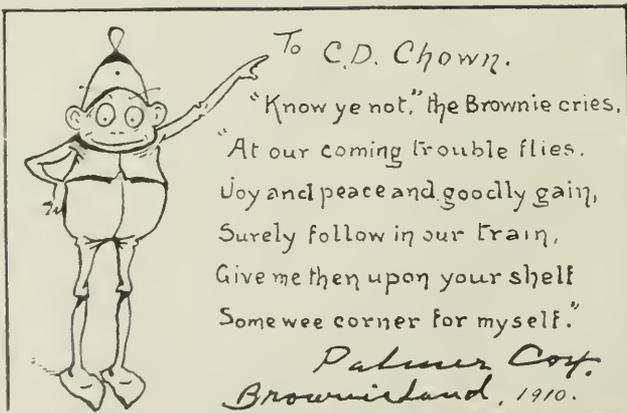
derived from the way their skin was tanned brown by the sun.

In the first series of Mr. Cox's Brownie stories, the Brownies were represented as being all alike, going around in bands. Later on, there were introduced, one by one, separate characters, like the Dude, the Policeman, the Soldier, the Irishman, until there were forty-two different Brownies, each one of whom was separately copyrighted by the artist.

Naturally, Mr. Cox is intensely fond of children. Wherever he goes he quickly makes friends with the young folk in his neighborhood, romps with them and arranges their games. One of his favorite pastimes is to produce a Brownie play, in which his friends, the children, take the parts of the Brownies.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Cox derives quite a handsome income from royalties received from manufacturers for the use of the word Brownie on cameras, carpets, calico, pins and on the stage.

As I bade farewell to the tall, kindly Brownie man and came away from his castle on the hill, I felt what a splendid achievement it was for any man to spend his days diffusing around him such a wealth of pleasant fancies and creating so much happiness in the world. Surely his name will go down to posterity as blessed.



SOUVENIR AND AUTOGRAPH

Important Articles of the Month

A Commonwealth Ruled by Farmers

Frederic C. Howe's third study of industrial democracy in Europe, appearing in the Outlook, deals with Denmark, which, he declares, to be a state in which the people really rule and in which they rule in the interest of a larger percentage of the people than in any other country, except possibly Switzerland.

The Danish peasant is the direct antithesis of the English peasant, who wants to be ruled by a lord. The peasant in Denmark wants to be ruled by a peasant like himself. Nor does he intrust his Government to members from the cities, to the lawyers, or to the large landowners. Denmark is suspicious of Copenhagen, its largest city. Denmark distrusts the lawyer, and the landed aristocracy is only permitted to protest. Copenhagen does not like the rule of the neasants. The permanent official seems to be ashamed of it, and the King employs himself busily in social and personal functions, with the most shadowy powers and with practically no influence on legislation.

The State of Denmark is a peasant democracy. Its ruling class is the small farmer possessing from forty to sixty acres of land, and with an outlook on life that is exclusively agricultural. The present Minister of Agriculture was a workingman whose business was that of thatching roofs. Three or four other members of the ministry are small farmers, while all of the Cabinet owe their position to the peasant majority.

Mr. Howe finds the cause of Denmark's well-being to lie to a large extent in the fact that the people own the land.

There is very little tenancy in Denmark. Over 89 per cent. of the farmers own their farms. They work their own

holdings. Only about 11 per cent. are tenants. In America the percentage of farm ownership is very much less. In 1900 only 64.7 per cent. of our farmers owned their farms. More than one-third were already tenants. And ownership in Denmark is widely distributed. According to the latest published statistics, the land is divided as follows:

| Size of farms. | Number of farms. | Total number of acres in the class. |
|--------------------------|------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Less than 1½ acres | 68,000 | 25,000 |
| From 1½ to 13½ acres... | 65,000 | 450,000 |
| From 13½ to 40 acres... | 46,000 | 1,150,000 |
| From 40 to 150 acres... | 61,000 | 5,900,000 |
| From 150 to 650 acres... | 8,000 | 2,100,000 |
| More than 650 acres | 822 | 1,150,000 |

The total number of farms is 250,000, with a cultivated area of over ten million acres. The very large farms are survivals of the old feudal estates. They comprise about one-tenth of the total agricultural area. These estates are not worked on the tenant basis, but by hired labor, which, by reason of the ease with which the peasants secure land, is difficult to obtain. In consequence the landlords import foreign laborers from Poland, who work on the estates during the summer months and return home during the winter.

Intensive cultivation has made the Dane the most successful farmer in the world, and his farm the most productive.

The Dane has made his land a dairy farm. Denmark is cultivated like a market garden. The chief products are butter, eggs, bacon, poultry, and fine stock. A generation ago, like the farmers of England, the Dane was threatened with extinction by the wheat-fields

of America, Russia, and the Argentine Republic. But he did not throw up his hands, as did the English landowner, and convert his land into pasture fields. Neither did he go to Parliament, as did the great estate owners of Germany, and demand a protective tariff. The Danish peasant is self-reliant. And he is a convinced free-trader. He looked about for other markets. He found that England was buying her butter, eggs, and bacon from Ireland. He sent a commission to that country to ascertain how Ireland produced these things. Then Parliament and the people set to work to convert Denmark into a market garden. That was only a quarter of a century ago. Soon the Danes were producing better bacon, better butter, better eggs, than the Irish. Within the last few years no less than four special commissions have been to Denmark from Ireland and Scotland to find out how it is done. For the Danes have captured the English market. And they have done it by improving upon Irish methods.

Denmark is now exporting to Germany, to England, to South America, and even to the Philippines.

The Danish farmer is an expert and a student. He studies his products and his markets. Besides this, he is assisted by the co-operative societies, which have attained a wonderful development in Denmark.

The co-operative movement began with dairying. Up to about 1880 each farmer made his own butter. It was very costly and there was no uniformity in the product. About this time a new device was invented for butter-making. A number of farmers got together and purchased one of the machines. Its success was immediate. Other villages followed. To-day there are 1,087 co-operative dairies, with a membership of 158,000 farmers. There are also 200 other private dairies. Nearly 95 per cent. of the farmers are members of the co-operative dairies, which ship nearly one million dollars' worth of butter a week to England. Then the farmers began to use skim milk for feeding their hogs. The bacon business became a by-product. Then they organized co-operative slaughter-houses, which are located in districts. There are now 34 of these co-operative abattoirs, with a membership of 90,000 and an annual business of 1,100,000 hogs.

The Danish Co-operative Egg Export Society was the next organization. It was organized in 1895. It now has 57,000 members. The eggs are collected

and stamped each day in a local circle. Then they are sent to larger circles for export. In 1908 the export egg business amounted to \$6,600,000. Danish eggs bring fancy prices. For they are always fresh. They are better packed than any others, and are carefully graded. By these means the Dane has more than doubled the price which he receives for his butter. He saves the profits which formerly went to the jobber. The same is true of bacon and eggs.

Some years ago there was formed in London a trust to control the bacon industry. It fixed the price to the farmer and the price to the consumer as well. This spelled disaster to the Danish farmer. But he met this danger as he had his former difficulties, by co-operation. He formed a selling agency of his own. The Danish Bacon Company of London not only destroyed the trust, it insured to the Danish farmer a secure market for his produce. Thus the farmer gets all that his labor produces. He is not despoiled by warehousemen, by railway or other monopoly charges. He gets the full value of his product in dividends at the end of the year, the profits refunded to him being measured by the amount of his output.

The peasant is also his own banker. There are 536 co-operative savings banks in the country. Here the farmer places his savings. Here he goes when he wants a loan. The deposits in 1906 amounted to \$208,500,000, and the number of depositors to 1,352,000 (over half of the population), with an average deposit of \$154. Now the peasant is talking of organizing a great central bank for the whole country, a bank which will include all of the co-operative societies and all of the labor unions as well.

But the co-operative story does not end here. The farmer does his own buying at wholesale. Through these purchasing societies he buys food for his cattle. Almost everything that he consumes comes to him at cost. It is purchased by central agencies made up from representatives of local agencies. The goods are then distributed to the stores, one of which is to be found in every village. Thus he gets his agricultural implements. Thus he buys his food and all his supplies. He saves the profits of the jobber and the retail dealer for himself. The turnover of the purchasing societies in 1907 was \$17,500,000.

Some interesting details are supplied by Mr. Howe as to education.

As before stated, there is no illiteracy in Denmark. School attendance is compulsory up to the age of fourteen. This is usually followed by a period of from

three to four years when the children work on the farm. Above the elementary schools are the high schools. They are privately organized, but practically all of them receive aid from the State. The courses are of five months' duration. The boys attend in the winter and the girls in the summer. The tuition is small and the students live in the schools. The schools are very eclectic, and there is no necessary uniformity in the courses. And there are no examinations. All of them emphasize history, especially Danish history. Literature is taught, as are bookkeeping, business, and everything of value on the farm. There are forty-two of such schools in the country. They are, in a sense, patriotic institutions. They cannot be compared to the American high school or the German gymnasium. They are an indigenous product.

Along with these high schools are the agricultural colleges, of which there are twenty-nine. They give a very thorough course in all of the things that relate to Danish agriculture. They also are aided by the State.

It is through these high schools and agricultural colleges that the Dane is educated. There are over six thousand students in attendance. The boys are trained in agricultural chemistry, in stock-breeding, in seeds, in the management of co-operative establishments. In addition, an immense amount of what might be termed extension work is going on all of the time. There are lectures and circle work. Excursions are made to Copenhagen and elsewhere, while the co-operative societies have special text-books for the use of the farmers. The papers and the magazines are universally read, while constant political and agricultural meetings are being held.

Mr. Howe concludes his article with some deductions. What, he asks, does

this experiment station in democracy teach?

In the first place, it demonstrates the controlling influence of a system of land-ownership on the life of a people. Denmark is democratic, enlightened, and self-governed because the great bulk of the people have an interest in the soil. France, Holland, and Switzerland prove the same thing. It shows, too, that poverty can be reduced to a minimum and the well-being of all the people promoted by State aid and co-operation. Even wages in the city are determined by the agricultural situation. The ease with which men live on the farm and acquire holdings of their own compels the employer to compete with the land for his labor. The land question thus lies at the root of the wages question.

Further than this, the Danish farmer appreciates that he is a consumer as well as a producer. He has learned that his success in agriculture is the result of his own efforts. It is not due to any bounty or subsidy from the State. He is not fooled into any belief in protection. He is a free-trader. He buys where he will in the cheapest market, and the cost of living is much below what it is in America. He is not afflicted by trusts or monopolies. There is sufficient competition in the world which seeks him out to enable him to pick and choose, and he is able to get the best that the world offers and at his own price.

Here, too, may be seen voluntary co-operation at its best. The farmer gets all that he produces. And by education and the aid of the State he has increased the productivity of his labor. Like Switzerland and Germany, the little State of Denmark shows that the old philosophy of individualism has broken down, and that there are many activities which the State itself must assume in order to protect the people and promote their common welfare.

How the King and Queen Spend Sunday

An entertaining little account of how their Majesties spend the Sabbath day appears in M.A.P. The writer says that both the King and Queen prefer to be at Sandringham on Sunday, but they are seldom able to do this; it is doubtful if they spend more than a dozen Sundays in the year there.

Sunday at Sandringham is observed by their Majesties as it is in many country

homes, but perhaps the King and Queen spend the Sabbath more in accordance with traditional English ideas than others.

Among the Sunday guests at Sandringham is frequently some well-known cleric who comes to preach at morning service in the quiet, homely little chapel where so many crowned heads and other distinguished persons have worshipped.

Their Majesties always make a point of joining their guests at breakfast on Sunday when at Sandringham, which,

on ordinary occasions, is served to the Sovereign and his Consort in their private apartments.

A feature of Sunday at Sandringham is the assembly of the whole house party that takes place in the great hall a quarter of an hour before church time. Their Majesties join the gathering and chat to their guests until it is time to set out for church. The King and Queen, with any other members of the Royal Family that may be present, lead the way, and are followed by the rest.

After church comes luncheon, to which some of the residents near Sandringham are often bidden; it is a most unceremonious meal; unless the party is a very large one, all sit at one long table, the Queen at the head and his Majesty at the foot. After luncheon the Queen takes some of the guests to inspect the doves and other of her pets at Sandringham, whilst the King may go for a stroll round the home farm with a few of his friends, accompanied very often by Mr. Beck, the agent for the Sandringham estate, with whom his Majesty will sometimes take afternoon tea.

The hours between tea and dinner time are usually spent by the Queen in her private drawing-room, where she writes letters to the immediate members of the Royal Family. One of these is always to Prince Edward.

As far as possible, affairs of State are not allowed to interfere with the calm of Sunday at Sandringham; the dispatches for the King are, as a matter of fact, sent down to Sandringham twice a day on Sunday, which are read by a secretary, but they are not dealt with or brought under the King's notice unless they are of an especially urgent character. Sometimes, however, a King's messenger arrives with a special dispatch requiring immediate attention, and then, for perhaps half an hour or so, his Majesty has to devote himself to affairs of State.

When the Court is at Buckingham Palace the normal regime of affairs is quite altered on Sundays.

The members of the household rise an hour later on Sunday, and the number of ladies-in-waiting on the Queen and the equerries in attendance on his Majesty is reduced usually by one half. The non-resident members of the household, except on special occasions, such as when some foreign Royal guest is being entertained by their Majesties, do not as a rule attend at Court on Sunday.

Divine service is held in the private chapel at 11.30 a.m., which the King and Queen always attend. The chapel is not open to the public, but members of the household are allowed to bring their friends to services on certain occasions.

A very strict rule is that the whole congregation must be in their seats five minutes before the service begins, and this regulation is scrupulously observed by their Majesties themselves.

After service the royal party, which frequently include the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children if they are in London, takes a walk in the palace grounds before luncheon; after which, the Queen generally goes to Marlborough House, where she constantly dines on Sundays.

Both the King and Queen dislike anything being done on Sunday that entails extra work on the servants of the establishment at which they may be guests.

In this connection a story is told of a mild reproof administered by the King to a certain peer with whom their Majesties stayed for the week-end last year.

Shortly before church time, three powerful motor-cars came round to the hall door to convey the party to church, which was by road about a mile from the peer's residence; by taking a short cut, however, through the park, the distance was lessened by more than half. Directly the King discovered this fact he determined to walk to church. "I really thought," said his Majesty to his host, "when I saw these motor-cars that we were going to a church in the next county." Needless to say, the motor-cars were promptly sent back to the garage.

How to be Popular

The monthly talks on self-help and kindred subjects, which Orison Swett Marden contributes to *Success Magazine*, are always readable, instructive and encouraging. His latest theme is *Popularity*, and on this subject he is

particularly interesting. Everywhere, says Dr. Marden, a magnetic personality wins its way.

The secret of popularity is to make everybody you meet feel that you are especially interested in him. If you really

feel kindly toward others, if you sincerely wish to please, you will have no difficulty in doing so. But if you are cold, indifferent, retiring, silent, selfish; if you are all wrapped up in yourself and think only of what may advance your own interests or increase your own comfort, you never can become popular.

The great trouble with most unpopular people is that they do not take pains to make themselves popular, to cultivate lovable, attractive qualities. They are not willing to put themselves out to try to please others. Many of them, indeed, think it is silly to observe the many little courtesies and trifling civilities practised by cultured people.

I know a man who thinks it is a sign of weakness to take any opportunity that offers to show little courtesies to ladies, to pick up a handkerchief, to open a door, to carry a parcel, or to offer any of the hundred and one little civilities which are so much appreciated and which, after all, are the great essentials of popularity. The result is that in spite of his wealth he is very unpopular.

We expect observances of the more important things even by selfish people, but it is the outward expression of kindly thought and feeling, the practice of little acts of courtesy, of thoughtful attentions, which sweeten and refine life and indicate a lovable nature.

Dr. Marden has little sympathy for those people who take it for granted that they never can be popular.

How often we hear a person say, "I could not be agreeable nor popular if I tried. It is not my nature. I am naturally reticent, shy, diffident, timid. I have not cheek enough to push myself forward. I feel kindly toward people, but I can't take the initiative to try to interest them. I don't know how to talk to them. The moment I am introduced to a person, I am tongue-tied; I stand like a stick. People get away from me as soon as they can do so politely. They ask to be excused for a minute and never come back. My very consciousness and all my efforts to please are forced and cold, which only increases my embarrassment. It is no use for me to try to go against my nature."

The unwillingness to exert oneself to be sociable is much more common than a lack of ability to be so. Of course, it takes an effort to overcome a quiet, retiring disposition and inclination to shrink from meeting people, but it pays to try. The ability to put others at ease, to make them feel at home, especially those who are timid, shy and diffident, is a wonderful element in popularity.

The quality above all others necessary to popularity is sincerity, and nothing else will take its place.

There is no reason why we should pretend to be interested in another. We should be interested in him. It is much easier to be really interested, to know about a person, his occupation, his hobby, the things that interest him, than to pretend to be, just for effect. Pretense, deception and shams are fatal, because, if there is anything a person demands of another it is genuineness, sincerity, and the moment he finds that a person is only pretending to be interested in him, he loses his confidence, and confidence is the foundation of everything. Nobody wants to hear another vaporize, palaver and pretend; nobody wants to feel that he is the victim of a social diplomat who is trying to cover up his real self, pretending an interest in him, just as a ward politician feigns an interest in voters just before election. We all demand absolute sincerity, genuineness. People will very quickly penetrate masks. They can easily tell when anyone is shamming.

The memory of names and faces is of very great importance to the aspirant to popularity.

If your memory of personalities is poor, you will find the late Thomas B. Reed's plan wonderfully helpful. Mr. Reed said that he never looked at a man without noticing some peculiarity or some striking thing in his appearance which would help to recall him—which would fix him indelibly in his memory—a line, a wrinkle, the expression of the eye, the curve of the lips, the shape of the nose—something in that particular person's face or manner that impressed itself indelibly on his mind, and which distinguished him ever after from the rest of mankind.

We constantly hear people in society apologize for their poor memory of names and faces. They say that they never could remember them, but this is usually mostly due to the lack of taking pains, lack of interest. There are some faces and some names we never forget, simply because we were particularly attracted to the persons at the first meeting by some striking affinity between them and ourselves. This shows that attraction is largely a question of a real interest in the person we meet. People who have poor memories for names and faces do not observe closely. They do not get a distinct mental image of the face and expression of the person they meet, do not study the face and personality and make an effort to remember

them. They do not focus their minds upon the face and figure with the intention and expectation of getting a distinct impression that will remain. They simply bow or shake hands with the stranger in a perfunctory, mechanical way and go away with no positive image of either his name or personality, and perhaps ten minutes after the meeting they could not recall anything about the person they have just been talking with.

When you are introduced to a person, try to get not only a clean-cut impression of the face by scanning it carefully, but look into the person's very soul and endeavor to get hold of something that will remain with you.

Be sure you get the name accurately. Many people never hear distinctly the name of the person introduced.

Last of all, cordiality is a great essential. The practice of cordiality will revolutionize a man's social powers and will develop attractive powers never before dreamed of.

A great many people are stingy of their cordiality. They seem to reserve it for some special occasion or for intimate friends. They think it is too precious to give out to everybody.

Do not be afraid of opening your heart, flinging the door of it wide open. Get

rid of all reserve; do not meet a person as though you were afraid of making a mistake and doing what you would be glad to recall.

You will be surprised to see what this warm, glad handshake and cordial greeting will do in creating a bond of good will between you and the person you meet. He will say, "Well, there is really an interesting personality. I want to know more about this lady or gentleman. This is an unusual greeting. This person sees something in me, evidently, which most people do not see."

Some people give you a shudder, and you feel cold chills creep over you when they take hold of your hand. There is in it no warmth, no generosity, no friendliness, no real interest in you. It is all a cold-blooded proceeding, and you can imagine you hear one of these chilling individuals say to himself, "Well, what is there in this person for me? Can he send me clients, patients or customers? If he does not possess money, has he influence or a pull with influential people? Can he help or interest me in any way? If not, I can not afford to bother with him."

How different it is when one takes your hand in a warm, friendly grasp, and looks at you with a kindly, genial smile as though he really wanted to get acquainted with you! You know there is a kind heart and a genuine man behind the cordial hand grasp, and your heart glows in response.

Do We Get Enough Nitrogen?

Charles E. Woodruff contributes an article to the North American Review on what he terms, "Nitrogen Starvation," which raises an interesting question. The writer is inclined to differ with those who claim that we eat much more of the nitrogen foods than we should and that health and efficiency are enhanced by cutting down the supplies about fifty per cent., more or less.

It is only within comparatively recent years that the vital importance of nitrogen has been recognized. The older chemists and physiologists looked upon organic substances as carbon compounds, such as sugar, starch, cellulose and alcohol; but, as a matter of fact, living material is essentially a mixture

of very complex nitrogen compounds, while the carbon substances are manufactured by living cells. It is highly essential, then, in all vital phenomena, to remember that living matter is an unstable compound built of nitrogen and needing nitrogen for its continued existence.

All the other elements entering into the composition of our bodies are essential to life, no doubt, for experiments show that we can starve a lower organism by depriving it of any one of them; yet the main element is nitrogen, for without it all growth ceases. Without nitrogen there is no life. The lowest organism can utilize nitrates, or ammonia in solution, or the mere oxides of nitrogen, or even nitrogen itself; but, in the higher animals, the only substances to which we should give the name of food are the proteids, or complex nitrogen com-

pounds, derived from other organisms. The carbon foods—sugars, starches, fats and alcohols—really deserve the name of fuels; for, though they do become parts of some of our tissues and enter into the very substance of the cells, their main purpose, as far as now known is to burn up to release their stored energy.

The amount of carbon fuel-food necessary for health is so dependent upon the work done that discussion of it is almost futile. A steamship at her dock requires but little fuel for heating and to run her necessary machinery, but when at full speed her consumption is enormous. Man follows the same rule, for he is a heat-engine too. The ship is built of many things, but the basis of all is the element iron, and for growth and repair iron is to the ship what nitrogen is to man. It is quite evident that a ship which makes many trips at high speed needs more repairs than a "sedentary" one at her dock, and in the same way a man who works much requires more than he who works little. It is not possible, then, to state exactly how much nitrogen any particular man should have, nor can we give a standard to which all men should conform, whether sedentary professors or active coolies. Indeed, there is some evidence that proteids can be as safely used for fuel in man as they are in the carnivorous animals, for some healthy races are largely though not entirely carnivorous.

As to the beliefs that the excess of protein puts some kind of a curious "load" on the liver and kidneys and that gout and rheumatism are occasioned by over-indulgence, Mr. Woodruff thinks little of them.

As a matter of fact the world over, the higher classes are fed with an abundance of nitrogen and are the healthiest, longest lived, most energetic, best developed and freest from disease. In India there is still an opinion that abscess of the liver is due to over-eating, but it is now known to be due to infections, and that the well-fed nitrogen-eaters are less liable to it than the starved.

The lower classes all over the world, points out Mr. Woodruff, are in a semi-starved condition. The fact is, there is really not enough nitrogen to go round, and those who get the most grow best and survive over the less well fed. Nitrogen has adways had a high price. Carbon foods cost a

few cents a pound, but dried protein costs a dollar or more, and foods rich in nitrogen are the most expensive—eggs, milk and meat.

In England and other countries it has been found that defective development and what is called degeneration are largely due to defective nitrogen nutriment supplied to the young both before and after birth. For many years observant English school-masters have noted the irritability of underfed school-boys and the deplorable condition of the girls, whose food is mostly the carbon compounds. When nitrogen is increased—meat twice a day—the children become normal. The same observation has been made with other carnivorous animals—for we are carnivorous at least in infancy—and they, too, show grave inanition when the nitrogen is reduced.

Referring to tuberculosis, Mr. Woodruff is of the opinion that the most important in its cure, next to outdoor life, is nitrogen nutrition. He does not mean stuffing the patient, but giving him a generous diet of milk, eggs and meat to the limit of his digestive powers. The results are marvelous, and leave no reasonable doubt that the main reason why the tissues lost their resisting powers was the fact that they had previously suffered from deprivation of nitrogen.

It is high time that the science of dietetics should free itself of the horde of parasitic fads which have fastened themselves upon it. It is the black sheep in the flock of sciences which make up that greater science called "medicine," and it has been under a cloud long enough. Nothing is too absurd to be advocated, from a diet of peanuts to one of raw meat. For many years the real science of dietetics was content with a mere study of what people were eating in all walks of life in every part of the world. It was sad enough to have the illogical conclusion once thrust upon us that these dietaries were necessarily correct, without regard to the results as to vigor and immunity from disease. Indeed, no one seemed to think that the coolie ate rice because it was the only thing he could get, and that he greedily ate better food whenever he had a chance. When the real scientists took up the work of experimental dietetics, it was with keen expectation that the medical profession looked forward to enlightenment—and the enlightenment we got was the new fad that we eat too much

of the thing of which we are built, a fad which will destroy a nation as surely as it will destroy an army. Long before there was a "science" of dietetics, Napoleon said that an army "travels on its stomach," and every other man who has ever had the management of bodies of workers has said that they work on their stomachs. And we can apply the same rule to the nation and to the whole race.

Though we cannot build a ship without nitrogen, yet, after the building is done, we can well reduce these elements; and it is surprising the small amount of nitrogen with which an old sedentary man can retain efficiency—but that is another story, for we are here concern-

ed with the danger of insufficient nitrogen until well along in middle life. It has been reported that within a year two college boys have died while subjecting themselves to low nitrogen diet, and in each case the physicians in attendance were of opinion that the lowered vitality from partial nitrogen starvation was the real cause of death. Names and places have been suppressed as a matter of course, but there does not seem to be any doubt as to the reality of the facts. So let us teach good feeding, and then, perhaps, we will not hear of so many students who have broken down from "overwork," which is too often, if not always, "underfeeding."

A Remedy for High Prices

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly believes that if the use of a silver coinage were made more general throughout the world, there would be a decrease in gold production and in consequence a lowering of the prices of commodities. When gold monometalism became universal, silver at once took the status of a commodity, became subject to fluctuation in price according to the law of demand and supply, like all other commodities, and declined markedly in value, as one of its former uses was curtailed by law.

As silver declined in price, silver mining became less profitable, and silver miners gradually forsook the business and turned their attention to gold. Immediately the production of the latter began to increase until at the present time its annual output is about double in value that of the combined product of silver and gold a generation ago. As this increase occurred, the value of gold declined, establishing the quantitative theory of the value of money. For, though by law an ounce of gold was still and is now, legally transformable at the mints of all modern nations into coin of a face or money value of about twenty dollars, yet the coins so produced and put into circulation have been capable of buying each year less and less of all other commodities; or, to put it differently, sellers of all commodities have each year demanded more money for their wares, that is, prices have steadily risen since the flood of

gold began. Thus the commercial world is faced to-day with the same problem that was up for solution thirty years ago in the matter of silver, viz., how to render more stable the purchasing power of the money unit, in view of the enormous and rapidly increasing output of the world's gold mines.

The tendency to-day is to use less and less coinage. This is a perfectly natural evolution, the result of the strengthening of commercial ties the world over. Money as money is disappearing rapidly from view and in its place is arising a system of credits.

But as yet only a very small part of the inhabited world has become really civilized. The United States and Canada on our side of the Atlantic, northwestern Europe on the other side, Australia, New Zealand, and parts of Japan, a little patch of South Africa, a few spots in Latin America, and small areas in eastern Europe and India. The balance of the inhabitants of the globe may be considered financial barbarians. In numbers they will outbalance us nearly ten to one. With them money (where it has advanced beyond the idea of shells, hides or cattle) is still coin. For bills they have yet no use. There are living nearly fifteen hundred millions of such people that are capable of earning an average daily wage of as much as twenty-five cents or more. If all could be set to work the weekly pay roll would be about two and a quarter billion dollars. Assuming a month as the time required for coins

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among this class to make the trip from earner around through the hands of merchants and banks back to employers, it would take ten billion dollars' worth of silver money to permit of the steady employment of this army of laborers. Of course between sixty and seventy per cent. of this mass of individuals would not be earners (the women, children, old and decrepit), but, on the other hand, the actual laborers would be paid from fifty cents to a dollar a day, according to capacity. Here then is a large field for the use of the metal that the civilized world is rapidly discarding. For silver only could be used, gold representing too much value. At its present market value of say \$15,000 per ton, it would take nearly seven hundred thousand tons of the white metal to produce the above mentioned stock of coin. The present annual production of the world is a little less than 7,000 tons. Hence it would require the entire product at the present rate for the next one hundred years to supply the demand. In view of the large use the western world yet has for small coin, and for silver in the arts, it will probably be safe to say that if the progress of civilization is not stayed, if it advances only at the rate that has obtained during the nineteenth century, there could be created a demand for the metal to the extent of the full output of the mines of the world at the present time, for probably the next two hundred years.

This would check the present flood of gold, for were silver mining to become as profitable as of old, many who are now engaged in the extra-hazardous business of gold-mining would abandon it for the much less hazardous one of silver-mining.

In the adoption of an international coinage the writer of this article sees a remedy for the difficulty.

The plainly evolutionary task of pushing civilization into the uneducated parts of the world through commerce is as badly hampered by the different coins offered to the barbarian, as are the efforts of the evangelists to introduce Christianity by the existence of the various denominations and creeds. The church is beginning to appreciate the wastage in its efforts, and is trying to minimize it by combinations among the denominations having for their object to standardize Christianity, so to speak, by reducing tenet and dogma to the lowest possible terms. Commerce must do the same. The white man's coins must be standardized and simplified.

Consider the increased force of the commercial assault on continental Asia and Africa and the other untamed areas of the globe of an international coin which the half-civilized and barbarous people of the globe found could be used in trading with any of the nations. Asia is called "the sink of silver." Scores of thousands of tons of the white metal in the guise of Indian rupees, Mexico dollars and other coins have disappeared during the last four hundred years among its teeming millions, and the drain still continues at the rate of about 3,000 tons per annum. It is the result of sheer force of numbers, coupled with patient industry and frugality. When these people awake fully from their sleep of centuries, and begin to produce and consume with something like the vigor of the western world, they will be capable of overwhelming it with their output of raw material. With what can they be paid? The balance of trade has remained steadily in their favor as far back as records go. We can only at first satisfy a small portion of their demand in goods, for their wants will increase slowly. They know of but one kind of money, namely, silver, and require that inflexibly. The western world has silver in abundance. It is a drug on the market. Why not prepare unitedly to let them have what they desire, and what we can so easily furnish, and at the same time put it in the form of a coin, which, when it became their unit, would guide them along the path of increasing consumption of those articles which they can produce, and in the production of which we can never hope to be able to successfully compete?

The international coin will come in a comparatively short time, just as will arrive the international postage stamp, which, by the way, is very badly needed. For the upper classes of all countries, the people who travel, and have to stand the nuisance and loss of changing their money at every frontier, the bankers and international merchants who have to cumber their accounts with the fluctuating item of exchange between commercial centres will insist upon it. All the European nations, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, are ready for the change, and when these reach the stage of real constitutionalism in their progress upward, they will be compelled to follow, being already deeply in debt to the French, English and Germans.

A Canadian Woman's Trek to the Arctic

Agnes Deans Cameron, that intrepid woman explorer, has been recounting to an interviewer in England, the story of her journey to the Arctic ocean, which she has told in more detail in her wonderful book, "The New North." At first a school teacher, Miss Cameron was later lured into journalism, and becoming fired with the potentialities of the Great West, she took "Canada's Wheat Belt" as her specialty and has since been writing constantly about it.

Then I conceived the idea of traveling from Chicago to the Arctic Ocean, to see for myself that great land beyond the Wheat Belt, which, now sparsely populated by hunters, trappers, and Indians, will, in my opinion, one day teem with prosperous millions. The journey was made under the aegis of the Hudson Bay Company. It would have been impossible to have accomplished my task but for the facilities afforded me by the great company.

I was accompanied by my niece, Miss Jessie Cameron Brown, and our first stage was by rail from Chicago to Edmonton. Edmonton is a city of compelling fascination. It is a metropolis of youth. Everyone there is young; youth, glowing, vigorous, idealistic youth rules Edmonton.

When the railways transformed Edmonton from a trading post into a city, almost the first thing the young citizens did was to organize a university. Edmontonians are not only young, but they keep young; they are the "Peter Pans of the West."

From Edmonton we drove with horses to the Athabasca River, a distance of about a hundred miles, and then we "shot" the rapids to Lake Athabasca and Fort Chipewyan. That was rather a perilous voyage; one of our boats—we were with a Hudson Bay Company flotilla—was upset, and the passengers were rescued with great difficulty.

Here I may say that my niece and I travelled very light; we were determined not to be a nuisance, and to show the men that a woman could travel without half-a-dozen trunks. Our outfit was cut down to essentials, and our only "luxuries" were the typewriter on which we nightly wrote up our diaries, and the camera with which we obtained unique and splendid photographs.

It was at Fort Chipewyan that the wheat was grown that took the highest award at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. At Fort Smith, on the Slave River, we came across the new steamship which the Hudson Bay Company has just completed building at that far north point.

In due course we came to Great Slave Lake, from which pours the mighty Mackenzie River, eight miles wide at its source, and seldom less than two miles across during its long sweep to the Arctic Ocean. And so, at last, we passed the Arctic Circle, and stood on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, five thousand miles from our starting point, and having passed through districts where no white woman had trod before.

Here, I may say, that within the Arctic Circle we saw wild flax growing, which proves that flax could be cultivated there.

At our journey's turning-point we saw some of the finest men in the world. Eskimo they were, but as different from the ordinary squat, ugly Eskimo as could be. They were tall, handsome, athletic, and of perfect manners and address.

They gladdened the eye, but on the shores of the Arctic Ocean I also saw something that saddened me, and that was the spectacle of a great and profitable industry, which should be British, entirely in the hands of Americans—I refer to the Arctic Ocean whaling fisheries. The Arctic Ocean whale is enormously valuable, an average specimen being worth £2,000, and the Americans have established a monopoly over this most valuable fishery of the North.

The return journey does not call for remark, but I must not forget to tell you about "Louise the Cannibal," whom we met at Lesser Slave Lake. Poor Louise! She suffers from the poverty of our language, for "cannibal" is not a just description to apply to her, but as "Louise the Cannibal" she is known throughout the North.

As a young Indian girl Louise was a member of a "starvation camp"—a camp that is, from which the "braves" had gone out hunting, never to return. Their supplies exhausted, and, with no means of obtaining help, the members of the camp lived on those who died, and Louise was one of those who survived.

Poor thing! I found nothing cannibalistic about her. We were photographed together, and I am inclined to think that it would be difficult to distinguish the "cannibal" from the writer!



THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA R.R. STATION, NEW YORK

The Biggest Terminal in the World

What is claimed to be the biggest terminal station in the world will soon be opened for use. This is the immense station of the Pennsylvania Railroad System, which has been in process of construction in New York for a good many years. A description of the structure is given by P. Harvey Middleton in the *Technical World Magazine*.

The new terminal station is one-third larger than the present largest station in the world—Liverpool Street Station, London, and one-half larger than the present largest station in the United States—South Station, Boston. Some idea of its mastodonic proportions may be gathered from the statement that you could put Madison Square Garden in one corner and the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in another corner and still there would be room in the great terminal for all the traffic it is designed to handle.

The cost of the terminal and its approaches has, of course, been enormous. It was necessary in the first place to sweep away a crowded city

in point of population and variety of business.

Wholesale purchases of real estate involving an expenditure of ten million dollars were made in order to obtain the site. The swarming inhabitants of four entire blocks were driven from their homes, and five hundred buildings, worth four millions of dollars, including churches, tenement houses, apartment houses, brown stone residences, saloons, stores, factories and restaurants were razed to the ground. Then came an army of laborers with picks and shovels and wonderful machinery to dig and blast the biggest hole ever dug in New York, forty feet deep and twenty-eight acres in extent—an excavation costing another five millions of dollars.

And now that big hole has been filled with the greatest railroad building in the world, the largest of the more than one hundred thousand stations of civilization. To build it and the tunnels with which it is connected cost the price of an empire—more than the combined sums paid by the United States for the Philippines, Florida, Alaska and Louisiana. One hundred millions of dollars! And all this that the barriers of the East and North rivers, which

for so many years have hampered the movement and development of traffic in Manhattan, might be removed, and direct entrance be afforded to New York City without recourse to ferries.

Some idea of the number of people who can be accommodated in the station is given by Mr. Middleton.

Within the station and train shed is standing room for fully three hundred thousand persons, or a number equal to five armies like that of the United States forces. Engineers estimate that the accommodation will be equal to the maximum traffic of one hundred and thirteen thousand arriving and departing travelers per hour. As one statistician puts it, the entire population of the United States, Canada and Mexico could pass through its portals in a single year without inconvenience "Were all the travelers who are to use the Pennsylvania Terminal in the course of one year," says this authority, "to form in line of procession, four abreast, the line would reach from New York to Panama, and it would require a period of three years to pass through the station, stepping at regular military pace."

The building itself is severely classic, the exterior showing a Doric colonade thirty-five feet high.

It is in every way a radical departure from the average railroad station, resembling externally the baths of Caracalla in the days of ancient Rome. The turrets and towers and the lofty arch train shed usually associated with such a structure are conspicuous by their ab-

sence. The explanation of this is that the principal function of this station is performed underneath the streets. The frontage on the avenues is four hundred and thirty feet and on the streets seven hundred and eighty-four feet. The tracks are forty feet below the street surface and the station is divided into three levels.

The main entrance is on Seventh Avenue. On the first level below the street is the station proper.

Here is the general waiting room, the largest in the world, two hundred and seventy-seven by one hundred and three feet and one hundred and fifty feet high. Within the marble walls of this magnificent apartment are located the ticket offices, parcel rooms, telegraph and telephone offices—twenty-four booths—and baggage checking windows, all so arranged that a passenger may proceed from one to the other seriatim with a minimum amount of exertion and without retracing his steps. Adjoining the general waiting room on the west are two subsidiary waiting rooms, fifty-eight by one hundred feet, respectively, for men and women, provided with seats, and opening into retiring rooms with lavatories attached.

When the passenger is ready to go to his train he proceeds to the concourse, an immense platform facing the twenty-one tracks, and forming a court yard three hundred and forty feet wide by two hundred and ten feet broad, roofed by a lofty train shed of iron and glass. Ten thousand persons can wait for trains on the concourse at one time without undue crowding.

Skyscrapers of Concrete

The way in which reinforced concrete is being put to greater and greater use in the construction of buildings, naturally rouses the curiosity of the layman and leads him to enquire just what reinforced concrete is and what part it plays in modern building. J. P. H. Perry explains all this in a popular article in the *New York Evening Post*.

The principle on which a reinforced concrete beam or girder is designed

is that which one sees working when a weight is placed on the centre of a plank supported at both ends. It is the same as that involved when a person steps on a plank crossing a brook. The plank bends at the centre; the underside of the plank is stretched and the topside is compressed.

A beam in a floor works under the same conditions. When it is loaded it tends to bend, and there is tension in its bottom side, and a compression in its top. Concrete, as ordinarily used, is very strong in compression, and weak in tension. It can satisfactorily

sustain heavy loads when used in foundations or when there is no possibility of a pulling stress on the structure. By placing steel bars in the parts of the beam where the tension comes, generally at the underside, the concrete is made serviceable for use in beams.

Not much more than forty years ago a Frenchman, Monier, was making flower pots of concrete. He had considerable trouble with the pots breaking. He conceived the idea of inserting in the concrete as it was being placed in the moulds a little chicken wire. This had the astonishing effect of making the pots practically unbreakable.

This principle of reinforcing concrete with wire and steel bars has been worked out commercially only in the last ten or fifteen years, but so rapid has been its practical application that today all over the country there are being erected buildings constructed entirely of this material. Beams, girders, and columns are of concrete, reinforced with steel bars, whose duty it is to take up the tension on the underside of the beam. In doing this, the steel is working to its best advantage, and the concrete at the top of the beam taking up the compression is also working economically.

The growth of reinforced concrete construction parallels closely that of another art, namely, electrical engineering. In both cases the progress has been from the laboratory of the theorist and scientist to the practical builder and user, whereas in most other great industries the line of growth has been from the rule-of-thumb man up to the laboratory, with a consequent slowness in improvements.

Some of the advantages of this kind of construction are given by Mr. Perry.

The elimination of vibration under moving loads owing to the mass of the concrete floors and columns absorbing any tendencies toward vibration; the extraordinary sanitary features of concrete buildings due to the fact that cement is a lime product which naturally tends towards cleanliness, and further to the fact that concrete buildings are homogeneous and monolithic, and offer no place for vermin of any kind to hide.

To this inherent property of concrete construction is due also its waterproof-

ness, which is of great value in case of fire. It is not unusual that in the ordinary fire the water damage amounts to a great part of the total loss. This is eliminated in concrete buildings. A fire starting in any one floor is retained in that floor. Any water played on the fire is also retained on that floor.

Concrete buildings reduce the amount of power necessary to operate machinery and reduce also the repair and wear charges on machinery. This is owing to the fact that shafting or machines once set in place on concrete floors remain in place. There is no tendency for them to get out of level or out of line.

The greatest desideratum of all buildings, namely fireproofness, which is basic with reinforced concrete, should make the selection of this material for new buildings unquestioned. San Francisco and Baltimore gave this method of construction a most severe test, and in both instances concrete came through the conflagration with flying colors. Fires in different parts of the country of a most severe nature have also given this kind of construction extraordinarily drastic tests.

He has also something to say about the speed of construction. There has been some misunderstanding on this point.

It is possible to cite one or two examples of buildings of this type which have been erected in this city, which went up in exceedingly slow time. It is not fair to judge the speed of construction, usually obtained when reinforced concrete is used, by these two cases, and yet the general public is very liable so to do. As a matter of fact, the buildings just noted were handled by inexperienced men, and really furnish about the best examples of unsatisfactory concrete work that can be found.

Before condemning concrete on the basis of its being a slow method of construction, the prospective builder should investigate the true facts in the case. The ordinary concrete contractor will tell you that, after his foundations are in, he will erect his concrete structural frame at about a story a week.

There are many instances on record of much faster time having been made. One building in Fletcher Street is a ten-story and basement structure, reinforced concrete throughout. After the foundations were completed, the roof was put in place in forty-seven working

days, and the building turned over to the owner ready for occupancy in three and one-half months. Another record may be cited, a warehouse in Brooklyn, with seven stories and basement. After the excavation was completed, the roof was put on in forty-eight working days, and the building turned over to the

owner ready for occupancy in a little more than three months.

This question of speed of construction is purely one of experience and proper organization. When these two conditions are properly met, concrete construction can be handled in a remarkably satisfactory manner.

The Era of Civic Advertising

The *raison d'être* of civic advertising is given by Hugh C. Weir in an entertaining article entitled "The Awakening of the Cities," in *Putnam's Magazine*. He finds that civic advertising is the natural outcome of the spirit of combination, which is to be found in all departments of commerce and industry to-day.

Men acting together can achieve a common goal more quickly and more surely than they can reach it as scattered individuals. This was demonstrated several thousand years ago, more or less, when men first met on the field of battle. It is an axiom that applies as effectively and directly to industry as to war. If we can fight better through a union of forces, there is no reason why we shouldn't mine coal better or make boots better or sell machinery better by uniting our efforts. The single factory found that it could buy cheaper, and create a larger market for its products, by combining with its neighbor. The merchant found that he could get more trade by joining forces with his competitor to increase the number of factories in his city, and consequently the population. The real-estate agent found that he could sell more lots and more houses by combining with his rivals to increase the number of people in the community and consequently the demand for lots and houses. The banker found that he could gain more depositors and find better loans and better security by uniting with his competitor to increase the business and the capital of his city. And each and all—whether factory superintendent, or merchant, or real-estate agent, or banker—found that not only his market but his business prestige was extended by the knowledge *of the outside world that he belonged to an aggressive, progressive community

that sought opportunities rather than waited for them. We have said that the city is judged by its citizens. The business man of this type of community found that the citizen is judged by the city.

And so we have civic advertising. In many lines of industry, business men have found that they can increase their opportunities and their profits by a merging of forces. Civic advertising demonstrates that different lines of industry—no matter how complex and how varied—can increase their individual and collective possibilities by a similar merger. Thus the Chamber of Commerce was born—the business and municipal union of the modern city. And through the Chamber of Commerce came civic advertising.

A little story, with which Mr. Weir opens his article, serves to show one of the methods adopted.

A midnight fire destroyed an enormous stove factory in the Central West, not long ago. On its payroll were a thousand men, and its monthly business exceeded a half-million dollars. When the general manager reached the scene, it was apparent that the factory was beyond all hope of saving.

"Will you rebuild?" asked a reporter.

"At once!" was the reply.

The statement was dispatched to the Associated Press, with the account of the disaster. Early the following morning, when the manager reached the blackened ruins, a telegram was handed to him. It was from the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Springfield, Illinois—a city perhaps two hundred miles distant—and read somewhat as follows:

"Springfield wants your new factory. We can offer you better site than your present location—better labor conditions, better transportation, better con-

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nection with your raw material. May we send a man to present the possibilities of Springfield to you?

Mr. Weir follows this with a story from his own experience of a little red-and-orange booklet, which circled the globe on an ambitious mission of civic publicity.

In its extreme northwestern corner, the State of Pennsylvania is washed by the waters of Lake Erie. The principal city in this section is named for the lake on whose shore it nestles. Erie has a broader significance, however, than the fact of its being Pennsylvania's only lake port. It is the largest engine and boiler manufacturing city in the world. It leads, also, in the production of such diversified articles as horse-shoes, baby-carriages and pipe organs! From which it may be gathered that the Erie Chamber of Commerce—one thousand strong—faces a many-sided problem in the exploitation of its manifold industries. Recently, in conjunction with the president and secretary, I undertook the preparation of a booklet designed to give international publicity to Erie factories. We compiled our mailing list from three sources. From the United States Government we secured the address of every American consul in the world. In a second group we filed the name of every industrial organization in this country, Canada, Mexico, Central America and South America. We next secured from local factories a selected mailing-list of customers and prospective customers, or else gave them a bundle of the booklets for individual distribution.

The booklet itself presented a list of the three hundred articles made in Erie, with the names of the manufacturers. The catalogue was compiled alphabetically, with a brief introductory paragraph emphasizing some striking feature connected with the products under each letter. Under "A," for instance, were included seventeen articles ranging from addressing machines to art metal. Under "C," the list extended from caskets to cradles. Even under the headings of "Y" and "Z" we were able to find yokes and zinc etchings. In similar fashion, we classified the forty-six exports of the city—the aim of the whole booklet being to catch and hold the attention of the busy man, who wished the wheat separated from the chaff and ready at his finger's tip.

This was as thoroughly a civic enterprise as it is possible for any undertaking, financed by private contributions, to be. It was designed to promote enterprise, to add to the commercial prestige of the city, thereby stimulating civic ambition, and, by increas-

ing the market of local producers, to attract more work en, with their families, more capital, more business.

From seventy-five to one hundred new markets will be opened to Erie manufacturers through this single channel of civic publicity. When we consider the distance between north-western Pennsylvania and Moscow or Nuremberg, for instance, the significance of our municipal press-bureaus is vividly emphasized. And when we consider Erie as only one among two thousand cities which are steadily and persistently developing the field of civic advertising—spending more than \$1,000,000 in the year 1909,—the position of municipal promoter or civic-publicity agent is seen to possess far-reaching possibilities.

Akin to the publicity bureaus, in their efforts to advance the interests of their respective communities, are the Chambers of Commerce. Mr. Weir tells something of the work of these organizations. For instance the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, realizing that in the enormous expenditure of \$20,000,000 for coal, there must be considerable waste, appointed a committee of experts to investigate.

To a committee of experts was assigned the task of investigating the situation, and a short time ago the department of civic publicity sent out some startling statistics. In fact, the circular was found to be of such general interest that requests for copies of it came from all parts of the world. It was shown, for instance, that the system of unloading, followed at a majority of the large mills, involved the waste of thousands of tons of coal every month. It was demonstrated that a modern trestle or conveyer, installed in every Boston factory, would save the business men something like \$500,000 a year. This report on the fuel situation will be supplemented by one showing that the average factory doesn't know what kind of coal to burn, and that by careful study it will be found possible to effect another gigantic saving. Tables of coal analysis will be published, giving tests of several hundred samples and the reports of the United States Geological Survey.

Not only does the Boston Chamber act in this direction but it has also brought home to the manufacturers of New England the vital necessity of conserving the forests and thereby

maintaining the water powers of the country. It has also done a great deal to prevent the exodus of the farming population, pointing out ways of profitably running a farm.

The Boston Chamber is composed of nearly four thousand members, drawn from every walk of life. Its dues are twenty-five dollars annually, and its yearly expenses approach \$125,000. It is, perhaps, the best example of the modern civic union which we can find in the country.

Its purpose is the upbuilding of the civic and business conditions of the city. But it is not a reform organization. It stays out of politics, but the politician has come to have more respect for it than for the "machine" of either party. He knows that it has in its keeping the bread and butter of the community. And what is more, the people know this. When it makes an announcement, the public lends an eager ear. In its way, such organizations are the best safe-guard which the American people have yet established against the menace of political corruption. Recently, the Boston Chamber appointed a civic financial committee, which is to examine every expenditure in every department of the city government. If it deems a certain expenditure too large it will first tell the official who proposes making it. If he doesn't heed, it will tell the people. It is determined to improve the business tone of the community. With either carelessness or rottenness in the city government, this is impossible.

Other Chambers of Commerce are rapidly following its example. They are finding that it is absurd to ask a business man to bring his factory and his capital to a community where the politicians are allowed to squander the people's money as they see fit. If the business men pay their taxes to a coterie that proceeds to line its pockets with the revenue, both their judgment and their stability are open to suspicion. This is the view-point of the modern Chamber of Commerce. It is based not so much on ethics as on business sense. Bad politics is bad business so bad politics must go. The organization, as an organization, is not undertaking to supplant bad men with good men. It is not undertaking to tell the people whom to elect or not to elect to office. But, like the Boston Chamber of Commerce, it is proceeding quietly to watch the man after he is elected. And he is coming to know that he is watched, and to act accordingly. This is why the new project to advertise the American city means other things than

the advancement of merely industrial interests. This is why the Chamber of Commerce stands for something greater than the securing of more factories and a more numerous population.

Houston, Texas, is saying to the business men of the country whom it invites to become citizens: "Our City Hall is a business house. We have no wards, no ward politicians, no graft. Our city officials are public-work experts, growing in the service, and kept there as long as they make good—no longer."

Galveston, Texas, and Des Moines, Iowa, we are assured, have eliminated politics completely from the city offices, and have established a municipal government by commission. "We run our cities on business principles, as you run your factory," they announce to the individual or company they are endeavoring to "bag." "We have done with the political 'boss' and the paving contractors and sewer contractors and electric-light contractors who regarded the city government as a juicy melon ready for the cutting. You want a live-wire community for your home and your factory. We can give it to you!" Even Pittsburg—a city of millionaires and grafters—has awakened, and vigorously endorses the plan of government by commission.

The prospectus of the American city that advertises is undergoing a subtle change, even as the city itself. Two or three years ago, the circular which it distributed made much of its fresh air and beautiful homes and pleasant people and rich soil and pure water. All very good—as far as they go. But the progressive city like Boston or Houston or Des Moines or Cleveland is finding that there is something else, something deeper, which can be better emphasized. The modern business man wants a clean city for his factory—and the cleanliness must not be of the surface only. Clean streets are well enough, but clean government is better. It insures a better atmosphere in which to rear his family, a better business tone among his associates, a better standard for his wares. And if he surveys the situation from a business rather than a moral standpoint, the effect is perhaps more lasting and certainly much more substantial. Our reformers have had their cleaning-up era. Many of their efforts are little more than a memory. Now our business men, without platform harangues, without torch-light processions, are following in their path—sadly obscured, it is to be feared, by new-formed "muck"—and are giving us another kind of reform. And it is taking none of the laurels from our civic reformers of the past if we say that it is the first real revolution that

the political "grafter" has ever experienced.

The era of civic advertising is only just dawning. The tons of municipal literature, good, bad and indifferent, with which we have been deluged, have merely pointed the way to a new goal—mostly by the things they have failed to say. Kansas City, Missouri, has boldly shattered the conventional civic "folder" of "good streets, good water, good air," by substituting the announcement that it was the first American city to abolish the billboard nuisance! Henderson, Kentucky, doesn't tell us about its beautiful parks. Instead, it seeks our attention with the statement that the city owns and operates its own electric-light plant, gas plant, and

waterworks. Port Arthur, Canada, goes a step farther by adding telephones to the field of municipal ownership. New Haven, Connecticut, announces that it is developing a plan of converting the city garbage into power for a municipal lighting and ice-manufacturing plant. Minneapolis is advertising the fact of its municipal activity by the description of a project for converting its refuse and garbage into fuel for a city heating plant.

The Chamber of Commerce has a tremendous future. It has made for itself a place in our municipal affairs, whose full power we are just beginning to appreciate. It is the most significant sign that we have yet had of the awakening of the American city.

Boy Scouts and Sham Fights.

The boy scout movement has grown to such proportions in England and is spreading with such rapidity to all parts of the Empire, that an explanatory article by Fred T. Jane in the *London Magazine* will be read with interest by all who have been following the progress of the movement. In this article Mr. Jane tells about a new development, which is to have an important bearing on the work of the scouts—the organization of the "Boy Scout Assistance Association."

The President of the Society is Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and its objects, as set forth, are as follows: It consists of motorists and anyone else "on wheels" who is prepared to give a couple of hours on the first Saturday afternoon of every month "for England." Those who join are those who believe that the Boy Scout, when he comes to man's estate a few years hence, will be a very different article to the hobbledoys one sees loafing about to-day.

Primarily, the Boy Scout movement has very little to do with soldiering. The Association, however, give a monthly military twist to the movement, the idea always being that the Boy Scouts are the advanced guard of the defenders, while the Association represents the pioneers of an invading army. Realism is aimed at to the full; and both sides are liable to be "killed," and out of the game.

The general "idea," of course, varies on each occasion, but there are certain

fixed rules, which may be useful to anyone seeking to form a similar association elsewhere.

The first rule is that there is no subscription, and no payment of any kind to anybody. There are no prizes to be gained, nor any rewards.

The second rule is that everything is on an absolutely democratic basis. It is a sine qua non of the Association that on a field-day all social distinctions must be obliterated. And they have been obliterated to the extent of a lord in his motor-car, and a coxster in his donkey-shay, going off together as one of the "units" of the attack.

There is no recognized Commander-in-Chief. Any member who chooses may submit a "general idea" for the consideration of the Scout Masters; and upon the acceptance of that scheme the framer thereof is in command for that occasion.

The fourth rule is that everyone must "play the game," and remember that the object is to find some patriotic work for those who, in the ordinary way, are unable to render military assistance to their country.

The initiation of the Boy Scouts' Association took place at Portsmouth and Mr. Jane gives a description of the first experimental fight.

Every Scout was provided with a card bearing his name and address and troop; and all that the Scouts had to do was to hide behind hedges or anywhere else, and avoid being detected by motor-cars and cyclists. The invaders had to wear a white handkerchief on

the right arm, and altogether managed to spot about 185 out of some 700 Scouts who were out.

The devices adopted by some of the Scouts were excessively ingenious. They got into houses; they got up into trees. One was actually captured hiding inside a chimney, and it took half an hour to get him out! Yet another was captured underneath a load of straw in a wheelbarrow that some genial agriculturist was wheeling along the road. The champion of all however, was a Scout who waded into a duck-pond up to his neck, and remained there nearly two hours before a motor-car happened to see him!

These instances are not given as funny stories, but just to show that the boys enter very fully indeed into the spirit of the thing.

It was very soon discovered, however, that to make the thing a success the boys should be allowed to "kill back," and so on every subsequent field-day there has always been "killing" on both sides.

The second field-day was quite a dramatic affair. The invaders had all to go by the same road to Portsmouth, remain there for a quarter of an hour, and then return by the same road. It is a day that I shall never forget. The Commander-in-Chief, on this occasion, elected to proceed by devious by-roads, and we went along through clouds of dust beyond conception. My station in this particular "battle" was the rear-guard. Where we went, I have not the least idea, but I do remember that we lost each other in the dust, and had a tremendous job to concentrate again, which we did more by luck than anything else. Eventually we reached Portsmouth without having seen a single Scout, and apparently without any Scouts having seen us. The Scouts, however, had spies at our headquarters; and of some Scouts on cycles who had been brought in by our cyclists, who had proceeded by a different route, one managed to escape.

A "night attack" on a scout's camp was an exciting event. This camp was located twenty-two miles from Portsmouth. The attack was made one midnight with nine motor-cars.

We left nothing to chance. When within five miles of the camp, all lights were put out, and in blissful disregard of the law we proceeded in darkness along narrow country lanes, such as motors rarely traverse. Eventually, after many adventures, we reached the top of a lonely hill, and two miles below us saw the tents of the Scouts, gleaming white in the rising moonlight. With the engines stopped, we rolled

down this hill for about a mile, then we stopped the cars with a view to stalking the camp across country. If any one of us could get into a tent undetected victory was ours!

The first that happened was that after we had whispered and made our final arrangements, one of us spotted something that looked like one of the Boy Scouts peeping at us over the hedge. The man nearest crawled in at the gate and found a Scout, whom he promptly seized and held upside down, but even in that position the little beggar managed to blow his whistle!

All question of surprise was at an end. The whistles seemed to be blowing everywhere. Our Commander-in-Chief decreed that we must rush the camp and get in before the Scouts could concentrate; and so we started on something like a mile sprint across unknown country in the dark.

It is not much wonder that the inevitable happened! So far as I was personally concerned, I ran something like half a mile, when I saw a dark object in front of me. I attempted to jump over this object. When it was too late, I discovered it to be a cow! The cow got up when I jumped and a double somersault was the result. My share in the fight ended with a number of Scouts hitting me with broomsticks until I surrendered.

To the left of me was a captain in the Navy. He blundered into a parson in his shirtsleeves, the parson being in command of the camp. The parson tried to collar the captain. The captain tried to throw the parson. The pair of them rolled over into a bed of stinging nettles, and spent the next hour in striking matches to try and find some dockleaves!

The only one who got through in the contingent to which I was attached was an Artillery subaltern. He saw what was happening, sat down for a bit, and then crawled towards the tents. He succeeded in getting into one, but the next thing that he knew was that the tent was let down upon him, and he was thumped until he surrendered!

Our Commander-in-Chief, seeing what was happening, made a detour to the right with the rest of the invaders. In doing so, they presently encountered a pond. They splashed through it, to find themselves up to their waists in mud, and facing some barbed wire guarded by numbers of small boys, who hit them on the heads with broomsticks until they surrendered. The only survivor was our Commander-in-Chief. He crawled through somehow, and managed to get into a tent.

Unfortunately for him, however, this tent happened to be the guard tent! And so we were defeated.

System and Business Management

Advantage of an Observant Eye in Business

By U. G. Case

From *Office Appliances*

WHEN we speak of educated people we generally have reference to those who have that knowledge acquired through teachers and books while attending schools. Self-educated people acquire that kind of an education through studying books and printed matter of all sorts themselves, following in particular topics of special interest to each individual mind. In this age of Chautauquas and mail courses one can choose a kind of education, or profession, or trade best suited to one's temperament and natural inclinations. To follow something for which one has a special liking and a natural talent always means greater success in time than when one forces himself, or is forced by others, to seek some specified education or profession or trade. The unwilling mind makes very slow progress. Too many parents, especially in foreign countries, decide on a career for the child before he has arrived at an age to choose for himself. It means practically forcing an issue for something for which the child has no natural liking or inclination, and so it is like punishment to the child.

Many men are influenced in the choosing of a career through the success of some friend in some special line. Some seek easy and clean work.

Some accept the first position that comes along through dire necessity to earn some money, and remain in that line of work a lifetime, being always afraid to make a change for various reasons—many perhaps well founded. And as they drift along for years and years never perfectly satisfied and making slow progress. If ambitious and hard workers, developing their minds and taking advantage of opportunities, some degree of success will be attained, sometimes unusual success. But how much easier and more pleasant would be the life and work, if a natural inclination and talent had found its way to the work best suited to the individual! If men and women the world over could follow their natural talents, the achievements of mankind would be centuries ahead of what they are now. As it is, we do something because we must do it—drift along and do the best we can. We frequently notice special successes because men got into their proper niche from the beginning, or because at some period of their career had the nerve to break away and get into the natural niche, even if at a great temporary sacrifice. But it paid handsomely in the end to have made the wise decision. One great drawback for the average employe is lack

of nerve. Being afraid is a great hindrance.

In assuming that education is book knowledge, we overlook the education that comes through observation. The infant learns through observation of other children and grown-ups about him. Observation to the infant, and to the child as the years go by, is the greatest teacher. During the school period the education comes through teachers, books, plus what parents may be responsible for, and observation. The child who is robbed of school still learns much as the years come and go, through observation of what others say and do, and this creates some degree of education. Manhood and womanhood are reached, and whether schools are attended or not, intuition does its work and the process of absorbing knowledge through observation continues, and improves the mind steadily as the mind develops and more is observed.

We come across people in the daily routine of life who are apparently fairly well educated, and others considerably so, who may have had little or no schooling, may have read very little or nothing at all, and yet may be making a splendid living. We have known of men who attained great successes in business, and yet were illiterate, or practically so, from an educational point of view. Men have made great fortunes who could write no more than their names. These classes of supposedly uneducated men have attained their knowledge through the process of observation. Habits, customs and polish, are also by no means always, or all, due to education, but in the main may be credited to observation of what others do in the things that are pleasing to the eye and the mind, and pleasing to those who set the proper pace, as society and best recognized culture set the level of what is best.

All children are great imitators, and so are all men and women, though they may not admit it. In more than one respect are men and women but children of a larger growth. It is

very easy to detect any one who is very observing. One can notice this immediately and very decidedly in traveling men who travel over the same road and visit the same cities. One goes about his business and sees only the business he is interested in. The other is just as great a business success, but in addition has a fund of knowledge of the places he visits that is startling. It is due to an observing eye, and interest in anything that will add to his knowledge. In the long run one finds the observant man the greater success, the more interesting and agreeable companion, and personally the happier and more contented. He makes more friends, is better liked by his house, and he receives more opportunities for advancement.

Two men may walk a block, one see a few things—and the other dozens of things—some things that not one in a hundred would see. The one drifts along while the other is growing mentally all the time through his power of observation. Some men seem blind to everything, and we know what they are. In the world's general progress, observation must be credited with a high percentage as contributing to what makes the whole volume of success. If we would enumerate what observation has done through all the ages, and the things that can only be learned through observing how others do it, it would make a set of books very much larger than Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf!

In business the "show me" principle is being exercised every minute of the day. We are always showing others and they observe how we do, and they then do likewise themselves. If observation were eliminated, it is safe to say there would be chaos and final ruin in a great many institutions, and perhaps in all. We must be observing with eyes and ears. We all observe every day and owe much to observation, but we seldom think of our benefits and necessities as coming through it.

Watch the rapid progress of any office employe and you will find his

power of absorption through observation is very marked. He observes all the time and lets nothing slip by his vision that will benefit him at the time or at some future time. He is constantly adding to his knowledge—his business education. Observation gives the employe latent ability he can use some time. Other employes wonder why he knows so much, why he always has an answer to a question about some department or individual, why he can fill other positions in a pinch, why he gets other positions and can fill them well immediately, when they seem to know only what affects them in their own position; and then wonder why they do not get along so well. It means they only do what they are directed to do or shown how to do, and are not observing anything beyond a small space around themselves. They are not observers, not improving themselves, and yet, usually, are the greatest kickers for more salary. The ob-

serving office boy learns rapidly, and if he does his work well he soon becomes too good for the place, in the sense that he is worth more in some other capacity. He is transferred, advanced, to a step higher, and there again he has his eyes wide open, is encouraged to observe and absorb in a greater degree through his first promotion, and so becomes more and more valuable.

Recognize observation at its true worth, seek it and develop it, and profit by it, become a crank on it, and the reward is sure to come. Remember education rules the world; that knowledge is power; that much education can be obtained through observation at no expense, and that observation of individuals collectively has much to do with the destiny of nations. If it means so much in a large sense what must it mean to you in a business office!

Maxims for the Business Letter Writer

By

James H. Collins

ONE of the first copy-book maxims to be ignored and forgotten in writing is that old fraud about being brief. Be interesting instead, and readers will follow you through anything. Put enough vital points into a letter, and it may run to four pages. The man who gets it will put it in his pocket to read on the train, where the brief letter goes into the wastebasket. There cannot be too much of any good thing.

But by all means be *little*, which is another matter entirely.

The ordinary business letter-sheet is awkward in form, length of line, folding and other respects. Ordinary typewriter faces lack neatness, and are

ill adapted to the eye accustomed to newspapers and books.

So, while you write your letter at full length, saying all you have to say, using as many words as are needed, and a few more, by all means put it into a little form when you send it out. Use the small "Elite" typewriter letter. Have it struck off on note-size paper that can go out in a square envelope, folded once.

When printed or written matter is *little* in this sense, people somehow assume that it is bright, even where it isn't. This is a fact I have proved again and again where it was possible to control the form in which matter was published. For several years I

wrote for a publication that was diminutive in size, and to mention it anywhere, even to people who hadn't seen a copy for years, was to bring out the instant admission, "Yes—a bright little paper, that." Reducing the size, somehow, sharpens the focus. A very little real wit or sense in a little publication flavors everything else. It is the same in form letters that have personal quality. The publisher of the diminutive paper mentioned was a master at writing short, stinging paragraphs, and in early days wrote many of them. As he grew older and more kindly, they were less frequent, so that he might write only one a month. But readers looked for them, and read everything else because his personality definitely colored, for them, all the matter in that paper that he didn't write.

In writing, it is essential to believe that readers would rather see you succeed than fail, just as in salesmanship. Never doubt that people will be interested, nor write in the belief that they are trying to dodge you, because they are not. They have abundant time for all good things that come along in print, and are on the lookout for them, and go to great lengths in passing them along. You do this yourself.

Of all the harmful, worthless advice to be gathered on the art of writing, that which deals with the quality of interest is worst. Some advisers assure you that you must be earnest, others say style is essential, and still others insist on what is called, vaguely, "human interest."

Let me explain a little trick of my own.

You can interest almost any kind of people in any kind of facts if you will simply take steps to put those facts in motion.

Not long ago I revised a descriptive article dealing with a large industry. The writer had spent weeks accumulating facts and figures about that industry, and his material was genuinely impressive. But he couldn't

make the facts march. He piled figure on figure, and made comparisons with the distance to the moon, and the number of times his facts would go round the world. He thoroughly warmed himself up with earnestness. And yet the facts and figures struck right where he put them.

To make them march was simple enough. Forgetting the figures about a piece of apparatus, for the moment, it was sufficient to go back to the man who first invented it, and tell something about the difficulties he encountered, and follow up with some other chap who came along and improved it, and enlarged it, and so on, until, from its first beginnings, one arrived at the perfected apparatus as it stands to-day. Then the figures had force, because the readers had seen this apparatus grow up.

When in doubt as to how to make facts march in a procession, go back mentally to the beginning. If you want to interest a man in your own business, start by explaining how tiny a business it was in the fall of '49 and the spring of '50. That gives you a point of departure, and the reader a point of interest, and facts march along naturally. Facts in motion, of course, are narrative. When you write, be a narrator.

Just one more point, and that is, never write for practice. Send the stuff out, even to a dozen persons, and let it work on them, and return to you, and grow accustomed to the strange transformation that comes over writing after it is published in any form, even as a business letter. During my own apprenticeship, practically all I wrote was published somewhere, and what is more to the purpose, some newspaper or trade journal paid me for it. We all grow a trifle impatient, now and then, with the shallowness of our newspapers and our trade press. When that kind of impatience comes to me, I turn to the old scrapbook filled with this 'prentice writing, and marvel that anybody ever published it, much less bought it with real money. This work appeared in all sorts of publications,

in every style of type, grade of paper, degree of presswork. Editors cut and slashed it, and printers introduced errors, and the result of it all was to cure me of the novice's fault of being too precise. One had to make what

one said carry over obstacles—get through somehow, even if half of it was lost. And this is important to the salesman who wants to extend his sphere of influence through the printed word.

Puncturing Some Advertising Airships

By

Truman A. De Weese

THERE is the prevalent notion that publicity is advertising. Perhaps it is for some kinds of commodities, but in nine cases out of ten it may be affirmed with reasonable certainty that publicity is mere notoriety; that it makes the name of a commodity well known without creating the slightest desire on the part of the consumer to possess that commodity. In other words, it popularizes a name without selling the product. It gives no reasons for the purchasing of the product advertised. Take Shredded Wheat Biscuit, for example. If we put the name of our product in an electric sign on the top of ten buildings in every city and town in the United States I do not believe that it would sell an extra case of biscuit. That would be publicity of a very expensive and dazzling kind, but it wouldn't sell shredded wheat. If we converted this expensive form of publicity into advertising, however, by placing two or three lines under the name of the product, telling what it is, how it is made, and why you should eat it, there is a possibility that even this sort of airship advertising might have some appreciable effect upon the sales of shredded wheat.

Another pet fallacy which apparently has a strong hold upon the minds of publishers and solicitors is the notion that "circulation" is advertising. In searching around for something tangible to offer the advertiser, the solicitor falls back upon a tabulated

statement of subscribers, showing them by towns and cities and villages. Of course, the advertiser has no method of ascertaining the accuracy of these tabulated statements, and even if he had, he has neither the time nor the disposition to apply it. The fact is, a tabulated statement of circulation means nothing to the advertiser unless it can convey to him some idea of the quality of the circulation. A hundred thousand subscribers to a publication who do not wear suspenders are of no value to the advertiser who is in the suspender business. This is where the selling of mere circulation to an advertiser becomes an expensive joke. Not one advertising representative in a hundred takes any account of the advertiser's peculiar proposition, nor does he pretend to analyze his product in any way.

The buying of a circulation that doesn't "circulate," or a circulation that doesn't reach possible consumers of a particular product, is the source of the greatest waste in modern advertising.

Another popular fallacy which has attained great vogue among clever advertising men and which might as well be punctured at this time is the notion that all advertising must be "salesmanship-on-paper." Quite a number of clever and prolific writers who have the gift of felicitous utterance have been ringing the turn on this expression for several years past, until many advertisers have been led

to believe that advertising which is not "salesmanship-on-paper" is not advertising. This is a misleading fallacy which should be vigorously combated by those who are in the advertising business. I am not in the general advertising business. I am spending the money of a big corporation to advertise their products. If I were in the advertising business, however, I would combat with all the resources at my command the theory that all advertising must effect direct sales of merchandise. As a matter of fact, only mail-order advertising may be said to be "salesmanship-on-paper." Although our company spends a half million dollars a year in all forms of advertising, we are not able to trace direct sales to any particular advertisement in any particular medium. Our advertising is all educational.

And then there is the fetish of "plain talk" copy, an airship in which a good many deluded advertisers are sailing and which no one seems to take the time or trouble to puncture. "Plain talk" copy is all right until it degenerates into mere gabble and drivel. There is such a thing as getting too familiar with the reader. Familiarity sometimes breeds contempt in advertising as well as in social intercourse. "Plain talk," if persisted in by a writer who has the gift of gab, is very apt to peter out into flatulent flapdoodle. Talk is cheap—except when it is printed on a magazine page that costs \$6 a line. Of course, it all depends on the commodity advertised

and the kind of people you are trying to reach. The kind of women who buy washing machines can sometimes be effectively appealed to through backyard clothes-line conversation; but this sort of drivel cannot be used to interest a business man in an automobile.

Another foolish fallacy that is responsible for much "dry rot" in advertising is the notion that an advertising man should be a "desk man." No man ever evolved any new or original idea regarding the exploitation of his own product by sitting at a desk listening to advertising solicitors or by dictating letters in answer to their requests for advertising. As a matter of fact, the waste-basket is the proper place for seventy-five per cent. of the letters that reach the advertising manager's desk. Most letter-writing is a waste of precious time and grey matter. Ideas are the things that count in advertising.

Out at East Aurora, Erie county, New York, is a man who quit the soap business a good many years ago to found a shop for making and selling ideas. A man with a brain bulging with phosphorus plus was too big for the soap business. You may not like all the ideas that come from the "head-worker" of the Roycroft shops, but you will have to agree that he is clever enough to cash in most of these ideas at a good price and that the Roycroft institution is one of the great advertising successes of this country. Ideas are the dynamics of advertising. Go out and get them.

Neglected End of Manufacturers' Selling Plan

By Arthur Conrad

THE retail trade of Canada in all lines have long since come to a realization of the vast importance of proper methods of display, both in store and window, as a part of their

general selling plan. The average Canadian store will be found to depend in a large measure on its display fixtures and its window space to attract and interest custom and to create

an atmosphere of worth and value. Each new store that is opened in a town or city aims to excel its predecessors in the elegance of its appointments and the efficiency of its arrangements, so that it may attract to itself by its pleasing appearance the best trade of the community. From the standpoint of the buyer all this has its influence and in most cases a very great influence. The well-equipped store draws the trade.

It is somewhat surprising that wholesale and manufacturing houses, which are usually so up-to-date in their selling plans, both through the medium of correspondence and their traveling salesmen, should have so long neglected or minimized the importance of proper display methods, and fallen behind the retailer in this particular. A visit to the average manufacturing concern or wholesale warehouse will disclose an utter absence of any attempt to show samples attractively. In many a place there is no show-room at all, while in the few places, which have provided such a room, the arrangements are usually quite inadequate.

If a manufacturer be asked why he neglects this end of his selling system, he will likely have ready two or three stock answers, which may have served the purpose ten or twenty years ago, but, which in view of the advance in methods, carry no weight whatever to-day.

"We don't need to put our goods into show cases," says one man, "because we sell very few goods here in the warehouse, and anyway, we leave it to the retailer to make all these fine displays. It would be an unnecessary expense on our part."

"What's the good of a fine show room?" says another. The public want our goods, and the retailer or other buyer has got to buy from us anyway."

"A specially equipped show-room," maintains a third, "is not essential in our selling plan. We have good salesmen and they can handle any customer you may bring in."

These are three of the stock arguments trotted out against the proposition and many a man agrees with them. In a few cases they may be good reasons, but in the vast majority of instances they are fallacious. Granted that a house does not sell many goods in its warehouse, is that any reason why it should not aim to supplement its selling plan by introducing a method which has proved so successful elsewhere and thereby open up a new channel of sales? Granted that the public does want a manufacturer's goods, is that any reason why he should not seek to increase that demand in every possible way? And granted that your salesmen are efficient, are they also to be reckoned infallible and might not a show-room add greatly to their efficiency?

The well-arranged and equipped show-room in the warehouse of wholesaler and manufacturer is gaining in popularity and importance. Rarely is a new warehouse being built without special arrangements for this purpose. And the concerns which have developed this department find it most advantageous.

A few of the arguments in favor of a show-room may now be advanced and, when we speak of the show-room, we mean a special room devoted to the purpose of displaying samples of the goods manufactured or handled by the firm, in show-cases and on display fixtures made especially for the purpose—a room, in fact, which approximates to the modern store, with all its appointments for showing goods.

It is a well-known fact that the attractiveness of any article is enhanced by being placed under polished plate-glass. It also goes without saying that the article is kept cleaner and fresher when covered up in this way. That is to say, samples are shown in the most attractive way when placed in a glass case. The time of attendants is reduced in dusting and cleaning and the samples do not become shop-worn so rapidly.

Few will dispute the assertion that samples are best kept in this way. Fur-

thermore, buyers visiting the room will not need to have two or three attendants running around to get samples of this or that for them. They can even go around by themselves and see everything that is to be seen, without any attendant at all. This is where the principle of the silent salesman comes in and only those who have had experience with this principle can realize its great value. As a saving in the time and trouble of personal salesmen, the system advocated should not be overlooked.

Another advantage, which has not yet been realized even by those who have introduced the system, is the opportunity it affords for keeping an easy inventory of goods. This is, of course, an incidental advantage, but in actual experience it may prove well worth the expense of equipping the show-room. Each sample should be made to show the condition of the stock. Then when an inventory is to be taken, instead of having to visit all parts of the warehouse and overhaul every article in stock, a rapid

computation can be made right in the show-room.

Finally, when it comes down to selling goods, such a show-room is a great help. If well-lighted and decorated, it can be made so attractive to the buyer that his purchases will be increased very considerably. Arrangements are possible whereby the buyer can be taken aside and away from all interference and his attention concentrated on the matter in hand. The silent salesmen suggest possible purchases, which would not otherwise be thought of and the buyer has an opportunity to see everything within a limited scope.

Special conditions naturally require special treatment, and what has been said is, of course, general in its application. But there are very few businesses in which such a show-room would not be a distinct advantage. The course of things is carrying the manufacturer on to this end and the sooner he realizes the necessity for up-to-date display methods, the better for his business.

A Prescription for Overwork

Most business men are overworked, but it is a notorious fact that the most successful are the ones which suffer the least, largely on account of their faculty of finding competent persons to help bear their burdens.

George W. Hubbard recently discussed this subject in an address, and said, in part:

"My first prescription is for an almost incurable disease called 'overwork.' Some people pass through life without a pang of it. Ordinarily, it is an inherited trouble, and can be traced to poverty, pride or ambition. We all want to get on in life, and we start out in business trying to beat the old enemy, 'overhead expense,' by sacrificing our best days and strength,

doing with our own hands thousands of things we could profitably delegate to cheaper workers. Strong backs are good, but strong heads are better.

"The captain of a vessel does not 'swab' decks, the president of a bank does not 'sweep out,' but many of us, through force of habit and lack of thought, continue 'swabbing' and 'sweeping.' It seems harder to break the habit than do the work. There is so much more to do on account of the narrow margins of profit and the necessity of reaching greater volume that other shoulders must stand the strain of increased responsibilities. Most of us are slow in appreciating the rapid increase in population or the possibilities of increasing the volume of our business."

How Did You Die?

What is a knock-down ? A count of ten,
Which a man may take for a rest,
It will give him a chance to come up again
And do his particular best ;
And when you get up sail in and win—
Show the world how the fur can fly—
It isn't the fact that you're fighting that counts—
It's the principle—always high.

You're beaten to earth ? Well, well, what's that ?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there, that's disgrace,
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce ;
Be proud of your blackened eye,
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
It's how did you fight, and why ?

And though you be done to the death, what then ?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or sly,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, How did you die ?



A MODERN GUN MAKING PLANT

THE SPLENDID FACTORY JUST OPENED BY THE TOBIN ARMS MANUFACTURING CO. AT WOODSTOCK

Canada's Pioneer Gun Factory

By

R. P. Chester

IN THE gradual multiplication of her industries, Canada has at last reached the point where she can boast of possessing the most modern gun factory in America, and where it will be possible for her to say that Made-in-Canada guns can now be procured as good as the best.

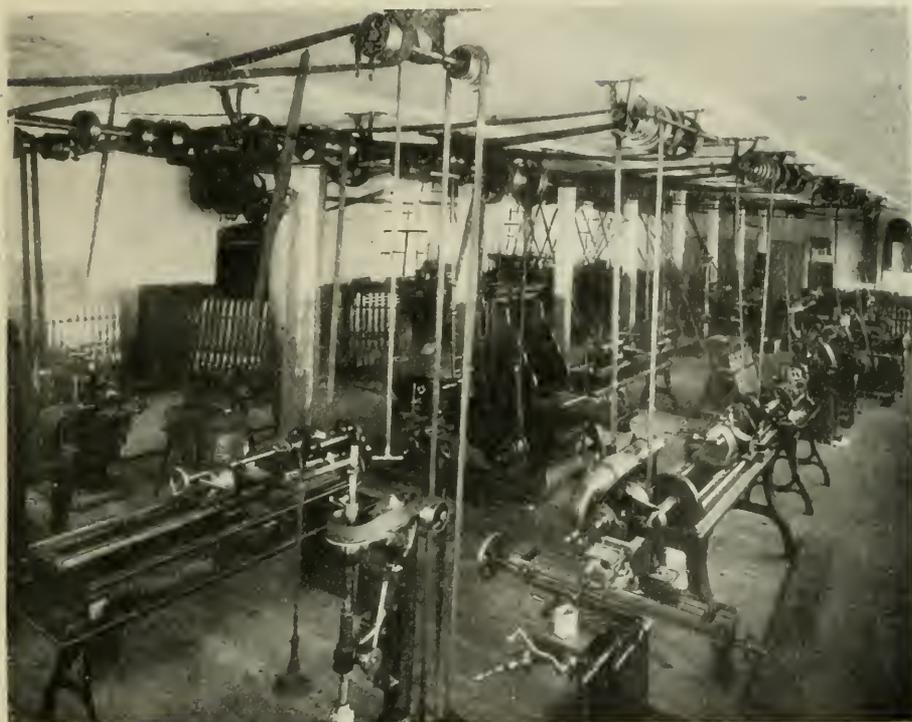
To a little group of enterprising citizens of Woodstock, headed by Henry A. Little, a local lawyer, belongs the credit for having attracted to Canada and to their home city this pioneer gun factory, now incorporated and starting business as the Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited, of Woodstock.

An opportunity to inspect the plant, which for some years at least will

prove to be a novelty to many a Canadian, and to have a chat with Mr. F. M. Tobin, the managing director, was afforded me recently, and I took quick advantage of the invitation. The fine new factory stands about a block distant from the C.P.R. station at Woodstock and is thus easily accessible.

I found Mr. Tobin at work getting his office into shape, but he was willing to pause for a short time and talk with me. To my request for some explanation as to the origin and scope of the company, he replied:

"This company, the Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited, of Woodstock, consists of local investors right here in the town. Among them, I might name H. A. Little, E. W. Nesbitt, M.P., for



PART OF MAIN MACHINE ROOM, TOBIN ARMS MFG. CO.

North Oxford, Col. John White, A. J. McIntosh and F. A. McIntosh. Mr. Little is president, I am vice-president and managing director, and Mr. L. M. Sovereign is our secretary-treasurer. We have bought out the business of the Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., of Norwich, Conn., well known as manufacturers of an extra high grade of American shot-gun."

"In undertaking this project," continued Mr. Tobin, "I did something which I was anxious to do for several years, as I felt that there was a future in this business in Canada, which was not in sight on the other side. In figuring out the Canadian market and its possibilities, I made up my mind that the Canadian buyer was a man who wanted a better class of article than the cheap grades so largely sold in the United States, and that is the standard we are going to work to. The fact that there is a protective tariff here, also influenced me to a consider-

able extent to locate in this country."

"Can you give me some details about your equipment and your prospective output?" I asked.

"Well, you can see, that we have a new factory, three storeys in height, 130 feet long and 70 feet frontage. It has been constructed on the most approved specifications required by the underwriters for preferred risks—what is known as slow-burning factory construction. We have excellent lighting arrangements. In fact, we have secured the very maximum amount of window-space allowed. The class of machinery and tools which we have installed is without exception more down-to-date than in any other gun factory in the world. We intend to use the Hydro-Electric power to run our machines."

"As to our output, the company now offers to the buyer a line consisting of six grades of hammerless shot guns and one grade hammer shot guns, all

double-barreled. Prices on these will range from \$20 to \$250, and with the very newest machinery, we are prepared to make the very highest type of guns at the price. We can also build guns to order, and you can realize that that is often necessary, for no two men are just exactly the same build and each needs a special size of gun, just as he needs a special size of clothes."

"How many hands will you employ, and what will be your output?"

"We start with about 50 men at work, some from the States, others from the town. It means that by our locating here, several families will be added to the population of Woodstock. The initial capacity of the factory is from 20 to 25 guns per day, and this will, no doubt, be increased as the market demand grows."

"What about export trade? Do you intend selling outside Canada?"

"We certainly do," asserted Mr. Tobin, emphatically. "Why, our first order actually came from Rangoon. We will ship our guns to Australia, New Zealand, India, China, Mexico, South America—in fact, all over the world, where shot-guns are used."

"What has been your connection with gun-making, Mr. Tobin?"

"I've had thirty years of it," answered Mr. Tobin. "I'm a Canadian, born in Nova Scotia, but I've lived most of my life in the United States. I was for many years connected with two large gun factories there. I organized the old company in 1904, with one of my former connections. My record of sales was a quarter-million shot-guns in less than six weeks, 50,000 of them to one customer."

Mr. Tobin then invited me to inspect the factory and to have a look at gun-making as carried on in it.

The process of manufacture is exceedingly interesting and to the ordinary observer is full of novelty and instruction. The factory is so well arranged and lighted that it is possible to watch every step in the making of a gun without any trouble.

The accompanying illustration gives

a capital view of the machine room, in which automatic machines, power and hand milling machines, drillers, profilers, etc., are being operated in the production of the small parts used in completing the finished arm.

In another section of the factory are to be found the stock manufacturing machines, where wooden blocks are carefully shaped into the required form for the gun stocks. It is interesting to note here that the wood used, a kind of walnut, is imported from



F. M. TOBIN

VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGING DIRECTOR

Europe, where it is grown by modern forestry methods in the Pyrenees, Swiss Alps and German Black Forest. It is possible to secure this wood almost as cheap as dimension lumber can be purchased from the forests here and the cultivated variety is much better suited to the needs of the business than the domestic kind.

A third department takes care of the barrel operations. Here the forged tubes, which are imported from Belgium, are brazed together and the ribs are fastened to the barrels. After the completion of the machine cuts on the barrels, the latter are taken to the

Dominion Chocolates, Cobalt Nuggets

And full Assortment of *Kayler's* World Famed Candies

Made on the premises 130-132 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.

Fancy Boxes and Baskets suitable for Gifts.

"A man is known by the Candy he sends."

When near our store don't forget our

UNEXCELLED CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM SODAS and other FOUNTAIN DRINKS



Cocoa stands unequalled for purity, quality and flavor.



Pupil after 7 weeks of my system.

THE DORCHESTER SYSTEM of Physical Culture

is the best method of keeping the body in perfect condition.

PERFECT CONDITION means Muscular Development and Healthy Organs. The two great essentials for a vigorous mind.

Two Courses :

- (1) Curative (2) Muscular Development Instruction by Correspondence.

Write for Folder

F. E. DORCHESTER
Physical Expert

151 Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks For Sale by all Grocers

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.
Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,
Canada



IT HOLDS UNTIL YOU TAKE IT OUT!

One of the many disadvantages of the old style furniture castor is that it WILL keep on FALLING OUT of its place. Every housewife knows how difficult it is to keep castors in place. That's why every housewife—and her husband—should know about the

Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe

Made with Glass Base and Mott Metal Base

IT NEVER FALLS OUT. Moreover, the Onward Shoe does NOT tear carpet, matting or oilcloth or in any way injure, mar or scratch polished wood floors, as invariably happens where old-fashioned castors are used. The Onward Shoe is made in all sizes and styles to suit all kinds of furniture—including pianos. There is a very interesting booklet about this Onward Shoe You'll enjoy seeing it.

WRITE FOR A COPY

The Onward Manufacturing Co., Berlin, Ont.



borers and at this point the greatest care and attention are given to the work. Each pair of barrels is carefully tested and gauged during the process of boring, until the required description of bore is obtained. Some additional attention is given to this work later on, where special guns are being made up to specifications.

The three parts referred to—stock, barrel actions and lock parts—when brought together take the first stage of assembling and become what is known in the factory as a gun. The operator gives a serial number to the gun, which is repeated on each part, and this is the number by which the gun is ever afterwards known.

It would seem now as if the main part of the gun-making were completed and that a few hours would see the weapon finished. But this is where the novice makes a big mistake. It actually takes five or six weeks more to put on the finishing touches. First there comes the action work, or jointing, and this is a most important process. It consists of joining the barrels to the frame. The life of the gun depends upon good work at this point, for the slightest deviation from the true will ruin the weapon.

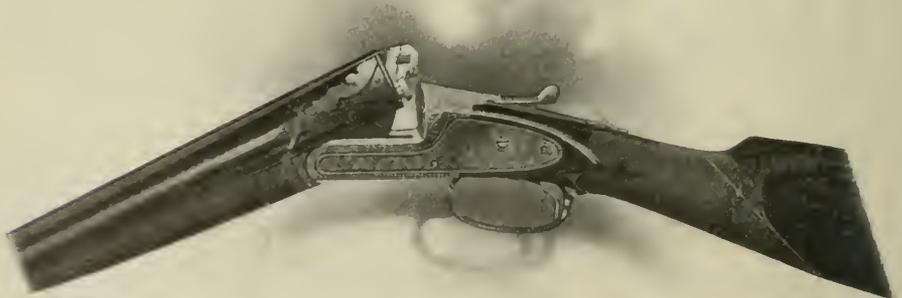
From this operation it next goes to the department where the lock takes

and some of the small parts are fitted in the rough, that is to say, before the metal is hardened. From this it passes to the stocking department, where the wooden part and forearm are fitted to the metal. The woodwork is here fully finished, sand-papered, rubbed and oiled, and put aside until the final assembling. The metal parts are passed along to the polishing rooms, where all the parts are finished. Then they are tempered and hardened and the barrels are browned.

The gun is now complete, save for the final assembling. This latter operation calls for the most exact work in the factory. The various parts are brought together and joined up with the utmost care and exactness.

Finally, each gun, as it is finished, is taken to the shooting range and tested. It is targeted, showing the number of shot of a certain size it puts into a thirty-inch circle at forty yards—the accepted distance and size of target, generally known in the trade for describing the shooting qualities of a gun. Then it is all ready for use.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co. seems destined to become an important factor in Canadian industrial life.



1

357

GUN NO. 250

ONE OF THE HIGHER CLASS GUNS MADE BY THE COMPANY

Don't fail to mention Busy Man's when writing advertisers.



