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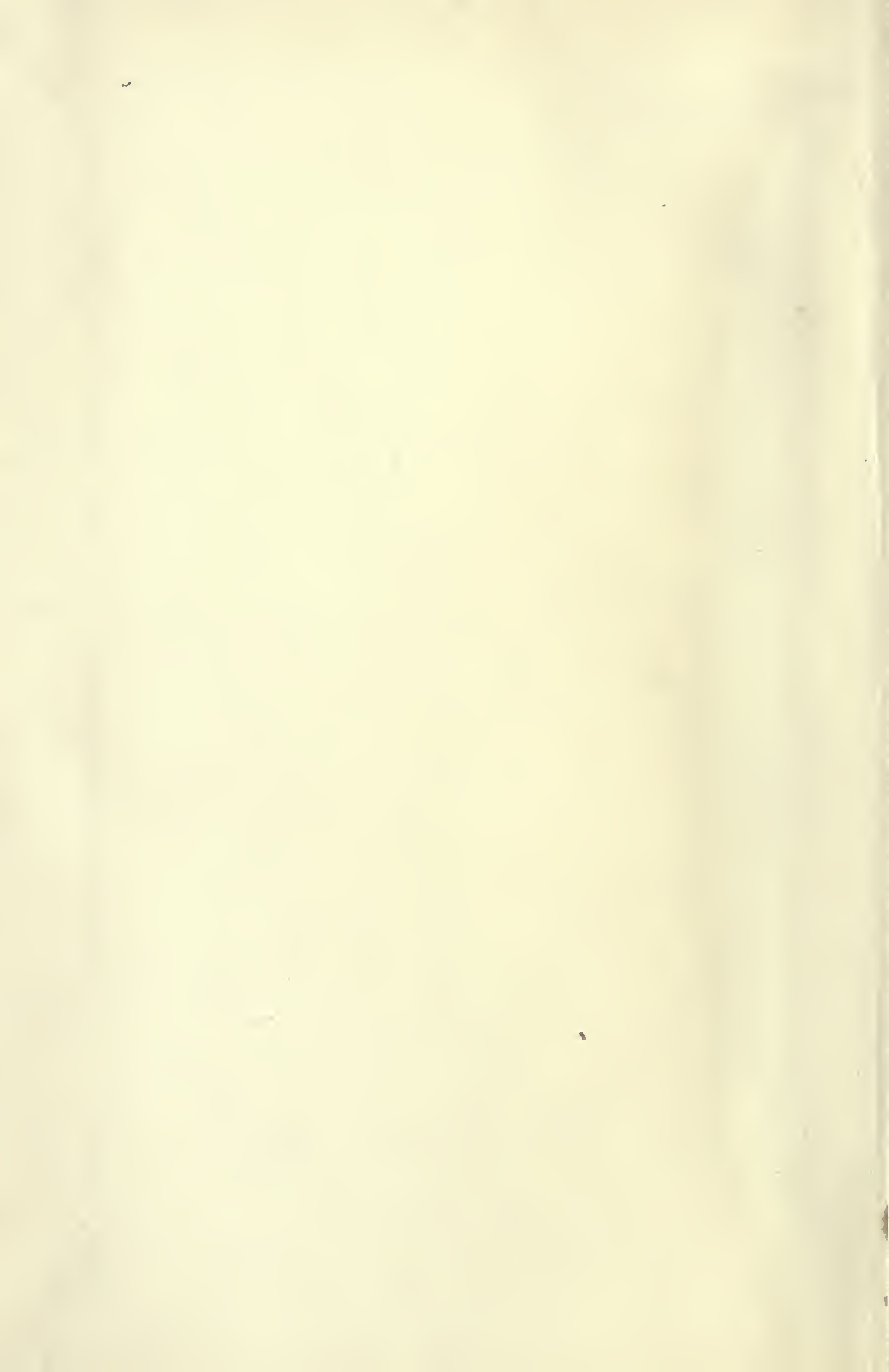

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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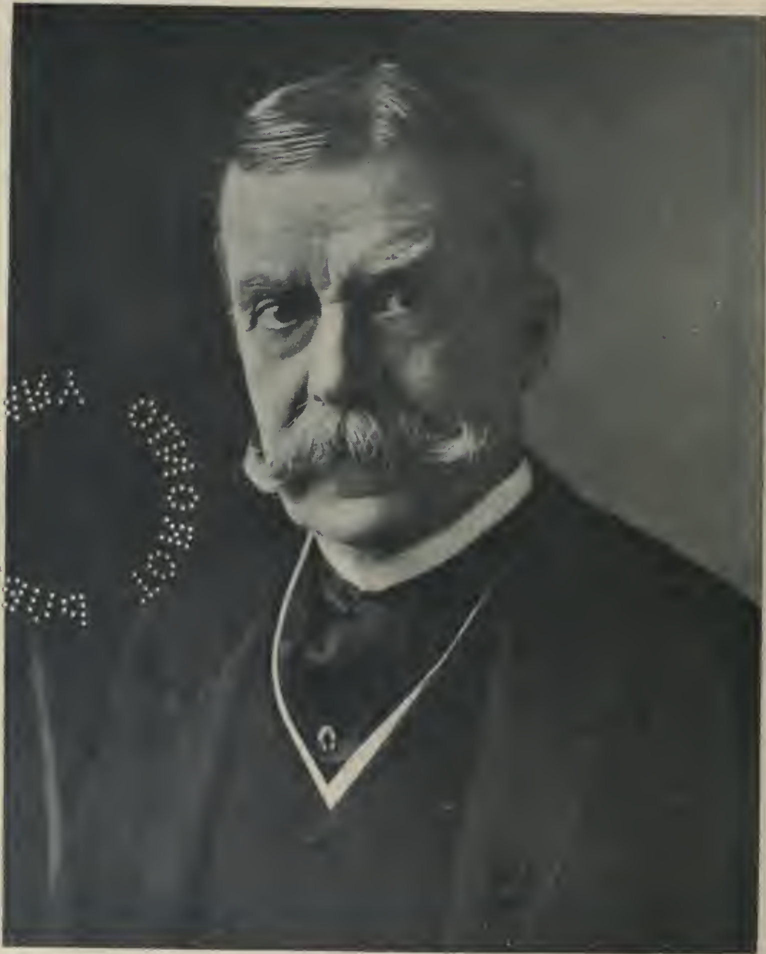

Photo: Ernest H. Mills

EARL CARRINGTON

Charles Robert Wynn-Carrington, K.G., P.C., K.C.M.G.

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XX TORONTO MAY 1910 No 1

GWYDYR CASTLE, NORTH WALES
Residence of Earl Carrington
Photo: Frith.

Earl Carrington

Prospective Governor-General of Canada

By Desda Cornish.

BORN on May 16, 1843, Charles Robert Wynn-Carrington, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G., has a youthful appearance and a certain geniality of manner which belie his sixty-seven years of life—his forty-two years of service.

Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, followed by the Guards, is a training which is most likely to intensify the traditional aloofness of the typical upper-class Englishman. British cadets are apt to relapse into superciliousness, or stand on their dignity when they are confronted with hints of effeteness and antiquarianism in the matter of the methods of their own and ancient country. But no culture,

acquired or inborn, has been able to destroy the good-humored and breezy style of Lord Carrington, which has already won the appreciation of Australians of all classes, who, flinging prejudices overboard, have been able to recognize a lord of the right sort.

Perhaps, it is his sincere kindliness and spontaneous geniality that constitute Lord Carrington's chief assets as a person in the public eye. In the House of Lords, many a tedious debate is enlivened by his welcome merriment; on the country platforms, and at National Liberal Club banquets his jests are inimitable. Apart from the serious viewpoint of his mission — and not for a moment is that serious purpose abandoned — perhaps his special function is that of softening the asperities of provincial Radicalism, and of convincing disappointed aspirants after social fame that a peer may really be a good fellow.

Photo: Thomson.

LADY CARRINGTON

In his young days, when he proved himself to be one of the most charming and pleasant young men of the court, Lord Carrington was chosen to accompany the King, then Prince of Wales, on his famous tour through India. And there, on all sides, he made hosts of friends.

In 1885, when the Earl was sent out to be Governor of New South Wales, he found the prevailing tone of Australian statesmen was one of mingled dislike and contempt for all that pertained to Downing Street, and also that they were apt to vent their dislike of the Colonial Office upon the Governors. Without any too apparent effort Lord Carrington won all hearts in Sydney, the popularity thus gained becoming a standard to which recent Governors have been expected to conform. He was long remembered as the most successful representative of the crown who had ever been sent out to Australia. With his exceptionally charming wife—he had married the Honorable Cecilia Margaret Harbord, eldest daughter of the fifth Lord Suffield in 1878—who shared his social dictatorship in Sydney for five years, he labored well to turn the swelling tide of colonial dissatisfaction.

Full of the spirit of good sportsmanship, Lord Carrington would little dream of disobeying the M. F. H. in the hunting field — neither would he desert his Liberal leader, any more than he would concern himself with any unpleasant things said by the Opposition. Such dependable men are the salt of party government. When Mr. Gladstone was his chief he stood by him, as afterwards by Lord Rosebery, again afterwards by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and now by Mr. Asquith. Dainty philosophy may disdain such an illogical system, while it must admit of its having produced the soundest constitution in the world. These same qualities have won for Lord Carrington the affectionate regard of such middle-class folk as he would be apt to meet with at such places as the National Liberal Club. Class difference would appear to trouble the Earl not at all. Too fine a gentleman to be conscious of his own

THE DRAWING ROOM, GWYDYR CASTLE Photo: Frith.

rank, he would be little apt to excuse a condescension in himself towards others.

In 1892 Lord Carrington was appointed Lord Chamberlain. In 1906 he became President of the Board of Agriculture. It is significant that even the Labor members, who had shown their disregard to Lord Crewe, a realy capable man, agreed in his being chosen as head of the Department which was to direct the campaign against private property in land, and the extensions of allotments and small holdings. Whether it be Radical, Labor member or Socialist—all Englishmen have a liking for the politician who never loses the party line!

Of his *petite culture* on his own estates he speaks with characteristic modesty, though it would be impossible to over-estimate Lord Carrington as a landlord. With all competency, generosity and industry, he has experimented successfully on his 23,000 acres at Gwydyr Castle, in North Wales, and at High Wycombe, Bucks.

Two years ago, at the opening ceremony of a Polytechnic Institute Lord Carrington said, "a horrible feeling always comes over me when I am in the midst of great professors and learned men, because I feel that I am myself one of the most expensively, but at the same time most imperfectly educated men in the kingdom. Wild horses would not drag from me the name of my public school, but I will confess that while my curriculum is largely, indeed mainly, composed of Latin and Greek, I was taught very little mathematics, or economics, and, as for modern languages, why, if I wanted to learn them, I had to pick them up in my hours of leisure. * * * Since those days, however, education has most sensibly improved. But if in my boyhood we did not gain a very high degree of education, we did gain a high code of honor. * * *" It is that very code that has helped to gain for Lord Carrington his high rank amongst Imperial statesmen.

TWO BURNED TO DEATH.

BENJAMIN CLEMENTS PERISHES AT BRIDGETOWN, N S

His House Destroyed—Man Named Demont Loses His Life in a Barn —Was in Drunken Stupor—Cattle Crops and Implements Burned.

(Special Despatch to The Globe) Halifax Dec 29 —Benjamin Clements aged 40 was burned to death in a fire that destroyed his house at Bridgetown N S

A man named Demont perished in a fire that destroyed a barn at Kennetcook Corner Hants county Demont was asleep ...

MAN BURNED TO DEATH.

ANDREW H MYLNE OF DUNNVILLE FOUND DEAD IN RUINS

Was Alone in the House When it Caught Fire, and No One Missed Him Until After the Fire Was Quenched — The Residence Destroyed.

(G N W Press Despatch) Dunnville Dec 1 —Andrew H Mylne lost his life in a fire which destroyed his residence early this morning ...

TRAGEDY CAUSED BY CRACKED PIPE

Sixteen Victims of Montreal Explosion in Hospital.

Special to The Mail and Empire Montreal. Jan 2 —There have been no fatalities as the result of the explosion on New Year's Eve at the Canadian Pacific Railway Place Viger ... now sixteen ...

AGED WOMAN BURNED.

CENTRAL HOTEL, HUNTINGDON, QUEBEC, DESTROYED.

Miss Jessie Taylor, Aunt of the Proprietor, Loses Her Life — Five Other Guests Receive Injuries—Oil Lamp Exploded

(Special Despatch to The Globe) Montreal, Dec 1 —Fire broke out early this morning ...

THE BURNS PROVED FATAL.

Cook From Port Hope Hotel Died in Hospital Yesterday

Miss Maggie Henderson who was brought in the General Hospital on ...

FIRE IN GALT MINES

Miner Named Beresford and Ten Horses Smothered Near Lethbridge.

(Special Despatch to The Globe) Lethbridge Dec 13 —One man and ten horses were smothered to death in shaft No 3 of the Galt mines yesterday when a mysterious fire broke out there about a mile from the entrance to the shaft The name of the dead miner was Beresford The damage to the mine was very small

MOTHER BURNED — WITH CHILDREN

Triple Tragedy at Stopping Place Near Elk Lake.

Englehart, Dec 27.—A stopping-place nine miles from Elk Lake, kept ...

B.C. HOTEL BURNED, BARBER LOST HIS LIFE

Fire Threatened to Wipe Out Town of Salmo This Morning—Much Damage Done

Special to The Star

Salmo B C Dec 17—Fire which destroyed the Northern Hotel last evening burned Frank Kennedy to death and threatened to wipe out this town It is believed to have broken out in the room of Kennedy from an overturned lamp, and so rapidly did the fire spread that 15 guests in the hotel were ...

CANDLES AT BIER CAUSE TRAGEDY.

Special to The Mail and Empire

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 17 —A tragedy occurred at eight o'clock this morning at the residence of Hon. Joseph Prefontaine ex-M.P.P for Assiniboia, four miles north of Ell, when his residence was destroyed by fire. His seven-year-old son perished, his son George, was frightfully burned and may die and the body of his aged mother, which was awaiting burial in the house, was cremated. Eighteen neighbors, who were asleep in the residence at the time, narrowly escaped death in the flames.

MAN BURNED TO DEATH.

FARM HOUSE DESTROYED NEAR DUNDURN SASK

The Caretaker Whose Name is Unknown Lost His Life—Twenty-thousand-dollar Blaze at Altona Man —Six Business Places Destroyed

Regina Sask Dec 27 —(Special) The farm house of Ben Schultz, four ... Dundurn was destroyed ...

DROPPED THE LAMP.

MRS BOUDRIEAULT OF MONTREAL BURNED TO DEATH

Young Child Placed Lamp on Stove During Her Absence From Kitchen, and When She Went to Remove It She Dropped it, Fell Down Stairs and Rolled in Snow.

(Special Despatch to The Globe) Montreal, Dec 26 —While preparing for Christmas at an early hour on Saturday morning Mrs. Francois Boudrieault, a French-Canadian ...

THREE BABES WERE CREMATED IN FARM HOUSE NEAR OTTAWA

Father Saw the Building in Flames, But Arrived Too Late to Save the In...

to a neighbor's for a load of hay During his absence Mrs Brazier went out to the barns to do the milking, leaving the three little ones playing in the kitchen of the house alone Two hours ... on returning to his farm, Mr ... flames ...

GUEST LOST LIFE IN HOTEL FIRE

Several Others Suffered Injuries at Winnipeg.

... LEAP FROM WINDOW ...

TWO CHILDREN PERISH.

FIRE DESTROYED A DWELLING AT WINNIPEG

Mrs. Masters Was at a Neighbor's for About Five Minutes and Returned to Find Her House in Flames—No Chance to Save Little Ones

(Special Despatch to The Globe) Winnipeg, Dec 17 —This ...

LOST HER LIFE IN BURNING HOUSE

Death of Mrs. J. W. Jamieson, Celebration Street.

A sad accident happened this morning by which Mrs. J. W. Jamieson, 67 Celebration street, lost her life. Just how the accident happened is not known. Mrs. Jamieson was going to the kitchen, which is in the basement of the house, to light the fire, as was her usual custom about ... o'clock ev...

ONE MAN PERISHED IN A WINNIPEG FIRE

John Allcock, a C. P. R. Employe, Met Death in the Smoke—Metropole Hotel Scorched.

Special to The Star

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 21.—John Allcock, freight checker of the C. P. R. was overcome by smoke in a fire at the Hotel Metropole here this morning ... after a vain effort to reach a window fell back and perished. Geo. Bay...

SUCCUMBED TO INJURIES.

Galt Man Hurt by Gas Explosion is Dead.

Galt, Ont., Dec. 31.—Charles Fruere, the carpenter who was so seriously injured in the gas explosion which almost wrecked his dwelling on Beverly Street, last Saturday night died ...

YOUNG BRIDE TERRIBLY BURNED; HUSBAND RAVING IN DELIRIUM

Tragic New Year for Montreal Couple--Girl's Clothes Ignited While Helping ...

was stricken with typhoid fever Mrs. Cardinal, Clotilde's mother, came at once to offer her assistance, and helped by her husband and Ulric's brother they set to work to nurse him ... All were sit... ... flat ...

SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL WAS BURNT TO DEATH

Child Was Playing with Matches—Mother Arrived Too Late to Save the Little One's Life.

Maxwell ... the ... 2—Sadie Coutts, ... years old, only daughter of William Coutts, was burned to death ... No one was in the house except the child at the time ... with her grandmother, Mrs McFadgeon, who was unable to render any assistance ... little girl, it appears, was playing ... parlor matches ... burning ... matches became ignited and a ... When her mother ... attracted ...

FLAMES DEVOUR NOVA SCOTIANS

Two Perish in Different Parts of Province—One Was Drunk

CATTLE ALSO PE...

HUSBAND ILL IN BED, WIFE BURNED TO CRISP

Fatality at Eastman, Quebec—Her Clothing Caught Fire When Lamp Exploded.

Special to The Star.

Sherbrooke, Que., Dec. 7.—Mrs. Lareme, of Eastman, was frightfully burned last night through the explosion of a lamp. Her clothing caught fire and before it could be subdued part of her body was literally burned to a crisp. She was being brought to Sherbrooke hospital, but died on board the train. ... the accident happened ... was sick in ...

THE FIRE FIEND'S TOLL OF HUMAN LIFE

EXTRACTS FROM THE CANADIAN PRESS, ALL APPEARING WITHIN A FEW DAYS

The National Ash Heap

By

W. Lacy Amy

IF the legislators of America would grasp the significance of the irretrievable loss of $600,000 every day for the past ten years; if the public would stop to think that every tick of the clock records the vanishing of $800; if the newspapers would devote a space in their columns for a campaign against a needless waste; if insurance indemnity were not misunderstood, then America might put in her pockets a great part of the quarter of a billion dollars that goes up in smoke every year. If we would only understand that fires are not the work of Providence or chance, but of carelessness, ignorance or wilful destruction, we might devote our energies to investigations and remedies that would bring more practical results in money saved than all the lofty aims and aspirations of existing societies and associations for the advancement of mankind.

Each year for the past five years there has been in America an average of 104,543 fires reported, consuming in each week three theatres, three public halls, twelve churches, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, two colleges, six apartment houses, twenty-six hotels, three department stores, two jails, 140 flat houses and 1,600 homes.

For the past forty years the losses in Canada alone have amounted to more than $170,000,000. Between 1870 and 1892 the loss averaged $3,500,000 per year, and for the last six years of the century $8,000,000. But the fire waste for the year just ended reached a total of $19,234,196, or $52,696 a day, with a population of a little more than 7,000,000 people. During the month of December there were nine fires a day reported, of which 134 carried a loss exceeding $500, and 25 exceeded $10,000.

The record in Canada for the different months of 1909 was as follows:—

Month	Loss
January	$1,500,000
February	1,263,005
March	851,690
April	720,650
May	3,358,276
June	1,360,275
July	1,390,000
August	2,091,500
September	1,653,000
October	2,376,000
November	1,200,500
December	1,469,300
	$19,234,196

And yet these figures give very little idea of the actual monetary loss from the fire fiend. There must be included the cost of the maintenance of the fire departments, the waterworks chargeable to fire service, private fire equipment and insurance. For some of these there are no complete figures as far as Canada is concerned; but the United States, which is in much the same position as Canada, supplies the following for 1908:

Item	Amount
Direct fire combustion	$220,000,000
Fire departments	49,000,000
Waterworks for fire service	29,000,000
Private equipment	18,000,000
Insurance premiums in excess of losses paid	146,000,000
	$462,000,000

The capital required at five per cent. to pay this loss would be $9,240,000,-

INCOMPLETE FIRE CONSTRUCTION

THREE FIRE WALLS WERE OF NO AVAIL BECAUSE THEY DID NOT EXTEND THROUGH THE ROOF

000, a sum equal to the total combined capital of every business interest in America.

To this again must be added the countless millions lost in forest fires, of which Canada's share was $25,-500,000, the resulting impoverishment of the soil, and the millions represented by what is known in insurance circles as "consequential loss," that is, loss in revenue as the result of business interruption. The forest fires of the Adirondacks alone in 1908 burned over 347,000, or 542 square miles, 38 per cent. of the timber on which was deemed to be merchantable. In the Crow's Nest district forest fires reduced an area of 212 square miles of forest until only 33 remain, and the burnt tract is fit for nothing for years to come.

So that the yearly toll in America of the dread fire fiend is little short of the colossal sum of $600,000,000, of which $50,000,000 is lost to our own Canada.

Figures that are indeed startling!

But what is more serious, more worthy of our earnest consideration, is that more than half of the loss could easily have been prevented. The authorities agree that much more than half of the fire loss in America is attributable to arson, gross carelessness, or ignorance. In other words, Canada throws away more than ten millions of dollars without reason or recompense.

In this connection there is a fallacy that receives general acceptance by the public. It is that insurance covers fire loss, that property insured is not a loss when consumed by fire. A moment's reflection will be sufficient to show how untenable is such an idea. Insurance merely distributes an individual loss among all the policyholders of the company. Each of us pays for his neighbor's fire.

In the consideration of fire waste due to preventible causes, guessing is largely eliminated by a comparison with the loss rate of other countries. In Canada the per capita loss in 1909 by direct fire combustion was $2.63; in America it was more than $3. When we examine European experience the possibilities of prevention are clear. In eight countries of Europe the average per capita loss is only 33 cents. Germany suffers from a 49-cent loss, France 30 cents, Austria 29, and lowest of all, Italy can show a statement of but 12 cents per head,

or one-twenty-second of the Canadian waste. Only in Russia and Norway, where construction is largely of wood, does the fire loss per capita apporach half that of America.

Comparing cities on the two continents: The average annual number of fires in European cities is eight for each ten thousand of population. In American cities the average is forty. Glasgow had a fire loss in 1908 of $325,000; Boston, with a smaller population, reported $3,610,000. Berlin, with a population of 3,000,000, has an annual fire loss of less than $175,000; Chicago's loss is $5,000,000, although its population is only about two-thirds that of Berlin. With all this difference in loss there is an additional surprise in the relative costs of the fire-fighting resources. Berlin's fire department costs a trifle more than $300,000, Chicago's more than $3,000,000. New York's fire department costs $10,000,000, its high-pressure service involves an expenditure of $3,000,000, and yet its fire loss is $10,000,000 a year. Paris expends only $60,000 on its fire protection. American cities spend $1.65 per head to go to bed feeling safe, while the average cost of fire protection in Berlin is only 26 cents, in London 19 cents, and in Milan 17 cents. In 158 American cities the cost of maintaining fire departments was $38,000,000, and yet the loss in 1908 was $48,000,000.

Compare Berlin's loss of $175,000 for a population of 3,000,000, with Toronto's $740,931 last year for a population little over one-ninth that size, or Montreal's $450,000, Hamilton's $99,298, Vancouver's $315,000, Calgary's $82,349. Winnipeg's complete figures are not at hand, but they must be enormous. In fires with a loss of $10,000 or more, the destruction for the last five months of the year alone in that city amounted to the appalling total of $600,000.

Still another evil in addition to that of property waste attends the carelessness that is so largely responsible. Every year there are 2,000 lives lost in America through fires. Six people every day of the year are sacrificed on the national ash heap. In Canada last year there were two hundred

SAVED BY AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS

ALTHOUGH ALL THE WINDOWS ON THIS BUILDING WERE BURNED OUT, THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS PREVENTED ANY FURTHER DAMAGE

deaths from fire—almost four a week—and the present year has started out with great promise of exceeding that number. It is unfortunate that, while industrial accidents are carefully attended to by our laws, there is nothing on the statute books to protect the hundreds who die in fires from some other person's carelessness. An unprotected saw, an open elevator shaft, a defective piece of machinery are recognized grounds for damage claims. Indeed, some of the provinces have gone so far as to make the employer liable for the injuries of his employe received through his own carelessness. But there is nothing to punish the man or woman who attempts to light the kitchen fire with coal oil or even gasolene, or the parents who leave small children alone in houses where the stove, the lamp or the matches are within reach. The outcome of the increasing loss of life from carelessness that is criminal, will be that the laws will declare it just as great a misdemeanor for a man to take the lives of six of his family by starting a morning fire with gasolene (as happened near Winnipeg in November) as it would have been had he shot them all in their beds.

There were fifty-one deaths and ninety-seven injuries reported during the last two months of the year, and more fatalities failed to be recorded on account of death not being immediate. Of the deaths no fewer than 24, as well as 32 injured, were the result of unpardonable carelessness. The majority of the fatalities were children whose heartless, brainless parents considered it safe (if they considered at all) to leave small children alone. A woman near Ottawa went out to milk, leaving three children alone in the house—three deaths on the list. A Berlin woman went down town, leaving three children with the stove—three more. In one small village in Ontario a child was burned to death in December, because its parents left it alone; within three weeks another child gave up its life in the same village from the same cause. And so the list lengthens, the parents receiving sympathy for an act that should be considered criminal. With the class of people who will expose their children to such danger nothing but the law will bring recognition of the necessity of employing common sense for the protection of those dependent on them.

"Every fire is a crime," is the slogan adopted by the National Fire Protection Association, a body of men in the United States united in a great cause. At a glance this assertion may seem extreme. But is it? Was there ever a fire that was not the result of somebody's carelessness? With the exception of a disturbance of nature, such as at San Francisco, every fire has its origin in the thoughtlessness or wilful desire of someone; and even the San Francisco fire need not have been great had the buildings been of proper construction.

Carelessness that leads to waste is a crime.

Had Canada her $20,000 a year to expend in public works, two Dreadnaughts could be built every year, or a formidable fleet of smaller war vessels. A railway could be constructed from Toronto almost to Winnipeg at a cost of $20,000 a mile, or 1,600 miles of prairie road. She could construct 4,000 miles of the best stone or gravel roads. She could pay for the maintenance of all the sick and poor in the country. She could buy up a million acres of as good land as the west possesses. America's fire loss money would "evangelize the world in this generation." What prevents such possibilities is nothing short of criminal.

Fires are said to be due to three crimes: the crime of ignorance, the crime of carelessness, and the crime of arson. And the first two can be combined under the second. And yet the criminal calmly collects his insurance without a penalty save for discovered arson, while his neighbors, whose losses, due to his carelessness, were not covered by insurance, must struggle along under the burden he

places upon them with immunity. The effects of his carelessness are just as disastrous as if he had deliberately applied the match—but there is no punishment, no explanation even.

How different it is in Europe! And it is owing largely to this difference that the loss rate is so low. In France the responsibility for any loss caused by his negligence is placed upon the landlord or tenant of the building where the fire started and the results are wonderful. In Paris a fire rarely goes outside the building in which it starts. In Vienna, where the same law exists, there is not a case known where a fire is not confined to the building in which it started, and in few fires did it reach another floor—conditions due to the solid construction brought about by the law of responsibility. In Paris flimsy unsprinklered department stores with well-holes to the roof, and crowded aisles that would frighten away any American insurance company, secure a rate of 50 cents. In Belgium and Holland the laws are somewhat similar. In Germany the assured must save everything he can, and must notify the police within three days and the company within twenty-four hours. In Sweden an inquest must follow every fire. The same condition exists in Switzerland, and some cantons refuse indemnity if carelessness or neglect is proven. In Spain and Italy the assured must make affidavit to the proper officer as to the cause and circumstances of a fire and furnish the insurance company with a copy thereof.

The other reasons for the low fire waste in Europe are the restriction of high buildings, the necessity of solid, fireproof construction, the absence of litter and combustible accumulations on the streets. In London there are no buildings more than eight storeys high, and few beyond six. German cities are superbly built, from an underwriter's standpoint, and the police supervision is excellent and wonderfully effective.

Then, how can this serious destruction of the country's wealth be decreased?

There are three great powers in the fight for less fire waste:

1. The Government.
2. The civic authorities.
3. The individual.

Unfortunately we make the great mistake of fighting fire from the wrong end. What counts in decreasing the waste is not the extinguishing of fires, but their prevention. The comparative merits of the two systems of fire elimination are demonstrated by the difference between the fire loss in Europe and that in America. In Europe they demand that the builder and the owner conform to definite laws that exclude risk. In America we spend money in apparatus and men, and allow the public a free hand. There they start at the beginning to fight the waste; here we start at the last scene. And the results are evident. Our method of decreasing the waste is similar to the establishment of hospitals as the only means of fighting typhoid fever.

If the Governments of the different provinces would undertake only one task they would fulfill at a very small cost all that would be expected of them. Across the border twelve of the states have appointed a man, whose duty it is to investigate every fire of doubtful origin. These fire marshals have supreme authority at certain times. In case of a fire they can order the owner from the damaged building in order that a thorough, untramelled investigation can be made, with no opportunity for the owner to remove evidence. They can condemn any property as a fire-breeder, compel the cleaning up of litter, and enforce protection for life and property. They and their deputies make suggestions for building ordinances, and see that the laws are obeyed. They secure the aid of the newspapers in publishing the fire losses and common preventive measures.

The result of the appointment of such men has been beyond expectation. In Massachusetts incendiary

fires have decreased fifty per cent. In Ohio in one year 72 persons were convicted of arson, and in another state as many men were punished for arson in two and a half years as had been convicted in the previous existence of the state. It has been found that few men will risk burning their own buildings if there is an official whose duty it is to follow them up. The same fear prevents the firing of an enemy's barn. In Ohio the fire loss during the first year of the fire marshal's department was eleven millions; in the last five years it averaged less than seven millions, and this in spite of the fact that insurable property has doubled in value. The per capita loss in states with fire marshals averages $1.47 per head, and in states without fire marshalls $2.47. Only Manitoba has a fire marshall, and although he has been in office but a short time and has not sufficiently wide powers and assistance, the value of the office is apparent.

The civic authorities have in their hands the most ready solution of the fire problem. After all. the great preventive of fire waste is proper construction. Fireproof construction, or a style that is sufficiently fireproof to enable the fire apparatus to do effective work is at the command of the local authorities. The "fire limit" can be definitely fixed to exclude all conflagration risks. Fire walls projecting above the roof at frequent intervals are the most effective obstacles to devastation. The height of buildings should have some control of its fireproof qualities. Buildings should be carefully inspected at regular intervals, and litter and loose paper prohibited in lanes or on private property. Strict theatre laws should be made, fireworks prohibited, the use of combustibles restricted, incendiaries punished, exposed windows protected with wire glass or metal doors. The excellence of the fire-fighting system is, of course, a most important consideration, but an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure.

So important are the duties of the city authorities in this respect that in the recent Boston elections the platform of a candidate was largely the reduction of fire waste.

Did the Government and civic authorities do their duties comparatively little would depend upon individual effort. As it is, much of the prevention is in the control of the citizen. Fireproof construction is becoming popular through private effort rather than through public demand. The factory or store owner has adopted "fireproof" ideas that are doing more than anything else to save the lost millions of property. Wire glass, covered openings, fire-retarding walls and floors, sprinkler systems, the avoidance of concealed spaces, closed elevator shafts, automatic trap doors, private fire alarms, watchmen, private fire brigades, water tanks, university course in fire education, etc., are some of the individual efforts towards decreasing the fire waste.

In England there is a society called the British Fire Prevention Committee; in the United States the National Fire Protection Association performs the same work. These associations are composed of prominent men interested in the subject—fire insurance officials, large property owners. college professors, Government officials. Tests are made of every material and style of construction, as well as of every kind of fire-fighting appliances and invention. Large amounts of money are spent in experimenting on new ideas in construction, on the dangers from different gases, oils and materials, and the relative values of the various kinds of hose, fire-engines, pumps, sprinklers, etc. Pamphlets dealing with almost every subject that could be of interest in the reduction of fire loss are sent free upon request and published in the newspapers.

The fire insurance companies have a weapon at their disposal that provides them with great opportunities. As many life insurance companies refuse to insure the Christian Scientists.

so fire insurance companies are refusing such risks as moving picture theatres, dangerous manufactories and localities where the moral hazard is great. The association of the companies has established high rates for properties that are unnecessarily risky, and the owners are forced by this means to provide protection and sensible improvements. The companies can govern construction, exposure, and expenditure in fire-fighting appliances, and it is to their credit that they are learning to exercise their powers. The Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association is not a combination for high prices, but a combined effort to reduce the fire waste. Last year, in Montreal alone, about 18,000 inspections were made, 1,844 defects were discovered; and it is a proof of the efficiency of this method of dealing with the question, that all but 25 of the defects were remedied.

With all working together, with even one of the three great powers in control of the situation doing its best, Canada could be spared a great part of the twenty millions that disappear in smoke. Millions more could be saved from fire department expenditures and as it is the people make the fire rates, whatever might be said to the contrary, there is no reason why this country should not decrease its loss from the fire fiend by fully fifty per cent. in a very few years. When Canada reduces its loss to the proportion of European countries the tardiness of present Governments and civic bodies will be a matter of shame and surprise.

DRY ROT IN TIMBERS

A NEW DANGER IN CONSTRUCTION. IN THIS FIRE THE ENTIRE UPPER STORIES COLLAPSED ON ACCOUNT OF DRY ROT THAT DID NOT APPEAR ON THE SURFACE

(Drawn by John Cameron)

"HE TURNED WITH A START AND A GRIP OF THE SWORD, TO FIND THE GIRL YVETTE STANDING THERE."

The Ghost Knight

A Romatic Story of a Fair Lady in Distress, and of a Gallant Knight who Rescued her from Dire Peril.

By Warwick Deeping.

"DECEIT, deceit," cried the swallows, skimming the water, and gliding about the grey tower in the meadows.

"Deceit—deceit." And their wings kissed ripples upon the broad, still moat, or flashed in the sunlight amid the aspen trees.

And upon the hills the pine woods were dark under the sunset, with streamers of crimson vapor afloat across the west.

When Gareth of Avranches reined in his horses before the rough hostel that stood by the wayside in the valley, with a few hovels to keep it company, an old woman came out to him, and bobbed to him for service. She had a cold, white face, with a skin like wrinkled vellum, and her eyes gave never a twinkle as she looked up at the knight.

"A night's lodging, lording?"

Gareth cast a glance over the rotten thatch, and at an old sow that came grunting out by the hostel door. There would be more to be gathered than spent in such a hovel, nor did the old woman's hard face please him.

Therefore he pointed with his spear to the tower that rose grey amid the aspens across the meadows, with the sheen of its broad moat catching the gold of the western sky.

"Whose tower is that—yonder—dame?"

The woman crossed herself and shook her head.

"My lord would not lodge yonder," she said, making a mouth of mystery.

"And—why not?" asked he.

"There is a curse upon the place, lording, the wailing of the woes is heard in the tower."

Gareth gazed at the place under his hand.

"The sun shines on it," he said. "Who is the lord of the place?"

"A year ago Sir Rene ruled there," said the woman, "but he is dead. And then his eldest son took the father's place, but he—lording—died also. Then Guillaume, the second, ruled, but death soon took him, and he was seen no more in this world. Now Raymond—the third—is left, and Yvette, his sister. But it is not a month since Messire Guillaume died, and the curse is there still—they say."

"How did they die, dame?"

"No man knows, lording. They went, and were seen no more. That is all."

Gareth looked at her keenly, as though he mistrusted the woman's tongue.

"I would hear more of this," he said curtly. "Such happenings are not to be missed," and he left the woman standing in the road, and passed on over the meadows towards the tower.

It was growing dusk when Gareth reached the bridge over the moat, and blew his horn as a summons. The place seemed very dolorous and silent with its dark windows, and its grey

walls that were cold now against the twilight.

The bridge was lowered, the gate opened, and Gareth rode in. A breeze stirred in the aspen trees, so that they chattered at his back, and Gareth, peering about him in the dusk, looked for the porter who had opened the gate.

A shadowy figure stood stiffly against the wall. It waved a hand to the knight, but did not speak. And Gareth passed through into the base court of the house.

Now, from the doorway of the hail a girl came forth in a robe of some black stuff; her hair had the color of a full moon seen through mist, and her eyes looked dark in her pale face. She stood looking at Gareth for a moment as though she had learnt to live with some shadow of fear haunting her. But the Cross that he wore in his surcoat seemed to lighten her distrust.

"Welcome, Messire," she said, "if you would lodge the night with us."

And Gareth, when he had dismounted, went to kiss her hands.

"I am on the homeward road," he said, laying a hand over the Cross on his coat. "It is many months since I have seen the orchards of Normandy."

So he followed Yvette into the house, marvelling at the color of her hair.

Gareth sat down to supper in the solar that evening with the girl and Raymond her brother, an old man serving them, and the old man was dumb. A great sadness seemed upon the house, and upon Yvette and her brother, the sadness of those who grieve, the dread of those who watch continually for some horror in the dark. Yet they did their best to be debonair and courteous for Gareth's sake, questioning him as to his adventures, and how the Christians fared in Syria, and how the wars went against the Saracens. For Gareth had come over sea from Acre by Cyprus and Crete in a Venetian ship. He had ridden through Lombardy and Genoa into Provence, and so northwards towards the Loire.

They had talked of the Kings, Philip and Richard, when Raymond of the Tower spoke of a neighbor who had taken the Cross.

"Malvo de la Montagne was with certain lords who sailed a year ago he said, "you two may have met—yonder—in Syria?"

Gareth thought a moment, and then shook his head.

"I remember no such name."

"A big man with a dark forehead, and four big teeth as large as hazel nuts. We knew him here, and had good cause. But that is our own tale."

Gareth remembered no such man. But he saw Raymond look at Yvette, and the girl flushed hotly, and hid her eyes from them.

For Malvo de la Montagne had sought her in love, roughly, and her brothers had taken the man and beaten him with their sword belts, so that he had gone home bloody, half naked, and savage as a wounded bear. And the next that they heard of Malvo was that he had taken the Cross, and gone, perhaps for penance, to fight in the Holy Wars.

So they went to their rest that night, Gareth still wondering at the curse that seemed to hang over the house, at its silence and emptiness, and at the sad and watchful faces of the girl and the man. There seemed no servants in the house, save only the dumb porter, and one old woman. And Gareth lay down on a truss of straw in the hall, and drew his cloak about him in the darkness and the silence.

The Norman had not slept an hour when he awoke suddenly, like a man called by a trumpet cry. Starting up on the bed, he laid a hand on his sword, and sat there listening, with a vague ghostly sense of fear. A moon had risen, and the beams thereof came slanting through the narrow windows of the hall. Yet the silence of the night covered everything for the moment, and Gareth wondered what had awakened him.

He was putting the sword aside, as though he had been roused by nothing more than a trick of the brain, when a strange cry thrilled up out of the silence of the night, a cry that seemed to make the moonlight quiver as it poured into the darkness of the hall.

The cry held in one long-drawn note, to break at last and fade into nothingness like the smoke from a candle that wavers into the night. Then, again—all was silence. Yet Gareth, who was no coward, felt his hair bristling, and longed to hear something moving in the house, for he remembered what the woman at the inn had told him.

He was rising from his bed, when he heard a voice calling outside the tower, a thin, faint voice, that seemed to come from beyond the moat. And so clear were the words it uttered, that Gareth heard them in the hall.

"Follow, follow, follow. Blood of thy blood calls thee, Raymond. Accursed art thou, if thou follow me not. And Rene, thy father, shall abide in hell."

The voice died away, and in its place Gareth heard the sound of movement in the tower above. The door at the end of the hall swung open; the figure of a man stood in the dark entry, and by the glimmer of his body Gareth knew that he was armed. The Norman had taken down his shield from the wall, and stood ready and alert for what might happen.

The figure moved forward, till the moonlight was upon its face, and Gareth recognised the lad Raymond, his face white as swan's down, his eyes like the eyes of one walking in his sleep. He had a shield upon his arm, and a naked sword in his right hand. Nor did he so much as notice Gareth, as he moved down the hall, and unbarred the door leading into the court. And Gareth, who followed him cautiously, and without a sound, saw him cross the court towards the stables as though to saddle and bridle a horse.

The lad came forth in due course from the stable, leading a black horse by the bridle, the moonlight shining upon the flagstones of the court, and upon the mists that rose from the moat. Gareth, keeping within the shadow of the hall, saw Raymond walk his horse towards the gate. And so wrapped was the knight of Avranches in watching this midnight sally that he did not hear footsteps crossing the hall.

A hand touched his shoulder. He turned with a start, and a grip of the sword, to find the girl Yvette standing there, a cloak covering her white shift, her feet in sandals, her hair falling down about her like so much tawny smoke.

She seemed silent, tongue-tied, dumb for the moment as with some great fear. Her eyes looked into Gareth's, like the eyes of some wild thing pleading for life.

"Messire—my brother——?"

Gareth pointed with his sword towards the gate.

"He has gone?" And even in the moonlight he saw the pupils of her eyes dilate.

They heard the sound of a chain falling. Yvette ran out, with one backward glance at Gareth, and her eyes said "Follow!" And the Norman followed her and the gleam of her hair.

But Yvette went faster than the man, for love winged her heels. She disappeared under the dark entry of the gateway just as her brother swung the heavy gate open. Gareth heard her give a low, eager cry, and when he came to them Yvette was clinging to her brother, and looking up passionately into his face.

"You shall not go," she said. "No, on my life, you shall not."

Raymond, who had dropped his horse's bridle, was trying to thrust the girl from him.

"I will see the end of this," he said. "Let go, child; would you have Rene, our father, left in hell?"

But Yvette still clung to him, fastening her arms again upon him when he had forced them away.

"It is a devil's trick," she said, "no warning from God. Geoffrey went as you are going, and came not again; and Guillaume followed Geoffrey. They were bewitched—taken— And I shall lose you—Raymond—also!"

The lad was a brave lad, though his face was white and his voice husky. He put his sister's hands away from him, thrust her back against the wall, and caught at his horse's bridle. The gate stood open, and he was in the saddle, and ready to spur across the bridge, but a stronger hand than his took the peril from him that night, and turned the horse into the court.

Raymond was out of the saddle, hot with a boy's anger, but Gareth caught him in his arms.

"Softly, lad; I am not here to quarrel. But I have a wish to have a hand in this."

He let Raymond go, seeing Yvette ready to plead once more with the stiff-necked youth.

"Child," he said to her, "what is it that you have to fear? Who is it who comes and calls to you—at midnight?"

She had gone to Raymond, and put an arm about him, but she looked at Gareth with eyes that shone.

"God knows, Messire!" she said. "But there is some curse over us, some power that has lured my father and my brothers to their death. First my father—went—as though a Spirit had taken him; then we heard cries—and a voice at midnight, calling on my brothers to seek their sire. Two have gone where the voice led, and we have never seen their faces again. Now Raymond is called, and if he goes—I—Yvette—shall be left alone."

Gareth stood holding the bridle of Raymond's horse. His brows were knitted, and his eyes were grim and keen in the moonlight.

"Come," he said suddenly. "There is some devil's trick here. A stroke of the sword may end the mystery. I will take Raymond's place to-night."

The lad's face flashed up to Gareth's with a generous denial.

"No—Messire—no. Am I a coward that—?"

"I know that, lad, but I have come to my full strength. Let be—I will try my fortune. Lend me your horse, and fetch me my helmet out from the hall. The Cross I wear will keep the Devil from harming me."

Raymond looked at him, and then his arms fell to his side.

"So be it, Messire," he said sullenly, as though half glad, and half ashamed.

But Yvette had run into the hall to search for Gareth's spear and helmet.

She came out, bearing them, her hair flooding over the burnished casque. Gareth had turned his surcoat so that the Cross should not betray him. He took the spear from Yvette's hand and knelt for her to put the helmet upon him.

But before she covered his head with the casque, she stooped and kissed him, smiling a mysterious smile.

"God shall guard you, Messire," she said, and Gareth felt his heart grow great and strong within him.

Now Raymond left them, being sore with himself, and a little ashamed, and passing through the moonlit hall, made for the tower, to watch from its battlements what might happen. Gareth had ridden out before the lad had reached the platform, and holding his horse well in hand, was looking right and left over the moonlit meadows.

He had not seen a slight figure dart after him across the bridge, and follow at a little distance over the grass. It was Yvette, with her cloak drawn over her bosom, and her white feet wet with the heavy dew.

Gareth, alert as a man who knows not what manner of peril may be his at any moment, rode forward slowly, his eyes searching every bush and tree. About a furlong from the moat stood a clump of aspens, their leaves flickering very faintly in the moonlight, the straight stems of the trees splashed with white light or blackened with shadows. And Gareth heard

Drawn by John Cameron)

"YVETTE GAVE ONE SIDE GLANCE AND OBEYED HIM."

a voice calling to him from amid the aspen trees.

"Follow—follow!" it cried, "to the Monk's Grave; there shall thy father meet with thee, and thy brethren—whom thou thinkest dead."

And Gareth, reining in for the moment, saw a figure on a white horse go riding out across the meadows, spectral and strange through the mists that rose from the wet grass. The rider on the white horse looked to him like a woman, and the clothes of the rider were all a-glisten as though powdered over with frost. Moreover, the eyes of the horse seemed to shine as with fire, and the breath from his nostrils rose like smoke.

Gareth crossed himself, muttered a Pater Noster, and, seeing that his sword was loose in its scabbard, rode on after the figure on the white horse. And at a little distance Yvette of the Tower followed Gareth of Avranches, shivering with the cold of the misty meadows, yet strong in her faith to watch over the man who had taken this curse upon his head.

Now, this midnight rider led Gareth on towards the pine woods that rolled like a black flood from the hill-tops into the valley. A thousand pinnacles were touched by the moonlight, a wild tangle of branches latticed the light of the moon. The tall trunks rose like the pillars of some vast temple. A great silence covered the place, save for the trampling of Gareth's horse.

The meadows had been ghostly enough, but this moonlit wood seemed full of whisperings and shadows, and strange shapes that moved. The chequer of silver light that fell here and there upon the brown mast and thin, wiry grass made the grim gloom around appear deeper. The figure on the white horse beckoned ahead, following a narrow way that climbed the long slope of the hill. And Gareth held on after it, feeling like a man in a land of ghosts, and wondering whether he would be struck down from behind some tree.

The way grew less steep of a sudden, yet Gareth, peering from underneath his helmet, found that he could no longer see the rider on the white horse. There was nothing but the straight alleyway between the trees, and a blur of moonlight ahead of him, as though he were coming to an open space amid the pines. And suddenly the woodland way opened before him, and he heard a voice calling:—

"Come—come, here is thy journey's end."

Now, before him, Gareth beheld a little clearing in the wood, not more than sixty paces from shade to shade, with the tree trunks like a palisade about it, and the grass short and sleek, and smooth. In the midst of the clearing stood a great black mound or barrow, half as high as Yvette's tower. And a fir tree grew on the summit thereof, like a black plume on the crown of a helmet.

Gareth was looking about him for the guide who had led him, when suddenly there was a noise like the clashing of iron doors that seemed to come from the deeps of the mound. And a man on a great black horse leapt out as from the very heart of the earth itself, a man armed in black mail, with a blur of light upon his helmet, and a shield that shone like silver upon his arm.

He brandished his spear, and wheeled his horse to and fro, the beast's hoofs tearing the grass. Then he turned towards Gareth, and laughed, and shook his shield.

"Guard—guard," he shouted, backing his black horse, and fewtering his spear, "the eyes of Yvette shall look long for thee on the morrow."

Now Gareth felt that he had mortal man to deal with, and that Yvette's brothers had been slain here in the midst of the pine wood, and that there was some devilry that deserved the light of day. So he put his shield forward, kicked in the spurs, and charged in on the Black Knight without word or parley. And the Black Knight's spear set Gareth's helm a-ringing, but Gareth smote the Black Knight over his horse's tail.

Gareth threw his spear aside, and was out of the saddle with sword a-gleam, ready to give his man his quittance. But the Knight of the Mound was on his feet, and breathing hard through the bars of his helmet. He was a big man, and strong in the arms, and he came at the Norman with such good-will, that Gareth gave ground, keeping his shield up, hard put to it for a moment to save himself from the whirling sword. So he foined, and dodged, and kept his guard till the Black Knight's first fury had tired him a little, for he was a man who fought like a giant for a while, but weakened with the weight and the fat he carried. Therefore Gareth watched his man, till he knew by his heavy breathing that the first flush was out of him.

Then the knight of Avranches gave a loud shout.

"Holy Cross—Holy Cross," and the man in the black harness found lightning playing about his head. For Gareth beat about him with long, clean strokes, trying shoulder, thigh, and gorget, and baffling his man with the grim swiftness of his sword play. The Black Knight began to bleed at the throat. He was slow, overmatched, beaten to and fro about the mound.

Now Yvette had come to the clearing, and stood in the shadow, leaning against a tree, watching the men fighting, and dazed by the clangour of their blows. And as she stood there, she saw a figure in white dart out from the mound, pick up Gareth's fallen spear, and creep forward to smite the Norman in the back.

Yvette's heart stood still for a moment. Then she gave a shrill cry, and ran out into the moonlight, calling to Gareth to warn him of this treachery.

Gareth heard her voice, despite the hot blood drumming in his ears, and the trampling of their feet upon the grass. He turned, sprang aside two full paces in time to catch the lance point upon his shield. And in a flash he had cut off the head from the staff, and his sword overhung the figure in white, but the thing turned from him, and fled streaking away into the darkness of the trees.

Again Yvette called to Gareth,

"Guard, Messire, guard!"

For the Black Knight had shaken the blood out of his eyes, and come by his breath again, and he rushed at Gareth, and tried to grapple him, but the Norman beat him back, and thrust at him with his shield. For Gareth had seen Yvette standing and watching in the moonlight, and for her sake his heart was grim in him, and great to make an end.

The Black Knight tottered with a blow upon the gorget, recovered, only to be smitten a second time upon the throat. He threw up his arms with a hoarse cry, his sword quivering in the moonlight, his shield jerking to and fro like the broken wing of a bird. Suddenly he fell forward upon his knees, and from his knees he sank upon his face. The fight and the life were out of him, and Gareth stood over him, and with his sword-point made certain of the doom.

He turned to Yvette, and the words that he was about to utter died in his throat, for crawling close to the girl, like a snake in the grass, was the white figure that had led him from the tower to the Monk's Grave. Gareth sprang forward as the figure rose up at Yvette's back.

"Fall, child—fall on your face!" he shouted.

Yvette gave one side glance and obeyed him, and the knife blade touched her shoulder, but missed the more fatal mark.

There was a flash and the whistle of a sword, flung like a curling brand at the figure in the white hood and tunic. The knife-bearer gave a low, dolorous cry, and fled away, with a red stain spreading upon its bosom. Gareth did not follow, but caught up Yvette in his arms, greatly afraid that the blow had given her her death.

"Child—child—"

Her hair fell from her face, and she looked at him and smiled.

"It is nothing—a scratch of the shoulder—"

"Our Lady be thanked," said he.

"Ah—Messire, the thanks are yours."

He stood her upon her feet, and looked at her shoulder, finding but a faint red stain upon her sleeve. Then, since she seemed more precious to him because of the perils of the place, he lifted her upon his horse, mounted, and rode at a canter down through the wood-way towards the meadows.

"What does it mean, Messire?" she asked him, looking in his eyes.

"That you have a brave heart, child," he answered her.

"Not that—but yonder—?"

Gareth stared at the moon.

"I have slain an enemy," he said shortly. "To-morrow—when it dawns, we will go and learn the truth."

And she said no more, but suffered her head to rest upon his shoulder, for she was thinking how Rene, her father, and his two sons had been slain and hidden in those dark woods.

So they came to the tower, and told Raymond all that had passed, and the lad held Yvette in his arms and kissed her, unable to scold in his gladness for her return.

When the dawn came, Gareth and the lad took their arms and their horses, and leaving Yvette in the tower, rode into the pine woods to the barrow on the hill. The place was very still and silent, with the first flush of the morning touching the tops of the tall trees. The knight's black horse was still standing there, cropping the grass, with bridle trailing. And the Black Knight lay dead where Gareth's sword had left him, the grass a deep purple about his body.

They turned him upon his back, and pulled off his helmet. And Raymond, when he saw his face, started up with a quick cry:

"Malvo de la Montagne!"

"He who should have been in Syria?"

But the lad stood awed and silenced, understanding everything as he looked at the dead man's face.

Gareth had turned, and walked towards the barrow. He called to Raymond suddenly, and stood pointing to an opening in the mound, an opening that had been concealed with masses of furze and litter. The Norman drew his sword, and went in with his shield forward. For the moment he could see nothing, because of the darkness of the place.

But when his eyes fathomed the deeps of that strange death chamber, he stepped back suddenly, bearing back Raymond, who had pushed into the passage.

"The dead are here," he said solemnly.

And sheathing his sword, he put his arm about the lad, and led him out into the sunlight. Then he turned the furze back over the opening, knowing that it was better that Raymond should not see what he had seen. For Sir Rene lay there wrapped in a green cloak, and on either side of him—Geoffrey and Guillaume in their armor.

So they rode back to the tower, Raymond hanging his head over his horse's neck, grieving, yet glad that the curse had been dispelled. It was Gareth who told Yvette all that they had found in that barrow amid the pine trees on the hill. She listened to him silently, her hands crossed upon her bosom. realizing the fate from which Gareth had rescued her, and that Raymond's life had been saved by his sword.

"What are my thanks, Messire!" she said, looking towards the ground, her face very wistful between the glimmerings of her hair.

Gareth of Avranches held out his hands.

"In the midst of your sorrow—I must not speak," he answered, "but in all Normandy there is no hair like to thine."

But the Normans in after years called Gareth's lady, "Yvette—Moon in a Mist," so it would appear that Gareth won his wife.

Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors

ONTARIO

THE present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. John Morrison Gibson, B.A., LL. B., K.C., will in all probability be the last Governor to occupy the old Government House in Toronto. This historic building is to be disposed of in the near future, and a new Government House erected. His Honor J. M. Gibson, a man of wide activities and varied interests, was appointed in 1908. By profession a lawyer, he has been identified with military affairs, education and politics,

Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors

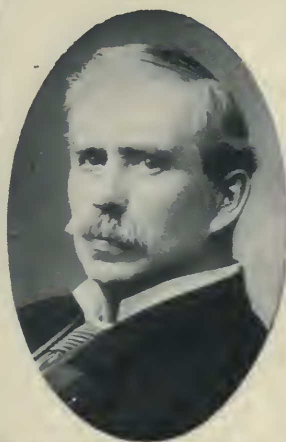
QUEBEC

SPENCER Wood, Quebec, the official home of His Honor the Hon. Sir. C. A. P. Pelletier, K.C.M.G. K.C,, B.C.L., LL.D., is one of the historical landmarks of Canada, and is deservedly preserved as a home for Quebec's Lieutenant-Governors. Sir Charles Pelletier was appointed in 1908, having been previously Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, and prior to that Speaker of the Senate of Canada. He is a lawyer by profession, and was also interested in military affairs as a young man.

Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors

NOVA SCOTIA

NOVA Scotia's substantial Government House at Halifax has been occupied by the present Lieutenant-Governor, His Honor Duncan Cameron Fraser, since 1906. The "Guysboro Giant," as he was endearingly termed by his admirers in the days when he fought hard political battles in the House of Commons, has proven himself a popular viceroy. He is a native of New Glasgow, a graduate of Dalhousie University and a lawyer by profession, but most of his life has been spent in the political arena.



Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors

NEW BRUNSWICK

NEW Brunswick's Lieutenant-Governor, His Honor Lemuel John Tweedie, K.C., LL.D., does not reside at the old Government House in Fredericton, as some years ago the Government of the day refused to keep it up. Since then the Governors have lived at their own private residences. Governor Tweedie, who was appointed in 1907, resides at Chatham, the place of his birth. He is a lawyer, and has had a long political experience, having been premier for seven years.

MANITOBA

HIS Honor Sir Daniel Hunter McMillan, K.C. M.G., the present occupant of Government House, Winnipeg, is the only one of Canada's nine Lieutenant-Governors to enjoy a second term of office. He has been the vice-regal representative in Manitoba since 1900, having been re-appointed in 1906. Sir Daniël was in his younger days a military man of repute. He entered the local legislature in 1880, and was Provincial Treasurer in the Greenway Government from 1889 to 1900.

Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors

BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRITISH Columbia's handsome Government House, at Victoria, saw a change of occupants towards the close of last year. The new occupant, His Honor T. W. Paterson, has taken an active interest in the business life of the province. Born in Scotland in 1850 he was brought to Canada by his father at an early age, and when about twenty started in railroad construction work, which carried him eventually to British Columbia. He is identified with many commercial and industrial enterprises.

Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE Lieutenant-Governor of the Island Province, His Honor Donald Alexander MacKinnon, K.C., LL.B., the present occupant of Government House, Charrlottetown, with its beautiful grounds, has held the position since 1904. He is an islander by birth and a lawyer by profession. He entered politics in 1893, and sat in the Legislative Assembly until 1900, when he was elected to the House of Commons. Deeply interested in the Island's welfare he has proved to be an excellent administrator.

Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors

ALBERTA

ALBERTA'S Government House at Edmonton, is but a temporary residence for the Lieutenant-Governor. It is soon to be replaced by a fine building, more in keeping with the dignity of the Western Province. His Honor G. H. V. Bulyea, the present governor, and the first Lieutenant-Governor, of Alberta was appointed in 1905. He is a business man, and a native of New Brunswick. He has long been identified in various capacities with the administration of Government in the west.

Homes of the Lieutenant-Governors

SASKATCHEWAN

SASKATCHEWAN'S Government House at Regina is a handsome building, having been previously the seat of the Government of the Northwest Territories. It is occupied by His Honor A. E. Forget, who was previously Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories, and who became administrator for Saskatchewan upon the establishment of the Provincial Government. He is a French-Canadian, but has for many years been a resident of the west, taking an active part in governing the Territories.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY IN RAILROAD LIFE

By James O. Fagan

Signal Tower at Cambridge from which the writer makes his observations

LIKE other people, I hold all sorts of opinions, some right, some wrong and some queer, about rules and discipline and the rights of the workers and the public, but, important as some of these topics may be, there is yet, in my opinion, one phase of the situation that overshadows them all. I refer to the personal work and individuality of the employee. So far as all matters relating to safety are concerned this is the ever-present and all-important consideration for every man who is in any way interested in betterment work.

Now the individuality I speak of in railroad life has had a curious history. The tendency in modern industrial life is in the first place to get together and to secure what we desire in this way. And it is a good way. By means of it we secure good pay, good treatment, good conditions and the proper representation of our interests in every conceivable direction. In the working out of this process in social and industrial affairs the individual surrenders many of his rights and merges them, as it were, in the common good.

But when we come to study the life and duties of an everyday railroad man we enter a peculiar field. So far as the public, the service and the employee himself are concerned, by far the most important feature in this field of work is efficiency of service and what is usually called the safety problem.

Now as I have mentioned already, in social and in many forms of industrial life the worker is frequently called upon to sacrifice personal opinions and interests of all kinds in order to present a solid and united front to opposing combinations and interests that conflict with his own. Very naturally this induces and encourages an almost universal tendency to do things and secure things by collective

means and methods and this tendency in many ways takes the mind away from personality and individual methods, in securing results. Putting the case very mildly, I say this tendency in social life to undermine individuality is now lapping over into the railroad business and is to be found in nearly every branch of the service in more or less dangerous form.

I worked for five years at East Deerfield, Mass., as a telegraph operator. This environment at East Deerfield was very interesting. At that time, on the old Fitchburg railroad, what was virtually a one-man power was established in the road and operating departments. This one-man power was by no means a matter of design on the part of the management. As we, the employees, looked at it, this one man, whom we used to call "E.K.," simply took hold and ran things to suit himself. He was chief engineer to be sure, and on that account something of an autocrat, but later when he became superintendent of the road, not the slightest change could be noticed in his manner or method.

The man himself is well worth our serious contemplation. I understand he came from Marblehead, from good old Yankee stock, a descendant of a line of fearless skippers, for which the old town is so famous. I have nothing but praise for the Marblehead type. My object is to show how expansive and full of possibilities is the best of types. To me, personally, this man has always appeared to represent a great social and industrial fact, round which my own individuality has continually circled with ever increasing affinity.

As a matter of fact, "E.K.'s" work and influence extended at one time or another from Troy, N.Y., to Boston, and in all this stretch of railroad, I question if there was any single section that gave him more anxiety than the winding and picturesque strip between Gardner and Greenfield. For two or three years, if I am not mistaken, "E.K." tramped up and down, directed operations, and you may say, camped in this section. Storm or sunshine it was all the same to him so far as his personal attendance and watchful supervision were concerned. He was a great walker. In bad weather, especially, he seemed to be continually on the move, tramping between stations and visiting spots where, in the construction of the double track there was a constant danger of the washout from beneath and the landslide from above. I have known him to pace up and down, like a sentinel, nearly all night long on the butment of a bridge, watching the rush of the waters through a quivering trestle, while most of his workmen were sound asleep in their bungalows.

Devotion to duty and work of this description, though unknown to the public, was understood and appreciated by employes of every description. And thus, by way of example rather than by rule, a standard of work and behaviour was set up, around which, all unconsciously there gathered a distinct class of worker, inerasably distinguished with the "E.K." characteristics. These men can be pointed out to you to-day, and no small number of them, in the service of the state and the railroads.

To the ordinary observer, "E.K." was a taciturn, plodding sort of man, usually standing a little aloof in a contemplative attitude, and his business relations with his men and the outside world were conducted in exclamations and sentences of almost startling brevity.

On a certain occasion I was called to his office at Fitchburg. It was on a Sunday and that meant a visit to his hotel. Watching the course of events and the tact and methods of officials from the side lines, I got it into my head that this personal summons to the hotel was a regular feature of the "E.K." policy. At any rate, I took notice that the men who were favored in this way required very little watching. I may be wrong

in attaching design to these personal interviews, but nevertheless I am positive that a greater number of successful railroad men were inspired and equipped in that little room in the Fitchburg hotel in one year than have been turned out on the same railroad by the more modern methods, in a quarter of a century. The men of today are without doubt just as capable and conscientious as formerly, but the circulation, both of their faculties inwardly speaking, and their movements outwardly, is different. Their self-assertion is exerted in a narrower sphere, and they lack the industrial freedom of the "E.K." graduate.

These details seem to me to be necessary in order to present a well-rounded description of the personal element as a factor in railroad management, and in regard to this personality the more important half of the story remains to be told.

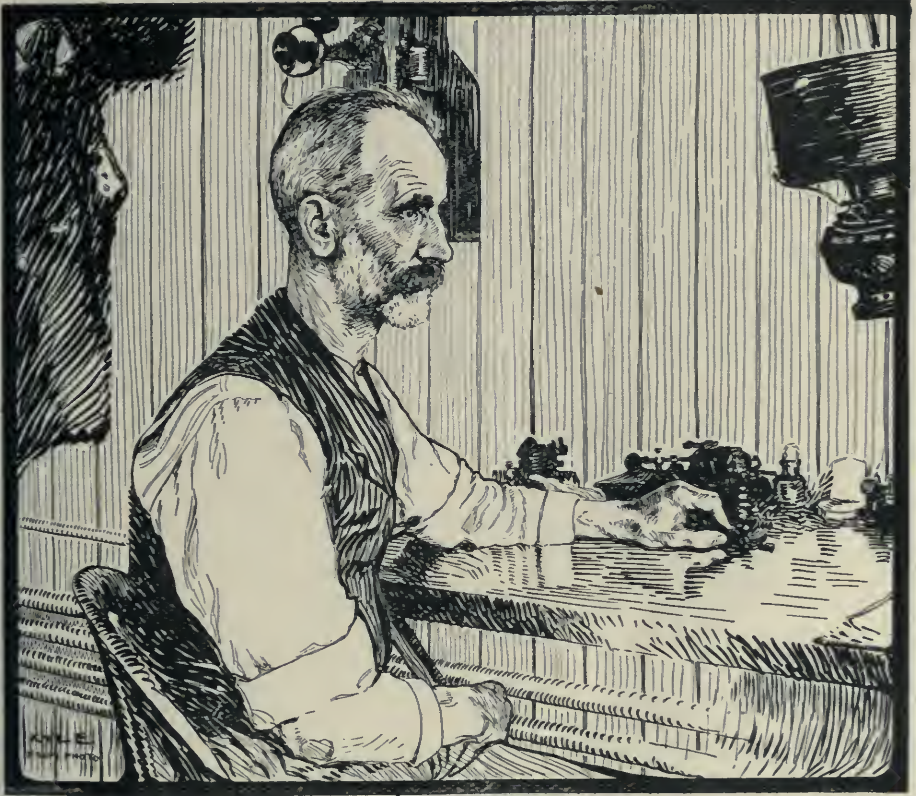
In those days we used to think "E. K." had the discipline problem worked out on a very satisfactory basis. It is true, at times, the autocratic discharge of a man fell like a bolt from a clear sky. But his ideas of the safety problem are foreign to this generation. The lines between right and wrong were drawn from his own judgment, on the spot, rather than from the schedule or the book of rules. When a man knew that his case was sound, an interview with "E.K." was invariably satisfactory, but when anything unusually careless took place, the man gave "E.K." and his office a wide berth, and went straight for the paymaster's office, where his money was waiting for him. By this process, whether we liked it or not, a school was established, and a body of men created on the old Fitchburg, who actually constitute the pick of the service between Troy and Boston to-day. They can still be pointed out as the level-headed element in the different departments. Of the veterans, the engineers of the important express trains, who have kept at it year after year with spotless records, the majority are "E.K." pupils. Among passenger and freight conductors the proportion is nearly as great, while in the road and engineering departments the survivors can still be counted by the score.

But while I could fill a page with the names of these "E.K." men who retain such creditable records, a still more interesting story is to be told about his personal following, the men who dragged chains for him, constructed the bridges and took care of the roadbed. Without exaggeration, every one of these men have risen to actual distinction in the service. Of the survivors, one is a state railroad commissioner, two hold other responsible positions in the same bureau; another is a state engineer for the supervision of railroad crossings; still another is general manager of the Rock Island Railroad. The superintendent of the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, as well as two of the assistant superintendents, are also "E.K." men, while in the road department of the same division, these graduates are to-day in charge of nearly every important position.

Here, as it seems to me, is a kind of industrial census that is well worth considering. We have good enginemen, good conductors and good trainmen, but I wish to add that in all the long term of years since the departure of "E.K." from the railroad in question, so far as I have been able to find out, not a man has stepped out of the ranks and asserted himself individually in any way. In some way and for various reasons the incentive and the opportunity to spread seems to have departed.

The relation that this state of affairs bears to progress and efficiency of service is at any rate an interesting topic, both for employes and the people.

I have presented this picture of the old-time manager not as an argument in favor of autocratic management, but simply as a study of the value of the personal equation. In other words, I am simply giving an historical sketch. Of course, the manager of



"I WORKED FOR FIVE YEARS AT EAST DEERFIELD, MASS., AS A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR."

to-day is a very different, and, doubtless, some of us will say, a more highly civilized individual. But now let us take a glance at the employe whose industrial progress and well-being is being hindered in this way, in the U. S., you understand. Only a few years ago a young man came into my switch tower at West Cambridge. He wanted a little advice. He had been employed in the yards taking car numbers and he had about made up his mind to enter the train service as a brakeman. He was anxious to hear about the prospects. He was a worker, with plenty of grit and enthusiasm, so I put the case to him in writing in this way: "You can easily get a job as a brakeman," I wrote to him, "and after that the following is about what will happen to you. You will remain a brakeman for a certain number of years. You will receive good pay and treatment, and your duties, comparatively speaking, will be light. In the course of time you will step into the position of conductor, and again you will find the pay and the duties entirely satisfactory. In all probability this will prove to be a correct outline of your career, and thus the prospect of your becoming a good and useful member of the society is by no means a bad one. Attention to the routine of your work will insure the permanency of your job. Outside of this, if there is anything that you desire or dislike, your committee will attend to it. In this way, without any exertion on your part, you are going to have a fairly good time of it, and you will also have considerable leisure in which to educate and build yourself up in any way you please. Industrially

speaking, then, the prospect is not a bad one, but the situation has another side. Does the prospect appeal to you as an individual?

"You will receive little or no encouragement to make yourself any better or more diligent than your fellows. For example, the men who are now ahead of you will remain ahead of you to the end of the chapter, and nothing that you can do will alter the rate of your progress.

"And there is another peculiar feature to be noticed. All sorts of questions concerning loyalty, extra exertion, sense of duty, the interests of the traveling public, and so forth, are becoming more and more questions of general agreement than of individual selection. Industrially speaking, from the collective point of view, great results have been obtained in this way, but you may take my word for it, that the only way to increase your stature as an individual, is through personal effort, and the freest possible development and exercise of your faculties, to which must be added a certain amount of encouragement from the outside. But if there are no difficulties to be overcome, you may be sure there will be no victories to chronicle.

"Meanwhile you will find this kind of collective industrial bargaining will make inroads on your efficiency. Perhaps you won't agree with me on this point, but if you watch the trend of affairs on railroads to-day, you will easily perceive that the whole situation is being put up to the vote almost daily on all railroads, and while pay and privileges are being constantly added to, all matters relating to duty, loyalty and personal behavior are being just as consistently defined, materialized and whittled away. In this way new standards of duty and all sorts of limitations on personal effort are being introduced, which are not as good as the old standards, because they are machine-made and artificial. Such being the situation, " I concluded, "you will do well to think it over and decide upon your plans for yourself."

This problem relating to the effect of modern methods of work and management on the efficiency of the individual on railroads, is a matter of vital importance to society. The more personal and concrete the illustrations we bring to bear on it the better.

When the switch-tower in which I work was installed, the pay was thirteen dollars a week. It was a twelve-hour job, and besides the lever work there were forty or fifty lamps, both high and low, to be taken care of. We had to clean, oil and adjust a good many switches. There was also a good deal of single track work in those days, which called for considerable train order and message business.

To-day the job pays about eighteen dollars per week. Instead of twelve we work only eight hours per day. Single track at that point is a thing of the past; all lamp and switch-cleaning has passed into other hands, and the towerman pays undivided attention to his levers and his trains. Step by step nearly every one of these benefits and improvements have been secured by the towermen's committee, in conference with the manager. We have only a local organization, something like two hundred, and we are not affiliated with the Order of Railroad Telegraphers. The benefits I have described are real, and the methods that were employed to secure them were honest and praiseworthy in every respect. Up to this point then, no fault is to be found either with methods or results. Now these results have been obtained by the organization as a whole working together. But right here, a confession is called for. If the low-wage men in the small towers had declined to join hands with the higher-wage men in the large towers, it is safe to say not a quarter of the benefits I have enumerated could have been secured from the management. So, of course, there is something, in fact, a great deal, due to the low-wage men. So long, then, as they do not secure more than their due, no danger to the service or to the organization is to be anticipated.

The men in the tower service work in shifts, representing, roughly speaking, day, afternoon and night work. The day men have the largest experience, and are the best paid. But manifestly in and out of the organization, the afternoon and the night men combined can outvote the day men, who are in possession of the best jobs, and the most money. Consequently, the towermen as a body, are continually striving to raise the minimum wage, which will eventually put all towermen on a level as regards wages and duties, regardless of experience, length of service or ability, and the movement has the votes behind it. In all branches of the service concessions of this nature are being secured from managers, and the ultimate effect upon the service cannot be obscured.

For example, if the minimum wage of towermen on the Boston & Maine Railroad goes any higher than at present, and that concession is even now being pressed on the management, when a vacancy occurs in a small tower, an experienced man in a larger tower, under his seniority rights, will naturally step down from his difficult position to an easier one, if he can get the same money, and thus the tendency will be for the men with the most experience to gravitate towards the small towers, leaving the important positions to be filled by the new arrivals. In this way, with constantly increasing danger in nearly all branches of the service, there is a tendency towards the "bidding off," as they call it, of the "snaps," by the most experienced workers.

However, as conditions of service improve, this majority vote will express itself in more intelligent and conservative terms. In the past this vote has been led and reasonably led, always at the call and ever toward the goal of more money and a shorter working period. With reasonable and greatly improved conditions, the individual in railroad life is bound to assert himself along lines of a higher personality and a wider sympathy, and those who have any knowledge of the character and calibre of the American railroad man, have but little fear for the future or for the outcome.

But the expression and growth of this social conscience is altogether dependent upon the attitude of public opinion. Publicity, and publicity alone, can be depended upon to define and safeguard the interests of the people in these railroad problems. Without popular supervision, however, the conflicting interests of managers and men are bound to introduce into the service all sorts of strange and intolerable situations. I will give an illustration to show how closely at times, these situations and tendencies concern the public convenience and safety.

On Thanksgiving eve last, at a point a few miles out of Boston, a tree fell across the railroad tracks, and blocked all traffic. In the nick of time a policeman discovered the obstruction. The following day the enormous proportions of the tree were described in the newspapers, in fact, it was said to be a log over four feet in diameter. Anyway, the passenger trains immediately began to line up east and west of the tree until probably two thousand passengers were assembled in this way and sat there in the coaches patiently waiting and wondering.

The curious among the trainmen turned up their coat collars,—it was raining,—and ran up the track a short distance. But the enormous obstruction was only too evident, and they were soon under cover again. Meanwhile an hour had passed, and there was no relief from any quarter. Of course, it is the business of section men and wrecking crews to remove enormous obstructions from the railroad tracks. So, in course of time, three or four section men, pretty tired fellows at that, after a hard day's work shoveling snow and slush, were routed out of their homes between eight and nine in the evening, and hurried to the scene. They carried axes and other tools with them, although emergency axes were to be found in the coaches, but there was no

one to think of them or the possibility of their being used. Well, the tired section men cleared the tracks in about fifteen minutes, but the total delay to the trains was a little over two hours, which, as you know, on Thanksgiving eve is precious time. The following day I looked over the ground. I found the stump of the tree twenty feet from the track, measured fourteen inches, while the stick where it crossed the rails was just eight inches in diameter. The branches, of course, gave it a very formidable appearance. The section men informed me that four or five men could easily have dragged the tree to one side, while with axes it was the easiest kind of a job for a few willing hands, that is to say, in fine weather.

"ON THANKSGIVING DAY . . A TREE FELL ACROSS THE RAILROAD TRACKS."

The peculiar feature of this illustration is that under modern methods and standards of duty in the United States, the management can do very little about it. Indeed, if you consult the railroad magazines, the Santa Fe Employers' Magazine, for example, you will at once perceive that a little personal attention or assistance of that kind is looked upon as being outside the understood sphere of duty, in a way unexpected, and therefore meriting special mention and commendation. The following is taken from the December issue of that magazine:

T. S. Hurd, conductor, Amarillo, Tex., ten merit marks, for arranging to flag a train, thus saving serious delay to that train, while his engine was undergoing repairs.

E. P. Carroll, brakeman, Arizona Division, ten merit marks, for discovering a broken brakebeam and giving the stop signal, thus probably avoiding a serious accident.

W. Pentlan, engineer, S.F.P. & P., has received a letter of commendation for assistance rendered in removing a tree which had fallen across the telegraph line.

A. W. Snow, operator, Canyoncito, ten, for discovering a broken frog and displaying interest in having it protected and repaired at once.

I have no intention to magnify these incidents, except insofar as it is necessary to show a tendency in railroad life away from a comprehensive and liberal interpretation of a railroad man's

duty to himself and the service. Hidden away in this personal interpretation of duty is the only practical solution to all efficiency and safety problems, and the topic is well worth discussing and thinking over by every serious employe.

In this way, imperfectly it may be, I have tried to describe some of the tendencies and conditions in railroad life so far as my understanding of the situation is concerned. And, look at the situation any way we choose, the conclusion is forced upon us that railroad men as a body are very strong, very capable and altogether well-intentioned. And yet, in spite of these fundamental and praiseworthy features, it is becoming daily more and more apparent that there is still some element lacking to make our safety conditions the best possible under the circumstances.

After a painstaking and, I think, a conscientious, study of the safety problem on railroads in the United States, I confess I have about lost whatever faith I ever possessed in rules, regulations, methods of discipline, as well as in all manner of legislative interference considered as prevention or cure of what should be termed the *personal railroad accident*. Now, if you will cast your eye over the list of accidents for the past year in Canada or the United States, I think you will be impressed with the fact that this personal accident, by which, of course, I mean the accident for which the employe is personally responsible, is the one uncomfortable and seemingly incomprehensible feature of railroad life.

For the time being, putting on one side all accidents to passengers and destruction of property, I think I am justified in looking upon this personal accident on our railroads as a very distinct form of industrial suicide that has certain well-defined reasons for its existence and that calls for a certain well-defined and understood treatment for its cure.

I am profoundly impressed with the idea that his surroundings and education to-day, his political and industrial affiliations, are developing the tendency to make the average railroad man bigger than his job. At the same time, I am free to admit that apart from the influences of these factors on the safety problems, that is to say, in every other line of his social and industrial progress, I heartily wish more power to the railroad man's elbows.

What do I mean when I say that only too often we are bigger than our jobs? Let me give you an illustration. A train crew receives orders to run extra from A to B and return. The process is repeated actually hundreds of times and all goes well. The crew I have reference to are thoroughly capable and experienced. Not a green man in the combination. They have such thorough confidence in each other that a motion or a swing of a lantern sets the machinery in motion, and the business is done quickly and accurately. There is no thought of questioning and verifying among men who are accustomed to train work of this kind. One day an order was handed to the conductor to make the usual run from A to B. This time, however, the return was omitted for some reason. The conductor rushed out, gave the all-right motion and off they went. It was such an old song. There was no individual inquiry or scrutiny of the order. So they came back without orders and no end of trouble ensued.

Now, this lack of individual scrutiny is simply a symptom of ingrained over-confidence in oneself and in one's fellows, and it must, I think, be put down as a feature of our railroad life that calls for earnest attention and the precious lives that have paid tribute to it are simply innumerable.

[Editor's Note.—The foregoing article is the substance of an address delivered by Mr. Fagan, before the Canadian Pacific Railway Safety League in West Toronto recently, an organization which has for its object the safeguarding of human life on the railroad, and is composed of all classes of employes.]

"'MAISTER FLETCHER, WE MUNNA LET THE DOCTOR GANG FRA AMANG US.'"

The Doctor of the Dale

By

Oswald Wildridge.

IT was Fletcher, the master of Hunday, whose home is snugly set amid the solitude of Heron Crag, to whom David Branthwaite delivered his secret in the first instance; and although Fletcher is one of the strong men his strength was turned to naught, and astonishment sealed his lips. Afterwards, because David asked it, he passed the news to Skelton, the shepherd of Miterdale, and to the pair of them the secret had the weight of a heavy burden. It was only when time for reflection was given that they realized how much the revelation meant to the doctor.

When David turned his gig that day into the lane that sheers steeply from the creek at Dalefoot into the mountain lands, he did so reluctantly, and it was a good thing for him that Meg knew the way as well as himself, for he drove with loose rein and head down-bent. As a rule, when we caught the doctor in this mood we knew that he had a specially bad case

in hand, and we returned thanks for his rough-coated nag and its wisdom.

Not until Meg was plodding up the brow towards the fir plantation which screens the house of Hunday from the northern winds did the doctor shake off his thoughts, and even then their mark remained, so that when Fletcher met him in the croft, he seemed to have some embarrassment about his words. As a man of discretion, Fletcher gave him his time, and by and by, when mention was made of the winter's work among the sheep, the doctor blurted out his news.

"I'll not be here then, John. It's what I've driven up the dale to tell you."

"Not be here?" Fletcher repeated wonderingly. Then, mistaking the drift of the declaration, he added: "And I'm glad to hear it, David. You'll be taking a holiday, and it's about time. Why, man, I don't believe you've ever had one—except just a day now and again. Though I think you're making a mistake in choosing the winter. And I don't see how any locum 'll manage the dales if it's a time of snow or flood."

"It's no holiday I'm thinking of," David was again stumbling over his words. "At least, it's a holiday that'll last till the end of my time. I'm going for good. I've worked long enough. I'm wanting a rest.—And I'm wanting to see a bit of the world before it's too late. Got a touch of the wanderlust, I expect. And so I'm selling the practice; going to advertise it, and I'll part with it as soon as I've found the right man. That's one point I'm being particular about; I must have the right man—for the dalesfolk are not like ordinary people, and a wrong choice might lead to heart-break, both for them and the new doctor."

Among the men of the hill country Fletcher of Hunday, a man of long, wiry frame, weather-tanned face, square chin, and a head with its thatch of iron-grey hair, carried well erect, ranked as one of the strongest, not merely in thew and sinew, but also in character, in judgment, and the quality of the helping hand. Like the rest of us, moreover, he has the knack of making the best of a bad job, and is little given to emotional display. But here was a crisis of magnitude; every home in the dale was threatened with the loss of a friend; and because of this, sorrow laid its chilling hand upon him, bewilderment ran riot in his heart. And when David beheld the signs he hastened to the end.

"I can't help it, John. I mustn't bide here any longer. I'm an old man—a creaking gate, and—I'm getting old-fashioned. Not that that's got anything to do with it, I'm going because I'm tired and wanting a rest. I didn't mean to tell anybody till all was settled, but—there's been few friendships so strong as yours and mine, and I was bond to tell you. I'd like you to pass it on to Skelton; one telling is as much as I can manage, and there it must rest until I ask you to break it to the dale."

This was the first time that David Branthwaite had ever made any show of the white feather. A second sign he gave when he edged away to the door so that he might escape the pleadings of his friend, but Fletcher barred his flight and pointed to the chair.

"Sit ye there, David Branthwaite," he said, "till I try to show you the measure of your folly. The dale without the doctor! Man, it's a thing that'll not bide thinking of. It's all very well for you to talk about taking your rest, but what's the dale going to do? A fine pack of ninnies we shall be in the hands of a town doctor, who'll be giving town physic for country constitutions, and most likely 'll not be able to go his rounds more than six or seven months out of the twelve. What'll the folks be doing in the bad weather when the fogs are hiding the fell-tracks or the snows are about, or the flood waters are out? The poorly bodies 'll just have to go on suffering, and mebbe die. And all the while you'll be taking what you call your rest. A man has no right to rest as long as the world needs him and he can give it service."

This was Fletcher's manner of being hard, but the doctor was in no wise deceived or weakened in his purpose.

"It's a fine gift o' diplomacy you've got, John Fletcher," he replied, "though I'm thinking that a child could see through you. And, what's more to the point, I didn't drive up the foothills to-day to have my mind changed for me. I'd fixed it too fast before I left Dalefoot for that."

"But what about the folks?" Fletcher protested. "Don't you ken that they've made you one of their heroes, and that many a time the battle's half won as soon as a sick body sees your face."

"Hero, indeed!" the doctor snapped. "There's nothing in that. The dale's full of 'em. Nearly every shepherd on the fells is a hero, and every woman who's called by the name of mother. As for me, it's time I made way for a younger man—though it isn't for that I'm going." Here he broke off suddenly, and made a valiant effort at defiance. "I've had my fill of work, and I mean to rest."

About the hour of sundown the master of Hunday stalked solemnly across the fells to the lonely house by the tarn where the shepherd of Miterdale lived his lonely life, and the moon was high over the crown of Great Gable, when he set out on his return. And through all the intervening hours the talk was of David Branthwaite and the loss that was about to befall the people of the dale.

It was a conversation broken by many prolonged gaps, wherein thought was given free rein, and chunks of heroism were raked out of the doctor's past and rejoiced over as something more precious than the treasures of earth. It was Fletcher who recalled the flood of '72 when Nicholson, the doctor of Blengthwaite, was down, and David worked the round in addition to his own, spending much of his time in Old Tom Howard's boat. But it was Skelton who went over that adventure along the storm-lashed waters of the lake to the home of Susan Hetherington at Down-in-the-Dale, which not only put the prophets of disaster to shame, but saved the life of an old woman. It was Skelton, also, who remembered the blight that fell upon the bairns, and how David had no sleep in his own bed for full three weeks, but stole a nap now and again on the settles of farm-house kitchens, and this in turn was capped by Fletcher with the good that was done by stealth for Jerry Todhunter, and David's wrath when an accident gave his secret to the world.

Thus, chunk by chunk, they quarried the treasure, and themselves were so amazed by the richness of the store that the shepherd was moved to a passion of protest; "Maister Fletcher, we munna let the doctor gang fra amang us. It'll be something mair than a man that's missing: it'll be part of the dale itself. It'll be just as though Scaw Fell were plucked up by the roots or Great Howe cast into the sea."

Fletcher shook his head hopelessly.

"When did you ever ken David Branthwaite go back on his spoken word?" he said. "Besides, I hardly think I've told you everything. He makes it out that it's for his own sake that he's leaving us. He wants rest, if you please, and a bit of gallivanting about before his day's done. And that's nonsense. He hasn't got the money for gallivanting—he's spent too much on other folks for that. I'm thinking that it's just another bit of his real self showing. Mind, he's only dropped a word or two by accident, but I think I've got a grip of the notion that moving him—he fancies that he's grown old-fashioned and out of date; he's been too busy to keep pace with the pack. And once let him get convinced that his retirement's a matter of duty there's no power on earth that'll keep him among us."

Afterwards the statesman and the shepherd held many consultations, each reporting to the other their discoveries regarding the doctors's plans and the progress of his preparations for flight; and finally, on the darkest day of all, came Fletcher across the

fell with the intelligence that the fateful step had been taken, and that after much sifting of correspondence the doctor had made choice of his successor.

After the manner of a man without hope Fletcher passed the news along, but Skelton received it with stubbornness and doubt.

"I'se believe it when I see it," he declared; "there's nut a man in all the world who's able to wear David Branth'ets' shoes as long as David himself's alive."

II.

Autumn made a sullen descent upon the land that year, with much drip of rain in the lowlands and a great murk of sodden mist everywhere, and the night that David Branthwaite has marked as the night of his crisis was one of impenetrable gloom. As for the day, it was just the one to make an old man long for rest. Hard on the heels of the dawn there came a call to a lonely farm beyond Holm Rook. By noon he was going his round of the Twin Hamlets at the head of the dale, and night had settled on the land when he climbed into his gig on the flank of Black Coombe with a fine bunch of miles between himself and his home. It was a bad night for any man to be abroad, with the land tucked away from sight under a blanket of solid fog, and when David led his gig into the road he delivered himself into the keeping of Meg. It was a true word that he spoke when he declared that "it all rested with Meg," and David had a full appreciation of the fact. Now and again, as the mettlesome little horse adroitly picked her way down the rough hillside, through the mist he threw her a word of encouragement, and when she carried them round one of the sharpest elbows on their track, he laid his hand on the tousled head of Dash, who had the other seat in the gig, and called the dog's attention to the achievement:

"Isn't she fine, Dash—not another horse in the dale that 'ud do it."

It was a night of nothingness. Sight was robbed of power; instinct and the sense of touch were alone reliable; there was naught but the measured beat of hoof and the muffled grind of wheel to proclaim the existence of the world. Sky and stars had vanished; all the far-extended range of mountain crags had been swept away; all the homely lights on the fellside farms were extinguished. Nothing with life was showing save an old man, a tousled dog, and a wayworn horse.

David has since declared that the spell of home lay upon him that night with intensified force. He longed for the glowing comfort of the fire. Only that is not quite how his confession runs. He talks of his conduct as foolishness and the longing as a sign of weakness. He speaks also with something like self-contempt of the resentment that gripped him when the silent world became articulate, with the voice of a man clamouring in the void.

"Doctor—doctor, is that you, doctor?"

It was a call darkly ominous. Too well did David recognise the signal. It was not the first time that Love had cried to him by night in anguish. Also it was not the first time that Love had called to him without cause. His vision of home comfort suddenly receded. There was a tang of rebellion in his reply: "Ay, it's me. Who are you—and what d'ye want?"

"I'm Reuben Banks—fra Netherghyll."

Out of the mist a man, young but haggard, and woefully bedraggled, advanced into the dull arc of the gig's twin side-lights. Reuben Banks laid his hand on the shaft and turned his pallid face and blinking eyes to meet the doctor's penetrating gaze.

"Eh, doctor, but I'm glad I've found you. I've been to your hoose, bit Mistress Bewsher said you'd gone Black Coombe way, an' seah I cum along till t'end o't Lonnin', to try an' catch you."

"And what is it you want? What's wrong?"

"It's the bairn, doctor. It's a shame calling you to Netherghyll on sec a night—an' fells are fearful—bit we canna do without you. The mistress thinks it's—dipthery."

"Dipthery, did ye say?" The interrogation was charged with suspicion. "I'll warrant it's only a bit of a sore throat. Some of you fellside fathers and mothers have given me many a weary trounce with that cry. Netherghyll on such a night—it's ridiculous!"

"The laal laddie's mighty bad, doctor."

"And I'm mighty weary. And Meg's done up. And it's fourteen mile to Netherghyll if it's a furlong."

"Aye, if you gang by t' woad, but you can make it seven by crossing fell."

"Listen till him," David snapped. "Across fell when you can't see a hand's-breadth in front."

But Reuben had a child in need of help, and he was not going to be so easily repulsed. Moreover, he knew the manner of the man with whom he was dealing.

"It's not beyond you, doctor," he pleaded. "You ken all the ins and outs of the dale. Fwolk say that you could find your way fra Three Shire Stones till top o' Black Sail Pass with your eyes blindfolded. An' the bairn's terrible poorly. He's burning like a furnace—he's been rambling in his talk—and—and when I cum away he —he didn't ken his own mother."

"Oh, didn't he? Well, when you've done with your havers you might just get a grip o' Meg's head and lead her round the bend. She wants badly to go forrad to her stable. Then you can can come up beside me and we'll try and win through. Though you may set your mind at rest about the bairn; it'll be a bit cold he's got, and the little'ns are soon down and soon up."

As the wheels grated on the ground, however, he softly murmured: "Best foot forrad, Meg; best foot forrad. We're folks of power, you and me—a wee laddie's life—and it rests with an old man and a tired horse. As for the fireside and the slippers—*Shaf!*"

It was a silent journey. Reuben Banks was thinking of his child, and the thoughts of David Branthwaite strayed ever to a letter that lay upon his desk ready for posting before the mail went out on the morrow, and to the man who was coming to the dale to rule over his kingdom. And when he thought of the letter his heart was touched with bitterness, and when he thought of the man his heart was touched with dread. All the while he sat well forward in the gig, his eyes steadily boring the pall in front of them, his ears intently set for the sounds of the road by which he was enabled to measure their progress, the tinkle of cascades upon the heights, the shout of the roystering river, the boom of the cataracts behind Burnfoot.

And thus, with much difficulty, they came to the house of Grayrigg, where Meg was stabled hastily in one of the vacant stalls—in the dale every door is open to the doctor and every stable to his horse—and then, having helped themselves to a couple of lanterns, the two men took to the hidden track of the fells. Men who rely on sight for their traveling would have denounced the enterprise as one of desperate folly, but David led the way through the appalling waste with confidence. Occasionally he halted and swung his lantern low across the swampy track, but it was clear that he was trusting more to the cairns of mountain stone erected for the guiding of the shepherds at work upon the fells in time of snow. One by one the cairns were picked up, their bulk hugely magnified by the mist, their forms weird and wraith-like, and at length under the lee of one of them David called for a change of route.

"Here's where we drop our landmarks and plunge into the wilderness," he declared. "If I've got my bearings, and I think I have, we're only a quarter of a mile from Frosticks Bield, and ten minutes after that I'll be looking to your bairn."

"WHEN REUBEN RETURNED THE DOCTOR WAS DOWN ON HIS KNEES BY THE BED."

The mother met them by the inner door of her home, the tiny cot of a herdsman of the hills; her eyes proclaimed the terror of loss rioting in her heart. When David spoke to her, with his "Well, Janie, and how's the bairn?" she pointed to the truckle bed in the far corner whereon her boy lay, a curly-haired mite, a hectic spot flushing each cheek, his breathing hard and noisy, the tumultuous heaving of the slender frame betraying the sternness of the struggle for life.

One quick glance, and then David pulled off his plaid, his great-coat, and his cap, and handed them to Reuben.

"Clear these away," he said, "out of the room."

When Reuben returned the doctor was down on his knees by the bed, his hands deftly busy about the child. Solemnly the wag at the wa' clock ticked out the seconds; to the father and mother the seconds seemed to have had the length of hours when the old man rose and gently laid his hand on the mother's shoulder.

"My lassie," he said, "you sent for me all the way to Dalefoot because of your trust, and now you've got to trust me a bit further. I want you to give your bairn up to me for ten minutes—a quarter of an hour, mebbe—and if he can be saved I'll save him for you. Just slip away to your room—and a bit prayer—and I'll send Reuben for you—when I've done my work."

The mother raised her head and met the doctor eye to eye. She was a woman bereft of speech, but motherhood is never dumb. All the longing of her soul was concentrated in that one look; the one passionate demand of her life was laid bare; it was a prayer for the life of her boy. Then she passed into the bedroom, and as the door closed the doctor threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"Empty that kettle into a basin and fill it up again," he ordered Reuben. "That's it—put it on the table." He himself was opening a small case of delicate instruments. "Now I want a bandage—something big enough to hold the laddie—ay, that long plaid o' yours 'll do nicely. And I want you to help me—when I've got him wrapped up you'll have to hold his head. You don't need to bother about your nerve—it's nothing—simple operation—usual thing for a bad case o' diphtheria. . . . . That's it. You've managed fine. I can do the rest myself, lad." And then, after a pause, wherein the doctor worked swiftly and the long bandage was removed and the child carefully wrapped up in his bed again, "I wish you'd look into the room and let Janie ken how her bairn's breathing again — you can see for yourself. It's all a matter o' constitution now, and he comes of good stock."

As for the rest of the labors that were wrought that night for the life of the herdsman's child, they may not be set down in printed words, but at least they are ineffaceably engraved on the hearts of two of the hill people. A picture of intense power that cottage interior presented: Reuben seated on the settle under the window, rigid as a block of marble, the mother crouched on the rug by David's dog; the grizzled, shaggy-maned doctor by the bedside, watching, watching, listening, listening all the time. Once David called the mother to his side and whispered, "Janie, woman, will you get me bite and sup? I haven't tasted for ten hours"; and a little later he threw her a nod which said as plainly as words, "I'm not saying he's out o' danger, but your bairn's holding his own."

At last, as the dawnlight filtered through the mist the doctor staggered across the floor, dropped like a log on the settle, and when the mother bent over him he waved his hand towards the bed.

"Look after the bairn," he mumbled. "He'll do now—with a bit o' care. I'm all right — just tired — terribly tired—and I'm going to rest."

It is doubtful whether she heard him. Before his head had snuggled into the cushion she was away by her

sleeping child, but when David awake a couple of hours later she was ready for him with stammering words of gratitude.

"I'se never forget you, doctor. You little ken the comfort it is to have a man like you to send for. There are some who say you've got a rough tongue and a manner as wild as the winds on fell in winter-time, but dales-folk ken that you're one o' God's good men—an' Reuben an' me'll never forget. An' I'se tell the bairn——"

"I'll warrant you will." David glowered on her in wrath. He was ever intolerant of thanks. "An' I'se tell the bairn that he's got the greatest chattermag in all the dales for a mother. Whatever's come ower the woman? All this havering for a bit of sore throat! You shouldn't be so free with your words. Whatever would you have said if the child had really ailed anything? It'd be mair to your credit if you'd be asking me to a cup o' that tea you've just been massing before I set off across fells. Thanks indeed—what next?"

Now, although he had called himself "a creaking gate," there was a wonderful swing about the doctor's action when he left the cottage, and he carried his head like one of the youngsters. The mist was lifting now, swirling off the foothills in huge, fantastic shapes, so that the way of his return was clear; but, instead of heading straight for the stable at Grayrigg, he turned away toward Heron Crag and the house of Hunday. And here, although he had already declared that his night's ministry had been rendered to a sore throat, he now had a different tale to tell.

"The top o' the morning to ye, John Fletcher," he cried. "I've saved the life of a bairn, the joy of a woman and a man, and ye can give me your hand upon it."

"There's nothing new in that, David," Fletcher replied very quietly. "Whose was the bairn?"

"Reuben Banks' laddie—a matter of touch and go—worst case of diphtheria I've ever handled. And I've worked twice round the clock—and I've not seen my own bed since night before last—and I went clean across fell in last night's fog. It was the short cut that saved the bairn. If I'd taken the road there'd have been a house of mourning in the dale instead of a house of joy."

A queerish look, a blend of pride and hope and disappointment, swept across Fletcher's face, and his next observation seemed to be lacking in point.

"And the name of your successor is Ferguson, isn't it?"

"Ferguson. That's the man I settled on," the doctor replied. "I wrote to him a couple of days ago."

"Then he'll have got your letter by now, David, and you're no longer the real doctor of the dale."

"That's one of your mistakes, Fletcher. Man, you shouldn't be so hasty in your judgments. I said nothing about the posting of the letter. Abdication isn't easy. I wanted to hold my kingdom a wee bit longer—and so I kept the letter back for twenty-four hours."

"Ah! And now you'll be away to drop it into the letter-box?"

"I'm away now." Here the doctor halted just to get the shake out of his voice. Then he tried again. "I'm away now to put my foolishness from me. That letter—I'm going to tear it up. It's no successor I'm wanting, though, mebbe, I'll look out for a likely assistant and train him up to the way of the folks and the country—to take my place when I'm gone."

Fletcher tried hard to speak, but failed, and David finished the statement of his case: "Man, they can't do without me—and I can't do without them. I'll neither rest nor rust. I'm going to die in harness—and I'd have ye ken that I'm still the doctor of the dale."

Yours very truly,

J. Forbes-Robertson.

FORBES-ROBERTSON IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM

THE ACTOR IS HERE SEEN IN HIS ROOM IN MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, SIGNING CONTRACTS FOR HIS AUTUMN TOUR.

The Story of Forbes-Robertson

By

Percy Burton

THE life-story of Forbes-Robertson is one of worthy ideals, hard work, excessive modesty and lofty achievement. Romance, too, has had her place in the career of one who may be now justly regarded as the greatest of English-speaking actors.

Forbes-Robertson was never a business man, or he would long since have taken his proper place at the head of the calling to which he has devoted the greater part of his strenuously active life, notwithstanding the temperament of a poet and dreamer. In other words, he is a Hamlet at heart. Forbes-Robertson was an artist—or rather a painter, first, and an actor afterwards, for an artist he has always remained. His first banking account was realized from his famous painting of the church scene of "Much Ado About Nothing," which was hung in the Royal Academy and now rests in a place of honor at the Players' Club in New York, whither it went on the

sale of Irving's relics. It was commissioned by Sir Henry Irving, who proposed that his then Claudio should paint the scene for £150. Forbes-Robertson agreed, but Irving was so delighted with the result that he insisted on doubling the amount and sent him a cheque for £300. Forbes-Robertson returned it twice, but in vain. Irving was adamant even in his generosity, and would have his way.

Johnston Forbes-Robertson was born in London on January 16th, 1853—the eldest son of a London art-critic and journalist. He was educated at Charterhouse, for which famous institution he has promised to appear as Buckingham at a special matinee on his return to London shortly. On leaving Charterhouse, he completed his education in France, principally in a monastery among the romantic surroundings of Rouen, and studied painting at various art-schools, being admitted as a student to the Royal Academy School of Art, London, in 1870. He made his debut as Chastelard in "Marie Stuart" at the Princess' theatre in 1874, and subsequently supported Samuel Phelps in Shakespeare, becoming a pupil and protege of that fine old tragedian, of whom Forbes-Robertson always speaks in terms of the highest praise and warmest appreciation, both as regards his fine work and sympathetic personality. In 1879 Forbes-Robertson made his first appearance at the old Lyceum as the original Sir Horace Welby in "Forget-me-Not," and played with the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales' ("The Dust-hole," as it was commonly known), proceeding with them to the Haymarket in 1880. He appeared with Madame Modjeska—as Romeo to his first Juliet, and other leading parts—in 1880 and 1881 at the Court, and a year later joined Irving as Claudio in "Much Ado About Nothing," returning to the Bancrofts and playing leading parts with them for the next two years. Then came his notable association with Mary Anderson, with whom he played in America, and achieved fame in her production of "The Winter's Tale," at the Lyceum on their return to London, for which play he also designed the dresses and appointments.

In 1889 he joined John Hare for Dunstan Renshaw in "The Profligate," Baron Scarpia in "La Tosca," and he also appeared in Pinero's "Lady Bountiful."

Another American tour followed, after which he rejoined Irving for his (Forbes-Robertson's) famous portrayal of Buckingham in "Henry VIII.," and at that time came into close personal touch with George Meredith and other distinguished people, with whom, indeed, he has been associated throughout his brilliant career. Of Swinburne, as a boy, he has many interesting reminiscences, and it is interesting to recall that Rossetti was one of the famous coterie amongst whom he spent his youth, while Forbes-Robertson was the original of "Love" in that wonderful and well-known painting of "Dante's Love Kissing Beatrice," of which so many copies are still to be seen, and the original of which now hangs in the Liverpool Art Gallery.

No one probably on the English-speaking stage has had a broader association with the famous men, and especially the most distinguished painters, poets and litterateurs of yesterday and to-day than Forbes-Robertson. He early became associated with Rossetti, Burne-Jones and the rest of that famous Victorian group in England, while his own poetic tendencies also brought him into contact with many brilliant brothers of the pen. The apparent and tragic suicide of John Davidson was one of the sensations of the last London season, and mention of the latter recalls a good story of the poet who disappeared so mysteriously some months ago and has never been heard of since. "We were once rehearsing his beautiful play, 'For the Crown,'" said Forbes-Robertson, not long ago, "and Davidson was leaning against the proscenium engrossed. Presently a well-dressed actor came on the scene wav-

ing his arms like a windmill. Davidson edged up quietly to me and said, 'I suppose that will be a verra well-known actor?' 'Yes,' I agreed. 'And I presume he will be in receipt of a verra considerable honorarium?' I confessed he was right. 'Then, why does he wave his arms aboot in that extraordinary manner?' inquired Davidson in his broad Scots accent, adding humorously, 'If he did that in Piccadilly he would render himself liable to be arrested!' "

Of Meredith, too, on a later occasion, Forbes-Robertson waxed eloquent, having been in personal touch with the great writer twenty years ago. He often threatened to write a play, but never did so. Once, meeting Robertson at the house of a friend, after seeing him as Buckingham in Henry VIII. at the Lyceum, and noticing his sunburnt appearance on his return from a holiday, Meredith observed, "Here comes the browned Buckingham!"

BEHIND THE SCENES

Forbes-Robertson Making his 500th Entrance in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in New York. He has now Knocked on the Door Over 3,000 Times.

Forbes-Robertson recalled another story of Meredith in connection with his old friend and fellow-actor, the late Arthur Cecil, who had been holi-

A SCENE IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."

THE "PASSER-BY" (FORBES-ROBERTSON) PLEADS WITH "THE SLAVEY" (MISS MOLLIE PEARSON)

day-making in Switzerland. Coming back to the hotel where the great writer was at work, Cecil went into ecstasies over the glorious mountain peaks. Meredith listened, silently, working for awhile, and then, looking up, rolled off ex-tempore the following lines:

"The sun shone high upon the crinkled crag,
He clomb it: it left him scarce a rag:
With knees barked blue and bleeding nether bare,
He boasted he enjoyed the mountain air."

The passing of Modjeska, too, elicited high encomiums on Forbes-Robertson's first Juliet, and the finest he had ever known. "She was certainly one of the greatest actresses of her generation," he said, "and worthy to rank with Duse and Desclee, while she was one of the most unselfish artistes I have ever known." Modjeska's tribute to Forbes-Robertson's genius, in her own reminiscences, is no less eloquent and pleasing.

To resume, Forbes-Robertson rejoined John Hare in 1893 for the famous revival of "Diplomacy" at the Garrick theatre, and returned to the Lyceum two years later to play Lancelot, with Irving in "King Arthur."

Then came his own regime at the old Lyceum, which added fresh lustre to that theatre and to the stage he has so long and honorably adorned. Forbes-Robertson opened the Lyceum unded his own management in 1895 with "Romeo and Juliet," also producing the ill-starred "Michael and His Lost Angel" (probably the best play Henry Arthur Jones ever wrote), John Davidson's skilful translation of Francois Coppee's "Pour la Couronne," which Swinburne declined to adapt, Robertson

subsequently producing "Magda" for the first time in English, and reviving "The School for Scandal" with great success. Then came the crowning glory of Forbes-Robertson's career in his superb and sublime portrayal of "Hamlet," followed by a memorable "Macbeth," which afforded abundant evidence of his artistic versatility and power. He then toured the state theatres of Germany and Holland in these characters, to the great delight of those critical lovers of art.

In "Pelleas and Melisande" and "The Moonlight Blossom" (Japanese) Forbes-Robertson added unfading memories of that sublime sense of the poetic which has always characterized his work, while in the part of the priest in "The Sacrament of Judas" he gave expression to that rare asceticism and wonderful sympathy which no other actor on the English stage can be said to possess in anything approaching the same degree.

In 1900 he married that charming American actress, Gertrude Elliott, who has since been his companion in so many of their greatest successes, including, in 1902, "Mice and Men" and "The Light that Failed"—two of the most interesting of modern plays, which found a fitting contrast in her sweet and winsome Desdemona and his powerful yet poetical embodiment of "Othello." They subsequently toured America for two seasons with success, and in 1905, after sundry revivals, again took to the road in England and America, where in 1906 was produced Shaw's brilliant play of "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which both achieved an equal meed of fame, Mr. Forbes-Robertson also appearing in "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" with all his old success, while Miss Gertrude Elliott revealed rare ability as Ophelia and Portia.

In 1908 Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson appeared in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" at the St. James' theatre, London, where the play ran for six months and subsequently enjoyed a very successful English tour. Since then it has achieved even greater success in America.

Almost Successful

The world is full of people who are almost successful. Here is a man who is almost a lawyer, but not quite; here is another who is almost a physician, but is neither a good druggist, a good surgeon, nor a good dispenser. Another man is almost a clergyman, or about half-way between a farmer, or a tradesman, and a clergyman. Another is almost a teacher, but not quite competent to take charge of a school or an academy. We meet, every day, people who are almost something, but just a little short of it.

If these people undertake anything, they never quite finish it; they never quite complete their courses at school; they never quite learn a trade or profession. They always manage to stop just short of success.

We encounter people everywhere who are almost happy, almost philosophical, almost religious, yet never belong to any class or sect. They never know just where they stand; they are not quite anything.

"Almost" is a dangerous word. It has tripped up many a man who might have been successful if he had had determination and grit enough to go on a little further, to hold on a little longer.—*The Bank Record.*

Great American's Fifty-Year Old Prophecy About Canada.

HON. W. H. SEWARD

Courtesy Harper and Brcs.

FIFTY-THREE years ago, in the month of July, 1857, a small party of three Americans, consisting of a middle-aged gentleman, his son and his son's wife, landed in the City of Quebec, having journeyed thither by boat from Niagara. After a short stay in the quaint old city, they chartered a small fishing schooner, with the odd name of "Emerence," and, having shipped a competent crew, set sail down the river for a month's pleasure cruise to the Gulf and Labrador.

The gentleman was the Hon. W. H. Seward, at that time one of the members of the Senate from the State of New York, destined in a few years

to become Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of State, and after his death, the exponent of his policy during the succeeding four years.

Even in 1857 Seward was a striking personality, not alone in his own country, but throughout the civilized world. He had not yet, it is true, made those famous journeys of his to the capitals of Europe and around the world, when, though holding no official position in the Government of his country, he was received by monarchs and ministers as an ambassador extraordinary, but it was only two years later that he visited England and was welcomed by Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright and other British statesmen, as the most notable American of the day.

The vogage to Labrador on the "Emerence" was typical of Seward. No public man of that period delighted so much as he did in travel and in the opportunities of observation which travel afforded, and in his journeyings he always adopted the mode of conveyance best calculated to enable him to understand the country which he was visiting. Social and political questions everywhere interested him keenly and, while he was first and foremost an American politician, he had eyes and ears and tastes for almost everything.

From July 31 to August 27, while aboard the schooner, Mr. Seward kept what he jokingly called "The Log of the Emerence," a most entertaining diary, intended merely for the eyes of the members of the family, including Mrs. Seward, who were left at home at Auburn, but which, after earnest solicitation on the part of the editor, he permitted to appear in the New York Tribune.

Towards the end of the log, when nearing home, Mr. Seward took the opportunity to refer seriously to Canada, and his words, written on the deck of the Emerence, "ten watches of the day and night—since we left Anticosti," and fifty-three years ago, are in reality the occasion for this short article, for they are full of significance at the present time, when relations between Canada and the United States have been the subject of so much discussion.

In weighing them it is well to remember that Seward was unrivalled in his day and generation in his genius for politics, and the wide range of his abilities. As his biographer says, "He was not the father of the Republican party, but he, more than any other, was its master. He was not the first of the Anti-slavery champions, but of the great anti-slavery north he was the directing intellect." The man, who as Secretary of State under Lincoln and Johnson, filled a post somewhat analogous to Canada's Premier, can only be listened to with confidence and respect.

"Hitherto, in common with most of my countrymen, as I suppose, I have thought Canada, or to speak more accurately, British America, a mere strip lying north of the United States, easily detachable from the parent state, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therfore ultimately, nay, right soon, to be taken in by the Federal Union, without materially changing or affecting its own condition or development. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in the British North America, stretching as it does across the continent from the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland to the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the Temperate Zone, traversed equally with the United States by the lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of islands in the river and gulf—a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. In its wheatfields in the west, its broad ranges of the chase at the north, its inexhaustable lumber lands—the most extensive now remaining on the globe—its valuable fisheries and its yet undisturbed mineral deposits. I see the elements of wealth. I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic, perfected by the Protestant religion and British constitutional

liberty. I find them jealous of the United States and of Great Britain, as they ought to be; and therefore when I look at their extent and resources, I know they can neither be conquered by the former nor permanently held by the latter. They will be independent, as they are already self sustaining. Having happily escaped the curse of slavery, they will never submit themselves to the domination of slaveholders, which prevails in and determines the character of the United States. They will be a Russia behind the United States, which to them will be France and England. But they will be a Russia civilized and Protestant, and that will be a very different Russia from that which fills all southern Europe with terror, and by reason of that superiority they will be the more terrible to the dwellers in the southern latitudes.

"The policy of the United States is to propitiate and secure the alliance of Canada while it is yet young and incurious of its future. But on the other hand the policy which the United States actually pursues is the infatuated one of rejecting and spurning vigorous, perrenial and ever-growing Canada, while seeking to establish feeble states out of decaying Spanish provinces, on the coast and in the islands of the Gulf of Mexico.

"I shall not live to see it, but the man is already born who will see the United States mourn over its stupendous folly, which is only preparing the way for ultimate danger and downfall. All southern political stars must set, though many times they rise again with diminished splendor. But those which illuminate the pole remain for ever shining, forever increasing in splendor."

In the Kaiser's Workroom

The following is translated from a German newspaper:

In the workroom of the Kaiser are the following sentences, so arranged that he has them always before him when he is sitting at his desk:

Be strong in pain.

To wish for anything that is unattainable is worthless.

Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything.

Rejoice in nature and people, and take them as they are.

For a thousand bitter hours console yourself with one that is beautiful.

Give from your heart and mind always the best, even if you do not receive thanks. He who can learn and practise this is indeed a happy, free, and proud one; his life will always be beautiful. He who is mistrusting wrongs others and harms himself.

It is our duty to believe every one to be good as long as we have not the proof to the contrary; the world is so large and we ourselves so small that everything cannot revolve around us.

If something damages us, hurts us, who can tell if that is not necessary to the welfare of creation?

In everything of this world, whether dead or alive, lives the mighty wise will of the Almighty and all-knowing Creator; we little people only lack the reason to comprehend it.

As everything is, so it has to be in this world, and, however it may be, should always seem good to the mind of the creature.

These sentences give one an insight into the thoughts of the Kaiser.

An American Advocate of Reciprocity

EUGENE N. FOSS Photo, Chickering

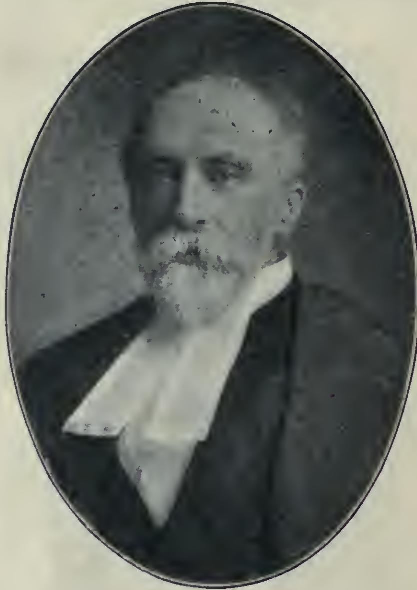
"IT was the cause—Canadian reciprocity and tariff reform—that won, not I," said Eugene N. Foss, the newly elected congressman from the Fourteenth Congressional District of Massachusetts, after the whirlwind campaign of last month, which won for him an apparently hopeless constituency.

These words characterize the man. Canadian reciprocity has been his hobby for years and this alone occasioned his entry into politics. A business man of great ability, Mr. Foss is a director in many companies and the owner of several large plants. In the latter, he has no partners; he is the head and he alone is the guiding hand. He finds time to direct a half a dozen enterprises, any one of which would tax the capacity of an ordinary man.

Mr. Foss was born on a Vermont farm in 1858, but early turned his attention to business. He obtained a position as traveling salesman for a lumber dryer and he must have been a good one for he attracted the attention of Mr. B. F. Sturtevant, of Boston, founder of the blower works, which Mr. Foss now conducts as owner. Within two years he was looking after the entire business of the big plant. He married Mr. Sturtevant's daughter and then began to branch out into other lines of business.

Originally a Republican, he separated from his party last year on the reciprocity question and in the fall ran for Lieutenant-Govenor on the Democratic ticket. While he lost the election, he had the consolation of knowing that he had reduced the Republican plurality in the State from 96,000 to 6,000. In the congressional election of last month he had to overcome a majority of 14,000, but to the amazement of everybody he succeeded. His success has made him the biggest Democrat in the State and conjectures are rife as to his future.

Administering Law to Administering Finance



JUDGE OSLER

WHEN the history of Canada at the present day is written a hundred years hence, it will be found that the name of Osler will be of frequent occurrence. Perhaps no family in the history of the country has stood out so prominently by virtue of the unusual and varied ability displayed by its members. It has given us a doctor of international fame, a lawyer of extraordinary capability, a parliamentarian of unimpeachable reputation, and a judge of distinguished record.

The decision of Judge Osler to leave the bench in order to accept the presidency of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation is an event which has attracted public attention of late. Judge Osler has sat continuously on the bench since 1879, having been appointed a Puisne Judge of the Common Pleas in that year, while in 1883 he became a Justice of Appeal. This long record of over thirty years is an unusual one and the severance of old relationships must mean a great deal to one who has put his whole soul into his work, as Judge Osler has done.

Judge Osler possesses the distinction of being the head of the Osler family. He is the eldest son of the late Rev. F. L. Osler, and was born at Newmarket in 1838. Called to the bar in 1860, he practised his profession in Toronto at first in partnership with Messrs. Moss and Patton, and subsequently with Messrs. Harrison and Moss, both of whom attained the dignity of the bench.

It may be said without criticizing the record of his associates in the Court of Appeal, that Judge Osler has been the man who did the bulk of the work in that court. Reliable, conscientious and energetic, he has handled the business of the court as no one else could have done. The province owes much to a man who has been so faithful to his trust, when on more than one occasion he could have taken his seat in the Supreme Court at Ottawa.

A Ninety-Seven Year Old Business Man

HENRY DEXTER

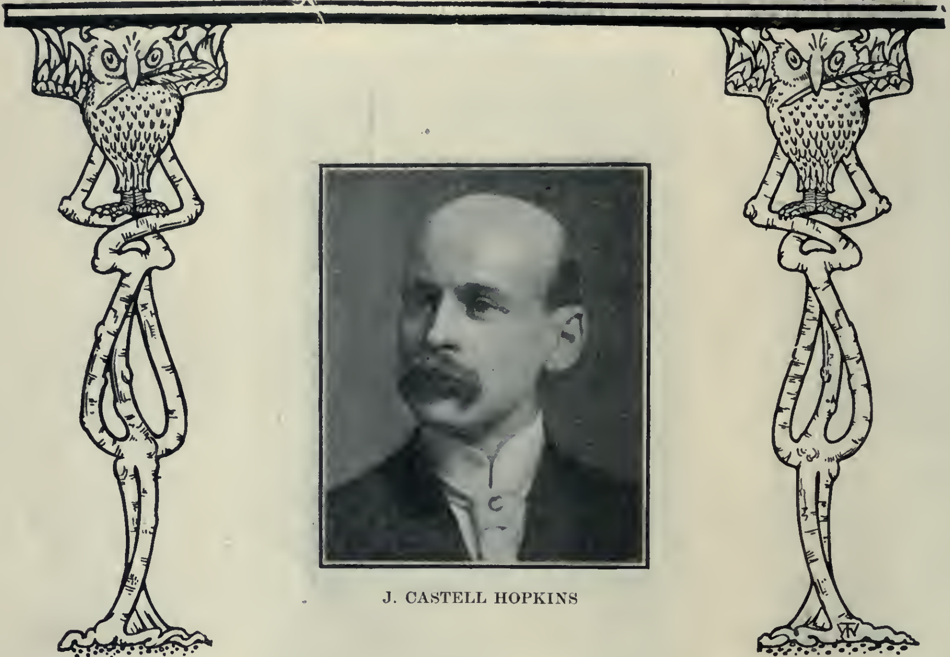
HENRY DEXTER, founder of the American News Co., celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday on March 14, and the way he marked the occasion was by working just a little longer than usual at his office in New York. According to reports, he worked twelve hours, which is undoubtedly a record for men of his age. To a friend Mr. Dexter said:—

"I see nothing wonderful in the fact that I have lived 20 years longer than most other men in my generation. I think it is due to plain, temperate living more than anything else. For an old fellow I am enjoying fairly good health, but I begin to feel I am getting old. The mistake most people make these days is in living too rapidly. The rich men are not satisfied with their riches, but always want to get more. Sometimes the newspapers speak of me as 'Millionaire Henry Dexter.' I am not a millionaire, and never expect to be. I quit Wall Street years ago, when I considered that I had made enough to live on comfortably. Since then I have traveled. If I had tied myself down to Wall Street to make more money, I should have missed all this."

Mr. Dexter was born at West Cambridge, Mass., and in 1836 went to New York. Here he went into the book and news business and in 1864 founded what is now known as the American News Company. This company has branches all over the world and is known in Canada as the Montreal News Company, and the Toronto News Company, handling the bulk of the magazine distribution business.

Mr. Dexter is a striking example of what a temperate, regular system of living can do for a man, bringing him thus within sight of the century mark, without impairing his faculties.

Indefatigable Historian of Canadian Affairs



J. CASTELL HOPKINS

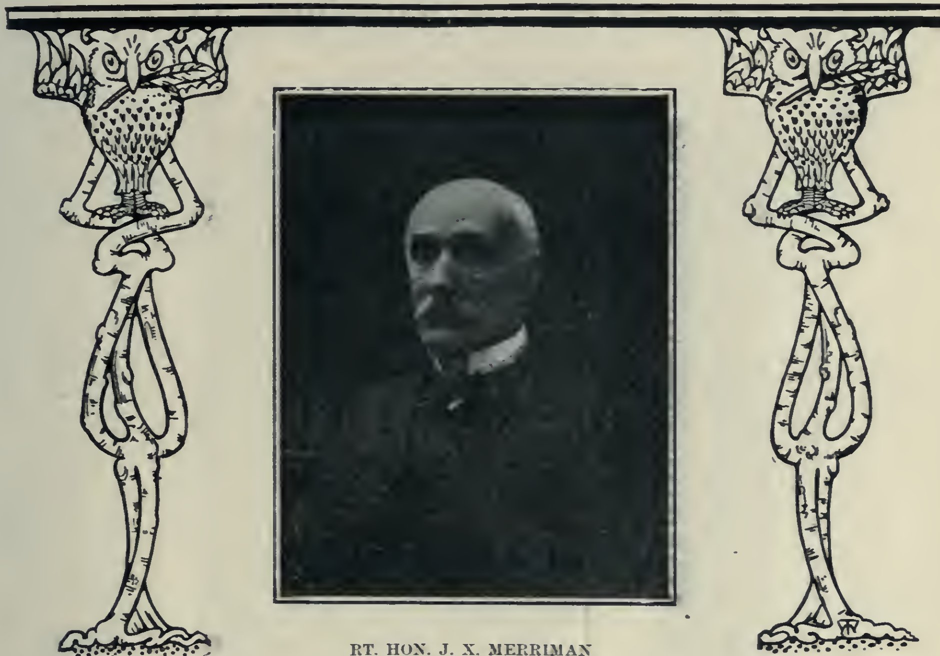
AMONG the small group of men who take a deep personal interest in spreading the gospel of Imperialism, J. Castell Hopkins occupies a foremost place. This is due in large measure to a facility in writing, which has enabled him to place his views before a wide circle of readers. His name as an author is familiar in all parts of the Empire, for he has written many books on political and biographical themes.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Hopkins and know the zeal with which he has supported British connections, were naturally astonished at a statement which appeared in the March number of the Busy Man's Magazine to the effect that, owing to his having been born in the United States, he would not be entitled to the rights of a British subject outside the Dominion of Canada. For a moment it appeared almost ludicrous that so ardent a Britisher should be thus renounced by his country.

It transpires, however, that Mr. Hopkins is after all a British subject through and through and, in stating that he would not be recognized as such by British consuls in other parts of the world, this magazine made a mistake for which it owes an apology to him. While Mr. Hopkins had the misfortune (?) to be born in Iowa, the fact that both his parents were British subjects at the time, makes it quite clear that he, too, is a natural born British subject.

Mr. Hopkins' principal work at the present time consists in the compilation of his "Annual Review of Canadian Affairs," a most valuable collection of material bearing on all phases of national life. In this work he finds a congenial occupation and one which will be more and more appreciated as the years go by and as the need for such a summary and reference book increases.

Shatterer of the Coalition in South Africa



RT. HON. J. X. MERRIMAN

CANADIANS will naturally take an interest in the working out of the new constitution which has been granted to the United States of South Africa. Conditions there bear some resemblance to conditions in the Dominion and there is a certain amount of curiosity as to whether the same satisfactory results will be achieved.

The intention was that the Federal Parliament, which the Prince of Wales will open in September, should begin its work under a ministry composed of the best of the men of both races and parties, with General Botha at its head. While this would have been unusual and possibly only of brief duration, it would have lent a picturesque atmosphere to the proceedings and have started the new Dominion off on its career with distinction and unanimity.

However, this idealistic plan is not to be carried out. The man who has shattered it is the Right Hon. J. X. Merriman, Premier of Cape Colony, who has declared that a coalition is absolutely impossible.

Mr. Merriman, who has been Premier of Cape Colony since 1908, was born in Somersetshire, England, sixty-nine years ago, going out to South Africa at the early age of eight years. He entered politics for the first time in 1869, representing a constituency in the Parliament of Cape Colony. In 1890 he became Treasurer-General of the Cape Government, an office he held for three years. He was then appointed a member of the committee to investigate the Jameson Raid, and it was he that drew up the report of this committee. In 1898 he again took office as Treasurer-General. A man of strong personality, he is a dominant figure in South African politics, and will yet be heard from in the federal arena.

The Order of St. John of Jerusalem

INSIGNIA OF KNIGHT OF JUSTICE AND KNIGHT OF GRACE

By Colonel G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D.

THE tendency of modern times is to scoff at orders and decorations, and knightly and kingly trappings, and to declare that all such gewgaws should be relegated to oblivion or to museums of antiquities. Demos is King, and his courtiers, suppliant and subservient creatures, would make a mocking of all that is knightly and chivalrous. But chivalry is not quite dead in men's hearts and there is at least one ancient order of knighthood which is known by its works. Although founded eight centuries ago, A.D. 1048, the Order of St. John is still carrying on in a large

and imperial way the work of its founders. It is true that it no longer limits itself to the narrow confines of the Holy Land, but has spread over the four quarters of the globe, and is to be found busy in its work of mercy in every colony and dependency of the British Empire.

Founded by Peter Gerard as a religious fraternity at Jerusalem, at the time of the Crusaders, for the relief of the sick and needy who should visit the Holy Sepulchre, the Order of St. John was known as the Hospitallers. The brethren were bound by vows of charity, poverty and indissoluble brotherhood, and healed the sick, fed the needy, and exercised an unostentatious hospitality toward all. Sympathetic and religious people subscribed liberally to their funds and they thus became the Almoners of Europe—indeed, their patron saint was St. John Eleemon.

They were finally driven from Jerusalem, and it was in consequence of this that in self-defence the fraternity developed into a band of soldier-monks and warring-physicians. Space will not permit me to trace the history of the Order in detail, but suffice it to say, that driven from one stronghold to another by the Turks, they at length reached the Island of Malta, which was presented to them by the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, where they grew and prospered and became one of the richest and most powerful brotherhoods in the world; but, having no warlike duties, they lapsed into idleness and luxury, although they still adhered to the original idea of the founder of distributing charity and maintaining a great hospital at Valetta. The final disaster came when, through the treachery of Von Homspech, Grand Master in 1798, the island was betrayed to Napoleon Bonaparte. It is gratifying to know that the price of the betrayal, $40,000, was never paid, and Von Homspech died in poverty and obscurity in 1805. The knights were banished, their property seized, and no more were they seen in Malta, where they had ruled for 268 years. The island was captured from the French by the English in 1800 and remains in their possession to this day.

The order was divided into eight "langues," languages or national branches, of which the English was the sixth. This langue was suppressed in England at the time of the Reformation under Henry VIII. The knights were dispersed, but continued to hold communication with the chief lieu at Malta. Its chief seat in England was the priory of St. John at Clerkenwell, which was destroyed. It was rebuilt in part, and the ancient Gate House, which still stands, and with its adjoining premises, is the seat of the Order, was completed in 1504.

The Order was revived in 1826 by Sir Robert Peel and other English gentlemen of position, and became increasingly active in works of mercy until in 1888 it received Royal recognition and a Royal charter of incorporation. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria became the Sovereign Head; H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Great Prior, and his son, the late Duke of Clarence, Sub-Prior. On the death of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII. became the head of the Order, and George, Prince of Wales, Great Prior. The grades of the Order are: knight of justice, knight of grace and esquire. The ladies are ladies of justice and of grace. There are also honorary associates and honorary serving sisters and brothers. The roll of the Order contains the names of the princes and princesses of the Royal House of England and many foreign princes, English and other noblemen, as well as those of men and women prominent in works of mercy and in society all over the Empire.

Among the knights of the Order in Canada are, Earl Grey, the Governor-General, Lord Strathcona, Sir Frederick Borden, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Colonel James Mason and others less well known. There are several esquires and honorary asso-

ciates. The badge of the Order is an eight-pointed cross, which is worn suspended from a black watered-silk ribbon. Knights wear a star in addition.

The St. John Ambulance Association was founded in 1877 by the Order of St. John, to continue the work of its founders, as indicated by its motto, "*Pro utilitate hominum,*" and is its ambulance department.

Its objects are:

(a) The instruction of persons in rendering first aid in case of accidents or sudden illness, and in the transport of the sick and injured.

(b) The instruction of persons in the elementary principles and practice of nursing, and also of ventilation and sanitation, especially of a sick-room.

(c) The manufacture, and distribution by sale or presentation, of ambulance material, and the formation of ambulance depots in mines, factories, and other centres of industry and and traffic.

(d) The organization of ambulance corps, invalid transport corps, and nursing corps.

(e) And generally, the promotion of instruction and carrying out works, for the relief of suffering of the sick and injured in peace and war, independently of class, nationality and denomination.

It must be clearly understood that the object of the association is not to rival, but to aid the medical man, and the subject matter of instruction given at the classes has been defined by the Medical Committee of the Ambulance Department, with the view of qualifying the pupil to adopt such measures as may be advantageous pending the doctor's arrival, or during the interval between his visits.

The course of instruction consists of five or more lectures in first aid to the injured, followed by an examination, for which certificates are issued to the successful pupils, and five or more lectures in nursing and home hygiene, followed by another examination for which certificates are also given. At the expiration of a year a re-examination is held, and after another year a second re-examination, entitling the pupil to a medallion. The interest maintained by these re-examinations is witnessed by the issue of no less than 118,238 medallions. The number of certificates issued from St. John's Gate from 1877 to September 30, 1908, is 747,033, the classes being distributed over almost every colony and dependency of the Empire. It is hardly necessary to add that the records prove that thousands of lives have been saved and much needless suffering avoided by the elementary knowledge of medicine and surgery afforded by these courses of instruction.

The British Ophthalmic Hospital, at Jerusalem, a useful and important charity, is maintained at Jerusalem, the birthplace of the Order, almost entirely by the subscription of the members. It was founded in 1881, and is doing admirable work under the administration of Mr. Cant, F.R.C.S., among all classes, Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans. In 1908, 1,055 in-patients were admitted, 9,289 new cases seen, 39,469 consultations held (out-patients), 1,770 operations performed, and 919 anaesthetics given.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade is practically a second reserve for the Royal Army Medical Corps, and consists of companies of uniformed men trained in first aid and hospital nursing and drilled in field ambulance exercises and commanded by a chief commissioner. There were in 1908 17,608 officers and men in many divisions scattered over Great Britain and the colonies. In connection with the Brigade is a large corps of female nurses, who are uniformed and trained in their respective duties. It may be stated as an evidence of the importance of the work of the Brigade that during the Boer war, 2,048 trained men were sent to South Africa to supplement the work of the Royal Army Medical Corps, or to man volunteer hospitals; 68 of the men lost their lives during the campaign. In connection with the Brigade there is

also maintained the Royal Sick Berth Reserve, who perform at sea similar duties to those of the Brigade on land. Its strength is 631 officers and men.

There occur annually in the streets of London upward of 10,000 accidents, irrespective of the special occasions when great crowds gather. Until recently the usual mode of conveyance was a shutter, door, or the four-wheeled cab. None of the great hospitals were provided with ambulances; now, thanks to the Order of St. John, this has been changed. The Order maintains an invalid Transport Corps, wheeled ambulances, wheeled stretchers, and ambulance posts, where men are on duty night and day. I think sufficient has been said to justify the statement that the Order is living up to its motto, *"Pro utilitate hominum."* To be a member of the Order is not only a great honor, but a great responsibility.

The Canadian Centre was established by Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, in 1894, Sir George Kirkpatrick becoming first president. On his death he was succeeded by Sir James Grant, and he again by Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, Col. James Mason being vice-president. Sub-centres have been authorized in twenty-two cities and towns in five provinces of Canada.

There is now in Canada one division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade—at London, Ontario. Upwards of 5,000 persons have taken the course of instruction in first aid, home nursing, and many thousands of text books have been sold. The head office is now at Ottawa, His Excellency the Governor-General having kindly consented to act as patron. The president is Dr. Montizambert, Director General of Public Health.

THE KAISER AS A KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN

From the Statue by Wolff

IN the west there are always a goodly number of people waiting for the railroad. There is the speculator who is holding land for the rise in value which will follow the laying of the shafts of steel. There is the business man who is looking for a location, and who realizes the benefits to be derived from getting in on the ground floor in a new town. There is the settler, who is weary of hauling his grain forty or fifty miles to a railroad, and who watches the nearest local paper week by week for news of proposed construction.

The railroad is the backbone of the west. It has made it what it is; it will yet make it what it is to be. The Hon. Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, said recently that it seemed to be impossible to build up a settlement or a community away from good transportation facilities. He was right. The time was when such was not the case. In the years back in the past settlers were willing to locate a long way from civilization, and would hew out a home in the wilderness; but that day has passed. The great cities offer too many allurements. The railroad is to-day a necessity.

The settler is the man who really does the waiting. He waits right on the ground; the others, like Peter, wait afar off. It is not necessary for a business man to go into a new district until a few days before the iron horse pulls in. The speculator may rest at ease in his far off home, while the railroad is coming, but not so—the settler. If he is ever to have a homestead close to good transportation facilities he must locate years before the coming of the railroad. A crowd of anxious land hunters waited forty-two hours outside the Edmonton land office for their turn to file on land in the Saddle Lake country, the choicest locations of which were forty-two miles from a railroad. They knew that the land they were filing on was good; with the good land would come good crops; and with the good crops would come the railroad to carry them. The railroad man is always watching for more business—for a greater tonnage and larger passenger receipts.

A close student of western affairs remarked a short time ago that he would sooner have a homestead within forty miles of a railroad than one within twenty miles of a modern locomotive. His reason was a simple one. He contended that with a homestead forty miles from transportation there was a chance that some day the plough horses might be alarmed at the approach of a swift express, but that in the case of the one twenty miles away there was little likelihood of a railroad near for a long period of years. The country would have to be very thickly settled and the per acre production very high before a railroad company would thus attempt to gridiron the country with roads. There were too many new districts without railroads at all for this to be possible.

The average man takes his turn at guessing where the next new

line will be built. He keeps his ear to the ground, smiles blandly at all the politicians supposed to be in the know, gets all the tips he can, and then sifting out the information thus gathered he draws his own conclusions, makes his guess, and plants his stakes.

Very often he makes a rather shrewd guess, but there are a number of instances on record where the locators were several hundred miles astray. At the time the main line of the Canadian Pacific was built, there were a number of very poor guessers. Before it was definitely decided that the road would be built through the Kicking Horse Pass, there were many who thought the route would be through the Yellow Head Pass, much further north. They made their calculations accordingly. In one instance a number of ambitious prospectors and land seekers located land and mineral in the path of the proposed route. As soon as they found how wide of the mark their guess had been they trekked out in disgust. Perhaps some homesteader along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific or the Canadian Northern may find the ruins of the cabins they erected.

Others occupied themselves with guesses as to where the coast terminal would be. Some said Vancouver, but there were not a few who pinned their faith to Port Moody. One eastern capitalist looking for an investment came out and after looking over the situation went strong on Port Moody. He bought all he could. When the announcement was made that Vancouver would be the terminal he was a much disappointed man. He never fully recovered from the shock and—all because he was a poor guesser.

If all the proposed railroad lines for which charters have been secured had been constructed the map of Western Canada would look not unlike a spider's web. The prairie country would now be linked with Hudson's Bay. The Dawson miner, who has made a stake would be able to board the south bound express and take a berth for Edmonton. A conductor on a north bound train would be able to step on the platform at Winnipeg and holler, "All aboard for Edmonton and Fort McMurray." The resident of Kootenay who might desire to spend a few days in a city of metropolitan aspirations would have long since been taking in the best things supplied by Vancouver, instead of helping to make profit for Spokane. The men

"There was a Chance that some Day the Plough Horses might be Alarmed by the Approach of a Fast Express Train"

who have the charters haven't the money. The men who have the money, and who turn to Western Canada as the scene of their operations in the railroad world very often find their projects are covered by some charter secured years before.

Almost ten years ago a number of "go ahead" westerners with more enterprise and ambition in their make-up than money in their jeans, secured a charter to build a road from Midway to Vernon. It was afterwards bonused by the Federal and Provincial Governments to the extent of eleven thousand four hundred dollars a mile. After five years of hard work the promoters made an arrangement with a New York company to finance the project. Construction was commenced and the prospectors and homesteaders in a rich mining and fruit-growing territory felt that the railroad which would give them the long looked for start was coming at last.

But trouble came soon. The original charter, which carried with it the bonus from the Provincial Government, had run out. It had been extended as far as construction was concerned, but the members of the B. C. Government were in doubt as to whether under the extension of time agreement they were liable for the amount of the bonus. Almost ten miles of grading had been done and the time was drawing near when the payment of the bonus on this portion would be due.

In some mysterious way, through a careless remark, it is presumed, a gentleman high up in banking circles received the information that the Government proposed to refuse to pay the bonus unless forced to do so by the judgment of the courts. Unfortunately this information reached the intelligence office of the New York concern, who were financing the road. They backed down and construction was stopped immediately. The wages of the railroad gangs had not been paid. Merchants who had supplied contractors with provisions and other equipment had to jot down some pretty stiff figures on their books. That was in the fall of 1905, and neither men nor merchants have been paid yet.

"Waited 42 Hours Outside Edmonton Land Office"

When the matter of whether or not the Government was liable for the amount of the bonus came up in

the courts some weeks later, a decision was handed down in favor of the holders of the charter. This decision, however, came too late to be of any assistance to the project as construction had ceased some three months previous.

A short time before the general election of 1908, advertisements signed by a local trust company appeared in all of the local papers, asking for a rendering of all accounts against the Midway & Vernon Railway Company. It stated, however, that no obligation for payment was assumed by the insertion of the advertisement. The trust company received many memorandas of the amounts owing, but the interested parties are still waiting for their money.

In July, 1909, a construction gang suddenly appeared on the scene west of Midway, and intimated that they had received instructions to begin work on the grade of the Midway & Vernon. Again the hopes of the various interested parties rose high, but again they were doomed to disappointment. It is estimated that in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars' worth of work was done, when the construction gang disappeared as quietly as they had come. The only information a patient public has been able to get with regard to the matter is that it was necessary for the company to do some work this year in order to hold the charter. It is intimated that next year construction will be commenced in earnest. In the meantime the development of a very rich district has been held back, and two enterprising young merchants, who eight years ago built a large store at Beaverdell, a point half way from Midway to Vernon, are still waiting—away out there in a wilderness rich with mineral—waiting as they have been for over eight years —for the railroad.

All over the west there are men living in mansions, who have made fortunes in real estate, the enhanced values in city and town property being the direct result of the coming of the railroad. In Edmonton there are said to be over one hundred men who have each made from fifty thousand and upwards since the Alberta Express first pulled in. Numerous other cities — Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and many others have been profitable fields of operation for the man with long nerve, who bought early or who staked his last dollar in covering options.

When the Calgary and Edmonton line was first built it stopped at Strathcona. William Mackenzie, whose contracting firm had built the road, went over to Edmonton and tried to persuade his friend, John McDougall, of fur trade fame, that staying with Edmonton was a forlorn hope. In vain he attempted to prove to him that it was almost useless to expect that any railroad would ever build across the river. The far-seeing fur trader thanked his friend, but intimated his intention of remaining in the place where for so many years he had made his home. Strangely enough, the railroad did come fourteen years later, and stranger still, it was built by the man who had said that a railroad would never be likely to build to Edmonton. The coming of the Canadian Northern lifted John McDougall into influence. He now lives in an imposing red brick mansion on a beautiful height of land overlooking the windings of the broad Saskatchewan.

When it was definitely decided that the Grand Trunk Pacific would build through northern British Columbia the attention of thousands of investors and land seekers was focused upon this portion of our great western heritage. Prince Rupert, the terminal, held most of the honors, but there were not a few who plunged into the great interior. Hun-

"William Mackenzie tried to persuade his friend John McDougall that staying with Edmonton was a forlorn hope."

dreds of mineral locations were made in the rich Telkwa country. Further inland the agriculturist found a new Eden in the Nechaco Valley. Thousands of acres of land were staked. In view of the possibilities of this great interior the eyes of speculators were drawn to Fort George, which lies in the centre of the district. A Nelson syndicate surveyed a townsite not long since. When the time is ripe they will be placed on the market.

How history does repeat itself! Barkerville had a boom in the old days, which made the Cariboo road look like a modern land rush. And again it is destined to be the highway that will be the path of profit-hunting pilgrims rushing — ever northward—sixty miles past Barkerville to Fort George.

The lure of Fort George has been great enough to draw John Houston from Prince Rupert. He will have a paper running in Fort George as soon as he can get his presses in. But there is nothing strange about this veteran editor hitting the trail for a new location. He quit writing editorials in Nelson over four years ago, and in the interim is said to have made two fortunes — one in Nevada and the other in Prince Rupert. The wanderings of John Houston would make a story in themselves. We must leave him. In the meantime he will be found with the trail blazers of Fort George —waiting for the roar of the locomotive to come and tell them that once more in the conquest of the west the van of civilization has come.

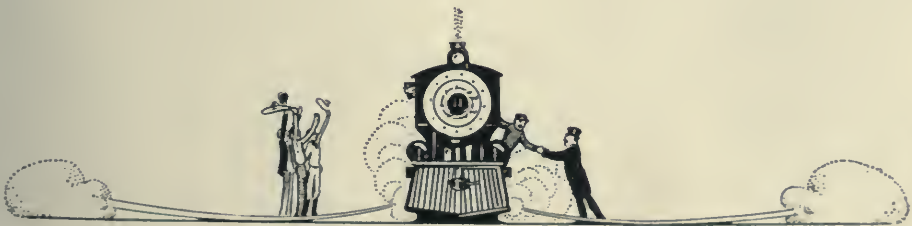
Over ten years ago it was announced that a railroad would be built from Golden down through the Windermere country and connecting with the Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific. Immediately the "waiting-for-the-railroad-people" began to get busy. The little town of Fort Steele rose up in a few months. It expected to be on the new line. The line was not built then, nor is it built yet. The latest report is that it will be built next year. Who knows? But disquieting news has come to the residents of Fort Steele. It is rumored that it may be side-tracked a few miles when the line is built. If this be so—what luck? Ten years waiting and given the "mitten" in the end.

At Fairmount Springs, a short distance south of Windermere, an energetic rancher has had fruit trees bearing for over a dozen years. He located in the early days, when a railroad up the valley was first suggested. Perhaps he won't smile a little, when some day on in the future the whistle of the locomotive will bid him look up as he picks the big red apple. But what a weary job it is—waiting for the railroad!

Perhaps no district in Canada has suffered more because of a lack of transportation facilities than the district which will be served by the proposed Coast-Kootenay extension of the Canadian Pacific. This has been a proposed line for upwards of ten years. During that time millions of dollars in trade have gone to American centres, which might have been diverted to Vancouver, had this line been in operation. The great smelters of the Boundary country look eagerly for the time when the construction of this line will bring them into touch with the great coal areas of the Similakameen and thus provide competition in the coke business. The fruit growers, some of them who have been growing fruit for a quarter of a century—one orchard near Keremeos is quite this old—will have a means of marketing their fruit without making use of freight wagons and pack horses.

Yes, there are a large number of people in southern British Columbia who are eagerly waiting for the construction of this much needed line. When that day comes this great southern country will boast a string of smelters from Fernie to Princeton. The conductor will be able to board his train and run from one end to the other without ever being very long out of sight of a fruit ranch. The great timber areas will disappear before the axe of the woodsman, and the stumps will follow suit when the settlers come along with a stump puller and dynamite. "It is ten years, Mr. Railroad Man, since you proposed," say the old residents. "We accepted you on the spot. Is not a ten-year engagement long enough? We want to see the dirt fly and the grade rising. How much longer must we wait?"

There are not a few evidences that the waiting days are passing. The time was when the railroad man hesitated because he feared a new branch line would not pay. But heavy tonnage and increased earnings have given a new impetus to construction. Several American railroad kings have their eyes on the railroad opportunities of the west. Four big systems are heading for the coal region of the Crow's Nest in order that they may be in touch with an abundant fuel supply. And so they are coming. But in the meantime, there are here a few and there a few waiting; speculator, settler, business man—all waiting; some patiently, more impatiently—but all with their eyes ready to soften at the appearance of "the final-location-survey-party"—the forerunner of the iron horse.



Important Articles of the Month

King Edward in England's Crisis

W. T. Stead contributes to the Review of Reviews (American) an entertaining article on King Edward's position during the present time of political stress in England. Mr. Stead observes that in Europe there has been a great renascence of the monarchical idea during the last half-century.

The modern constitutional sovereign, whose power is rigidly circumscribed by usage and by statute, is invested by his position with such opportunities for influence as to make him, at such crises as the present, far and away the most important person in the state.

When any constitutional crisis comes to a head in Great Britain, King Edward is the master of the situation.

He is our Sovereign Lord the King, master of all the parties and all the politicians. The supreme power has come to him. It is probably a great bore to him. It is a great burden and a great responsibility ; but although he rigidly confines himself within the straight and narrow limits laid down for the conduct of a constitutional king, he dominates the situation. It is a curious outcome of a series of successive reform bills, each of which was declared in its turn to have surrendered everything to the revolution and to have sacrificed our ancient monarchy to radical democracy, that eighty years after the introduction of the first Reform Act the sovereign is more influential in a moment of crisis than any of his predecessors.

In the present case, no matter what the popular majority might have been against the Peers, nothing could be done save through the action of the King. In ordinary matters, the monarch acts on the advice of his constitutional advisers.

But on extraordinary occasions when the Prime Minister advises an exercise of the royal prerogative which in the King's judgment may endanger the throne and imperil the constitution of the realm, it may be the King's duty to accept the resignation of his ministers rather than to act upon their advice. It is in these rare but supreme moments that the King must act on his own judgment under the sense of his own responsibility.

Mr. Stead considers the argument of those who say that the King is merely an automaton and must act either on advice of his ministers or on the popular opinion of the nation, as shown by the election returns.

The King, rightly or wrongly, does not consider that he would be obeying either the letter or the spirit of the constitution if he were to abdicate his right of personal intervention between the warring houses. He is bound to act on his own judgment whenever his ministers advise him to act in a manner contrary to usage to effect a revolutionary change in the constitution. He may decide to act on their counsels or to reject their advice. But the responsibility of acceptance or rejection in that case rests upon him, with force undiminished by the use and wont which has destroyed his responsibility for assenting to acts of Parliament, a function which has become purely automatic.

Taking up the proposal that the King should create four or five hundred new peers in order to swamp the House of Lords, Mr. Stead says

that the King might object to do this because of the insecurity of the Government's majority in the Commons.

But suppose the King waives that objection, and accepts a coalition majority of 124 as if it were equivalent to a Liberal majority of the same strength, what will be the next difficulty? Mr. Asquith has declared that the subordination of the Lords to the Commons must be effected by statute. That is to say, there must be a bill. The bill must be drafted, it must be passed through the Commons, and it must then be presented for acceptance to the House of Lords. Until matters have arrived at the final stage it is premature to ask the King what he will do. It is obvious that either in the drafting of the bill or in its passage through the House of Commons difficulties might arise which would render it unnecessary to consider its future fate. The King might fairly say, "I cannot give you a blank check. You cannot ask me in advance to promise to force any bill that you may hereafter choose to draft down the throats of the Lords. Make up your own minds as to what you want before you ask me for assurances as to what I shall do."

The King, like all men in his position, hesitates a long time when asked to take any step for which he can find no precedent in the records of the monarchy. This is natural and right. It may be that Queen Victoria was too nervous in this respect. If she had but insisted upon exercising her royal prerogative to make life Peers in the Wensleydale case she might have cleared the way for a tolerable solution of the present crisis. But a small Tory majority of thirty-five blocked the way with their protest that life peerages were unprecedented, and the Crown gave way. The King might naturally shrink from taking a revolutionary new departure such as would be involved in the wholesale creation of Peers for swamping purposes. The same forces of obstruction that foiled the Crown in the life peerage question might be invoked against the admission of this enormous influx of Peers created for the purpose of swamping the hereditary chamber.

The King will loyally abide by constitutional usage. He will dutifully act upon the advice of his ministers until they tender such advice as in his judgment shakes his confidence in their judgment. In that case he will seek new advisers. But he will naturally strain every point in order to avoid such a breach with the only statesmen who have any chance of getting supplies through the House of Commons. He will avoid meeting trouble half-way. He will give no blank checks. He will wait till the crisis reaches a point necessitating his intervention before he will interfere or even say how he will interfere.

Ambassador Bryce's Eulogy of American Scenery

Ambassador Bryce has written for the Youth's Companion an article telling what he thinks about the scenery of the United States and Canada. After classifying the ways in which scenery arouses pleasurable emotions, he proceeds to illustrate his ideas by references to various parts of America. A lack of picturesqueness in the towns and cities of the east has struck him, but he sees signs of improvements everywhere. "The desire to beautify the village has begun to spread westward. Already one sees it at work in Ohio and Illinois, and the same is true of parts of Canada."

The shores of Lakes Huron and Superior impressed him, not because of anything striking in form, but because of their sense of immensity and mystery.

The northern coasts of these two great inland seas, and indeed some parts of the southern coasts also are clad with primaeval forests. The trees are seldom of great size, but the general effect of the vast untouched stretches of woodland running out into promontories and scattered about in a multitude of islands is uniquely striking.

The finest point on these lake shores is Thunder Bay on Lake Superior. But a no less interesting impression of the sort of charm they have may be found

at the Straits of Mackinac, between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, where, from the top of a hill above the wharf where the steamers call, a view can be had over a wide expanse of sea studded with wooded isles, a view which gives a sense of the repose and tranquil sweetness of primitive nature, as she was when the first French adventurers penetrated these wilds in their frail canoes, which speaks to the mind even more than to the eye.

Mr. Bryce considers the Canadian Rockies as more like the Alps than any other North American mountains, for they have plenty of snowfields feeding long glaciers. Their forests are, indeed, far grander than those of the Alps.

Cost of Living to Railways

Edward W. Harden produces in the Outlook some facts and figures to show that the big railway corporations are in an even worse predicament than an ordinary wage-earner in these days of increased cost of living.

Yet it is proved by an abundance of quite unimpeachable evidence that, whereas the only variation worth mentioning in the general level of railway compensation for the last two decades has been downward, the railways have not only had to come to the rescue of their own employes with repeated increases of wages, but have had to bear, through the increased cost of materials and supplies of all kinds, a large proportion of the related increase in the market price of labor in all the other industries. Nor is this all. The owner of timber lands has advanced his prices for cross-ties, car siding, and bridge timbers out of all proportion to the higher cost of the labor entering into their production ; the owner of iron in the ground and of every other raw material of which railways are made and maintained has done the same.

Approximately seventy per cent. of all moneys received by railway corporations go to pay wages, to purchase supplies, for repairs, for maintenance of the right of way and for the many items comprised in the term operating expenses. Out of the balance is paid the interest on the funded debt, which must be met if the road is to continue solvent, and the dividends.

After going into some figures to show that such increases have been made in the cost of living of employes as to make a wage increase of seventeen per cent. three years ago practically ineffective, Mr. Harden goes on to show how the other railway costs have gone up. The cost of materials and supplies, which absorbs thirty per cent., has gone up even more than wages.

In this same period the cost of locomotives has increased from a maximum of about $12,000 to a maximum of about $20,000, and the cost of freight cars, which the railways buy by the hundreds of thousands annually, and of which they destroy and retire about 100,000 annually, has increased from an average of $700 or $750 to well above $1,000 each. Fortunately, the higher cost of motive power and rolling stock is partly offset by the greater efficiency and capacity of the latest types of equipment, else these two items alone would have involved veritable disaster. Fuel, which plays so essential a part in the production of transportation, has not escaped the general trend of economic conditions, notwithstanding the constant efforts of the railway companies to develop their own coal supplies. In the year ended June 30, 1908, fuel alone cost the roads 7.74 per cent. of their gross earnings, against 5.81 per cent. in 1898. To put the same thing in another way, gross earnings increased 94.1 per cent. in the ten-year period, while the cost of fuel increased 176.3 per cent.

While I have no desire to raise a question over the advantages or disadvantages of the regulation of common carriers by the Federal and State Govern-

ments, it is an incontrovertible fact that the elaborate reports now required by the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the local authorities in a majority of the States have added enormous sums to the permanent cost of operation, to say nothing of the expense of legal representation and the submission of evidence in the investigation of railway affairs by almost innumerable Governmental agencies. More or less connected with the increasing tendency to make the railways a political issue is the increase in railway taxation during the past decade. In 1909 taxes absorbed 3.7 per cent. of the aggregate gross earnings whereas in 1899 they represented 3.5 per cent.

In another method of comparison. gross earnings and taxes can be stated on a "per mile" basis, as follows:

Fiscal Year	Gross Earn. Per Mile	Taxes Per Mile
1909	$10,704	$382
1899	7,004	246
Increase	$ 3,700	$136
Per cent. of increase	52.8	55.3

Thus taxation has more than kept pace with the gross volume of business transacted, remarkable as the expansion of railway traffic has been in the decade under review. To this increasing burden of local taxation the Federal Government, assuming that the new corporation tax law is upheld by the courts, is about tax add no inconsiderable weight.

Not to multiply details, it may be said in brief, of the cost of new capital that the average interest rate on railway bonds has shown a moderate but steady defined upward tendency in the past ten years, and that the opinion of the most competent judges is that this tendency will continue in the immediate future. Interest on money imperatively required to keep the railways abreast of the demands upon them must, of course, be included in what it costs the railways to live.

No one who gives the subject serious study can avoid the conclusion that the railways of the United States have been affected by the increased cost of living to quite as great an extent as has any individual, and, moreover. that they are subject to a variety of influences tending to increase the current cost of their existence which do not affect the individual. In another article I propose to take up the bearing of this great aggregate increase upon the question of freight rates. and to consider whether the country can afford to compel the owners of its vast transportation lines to be longer content with a constantly narrowing margin of profit.

Killing the Germs in Water

The method of preparing water for drinking purposes by killing the germs instead of attempting to remove them is now advocated by an increasing number of hygienists. Practically this means treatment with ozone or some similar agent instead of using filters. It is stated by the Engineering Magazine (New York, March) that the employment of electrical ozonizers in Europe for sterilization of drinking water continues steadily to increase. Paris, we are told, has installed apparatus with a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons a day, and Nice treats 5,000,000 gallons a day. The latest addition to the list of cities employing this method of water purification is St. Petersburg. In a comprehensive discussion of the place of ozone in sanitation Mr. A. Mabille, writing in The Electrical Review, connects the sterilizing action of this variant form of oxygen with its radioactivity, which is marked. We quote as follows from an abstract of Mabille's article in the magazine first named above:

A small domestic apparatus is now on the market, in which the air is sucked through the ozonizer by means of an emulser fixt on the outlet of the water-tap, this emulser serving the double purpose of an air-pump and ozone-mixer. This apparatus will treat 60 gallons of water per hour. . . . Using a small apparatus of this description, Mr. Neisser found that, with water at a pressure of 30 pounds per square inch, the number of germs was reduced from 43,000 to 2 per cubic centimeter.

In the ozone apparatus, the germs are actually killed, whereas in the ordinary mechanical type of filter they are merely held back by the filtering medium, which in time is liable to become foul and act as an actual breeding-place for the microbes. Carbon filters are particularly faulty in this respect, it being essential frequently to sterilize the carbon blocks by heating them—a process that is tedious and is generally neglected by the ordinary householder. Hence these filters are a positive danger in themselves. Ozone possesses both taste and smell, and is thus distinct from oxygen, which has neither. However, the flavor of water treated with ozone is not at all impaired; indeed, the added oxygen appears to give the water a distinctly refreshing taste.

Besides its use in sterilizinz drinking water, ozone is likely to be of great help as a disinfectant in the prevention of zymotic diseases. The pathogenic or disease-producing bacteria appear quite unable to survive the poisoning action of ozone, while, according to Dr. Koch's experiments, sporeless bacilli are killed only after five minutes' treatment by a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid, and are not even injured by a 1 per cent. solution. Spore-bearing bacilli will resist a temperature of over 212 degrees Fahr. To quote again:

Clearly, therefore, there should be a field for ozone for the flushing and disinfecting of sewers and house-drains, especially in view of the fact that ozone destroys sulfureted hydrogen, and would thus probably be far more effective in dealing with the gas from sewer-ventilation pipes than the present method of burning the gas by the use of special gas-lamps.

Air-ozonizers have already been extensively used for hospital and sick-room disinfecting, but the use of any form of ozonizer for sewer work has up to the present not been tried. While sea air contains from 3 to 5 per cent. of ozone, the percentage of ozone in sick-room air is, as a rule, very minute indeed, hence the use of air-ozonizers for hospitals is now finding considerable favor. The Lancet, in May last, advocated the use of the stem drinking-glass, owing to the liability of the fingers to touch the brim of the ordinary tumbler; yet the same medical paper totally ignores the far greater risk of infectious disease being spread by reason of the absence of any attempt to sterilize the drinking-glasses used in public bars, restaurants, etc. A glass after being used by a person, possibly in the last stages of consumption, is washed in luke-warm water, frequently none too clean, and then used for the next customer without any thought as to whether the glass is germ-free or not. Much consumption undoubtedly is spread in this way, and the matter is one which the manufacturers of ozone apparatus might find well worthy of close attention. Once the general public have their attention drawn to this point they will insist on the hospital and restaurant managers using suitable precautions.

Are We Losing the Use of Our Hands?

Sir Frederick Treves writes in the Nineteenth Century for March an extremely interesting article under the above heading. It is the latest, but by no means the last, palinode sung over the gradual subjection of man to the machine. More and more the machine encroaches upon the domain of the human, and Sir Frederick Treves points out with much pathos the extent to which the supremacy of the machine is leading to the decadence of the race. That men have no longer many physical qualities which were developed in the stress and strain of their savage life, he says, is admitted:

The man of to-day is inferior, in certain points, to the savage who made the flint implements. It is safe to assume that neolithic man was keener of sight and hearing and fleeter of foot than is the present inhabitant of these islands. He surely, too, possessed greater powers of endurance.

And the process of decadence is still going on. Sir Frederick Treves says the marvelous skill of the hand, which

was developed by our ancestors, is being lost by their degenerate descendants. "We are compelled to own that the human being is—in one particular at least—showing signs not of advancement, but of decay." Sir Frederick points out that typewriters destroy the use of fine caligraphy and sewing machines destroy fine sewing. In his own profession "surgery, as a pure handicraft, reached a point of perfection prior to these great changes, to which it does not now attain."

This is due not so much to the machine as to the introduction of anæsthetics, which allows the surgeon to take time.

The simpler crafts are all disappearing. Spinning and weaving, for instance, have vanished and with them have vanished the nimble sensitiveness of the hands of thousands of men and women in this country. The knitting machine has destroyed the training of the hand supplied by the knitting needle. Embroidery has gone the same road. By the Heilmann embroidery machine one inartistic person can guide from 80 to 140 needles, working simultaneously. Lace-making tells the same story; even the shoemaker, who is an artist in his way, has gone the same road:

> The old craftsman may mourn the loss of his finished steel, but he must be proud to think that even in the making of the uppers of a boot it needs some sixteen machines to do what was done by his two hands. A great press now cuts out the sole piece; heavy rollers take the place of the lapstone. Eyelet holes are fashioned at the rate of one hundred a minute. Buttonholes are made and finished by one machine, while the buttons are fastened on by another. A final engine actually links together with a stitch the two boots of a finished pair. Here, then, as in the daintier art of glove-making, is there an irreparable loss in the use of the hands.

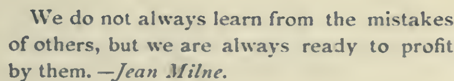
Needle-making used to be a fine handicraft, needing the deftest use of the fingers. Now needles are all made by machines:

> With regard to pins, I need not say that one machine provides them, complete with heads and points, at the rate of about two hundred a minute. Wire enters the machine at one end and comes out as pins at the other. A still more ingenious apparatus sticks pins in formal rows into the paper. So here, again, there is no need of hands.

So it is with everything else. In carpentry, machines have almost superhuman powers. Paper-making and book-binding, as a means of hand culture, have practically ceased to exist. Wood-engraving and line-engraving have vanished, and with them have gone thousands of skilled artists. But it is not only in the finer uses of the hands that the machine is doing its devastating work. There are a

> thousand and one machines which are taking the place of human muscles. Handicraftsmanship is not concerned with the steam navvy or steam shovel, with the trench-excavating machine or the tree-feller, with the rock-drill or the pneumatic riveter. It only need be noted that these machines do not tend to improve the physical development of man.

We are evidently on the down grade, but Sir Frederick Treves says that it may be only for a period, and the decline is temporary. The loss is none the less great and regrettable.



Upton Sinclair's Prescription for Perfect Health.

The experiences of Upton Sinclair, the novelist, in securing what he terms perfect health, is narrated by him in the Contemporary Review, and while a good many people might hesitate to adopt the drastic remedy suggested by him, still his plan will be followed with interest. After having been brought up in a well-to-do family, in which good eating was regarded as a social grace and the principal interest in life, Mr. Sinclair was, at twenty, an active and fairly healthy young man. Then he wrote his first book and the severe strain of this work began to affect his health.

I went to see a physician, who gave me some red liquid, which magically relieved the consequences of doing hard brain-work after eating. So I went on for a year or two more, and then I found that the artificially-digested food was not being eliminated from my system with sufficient regularity. So I went to another physician, who gave my malady another name, and gave me another medicine, and put off the time of reckoning a little while longer.

I have never in my life used tea or coffee, alcohol or tobacco ; but for seven or eight years I worked under heavy pressure all the time, and ate very irregularly, and ate unwholesome food. So I began to have headaches once in a while, and to notice that I was abnormally sensitive to colds. I considered these maladies natural to mortals, and I would always attribute them to some specific accident. I would say, "I've been knocking about down town all day" ; or, "I was out in the hot sun" ; or, "I lay on the damp ground." I found that if I sat in a draught for even a minute I was certain to "catch cold." I found also that I had sore throat and tonsilitis once or twice every winter ; also, now and then, the grippe. There were times when I did not sleep well ; and as all this got worse, I would have to drop all my work and try to rest. The first time I did this a week or two was sufficient; but later on a month or two was necessary, and then several months.

The year I wrote "The Jungle" I had my first summer cold. It was haying time on a farm, and I thought it was a kind of hay-fever. I would sneeze for hours in perfect torment, and this lasted for a month, until I went away to the sea-shore. This happened again the next summer, and also another very painful experience ; a nerve in a tooth died, and I had to wait three days for the pain to "localise," and then had the tooth drilled out, and staggered home, and was ill in bed for a week with chills and fever, and nausea and terrible headaches. I mention all these unpleasant details so that the reader may understand the state of wretchedness to which I had come. At the same time, also, I had a great deal of distressing illness in my family ; my wife seldom had a week without suffering, and my little boy had pneumonia one winter, and croup the next, and whooping-cough in the summer, with the inevitable "colds" scattered in between.

After the Helicon Hall fire I realized that I was in a bad way, and for the two years following I gave a good part of my time to trying to find out how to preserve my health. I went to Battle Creek and to Bermuda, and to the Adirondacks ; and I read the books of all the new investigators of the subject of hygiene, and tried out their theories religiously.

It was Horace Fletcher, who first set him on the path to better health, but it was not Fletcherism which cured him. Fletcher told him that Nature would be his guide and that if only he masticated thoroughly, instinct would select the foods. But unfortunately his "nature" was hopelessly perverted and he preferred unwholesome foods.

I next read the books of Metchnikoff and Chittenden, who showed me just how my ailments came to be. The unassimilated food lies in the colon, and bacteria swarm in it, and the poisons they produce are absorbed into the system. I had bacteriological examinations made in my own case, and I found that when I was feeling well the number of these toxin-producing germs was about six billions to the ounce of intestinal contents ; and when, a few days later, I had a headache, the number was a hundred and twenty billions. Here was my trouble under the microscope, so to speak. ...

These tests were made at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where I went for a

long stay. I tried their system of water cure, which I found a wonderful stimulant to the eliminative organs; but I discovered that, like all other stimulants, it leaves you in the end just where you were. My health was improved at the sanitarium, but a week after I left I was down with the grippe again.

I gave the next year of my life to trying to restore my health. I spent the winter in Bermuda and the summer in the Adirondacks, both of them famous health resorts, and during the entire time I lived an absolutely hygienic life. I did not work hard, and I did not worry, and I did not think about my health except when I had to. I lived in the open air all the time, and gave most of the day to vigorous exercise—tennis, walking, boating and swimming. I mention this specifically, so that the reader may perceive that I had eliminated all other factors of ill-health, and appreciate to the full my statement that at the end of the year's time my general health was worse than ever before.

I was all right so long as I played tennis all day or climbed mountains. The trouble came when I settled down to do brain-work. And from this I saw perfectly clearly that I was over-eating; there was surplus food to be burned up, and when it was not burned up it poisoned me. But how was I to stop when I was hungry? I tried giving up all the things I liked and of which I ate most; but that did no good, because I had such a complacent appetite—I would immediately take to liking the other things! I thought that I had an abnormal appetite, the result of my early training; but how was I ever to get rid of it?

I must not give the impression that I was a conspicuously hearty eater. On the contrary, I ate far less than most people eat. But that was no consolation to me. I had wrecked myself by years of overwork, and so I was more sensitive. The other people were going to pieces by slow stages, I could see; but I was already in pieces.

Then came the cure. He chanced to meet a lady, who had been a bed-ridden invalid for ten or fifteen years, but at the time was enjoying the best of health.

She had cured herself by a fast. She had abstained from food for eight days, and all her troubles had fallen from her. Afterwards she had taken her eldest son, a senior at Stanford, and another friend of his, and fasted twelve days with them, and cured them of nervous dyspepsia. And then she had taken a woman friend, the wife of a Stanford professor, and cured her of rheumatism by a week's fast. I had heard of the fasting cure, but this was the first time I had met with it. I was too much burdened with work to try it just then, but I began to read up on the subject—the books of Dr. Devey, Dr. Hazzard and Dr. Carrington, and more especially those of Dr. Bernard Macfadden. Coming home from California I got a sunstroke on the Gulf of Mexico, and spent a week in hospital at Key West, and that seemed to give the coup de grace to my long-suffering stomach. After another spell of hard work I found myself unable to digest corn-meal mush and milk, and so I was ready for a fast.

I began. The fast has become a commonplace to me now; but I will assume that it is as new and as startling to the reader as it was to myself at first, and will describe my sensations at length.

I was very hungry for the first day—the unwholesome, ravening sort of hunger that all dyspeptics know. I had a little hunger the second morning, and thereafter, to my very great astonishment, no hunger whatever—no more interest in food than if I had never known the taste of it. Previous to the fast I had had a headache every day for two or three weeks. It lasted through the first day and then disappeared—never to return. I felt very weak the second day, and a little dizzy on arising. I went out of doors and lay in the sun all day, reading; and the same for the third and fourth days—in intense physical lassitude, but with great clearness of mind. After the fifth day I felt stronger, and walked a good deal, and I also began some writing. No phase of the experience surprised me more than the activity of my mind: I read and wrote more than I had dared to do for years before.

During the first four days I lost fifteen pounds in weight—something which, I have since learned, was a sign of the extremely poor state of my tissues. Thereafter I lost only two pounds in eight days—an equally unusual phenomenon. I slept well throughout the fast. About the middle of each day I would feel weak, but a massage and a cold shower would refresh me. Towards the end I began to find that in walking about I would grow tired in the legs, and as I did not wish to lie in bed I broke the fast after the twelfth day with some orange-juice.

I took the juice of a dozen oranges during two days, and then went on the milk diet, as recommended by Macfadden. I took a glassful of warm milk every hour the first day, every three-quarters of an hour the next day, and

finally every half-hour—or eight quarts a day. This is. of course, much more than can be assimilated, but the balance serves to flush the system out. The tissues are bathed in nutriment, and an extraordinary recuperation is experienced. In my own case I gained four and a half pounds in one day—the third—and gained a total of thirty-two pounds in twenty-four days.

My sensations on this milk diet were almost as interesting as on the fast. In the first place, there was an extraordinary sense of peace and calm, as if every weary nerve in the body were purring like a cat under a stove. Next there was the keenest activity of mind —I read and wrote incessantly. And, finally, there was a perfectly ravenous desire for physical work. In the old days I had walked long distances and climbed mountains, but always with reluctance and from a sense of compulsion. Now, after the cleaning-out of the fast, I would go into a gymnasium and do work which would literally have broken my back before, and I did it with intense enjoyment, and with amazing results. The muscles fairly leaped out upon my body ; I suddenly discovered the possibility of becoming an athlete. I had always been lean and dyspeptic-looking, with what my friends called a "spiritual" expression ; I now became as round as a butter-ball, and so brown and rosy in the face that I was a joke to all who saw me.

The cure was perfect. He found that he could eat all kinds of food without ill-effects. He no longer had headaches. He was immune to colds.

The fast is to me the key to eternal youth, the secret of perfect and permanent health. I would not take anything in all the world for my knowledge of it. It is Nature's safety-valve, an automatic protection against disease. I do not venture to assert that I am proof against virulent diseases, such as smallpox or typhoid. I know one ardent physical culturist, a physician, who takes typhoid germs at intervals in order to prove his immunity, but I should not care to go that far ; it is enough for me to know that I am proof against all the common infections which plague us, and against all the "chronic" troubles. And I shall continue so just as long as I stand by my present resolve, which is to fast at the slightest hint of any symptom of ill-being—a cold or a headache, a feeling of depression, or a coated tongue, or a scratch on the finger which does not heal quickly.

Those who have made a study of the fast explain its miracles in the following way : Superfluous nutriment is taken into the system and ferments, and the body is filled with a greater quantity of poisonous matter than the organs of elimination can handle. The result is the clogging of these organs and of the blood-vessels—such is the meaning of headaches and rheumatism, arteriosclerosis, paralysis, apoplexy, Bright's disease, cirrhosis, etc. And by impairing the blood and lowering the vitality this same condition prepares the system for infection—for "colds," or pneumonia, or tuberculosis, or any of the fevers. As soon as the fast begins, and the first hunger has been withstood, the secretions cease, and the whole assimilative system, which takes so much of the energies of the body, goes out of business. The body then begins a sort of house-cleaning, which must be helped by an enema and a bath daily, and, above all, by copious water-drinking. The tongue becomes coated, the breath and the perspiration offensive ; and this continued until the diseased matter has been entirely cast out, when the tongue clears and hunger reasserts itself in unmistakable form.

The loss of weight during the fast is generally about a pound a day. The fat is used first, and after that the muscular tissue ; true starvation begins only when the body has been reduced to the skeleton and the viscera. Fasts of forty and fifty days are now quite common—I have met several who have taken them. The longest fast I have heard of is seventy-two days.

The Art of Losing One's Identity

The desire to escape from one's identity is almost universal in mankind. If we do not actually run away from our surroundings, we at least delight in masks, in dressing up, in paint and false hair, in shaving, in tableaux, charades and theatricals. With this text, a clever writer in *The Nation* has put together a most readable article, dealing with this strange

yearning in man to get away from himself and be something different.

The greatest and wisest furnish us with examples. From the prime of the world, princes have been transformed into toads and beasts so readily that their people hardly noticed the difference. We read that Augustus, once a year escaping from divinity and the kingship of the world, played the mendicant in rags upon the curbstones of the city. This week Paris has affected to ignore a Duke of Lancaster's more familiar designation. Last summer a member of Parliament announced his intention of visiting Switzerland incognito—a ruse that surpassed the demands of absolute necessity. Why could not the excellent Dr. Jekyll be satisfied with one personality? Why did the Lord of Burleigh ever suppose that anyone but the Royal Academy and a village maiden would take him for a landscape painter? These are cases in which so praiseworthy a virtue as humility has tended almost to abasement in its dissatisfaction with self. Similarly among writers, Swift wrote best as a draper or sea captain, Carlyle as a German philosopher, George Sand as a man.

* * *

There have been many such, and in various ways they have striven to confound their identity. Few, indeed, have proved so successful as the Man in the Iron Mask, who attained to the distinction of being no one. But Charles V. submerged his glory in a monastery, and daily rehearsed his own obsequies till death rang the curtain up for the complete performance. To eat grass as the ox, to grow feathers as the bird, and be wet with the dew of Heaven might seem an unnatural ferity, had not the King of Babylon commended it by his example, and many thousands of holy men adopted that mode of life among Egyptian deserts and the pinnacles of meteoric cliffs. What shore is not strewn with the derelicts of Europe? What Pacific isle is not haunted with beachcombing shadows of a past? How many have risen on stepping-stones of their dead selves to different things! It is oblivion that must first be sought, and some have fount it, like Waring, in an Adriatic boat; some, like Valjean, in a plunge from the galleys; some, like Monte Christo, in a shotted sack; some, like John Harmon, in a Thames mortuary; some, like the Silver King, in a railway accident, backed by the "Daily Telegraph"; some in the House of Lords.

In "The Foreign Legion," forming part of the French army and having its headquarters in Algeria, one of the most interesting examples of self-obliteration is to be found on record. In some instances men are driven to it by general misbehaviour or trouble about a woman. For some it is the alternative of gaol. To many it gives an opportunity to cut the line of life in half, to start fresh in their short race to the grave.

The Legionary's existence is almost uninterrupted toil on a halfpenny a day, plus uniform, barrack sheds, and a minimum of food. Cleaning, drill, firing, road-making, and marching—that is his life. Above all, marching. On the route marches, simply for training and discipline, the Legion covers a minimum of 25 miles a day, carrying kit and rifle that come to 100 lbs. weight together, and that along sandy tracks under the African sun. The sick are arrested; stragglers are dragged over the ground behind carts; a legionary who slinks into the desert is sure to be butchered by Arab women with horrible mutilations. In barracks the one joy comes on the fifth day, when the wages of twopence-halfpenny secures a pint of wine and three ha'porth of tobacco. For the smallest offence, especially for losing a fragment of uniform, the punishments are intolerably severe, though the silo, or exposed pit, and the crapaudine, under which a man became a semi-circular bundle with legs and arms lashed together over his back, have lately been abolished. So life goes on from day to day, the original contract lasting five years; but at the end of that time the contract may be renewed for another five, the pay being a little increased with length of service, until fifteen years have passed. The legionary may then retire on a pension of £20 a year, if Providence has granted him so long a life, which is, indeed, seldom. In nearly all cases, the last oblivion has overwhelmed his body in unrecorded sand before half the term has run.

Perpetually harassed and overstrained, exposed to unaswerable insults, tormented by heat and thirst, brutalised by inevitable vices, the legionaries fall into a hysterical excitement or a brooding madness, both of which they call "cafard." They hack off their fingers to avoid service, they drink absinthe in milk to induce fever, they feign insanity for months together, all at the risk of being sent as "Zephyrs" to the deadly treatment of the penal battalion. The staple of their conversation is the best way to desert, though desertion seldom succeeds, and failure means a hideous death in the desert or heavy penalties on recapture. Yet the Legion is always

full ; it now averages over 10,000 men ; the author estimates that more than 100,000 have entered its ranks since its establishment eighty years ago. And, what is more remarkable, the legionaries take an intense pride in the Legion's reputation for cleanliness, marching, music and behavior on the field. When the order for active service comes, the whole Legion is full of joy. Eleven times it has refused to obey the order for retreat in battle.

Deep down in the soul lurks the desire for the destruction of half itself, a demi-suicide, an obliterating initiation, a renewed infancy, a rebirth in maturity, a cancelling of debts, a moral "nova tabula," a clean slate, if not a clean heart. For this object the Greeks celebrated their mysteries, scoured the neophant with bran, and bade him rise from the holy bath exclaiming, "Evil have I fled, to the better have I sped." When we describe anyone as a new man, we always mean that he has altered for the better and not for the worse. In everybody's breast the hope is laid up that at any moment by a change of circumstances he may become a new man, having cut himself loose from the haunting associations that keep calling him back to the past and dog his footsteps with hateful reminders, like the barking Furies or the sleuth-hounds of the Charity Organization Society. To leave all hampering impediments behind, to set out lightly burdened as a baby upon the remaining pilgrimage of grace, to start fresh, to flee away into the wilderness and be at rest, that is the hope even of the Foreign Legion's recruit—an elevating and consolatory hope, no matter how frequently the theoretic philanthrophist may tell us it is diappointed.

A History of Ill-Gotten Gains

A book on gambling, entitled "Light Come, Light Go," by Ralph Nevill, has given a writer in the Saturday Review an opportunity to tell some interesting anecdotes about the fortunes of the gaming-table. The fact that "no one wins at gambling" is commented upon at the outset.

Even the famous Jack Mytton, whose commendable practice it was to smash all the gambling apparatus and thrash the proprietor of any club where he suspected foul play, and who is supposed to have won on the whole more than he lost, had endless disasters with his winnings. He had broken the banks of two well-known London hells on one occasion and was driving home with a large sum in notes. While counting these he went to sleep, and found on waking that several thousand pounds' worth of them had been blown out of the window. Decidedly a case, as Mr. Nevill says, of "light come, light go." But then Jack Mytton had an advantage over most modern gamblers in that he was nearly always drunk when he played, and against a joyfully intoxicated gambler no bank has a chance. I remember myself encountering a man who was just sober enough to pass the janitors at Monte Carlo, who borrowed a louis from me and put it on a number, which of course turned up. He left the maximum on the same number, which naturally turned up again. Then he sat down, put 6,000 francs on the red, and sat there shaking his head tearfully at his stake while the red turned up eight times running. Having now won something over £2,000, he consented to depart : an example which, it is needless to add, was followed by the £2,000 in the course of the next day or two. An old croupier at Monte Carlo with a marvellous memory for faces told me once that he himself had never seen a big winner who kept his winnings for more than two years. One considerable winner, of whom Mr. Nevill tells, retired from the gambling world very much out of pocket because he paid his own losses, but professed and adhered strictly to a theory that "it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money." This was Elwes, the nephew of the famous miser, and himself inclined to save money in numerous queer ways. One day at Newmarket he drove a friend over to the races, who, after a four

hours' drive and a good deal of business, began to hint at the comforts of a good dinner. Elwes produced from his greatcoat pocket a piece of old crushed pancake which he assured his friend was "as good as new," though it had been in his pocket for two months. The same afternoon Elwes had, unsolicited, lent Lord Abingdon £7,000 to save him from forfeiting a match which he had a chance of winning.

Other interesting stories are told, both by Mr. Nevill and the writer in the Saturday Review.

Casanova and d'Entragues once began a game of piquet for franc points, with the further understanding that the first man to rise from the table should lose 1,000 francs. The game began at three o'clock one afternoon; at nine o'clock next morning the players drank some chocolate without stopping play; at four o'clock that afternoon they had some soup; throughout that evening and night the play went on steadily; at nine next morning d'Entragues was "so dazed that he could hardly shuffle the cards, but declared that for his part he should not leave the table till either he or his opponent lay dead on the floor." On attempting to drink the next bowl of soup which was brought to him d'Entragues fell down in a faint, upon which Casanova "gave half a dozen louis to the croupier, who had been awake for forty-two consecutive hours, leisurely put the gold he had won in his pockets, and strolled out to a chemist's, where he bought a mild emetic." One's sympathy rather goes out in these circumstances to the croupiers and other officials, an army of whom was, of course, attached to every gaming house.

Where hazard was played men were kept on the premises whose sole duty was to swallow the dice in case of a raid by the police. Altogether unemployment must have been rare in London in those days, for the world gambled about everything, from chess and tennis (at which a Mr. Damer lost 40,000 guineas and then shot himself) down to hazard, perhaps the most popular dice game the world has ever known. One famous devotee to it left an injunction in his will that his bones should be made into dice and his skin into covering for the boxes.

Stories of eccentric bets in the eighteenth century seem to be endless. Mr. Nevill has unearthed dozens which are at least new to me. "Old Q.'s" bet of a thousand guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than anyone Sir John Lade could find, and the judge's letter announcing the result: "I have not time to state particulars but merely to acquaint your grace that man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple-pye," is delightful. Another rather gruesome story is of an execution at the Old Bailey, when two men were being hung, and a young nobleman won a hundred guineas in a bet "that the shorter of the two would give the last kick." The Count de Buckeburg's ride from London to Edinburgh in four days with his face turned towards the horse's tail makes a good story, as does the wager of Lord Orford, an ancestor of the author's, that a drove of geese would beat a drove of turkeys in a race from Norwich to London. The geese won by keeping on the road at a steady pace, while the turkeys flew to roost every evening in the trees adjoining the road. I wish every success to Mr. Nevill's enchanting and entertaining stories about human beings of the same breed as these last winners.

A Man Who "Ran" a Town

Dexter, Iowa, is a little town with less than 1,000 inhabitants. Before J. W. Pilkington, of Des Moines, became its dictator, it was practically unknown. To-day it stands out from its neighbors as a bright and shining example of what can be accomplished, when business men get together and work out their salvation in a business way. The story of how Pilkington keyed up Dexter to this point is told by Robert Sloss in Harper's Weekly.

"What have you got a town for?" Pilkington challenged fourteen representative merchants and bankers when they first gathered to meet him.

"To live in, of course," they replied.

"What do you want to live in it for?" asked Pilkington.

"To make a living," they finally agreed.

"And," supplemented Pilkington, "just as good a living as you honestly can." There you have the kernel of Pilkington's philosophy of civic betterment. It was instinct with imagination, not wanting in logic; and Pilkington had the

nerve and energy to try it out in Dexter.

"Sign a contract with me," he urged the merchants. "Let me manage the stores of this town for seven months and I'll boost Dexter into such prosperity as she has never known before. Any additional expense involved by my management will be all mine; any increase in your business, or betterment to your town, will be all yours."

"But what do you get out of it?" asked the Dexter merchants.

"Well, I want to prove a theory of mine, and increase my business, too. Boosting is my business," said Pilkington.

Pilkington took charge on the first of last June. He opened an office and put a manager in charge, with several assistants. The manager was to write the advertisements for the Dexter storekeepers and plan their sales. He was also to direct the merchants in the buying of stock and arranging it. Daily reports of sales were to be furnished him. He also opened a school for salespeople and showed them the value of show windows.

Pilkington also got the merchants to agree that every Saturday should be bargain day, and that each should hold special sales of one or more lines of goods. He got each store to agree that if a customer came in from a point near or beyond one of the neighboring towns, his attention should be called before he left to the bargains offered in the other stores. Thus wherever he went the advantages of doing his trading in Dexter were impressed upon the visitor.

A local lodge took in an unusual number of new members one night. Before they could send to Des Moines for proper insignia, each initiate received a neat announcement from one of Dexter's jewellers that a fresh stock of pins, charms, and buttons awaited his inspection. The attention of the other jeweller was called to a big wedding about to come off in one of the prominent families. Forthwith he was helped to arrange a special display of articles appropriate for gifts, and about a hundred prospective wedding guests received engraved invitations to come down and look it over. Thus Pilkington taught the Dexter merchants to keep their eyes open for trade opportunities and to apportion these among themselves.

The meetings of the Dexter Commercial Club, which had been perfunctorily social, began to assume a new aspect. Pilkington was showing that body some new ways of manipulating self-interest to the advantage of its members and to that of the town at large. "Why not offer three prizes each month for the best kept lawns in Dexter?" suggested Pilkington. The club put up the money and the local paper announced the contest. There was a rush to the hardware store for lawn-mowers. Forty new ones were bought the first month. The helper in that store still groans mentally when he remembers how hard he had to work last summer sharpening all the lawn-mowers in Dexter. But the way the front yards in that town began to improve was little short of magical.

Then Pilkington started in to arrange for local celebrations. The Fourth of July had never been much of a day in Dexter. He made it memorable. 5,000 people were attracted into the town. Booster Day followed.

Pilkington had not reckoned without his host. Booster Day dawned, and the farmers began to drive in till every hitching-post and horse-shed and available railing was tied up. Teams to the number of 275 were counted in Dexter that day, right in midsummer, when ordinarily one could hardly get a man off the farm on any pretext because of the haying and harvesting. But that day you could get a fourteen-quart granite dishpan in Dexter for fifteen cents at the hardware store. Security stays for barbed-wire fences were selling for half-price in the lumber-yard. The furniture man was selling rocking-chairs at a fifth off. At the drug-store hammocks were going at three-fourths of their regular price, and box stationery and talcum powder at half of theirs, while barn paint and linseed-oil were selling for a mere song. Nearly every farmer's wife was going about the street carrying a can of paint. The jeweller cleaned out his stock of gold watches early in the day and had to telephone to Des Moines for more, which came down on the afternoon train. It was the biggest day for trade that Dexter had ever seen. Pilkington, of course, was there from Des Moines to watch the fun and he laughed to himself as he saw all the storekeepers and sales-people of Dexter with limp collars, moist shirts, and beaded brows hustling on the hottest day of the year. They simply couldn't properly handle the customers which crowded their stores, not even with what Pilkington had already taught them.

That day was a clincher for the Pilkington regime in Dexter. When the merchants had recovered from it and read Pilkington's summary of their business for July, they found that it had increased on an average for the fourteen stores

just forty-seven per cent. over the business for the previous July. Some of the stores ran as high as one hundred and ten per cent. increase, others eighty per cent. and over. No one needed any urging to take Pilkington's advice in Dexter after that.

Pilkington's mind, however, had "that large aspect, looking before and after." It was far from his purpose constantly to crowd Dexter with yokels agape at the prospect of raree-shows. He was a real booster, was Pilkington, and whatever he boosted he wanted to stay put. He did get the merchants to pull off two or three more "big days" during his regime. For one of these, with characteristic originality, he selected Friday, the 13th of August, and advertised it as Dexter's Lucky Day. In September a Red-Letter Day was heralded and held, and it was the record-breaker for trade in the town. After Booster Day, however, Pilkington advised the Commercial Club to cut down amusement features and to get people into the habit of coming in to Dexter solely because of the advantages of trading there. Pilkington didn't want a slump to occur after he left. There was nothing specious about Pilkington's boosting. In their broadside advertiseing Red-Letter Day, the merchants, following his advice, frankly announced that there would be no free amusements in Dexter to attract people. The stress was laid upon the bargains offered. It was pointed out that when any one spent his money in Dexter it actually meant "putting another hog in the hog-lot." And the people came with money in their pockets expecting to spend it, and they did. The stores did an even more remarkable business than before; one, the largest of them all, which had been in business for thirty years, sold $1,200 worth of goods that day out of a stock worth $18,000.

The result of Pilkington's regime was startling. Stores in Dexter sold an average of half as much again during the seven months as they had done during the corresponding period of the preceding year. One store increased its business 210 per cent.

He never lost a chance of putting something definite up to Dexter. He was constantly putting a keen edge on the community's "social appetite." One of the first things he did was to go into the public school and tell the pupils and teachers that they ought to be proud of their town and help make it a town to be proud of. Thus the young idea was marshalled on the side of "boosting." Pilkington suggested special services for the churches, which so increased their congregations that two of them decided that they would have to put up more commodious places of worship, and these have been built. Pilkington suggested a series of lectures and demonstrations to give the farmers new ideas, and they were held. The Federal Department of Agriculture got wind of this and asked for a list of farmers in the neighborhood to each of whom they sent a treatise on the advantages of draining their lands. The drain-tile business began to boom in Dexter; so did the farmers' crops that year. That woke up the local canning factory, a large place in which not a wheel had turned for two years before Pilkington came.

Time would fail to tell of all the things done and started in Dexter because of Pilkington, and all without spending fabulous sums for advertising. Pilkington proved that the town would get plenty of free publicity if every one could be started boosting it because of his own self-interest. Early in his regime the newspapers of surrounding villages grew envious of the Dexter Sentinel, which was selling more space than ever before. Each began to comment on what the Dexter merchants were doing, and to point out how advantageous a similar scheme would be if worked in its own community. Dexter's neighbors read in their own local papers of how beneficial boosting would be for them—and then drove over to Dexter to do their trading. Through the civic spirit roused by Pilkington, Dexter came to be regarded as "some town." Real estate began to boom there and in the vicinity. The farmers wanted to get close to such a community. People began to move there from other towns, and new houses sprang up. Nor was the town going to slip back into its old apathy when Pilkington was gone. The merchants gave him a banquet when he bade them good-by. Showing them how to increase their business more than half in seven months was enough to earn their gratitude. They resolved to try for an equal increase in the next half-year, and raised a fund forthwith to make good. In response to their grateful encomiums Pilkington reiterated his principle. "I have tried," he said, "to impress on the business men of Dexter the necessity of studying the human mind and learning how to handle human nature. And I want to say to you that this thought carried into the business life of any town will develop an improved degree of intelligence. When people begin to study, when they begin to see the beauty in this old world, when they begin to try to develop themselves, they are going to demand better environments, better preachers, better reading-matter; and the whole thing comes up together."

The Insurgent Movement in Congress

The deposition of Cannon was an event of last month, which attracted considerable public attention. With the condition of affairs, which brought about the reform, few people are intimately acquainted. An explanation contributed by Victor Murdock to the North American Review will serve to throw light on an otherwise dark subject.

The system under attack, as Mr. Murdock points out, had the evil portion of its life in the successful denial of vital participation on the part of the majority in constructive legislation. It perverted the instrumentality of cloture, originally intended to expedite the business of a congregation of men, into a method for preventing the majority from recording its desires.

To give a concrete instance: the recent tariff bill was reported out of the committee into the House. Cloture was applied for one purpose, generally understood and endorsed, that is to expedite the measure and force its consideration with despatch to a concluding and deciding vote. But cloture was applied for another and far more weighty purpose, not generally understood, to make the tariff bill what those who dominated the committee which reported it, wanted it to be, and to prevent the majority of the House from making the bill what the majority wanted it to be. The committee which framed the bill has access to every item of the thousands in the tariff measure. The committee could change any one of the items or all of them. The House itself under cloture could change but five items in the bill: barley, barley malt, lumber, hides and petroleum.

The insurgents do not fight against cloture. They simply oppose that application of cloture which excludes the majority from vital participation in the construction of major legislation. Their impeachment of the system arises because the right of representation has been monopolized by a few men and finally lodged in its entirety in the person and office of the Speaker.

If I can, I would like to convey to the man who has had no Congressional experience the extent to which this transfer of power from the House itself to the person and office of one man has gone. The right to representation in the House is not wholly an affair of the individual Congressman. It is primarily a right that belongs to the 200,000 people in his district. Whatever his personal feelings in the matter, he ought to have a keen regard for the function of representation as it is related to the people who have delegated him to act for them. Many representatives do. The great majority of men who come to Congress bring with them an abiding faith in the good sense and justness of the people. They have come to know the mass of electors as individuals who are hearty in their commendations and slow in their condemnations of public servants, and of infinite patience in public affairs. Faith in the people is a cardinal tenet of representatives newly come to Congress. But the new representative finds, after the blindness of his first confusion, that the 200,000 people who have sent him as a representative are to have no vital participation in the construction of major legislation through any exercise of his representative functions. He may voice his sentiments endlessly: he may vote "aye" or "no" on a proposition of importance. But he cannot amend it to his own liking; he cannot even offer those about him the opportunity to vote up or down the change he would propose. His next step is one of humiliation. He may personally petition those who have the privilege of amending the proposition within the secret committee which is constructing the bill. But when he takes this step, it is with the thought that the constituents who sent him to Congress delegated him as a representative and not as a petitioner. If he swallows his humiliation and becomes personally a suppliant before a committee, he finds at last that the power of initiation, the power that is nine points in legislation, is not in the committee, but in that part of the system which creates the personnel of the committee—the Speaker of the House.

If he does not succumb to the system at this point and surrender his desire to go further into the mysteries through

which popular representation has been distorted into an autocracy, he will continue his investigation and the next step involves analysis. Granted the Speakership has taken to itself the power of the individual membership of the House, how is it lodged and how exercised? The power which has been shifted from the House to its presiding officer becomes in the Speaker twofold in character. It is personal and official. This circumstance gave origin to the phrase, which has become a popular definition, "Cannon and Cannonism." The Speaker exercises his power personally in selecting favorites for important committees and punishing others by assigning them to poor committees; by making up committees of men who agree with him on certain phases of important pending public measures; by placing upon measures which are to be pushed through under cloture the imprint of his personal idea; by extending recognition on suspension day to those he desires to favor. He exercises his official power by his control over business. He may permit consideration of a measure or prevent its consideration. This he does under the rules and in particular under three rules, one of which bestows upon him the chairmanship of a very small but most important committee called the Committee on Rules, another which gives him the right of arbitrary recognition and another which permits him to name not only the standing committees, but to designate the chairman of each committee. No one could differentiate distinctly between the use of the Speaker's personal power and his official power in all transactions. Ordinarily the Speaker uses both, and a diminution in either of his powers perceptibly weakens him in both.

The service of the Speaker on the Committee on Rules is important to the office in this. The committee has as its chief function the right to apply cloture, to put through the House a concrete measure without permitting the House to amend it. The Speaker dominates the committee. He decides upon the form of the measure and is its chief advocate. And then when it is put before the House, he mounts to the Speaker's chair as judge of the court before which the trial of his own measure is to proceed.

The power of the Speaker in recognition, when it is fully understood by the public, must be astounding. Every man who has served as a delegate in a ward caucus, fraternal society convention, conference or other conclave knows that there is an arbitrary element in the presiding officer's power of recognition that may not be eliminated and which is often used selfishly and to further some concerted and often secret prearrangement. If two men in a meeting rise simultaneously a presiding officer must name arbitrarily the man who is to speak first. There is no help for this, and a great many people think that this is the complaint against the Speaker by those called insurgents. But this is not the complaint. Under the rules and the voluminous precedents which have grown up under them, the Speaker may refuse to entertain a motion by a member when the member has no competitor for recognition and when the member asking recognition is in order. The formula in use on these occasions, and they occur on days when it is in order to suspend the rules, is the ultimatum by the Speaker, after he has heard the motion of the member seeking recognition: "The gentleman is not recognized for that purpose."

The power of the Speaker in naming committees is that which accrues to any form of close military organization. The Speaker is the general of the House and the chairman of committees are his field marshals. Control runs not upward from the members to the Speaker through the chairmen of committees. It runs downward from the Speaker through the chairmen to the members. There have been many occasions when the magic words, "The Speaker wants this measure passed," passing electrically through the House, saved the day for a bill, as, conversely, there is one known instance when a majority of Congress petitioned a Speaker to permit consideration of a bill and were denied.

Queer Methods of Remembering

A short article describing a number of devices the human mind has invented to remember little commissions and other matters requiring attention is contributed to The Lady's Realm by Charles J. L. Clarke. The writer confesses to having made a study of the ways of the more original of his ac-

quaintances to fix their jaded minds on things they have to do.

I have often read in the papers which secure circulations by poking fun at all and sundry, about the husband who forgets to post a letter entrusted to him by his better half. It is a mean trick to joke about such a matter. No self-respecting man who has forgotten to post a missive can see anything funny in the incident, I can assure you. A lady friend of mine, who professed to have an overburdening anxiety for the moral welfare of her husband, invented a novel method of reminding her spouse of his duty. Whenever she gave him a letter to post, she used to put it into the pocket which contained his favorite "smokes," and then pin the pocket up. Every time the forgetful one reached for the beloved weed he encountered the sealed pocket. It sat on his mind like a nightmare, and he could never feel happy until he had rid himself of the haunting envelope.

A certain Irishman, possessed of more jovial mind than moral rectitude, once met a friend to whom he owed a ten-pound note. The lender, having been exceptionally fortunate, and pitying the limited resources of the man from the Green Island, in a sudden burst of generosity said, "Murphy, my boy, I'll knock off five pounds of that debt you owe me." Warmly seizing him by the hand, the jovial Hibernian replied, "Thanks, old fellow, I won't be outdone in generosity—I'll knock off the other five." The husband of my lady friend, not to be outdone in helping his wife to remember her duties—for even our lady friends forget things in these days of hustle and bustle—nailed a slate on the pantry door, on which he recorded in chalk any little thing he wished done in the house.

The idea of mixing your memory-ticklers up with your tobacco is by no means new, and a friend of mine always had a few cards in his pouch, which bobbed up before him every time he wished to bow at the shrine of my lady Nicotine. He confessed to me that he never felt really happy until he had cleared his pouch of what he was pleased to term "the beastly things."

After a careful study of the various schemes by which my friends seek to remind themselves of little duties, I am convinced that these should be divided into two classes: (1) a device which cannot be parted from the object it is desired to remember; and (2) something which shall warn us that we have to remember, but which does not suggest what. Allow me to implore my reader to be careful of the second lot of reminders. We are, unfortunately, not all like the spendthrift who, on receiving bills, used to tear them up, and throwing them on the fire, say "There, thank goodness that is off my mind." If you are really a conscientious person, once you are reminded that you have something to do you cannot shake off the grim spectre of unfulfilled duty; but often, for the life of you, you cannot recall exactly what it is you wished to remember.

I knew a man who used to tie a knot in his handkerchief "just to remind him." One day he did this so that he might remember to stay in town to meet his wife. On and off throughout the day he puzzled his brain to try and think why he had tied the knot, but memory failed him. He burst into the door of his house at home eager to ask his wife what it was he ought to have done, but when he was told by the maid that mistress had gone to town, it flashed into his mind why that miserable haunting knot had been tied.

Every one carries a handkerchief—and one gentleman devised a novel scheme to aid his memory. He tied one hand in his handkerchief to induce people to inquire after his supposed injury, and thus get a reminder that some commission had to be carried out.

A finger-ring is an excellent ally for the forgetful one. When you get to the office you must use your keys to unlock your desk, hence the keys are the first thing which will come before you in the city; so that if you put a finger-ring on your key-ring, you have a sporting chance of recollecting the duty entrusted to you, especially if it is something you wish to do in town. Several people I know make a practice of changing a ring on to an unusual finger as a gentle reminder that something has to be remembered. Another quaint idea practised by a well-known city man was to tie two fingers together with a piece of string; while a journalistic friend inflicted upon himself the inconvenience of walking with his stick hanging from his coat until he had performed the particular duty he wished to remember.

What a tale the cuffs of some city men's shirts could tell if they were properly deciphered by the laundress! The white surface makes an excellent tablet, on which thousands of transactions, from Stock Exchange deals amounting to thousands, to the name and address of some new-found friend, are often recorded; and I know scores of people who throw down their arm and "shoot their linen" in order to refresh their memory on some important point. One famous public speaker, who took part in the recent political fight, is noted for scorning the use of notes and papers; but few people suspect that his ample

cuffs are used as a medium for helping him in the sequence of his powerful arguments.

I believe that one man, who had a passion for detail work, whiled away some of the time he spent in compulsory confinement in writing the Lord's Prayer on his thumb-nail, a feat which he succeeded in accomplishing with such perfection that, when photographically enlarged, the writing was clear and faultless; and although everybody has not got the time, patience or skill to equal this example, yet I have observed people who make use of their thumb-nail to jot down little details they wish to remember.

In this busy age there is nothing else in the world that one is so sure of continually consulting as their watch, hence an ingenious friend of mine argued that the face of his timepiece was the best place to stick a warning notice reminding him of something which he dare not trust his memory to retain. There is a certain little detail in this manoeuvre which I am sure prevents it being more generally adopted, and that is, that if you can see your message you cannot see the time; but my friend obviated this disadvantage by keeping a few circular gummed labels in his pocket, which, when put on the watch-face, did not prevent him from seeing the termination of the hands.

One of the most sensible reminders I know of—and I have been guilty of using the scheme on more than one occasion—is to send yourself a postcard to a place where you wish to do some particular thing. If I want to bring a book from home I just write myself a postcard, and presto! when the postman arrives in the morning he delivers my reminder, and, acting on the American principle of "Do it now," I rush off and collect that book at once, and hug it with commendable persistency until I leave the house, when, if I do not put it on the hat-rack in the train and forget all about it, it does really arrive at my office with me, as desired.

Responsibility

An admirable essay on the subject of responsibility appears in Scribner's Magazine, written by John Grier Hibben. Mr. Hibben takes up the fallacious doctrines which have insinuated themselves into the question, and disposes of them one by one. His first attack is on the idea that any responsibility which is divided is thereby lessened.

The director of a corporation may content himself with the comforting thought that where many are jointly responsible, his share of the common obligation after all cannot be regarded as very serious. And it is in this idea that a very fundamental error lies. For responsibility is by its nature something intensive and not extensive. It can be divided among many, but it is not thereby diminished in degree. On the other hand, when by the ordinary processes of arithmetical division one number is divided by another, the result is only a small part of the original amount. It is always a lessening process. But the idea of responsibility cannot be expressed in any such quantitative terms. Dividends can be divided into separate parts, but responsibility cannot. Responsibility can never be conceived in the light of a magnitude. It belongs to the class of things which, when divided, each part is equal to the whole.

Responsibility in this respect is like pleasure which, when shared, is not lessened, but the rather increased, as Bacon long ago pointed out. The same quality we find in the rewards of honor, or of fame it may be, which come to the many who have served in a common cause and rejoice in a common victory. Thus the glory of the whole is each one's share. It can be divided among many without loss. So, also, the appreciation of beauty in nature or in art shows no diminishing returns, although the number who experience the joy of it may be increased without limit. This, also, is the characteristic feature of responsibility. Parents share the responsibility of their child, but the complete responsibility and no half measure of its rests upon each. The director of a bank or an insurance company shares the responsibility of his position with his colleagues on the same board; but the shared responsibility is not a per capitum portion, but the whole.

This is not a new doctrine; it comes to us with an immemorial sanction. But it seems to have been forgotten in recent years. "My share of the respon-

sibility is but slight," is a common phrase which may be heard on all sides at the present day. If one would thus seek to minimize his sense of obligation as regards that which may be placed in his keeping as a trust, he should not forget that his share of responsibility is not a part, but the whole, undiminished and untransferable. He may have others associated with him, it is true, but his individual responsibility cannot be shifted upon them. He must meet it in the full rigor of its demands, and regard himself as though alone in the discharge of his duties.

The second fallacy discussed is that of delegated responsibility. Delegated responsibility is a commonplace of business life, but because some one else may assume certain responsibility, the one who delegates it, is not wholly relieved of it. The obligation to see that the work is done rests upon him. Division of labor is not a dissipation of responsibility.

A third fallacy is found in the case of the assumption of a convenient ignorance. The comforting theory is that no responsibility can attach to a person concerning an act of which he is ignorant. This is a lame excuse. There are men who know that certain results could not possibly be accomplished without certain definite means being used; and yet consent weakly to profit by these results on the ground that they do not know explicitly the character of the means used to attain them.

We are responsible for our silence, for our inertia, for our ignorance, for our indifference—in short for all those negative qualities which commonly constitute the "dummy" directors,—those inconsequent personages who would enjoy the honor and the perquisites of their office without allowing themselves to be unduly burdened with its duties and cares. The president of a corporation or a superintendent does not assume the responsibility vested in its board of directors ; he merely represents that responsibility. And when they would implicitly assign all sense of their personal obligations to his keeping, they not only put themselves in a position to to be easily fooled, but actually offer a ready temptation to such an one to fool them. They are thus doubly reprehensible ; for the neglect of duty on the one hand and on the other for actually extending a virtual invitation for some one to use them as tools for unlawful ends. Not only the wreck of a business but the wreck of a human being must be laid at their door, who by a splendid capacity for negligence do thus expose another to the play of the most subtle temptations which can be conceived.

There is also the mistaken notion that we may escape certain responsibilities by simply not assuming them. There are some obligations, however, which we do not dare to refuse, and which indeed it is not possible to refuse. We have no choice in the matter. We cannot say in truth that we have no responsibility, for instance, for the general decency and good order of the community in which we live, merely because we have chosen to keep out of the village politics, and therefore, not being on the borough council or the board of health, it is none of our business if the laws of nature, of man, or of God are violated. It must be remembered that responsibilities of such a kind are not assumed by definite choice, but belong to us whether we will or not. Certain responsibilities we do not choose ; they rather choose us. If at times they seem to us vague and indefinite, it becomes our duty then to make them definite through some effort on our part. We are held to account not merely for doing the obvious duty that circumstance may urge upon us, but also for creating the circumstance which may give rise to a wholly new set of duties. We are not only responsible for lending our service to the cause which has a rightful claim upon us, but also we may be responsible for the establishing of a cause to serve.

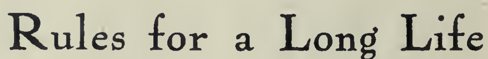
There are those who imagine that in certain relations of life there can be devised some natural substitute for the sense of responsibility. It is possible, of course, to establish a set of automatic checks upon an employe's activities, of such a nature as to reduce his personal responsibility to a minimum. Any failure in the performance of his duties is at once mechanically discovered by the various systems of time clocks, bell punches, cash registers, and the like. This is very well in all cases where the labor is that of simple routine. Mechanical activity can be checked by a mechanical device. Not so, however, as regards those duties which demand a higher order of capacity—such as that of sound judgment, a fine sense of discrimination, and the power of resourceful initiative. In all such matters there can be no substitute for the responsible per-

sonality. Man is a responsible being because of this very element of free activity in his nature which no mechanical contrivance, however ingenious, can ever gauge. We are all so dependent upon the integrity, fidelity, and efficiency of man in the more complex relations of life that we must at times, and often the most critical, trust him implicitly. We do not proceed far in any undertaking without being aware that we are holding another responsible, or that some one is holding us responsible for those inevitable duties which arise out of the relations of man to man the world over. If a man would escape all responsibility he must place himself wholly outside of the relations of life ; for life is responsibility. As we have seen, responsibility remains with us even though we may ask others to assume it ; we share it with others, but our portion is the same ; when we turn our backs upon it, we find it still facing us ; we flee from it, and, however far it may be, we see it waiting for us at the journey's end.

Life a Rich Estate

By Newell. D. Hills.

SUCCESS and contentment begin with the realization that life represents a valuable treasure. We may liken life to a field. At first the owner values it for wild berries; then, ceasing to be a wanderer, he becomes an agriculturist, and values it for its rich harvest; grown wiser still, he discovers coal; amazed at the treasure, he digs and finds silver and gold; astounded, he goes deeper, and lo! the seam is full of diamonds. And every life holds all the strata of underlying and unsuspected stores of treasure. The multitudes go through life mere Bedouins, looking for a chance flower of happiness or the wild berries of prosperity. Only now and then does a man dig into life as one who has the hidden treasure. And yet, no matter how modest the talent, or obscure the position, life is an estate holding every form of good. What if one should waken up every morning with this exclamation, "Welcome to this day, that shall be the best day in my life." I once heard a Cabinet Minister say at the end of seventy years that the two outstanding days in his career were his wedding day and his first day in Athens. But as for Athens, each new daybreak makes it possible to see a thousand cities and a world swimming in a sea of amethystine silver. As for the statesman's wedding day, each day during the forty years might have made love deeper and a sweeter draught. The sweetness of food depends upon the appetite. The meaning of the song is in the auditory nerve on which it trembles on its way to the hearer's intellect. Some foolish folk talk about killing time. Many feel that life is too long, and by suicide cut it short. And yet the world is overflowing with good things. As for the wild flower and the daffodil, it was substance for a song for Wordsworth. As for the field mouse and plough, they offered a theme for immortal music to Robert Burns. As for an old man coming home from his wanderings, welcomed by a dog that could not forget him, that was an inheritance that opened up the full scope for a world epic for Homer. The carpenter's shop offered Jesus a career that was divine—worthy of the Son of God. Life's greatness, therefore, begins with a realization of its latent treasures.



Rules for a Long Life

By Edward Everett Hale

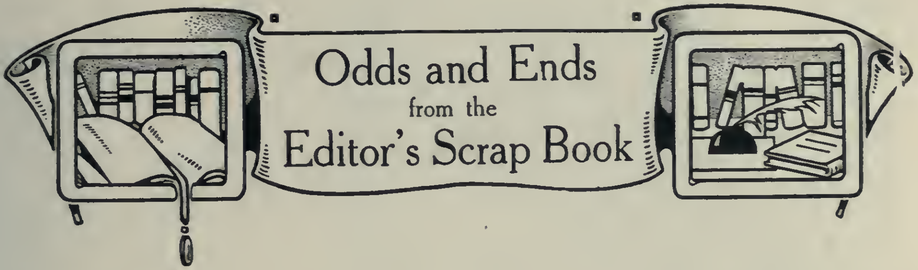
1. Rule both mind and body with an iron hold. You are master.

2. For the body, enough good sleep, enough good food, enough good exercise.

3. For the mind, regular work; work in the line of your genius and stop when you are tired.

4. After you are forty you may, if you are not a fool, choose your own rules, your own medicine and your own food. But you will find that the more you are in the open air and the more you are with other people, the better you will succeed. You will also find that there is nothing gained by brooding over failure.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5 (and always). The great central statement of life and history in this matter is: "He made himself of no reputation and took upon himself the form of a servant, wherefore God has highly exalted him."



A CANADIAN GOVERNOR, VICTIM OF RABIES.

That one of Canada's Governor-Generals once died from the effects of the bite of a mad dog, is an historical fact of which few people are nowadays aware. Yet this was the untimely end of Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, who assumed the duties of Governor of Canada on the 29th of July, 1818, and whose death occurred at Richmond on August 28, 1819.

The following facts regarding his death seem to be well authenticated, and first appeared in a letter sent to Lord Bathurst, October, 1819, by Mr. Charles Cambridge, who had just returned from Canada. It seems that the Duke had been making explorations in Upper Canada and after parting with Lord William and Lady Mary Lennox at Kingston, had gone to dine with a detachment of officers stationed not far from Richmond. This was on August 23, and on the 25th the symptoms of that dreadful disorder which terminated three days later in his death first presented themselves.

Early that morning he alarmed his valet by insisting that some trees near his window were people looking in, and when some water was brought to him he evinced great abhorrence at the sight of it. On several occasions that day and on the 26th the symptoms became but too obvious. So evident were they that a surgeon was sent for, who bled him, and his Grace found so much relief that he arose early the next morning, the 27th, and proposed walking through the woods of the new settlement of Richmond.

During the progress of the walk, a dog was heard to bark in the distance, and his Excellency started to run at such a rate of speed that he was with difficulty overtaken. Just at the outskirts of the wood, at the sight of some stagnant water, his Grace hastily leaped over a fence and rushed into an adjoining barn, whither his dismayed companions followed him. The paroxysm was at its height, and they feared he would die. It was only with great difficulty that they succeeded in removing him to a miserable hut in the neighborhood.

While in this log hut, reason occasionally resumed her empire, and his Grace availed himself of these lucid intervals to write a letter to Lady Mary Lennox. In it he expressed his conviction that his disorder was hydrophobia, and he reminded her how he had been bitten by a favorite dog at the Castle of St. Louis, five months before. The dog had subsequently gone mad, and the Duke felt irresistibly convinced of his own approaching fate. He recommended the line of conduct his children were to pursue in the painful situation in which his death would place them, and requested that he be buried like a soldier on the ramparts of Quebec.

His Grace's sufferings were extreme, yet his mind soared above his agony. He directed Colonel Cockburn not to attend to his orders any more—"For you see the state I am reduced to." Early on the morning of the 28th he expired in the arms of a faith-

CHARLES LENNOX, FOURTH DUKE OF RICHMOND

GOVERNOR OF CANADA, JULY 1818 TO AUGUST 1819, WHOSE DEATH AT RICHMOND, QUE., WAS DUE TO HYDROPHOBIA

ful Swiss, who had never left his beloved master for a moment. His body arrived at Montreal on the 30th, the day on which he was to have held levee.

* * * *

A PLAY OF PLAYS.

Popular excitement in Paris went to fever heat, we are told, when Rostand's now famous play "Chantecler" made its initial appearance in February. Not since the days of Victor Hugo and his "Hermani," was there such enthusiasm manifested by all classes of the people. And what is the play that has occasioned so much talk, both on the Continent, in England and in America? The story may be told in brief:

The curtain rises upon a barnyard scene, the domain of Chantecler. The hens cackle, the chickens play about, the turkey promenades in his pompousness. In his cage, the blackbird whistles. A pigeon on the roof of the chicken-house begins by asking some questions about the merits of the marvelous cock. The answers he gets are cool. Certainly Chantecler is not loved by his companions. But his call is heard and he enters, with his eyes fixed on the sun, whose splendor he chants in a magnificent hymn. He sends the hens to the field and himself engages in a conversation with the Merle, who mocks his pretensions of causing the sun to rise, and with the dog, Patou, who takes up his defence. Suddenly the report of a gun is heard, and a beautiful golden hen-pheasant, almost dead with fright, falls into the farm-yard and implores their protection. She is sheltered by Chantecler and Patou from the hounds. She tells them of the free and adventurous life of the forest, unable in her narrative to resist railing a little at the stupid and uneventful life of the bassecour.

Meanwhile night falls, and the owls, the night-birds, gather in conspiracy against Chantecler, who, in their opinion, is responsible for shortening their lives because he brings the day. They plan to have him killed by a notorious fighting cock when he attends a reception of the guinea-hen, in the kitchen garden. As they steal away, Chantecler arrives with the pheasant, who has fallen in love with him, and he intones a wonderful song, which he believes results in the rising of the sun.

In the third act, there is the reception of the guinea-hen, attended by all sorts of fowl. The fighting cock challenges Chantecler, who emerges from the combat victorious, and he retires in disdain. The tortoise arrives just as all is over.

Then Chantecler takes himself once more to the forest with the pheasant, where he recounts to her that he has to bring the sun above the horizon. But the pheasant seeks to make him forget his role as herald of the sun, and, entranced by the song of a nightingale, who is shot and falls dead before him, Chantecler does forget. The sun rises without his aid. Then, humbled in pride, he understands that his place is not in the mighty forest, and he returns to his throne in the farmyard, while the pheasant is caught in a net that the hunters have stretched for her. The dog, Patou, announces the coming of men—and the curtain falls.

LUCIEN GUITRY, WHO TAKES THE ROLE OF "CHANTECLER" IN ROSTAND'S NOW FAMOUS PLAY OF THAT NAME.

DEVICE TO ENABLE MOTORISTS TO SEE AROUND CORNERS

SAFETY DEVICE FOR MOTORISTS.

The ever-recurrent saying that necessity is the mother of invention was never truer than at the present day, when the multiplicity of human needs is forever calling for new solutions. The advent and widespread use of the automobile has led to many inventions. One of the latest is to be seen in the accompanying illustration. Here is illustrated a mirror erected at a dangerous corner, by means of which motorists are enabled to see whether any other vehicle is approaching from the other direction. This particular mirror stands near Harrowgate, England, and has been presented to the corporation by the Harrowgate and District Automobile Club.

THE OLD BELL

AN HISTORIC ACADIAN BELL.

What is claimed to be the first church bell in Acadia was presented by Louis XIV. of France in 1717, to the little log chapel of St. Jean Baptiste at Medoctic, which was built that year by Jean Baptiste Loyard, Jesuit missionary to the Indians of the St. John. Up to five years ago this bell was in use, but in March, 1904, it was broken in a fire which destroyed the little church of St. Anne, Kingslear, N.B. A large portion of it is now in possession of the New Brunswick Historical Society at St. John, while the rest was remolded into smaller bells, which have been retained as souvenirs by the Indians and descendants of the early French settlers.

The bell remained in the Indian church at Medoctic until 1767, when the missionary to the Indians, on the St. John river, Rev. Charles Francois Bailly, believing a point down river would be more convenient, had the mission moved to Ekouipahag, or Aukpaque, and as he says in his records, caused the old church at Medoctic to be dismantled "that it might not be a refuge for 'runners of the woods' and lawless persons." The bell was placed in the Indian log chapel there erected and from thence it was removed in 1794 to St. Anne's, Kingsclear. Here for one hundred and ten years more the little bell remained and pealed forth its silvery music on the banks of the lordly St. John.

THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. ANNE, KINGSCLEAR, N.B.

FOR ONE HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS, LOUIS XIV'S BELL HUNG IN THE TOWER OF THIS CHURCH

When the Indians at Medoctic first beheld the bell in 1717, they regarded it with awe and reverence until informed of its true nature by the missionaries, and a legend says that they made a big pow-wow when they heard it was to be removed in 1767. They surrounded the old chapel at Medoctic and refused to let the bell go. In the darkness of the night, so it is said, a young Indian from Aukpaque silently mounted a ladder of twigs secretly constructed in the forest during the previous day, and taking the little bell from its tower, placed it on a catamaran and poled down river. When morning came the bell was gone.

* * * *

AN EXQUISITE PORTRAIT.

THE FINEST FEMALE PORTRAIT IN THE WORLD
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS

It was Sir Thomas Lawrence, who in 1824, described Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons, "The Tragic Muse," as "indisputably the finest female portrait in the world," and this judgment has been endorsed by many an art critic since his day. The recent publication of a new life of the famous actress has again brought this noted portrait into prominence, for it appears as the frontispiece of Mrs. Clement Parson's "The Incomparabe Siddons," (Methuen & Co.) Mrs. Siddons, urges her biographer, "stands for the mother-woman" in combination with the sublime and instinctive actress, and it is certainly true that she excelled in characters in which the maternal and domestic phases of feminine emotion predominate — Constance, Volumnia, Hermione, Queen Katharine. Yet though "melancholy tenderness" may have been the customary note of her voice, we must remember that she had glances that could frighten and tones that could startle or thrill, while about the majesty of her stage-presence there can be no dispute. As Juliet, Leigh Hunt found her too imposing and mature for the "amatory pathetic," and she was never very happy in comedy. In the stateliness of her

THE ALBERT MEDAL

beauty, the gravity of her manner, and her capacity for tempestuous passion she was a veritable tragedy queen. Mrs. Siddons was one of the actresses who failed in London at first, only to conquer later on. Her "false dawn" was in 1775, when at twenty years old she essayed Portia during Garrick's farewell season at Drury Lane. Her triumphs came after some seasons at Bath, just seven years later, in second-rate tragedies, and were clinched by her Shakespearean performances of Constance and Lady Macbeth.

THE ALBERT MEDAL.

The first Albert Medal ever conferred on a Canadian was presented to Conductor Reynolds, the hero of Spanish River, on St. Patrick's Day. The medal dates from 1866, with extensions in 1867 and 1877, and is a recognition of acts of gallantry performed by any person whatever. Its recipients are ranged in two divisions, the one receiving the badge, inscribed, "For Gallantry in Saving Life at Sea," and the other with the closing words varied to "on Land." Each division has now two classes, the badge of the one having a golden centre, with a bronze garter around it, that of the other being wholly in bronze; both are oval, and contain an Albert Crown and cipher VA., to which in the sea division an anchor is added. The suspending ribbon in this division is of dark blue, with four white stripes in the first-class, and two in the second; in the land division it is crimson, with similar white stripes. An added bar records an additional act of gallantry. Another "Albert Medal" not to be confused with this, is given by the Society of Arts.

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THE MOTORISTS' CLUB.

The enthusiastic motorists of London have decided on the erection of a handsome club house, of which an architect's drawing is shown on the opposite page. It will be known as the Royal Automobile Club, and will be located on Pall Mall. As motorists are naturally a wealthy class, no money is being spared to make this club house one of the finest in London. It will be patronized by the King, and for a time will, no doubt, be the centre of activity, until an Aero Club is built to supersede it.

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BRAZIL'S BATTLESHIPS.

In these days of Dreadnaughts and Super-Dreadnaughts, one thinks of the ships of Britain and Germany as being the largest and most effective war vessels afloat. It is a little

A CLUB FOR MOTORISTS   Photo: "Topical."

PLAN OF THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S NEW BUILDING IN LONDON

surprising, therefore, to find one of the South American Republics, upon which we are oftentimes inclined to look down as weak and decadent, possessing a battleship, which, at the time of its launching not so many months ago, was the largest in the world. The "Minas Geraes," as it was christened, was built on the Tyne by Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., for the Brazilian Government, and was only handed over a few weeks ago.

Photo: Parry & Son

A HUGE WARSHIP FOR SOUTH AMERICA

BRAZIL'S GIGANTIC BATTLESHIP, THE "MINAS GERAES," THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD AT THE TIME IT WAS LAUNCHED

"THE MOST REMARKABLE MARBLE HEAD IN EXISTENCE"

REMARKABLE MARBLE HEAD.

The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston now numbers among its most precious possessions the marble head shown in the illustration. Describing the work, an art critic says: "This head is clearly a Greek original of the fourth century, from the hand of a master. Part of the hair on either side is gone, and shows signs of having been repaired in antiquity, but the beautiful face of the subject is unmarred. Whether it is a queen or a goddess, no one can say, but critics seem satisfied that it is the best example of the work of Praxiteles. The French sculptor Rodin has studied the head, and said it is the most remarkable marble head in existence."

* * *

A BOSTON RELIC IN ST. JOHN.

A very interesting relic of the war of the American Revolution is preserved with much care by the citizens of St. John, New Brunswick. The loyalists of that day were the real founders of the city. Twenty ship-loads of them, 3,000 persons in all, landed there May 18, 1783, and "began with vigor to build a city." They came from Boston and other New England towns. Some of them believed in the ultimate success of the British arms, and perhaps wanted to be on the winning side. Most of them, though, were sincerely loyal to England, either from belief in a monarchical form of government or from plain love for the Old Country. Hence their departure in 1783 to found a city where patriots would cease from troubling and a loyalist might rest.

One of these departing groups carried away with them an object of veneration to them and of something like execration just then to their fellow citizens. This was the British coat of arms, carved in wood, which had hung in the council chamber of the old State House at Boston before the revolt of the colonies. It was taken first to Halifax and later to St. John.

This is the relic which is still treasured by the descendants of the loyalists. It is excellently carved from a single block of wood and is about three feet square. It is decorated in the correct colors and gilding, and aside from its historic significance is an interesting specimen of eighteenth century workmanship.

When the coat of arms was rescued from the hands of the rebellious Bostonians its romantic career was by no means finished. From Halifax it was sent to St. John and given into the keeping of Trinity church. It was placed above the main entrance on the inside of the building, a position

it has occupied in five successive edifices.

During that time it has had its adventures—some of them very exciting. The first church building was small and was erected in 1784, the year after the loyalists founded the city. It was soon outgrown, and the coat of arms found a new resting place in a second church building, still referred to as Old Trinity, erected in 1791, and consecrated the next year.

The west end of this building, the end containing the coat of arms, was destroyed by fire in 1849, but the cherished wooden carving was saved and was restored to its old position when the church was rebuilt and enlarged in 1854. Thirteen years later this edifice too was burned in what is called the great fire. This time the coat of arms was in imminent danger of being destroyed, but a Mr. Hazen, a descendant of the Hazen family which emigrated from Newburyport, Mass., rescued it.

The fifth move of the trophy was to the present large stone building of Trinity church, where it has remained almost undisturbed for thirty years.

AN HISTORICAL COAT OF ARMS

FORMERLY IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, AND BROUGHT TO CANADA BY THE LOYALISTS

System and Business Management

Organized Salesmanship

By John Lee Mahin

From Printers' Ink

A LITTLE more than twelve years ago, a youth, twenty-two years of age, and fresh from the college of experience, managed through a peculiar sort of bull-dog tenacity to get a job on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad. He had come from the small Canadian town of Fenelon Falls. He knew very little about the business of traffic, transportation, or freight rates, and so they put him to work digging sewers, subbing on a wreck-train and cleaning the internal clinkers from fresh water boilers. Right merrily he made the welkin ring at the railroad yard. But something quite apart kept calling him. He though his right hand was better constituted to hold a pen than to wield a three-pound hammer in the chorus of pandemonium.

He had a strong inclination for figures. The inevitable confronted him. He had to make up his mind to get out of the railroad business and the boiler cleaning profession or throw away his ink bottle. As a preliminary, he took a three months' course in bookkeeping, retired from the yards, and looked about him.

The impulse strongest in him was not to repair something, but to sell something.

Salesmanship dominated him. In a nebulous way, the idea formed in his store for the man who supplied public necessities.

One day he read an article about Frank A. Munsey, already world-famous as a publisher and a manufacturer. The Rochester boy heard that Mr. Munsey was erecting a magnificent department store in New London.

Did the ex-railroad cub take the next train for New London in search of a job?

No. He went off and made a careful investigation of Frank Munsey's rating with Bradstreet. He found he was worth $300,000, "and growing."

The story of how this Rochester boy opened a correspondence, got on the trail of his job and riveted himself to the one idea of joining the pay-roll is a long one. It is a lesson in "stick-toitiveness," an epic in persistence and a record of tireless application to the one idea of "landing with Munsey." And "land" he did in the bookkeeping department at $15 a week.

He saw the expansion of the business, the far-reaching effect of concentration and salesmanship and organization.

He plugged at it, night and day, without regard for office hours, and shutting his eyes to all else save the growth of the business.

The food department store in New London became the parent of fifty other stores, linking eastern cities with its chains and all carrying out successfully the policies of organized sales-

manship developed by the Rochester boy.

The two magazines at that time published by The Munsey Company grew into six, and four daily newspapers were added to the family.

The business increased. The future, pregnant with promise, loomed in majestic proportions.

Organization became the watchword. The Canadian boy had grown up with the business, occupying every position of trust and responsibility in the gift of his employer.

To-day, although not yet thirty-five years of age, the once boiler-cleaner, William T. Dewart, is now the general manager of The Frank A. Munsey Company, and all that it stands for in publishing, manufacturing and salesmanship.

By what process had he risen to this opportunity?

Close attention to the details of his business, the future of organized salesmanship and the personality of his employer.

He had analyzed Mr. Munsey and his opportunities. He had become convinced of Mr. Munsey's large ultimate success, and that in time Mr. Munsey would need and appreciate just the service that he was best able to render to him.

Mr. Dewart showed himself essentially a salesman in the truest sense of the word as far as his own powers and abilities were concerned.

He knew exactly what he could do himself if given the opportunity. He had analyzed and thought out what Mr. Munsey would need in the way of assistance when he fully developed his ambitious plans.

Mr. Dewart did not find a market for his abilities awaiting him with a beckoning hand. He had to create his own opportunity.

Upon every human being the responsibility of salesmanship rests. It is a duty that cannot be escaped. Every man and every woman has powers of usefulness which must be marketed in this complex, co-operative civilization in which we are living.

We see merchants with but little schooling conducting successful business enterprises and increasing in prosperity year after year and admittedly abler men judged entirely by intellectual standards going into bankruptcy after attempting the identical lines of business.

These differences can be attributable to no other cause than that something which men possess in varying degree but which, it is apparent, can be developed and intensified by will power, and that is the quality of persuading others to accept us at the same estimate we place upon ourselves and upon which we can continue to make good. This is as good a definition of the word salesmanship as I am able to give, and as applied to merchandise it needs only a little restating in terms and not in essence.

Salesmanship is persuading people to purchase what one has to sell them at a price which means permanent satisfaction to the buyer.

All I know about advertising I learned as an everyday salesman. To me advertising is nothing more nor less than *organized salesmanship.*

As the modern shoemaking factory, with its many automatic machines, and its army of high-class salesmen, calling on merchants operating high-class shoe stores throughout the country, has supplanted the old-time cobbler, so the use of words, pictures, type, printing plates, paper and printers' ink has given to salesmanship an impetus, a scope and a dominion that it never could have possessed otherwise.

The one thing that began to become more clearly impressed on my mind was that price was not a measure of value so much as it was an appreciation of the quality of the salesmanship that had been put behind the article.

An instance in point is the experience of a very successful manufacturer I met:

He told me of an experience he had in selling a dealer three high-priced ranges. A year after he sold them he called on the dealer and found that only one had been disposed of. The

dealer explained that he had been in business there twenty-seven years, that it was a cheap town and high-class goods would not move there. While he was talking a lady came in and asked to see a stove. A half-grown boy, who looked as if his relatives had all died the day before, walked up to her and, leading her to the two ranges that were standing in a prominent place on the floor, suggested in a doleful tone of voice that "there is a good stove." The woman snapped out something about "how much?"

The stove man, telling me the story afterward, said, "I could not stand that." He rushed over and pulled open the front door of the range, which hinged from the bottom, and jumped up and down on it. As he was over six feet tall, he added a visible illustration to his statement that this range would perform useful service when he and the lady he was talking to were both dead and gone.

Then he called her attention to the fire-box. He assured here that, with her experience, she could see its advantages over any she had ever used, and with a few chips of wood she could that very afternoon, if she wanted to, make her husband the finest biscuits he had ever eaten. He said he felt safe in assuming that she was a good cook, because a woman who was so interested as to come to the store and look into the matter herself must be a very good cook.

He talked along in that strain until he made that woman feel that her kitchen would never be complete and that she never could cook the best things of which she was capable until she got that range into her house.

It is needless to say that the woman bought the range and paid a good deal more for it than the retail dealer had priced it, and that this stove salesman shipped into the town, the following week, a carload of stoves and personally superintended a sale which cleaned them all out in very short order.

The more I thought over this story, the more I became convinced that the stove which that woman bought was actually more valuable, in every sense in which the word "value" could be used, because the salesman had invested it with qualities which added continually to her satisfaction and happiness.

It only requires a little thought to realize that the fashion in which our clothes are cut and made up, the styles of our hats and our shoes, the outward form of our articles of jewelry, are all the results of studied, careful, brainy but subtle salesmanship on the part of those whose financial interests were best served by putting us, unconsciously to ourselves, in the state of mind in which we demand and cheerfully pay our good money for the various articles of clothing and adornment that all of us cherish.

The great merchants and great manufacturers have been men who made their personality count, not alone in the organization of large commercial enterprises for producing and distributing goods, but more especially in investing the goods with increased value by educating the people to a larger consumption of the same.

The final purchaser, the consumer, the one who takes the article out of the channels of trade, is, after all, the arbiter of trade itself.

This consumer nearly always purchases in unconscious obedience to what he or she believes to be the dictates of an authority which is anxiously consulted and respected.

Public sentiment is always the product of deliberate, determined effort on the part of people who have learned how to hold and sway public opinion.

Advertising, as organized and highly developed salesmanship, offers, in this commercial age, the best opportunity for the exercise of creative ability.

The mental attitude of the purchaser is what is symbolized by the name of the article, or the name of the trade-mark or brand which distinguishes a particular article; and as this mental attitude can be produced by the use of means which are avail-

able to everybody in business, it is surprising that this phase of business development does not receive more attention.

The best advertising uses highly organized methods in preference to those not so fully developed. For instance, the largest circulation confined within the territory available to the advertiser is always more economical to use than the same aggregate circulation might be of a number of smaller ones.

A big dealer buys more goods than a little dealer, yet the only difference is that the big dealer is a more highly organized type.

The best advertising emphasizes individual characteristics of the advertiser, and takes cognizance of competitors only in the preliminary plans, never in the actual announcement.

For instance, an advertisement from which the name of the advertiser can be taken out and that of a competitor substituted, and the advertisement then be just as good for the competitor as it is for the man who uses it, does not rise above mediocrity, and fails in emphasizing the individual characteristics of the advertiser's own business.

Good advertising does not consume attention to its words, or its pictures, or its design, to the exclusion of the article advertised.

A well-known constructor of clothing advertisements says that as long as he is complimented on his illustration or on his text matter he realizes that he has not done his best work; but when some would-be critic absolutely questions where his house makes as good goods as he claims it does, then he knows that the advertisement has struck home, and fulfilled its mission.

The best advertising is always optimistic in tone. People do not like to associate nor do business with pessimists.

The best advertising is always "made good" by the advertiser.

The Invincible Business Man Who Believes in Himself

By

John Irving Romer.

ONE of the last conversations I had with the one man who did more than any other to shape modern advertising conditions — the late Geo. P. Rowell—once remarked, as nearly as I can remember it:

"I have always noticed that when a man has absolute faith in a given plan, and continues to follow its detailed execution with the same degree of faith, that plan is pretty sure to succeed."

Call it philosophy or psychology, or what you will, there is an immense amount of truth in this view. It explains a whole lot of success in advertising that would seem inexplicable otherwise. The man behind the idea actually and absolutely believed in it through and through. Somehow or other that strong conviction stuck out of his work, and in the end infected and enthused others.

The most efficient quality that can possibly be introduced into a selling campaign is sincerity. It is a thing that cannot be counterfeited. If a man

has it everybody knows it. If he hasn't it, no amount of pretence, no clever-word juggling is going to cover up the lack for any length of time. It crops out unconsciously in the turn of a phrase and in the general plan of compaign. You can't put your finger on it and say here it is and there it isn't. Sooner or later, the insincere mind betrays itself. The ads. stop and Mr. Frothingham puts a new tombstone in his advertising cemetery.

The hardest thing on earth is to force on somebody else a conviction which you do not possess yourself. Take the case of C. W. Post. Lots of people have thought they saw ways to improve on his copy. But through it all runs a tone of rugged and unswerving belief in what he is trying to sell. An insincere note is never sounded. By and by the man's grim earnestness gets hold of you or, as is said in advertising, "it bites." Then all of a sudden you agree with him—in fact, you can't remember the time when you didn't agree with him. The impression that the advertiser started out to convey has landed, while lots of other impressions presented more artistically but without the vital element of conviction behind them have passed out of mind. The subtle something that distinguishes the man in earnest from the man only half in earnest constitutes the difference in net results.

Now genuine convictions cannot be based on anything other than facts—just plain, hard, everyday facts. The advertising man's problem is not substantially different from that of the high-grade salesman. He must sell himself before he can hope to sell others. Any man who goes to the public with a proposition in which he only half believes is beaten from the start. And to believe in it he must know it thoroughly, down to its remotest corner. The man who is intrusted with an advertising campaign cannot have too much information about the goods, how they are made and what they accomplish, why people buy them and why they don't. This information is not lying around loose on the surface —it has to be dug for. It comes as a result of direct contact with the consumer, the wholesaler, the retailer, the individual salesman and the factory people, as a result of finding out why sales are lost and why sales are made, as a result of inquiries over the counter, chats on the street and on the train and at the lunch table.

One of the most promising features of latter-day advertising is that the best agencies have gotten away from the idea that their copy men are machines, with a capacity of so many ads. a day and so many words an hour. Some of the most successful campaigns have been the result of a month's solid work of investigation, of a hard grinding away at the externals to get at the little kernal of truth in the centre. It is work that costs money, but in the end is worth it. Otherwise the advertising man may mistake the line of least resistance—go tunneling away at a mountain when there is a nice easy route close by.

It all comes back to this: There is no particular magic in advertising—it is simply finding out the facts and presenting them to other people so that they also see them as facts.

I saw a practice lesson given out by one of the correspondence schools the other day. The problem was to get up a double column ad. so many inches deep to herald a special sale of shoes. Where were the facts, where were the shoes, why was there to be a special sale? No man can build bricks without straw. Such a lesson answers very well as an exercise in writing or in the selection of types. But as a lesson in merchandising, it is a joke.

Yet lots of money is being spent on advertising just as superficial. Somebody at a desk in a big office building is trying to talk about a subject on which he is hopelessly uninformed. Don't blame the man or his work, but blame the system or the individual, whoever, it may be, that keeps him

from first filling himself chockfull of information and then passing that information along. It is like requiring a man who has never been across the ocean to produce a book on the scenery of Switzerland. It can be done—after a fashion—but of what earthly use is it after it is done? Merchandise is sold in the last analysis by merchandise talk, pure and simple.

Right Way to Figure Profits is on Sales

By T. A. Fernley,

Sec. W. S. Wholesale Hardware Association

IT is indeed remarkable that on such an important subject as the calculation of profits there should be such a variance of opinion, for the issue involved is vital to the welfare of every one engaged in any form of commercial activity.

True, the vital issue is the showing of net profit or loss at the end of the year when the inventory is completed, but in order that this showing should be satisfactory the proper method of figuring profits should be pursued. In our mind there should be no misunderstanding as to the correct method of calculating this mose essential element in every business transaction.

Every man engaged in business ought to be able to see that John does not have 50 per cent. more than James, because James has 50 per cent. less than John.

Yet many business men seem to have persistently refused to acknowledge that any per cent. of a smaller sum is a smaller per cent. of a larger sum, or to put it concretely, that 25 per cent. of 100 is only 20 per cent. of 125, and that 25 per cent. increase over cost is 20 per cent. profit on the selling price.

An incorrect or incomplete understanding of percentage of profits and failure to observe the proper method is the rock on which thousands of commercial undertakings have gone to pieces.

The subject of percentage of profit has not been given sufficient consideration by the school and college text book makers, especially from the standpoint of business men, so that the insufficient and incorrect understanding of the question has led many to falsely believe that the percentage of profit should be figured on the flat net cost.

The method of figuring the ratio of profit on the sale is declared by many who may not be fully informed to be diametrically contrary to the methods taught in our schools, and is therefore loudly decried by those who now insist on using the net cost as a base, to their subsequent loss.

So that it may not be misunderstood, it should be said that it is scientifically correct to use either the cost or the selling price as a base in figuring the percentage of profit, so long as it is stated on what base the percentage has been calculated. This, however, should not be regarded as being in the nature of an academic discussion, for it is certainly the privilege of professional men to hold any views that they may prefer on this subject; but it is hoped that they will concede to business men the same privilege especially when the method followed has such a decided effect on the volume of net profits realized from the conduct of their business, and permit them to adopt that method which most fully answers their requirements.

School and college text books refer to this question as "Percentage of

Gain and Loss," and the initial figure of cost is used as the base.

Some text books use as the base a prime or net cost and again others add a certain amount for expenses, making a gross cost as a base.

Many of the examples given refer to abstract figures, citing such cases as the following:

> "If the population of a town increases from 30,000 to 45,000, what is the percentage of gain? Answer, 50 per cent."

This is, of course, correct, and the words "gain" and "increase" are properly used in this connection, but this bears no relation to the question of percentage of profit as applied to commercial transactions involving money.

With the cost as a base or 100 the text books figure that if 25 per cent. is added the percentage of profit is twenty-five one hundredths (25-100) or ¼, which is equal to 25 per cent. In this case we would consider the cost as 100, and the added 25 per cent. would make a total of 125. The percentage of profit would then be 15-125, or 1-5, which would be 20 per cent. profit on the sale.

A percentage of gain or increase of many hundred per cent. is possible, but as percentage of profit is on the sale, one hundred per cent. profit is impossible unless the goods are secured free of charge.

The percentage of profit and the percentage of cost of doing business should both be figured on the same base.

First, let us consider what we use as our cost. Almost all merchants consider as cost the invoice price of "prime" cost, with no selling or other expenses added, merely figuring in the cost of delivery to their warehouse.

All operating expenses, storage, selling, office expenses and every other item of expense must be provided for in the difference between this net cost and the net selling price.

On the other hand, manufacturers very generally start with their shop or mill cost and add to this all the direct outlays incidental to placing the goods in the hands of the buyer. This includes storage, selling expenses, office expenses, packing, freight and all miscellaneous expenses, making a gross cost above which everything is profit.

This fact accounts in a measure for the variance of opinion between some manufacturers and jobbers on this question. Manufacturers are prone to tell the jobbers that on their line of goods a profit of 25 per cent. is made, when the fact is that the gross profit is 20 per cent. on the sale. If arguments of this nature are properly met a change of method of benefit to the entire trade will be effected.

Some of the more important reasons for pursuing this method of figuring the Percentage of Profit on the sale are as follows:

In every business (we refer more particularly to merchandising) two separate amounts of capital are required.

One item of capital for investment in merchandise.

Another item of capital is necessary for operating expenses, such as rent, pay roll, current expenses, selling expenses and all other expenditures not properly chargeable to merchandise account.

All the capital invested in the business must produce a proper return. Dividends are obviously impossible on the entire amount of capital invested unless all is considered in making selling prices. If the percentage of profit is reckoned on the cost of merchandise only, no provision is made for the other item of capital demanding returns.

The sales totals are always readily ascertained, but the total of each individual daily and monthly cost of invoices sold is seldom, if ever, recorded in the books of business houses. Therefore with the sales totals always present is not the sale a proper base for all calculations, and how could

cost be considered when it is not definitely known by reference to sales books? Gross costs can only be ascertained from the totals obtained at the end of the business year, and are not shown daily as are the gross sales.

The percentage of expenses of conducting a business may be readily ascertained by dividing the gross sales by the gross expenses. As this percentage of expense is on the sales, it is thought better to refer to the percentage of profit on the sale to avoid any misunderstanding and consequent loss through the use of any other method.

The fact that a profit is not made until a sale is actually effected further advances the selling price as the proper basing factor for percentage of profit.

The salary or other forms of remuneration of salesmen is always reckoned on the sale and the amount is always based more or less on a percentage of the sales totals.

Mercantile or other taxes of a similar nature are assessed on a certain percentage of the annual sales. Also if any special taxes are levied by the state on the sales of any special goods such as revolvers, etc., the amount is always a certain percentage of the selling price of such items and not a percentage of the cost.

This illustration shows the greater safety in figuring on sales, especially with untrained minds who do not properly discriminate.

The manager of a business sold an article which cost 80c for $1, and basing his percentage of profit on the cost figured that he was making 25 per cent. At the end of a given period the sales totaled $20,000. The manager told a stockholder the amount of sales and also the percentage of profit.

The presumption was that a profit of $5,000 had been realized, while the books only showed a profit of $4,000, or 20 per cent. on the sales.

Cases have come to our notice where arrests for defaulting have actually been made in such instances, and the wisdom of figuring percentage of profit on the sales has been taught the prosecutor and defendant at considerable expense.

From an article printed some time ago we quote as follows: "You will find in every arithmetic such examples. A man buys a horse for $50 and sells him for $75, what percentage of profit does he make? Answer, 50 per cent."

No more fatal and misleading ones were ever penned. They lead us to think of the percentage of profit from an unbusiness-like standpoint, and cause many business men to think they are making much larger profits than they really are. This makes them prodigal of expense and often leads to a failure which with more thorough knowledge of percentage could have been avoided.

Suppose a man to have in contemplation the sale of a horse on the basis of the above transaction. A broker approaches him and offers to conduct the negotiation. He asks a commission of 33½ per cent.

Now, the owner of the horse, having a profit of 50 per cent. in sight, agrees to this, and the broker, having completed the transaction, renders a bill as follows:

Sold, one horse, at	$75
Commission, 33 1-3 p.c.	25
Due seller	$50

The seller's books would show a profit of 50 per cent, entirely eaten up by a commission of 33 1-3 per cent. Not good figuring, is it? Still, that is the way nine-tenths of our smaller merchants figure, which fact often accounts for their being small.

Always figure your profit on the sale. Then you will be on the safe side. To obtain the correct percentage of profit on any transaction subtract the cost from the selling price, add two ciphers to the difference and divide by the selling price.

Example No. 1.—An article costs $5 and sells for $6. What is the percentage of profit? Answer, 16 2-3 per cent.

Process—Six dollars minus five dollars leaves one dollar, the profit. One dollar divided by $6, decimally, gives the correct answer, 16 2-3 per cent.

This operation is simple and a knowledge of it being vital to any one engaged in, or intending at any time to engage in business, it should be carefully committed to memory and constantly borne in mind.

Example No. 2.—An article costs $3.75. What must it sell for to show a profit of 25 per cent. Answer, $5.

Process—Deduct 25 from 100. This will give you a remainder of 75, the percentage of the cost. If $3.75 is 75 per cent., 1 per cent. would be five cents, and 100 per cent. $5. Now, if you marked your goods as too many do, by adding 25 per cent. to the cost, you would obtain a selling price of about $4.69, or 31 cents less than by the former method. Which is right?

When you take 25 per cent. off the selling price, figured according to the first rule, you will still have your cost intact. Take 25 per cent. from the second sum and see if the cost remains.

A large department store changed hands. The goods in stock, to cover freight and other charges were marked up 10 per cent. They were to be sold at actual cost, but for convenience sake were invoiced as marked. The inventory having been completed, nothing remained to be done but take off the 10 per cent. that had been added.

The parties to the sale accordingly approached the accountant having the matter in charge with a request that this be done. The man of figures set about making an elaborate calculation with this object in view, when he was questioned by the seller as to what he was doing.

"Reducing the goods to cost," he answered.

"Nonsense. Just take off 10 per cent.," said the seller.

"Do you want it done that way?" asked the accountant.

"Why not?" said the merchant.

"Well, just add 10 per cent. to a dollar and from the amount thus obtained deduct 10 per cent, and see if you have your original dollar left."

The merchant saw the point at once and said no more to the man of figures, who was saving him more than $3,000 he would have lost and the buyer gained without either of them knowing anything about it, and all on account of a little lack of knowledge of percentage.

The following tables show the percentage of cost which must be added to effect a given profit on the sale:—

		P.C. profit on selling price.
5 p.c. added. to cost is		4½
7½	"	7
10	"	9
12½	"	11⅛
15	"	13
16 2-3	"	14¼
17½	"	15
20	"	16 2-3
25	"	20
30	"	23
33 1-3	"	25
35	"	26
37½	"	27¼
40	"	28½
45	"	31
50	"	33 1-3
55	"	35½
60	"	37½
65	"	39½
66 2-3	"	40
70	"	41
75	"	42¾
80	"	44½
85	"	46
90	"	47½
100	"	50

The Roots of the Sales Problem

By Calvin H. Luther

From Advertising and Selling

IT is an immemorial public habit to accuse the ambitious business man of greed. Yet the desire for expansion is more apt to be a simple instinct for growth—not for gormandizing; often, too, it arises from a pure love of competition for competition's sake. Both of these impulses are primitive; essential to the individual and the race. Many people who accuse themselves of greed disprove their own confessions. They persistently neglect those petty economies and nice adjustments of organization and work which, in the aggregate, so transform the Profit and Loss account. They prefer, almost invariably, to engage their vitality and capital in trespassing upon the domains of their neighbors, leaving their own estate but roughly cultivated.

Think of your own business: Jones, left over from "the old days," draws fifteen hundred and is worth eight; put down $700.00—never mind his age and long service. Your nephew is not a good purchasing agent; Brown should have the place; this might result in a saving of at least $2,500.00 in your costs. Put that down. By giving up golf and those afternoon rides in the machine you might easily dispense with an assistant; put down $1,800.00. The sum of these, at 10 per cent. profit, consumes the margin on $50,000 of sales; and if your customers buy upon the average $250.00 per year, these three items must be offset by 200 new customers wrenched away from "the other fellow." Which horn do you grasp? If you are the average man you tell me to avoid personalities and go ahead with the selling campaign. These other matters you will attend to "in a convenient season."

As I cannot be sure of your real ambition, I shall assume it to be a deep-seated desire to grow. You must grow to remain alive. Trade lies on sloping ground. With effort you may push your business upward; if you let go it falls to the zero level at the bottom of the hill, but to hold it stationary requires so nice an adjustment of the muscles as to be almost an impossibility. Balancing a feather on the nose is an easy feat compared with that! Self-preservation, therefore, is at the bottom of this ambition of yours. You know that death is a progression, not an incident; the first grey hair is as sad a spectacle as any death-bed. As you inspect yourself in the mirror, so you watch the sales account; and the first sign of a diminishing volume seems, and usually is, a most sombre portent. So, unable to hold the business stationary, you are very wise to struggle for an increase, though capital, factory and warehouse space be all restricted.

Aside from this, an increase in volume should effect a decrease in cost and selling expense. Goods made or purchased in small lots, an office force at ease, a traveling force with a small line, a manager doing detail for lack of responsible work—these are vital extravagances, very cancers of mismanagement

To make some rough guesses: A doubling of sales will reduce the cost of manufacture by 10 to 25 per cent. of itself; cost of goods purchased by 5 to 8 per cent (for the manufacturer will not give to the jobber the entire saving made by increase), and cost of selling by 15 to 25 per cent.—that is, a selling expense which is 25 per cent. of the sales will drop to 20 per cent. if the volume be doubled and the increase handled to advantage

So if we now pass by the open door

of petty economies and enter the field of sales we shall be following the dictates of very primitive instincts—and if we are successful in our efforts we shall kill two birds with one stone, securing a profit on the new business and widening the margins on the old.

A Battle Creek manufacturer, long retired, walked stiffly into the office where so much of his vitality had been expended. His son, now the president, held up a monthly statement.

"I've broken all records, father!" he boasted.

"Son, half of those sales were made before you were out of the cradle!" retorted the veteran.

At any given moment the speed of a railway train is the sum-total of two impulses; part is due to the present tug of the engine; a greater part is the result of momentum—motion left over from the last mile, so to speak. Trade is subject to this very principle; a constant push will result in a progressive increase of volume, unless interference occurs. Let us repeat the thought—emphasize it. Trade will show an increasing increase, with a constant push, unless interference occurs. In a sense it is true that you have a just claim to a volume equal to last year's; more—to an increase equal to last year's increase over the year before; more still—to an increase greater than ever before! Please go no farther until you are convinced of this. Every visit of a salesman, every wise advertisement, has one effect upon present sales and a further—usually stronger—influence upon the future. Naturally, therefore, the second year of a business is easier than the first; and the same force in salesmanship or other publicity, meeting with less resistance, will have a greater productiveness—unless interference occurs. When you speak of "increase," therefore, I must know which of these two kinds of increase you have in mind; the increasing increase which is logically yours, or the further increase which is to be secured only by taking away from "the other fellow" the momentum which is his own.

As the first increase is a matter of self-preservation, I am sure that you refer to that as securing the second increase means that you must offer to the consumer more in goods or service than your competitor does, I hold, for the good of the world, that you aim at this, also. In either event, your desire must take the form of an attempt to excel your competitor in actual merit. Trade responds only to this lodestone. It may swerve in your direction, drawn a little out of its course by the glitter of your advertising, the flare of brilliant salesmanship. or the will-'o-the-wisp of cut prices; but it will not "stay put" on such a basis alone. You must "deliver the goods." Here is a story to illustrate; it is true, word for word as I set it down:

The manager of a breakfast food concern went to a well-known advertising engineer in New York.

"Make the thing go; money is no object!" he said.

The specialist retreated to his den, wild-eyed with enthusiasm. Within the shortest possible time subway and elevated stations, street cars and billboards were blue-and-white with reproductions of the package, and bristling with epigrammatic reasons why.

The consumer responded; the grocer went to the 'phone; the wholesaler called up the selling agent. In two days the visible supply—three little carloads—had traveled from the warehouse to the kitchen shelf; the mill replied that stocks were exhausted, but they would "run nights," "make every effort," and so on, ad infinitum. They did run nights; they did make every effort. But the three carloads had been long in stock; the goods were stale and unpleasant. Had they been fresh and delectable, the outcome would not have been different; the consumer does not show any particular tenacity of purpose or strength of memory. By the time fresh supplies arrived the demand had wholly ceased. Truly, the manager must have been sincere when he said that money was "no object."

The Golden Advantages of Thrift

By

Arthur Conrad

TWO Irish highwaymen once encountered a Scotchman and requested him to hand over his wallet. The Scotchman refused, whereupon there was an altercation and thereafter a scuffle. Finally the Irishmen succeeded in laying the doughty Scot by the heels and proceeded to search his pockets. For all their trouble they were only able to find ten cents in the Scotchman's possession. Said Pat to Mike, "Begorry, if he'd had a quarter, he would have killed the both of us."

This story was related by Colonel Hugh Clark at the annual at home of the Penny Bank of Toronto, an institution which is instilling ideas of thrift in the minds of Canadian children, not only in Toronto, but in other Canadian towns and cities as well. The point of the story is not far to seek for, the Scotchman's thrift has always been a butt for the humorists. But Colonel Clark did not intend to poke fun at the thrifty. Beneath his story lay a moral, the anecdote merely serving to bring it forcibly home.

Many a sermon has been preached about saving, and a writer naturally approaches the subject with some diffidence, realizing that he can say nothing new but must content himself with clothing ancient truths in modern garb.

The rapidly increasing number of depositors in our chartered banks and the accumulation of funds in the savings branches attest to a spreading desire to save, as well as to a greater knowledge of saving methods on the part of the public. The banks have done much to make the actual process of depositing money a pleasure by opening attractive branches, by providing neat pass-books and cheque books and by requiring polite attention from their employees. The man, woman or child, who previously approached the bank with awe, and was, it must be confessed, frequently treated with supercilious contempt by the clerks, now goes to the bank with a certain degree of pride and is flattered by the attentions of the employees. He feels that he is a capitalist, in however small a degree; that he is getting something for his trouble and that he has something tangible to fall back upon in case of emergency.

The practice of housewives in depositing their allowances in the bank, instead of carrying them about in their purse, is on the increase and this habit is greatly to be commended. The banks have now made it an easy matter to draw money by cheque. A woman can put her money in the bank on Saturday and pay out as much of it as she likes or needs during the following week by means of cheques.

The reason why this practice is commended is simply this. As long as the average woman has available cash in her purse, the temptation to spend it seems to be irresistible. The chances are that long before her next allowance is due, the preceding sum has all been spent, and much of it doubtless

went for things not absolutely necessary. On the other hand, when the money is on deposit, the trouble of having to make out a cheque, is just a sufficient deterrent in a good many cases, to prevent the spending of this unnecessary amount. The result at the end of the week is a gratifying saving.

The possession of a bank book is in itself an incentive to save, as it is a deterrent of spending. Once start an account and a natural desire arises to see the balance grow. You will begin to figure out how long it will take to put by a certain sum, if you deposit so much a week or a month as the case may be. You count up the interest and so many years ahead you see yourself possessed of a nice fat sum. This very process of saving will militate against spending. You cannot have your money and spend it too. If you intend to save up a certain total in a certain period of time, it is essential that the balance should never be reduced.

In the education of a child, nothing could be more beneficial than a little practical instruction in saving, by means of a bank book and a bank account. The saving habit should be acquired in youth, if its practice is to be made perfect. It will be necessary, of course, to avoid inculcating meanness. That is an extreme, which is as bad as prodigality, but the happy medium is desirable — a reasonable generosity on the one hand, coupled with a wise desire to provide for future needs, on the other.

Why should we save, some one may ask. We have a fairly good income, enough to pay for all we require to make life comfortable and there seems to be no need to deny ourselves to the extent of putting money aside.

While this may seem to be an extraordinary case, yet it will be found that a great many people live in this hand to mouth fashion, saving little or nothing. The great necessity for saving, both in their case and in the other cases, is to safeguard themselves in the future. Uncertainty shrouds the days ahead of us but the past is a living lesson. From the story of shattered fortunes, unforeseen calamities, personal distresses, it is easily apparent that preparation should be made for the future, even though that future may turn out to be a time of prosperity and good fortune.

The man, who is content to drift along without making provision for those dependent upon him, is a criminal. It may be that force of circumstances prevent some from saving anything, however desirous they may be of doing so, but the minute the opportunity to save comes, it should be acted upon.

Another excellent reason for saving is to be found in the greater power, which the possession of funds confers on a person. Openings for men with a little capital may come. The saving man is able to avail himself of the opportunity, to better his lot and to see the reward of his patient renunciation of present pleasures, while the spendthrift must move along on the old plane.

The same is true in other departments of life. The saving man is enabled by his thrift to rise from time to time superior to his surroundings. Instead of becoming satiated with a continuity of cheap pleasures, he can enjoy something worth while, such as a journey to other lands or the purchase of a new and more comfortable home or a thousand other superior delights.

The possession of a bank account gives an independence which is an encouragement to effort, just as it is a safeguard for the future. It enables a man to work with more confidence, to look up and not down, to rise superior to his surroundings and not be dragged down by them. The opportunities to save are all around us. The facilities for saving are unparalleled and the regards are certain.

[Next month we will publish a short article of a general nature on investments.—Editor.]

The Future of the Motor Car

From the Automobile

IT is a matter of common knowledge that there are in use in the United States at the present time more than 300,000 automobiles, and the demand still seems almost unlimited. When the additional 300,000 to be made this year are included, it will be seen that at the close of 1910 one person out of every 150 in the country will have an automobile, or one family out of every forty or fifty. Obviously the number of families capable of maintaining an automobile is comparatively limited, although the average is brought up by some who are able to support two or more. One family out of twenty seems about the ultimate limit, even considering the utmost possibilities of the $500 car.

The population of the country is increasing pretty rapidly, but not in a proportion to keep pace with the automobile product. Some time in the latter part of 1912, when, according to the schedule outlined above, there will be roughly a million and a half automobiles in use, the limiting ratio of one car to every seventy persons will be reached.

At that time the $500 car will have reached its perfection. With the great increase in the number of cars manufactured, and the consequent reduction in overhead charges and cost of material, the cars selling at that price will probably be very nearly what we now pay from $750 to $1,000 for. Barring the possibility of radical changes in design, it should be possible at that price to put on the market a four-cylinder car of 20 or 25 horsepower, seating four or five persons, with a wheel-base of not less than 100 inches, and 32- or 34-inch tires; these cars to be made in series of not less than 50,000. When the million-and-a-half mark has been reached, this will imply the owning of a car on every farm of even moderate size, and by most of the salaried workers in the country.

But private ownership and use, albeit largely for purposes commercial in their nature, is but the smaller part of the usefulness of the automobile. Some indication of the trend which the industry is now taking may be had from statistics of the 23 automobile firms who are the latest comers in the field. Of these, 10 make pleasure cars, 11 make commercial cars, and two make both pleasure and commercial models. In the list previously published were enumerated 176 makers of pleasure cars, 22 who made both, and 24 who made commercial cars exclusively. The addition to the commercial ranks is nearly 50 per cent., that to the pleasure-car makers less than 6 per cent. Thus is indicated the turning of the tide.

In all branches of commercial-vehicle work the progress made so far has been only sufficient to give some view of the immense field ahead. From the lightest 500-pound delivery wagon to the 10-ton coal truck there is an immense range of possibilities. The comparatively few commercial vehicles in operation now have been sufficient to prove the economies of this method over the old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicles. During the four years which we have in prospect

the greatest advances will be made in this line.

In several classes the automobile has already made notable inroads into the province of the horse. Most of the large department stores in New York, Chicago, and other large cities have discarded their horse-drawn delivery wagons, and have adopted motor-vehicles instead. In brewery trucking motor-power is almost supreme, and in the conveyance of large quantities of groceries and miscellaneous merchandise it has become prominent. Most conspicuous of all is the taxicab, which in the space of three years has practically put horse cabs out of business in all the large cities.

When all these spheres of activity are considered, the number of automobiles which it is possible for the people of the United States to buy and make use of seems to enlarge almost beyond limits. With every delivery wagon, truck, farm wagon, cab, and omnibus replaced by an automobile, it is easy to see the possibility of absorbing the two million or more cars of the estimated production by 1913.

The benefits of the change will be far-reaching. The primary reason for the adoption of the automobile in all the cases cited is its economy over present methods, whether in money or what is just as important, time. With automobile service universal, the economy may even be extensive enough to make a reduction in the 'cost of living,' now such a prolific source of discussion. Although the automobile has been the cause of many jokes on the mortgaging of homes, and is regarded in some quarters as a sign of reckless extravagance and profligacy, innumerable business men will vouch for its usefulness. Truer than ever before is the saying that transportation is civilization.

In cities the use of automobile trucks and delivery wagons will solve the traffic problem. Although traffic as a whole is able to move faster than its slowest members, it is nevertheless considerably impeded by them. Moreover, the adoption of the automobile means the saving of the space formerly occupied by the horses, in many cases amounting to half the total length of the vehicle. With each individual vehicle only taking up half the space that it formerly did, and moving at twice the speed, it is plain that there will be four times as much room. Increased speed, even in cities, is by no means necessarily dangerous to the public. With proper traffic regulation, the greater speed means ample time for crossing in each direction at street intersections, at the same time without causing undue congestion.

The advantage to public health resulting from the disappearance of horses and their accompanying pests, the livery stables, will be inestimable. Street dust is a prolific breeding-place for germs of every kind; its noxious effects are recognized by physicians. The passing of the horse means no more dust, and a consequent saving to municipal street-cleaning departments. These advantages will be recognized more and more with time, and in 1913, with the speculative two millions of automobiles in operation, it will not be a cause of surprise if all large cities will have passed laws prohibiting the keeping or use of horses within their limits, save perhaps for driving or riding in certain specified parks and boulevards.

A peculiar thing about wealth is that when you own too much of it it owns you.—*Jean Milne.*

The Publishers' Page

WITH the present number, Busy Man's has been enlarged by the addition of thirty-two pages. This enlargement has been necessitated by the steady expansion of our advertising patronage. It has become imperative in the interests of our readers to increase the size of the magazine. We are now able to give subscribers a considerably larger volume of reading matter than heretofore and to introduce one or two new features which will be found of additional interest. The enlargement will be permanent, thus insuring a larger and better magazine for the future.

The growth of the advertising section of Busy Man's has been nothing short of phenomenal. Month by month records are being broken and there seems to be no limit in sight yet to the expansion of this end of the magazine. A few years ago even the most sanguine would have hesitated to forecast such a growth, and even now there are many who enquire curiously, how it was ever accomplished. The secret lies in the value of Busy Man's as a medium and in the success of a remarkable circulation campaign.

As a medium, Busy Man's is in a niche by itself. Originally established to provide the readers of the MacLean Trade Newspapers with instructive and entertaining articles, for which there was no room or no direct call in the trade papers themselves, it has expanded into a general magazine, appealing alike to the office and to the home. The first subscribers were the most progressive business men in Canada. They took Busy Man's in conjunction with their own particular trade newspaper. They got to like it and to swear by it. Then they took it home and there certain features appealed to the women and the young folks. In fact, the readers of Busy Man's were from the first, people from whom advertisers received a ready response and that is one of the main reasons why the magazine has succeeded in building up such a large advertising patronage.

Next came the big circulation campaign. This was not a spasmodic effort. It has been going on steadily, quietly and aggressively ever since Busy Man's was launched. It is in progress at the present day, sweeping up a total list of subscribers that would surprise the doubtful Thomases of a few years back. The little army of regular MacLean canvassers, assisted by volunteer helpers, have been working steadily and successfully. No point in Canada has been too small to reach personally and in this careful and systematic canvass lies a big share of the magazine's success as an advertising medium.

The character of the magazine has been another substantial factor in its growth. It has from the first been a busy man's publication — commonsense, practical and appealing to the average person. It has had no literary aspirations and has laid no claims to being anything other than its name implies. It has endeavored

to please as wide a field as has been possible, without deviating from its general plan. Recognizing its Canadian origin and support, it has aimed to secure and publish instructive and practical articles dealing with Canada and Canadians. It has supplemented these with a limited supply of fiction and with a good selection of condensed articles from other periodicals. It has emphasized the business end by providing illuminative articles on system and business management. This editorial policy has won for it an appreciative clientele.

* * *

Mr. Roden Kingsmill's leading article in our March number has attracted general attention, particularly in England and the United States. The article, it will be remembered, dealt with the problem of naturalization. Under the Canadian law, a foreigner may become a British subject after having gone through the necessary formula. But the British citizenship thus conferred is of a limited character and is not legally recognized outside the Dominion. The fact that men like Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy have no rights as British subjects outside Canada raises a serious question which cries for immediate attention.

Mr. Donald MacMaster, M. P., brought the matter to the attention of the British House of Commons a few weeks ago, as a result of the publication of the article in Busy Man's. He inquired what was being done to bring about an improvement in the naturalization laws of the Empire. Colonel Seely's reply was in effect that the Governments of the Empire are still talking about the subject in the hope of attaining some degree of uniformity in naturalization laws.

Commenting on the article, the Canadian Gazette (London), remarks that "Mr. Kingsmill cannot be aware of the proceedings of the Colonial Conference of 1907. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, as British Home Secretary, then submitted to the Conference a draft bill, under which, among other provisions, a colonial naturalization certificate would be made valid in the United Kingdom and in other colonies and vice versa. On behalf of Canada and other Dominions it was urged that it would be better to leave each part of the Empire to legislate for itself; New Zealand, for instance, holding to the ideal of remaining a white man's country, strongly opposed the automatic naturalization in a colony of colored aliens who had resided in England for upwards of five years. Many Canadians would share this objection. In the end it was unanimously resolved to inquire into and consider the subject further, and hold a subsidiary conference; and Colonel Seely now tells us that some of the Colonial Governments have not yet replied to the British proposal that they should send representatives here to discuss the question further and seek for a solution. He hope Mr. MacMaster will press for further details, and especially ascertain which are the Governments from whom no replies have been received."

* * *

The publication in this number of Mr. J. O. Fagan's address before the Canadian Pacific Railway Safety League directs attention to the work that this railway company is doing to safeguard the lives of its passengers. The employes of the road number about seventy-five thousand, and the various departments are all represented in the League. A complete circle of railway practice is thus formed and all members in touch with the circle learn to perform their duties with greater aptitude and skill. The strict observance of the company's rules is the fundamental aim of the League. The League emphasizes the safe side and deals with unsafe conditions that may arise from time to time. Its members counsel each other as to the safest possible way to overcome difficulties, avoid accidents and meet emergencies. In fact, the general aim of the League is to make employes better fitted for their high and responsible calling.

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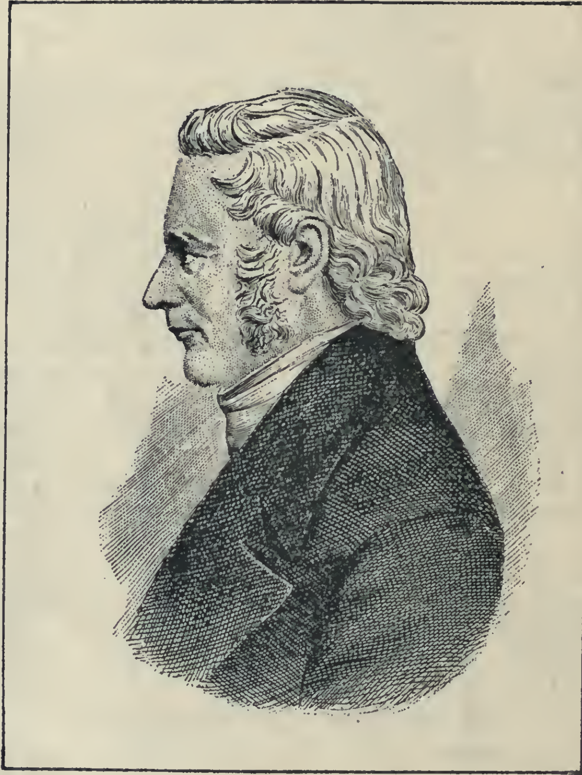


LUDGER DUVERNAY
FOUNDER OF THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE SOCIETY

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XX TORONTO JUNE 1910 NO 2

The Origin and Progress of the St. Jean Baptiste Society

By the Honorable J. D. Rolland

CLOSELY interwoven with the history of the troubled times in Canada early in the last century is the story of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, which well celebrate its 76th anniversary on June 24. It is a national association of French-Canadians, composed of forty-five branches, all on the Island of Montreal.

Duvernay, Sir Georges-Etienne Cartier, Lafontaine, Viger, are names frequently mentioned by historical writers who have recounted our progress, and all of these were actively identified with the movement which resulted in the forming of the present flourishing association.

To understand its origin, one must recall the political situation in the Upper and Lower Canadas in the '30's.

Although over sixty years had passed since Wolfe won for Great Britain the immense territory which formerly belonged to France, there was still much discontent among the French-Canadians, comprising the majority of the population in Lower Canada. Their chief cause for complaint was the attitude towards them of successive English Governors. They were hampered in their political aspirations, and made to feel too keenly that they were a conquered people with a broken will who would forever be subjected to the dictates of the conqueror.

There were a number of Canadian-born Frenchmen, true patriots, of fiery spirit, who resented the unjust treatment accorded their fellow countrymen, and these, realizing the futility of individual effort to secure a remedy for the existing state of affairs, conceived the idea of forming a powerful association. It was to be representative of French-Canadians, for their advancement, and chiefly to fight, in every constitutional way, for their political rights.

Ludger Duvernay, editor of the French organ of the day, *La Minerve*, was perhaps the greatest enthusiast in favor of concerted action, and to him is due credit for the idea.

A general meeting was called for June 24, 1834, during the tenure of office of Lord Aylmer. It was held in the garden of John McDonell, a prosperous merchant, in sympathy,

like many other English citizens, with the cause of the French-Canadians.

It was a memorable occasion. Every French-Canadian in Montreal who found it possible to attend, was present. All the leading citizens of French origin were there, including Jacques Viger, Mayor of Montreal at the time, who presided. It was an enthusiastic inaugural meeting. Sir Georges-Etienne Cartier, then a law student, sang for the first time the now famous song, "O, Canada," which he had himself composed.

Two thousand members were enrolled during the first year, including the elite of the province, and hundreds of upright citizens. Prospects appeared bright, indeed, but the rebellion which came in 1837 was even at this time brewing, and its sinister shadow was growing too large to remain longer unnoticed. The leading spirits of the society were playing too prominent a part in the drama being enacted in the political amphitheatre to devote much time to the affairs of the association.

SENATOR L. O. DAVID

A FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY

Duvernay's banishment from the country, for opinions too forcibly expressed, put a further damper on the ardor of the members. He was the life and soul of the society, which, without him, became like a ship without a rudder.

The rebellion in 1837 and events which followed did away with the absolute necessity of a society whose chief cause for existence was to secure the political rights of the French-Canadians.

But it was not meant that the St. Jean Baptiste Society should die, Not if Duvernay could prevent it. He returned to the country in 1842, and at once proceeded to plan a reorganization of the association which occupied such a large share of his thoughts and his time.

A second meeting was called in the old St. Ann's Market, for June 9, 1843. Hon. Denis-Benjamin Viger presided, and Cartier acted as secretary.

New life was infused into the society. But it was a new body, with broader aims and even nobler ideals. The principles set up then are the ones which form the basis of the constitution to-day. Briefly, they are these: "To promote the union of all French-Canadians; to furnish them with opportunities to fraternize, one with another; to bring about, and to cement, the union which there should be in one large family; to further, in every legitimate manner, the interests of French-Canadians, and members of the society in particular; to establish, through annual subscriptions, a fund to be employed for works of charity; to encourage members to live up to the high ideals inspired by a sense of honor and fraternal feelings."

Since 1843 the story of the association has been one of progress. To name some of the first presidents, and their successors, is to enumerate makers of history in Canada. Jacques Viger, in 1834, was the first. In 1843 Hon. Denis-Benjamin Viger assumed

office, being followed by such men as Masson, Morin, Bourret. Fabre, and Duvernay, the latter of whom was president in 1851. Other names which most people recognize, are Dr. P. Beaubien, Hon. F. A. Quesnel, R. Trudeau, Hon. G. R. S. de Beaujeu, O. Berthelet, T. Bouthillier, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, C. A. Leblanc, Hon. Gedeon Ouimet, Ch. S. Rodier, C. S. Coursol, Jacques Grenier, Louis Archambault, Dr. J. P. Rottot, J. B. Rolland, Hon. T. J. J. Loranger, Nap. Bourassa, Hon. Louis Beaubien and Jeremie Perrault. It will be seen that the list includes many illustrious patriots — prime ministers, judges, senators—all prominent Canadians.

Mr. J. C. Beauchamp is now, and has been since 1908, president of the society, having been elected on the retirement of ex-Mayor H. Laporte. Other officers of the general council this year are:—Vice-presidents, M. T. Gauthier and Dr. J. E. Dube; general secretary, Mr. G. A. Marsan; secretary treasurer, Mr. A. Gagnon; marshal, Mr. P. Patenaude; chaplain, the Archbishop of Montreal. There are, besides, six directors and seven honorary members, who manage the affairs of the association.

J. C. BEAUCHAMP

THE PRESENT PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY

Advancing years have broadened the scope of the society's work, and it is to-day a very powerful organization, wielding an influence all its own in the affairs of the French-Canadians of Montreal and of the Province of Quebec. In some ways it is felt considerably outside French-Canadian circles.

For example, the St. Jean Baptiste Society conducts a course of free lessons open to the public, in the Monument National, and the old city hall in St. Henry Ward. These lessons cover a number of subjects, such as stenography, typewriting, agriculture, electricity, English, hygiene, metallurgy, and applied and industrial mechanics. Qualified professors are in charge every evening in the week, and make it as easy as possible for those who cannot study during the day to acquire a little further education than is obtainable at the public schools. Eight hundred pupils are in attendance this year.

This Monument National is one of the society's most valuable assets, being worth $300,000. It was built in 1893, largely through the untiring efforts of Senator L. O. David, an energetic member, and a past-president. The Monument has a seating capacity of over 2,000, and is a regular theatre, with unique adjuncts, such as class-rooms and the local civic library.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of the society to the average thrifty French-Canadian who views his membership from a material standpoint is the pension fund.

On payment of an initial fee of $1, and a monthly contribution of 25c, a member in twenty years shares in the interest on the principal, which now amounts to $425,000. This large sum is carefully invested in specified, safe securities, and cannot be drawn upon. The membership of the association is to-day fifteen thousand, and increas-

ing annually, so that it will be seen the principal cannot help becoming larger, and, the larger it becomes, the greater the interest on it. This fund was started in 1889.

A patriotic work undertaken by the society in commemoration of its 75th anniversary last year was the erection of a monument to Sir L. H. Lafontaine, the corner stone of which was laid by Sir C. A. P. Pelletier, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec. The beautiful stone pile will occupy a place of honor in Lafontaine Park, the city's largest breathing spot.

June 24 is the feast day of the society, and it is for the French-Canadian a holiday of greater significance than the annual feast of most other nationalities, for he gives himself up entirely to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The members of the forty-five branches assemble in various parts of the city and meet at a chosen spot, to form a monster procession, which proceeds, to the music of numerous bands, and the waving of many flags, through the principal streets of Montreal. The different thoroughfares are gaily decked with young trees and bunting, and spanned by arches of green cedar, while the thousands who line the streets add a touch of brilliancy with their holiday dress.

A quaint feature of many processions, and one that never fails to arouse especial interest in the visiting spectator, is the presentation, on allegorical cars, of scenes familiar to all who have read Canadian history. One car shows Jacques Cartier and his faithful followers; another Champlain at Quebec, with his devoted band, ancient costumes, curiously-shaped canoes, all true to life; while a third represents Dollard, the hero of the Long Sault.

It is a great day and a glorious one. Even grave citizens of other nationalities participate in the day's festivities. In the evening a banquet is held, while fireworks and outdoor entertainments bring to a close a day of ceaseless activity.

A good and noble work is being accomplished by the St. Jean Baptiste Society. It has brought together not only French-Canadians, but other citizens of Montreal as well, and its influence is lent to every movement tending to better local or federal conditions. The association will never be found indifferent when the greater glory of Montreal, Canada, or the Empire is concerned.

Prompt Decisions

Great Thoughts

A large part of our life-time is wasted because of our deferred decisions. It is always easier to postpone a decision than to make it; so it usually gets postponed. Nine times out of ten we could, if we would merely insist on a slight effort of will, decide matters the first time they come before us, and thus leave the future just so much freer for new duties and decisions. Instead, we take a thing up, consider its pros and cons, and lay it down again. Sheer laziness of will is the reason. It is better to make some mistakes while we are forming the habit of prompt decision than to avoid all mistakes at the cost of dallying with our time and energies. But prompt decisions are more than likely to be correct decisions, for the very effort of deciding quickly means a concentrating of one's best powers on the subject in hand. We have no right to burden to-morrow with decisions that ought to be made to-day.

J. F. MacKAY

An Active Worker in Many Organizations

J. F. Mackay in his every-day capacity is business manager of the Toronto Globe. But, by some means or other, he also finds time to devote himself to many other enterprises. At the present time his election to the presidency of the Canadian Press Association brings him prominently into the public eye. He has already been acting president of this organization for the greater portion of a year, owing to the death of the president elected last year. He is also a member of the National Conservation Commission, his interest in the pulp and paper supply of the country, making him a valuable adviser. The Canadian Club, of Toronto, elected him to its presidency a short time ago. He is also interested in church work, and is an active supporter of the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE

Photo: Campbell-Gray.

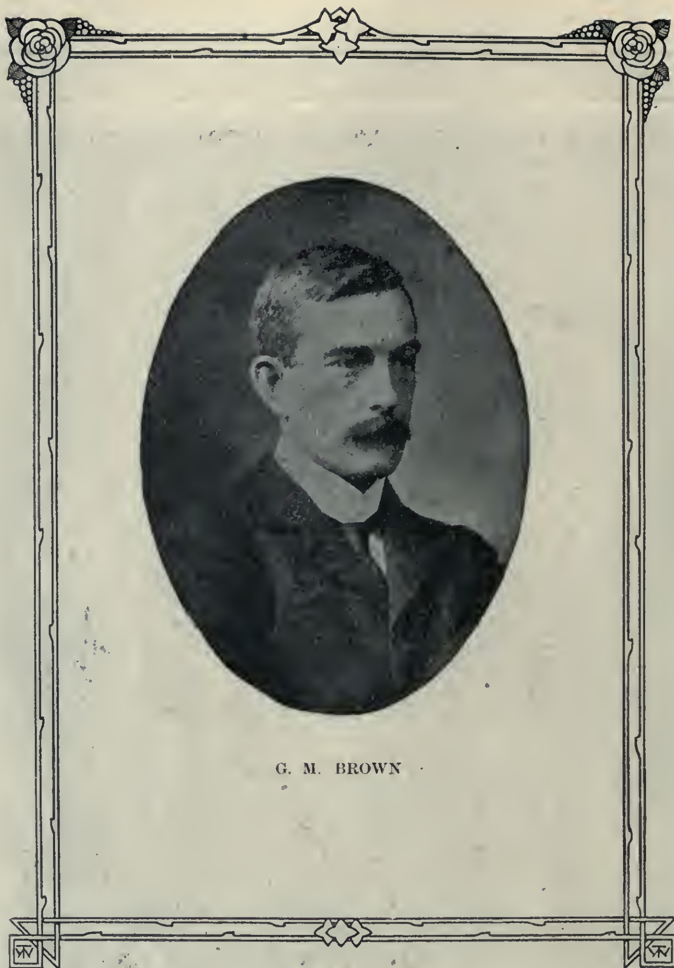
The Organist of Westminster Abbey

Sir Frederick Bridge, K.B., who played the funeral music at the burial of King Edward, has been for thirty-five years organist of Westminster Abbey. He is a Worcestershire man, and was born in 1844. His whole life has been associated with church music, for he was educated at the Cathedral School, at Rochester, where he was for nine years a chorister, and became assistant-organist in 1865. He was then for ten years organist of Trinity Church, Windsor, and after that of Manchester Cathedral.

BRYON E. WALKER

A Versatile Canadian Banker

While Byron E. Walker, C.V.O., D.C.L., LL.D., is probably best known to the general public as president of Canada's second largest bank, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in the smaller circles of art, science and literature, he is also known as a man of varied tastes, interesting himself deeply in many pursuits. Next to Professor Goldwin Smith, it is probable that learned visitors to Toronto, where Dr. Walker resides, look to him as the most notable patron and exponent of arts and letters in the city.



G. M. BROWN

A Great Canadian's Able Son

The sons of great men usually have a hard row to hoe. Much is expected of them; and yet how small a share of their father's greatness is usually theirs? An exception might be made in the case of G. M. Brown, manager of the great British publishing firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons, who is a son of the Hon. George Brown, one of Canada's greatest statesmen. He was born in Toronto in 1869, and was educated at Upper Canada College. In 1885 he went to Scotland, and the following year entered Cambridge University. Leaving there in 1889, he spent a year or two learning the business of an accountant, and then went into the publishing house of Nelson & Sons, succeeding his uncle, Thomas Nelson II., in the management of the business in 1892. In 1900 Mr. Brown was elected to Parliament for Central Edinburgh, sitting until 1905, when he retired for business reasons.

AGNES DEANS CAMERON

An Intrepid Woman Journalist-Explorer

No more interesting figure among the women of Canada, who are doing things in the world (at least among those who have invaded what has been regarded heretofore a man's particular field of effort) could be named than Agnes Deans Cameron. This intrepid lady made a trip last summer down the Mackenzie River to its confluence with the Arctic Ocean, and back again. She was probably the first woman to lead such an expedition. And she has made good use of her experiences, for she has set them all down in writing in a book—a book that for real interest excels many another story of travel and adventure. Miss Cameron was originally a school teacher, but she had a hankering after journalism, and she has been gratifying her taste for writing for some time now, devoting her pen to singing the praises of the Canadian West.

Three Market Builders

THOMAS PATTERSON
MAYOR OF GALT 1908-1909

CHARLES BART
MARKET CLERK

PATRICK RADIGAN
CHAIRMAN MARKET COMMITTEE

Market-building in Galt, as it was described two months ago by Talbot Warren Torrance, is a subject that has aroused considerable interest in other cities and towns throughout the country—so much so that it seems to be in order to show portraits of the three men, who have been most active in the good market movement in that city.

Thomas Patterson, as mayor of the city, was interested by virtue of his office in the success of the market, but he has also taken a personal hand in advancing its welfare and has given the seal of official approval to its organization.

The chairman of the Market Committee, Alderman Patrick Radigan, is a genial Celt, and an enthusiastic market supporter. Strangely enough, he is a grocer and dealer in poultry, fruit and vegetables himself, and, therefore, one would suppose he would be antagonistic to the market idea, but he will tell you that, personal business considerations ignored, a town market is a useful institution to have and that the bigger it grows, so much the better for business, for property and for the public well-being.

Charles Bart, market clerk, is a most efficient official, and the actual success of the market is due almost entirely to his zeal and activity. He is always good-tempered and jovial and a real market missionary. Away out in distant quarters he discovers likely prospects and sends circulars or pays a personal visit in order to induce a new vendor to come to market.

He has been known to guarantee a fruit dealer at a long distance the sale of a wagon load of watermelons, 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 carcases of spring lamb. "I'll buy every pound you don't sell," promised Charley—and he didn't have to spend a cent.

The Victories of Routine

[*Great Thoughts*]

IT was Robert Louis Stevenson who said that the only genius he was acquainted with was the genius for steady, painstaking toil, and almost all the great names of history might be appealed to in confirmation of his remark. Perhaps none better illustrate its truth than those scientists who in the last century have added so much to our knowledge of nature and its ways. What they achieved was largely by careful experimentation continued through long periods of time, and often apparently without result. But at last, having circled a thousand times some key to their promised land of discovery, lo! a sudden intuition, a flash of inspiration, and the walls that had defied them fell down flat, while the whole army of science moved in to possess its inheritance. These scientific discoveries were victories of genius, to be sure, but chiefly of a genius for routine.

When we say that the world's great victories have been victories of routine, it is equivalent to saying that they have been victories of character. For character alone can plod. Sometimes a man of exceptional gifts gains some immediate and brilliant success. But such a success sheds little light upon the man's essential worth. His success is something quite outside himself, and people esteem him little the more because of it.

When, however, through patient continuance in well-doing, in spite, perhaps, of repeated failures, a man comes to his own, he proves himself verily a man. And his achievement helps to hearten all those who are contending against similar odds, and makes it easier for them also to be patient in drudgery.

The Lesson of Sparta

By Norman W. De Witt

WE must not all give ourselves to the making of money. We shall all perish if we all do that. No nation can afford to force or allow all its citizens to follow one line of life. The Spartans of old had a good stock of men to build upon, but they all became soldiers. To-day there is nothing left of Sparta but the ground on which she stood. She was wiped out by the warfare for which she lived; she vanquished her enemies, but destroyed herself. Visit the site of her greatness, and you find no noble ruin to delight the eye, no broken statue to tell of perished skill, and no works of utility to increase the ease of life.

Search our libraries and you will find no poets from Sparta, no philosopher, not even an historian to record her own futile victories. Search her records as preserved by other races, and you find a dearth of statesmen and patriots whose plans were illuminated by wisdom and unadulterated by personal meanness and narrow racialism. What, then, became of poet and artist, philosopher, and statesman? Were no babes among them royal born by right divine? Without doubt, but all better things were crushed out because there was but one thing held in honor among them, A nation cannot afford to follow one path of life alone. In Sparta there was no vision, and the people perished.

We must have men in all walks of life who have been trained in those things that give a man the long view over the course that the human race has traversed in arriving where it is. Every man who gets into public life without this long view is a menace to our prosperity and to the future of our country.

Leo, the Clown

BY WINIFRED MARY GRAHAM

THE large circus tent was crowded with people, for Denman's Circus was always popular at Sandgate-on-Sea, and its yearly visit was eagerly looked forward to, especially by the younger members of the population. It was a stormy night, and the wind howled against the canvas, and blew the flames of the oil lamps hither and thither, making them cast a shifting, uncertain light on the circus ring. But the audience paid little heed to such trifles, for they were eagerly awaiting the entrance of Leo, the new clown. There were rumors circulating that the new clown was far superior to old Tom, whose jokes had become threadbare through constant repetition, and whose clumsy antics had ceased to entertain. Pneumonia had carried off poor Tom the winter before, and the handbills announced that Leo—the Wonder of the Age—would be the chief performer that evening.

After a pause, during which all heads were craned towards the ring, the band struck up, and with a leap and a cry of "Here we are again," Leo the clown bounded in, and the fun began. The audience roared with laughter at his jokes. He seemed able to draw his face into impossible contortions, and everybody in the ring was kept alive. He bubbled over with fun and merriment, and when he sang some comic songs his fine tenor voice brought him rounds of applause. As the people streamed out of the tent when the performance was over there was general assent that Leo was the success of the evening, and that Denman's had surpassed itself in that night's entertainment.

Meanwhile, in a small tent close by, Leo was divesting himself of his clown's garb. As the lamp glimmered and flickered above him it disclosed a man of moderate height, with thick, curly brown hair, blue eyes, with a wistful, melancholy look, strangely at variance with the clown's erstwhile merry mood, and a handsome face bearing marks of stress and trouble. This was no ordinary clown, but a gentleman. Every gesture and movement showed it. His long, slender hands and quick, graceful movements were not those of the ordinary run of circus men. The new clown of Denman's Circus was evidently a cut above his fellows.

As he finished dressing, and was putting on his thin, shabby overcoat,

the flap of the tent was lifted and the proprietor of the circus entered unceremoniously.

"Well, Cunningham," he said cheerfully, rubbing his hands together. "You did well to-night. I've never seen a bigger audience here, and you kept them alive to the end. Come and have some supper with me, I'm putting up at the Dragon Inn, and we'll drink to your health and success."

"Sorry, but I must get home," replied the clown, abruptly. "It's nearly eleven o'clock now."

"What a man you are," said Denman, half contemptuously. "You never seem to care for pleasure. You always rush off to your lodgings. Why don't you join us sometimes, and have a little fun?"

"You forget the boy," returned Cunningham, with a flicker of a smile crossing his melancholy face.

"The boy!" repeated Denman with a laugh. "Why, you are always thinking of your boy. You should rouse yourself a little, man, and keep yourself alive. You'll injure your own prospects, if you don't take care. A gloomy clown is no use to anyone."

"You need have no fear of that," said Cunningham, a little shortly. "I will look after myself."

"Very well," returned Denman, rather piqued. Then, as he remembered that it was necessary for him to be on good terms with his clown, who meant money and success, he added more cheerfully: "You must take a look round Sandgate in the morning. It's not a bad place. I'm always glad to get back here. Perhaps you know it, though!"

The remark was a casual one, but a spasm of pain crossed Cunningham's face. He bit his lip, then answered quietly: "Yes, I have been here before."

"Oh, then you know all the points of interest." Denman eyed his companion keenly. Cunningham was a continual struggle to him. Of his former history he knew absolutely nothing, and his curiosity was aroused because he realized that his clown was a gentleman, and he wondered what had brought him to his present position. Six months before Cunningham had applied, in answer to Denman's advertisement, to fill Tom Warner's place, and his evident ability, and the high references from the proprietor of the circus with whom he had been working, had gained him the post. But though he had proved himself eminently satisfactory, not one syllable in reference to his past life had ever escaped his lips. He kept himself aloof and steadily refused all advances from his companions.

Denman, finding that he elicited but little response, left the tent, and Cunningham, putting on his cap, and turning up his coat collar, plunged bravely into the darkness on the way to his lodgings. The rain lashed his face, and he was almost lifted off his feet at times by the fury of the wind, but he hardly felt the elements, for his mind was in a whirl as he strode along the deserted streets.

Did he know Sandgate? Denman's unconscious remark had arosed old memories which he thought had been securely lulled to rest. His mind went back twenty years and more, when as a boy he had played on the downs there, and bathed from the rocks, and ridden his pony along the country roads. His father, Colonel Sherbrook Cunningham, owned a large estate on the outskirts of Sandgate, and Leonard, his only child, had been his idol. Left motherless when a baby, the boy had grown up petted and indulged, accustomed to have every wish gratified, and every desire fulfilled.

At nineteen he went up to Cambridge, and soon won for himself a host of friends by his happy, easy-going temperament and natural gifts. His prowess at all games, his power of mimicry and splendid voice, attracted men to him, and he might easily have been influenced for good had he had anyone to guide him. But warm-hearted and impulsive as he was, his friends proved his undoing. They led him into debt, he got into disgrace, and was sent down to rusticate for

a year. His father's anger and grief were terrible to witness, but in the end Leonard was forgiven. Then, only a few months later, he met and fell in love with the daughter of a farmer in a neighboring village, and they were married secretly. Rose Tennant was as good as she was beautiful, but Sherbrook Cunningham, when he heard of the marriage, refused to see either his son or daughter-in-law, or to hold any communication with them.

Thus turned adrift on his own resources, Leonard tried to get work, but he had not been brought up with the idea of earning his own living, and all his efforts were in vain. Too proud to apply to his friends, he and his wife sank lower and lower, till, about eighteen months after their marriage, Rose faded out of life leaving her husband a baby boy six months as a parting legacy. At first Leonard Cunningham was almost stunned by his misfortune, but the necessity of providing for his son roused him. In desperation he applied for a place as clown in a traveling circus, mindful of the days when he had kept his friends amused for hours together by his wit and fun. To his surprise he got the post, and having written to his father, and told him of his wife's death, and the birth of the child, and his present occupation, he deliberately set himself to forget his old associations, and to make the best of his new life. The child was his salvation. The innocent, baby face and clinging hands kept him straight, and as the years went by, and the baby grew to boyhood, delicate and fragile, the strongest love, amounting almost to worship, grew up between father and son. The father lived only for his boy, and denied himself everything for his sake, while little Leonard thought his father absolutely perfect, and loved him with all the strength of his pure boyish nature.

II.

Absorbed in bitter reflections at the irony of fate which had brought him once more to his old home, Cunningham was at length roused to the fact that he had reached his lodgings. He turned in at the little wooden gate, and went up the narrow flagged path. The door stood ajar, and he entered the dark hall, divested himself of his wet clothes, and opened a door on the right. As he entered the little front room a boyish voice welcomed him eagerly from the depths of an armchair.

"Hullo! dad, you've come at last. What a long time you have been. Mrs. Forrest has been in twice to try and make me go to bed, but I told her I always talk to you while you have your supper."

Cunningham turned up the gas, and crossed over to the chair where his boy sat. There was a strong resemblance between father and son. The same dark, curly hair, broad forehead, and blue eyes, only the wistful look was lacking in the child, though the thin, white face bore marks of pain which made it unchildlike.

"How have you been, old man?" Cunningham asked gently, laying a hand on the dark head.

"Oh, pretty fair, thank you, dad. The pain was rather bad after you went, but it's better now. Will you have your supper, and I'll talk to you?"

Cunningham sat down at the table on which was spread the remains of a joint of mutton, bread and butter and cheese. Lennie got up from his armchair, and made his way with a slow, halting step to a seat opposite his father. The boy had suffered for the last three years from hip trouble. Doctors had said that the disease was due chiefly to weakness, and was not incurable, but the long sea voyage and medical methods necessary to effect a cure were quite beyond Cunningham's purse. So he had to watch, with secret agony, the boy's continued weakness, and writhe under the knowledge that he could do nothing to restore to health the being whom he loved most dearly on earth.

They chatted cheerfully while the father ate his supper. Lennie questioned eagerly about the evening's

"It is Thirteen Years Since I Last Spoke to You, Leonard, and I Said I Would Never Have Anything to do With You Again."

performance, and Cunningham described the crowded tent, the ponies' tricks, and the dresses of the girls, as though he took the keenest interest in his occupation, instead of feeling, as he felt that night, perhaps more than he had ever done before, a sickening sense of disgust at the depths to which he had descended.

"But you looked the best of them all, dad, I know," said Lennie, eagerly, as his father paused. "I should like to have seen you and heard the people cheer you."

Leonard Cunningham winced at his son's enthusiasm. He never allowed Lennie to go to the circus performances. He felt he could not bear his son to see him in his clown's dress. And Lennie, with childish faith in his father, acquiesced in his decision, though sometimes he longed to see the gaieties, of which he heard and to join in the applause which he felt sure his father always evoked. But the father's word was always sufficient, and Cunningham, touched to the heart by the little lad's ready obedience, would ex-

ert himself when he came home to tell of all that had taken place, to amuse his son.

He smiled now, half sadly, at Lennie's eager face. "Well, I wouldn't say that, Len, but I did get some encores. Now you must be off to bed, and if it's fine to-morrow I will take you down to the sea. We must get some roses into these pale cheeks. A fortnight here ought to do wonders. Come along, let me help you upstairs."

"Oh! dad, isn't it lovely? Now I know what they mean by sea horses. Look at the waves, how they splash and shake their white manes. Oh! it's too glorious." Lennie fairly gasped as he uttered these last words the following morning. He sat propped up against a boat on the beach, and watched the sea splashing on the shore with sprays of foam.

"Yes, it's an ideal morning, old man. This fresh air will do you good. Do you think you will be all right here, while I go to the rehearsal? I'll ask that boatman over there to keep an eye on you. I shan't be more than an hour."

"I shall be all right, dad. I could sit here for ages, and I've got my book, too. Don't hurry, though, of course I want you back as quick as you can come."

Cunningham stooped and rearranged Lennie's cushion, then crossed the beach to the promenade, and set off in the direction of the market-place, where the circus tents had been pitched. As he passed a florist's shop he was attracted by a tall, elderly gentleman, who was looking at the flowers. The upright carriage, military bearing, and air of alertness and vigor seemed strangely familiar. In a moment Leonard Cunningham recognized his father!

The sudden encounter was a shock, but, recovering himself, Cunningham made a step forward. The old man, however, did not see him, and entered the shop, and the son, pulling himself together with a great effort, went on his way. But the sight of his father, after twelve years' absence, touched him deeply, and he groaned as he thought what a wide gulf separated them. He was absent-minded and gloomy at the rehearsal, and was called to order by Denman two or three times. When he reached Lennie again he found the boy wildly excited.

"Such a nice old gentleman has been talking to me, father. He saw me sitting here, and came to see if I was ill. He told me some jolly stories, and asked me all about myself. When I said my name was Leonard Sherbrook Cunningham he looked quite queer for a minute, and then asked all sorts of questions about you. Do you know him, father, do you think? Oh, there he is, talking to that boatman over there!"

Cunningham looked with a sense of foreboding in the direction in which Lennie pointed. Yes! it was his father. Had he recognized the family name? What would he do? Well! he must make the advance if there was to be a reconciliation. Cunningham's heart beat so fast that it nearly stifled him. He answered Lennie's question evasively, and tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, but he was not very successful.

III.

A week had gone by, and every day the mysterious old gentleman visited Lennie on the beach. Cunningham no longer doubted whether his father recognized him, but the Colonel was careful only to appear when his son was away, and by the time the latter returned Lennie was alone again. The boy was full of his new friend, and longed for his father to know him. But no inkling of the truth reached him. Evidenly his grandfather had not revealed the relationship, and Cunningham kept silence. Only another week, and the circus would be moving on, and they would leave Sandgate. Though his father was evidently determined to ignore him, Cunningham had not the heart to keep Lennie at home when the sea air was doing him so much good. But he could not un-

derstand the feeling of misery which hung about him, and the strong desire he felt to get Lennie away without knowing who this old gentleman really was. Dim forebodings oppressed him, and he was powerless to shake them off.

One morning as he was coming back from a rehearsal he suddenly ran against his father at the end of the promenade. It was a gusty morning, with occasional showers, and Lennie had not been able to get out as usual. For a moment father and son stood and faced each other in silence. Cunningham felt himself staggered by the suddenness of the meeting, but the Colonel had evidently been waiting for him, for without any greeting whatever, he said abruptly: "It is thirteen years since I last spoke to you, Leonard, and I said I would never have anything to do with you again. I never break my promises, but I am willing to do something for your boy."

Cunningham tried to speak, but something seemed to rise in his throat and choke him. His father continued quietly: "The boy is a true Cunningham, and I have no heir. I will take him and bring him up as befits his name, and have the best doctors to attend him, and restore him, if possible, to health; but only on condition that you give him up absolutely. There must be no further communication between you. The boy will be mine entirely."

As the Colonel paused his son found his voice. "Give up my boy," he cried fiercely. "Why, he is the only thing that makes life bearable. You did not help us when we hardly knew how to keep ourselves alive, but we did without help then, and we can do without now. I will never give up my child."

The Colonel's brow clouded, and his eyes flashed angrily. "You ought to be thankful to me for offering to take your son from his present position. What do you suppose he will feel when he gets older and realizes that he is a Cunningham, and yet the son of a clown? If you choose to throw away your prospects you have no right to blight his. Besides, at the rate he is going on, he will not live long. He wants the best medical advice and treatment to save him."

Cunningham was silent. His tongue seemed tied before these scathing words, which cut him like a knife. His eyes were being rudely opened to the truth. He was dragging down his child. To what position could the child of a mere traveling clown ever hope to attain? Nevertheless in his pride, he resented his father's hard words. He began to protest again, but the Colonel cut him short.

"You can think it over. If you decide to save your son he must be at the Court by five o'clock to-morrow. But remember, he becomes mine absolutely, and you hold no more communication with him."

Sherbrook Cunningham turned on his heel as he uttered these last words. In his hard, stern nature, warped by the resentment of years, there was no thought of forgiveness for his only son. His pride and desire for an heir bade him demand his grandson, but forgive a Cunningham who had so far forgotten himself as to become a clown—never!

Leonard stood rooted to the ground, then suddenly he sprang forward with an exclamation. "Father! Won't you say one kind word to me? Won't you forgive me?" But the old man walked on, and paid no heed to his son's cry.

In a moment the latter recovered himself, and laughed bitterly at his own folly. Then with lowered head he made his way back to his lodgings.

IV.

The clown was as entertaining as ever at the circus that night. But no one knew the storm that was going on in Cunningham's mind as he played his part. Must he give up his boy? What could he do? His father's face rose before him, stern and unyielding, accusing him of spoiling the child's life, and he groaned within himself.

When he reached his lodgings supper was waiting as usual, but he hast-

"Cunningham Raised His Head Hastily and Saw Before Him . . . His Son."

ily rang for it to be cleared away, for he felt as if food would choke him. He had made Lennie promise to go to bed early, for the boy had been in a good deal of pain all day, though he made no complaint. Cunningham crept upstairs to his bedroom, and found the boy asleep, lying with his curly head pressed into the pillow, and one thin arm flung across the coverlet. The father bent and lightly pressed a kiss on the bare warm flesh, then drew back hastily as Lennie muttered in his sleep, "Dear Dad." He made his way downstairs again, and spent the next few hours pacing up and down the little sitting-room, his mind one whirl of agony. How could he give up his boy, his little lad? It was impossible, he muttered fiercely under his breath. But the vision of the thin, white face, growing daily paler and more worn with pain, came before him. Surely to save his life, to ensure that Lennie would grow up well and strong, he could even bear to lose him! But what would the boy himself say? Cunningham could not bear even to contemplate that. He went over to the window and threw it open. The dawn was just breaking, and the sight seemed to calm him. He stood in silence for a long time, gazing out, his mind busy with thoughts of his dead wife. What would she have said to this offer? He knew that she would have made any sacrifice for her boy's good. Presently he turned away, saying brokenly to himself, "For your sake and his, Rose, I'll give him up. It's best for him, and after all, I deserve it. He's too good for me. Better separate us now, before I drag him down, too. I must 'dree my own weird' alone." And having reached this decision Cunningham flung himself, utterly worn out, on to the hard horsehair sofa, and slept restlessly till the little maid of all work came in to sweep before breakfast.

How he broke the news to Lennie, Cunningham never knew. He had a dim recollection afterwards of the boy's startled, terrified face, and of his agonized cry: "Oh! father, you won't send me away from you!" and then the little lad crept into his arms and father and son were silent for a long time. By and by Cunningham roused himself and tried to talk cheerfully. He told Lennie that he would have a pony to ride, and everything he wanted to amuse him, but he could not get an answering smile. To Lennie the whole world seemed suddenly to have become black and dreary. He could not realize the magnitude of the awful change that was coming so quickly upon him. Only instinctively he grasped the fact that his father was doing this awful thing because he could not help himself, and after his first cry the boy was silent, battling with his feelings, and trying not to hurt his father more than he could help. There was evidently no other way—something inexorable was dragging them apart, and Lennie made no more appeal to stay with his father, but only clung to him with a dumb misery in his eyes, which almost overthrew Cunningham's decision. But even in his distress of mind he stood firm. It was his boy's life that was at stake, or so it seemed to him, and to save him he would suffer anything.

The few hours left seemed to fly, and in the afternoon Cunningham took Lennie to the Court, carrying the boy's few possessions with him. How familiar the way was. Old memories thronged upon him, but through all he felt the convulsive clutch of a small hand, and again that great lump rose in his throat.

When they reached the lodge gates Cunningham turned silently to the little limping figure beside him, and in an instant the boy was in his arms. Not a word was uttered, only there was a long, close, silent embrace between them, and a gentle, tender kiss, and then Cunningham put Lennie down again, and they walked up the avenue.

The footman opened the door. Cunningham did not recognize him, but he evidently expected the boy, for he politely requested him to come in. There was a moment's hesitation, and then Cunningham found himself stumbling blindly down the avenue, with a great pain tearing at his heart, and the memory of a pair of agonized blue eyes. He felt that the iron had indeed entered into his soul.

The next week seemed a dream of misery and pain. In the evening at the circus Cunningham forced himself to play his part by sheer will power. But all day, and the greater part of the night, he spent in wandering about unable to bear the solitude of his lodgings. He kept away from the direction of his father's house, but once he saw Lennie, driving in a carriage. The boy sat by his grandfather's side, and Cunningham drew back hastily lest he should be seen. The listless, weary look on Lennie's face almost made him cry out. Was his sacrifice in vain? He bit his lip fiercely, and turned away, struggling with an overwhelming rush of pain that almost made him reel. In those dark days Cunningham suffered more than he had ever done before, and often it was only by physical power that he prevented himself from going to his father's house and demanding his son. He would even have welcomed an invitation from his companions to join them in their evening pleasures so as to drown his misery, but they, remembering how he had ignored past advances, left him to go his own way, shrugging their shoulders at "Cunningham's eccentricities."

At the last performance given by Denman's Circus before it moved on to its next destination the tent was, as usual, packed. Never had Leo, the clown, been so amusing. The audience rocked to and fro with laughter and encored him again and again, de-

manding another song. At last, however, it was over, and Cunningham made his way home feeling utterly exhausted. An early start was to be made next morning, and after swallowing a few mouthfuls of food, he began to pack his belongings. As he was stuffing his things into his portmanteau, his eyes fell on Lennie's photograph standing on the mantelpiece. Cunningham crossed the room and took it up, and gazed long and earnestly at the boyish face, whose straightforward, childish look seemed to pierce his very soul. Then, with a sudden rush, came the full realization of what his future life would be, childless and lonely. Up to now, he had at least been near his boy, but now he must leave him altogether, never to see him again. With a groan the bereaved father flung himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. His frame shook with suppressed sobs, the hard, bitter tears of a strong man.

Suddenly there was a step in the hall, and then someone gently opened the sitting-room door and entered. Cunningham raised his head hastily, and saw before him—his son!

With a rush the boy was once more in his father's arms, and with a sigh of infinite satisfaction the curly head was laid on the broad shoulder waiting to receive it.

To Cunningham it seemed a dream of delight which he feared to dispel if he uttered a word. To feel the slight, fragile form of his son once again, and to press his lips to the dark head, was overwhelming joy. But presently he roused himself and asked, "What brought you back, old man? Did your grandfather send you?"

"No," and the blue eyes looked trustfully into those bent on him. "But I couldn't bear it any longer, dad, without you. I've tried to be good, on my honor I have. But, oh, dad, it was too awful. I would have died if I had stayed there without you."

"Wasn't your grandfather kind to you?" questioned Cunningham, drawing the boy a little closer.

"Oh, yes, he gave me everything I asked for, and he told me he'd made his will, and I should have everything after he was dead. But he wouldn't let me speak of you, dad, and I wanted to so very badly. And then to-day I remembered that it was the last day of the circus, and you would be going away, and I couldn't bear it any more, so I got out of bed to-night, and dressed, and came back. You won't send me back again, will you? I can't —oh, I can't live without you."

All the father's determination was broken down at the touch of the boy's clinging fingers, and the tears in his blue eyes, and his voice was very tender and full of a great contentment as he replied, "No, old man, I won't send you back. I've found that I can't do without you, either. We will never be parted again."

Two days later Cunningham received a letter in an unknown hand. It proved to be from the manager of a high-class traveling concert company, who had been present at the last performance of Denman's Circus, at Sandgate, and had heard the clown sing. The purpose of the letter was to offer Cunningham a place in the company at a much increased salary.

Cunningham read the letter in silence, then looked across at Lennie, who was hanging out of the window, playing with a kitten. "So the career of Leo, the clown, comes to an end," he murmured whimsically, "and that of Cunningham, the singer, begins. After all,. the boy shall have proper treatment—for evidently it is so ordained."

Military Drill From the Training Standpoint

By James W. Barton, M.D.

IN view of the fact that Lord Strathcona's gift for military and physical training in Canada has occasioned considerable comment, it may not be inappropriate to approach the matter from the training standpoint.

Many thinkers are of the opinion that the training begets in the boy a love for militarism, for itself alone; that as he learns the marching, the rifle exercises, the skirmishing, and the other rudiments of the drill, there arises within him the desire to put these tactics into active practice. The uniform also, in the opinion of these gentlemen arouses in the boy the inherent warlike spirit of the human race.

Other thinkers believe, on the other hand, that even as the best boxers and wrestlers are the least offensive boys at a school, so those that take up military training are the least warlike in disposition. They believe that the very training and the knowledge of the fearful effect of the modern implements of war,—which knowledge is a part of the training — enable those taking the training to appreciate the terrors of war more fully than others, and to endeavor to avert war if at all possible in honor.

Of these opinions and the arguments that could be adduced to support them I do not wish to speak, but it has occurred to me that perhaps the civilian and the militiaman have both overlooked the physical, mental and moral benefits of military drill. I do not wish to speak of the military life as a profession, but of the military drill as given to our boys in accordance with the gift of Lord Strathcona. In thinking over the matter it was but natural that I should be immediately struck by the similarity in the training obtained from military drill and that from athletics.

In a previous article I endeavored to show how athletics give development physically, mentally and morally, aside from the recreation enjoyed. In military drill from the physical standpoint, the results are most apparent. Those of us who have had the opportunity of seeing the transforma-

tion in the physiques of the cadets of the Royal Military College, have been simply amazed at the improvement. Of course, a physical qualification is essential for entrance there, but it is by no means a too rigorous one.

Almost the same results are obtainable at any school where the cadet drill is not neglected. The drill itself, the very position of attention, as now prescribed, gives the shoulders the proper ease and carriage that not only prevents round shoulders, but gives the heart and lungs the fullest possible opportunity to perform their work correctly. Then the marching itself, which is practically always "quick march," while developing the leg muscles—a most important matter in stress of arms—is really performing a much more important and valuable service to the heart and lungs. This will take but a minute to prove.

Those of us engaged in the work of correcting deficient hearts and lungs will tell you that in building up these most important organs, we spend little time with the exercises involving the arms. In the arms we have a fairly large bulk of muscle, but it cannot be compared with the huge bulk of the legs. Therefore, when we use the legs, with the large number of heavy muscles involved, we call on the heart to send an increased amount of blood to the legs. In marching, therefore, the blood is not only called for in increased quantities, but in a most regular rhythmical manner—the most efficient means of strengthening the heart.

Similarly, when we ask the legs to work, we must send more oxygen down to the muscles of the legs, and take away from them the waste matter manufactured, that is the carbon dioxide. This can only be accomplished by the lungs which are the medium for exchange with the atmosphere. Therefore increased amounts of oxygen sent down and increased amounts of carbon dioxide thrown off from the system, mean increased efforts on the part of the mechanism performing these functions, that is the lungs. Hence the position of the body in marching not only gives the lungs and heart free play, but the marching itself is one of the best means of developing these organs.

The above benefit, to my mind, is the most important from the physical standpoint, but actual all-round muscular development is secured by the handling of the rifle, not only in the various positions of slope arms, present arms, and so forth, but in the physical drill with arms, which is a part of the training.

However, it is the mental training that is the most striking event on the slightest analysis. The movements involved when an order is given, must be understood on the instant by every boy or man in the ranks, and must be executed correctly. Any slight misunderstanding will throw out a file, a whole line, perhaps a whole company.

The correctness of detail here then is a mental training in itself. The left must be distinguished from the right, a turn from a wheel or confusion results. This correctness of detail becomes a very part of the soldier, not only during the training but during his lifetime. It is an education in itself to hear the trained soldier deliver a message when it is sent verbally. The whole detail, no more, no less, is given with an exactness that is most refreshing. It is absurd to say that a training of this kind is but temporary and that it is entirely lost when the training ceases.

Then the training embraced in the order is also that the execution of the movement or movements must be done promptly. Any slight delay in obeying the command leads to the same confusion, perhaps, as obeying the order incorrectly. What is more inspiring than, at the word of command, to see the whole line move as one man.

Aside from the carrying out of the commands correctly and promptly the very commands themselves not only

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE CADETS

NOTE THE ERECT BEARING AND SPLENDID PHYSIQUE OF THESE YOUNG COLLEGE LADS

involve considerable study, but present problems worthy of any schoolroom. A company is marching along in company column and it becomes necessary for it to make a sudden detour to the right through a small opening. The proper command must be given at the moment by the commander, and must be understood and carried out by every boy or man in the ranks on the instant.

This is the simplest form of the problem. The proper disposition of the company during attack or defence; the throwing out of outposts; the planning of surprises, the protection against the same, the practice of skirmishing and the hundred and one other points make the training as intricate a problem mentally as that worked out in the class room.

It is understood generally that the main purpose of college training is not to acquire the knowledge that can be gleaned in four years' attendance, but to inculcate within the student the proper principles of applying the mind in the various directions of thought. I am no prophet, but I venture to say that within a few years military training will be an integral part of the college curriculum not alone for its physical benefits nor for patriotic reasons, but for the training mentally. A training that involves considerable study for the detail itself with perplexing problems to deduce, together with a training that calls for quick comprehension and prompt execution is worthy of a place in any curriculum.

And such a mental training cannot but induce resourcefulness in the boy. A boy who is taught to think clearly and correctly and to think promptly will assuredly be of more value to himself and the community than had he not had the training. Picture any emergency requiring prompt thinking and prompt action. To meet this put two boys equally brave and strong, one with and one without military training; which of the two think you, will be of most service? Place these two boys in any business capacity where they stand equal in so far as equipment is concerned. Which will be the more resourceful and self reliant?

So much for the physical and mental training. Now it is an actual fact that military drill in our schools gives a training morally that is perhaps overlooked by its friends, as it is by its enemies.

At the very outset obedience is the keynote of the training. And such obedience! It is at once prompt, un-

questioning and unwavering. He who gives the command may be but another schoolmate, perhaps one that could be handled in a fight by a majority of the company. Such absolute obedience cannot but be beneficial to any boy, irrespective of parentage or social position. The strongest-minded, most intelligent boy can only be helped by learning to obey the commands of those in authority. And likewise the boy of less attainment is developing moral stamina by such obedience. I believe we are all agreed that it is helpful for everybody to learn the meaning of subordination to authority.

It strikes me that it is but a simple deduction to say that such knowledge makes for better citizenship, for greater respect for the rights and liberties of our fellow citizens.

And what of the boy who is disinclined to recognize authority, who is disobedient at home and a menace to discipline at school. Schoolmasters will bear me out when I say that the cadet corps or military training has revolutionized the discipline of their schools. That these boys, who would brook no authority, become tractable, obedient and respectful.

And just in this connection we meet another valuable result of the training, and that is the control of the temper and the tongue. Those of us who follow athletics know how much more valuable to a team is the boy or man who controls his temper. It means that he is not watched or "picked on" by the officials, he is not cordially disliked by his opponents, and just tolerated by his team mates. Further he spends his time on the field during the duration of play, rather than on the bench with the penalty timekeeper. And such control of temper and of the tongue is considered a valuable part of the training in athletics. As has been remarked elsewhere the controlling of the temper occurs perhaps a hundred times where it is lost but once.

And now consider military training form this standpoint. There is no answering back or loss of control of the tongue when the command is given by a superior officer. There is no loss of temper if the superior officer fails to bring the company to the "stand at ease," as soon, or as frequently, as the men in the ranks think he should. If there is the desire to lose control of temper and

VANCOUVER HIGH SCHOOL CADETS

tongue it is smothered or controlled, before it arises, even as in athletics. Is such self-restraint worth anything to a boy or is it not? I believe the question a fair one.

And finally, there is the same unselfishness about the military training as about athletics. Each boy is but a pawn as it were on the chess board. He must move this way and no other. He is but one of a number of bolts, or one of a great number of pieces of metal, helping to make perfect a single piece of mechanism. He must obey while others command. He must carry the rifle while his chum carries a sword. He must walk while his next door neighbor may be entitled to ride. In obeying commands he realizes that he is but one of a number, and yet he is as good a boy mentally, physically and morally as those in command over him.

In conclusion then I think we are justified in our belief that military training is worthy of a place in the curriculum of school or college, for the all-round training obtained.

A CANADIAN BOY SCOUT

PHYSICALLY ERECT, MENTALLY ALERT, AND MORALLY SOUND.

LORD PIRRIE

Photo Elliott & Fry

A Great Canadian Shipbuilder

By Desda Cornish

OF all the shipyards in the world, probably the most familiar, by name, at any rate, to Canadians, is that of Harland & Wolff, at Belfast, Ireland. There is an excellent reason why this should be so, though very few people may be aware of it, and that is because the man who has made this great yard, the famous place it is to-day, was born in Canada.

To use an Irishism, Lord Pirrie was born out of his native country, for he first saw the light in Quebec in 1847, his father's death being the reason for his removal to the family home in Ireland, where his personal ties and in-

dustrial associations became fast-rooted. Most of his early years were spent at Conlig, in County Down, within sight of the far-famed Helen's Tower, erected by another great Irishman, Lord Dufferin, to the memory of his mother. He was educated at the Belfast Academical Institution until the age of 15, when he was apprenticed to Harland & Wolff, who were then beginning to come into prominence under the auspices of the late Sir E. J. Harland, and Mr. G. W. Wolff, who is now member for East Belfast. In a small yard in the vicinity of what was known as the Queen's Island, a sort of recreation ground, the Englishman, Mr. Harland, started the great firm of which Lord Pirrie is now the head—Messrs. Harland & Wolff, shipbuilders and engineers, with which is associated John Brown & Co., of Sheffield and Clydebank.

Mr. Harland had a practical knowledge, a great understanding, with a sense of the artistic and a marked business capacity, which, together with the capital brought to the firm by Mr. Wolff, found expression in excellent construction and high workmanship in the field of shipbuilding.

It was under these able pioneers that young Pirrie began his career. He found lodgings close to the works, where he arrived often first in the morning, and remained till last at night. He was determined to know all that could be learned, and succeeded so well, that Mr. Harland, who knew a good man when he saw him, made him his partner in 1872. The advent of Mr. Pirrie worked wonders in the advancement of the firm, for everything he touched seemed to prosper. At the end of but a few years a vast industry covered and hid every vestige of what had been the Queen's Island recreation ground.

Lord Pirrie's first and greatest achievements were with the White Star Line, for, having built them various smaller steamers successfully, he built the original leviathan, the

WITLEY COURT, SURREY
ENGLISH RESIDENCE OF LORD PIRRIE

Photo, Frith

"Oceanic," of 17,000 tonnage. Not resting at that point, he increased dimension after dimension until the building of the "Adriatic," which almost reached 25,000 tons, while there are now vessels in construction in the yards very far in advance of the "Adriatic."

Perhaps much of Lord Pirrie's success is due to the fact that he was never content to sit at home and surmise. He sailed all over the world in every kind of ship, thereby finding out for himself every kind of requirement that went towards their perfecting. He had the capacity for not only imparting the knowledge thus obtained to his partners and other shipbuilders, but for making them think with him. In this way he impressed upon others that the future belonged to big ships. Lord Pirrie's irresistible personality has, perhaps, been the main factor in giving him as much success in the selling of ships as in the building of them, and concerning this capability a story is told of him during one of his visits to Liverpool. A large shipbuilder had a long and serious face when he met his colleagues on the Exchange. He was asked, "What is wrong?" "Well, the fact is," he said, "Pirrie has been over and has persuaded me to order a ship, and I am puzzled to know what to do with it."

THE HARLAND & WOLFF SHIP YARDS AT BELFAST [Photo, Frith

Lord Pirrie has proved himself to be the saviour of Belfast and its surrounding district. Ballymacarrett, one of the formerly wretched suburbs, with a population of but a few thousands, which has now increased to about 100,000, owes its prosperity to the employment meted out to it by Messrs. Harland & Wolff. The number of hands employed in the works varies between ten and twelve thousand, the weekly wages paid out by the firm amounting to about £20,000. Lord Pirrie owes his wonderful success and his eminent position in life entirely to his own industry, sagacity and unfailing energy; also to his great spirit of optimism which has gone far in carrying through his many and varied undertakings. This latter qual-

ity has made him as big a ship-salesman as he is a shipbuilder.

Lord Pirrie's largest engineering works are situated at Southampton, which is fast out-rivalling Liverpool as a port. He has done a large amount of engineering for the Navy and Mercantile Marine, and the engineering works are always in readiness for one and every kind of emergency.

His success socially Lord Pirrie owes to a great extent to the valuable co-operation of Lady Pirrie, to whom he was married in 1879. The endowment of the Victoria Hospital in Belfast, during the two years in which Lord Pirrie held the position of Lord Mayor, was successfully carried through, owing largely to the popularity and energetic philanthropy of his wife. Lady Pirrie's extravagant hospitality has endeared her to all Ulstermen, and has done much in helping her husband to hold the appreciation of the citizens, even when his politics turned in the direction of marked opposition to their own.

Lord Pirrie became High Sherriff of Down for one year, and he was also High Sheriff for Antrim, in both of which counties the City of Belfast is situated. During later years he has devoted more and more of his time to public life. In 1898 he was made a Privy Councillor, and during the first year of office of the present Government, was created a peer of Great Britain. In the midst of the stress and strain of public life, however, Lord Pirrie has never neglected his business interests, which have spread in all directions. Besides being chairman of Harland & Wolff, he is on the board of the African Steamship Company, the Ocean Transport Company, the White Star Line, the London and Western Railway Company, the London City & Midland Bank, the Eastern Telegraph Company, the International Mercantile Marine Company, Frederick Leyland & Company, the British & North Atlantic Steam Navigation Company, the Mississippi & Dominion Steamship Company, the Wilsons & Furness-Leyland Line, and of the Scottish Widows Assurance Fund. He is on the committee of Lloyd's, is a member of the Viceregals Railways Commission, is on the Conciliation Courts Panel of the Board of Trade, the Lighthouses Committee, and the Council of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers. He is vice-president of the Institute of Naval Architects, is Master of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights, and is pro-Chancellor of Queen's University of Belfast—a truly remarkable list of achievements!

Last May, in the Pall Mall Magazine, Lord Pirrie published an interview with the popular author, Mr. Harold Spender, on the subject of the naval crisis. "Personally," Lord Pirrie said, "I think that the danger has been exaggerated. I think there is an element of scare in this talk about German building. What acceleration there has been is, I think, quite possibly to be accounted for by the explanation given on high German authority—that the ships have been put forward in order to give employment in the empty shipbuilding yards of Germany. Of course, I may be wrong—they may, of course, be deceiving us; but I do not see any absolute proof of that.

"I will take our firm as an instance. We could build two Dreadnaughts at once, and make machinery for four more. And if that is true of one firm alone, what could not be done by all the great shipbuilding yards in England combined? Why, there are yards idle in England at the present moment that could turn out a greater number of Dreadnaughts than all the German yards put together."

"Another thing that has frightened public opinion very much has been the alleged revelations as to the development of Krupp's yards and workshops. Do you regard that as very ominous?"

"Of course, it is impossible for me to dogmatize, but I can say this—that to my knowledge Krupp's development has been to a large extent for mercantile work, as well as naval. Be-

sides, of course, the German system of preparing gun-fittings and guns simultaneously with the ships has meant a corresponding development in Krupp's along with the laying down of the Dreadnaught keels. That would happen in any case, even if there were no acceleration of building."

In the early part of 1908 Lord Pirrie was appointed Comptroller of the Vice-regal Household of Lord Aberdeen, in place of Lord Powerscourt, though the salary of £800 a year could hardly have been a temptation to the wealthy chairman of Harland & Wolff. Later in the same year, the King conferred the honor of Knight of the Order of St. Patrick on Lord Pirrie, a distinction which had formerly been held by the late Earl of Rosse.

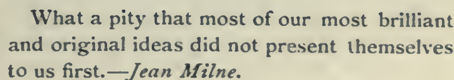
Last year Lord Pirrie bought the magnificent estate of Witley Court, on the Lea Park estate, in the County of Surrey, the sale including 1,500 acres of land adjoining the property of the Earl of Derby. The estate was once the property of Whitaker Wright, the ill-famed financier, who ended his life with the turn of fortune.

Lea Park lies in one of the loveliest tracts of country in the south of England, and extends from the Village of Witley to the famous Punchbowl and Gibbet Hill, on Hindhead. It formed a portion of the Hindhead Deer Forest of Queen Elizabeth, and commands a view over a glorious expanse of open country. The estate was put up for sale in 1904, and the bidding was withdrawn when the hammer reached £145,000, the price that Lord Pirrie had to pay for it may, therefore, be surmised at. Whitaker Wright had extended the construction of a wonderful home for himself, and at the time of his tragic death had expended no less than £700,000 upon it.

The mansion is built of stone in the early English style, and for its adornment valuable pieces of statuary were obtained from various parts of Europe. A stone wall, four miles long, and which cost in itself £37,000, encloses the park, and there are five stone lodges, which cost £2,000 each. But perhaps the greatest wonder of Witley Court is a large hall, constructed of glass, which has been built under one of the several lakes that adorn the grounds. This remarkable hall at the present time serves as a billiard room.

It is but the other day that Lord Pirrie acquired the English rights of a puncture-proof tire, an invention which is destined to do away with the tire troubles of motorists, and which has been discovered by a German chemist named Pfleumer. The idea is to replace the ordinary inner air-tube by a substance, which has been given the name of "Pfleumatic"—a compound of gelatine, glycerine and other substances, combined by a patent process with compressed air. The substance is poured in a molten state between the wheel-rim and the outer tube. It is claimed that such a puncture-proof tire is equal in resiliency to the ordinary touble tire.

The regrettable fact in this great man's career is that he has no children to carry on his labors—no heirs to whom he can pass on his vast possessions—his title dies with him.



What a pity that most of our most brilliant and original ideas did not present themselves to us first.—*Jean Milne.*

Drawn by R. G. Matthews

"'IT SHALL STAY THERE AS LONG AS I LIVE,' SHE DECLARED"

Rachel

A Strongly Human Story, with an Old Theme Told in a Refreshing and Original Way.

By Owen Oliver

WHEN my brother was in Burmah it was his custom to send home a boxful of curiosities every month for me to sell, and mine to take them to Mr. Levy's quaint little shop near the docks. One December my brother asked me to distribute the boxful as Christmas presents, instead of selling them. I called upon Mr. Levy to explain the matter, as I did not wish him to think that I was taking my wares elsewhere. We had become very good friends during our dealings.

He told me that he would have missed my monthly visit more than our monthly business, and asked me into the shop parlor for our usual chat. Isaac had gone down to a ship, he said, about some packages that had not arrived, but Mrs. Isaac would look after the shop. She sent us in some tea, and presently she tapped at the door and walked in herself. She was a young Jewess of about five and twenty, and I really think the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I could not help wondering how she had come to marry Isaac, who was a quiet, stolid chap, and nothing much to look at, though Mr. Levy always declared that he had "a head on his shoulders."

She went quietly to Mr. Levy's safe, opened it with a key on her chain, unlocked the cash box with another key, and put some notes inside. Then she took some gold from a bag, made a memorandum in a little book, locked up again, and went out with a bow and a smile. I did not know that I showed my surprise, but Mr. Levy noticed it. He is very quick at noticing things.

"I couldn't tell you what's in it," he remarked, jerking his head toward the safe.

"Your books show," I suggested.

"The books show to a penny. She keeps them!"

"You evidently trust her," I observed.

"I'm glad it's evident," he replied. "I try to make it plain to everyone on account of her family."

"Ah!" I said. "I see. Yes, honesty runs in families; and the other thing."

"I hope not," he demurred. "Her father was a thief, and so was her brother. Her mother wasn't much better; or Rachel herself, once upon a time."

"And you trust her like that!" I cried in astonishment.

"I trust Isaac," he replied; "and I trust Rachel to do as Isaac would have her do. I never knew a woman fonder of a man. It's a curious story about those two; rather a pretty story to my way of thinking."

"Tell me," I begged; and he told me what follows.

It's fifteen years since I first had Isaac. I took him the year after I opened the shop. There's an odd tale about that, too, which I'll tell you some day. For I didn't start life in this line, by any means. Isaac was seventeen then; an awkward young fellow all arms and legs, and a bit

rough in his manners. In fact, there was nothing good to say of him except that he was clean. He was an orphan, with no one to look after him, and sold evening papers, and knocked about the streets with a gang of young hooligans doing no good. I fell foul of them once or twice for horse-play round here; and one day when he was skylarking with some other chaps he put his elbow through my window. I was near the door, as it happened, and pounced out on him, and hauled him into the shop. He'd have made a fight with most people, but he knew better than to try it on with me. My first idea was to give him a hiding, but I never liked hitting a chap smaller than myself. I've lost a lot of sport through feeling that way. It's the misfortune of being a big man! Next I thought I'd hand him over to the police for an example; but his mother had been kind to me when I was a kid. She was a good woman with a bad husband, as often happens. So I ended by fetching him in here and talking to him like a Dutch uncle. He was growing up a disgrace to her, I told him, and he'd never be anything but a worthless blackguard, and always out at elbows and hard up and looked down upon, unless he took to work.

"You wouldn't go on like this, if your mother was alive, my boy," I said; "at least, not if there's a bit of a man in you, seeing how she went hungry and cold to feed and clothe you. Don't forget what you owe her, because she's not here to remind you. I don't forget that she was kind to me, once upon a time, anyhow; and if you're ready to make a fair start I'll help you to get a job, and lend you a trifle to buy some decent clothes. You go and think it over quietly and come back to-morrow and tell me if you've made up your mind to act like a man."

He looked precious sulky and went off without a word; but he turned up the next morning when I was opening the shop. It was before I kept a lad.

"I ain't going to be beholden to you or anyone for help," he said; "but I'll come and work for you till I've paid it off." He jerked his head at the broken window, that I'd nailed a board over till the glazier came.

"Umph!" I said. "What work can you do?"

"What I'm told," he answered gruffly.

"Suppose you don't know how?" I asked.

"Have to learn," he grunted.

"And suppose you don't learn?" I wanted to know.

"It'll be your fault for not showing me right," he growled; and I took him by the collar and shook him.

"There's a lesson to begin," I said. "Keep a civil tongue in your head in future. Now put those shutters away, and then you can help me open some packing cases."

He worked hard and showed a lot more sense than I expected, and took an interest in the things in the shop, and I was beginning to find that I wanted help, for the business was increasing. So in the end I took him on. He suggested it himself.

"It would pay you to keep me," he said, with his usual bluntness. "You want someone to go errands and mind the shop when you're out; and I'd put things straight, and not have them all over the place like you do." He had a mania for being orderly, and I had let the stock get mixed up a bit, being hard pressed as the business grew.

So I took him on, as I've said, and he's served me well, as you know. He's pig-headed, and has his own way of doing things, but he'd give his head for me any day—and come to that so would Rachel—and there aren't many smarter chaps than Isaac, when you understand him. He's slow at speaking, but he's mighty quick at thinking; and what he thinks, that wooden old face of his never shows. That's where he takes people in.

I had my doubts about him at first, on account of his companions. He dropped the gang he had gone about

with as soon as he came, but he wouldn't agree to sleep in, or to change the place where he lodged. It was a low tenement house, and the Abrahams lived there; and the Abrahams were low thieves, father and son and mother. Rachel was one of them, and a good bit younger than her brother. She was nine then; a skinny, black-eyed little imp, as full of mischief as a monkey is of tricks, and she played them mostly on Isaac. She knew that he was fond of her and took advantage of him. She used to come to the window and make faces at him, and peep in the door and call him names. He'd bluster and swear that if he came out and caught her he'd give her a good hiding. He went out and caught her often enough, but he never did more than shake her, and she rather liked being shaken than otherwise! He'd made up his mind that he'd never lay his hand on a female, he told me once. He'd seen too much of it. His father had treated his mother pretty badly, I gathered, and he got that scar on his forehead—just underneath the curl on the right—standing up for her. Anwhow he'd sworn to her that he'd never hit a woman; and when Isaac says a thing he sticks to it.

Well, he went on all right, and I got to trust him, and that's all I need say till I come to the proper story, except just one thing. He'd been with me for five years, and was two and twenty, and Rachel was fourteen, and looked older. She's a pretty woman, as you've seen, but upon my word I think she was a prettier child. The lads were mad after her already, but she kept them at a distance like a queen. There was never a whisper against her character in that way. I'd like to make that clear. She was wonderfully good at lessons always. The old Rabbi thought a deal of her.

Old Abrahams was doing time then, and young Abrahams had disappeared; and Mrs. Abrahams died. Isaac wore black and went to the funeral; and, as a matter of fact, he paid for it. I kept his savings and I knew what he drew them for, though he didn't tell me. He asked me to take a part of his wage every week, and pay for Rachel's room and board. "She won't let me," he explained. "Thinks I'd make out a claim on her when she grows up, I suppose. Might konw I wouldn't have her as a gift when she didn't want me."

"It seems to me you're gone on that child, Isaac," I said.

"Always was," he owned.

"You're a fool," I told him.

"That's right," said he, as cooly as if I'd paid him a compliment.

"But look here, man," I said, "it's ridiculous, you know. You're a young fellow of two and twenty, and she's only a child of fourteen."

"She's got to grow up," he remarked.

"She isn't going to grow up your way," I said. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but she's no good, and never will be." He looked as if he'd murder me. "I don't mean that she isn't a decent girl. She's that all right—but it's the only good point about her. She's vain and ungrateful; and I doubt if she's honest. It's no use looking at me like that, Isaac. I'm saying it for your good. And what's more she doesn't care for you and never will; and you'd better put her out of your head."

"Ever so much better," he agreed; "only I can't! Always did like the nasty little brat, and always shall."

"Umph!" I said. It's no use arguing with a man about a girl, and nobody but a born fool tries to argue with a girl about a man. "I'll see what I can do for her."

I got her a place as a nurse-girl, by promising to pay for anything she took. I didn't have to pay, as a matter of fact, and they said that she behaved very well, except that she was impudent and fond of finery. She is now. Women of our race are. They can't help it.

Anyhow she stayed there for two years, and after a few months they made her into a sort of nursery governess, which just suited her ladyship.

You should see the way she keeps our books! She's learnt French and German since she's been married, and when I have a little to invest I generally ask her advice about it. She manages Isaac's savings without asking! She's a clever woman—a very clever woman; and a very pleasant one. You must talk to her some day. You've only got to praise Isaac, and not say anything against me, and you'll soon be friends with her.

When she had gone from the tenements Isaac left and went to respectable lodgings. He didn't have much to do with her for a couple of years; or rather she didn't have very much to do with him. She found out that he'd paid for the funeral, and seemed to regard it as a sort of insult, and vowed she'd pay it back two shillings a week through me. She only paid about a shilling a fortnight, in fact. It was my belief that she only did that much to make Isaac uncomfortable, and I told her so.

"Yes," she answered like a shot. "That's why. It's to show him that he can't buy me. So there! I don't like him any better than I like you; and that's not at all!"

"My dear," I said, "you don't like me less than I like you! And you can't think less of me! If ever Isaac was going to marry you I'd give him a piece of rope, to use on himself or you. It would do you a world of good."

I told her a few more plain truths, and she called me a big bullying coward—which I never was, whatever I might be—and didn't come near me after that. I didn't hear much about her either, till Isaac came to me almost blubbing one afternoon. Old Abrahams had come out of prison, and her brother had come back. They said that he'd been in the Army and deserted. And Rachel had left her place and gone back to the tenements with them. Isaac had been to see her and begged her to come away. Her brother had sided with him—there was some good in the chap, and he's doing well now in Australia, where Isaac and I sent him. The father had said she could do as she pleased, and she was too fine a lady nowadays to be much good to him. Rachel had slapped his face.

"And now," he told me, "I've done with her; but I'd give my head to see her married to a respectable chap and living honest. When you've liked a kid since she was a baby—why, I taught her to walk, I—you don't know!"

He nearly broke down, but I would not see, and hustled him to send off an order. After that I didn't hear a word from him about her for six months. I saw him pass her once in the street, and he never glanced at her and his face didn't move a muscle. She turned very red; and when she came up to the shop door, where I was standing, I laughed at her.

"Isaac won't want the rope," I said.

"No," she told me; "but he'll want me!"

She dropped me a curtsey and walked on. I couldn't help owning to myself that she was a beauty, and some excuse for his foolishness. She was well-dressed, I noticed, and I heard that her father had taken a house, and had plenty of money for the time being. So I guessed that he'd brought off a burglary, and I wondered if she was in it.

That very night I had a telegram that an uncle of mine was dying. I asked Isaac to sleep at the shop and went. I was too late, and came back the next morning. As I was walking home from the station I heard that the police had caught the Abrahams, father and son, breaking into my shop in the night; and Isaac had a bad cut over the head, but he hadn't told the police that. I hurried to the shop, and rushed in; and then I nearly had a fit. For there, behind the counter was Rachel!

She was dressed very quietly, and she looked very handsome, but very pale. She was red round the eyes, and she stopped me with her hand on my arm, and her breath came and went quickly.

"Isaac is lying down on the sofa," she said, "and I am minding the shop. I haven't touched anything. You can count the till and everything."

"That's all right, Rachel," I said. "I don't care much if you have, so long as Isaac's all right, and—look at me, Rachel."

She looked at me.

"I believe he'll want the rope after all," I said. "Eh?"

I thought a joke would ease things down, but she shivered and went white.

"No," she said quietly. "He can do without it. I love him. I always did; but—but he only did things for me, instead of making love to me—and so—he knows now; and he forgives me. He forgives me even for—what happened last night. It was my fault. I suggested it to them. I have told him, and he will tell you. I can't expect you to forgive me; but some day—if I am a good wife to Isaac—will you try to then?"

I looked at her as she stood with her eyes cast down, twisting her hands together. I hadn't liked the child before; but when I thought of the way she'd been brought up, and how she'd educated herself and kept herself respected by the boys, and how she must feel to humble herself to me considering what a proud little thing she was, I took a sudden liking for her.

"I'll forgive you now, and have done with it," I offered.

"Oh!" she cried. "You won't when Isaac tells you!"

"Nonsense," I said cheerfully. "You can forgive people anything when you like them; and I'm going to like you, Rachel."

I held out my hand and she grabbed it, and actually kissed it, and cried—Goodness! She did cry! So I just patted her shoulder and told her we were going to be great friends, and left her to have her cry out. I thought it would do her good.

I went in to Isaac. He tried to sit up, but I could see that he felt queer, so I made him lie down again and sat beside him. His hands twitched and I knew that he was cut up about what he'd got to tell me.

"Look here, old man," I suggested. "Suppose we say nothing about what's happened. I've made friends with Rachel and forgiven before I know. So what's the use of stirring up trouble? Upon my word, I believe she's going to turn out a nice little girl, and make you a nice little wife. Anyhow I'm going to like her; and you can't suspect me of suspecting you. I'm not a fool. Suppose we leave it so."

"No," he said. "I can't. I must tell you;" and then he did.

I won't try to put it into his words. He was muddled from the blow, and from worrying, and he made a fearful rigmarole of it. I don't believe he'd ever said as much in a day as he said in three-quarters of an hour then; for that's the time he took. To cut it short, what happened was this:

Rachel came into the shop soon after I left, meaning, as he now believed, to say that she was sorry for boxing his ears, and wanting to give him a chance to make love to her, which he might have had the sense to do before, and save all the bother. There's no argument with a woman like an arm round her waist. He didn't dream what was in her mind, and rounded on her at the start, and told her what he thought of her. I don't blame him for that. He had also told her what I thought of her. There he was wrong, of course. She had flounced off in a rage, declaring that she'd be revenged on both of us. She went home and told her father and brother that only Isaac would be in the place that night, and if they chose to break in she wouldn't say a word. They'd thought of it for a long time, it appeared, but she'd kept them off by threatening she'd peach. And now she thought it would be the best way to pay us both out, because she knew that Isaac, being in charge, would be more cut up than I should be. You must remember the way she'd been brought up. Stealing wouldn't strike her like it would us, or like it would her now.

Well, Isaac went to bed at eleven, but he couldn't sleep, troubling about the little hussy, and thinking that perhaps he'd been a bit hard on her; and lying awake he heard sounds in the warehouse about two o'clock. He crept down with a stick, and went in through the shop, and found two men. They had heard him, and one of them picked up a bronze—Napoleon it was, and we found him broken in two. Isaac has a pretty tough head; but it stunned him enough to give them time to get out of the window. The police took them as they were getting through, and Isaac went and stood there and talked to the police. He saw it was the Abrahams, so he said nothing about the blow on his head, not wishing to make matters worse for them; and though it was known in the neighborhood it never came out in court. While he was standing there he saw a boy crouching inside the window by his feet. He stooped down to pick him up and throw him out. Then he thought of me giving him a chance, when he was a lad, so he altered his mind and whispered:—

"You can go out to the police," he offered, "or you can stay here and have a good hiding." The lad didn't stir, even when they had gone; and Isaac shut the window and took an old Malacca cane, and caught hold of the young rascal and laid into him. There was enough light from the street for that.

He laid on pretty hard, thinking it was his duty, but left off before he intended, as the boy took it pluckily and hardly made a sound. Then he opened the window and told him to go. "I'm not going to look to see who you are," he said, "and if you don't give yourself away I shan't. It's wiped out. Go and start fair." Then he went to bed. He thought that he fainted from the blow on his head rather than fell asleep. Anyhow he didn't wake in the morning, and the neighbors had to break in. Rachel heard that he was dying and flew round. She fainted when she saw him, and then she confessed everything; even that she loved him and always had. She wanted to go away, and said that she would try to be a good woman for his sake, but she could never see him any more, because she wasn't good enough; but he told her that he didn't care what she was, he wanted her; and she said, if he'd only start her fair and trust her, she couldn't do wrong; and so he sent her to mind the shop, thinking he couldn't show his trust more. "But, of course," he said, "I can't expect you to trust her; or me, since I'm going to marry her. So I'll go. But I'll never forget what you've done for me, and—and will you do one thing more?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then do your best to get them let off easy," he begged. "They're her father and brother."

"All right," I said. I did get them off pretty easily considering. The father died in prison, and we sent the brother off to Australia, when he came out, as I said.

"You'll let me stop till you get someone else?" Isaac asked, turning his head away. "Someone you can trust."

"I'm going to get someone else now," I told him, and I walked to the door.

"Rachel," I called, "come here."

She came in, hanging her pretty head.

"Now, my little girl," I said, "you've never had a fair chance yet. You're going to have one. You're coming here every morning to tidy up for us. You'll have the run of the place. I shan't lock anything up. I shan't count the till. I'm going to trust you."

And I went out and left them together.

I didn't expect to see them for half an hour; but in ten minutes she came back to the shop.

"Isaac asleep?" I asked casually.

"Yes," she said.

"Do him good," I told her. "You might dust those shelves while you're here. . . . Come, come! Don't

start crying. Pull yourself together, my dear."

She drew a long breath and then she looked at me. I never saw a woman look so miserable in my life. A woman, I said; but she was nothing more than a child; only seventeen.

"Mr. Levy," she said, "you have trusted me, and I—I couldn't tell Isaac. I couldn't. But I must tell you though—though—you will never trust me any more. It was I who—I dressed in boy's clothes—"

She buried her face in her hands; and I put my hand on her shoulder.

"My poor girl!" I said. "My poor little girl! We must never let Isaac know. He'd break his heart. . . . As for not trusting you any more—Look here, Rachel. Here's a key. It's the key of my safe. I'll put it on a chain." I took a little Chinese gold chain that was handy, put on the key, and hung the chain round her neck. "It shall stay there as long as I trust you," I promised.

"It shall stay there as long as I live," she declared.

And there it stays.

"It's strange," Mr. Levy remarked, "how you trust some people by instinct. I've never trusted anyone else with that story."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall never tell it; or write it, much as I should like to."

"Oh!" he said. "You can write it, so long as you touch it up so that no one can recognize it, like you writing chaps generally do. You don't get hold of a piece of real life very often."

We don't. That's a fact.

The Changelessness of Man

We alter very little. When we talk of this man or that woman being no longer the same person whom we remember in youth, and remark—of course, to deplore—changes in our friends, we don't perhaps calculate that circumstance only brings out the latent defeat or quality, and does not create it. The selfish langour and indifference of to-day's possession is the consequence of the selfish ardor of yesterday's pursuit; the scorn and weariness which cries *vanitas vanitatum* is but the lassitude of the sick appetite palled with pleasure; the insolence of the successful *parvenu* is only the necessary continuance of the career of the needy struggler; our mental changes are like our grey hairs or our wrinkles—but the fulfilment of the plan of mortal growth and decay; that which is snow-white now was glossy black once; that which is sluggish obesity to-day was boisterous, rosy health a few years back; that calm weariness—benevolent, resigned, and disappointed—was ambition, fierce and violent, but a few years since, and has only settled into submissive repose after many a battle and defeat. Lucky he who can bear his failure so generously, and give up his broken sword to Fate the Conqueror with a manly and humble heart! Are you not awestricken, you, friendly reader, who, taking the page up for a moment's light reading, lay it down, perchance for a graver reflection—to think how you, who have consummated your success or your disaster, may be holding marked station, or a hopeless and nameless place, in the crowd—who have passed through how many struggles of defeat, success, crime, remorse, to yourself only known—who may have loved and grown cold, wept and laughed again, how often—to think how you are the same You, whom in childhood you remember, before the voyage of life began!

LOCAL IMPROVEMENT DEBENTURE

DEBENTURE No. 1197

TRANSFERABLE

The City of Peterborough, Canada

$1236.66

On the Thirty-first day of December, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-eight, the Corporation of the City of Peterborough, promises to pay to the Bearer, the sum of

One Thousand, Two Hundred and Thirty-Six Dollars and Sixty-Six Cents

of lawful money of Canada, upon presentation of this Debenture, at the office of the Secretary of the Peterborough City Trust, in the City of Peterborough, with interest at the rate of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER PER CENTUM PER ANNUM, payable half-yearly, on the Thirtieth day of June and the Thirty-first day of December in each year, upon presentation of the proper coupons for such instalments of interest respectively, at the office of the Secretary, aforesaid.

This Debenture *is issued pursuant to By-Law No. 1440 of the Corporation of the City of Peterborough, passed on the first day of March, 1909, intituled "A By-Law to provide for borrowing money by the issue of Debentures to pay the proportion of the cost of granolithic sidewalks, payable by the Corporation of the City of Peterborough, on the streets and parts of streets in the City of Peterborough, herein set out and described," whereby Debentures for the sum of TEN THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX DOLLARS AND SIXTY-SIX CENTS, bearing interest at the rate of four and one-quarter per cent. per annum were authorized to be issued, which By-law has been approved of under the provisions of The Ontario Municipal Securities Act, 1908, by Order dated the 14th day of April, 1909.*

This Debenture *or any interest therein, shall not, after a certificate of ownership has been indorsed thereon by the Treasurer of this Municipal Corporation, be transferable, except by entry by the Treasurer or his deputy in the Debenture Registry Book of the said Corporation, at the City of Peterborough.*

In Witness Whereof *this Debenture is sealed with the Corporate Seal of the said Corporation, and signed by the Mayor and Treasurer of the said City, and countersigned by the Secretary of the Peterborough City Trust, the 14th day of April, 1909.*

SECRETARY OF THE PETERBOROUGH CITY TRUST. TREASURER MAYOR.

A DEBENTURE

THIS IS THE FORM IN WHICH A MUNICIPALITY'S DEBENTURES ARE MADE OUT AND MARKETED

Tapping the Money Markets

By

F. H. Dobbin

MOST of us have at some time in our lives borrowed money. I do so myself, because I believe that opportunity should not be neglected. Presence of mind at the right moment will do much towards placing a man in funds; which may be a positive convenience, let alone a practical help.

And as in the case of the individual, so in that of the town, city or municipality, either or all may and probably will need money. The necessities of municipal improvement, of repair, of additions to and enlargement of facilities are ever in advance of the ability to raise or draw together sufficient money to meet expenses. Were municipalities to practise the laudable idea of settling for each expenditure as each is in succession incurred by taking the necessary money from the ratepayers en bloc, there would be ructions and a general emigration from that locality.

It is safe to assume and within a reasonable limit to say that not ten per cent. of the people in any given municipality give thought to or understand how money is raised by way of loan to meet the expenditure of the present, so far as public works of permanent value and service are concerned. So it is proposed to set down and illustrate in narrative the routine and procedure in such cases made and provided, to quote from the statute.

Let us put certain facts in the shape

COUPON ATTACHED TO THE DEBENTURE

EACH COUPON REPRESENTS AN INTEREST PAYMENT ON THE DEBENTURE, AND, AS THEY FALL DUE, THEY ARE DETACHED AND PRESENTED TO THE BANK FOR PAYMENT.

of a homely illustration, representing a monetary transaction between two individuals, premising that what is related, though in a minor way, is practically what takes place when the village, town or city wishes to replenish its coffers from the money markets of the world.

Here are a number of men. Mr. Hopkins, sitting over there by the window, desires very much the use of ten dollars. Just now his pockets are empty; pay-day being too far away and his need pressing, he decides to borrow—if he can. Casting about for a man of means from whom to make the loan he remembers he has been told that Mr. Wetherbee is something of a capitalist and is reported to have ready money in his possession. Now, Mr. Wetherbee happens to be standing over by that post. The attitude convinces Mr. Hopkins that Mr. Wetherbee is in a receptive mood, and he approaches the throne. He states his wants, indeed, he presses his needs. Yes, Mr. Wetherbee happens to have ten dollars about his clothes. He is not averse to parting with it, as a loan, but on certain conditions. Will Mr. Hopkins agree? The borrower who wants money very much and needs it very badly is in no position to demur. He assents to the conditions.

Believing Mr. Hopkins to be honest and of a sincere mind to repay the loan and it being the month of January, it is stipulated that the loan shall be repaid in ten months, and that interest at the rate of ten per cent. shall also be paid. And then, being a careful man, especially if he be Scotch, Mr. Wetherbee takes thought and mentions something else—security. Mr. Hopkins may have the very best intention regarding payment, but contingencies arise, in ten months' time. He may be sick and spend the time on his back in a hospital, instead of earning money. He may die, and dead men never pay debts, that is personally. So Mr. Wetherbee insists on security.

It is plain that the only sufficient security that exactly balances ten dollars in money is ten dollars in cash. Mr. Hopkins is at present without

that ten. Indeed, if he had it he need not borrow. Being held down to business he says, "Here is a camera, a fishing rod and a second-hand lawn mower. They're worth at least eighteen dollars. You take these and hold them against my payment." Mr. Wetherbee feeling assured that he can turn the chattels into cash for at least ten dollars, consents, and the transaction is closed.

"THEY'RE WORTH AT LEAST $18.00."

Mr. Hopkins being an honest man intends to discharge the debt, and if he be prudent as well he takes thought as to how he may best do so when the time for payment arrives. He must, at the expiration of ten months, have eleven dollars, the principal sum and the interest. So he decides to "save up," as the boys put it, and places an empty salmon can on the top of his bedroom closet shelf, proposing to drop into it at intervals sufficient to discharge his liability. The moment he makes his first deposit he begins to form what is known as a sinking fund, and this sinking fund is the bottom—the foundation, so to speak—of all our system of municipal borrowing. Indeed it imports more, it is the provision for repayment of provincial and even Dominion liabilities. The sinking fund is the practical evidence of recognition of the promise to pay and the tangible evidence of an honest intention so to do.

Mr. Hopkins presently takes other thought. It occurs to him that he may hand the sums to Mr. Wetherbee, from time to time and so pay him off.

Certainly, he will do so. Finally he reviews the possibilities of making payment and reaches the conclusion that he may do so in several ways:

First, he may put aside in instalment sums sufficient to meet the liability in one payment.

Second, he may make nine payments of one dollar and one payment of two dollars.

Third, he may make payment of ten cents, cash, each month, and at the end of the tenth month pay ten dollars.

Fourth, he may make ten even payments of one dollar and ten cents each.

As outlined above, we see what takes place when municipalities proceed to borrow money, generally by an issue of bonds, or as they are termed, debentures. A debenture is simply a gigantic note-of-hand, executed with the approval of the municipality under certain conditions and signed by the governing officials so empowered to sign. In the commercial world the basis of all borrowing is credit. Credit is simply the assumed belief that an industry, business, individual or municipality, has in the past paid its or their debts and may be relied on to do so in the future, and that provision will be made to meet payment when payment falls due. Three things are essential, in the case of a municipality—the authority to borrow, a specific object on which or for which the money so borrowed is to be expended and a proper and sufficient provision to ensure payment.

The authority emanates from the people, expressed through the city, town or municipal council, in the form of a by-law. The terms of this by-law are submitted to the people, though there are certain modifications to this almost invariable rule, in which case action may be taken by the governing body without consulting the ratepayers. In signifying approval of the proposed loan it is very generally the case that only freeholders, those of the ratepayers who are owners of property in the shape of real estate, or who have leases that extend so far into the future as the term for which the debentures are issued, vote on the proposition. A ratepayer who has only a tenant's interest at stake is debarred from being one to saddle on the municipality a debt which he may not be there to help pay. Oddly enough he is required to pay his share so long as he remains in the place, and the sums required from year to year appeared on his tax bills. The procedure generally followed is to present the by-law having for its object the raising of a sum of money, before the municipal council, when it is given what is termed its first reading. If the terms are satisfactory and the council so agree it is read a second time, then submitted to the people and if approved given a third reading and passed, being signed by the officials appointed, given the official seal and becomes a part of the records of the place.

Just here it may be asked what security a municipality can offer as a collateral guarantee that the money so borrowed will be repaid? In brief, all public properties are assets. These include public buildings essential to the public service, such as schools, town or city halls, fire stations, etc., and further, all the rateable property of the citizens, should such contingency arise. Curiously, the property or buildings, the means to erect or acquire which have been borrowed become in turn a very tangible security for future borrowing, as the debt incurred is liquidated. While a limit is fixed beyond which the borrowing power of the municipality may not extend at any given time, this limit is from time to time enlarged as the place grows in size, wealth, population and resources and with corresponding needs. Further borrowing powers are granted by the legislatures of the several provinces. Most municipalities have set apart or have acquired lands with increase in value. A very tangible security is that of park lands. These may be at one time on the outskirts of the town or city. Ten

years afterwards the growth of the locality may have brought these lands into a surrounding of residential places, and the enhanced value may be very considerable. Indeed, it is said that if Central Park, in New York, were sold for what it would bring the sum derived from the sale would be sufficient to pay off the whole indebtedness of the city and provide funds to run the city for the next five years.

A debenture is, as stated, a note-of-hand of the municipality, on which it agrees to pay the sum named thereon at the end of a certain period. It states the amount of the whole loan, the specified part of the loan represented by the individual debenture, the number of debentures issued of that particular group or series, date of payment, authority and purpose for which issued, the rate of interest, together with a definite statement as to who shall make payment and where payment will be made. There are no ifs or buts. No ambiguity. And it is a part of the contract that the money derived from the sale of the debentures shall be expended on the works or proposition for which the money is raised. If for erection of bridges, then bridges must be built. If for schools, then schools will be built. One could not be done with the money raised for the other.

Debentures are generally issued in terms of ten, twenty or thirty years. Money seeking this form of investment is that which it is wished shall remain undisturbed for a considerable period, and when it is returned will come back in an unbroken sum. Accompanying and attached to each debenture, which may be one of a series each of the face value of $1,000, are coupons, twenty, forty or sixty in number, as the case may be, for ten, twenty or thirty years. Generally interest is payable half-yearly during the term for which the debenture is issued. The coupon carries a serial number, corresponding to that of the debenture, together with a statement of the interest amount and date of payment, and each coupon is signed by the presiding officer of the municipality and by the treasurer. Each coupon is really a cheque, made out, dated ahead, stamped and accepted, and is good for its face value when presented as specified in the bond. All the holder of the debenture has to do is to trim off the coupons, present for payment and receive the money.

Having got itself into debt to the extent of say $30,000, how is payment to be made by the municipality? Where will the money come from? How shall it be gathered? Who takes care of it?

The court of first and last appeal in the matter of money for expenditure is the ratepayers. As they are benefited they should pay, and from those living and owning property in the locality or enjoying rentals all funds must be derived. The money is not taken at once, but on the instalment plan. The burden is ever tempered to the backs that bear it, the wind to the shorn lamb.

It has been assumed that the town has plunged itself into debt with the object of erecting a bridge, a fairly permanent form of public improvement. The money having been raised by an issue of debentures, and all formalities observed, the work is put under contract. Payment is to be made, of the principal sum, $32,500, in twenty years. How is this proposal carried out?

The town has borrowed $32,500 and the rate of interest is four and one-quarter cents on the dollar. So a rate is struck, based on the assessed value of the entire property in the town (it being assumed that the town at large is benefited) that will have furnished at the end of twenty years money sufficient to pay the interest charges and principal. If the assessed value be taken at, say $8,500,000, the amount required will be $1,381.25, for annual interest, and $1,091.41 for the sinking fund, $2,472.66 altogether. This works out to a rate of twenty-nine one-

hundredths of a mill on the dollar and every thousand dollars of assessment means 29 cents. So that the opulent owner of the property assessed for $3,000 will pay each year by way of taxes, 87 cents, and keep it up for 20 years. Of the total cost incurred in providing the bridge he pays $17.40. The bridge really costs the town close on to $50,000. It is a singular fact, illustrating the value of the use of money, that the interest charges amount to about one-half as much as the bridge cost in the first place. A bridge is good for many years' service. Clearly then, its usefulness passing on away into the future, and being there to be used by those coming after, we serenely propose to do something for posterity, despite the fact that as yet posterity has done nothing for us. So, as shown, the payment is spread over twenty years. If the life of the structure extend so far as fifty years, then the town has a $32,000 asset, on which to raise money for further improvement. During three-fifths of the period indicated the matter of the sinking fund is a very serious and solemn proposition. It is the town's sheet anchor so to speak. If faithfully kept up and administered, to it the town may point with pride and in security. If not kept up then will come a day of reckoning, dire and bothersome. The care of the fund is very important.

It is assumed that the members of a municipal council are a representative body of men. Possibly they are —in the sense that they represent many shades of human intelligence and activity. As their tenure of office is transitory, and as councils have been known to get a place into trouble by indiscreet enterprise and leave to their successors the embarrassing function of straightening matters out, it is well, that the sinking fund should be placed out of reach and where it may not be tampered with. There is ever the temptation to use money on hand to tide over a year of abnormal expenditure or to cover up a deficit. In many places the procedure is to place the interests of the sinking fund and its administration in the bonds of a body entirely distinct and apart from the municipal council. In the case of a town this body is known as the town trust commission. Its members are not elective, that is, placed there from year to year, and from time to time, by popular vote, but by appointment made by the council. Its members retain office, in many cases, for life, certainly for extended periods. In such ways they become familiar and well grounded in the finances of the place, its prospects, its responsibilities. The commision forms a sort of balance wheel, regulating and keepng in steady motion the accumulation of funds, and employment from year to year. In places larger

"THE MOMENT HE MAKES HIS FIRST DEPOSIT HE BEGINS TO FORM WHAT IS KNOWN AS A SINKING FUND."

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than towns the function exercised by commissions is often taken care of by the municipal staff of treasurer and assistants.

As money accumulates it is banked, subject to the order of the commissioners. From the fund so accumulated the interest coupons are paid as presented, from year to year, but the amount required to cover the principal sum of the debt is kept inviolate. And here a curious state of affairs arises. Not only should the commissioners keep the fund secure, they must make use of it that it may grow by earning.

We are reminded of the story in the New Testament, that storehouse of facts, legend and illustration, the parable of the talents, taken from the daily lives of the Jewish people. How a man of some considerable means, going on a far and long journey, divided his wealth among several, with the injunction that use should be made of the capital so entrusted.

Of the number accepting the trust all but one respected the conditions and using discretion and diligence gained in proportion. The last, however, having fear of the responsibility and meaning only to keep himself safe, hid in the ground the money entrusted to him. It earned nothing, while secure, and his proffer of the trust back without interest gained for him the reward that his lack of commercial acumen deserved. In this way, as the sinking fund is entrusted to the commission, it is a plain duty, not only to guard but to use. As the fund accumulates it may be, indeed often is, loaned to the municipality to be used again, to be paid for that use, and thus the fund devised to secure the payment of interest and of principal becomes the means of raising and earning the money to form itself.

Generous Judgments

By Sidney Smith

There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of a wit in society; a person who takes a strong common-sense view of a subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist, who catches at the lightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tastes exquisitely the fine feelings of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common-sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away to the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

The Coming of the Stimpsons

By

Helen E. Williams

IRENE had been watching for her husband and when he came in sight, above the crest of the hill, she hastily caught up a cape and threw it around her and went out on the verandah, wet and icy with the sleet-like rain which was still falling in a slow, discouraged fashion. William saw her there, and drew something from his pocket and waved it above his head.

"Well?" she cried, impatiently, "will he take it?" But the wind blew his answer, if he made any, away, and he only hurried on faster. "Is it good news?" Irene called again, as he turned in at the gate, and this time she caught his reply.

"Great! The very creamiest of the creamy!"

"Oh, William!"

He ran up the steps and followed her into the house, cold and dripping wet, but radiant.

"You are not joking? He will really take it?"

"Has taken it—or as good as. Heavens, Irene! Couldn't you have waited inside? Look at your shoes! Sopping!"

But Irene cast off her cape and danced him round the room.

"William!" suddenly stopping, arrested by an unwelcome thought. "Do bargains hold good if a man is temporarily insane when he makes them?"

Her husband laughed.

"Meaning that no one in his right senses would have taken over this precious White Elephant of ours? Still, I remember two people who were idiotically happy when they came here not so long ago."

"Oh, us!" His wife's voice sounded contemptuous. "That was different," she added, conclusively. "Let me see the paper, William. I want to see it down in black and white."

"It's from his agent," explained William, as he produced it.

"Oh! His agent!"

"But it's practically clinched. Stimpson himself will be back in ten days, and if we're still of the same mind, you see, he says we can vacate any time after that. If not—"

Their eyes met above the letter spread out on the table between them and they smiled.

"I guess our minds won't change," remarked Irene. "But two weeks! I did so hope we could move right away. It might almost as well be next month, next year, next lifetime."

They had to pack, her husband reminded her, and after living there—how many years had they been there? —six?—seven?—yes, seven years this coming May, they would have accumulated more or less things. At first Irene proposed beginning the joyful work of taking down things at once, but finally decided to leave everything as it was for just one more night. William brought in kindling and built up the fire, which had gone into a decline in the excitement of knowing that the "White Ell," as they had whimsically nicknamed the

house, was actually disposed of at last.

"Not many more fires we'll make here," William observed, as Irene returned from a conference of a culinary nature with Swedish Katarina in the kitchen.

"No! Just think of it, William! My arm is quite sore with pinching. It is too, too good to be true!"

"Still, we have had pretty good times around this same fire, you and I. Pretty—good—times."

"Remember the nights we have sat here building castles in Spain?"

William nodded.

"And the Christmas Eve we hung up the first little stocking—over there?"

Irene made a pretence of straightening the rug to hide a sudden trembling of the lips. And William reached down for some cones and watched them blaze up, one by one, and sink to whitening embers. Irene was the first to break the silence.

"It will be better for you to be in the city. You will earn twice as much in that office, and without working half as hard."

"Yes. And it will be more cheerful for you, too. Don't you remember how often you have said that living in the country the year round was neither better nor worse than living in a contracting cage?"

"Did I say that? I'd forgotten. But it will be heavenly to be able to go to theatres and symphonies whenever we are so disposed. And to visit, and shop, and market— I won't need to bother, because those seeds are damping off, now. It'll seem queer not to have a strawberry bed of our own, though, won't it?"

"And I set in some extra good varieties last spring. It would have been a corking bed. But I don't imagine Stimpson knows a Downing or a Haverland from a Senator Dunlop or a Wm. Belt. Probably he'll let the bed all run out." William got up and walked about. "I'll have to speak to Stimpson about that," he frowned. "It would be a sin to let —"

"But what would we care if it was sold? It wouldn't matter to us then."

"N-no. No. No, of course not. Not after—" William sat down again. "Wonder if they will keep up the rest of the garden as we did, or seed it all down to grass? Those city beggars are so blamed lazy—and it's taken us four years to get our asparagus bed to where it should be, and as for our blackberries— What's the matter? What are you smiling at?"

"You are so—funny. If we sell the "White Ell" we can't expect it is going to be kept just as we would have kept it. It's—it's not reasonable, William."

William agreed, and they went out to supper, where they talked about the city and the new house William had his eye upon. After supper they talked more about the good times coming, and the relief it was to have the "White Ell" off their hands. They went to bed a little earlier than usual.

The next morning William sallied forth bright and early to see about disposing of his stock and the various farm effects which are not included in the deed of sale. He left Irene blithely singing as she and Katarina attacked the work of dismantlement. For one reason or another he had more difficulty than he had anticipated in finding purchasers. One man was just going out of sheep, so naturally was not anxious to add to his flock. Another had a shortage of hay and was himself selling off his cattle. A third would have been glad of just what he was offering, only the week before he had bought up, at an auction, more than he really had room for, because they went "so dirt cheap." It was nearly night when he returned, and he had only a conditional offer for his sheep to show for his day's work. Irene, too, looked tired, and a little pale.

"I had no idea we had so many things in the house," she said, rubbing her head as if it ached, as they

sat down to supper. "We can never take them all away with us, and I hate to burn them up, and even more to leave behind for those Stimpsons to handle over."

"We won't have much superfluous room in the other house," (they had fallen into the habit of calling their new home "the other house") said William. "It won't be a "White Ell," you know."

Irene stirred her tea thoughtfully. She supposed not. Oh, of course, it would have to be smaller. They wanted it smaller. The "White Ell" was much too large. That was one of its faults.

"William," after a slight pause, with a sudden influx of interest, "did you send that horrid, red-headed butcher's boy here after my chickens?"

"I told Perkins he might have them," he told her, carefully avoiding her eye.

"Oh,. William! My Rhode Island Reds!—to the butcher! I wouldn't let him have them. He was almost aggressively insistent, and said you sent him, but I—I couldn't!"

"I tried Armstrong and Yeats and six or eight other farmers, first," William defended himself, "but they all had more than they wanted already."

"We'll leave them for the Stimpsons, then. The butcher shall not have them. I set my foot down there."

"Well, don't glare at me as if I was a Herod decreeing the slaughter of the Innocents," grumbled her husband. "What's a chap to do if people persistently refuse to buy?"

"Dear me, I don't know! But don't let's quarrel over it, anyhow. It's quite bad enough as it is. I mean—oh, you know what I mean!"

William was inclined to think that he did as that week went slowly by, and they found themselves in the middle of the next.

One night he could not sleep, and crept downstairs, intending to smoke a pipe before the drawing-room grate. But it was later than he had supposed, and the fire was out and the room looked cold and uninviting, with all the familiar ornaments gone, and packing cases occupying the centre of the floor. He was on the point of turning back when he noticed some papers on the chair beside him, and turning them over idly with his hand, hardy thinking what he was about, Peter Henderson's Spring and Summer Catalogue, beneath, caught his eye, and he took it up and fluttered over the pages, stopping now and then to read some heading or look at a picture. Here were Henderson's Early Giant Bush Lima beans, pods split and showing four large creamy beans, manning the boat-shaped, satin-lined emerald pendants. Here were luscious specimens of his old friends the Earliana and Ponderosa tomato, ears of Golden Bantam and Country Gentleman corn, with the husks partly torn off and strands of silky tassel still clinging to some of the pearly kernels. The old stand-by, Telephone pea, Intermediate carrots, Snowball cauliflowers, Golden, Self-blanching celery, Jenny Lind muskmelons, Swiss chard, Calhoun pumpkins, Mammoth Summer Crookneck squashes—they were all here!

And the flowers! How many long winter evenings he and Irene had hung over the enchanted pages, pencil poised mid-air, life narrowed down to flowers they "really *must* have," or reluctantly, regretfully agreed they "*could* do without"! By-gone discussions as to ways and means came back to him as he glanced at a picture, or read a few words of an encomium on a page with a turned-down corner, and ran on to the next. Buff-pink Spencer Sweet Pea: a beautiful, large, waved flower of primrose-buff, veiled with a rosy plush, deepening to pink at the edges — Variabilis Gladiolus: enormous spike, color deep pink flaked blue-black—Red Goliath Mignonette: the average spikes of flowers are immense and are compactly filled with giant florets, the brilliancy of whose fire-red columns contrasts effectively with the rich green of the foliage—And here were the

roses they had intended "going into"! The Silver Moons and Harmosas, the Mrs. Arthur Robert Waddells and Crimson Ramblers stared back at him reproachfully. The blackberries and raspberries recalled the new-old fear that the Stimpsons would not keep up his garden. Even the insecticides and hoses, the lawn-mowers and cunning garden tools fascinated, held him. A paper, next the back cover, slipped out and fluttered to the floor. As he stooped and picked it up he recognized the closely-covered sheets as the list they had made out several weeks before, when the present reality of leaving the "White Ell" was not even a possibility. The same instant he was recalled to himself by a stealthy movement in the hall, and looking round saw Irene, with a long black braid on either side of her head, standing on the threshold.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in a strange voice. "You stayed away so long I thought perhaps you were—"

"I was just glancing through this catalogue—I don't know why. I could not sleep, and it was lying about."

"William, would you like to—?"

He had turned to take up the lamp, and something prompted him to say, as he pretended to stifle a yawn, "Precious idiots we were to lay ourselves open for all the work that list would have meant. The amount of gardening we will do at the other house won't fatigue us much, that's one consolation."

"No." There was a little catch in Irene's voice. "You are glad of that, aren't you, William?"

"You bet!" said William. "No more days with your work never done."

"No more seedlings damping off," murmured Irene, looking toward the sills, where rows of little pots usually stood.

"No more dogs getting at your sheep."

"No more leaky roofs, and inconvenient cupboards, and lack of modern improvements."

'No more birds picking into your best berries."

"No more trouble about keeping maids because it's so lonely."

"No more shortage of hay because of droughts."

"No more chickens carried off by skunks."

"No more sugaring in the springtime."

"No more—"

The antiphonal chant ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The two stared at each other for one long moment, without speaking, then, silently, turned and went upstairs.

* * * * *

The next morning William woke very early, but Irene was up before him. He dressed quickly and went down to the kitchen, where he found Katarina just lighting the fire. She had not seen her mistress. William looked through the different rooms, paused at the foot of the third-storey stairs, and called twice. She had been working there late the night before. Very likely she was finishing up something or other in the back part, and did not hear. He ran up the stairs, two steps at a time. She was not in the room where they stored the garden tools, nor in the one they sometimes used as a bed chamber, when pressed for room in the summer. The store-room, too, was empty. As he turned away his eye was caught by a baby carriage, which had been moved out of its place. Obeying an impulse he did not stop to analyze, he went in. Beside it were wrapping papers and twine, which looked as if they had been hastily thrown down. And on a chair near little unfolded rugs of many delicate shades, white dresses and lacy bonnets, a little yellow, tiny socks and bootees, and one pair of shoes—unworn. William put out his hand and touched one of the socks, awkwardly. He looked at the carriage, at the little worn spot on the oil-cloth, at the dangling strap. Something seemed to tighten in his throat, and he left the room precipitately.

He was not surprised to find the front door, in the hall below, unlocked, nor, as he left the house behind and struck out across fields, to see the bars in the farther meadow down. Irene saw him coming when he was still some way off, but she did not move—not even when he came quite up and stood beside her looking down. They stood so for a long time. At last Irene drew a quick, sobbing breath.

"I can't go, William, and leave her. I cannot do it."

"There is no need to," said William, putting his arm about her. "Poor old girl! Why didn't you tell me before you felt that way about it?"

"You will really stay—with everything all packed—because I want to?"

"Because we want to."

"Oh—William!"

Suddenly she dropped on her knees beside the little grave, and lifting an evergreen limb, pushed aside the dank, russet leaves beneath with her bare fingers.

"Just look, William! The first snowdrops! They are coming up!"

He nodded, watching her, sombrely, till she looked up at him with eyes that hurt, then he drew her to her feet.

"Come away, my dear! Come back—home."

The sun was just rising over the hills, gloriously. The patches of frozen ground, where the snow was already gone, gave ever so little under their tread. Great, jagged, grey, cakes of ice were thrown up against the river bank—the submerged parts honeycombed and yellow—but the centre of the stream was clear, mirroring the "pussies" swaying, Narcissus-like, above the glassy surface. The air was as keen and bracing as yesterday, but with a difference—spring was come. As they neared the "White Ell" a robin—the first they had seen—flew out from the hedge, flirting its tail, and cocking its pretty head this way and that as it looked for a place to build its nest.

"I feel as if we were just coming home, too," said Irene. "It's rather ridiculous, isn't it, William?" Her tone embraced the events of the last week.

"Not a bit of it!" said William, sturdily. "We've found out what we want, and it's not everyone who does that so easily. What do you say to taking a look at the strawberry bed—just to see how it wintered? It's shorter this way," he added, as Irene veered off to the right.

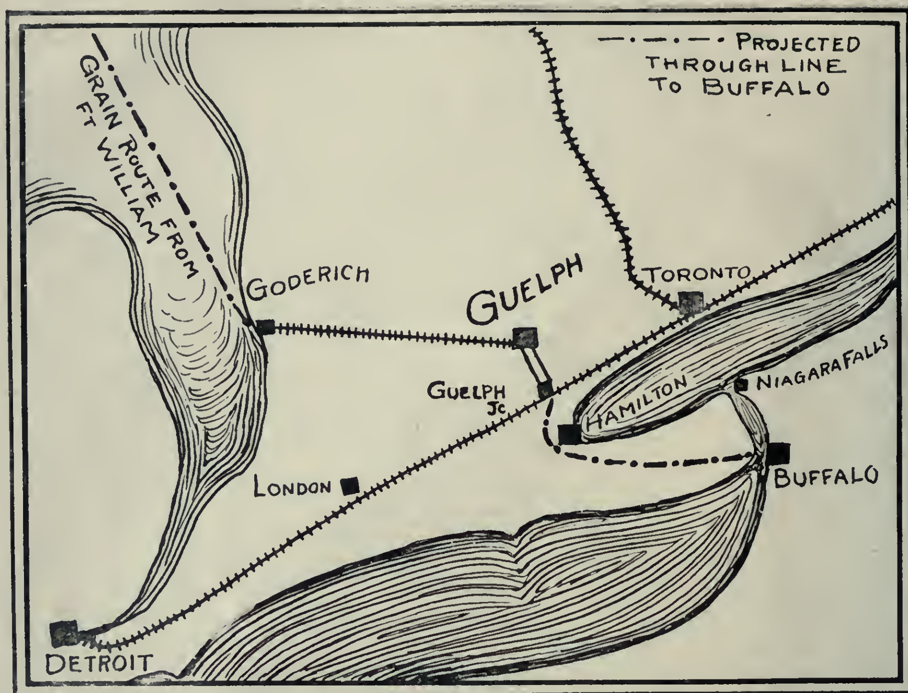
"Yes, I know. But I wanted to look at my pansies—just to see—"

They looked at each other and broke out laughing.

"Stimpsons, indeed!" quoth William.

The Value of Looking the Part

The man who spent the last 10 cents he had in the world to have his shoes polished before he started out to look for a job wasn't so foolish, after all. He believed that he had good stuff in him; he believed that he was worth a good job, and so he invested all of his capital in order to "look the part" as well as his limited means would allow. Well polished shoes add about as much to a man's appearance as dollars spent on anything else he wears. That fellow exemplified two things, both important: First, the value of looking the part, that is, making a good appearance; second, spending money where it counts most. The story does not tell whether he got the job or not; but, even if he didn't, he deserved it.



HOW GUELPH IS RELATED TO A BIG RAILWAY SYSTEM

The City with the Railway Link

By

Arthur Conrad

"MARK my words," once said Sir William Van Horne to a deputation of the citizens of Guelph, "the day will come when that little railway of yours will just about pay all your taxes."

The big railroad magnate referred to the Guelph Junction Railway, a short line some fifteen or sixteen miles in length, extending from the centre of the city to Guelph Junction, a point near Campbellsville on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Built by the people of Guelph away back in 1887, it seems destined to fulfill Sir William's prophecy, for last year it earned the City of Guelph over $27,500, and year by year its earnings are increasing by leaps and bounds.

It is by no means the first or only example of a municipally-owned steam railway. The unique feature about this little railway is not that it is owned by a municipality, but that in process of time it has become a link in what is destined to become a most important feeder of a transcontinental road, viz., the Guelph and Goderich branch of the C.P.R., with all its existant and projected auxiliary lines, traversing a

rich and fertile section of old Ontario. Furthermore, when, as is not improbable, the Guelph and Goderich line is pushed eatward to Hamilton and Buffalo, its importance will be still more enhanced, for it will then become part of a through line, over which coal and other American merchandise will be carried cheaply to a large section of Western Ontario. At the present time, under the terms of its agreement with the C.P.R. every ton of freight originating on the Guelph and Goderich division, or its branches and billed to any point beyond Guelph, must pass over the Guelph Junction Railway Company's line and pay its toll to the people of Guelph.

As an inspiring example of what loyalty to the home town can accomplish, this little railway project will ever stand as a monument to the disinterested services of a group of Guelph's public-spirited sons. Possibly from this viewpoint rather than from the money-making one, the real value of the undertaking should be estimated. It required a great deal of faith, much hope and not a little charity to overcome the obstacles reared up by the opponents of the scheme in the days of its inception.

Back in the eighties, Guelph's business men conceived the idea that they would be better off with two railways in their town than with one. They already had the Grand Trunk, but they figured out, that if they could only induce the Canadian Pacific to come in, they would secure better rates and more courteous treatment all round. The latter railway had recently come into control of the Credit Valley Railway, which lay eleven miles to the south.

Before this time the Credit Valley had made overtures to the city, and, if Guelph had given them a reasonable bonus, they would undoubtedly have constructed a spur line to connect Guelph with their road, but the people of Guelph were indifferent and let the opportunity pass by. In their very indifference at that time lay their future good fortune. Had the Credit Valley built into Guelph, there would have been no municipal railway and no fat profits for the people.

Negotiations were opened with the Canadian Pacific with the idea of securing the construction of as short a road as possible to make the connection. The projected junction point was to be Leslie's Corners (now Schaw Station), eleven miles from the city. Guelph's business men interviewed Sir William Van Horne and his associates, pointing out what an extraordinary amount of freight drifted into Guelph from points north and west and was shipped over the Grand Trunk. The C.P.R. financiers were impressed, but pointed out that, owing to the tremendous outlay in the Northwest, they had no money to spend in Ontario.

In the end a telegram from Sir William reached Colonel Macdonald, then mayor of the city, promising that, if the city would construct a branch from or near Campbellsville to Guelph, the C.P.R. would extend the line to Goderich. The idea was immediately taken up.

The proposal to build was placed before the citizens of Guelph in the form of a by-law to raise $175,000 for the purpose. There was a strenuous fight, as the opposition was strong, but the supporters of the by-law were victorious and the measure carried by a fair majority.

The Guelph Junction Railway Company's charter which had been secured in 1884 was amended in 1886 and the capital placed at $30,000. Of this the city agreed to subscribe two-thirds, while the balance was to be taken up by ten individual shareholders, each of whom paid up ten per cent. of the amount, leaving the balance in the treasury.

To finance the construction of the road, the usual appeal was made to

the Government at Ottawa. William Bell and Thomas Gowdy, a local lumber merchant interviewed Sir John A. Macdonald, and were able to secure a bonus of $3,000 a mile or $46,000 in all. The City of Guelph issued debentures for $155,000, in addition to the $20,000 for the stock and the shareholders advanced $1,000 among themselves. As the work of construction progressed, it was found that there was not enough money to cover the cost and a second by-law was submitted to the citizens. To the consternation of the men behind the railway, this by-law was defeated, but by urging a recount and weeding out ineligible voters, a majority was obtained and the necessary funds were secured. The railway was finally completed at a cost of $245,133.61.

On September 11, 1888, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company leased the road for 99 years, agreeing to pay as rental 40 per cent. of the gross earnings and to keep the line in repair in every respect. They further agreed to extend the road to Goderich.

If a visitor to Guelph were desirous of interviewing the management of the road, he would be directed to a building standing just to the rear of the Post Office. Here in a small room off the entrance he would find a pleasant, soldier-like old gentleman, seated at a desk. This is Colonel Macdonald, who combines, in his person, all the duties of secretary, treasurer, solicitor, general-manager, engineer, etc., of the railway. In fact, he is the company's sole employee.

From this it will be quite apparent that it does not cost Guelph very much to run its fifteen-mile railway. The average railroad accountant estimates the cost of operation of a railway at about seventy-five per cent. of the gross earnings. On the Guelph Junction Railway one per cent. would be an outside figure. The balance, after deducting interest charges, is sheer profit.

Last year for the first time, in its history, the Guelph Junction Railway paid a dividend. Up to that time all the profits had gone towards clearing up arrears of interest. But these were all wiped off in 1909, and in addition to paying a six per cent. dividend on all paid-up stock, $6,250 was available for reducing the debenture debt of the city. If the road continues to earn in 1910, as much proportionally as it did in the last quarter of 1909, there will be enough money received from it to pay all debenture interest and a 115 per cent. dividend on the stock besides. No wonder Guelph's tax rate is getting smaller and smaller every year. It was 14 mills in 1909, and sanguine citizens are prophesying 12 mills this year.

President F. W. Lyon, who has been the official head of the railroad for the past two years figures out that if the fifteen miles of road earn as much as the average C.P.R. mileage, viz., $8,000 per mile, the company's share will be $49,600. Or if, as is not improbable, earnings should reach the average of Michigan roads, $11,000, the company would come in for $64,000. From which it is evident that the people of Guelph have been blessed with a wonderful piece of good fortune.

Or course, a large proportion of this success has been coincident with the completion a few years ago of the Guelph to Goderich Railway. The people of Guelph had always banked on this, but the C.P.R. were dilatory. Relations with the Grand Trunk were too friendly to warrant invading a territory in which the latter were supreme. However, the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific into the west, changed all this, and the C.P.R. struck back promptly by proceeding rapidly with the construction of the Goderich extension. On its completion the earnings of the Guelph Junction Railway began

QUAINT OLD STATION AT GUELPH

THE FIRST HOUSE IN GUELPH IS NOW USED AS A STATION. IT IS BUILT OF LOGS.

to increase rapidly. While in 1903, they stood at only $11,342.80, in 1907 they had advanced to $20,544.24 and they are still rising. Goderich seems destined to become a still more important lake port, and with improved harbor facilities and new elevators, it will attract a considerable proportion of the grain traffic. Then, when the Hamilton and Buffalo extension is built, and the new grain route is established, Guelph can afford to shut down all its industries, close up all its shops and sit and watch the trains going up and down its little railway.

After all is said and done, the C. P.R. made a shrewd move in going into partnership with the Royal City. Guelph factories and business houses know that when they ship by C.P.R. there is something in it for the city —and ultimately reduced taxes. Guelph citizens, when they travel to Toronto or the east, realize that 27 cents of their fare comes back to the city. It is even recorded that a Guelph business man once returned a car-load of goods to Woodstock, because they had not come as specified by the C.P.R., and insisted that they should be re-shipped by that route.

The way in which the business men of Guelph took hold of the railway project with energy and enthusiasm, and carried it through successfully, is worth emphasizing. It was a Guelph venture in the first place, it was fathered by Guelph business men, and no outsider had any hand in it. At the head of the first Board of Directors sat William Bell, a hard-headed, shrewd far-seeing Scotchman. Around him were grouped John M. Bond, a hardware merchant, well versed in the iron and steel business; William Husband, a dry goods merchant; Thomas Gowdy, a lumberman; Col. McCrae, a prominent manufacturer; Henry Hatch, a real estate man and

Col. Macdonald, a lawyer. This was a little group, representing diverse trades and professions, but here uniting their brains and abilities for the advantage of their city.

The earlier boards were made up of the mayor of the city, two aldermen and five individual shareholders and this was the composition of the board until the year 1901, when the city began to open its eyes to the increasing value of the road. Before that time the corporation had been content to let the individual shareholders bear the brunt of the struggle. Now, when it looked as if the road would make money, it desired larger representation on the board. The act of 1901 increased the city's representation to the mayor and five aldermen and reduced the individual shareholders on the board to three.

The act also gave power to consolidate the stock, so that each shareholder would have one fully paid-up share, instead of merely a share, one-tenth paid up. This was for the purpose of securing the transfer of the stock more readily.

The city has gradually acquired the holdings of five of the individual shareholders, giving each $400, or four times the amount originally invested. Five shares are still outstanding and legislation is now being put through to enable the city to acquire this stock. One holder is said to be asking $3,000 for his share, which shows how valuable the railway has become.

In many other respects Guelph occupies a unique position among Canadian cities, but it is doubtful if any of her other projects are as novel and interesting as her venture into railway building.

The Beautiful

There is a fine passage from the pen of John Ruskin, in which he rebukes a certain section of the men of his time for their indifference to the beautiful and their neglect of its elevating power. "People speak," he says, "in this working age, as if houses, and lands, and food, and raiment were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration, were all profitless. They would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than life, and the raiment than the body, who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vinedressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew and the water they draw are better than the vine forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity." To such is awarded the curse of Nebuchadnezzar, whose crown of kingship was taken from his brow, while he herded with the beasts who are blind to the beautiful and unstirred by its divine appeal.

A SON OF RENOWN

By Oswald Wildridge

STRANGERS idling through the dale wondered greatly as to who David Branthwaite might be when they chanced to meet him, for he was one of the men who could not be overlooked. Many were the mistakes the wayfarers made in their efforts to classify him, but, so far as is known, not one of them ever imagined him to be the doctor. If luck was theirs, and the fact was revealed to them by a native, they left the hill-country bearing some strange stories which were apt to make the men of the towns think better of the heart of humanity. They were also given the desire for a word with David Branthwaite and a shake of the hand.

It must be confessed that in many matters of address and conduct the doctor fell short of the standard set up by the profession. We never saw him arrayed in black, save for a burying; his preference in material ran to a serviceable heather-mixture, in cut the shooting costume met his fancy best; when he made his rounds he drove a horse shaggy as any of the mountain ponies, and we never met him without his dog, the most tousled otter-hound in the countryside. It is also on record that when he attended the quality at Dalefoot he addressed them as "Mr." and "Mrs.," and dealt with them in the tongue of the faculty; but among his own people he had a strong liking for the dialect, and probably the happiest hours he knew were those spent by the glowing fire of a farmhouse kitchen when storm and darkness trapped him on the hills. In this way he learned many secrets, was given a glimpse of many skeletons usually hidden behind well-locked cupboard doors, and because he was a strong man and likeable he became a helper in a multitude of cases for whose treatment the lancet and the medicine bottle had no application.

Conversation on these occasions ran in grooves. Andrew Matterson had a taste for politics, and an hour with the doctor and the master of Nepghyll we counted a better thing than a night in the House of Commons; at Sampson Lowther's we had theology that would have greatly astonished the bench of bishops; but up at Grayrigg the talk ever turned on the adventures of Robert Steele, the lad who acquired the secret of money-making so completely that while he was still young he had become a man of power.

One day, when Robert was beginning to make a name for himself, David drove five miles out of his way so that he might carry a newspaper to the sheep-farm on the shoulder of Great Howe; afterwards, as soon as they saw him mounting the brow, Jacob and Margaret knew that the doctor had news of their boy for them,

and those were never-to-be-forgotten moments for the doctor when he read how "the chair was taken by Mr. Robert Steele," or how "Mr. Robert Steele proposed the adoption of the balance sheet," though the greatest event of all was when he revealed to the old folks the fact that their own son has actually "addressed the Chancellor of the Exchequer on behalf of the deputation."

It was shortly after this that certain suspicions arose in the doctor's mind concerning Robert Steele, and the day after the sheep-farmer and his wife completed the greatest exploit of their lives, a surprise visit to London, he dropped in for a "crack." As a man of observation he discovered at once that the adventure had ended in disaster.

Margaret was clearly ill, Jacob confessed to feeling a "laal bit tired," but the thing that troubled the doctor most of all was that new hardness of their features and their chilling lack of response. Both of the old folks had grown like the rocks that encircle the dale.

London, they explained, was such a wearying place, it lived so quickly and made so much noise; and their weariness was the mark that London had made. Margaret felt terribly sorry for the people who were compelled to earn their bread and butter there, and she was sure that a single day's work in London must be vastly harder than a whole week of sheep-tending in the dales.

Robert? Oh, yes, he was quite well! His house? It was a wonderful house; there were none like it in the dale, except the castle at Dalefoot where his lordship lived. Yes, Robert had plenty of servants. Margaret had counted four, and she fancied there were others; and he had silverware that must be worth a fortune, and carpets as soft to the foot as the breast of Great Howe, and pictures that surely the greatest painter-men in the land must have painted. And that was all. They were both very tired, and they would never go to London again.

"And quite right, too," the doctor snapped; "you'd have been better employed if you'd gone to Tom Jenkinson's sale," and in a trice old Jacob and he were discussing the prices which Tom had obtained for his sheep and cattle, this being Branthwaite's way of giving a new turn to an undesirable conversation. He had little doubt as to what had befallen the old couple, and his suspicion became a certainty at the end of the month, when Margaret took to her bed, smitten by a malady for which medicine has no remedy. This was one of Branthwaite's hard cases; setting a bone or battling with a fever was child's play to treating a breaking heart.

"She's beating me herself," he declared, when the time for faithful dealing arrived, "and Jacob, my man, I'm not going to hide the truth from you any longer. The mistress is failing, and I'm helpless. As long as a body wants to live, it's one-half the battle, but Margaret's just letting her life go by." He laid his hand on the farmer's shoulder and looked him squarely in the face. "Jacob, I'm in the dark—she kens what it is that ails her, and you know it as well. I'm not wanting you to tell me anything that belongs to yourselves alone; but as between man and man I'm making it plain to you that mebbe your wife's life is lying in your hands, and if you can name anything that'll rouse her it's her only chance."

They were out in the croft, standing by the doctor's shabby, time-worn gig, and this was Branthwaite's last word. He was never the man to beg for a confidence or to wait for one, but as he placed his foot on the step Jacob Steele laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Bide a minute, doctor," he said; "I'll tell you. You mustn't let her slip. I need her mair than ever. I canna face the loneliness without her. It's for the laddie she's grieving. He was all she lived for; but—he—he's slipped away; the thing that's known as pride has stolen him, and now she's

"HE WAS FRIGHTENED TO DEATH THAT ANY OF THE SERVANT FOLK SHOULD KNOW THAT THE WOMAN WITH THE OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES AND THE MAN WHO WAS A SHEEP-FARMER WERE JUST HIS OWN FATHER AND MOTHER."

a mother without a bairn, and she seems to feel that she has nothing left that's worth living for. You'll mind hoo we were aye joking aboot the busyness that wouldn't give him time to come to the dale to see his father and mother, and hoo we settled to give him a grand surprise by going to London oorselves and dropping in on him just as if we'd called for a cup o' tea. We shouldn't have done it. He's done famous, has Robert, but—he's one of the men who can't stand corn. He's climbed so high that he's passed oot of sight of his starting point. Man, it was terrible—a heart-break—we saw it at the very first. We had a gey hard job to get intil the hoose at all, for there was a silly man body who wanted to know if we'd brought cards with us, an' then he wanted oor names, and it was bodder-some to drive it intil him that in t' dale a friend may always count on an open door, and that all he'd got to do was to tell his maister that a man and woman wanted a word with him."

"But you got your word at last?"

"Ay. We got it, Robert bundled us through intil a bonny back parlor. He was frightened to death that any of the servant folk should know that the woman with the plain speech and old-fashioned clothes, and the man who was a sheep-famer, and looked like one, were just his oan father and mother. I'll spare ye the rest. There weren't any words. We just came home. And since then Margaret's been going doon the hill. She's scorned by her oan bairn, an' she isn't caring aboot living."

"And yersel', Jacob?"

This was one of the signs that the doctor was touched. He nearly always dropped into the dialect. Jacob Steele stared steadily away to the Pike o' Blisco, glowing in the sunlight like an upreared spear of gold; the doctor knew that his heart also carried a jagged wound, and that speech was hurting.

"I'm a prood man myself," he answered, at length; "and I'm thinking mine's a better mak' o' pride than the sort my lad has found among his money bags and his honors. Robert Steele had chosen his own track—and he may tread it. If the old home and the old folks and the old ways are not good enough, he may just make shift with the new ones. I've put him oot of my life. That night—after we got back fra London—when I barred the door—I barred it against him for ever."

"Does Margaret ken that?"

"We've never had any secrets."

"What does she say?"

"She agrees wi' the justice of it. We both mean to be hard. There's nothing 'll ever wipe oot the slight. And, doctor, there's surely a chance for her—you'll not let her slip."

"It's what ye might call a complicated case, Jacob." David's voice could be terribly dry when he chose to make it so. "I don't know that I've ever had one like it. There have been times when I've suspected the breaking of a heart, but I'm pretty certain that I've never been asked to prescribe for one that was suffering from hardness as well. Anyhow, you may count on me doing my best. It's no ordinary treatment that'll set her on her feet, and no physic; but while there's life there's hope, and I'll bid ye good-day." And with that he was up in the gig and driving out of the croft.

His next visit to Greyrigg was a long one, and, according to the things that Margaret has related, his talk had little to do with sickness or its treatment. Still, it was amazingly effective, for when Jacob came down from the fells he found his wife sitting up in her bed, new color in her cheeks, her eyes once more ashine. She was wonderfully ready to talk; she who had been so content to lie still day after day with rarely a word upon her lips; and while Jacob marvelled at the change she began her revelation.

"I'se a wicked woman"—of all the women in the dale we had none more gentle, not one more motherly—"and I've only just found it out. Like the man in the Book, I've turned my face to the wall and been ready to give up my life, bit noo I'm wanting to live—if oanly to put the crooked things straight."

Jacob laid his hand caressingly on his wife's shoulder. "Eh, my lass," he muttered brokenly. "This just caps aw—God's mighty work—an' this'll be a bit o' David Branth'et's work."

"He's spent a gey long time with me to-day"—Margaret was full of her tale—"and noo I see things as plain as print. He's been telling me of a woman body somewhere—he wouldn't name no names, though I expect she's one of his patients. She's got a son who's one o' t' biggest wastrels on earth; he's neglected her till she's known the want o' bread, and abused her as though she'd been his worst enemy, and there's hardly one o' t' Commandments he hasn't broken; and yet, when she's had a penny to spare she's spent it in buying something for herself and she's passed it off as a present fra her son, so that the folks who kenned him when he was a bit laddie shouldn't think ill of him."

"My word, lass, but that was fine."

"Ay, wasn't it? An', Jacob, before he went the doctor asked me aboot—aboot our laddie. An' it wasn't so much the words he used as the queer way he handled them that set me thinking, and I've got it on my mind that the folks in the dale may be blaming Robert for the thing that's such a heartbreak to you and me. And I canna stand it. What if he is ashamed of his mother's old-fashioned ways? I can bide it. What I can't bide is

that anybody should treat his name with disrespect, or point the finger of scorn at him."

"It's oanly his wages, the thing he's earned. Didn't we agree that as a matter o' justice—"

"Ay," Margaret broke in, "we spoke in haste and pride. An' I'm not so sure aboot justice now. I'm beginning to think that when fathers and mothers have dealt with mercy they'll have neither time nor taste for justice—they can leave that to folks with harder hearts."

"And what is it you want me to do?"

There was rebellion in the tone; and while Margaret pleaded for the reopening of the door Jacob listened with his jaw tightly set, his eyes harboring an uncompromising frown. From the bedside he turned to the window, and looked with unseeing vision on the mountain heights. Memory painted for him another picture, of that scene in London with all its black indignity, reminded him of the sacrifices of fatherhood and motherhood, and the baseness of the return. Margaret was asking more than he could grant. Time enough to relent when the prodigal came home and begged for mercy.

His mind made up, he returned to the bedside of his sick wife, and there he discovered that decision rested with the mother and not with himself. In her hand Margaret held a pair of baby shoes, holed and frayed by use and years. They were her crowning argument.

"D'ye remember them?" she whispered, a passion of love in the tone; "they are his—the first pair your money bought for him." She placed them in his hands. "Ye mind how proud you were. The little feet soon grew tired in them days, Jacob, an' ye were aye ready to hoist the bairn on your shoulders and help him on the way. He needs you yet. For the sake of the little feet that wore them, laddie—for the sake of the feet, you'll open the door?"

This was verily Margaret's hour. The triumph of mother love was complete. Handing the shoes with reverence, Jacob restored them to her keeping. "You shall have your way, wife," said he. "If Robert likes to lift the sneck, he'll find the door open, and—and I don't think it's ever been bolted yet."

With this he hurriedly left the room, but half way down the stairs inspiration checked his steps and sent him back to his wife's bedside. "I'll be away to Bransty in the morning, and ye shall have the best black silk that money can buy; an' if fwolk like to think that it's a bit present fra Robert—well, we'll just let 'em think."

II

It was a fierce winter that fell upon the country that year, and the men of the dales have marked it in big, bold lines on the calendar that memory keeps. Long before the autumn winds had made an end of their dirge, Scawfell was wearing his winter cap, and when the news came over the fells that Black Sail was blocked we knew that we were in for a hard time. Bitter were the winds that assailed us, blinding were the sheets of snow, and as the end of it all that tempest for which, when we tell of it, we have no prefix of degree. It is not known to us as "The Great Storm," but simply as "The Storm." When even the railway arches on the coast line outside the dale were filled from base to crown; when the hollow wherein Margery Bannister lived was buried so that nothing was left of Margery's cottage save the chimneys; when Robert Musgrave lost one hundred and fifty sheep; when every dyke in the lowlands was hidden, and at Burnfoot every household had to dig its way out.

As David Branthwaite drove with difficulty through the defile into which the dale narrows at its head, he could hear the shepherds at their work upon the heights gathering in the flocks which had fled to the hills. Give our

"THE CRY SEEMED TO COME FROM DOWN THERE."

mountain sheep their freedom, and they will never wait to be buried in the valley; they prefer to face the tempest on the topmost crags. Muffled and dim, the cries of men and the baying of hounds drifted down the steep fell-sides, and after a brief struggle the doctor surrendered.

"It's not a bit o' use, Meg," he bawled to his storm-battered horse; "I mustn't be sitting in my gig in comfort when a helping hand may be wanted up there, so we'll just see how Jacob Steele's getting along." Half an hour later Meg was snugly housed in Jacob's stable, and her master was hard at work rounding up the stricken flocks; and when, after the labor of hours, the last of the sheep had been penned, the doctor was fain to agree with the farmer that he "would nivver win through to The Green," and that a night at Grayrigg must be his portion.

With the passing of the hours, the storm grew in fury. Shrieking, howling, roaring, the wind swept through the passes; high overhead it billowed from rock to rock with the boom of thunder, and the snow was driven be-

fore it in blinding sheets, and swirled and piled about everything that gave it hold until the drifts were built higher than the height of a man.

Seated by the wide-mouthed kitchen hearth, Margaret made a fine pretence of knitting, but her needles lay mostly idle in her lap; and, as for Jacob, he was for ever stirring about, now pacing the floor, but oftenest going out into the porch to note the movements of the tempest. "I've been thinking I heard a cry across dale," he explained after a longer absence than usual, and, although he was sure it "was nowt bit a shepherd call," he was off again the moment he had got the chill off his finger-tips. Almost immediately he was back again with a shout that brought his wife and Branthwaite to their feet. "It's true, doctor, it's quite true. There's some poor body out yonder in t' snaw, and I'm off to seek him."

"Ay! And I'm coming with you. This is likely to be a doctor's job." David was already wrestling with his greatcoat. "And we must have Jossy Ferguson along wi' us, and we'll give Lanty Armstrong and Ben Dodgson a call if we can get near their houses."

Heavily coated, wrapped also in thick shawls and armed with iron-pointed sticks, the three men turned speedily out into the tempest, Margaret's benediction in their ears: "I'd bid you bide if I dare—but it's a mother's bairn that needs ye—and God bring ye safely back!"

"I'm none too sure aboot my bearings," Jacob shouted as he whistled his two sheep-dogs across the croft, "but t' cry seemed to come fra down there"—he pointed straight across the dale—"somewhere Birker way. Dogs 'll be a fine help if he calls again."

It was a vain hope, however. All the world seemed to be full of sound, but it was the raving of the tempest; the clamor of distress was hushed. And the rescue also appeared to be impossible. Out on the fells the snow was piled in drifts, huge and deep and dense, and even the winds appeared to be clouds of snow, so thickly massed were the sweeping flakes and spikes. One man on such a night would have been helpless, but foot by foot the doctor and his comrades fought their way. At the end of an hour's desperate struggle the dogs gave them a new lead; and there, under the shelter of a mighty rock, they came upon the wayfarer, over whose body the storm was spreading a winding sheet of spotless purity. Branthwaite knelt beside him. A pause of awful solemnity followed. The doctor burst into a passion of speech.

"It's you and me against death, lads. Here, Lanty, get a grip o' this bottle. Now then, the rest o' ye, give me a lift with him. We'll have him on his feet, and if we don't shake life intil him it'll not be our fault."

Now, with regard to the other happenings the farmer of Grayrigg has a somewhat hazy recollection. He remembers that many orders were given by the doctor, and that all were faithfully carried out, but the fact that has fastened itself on his mind is this—that when at last the stranger spoke he uttered the one word "Father," and that afterwards the voice of the doctor cut loud and exultant into the thunder of the storm, "Eh, man, this is mighty. It's your own laddie you've saved this night."

He is also apt to make light of that second struggle, when upon a stretcher made of coats and staves, they carried the prodigal across the breast of the fell, but never will he forget the face of his wife when her son was given back to her. "Love," said he to the doctor afterwards, "is just past telling."

Margaret met them at the door, standing outside in the driving snow. Lanty Armstrong had given her the message which David had sent so that she might be spared a harder shock. When he saw her, darkly drawn against the flood of light, the doctor roared that other message for

which she waited in trembling hope. "Ye're laddie's right, Margaret; his mother's nursing is all he wants."

Himself he was not so sure, but it was ever Branthwaite's way to beat back dispair with the offer of hope until defeat could no longer be concealed. Far into the night they toiled in the old-fashioned bedroom, just the three of them, with now and again a maid showing a frightened face; the doctor with his coat off, sleeves rolled up, perspiration gleaming in beads upon his brow; the others waiting, helping, praying. Thus the new day entered, and, as the grandfather's clock downstairs struck three, Robert Steele came back from the Land of Silence.

Full of wonder, his eyes wandered from point to point. They settled at last upon his mother; he whispered her name, and then "Father." Margaret stooped and kissed him.

For a spell the room was silent as the moors on a sultry day in June. It was a movement by the doctor that broke it, and when Robert looked on the grizzled face of David Branthwaite memory sprang into fullness of life.

"I remember now," he said. "I was coming home—and the storm beat me."

"That'll do, my laddie," the doctor growled. "You've had enough storm for one night. You may get to sleep now."

But Robert was not to be silenced so easily, even though speech was a labor. "I was coming home—it was the letter that dragged me. I couldn't stay away."

Between the father and the mother a glance of perplexity was exchanged. The doctor busied himself at the table, bending low over his task. Margaret passed her hand gently over her son's head. "We've sent you no letter, my bairn," she said.

"No. It was the doctor. I've brought it with me. I'm going to keep it for ever. He told me he was glad I'd found wealth and fame. Afterwards he told me that my mother had been ill, but I wasn't to worry—she was doing nicely. And then—he praised me for—for the devotion I was showing by sending her such beautiful gifts. And I'd given her nothing but shame and neglect! He told me how my name was ever on your lips, yours and my father's. How through all the dale I was being held up as a model of what a son ought to be. He said something besides about the saving grace of a pair of baby shoes, but I don't know what he meant. I understood all the rest—saw how you were trying to shield my name—it broke down all my empty pride. I didn't want money any longer—I wanted to look into my mother's face. I didn't want fame and the applause of men; I wanted to grip my father's hand. There was nothing else that counted. So I came home. They tried to keep me at Dalefoot, but I couldn't stay. I'd simply got to get home, and I lost the track—and now I'm going to sleep—a lad again—in my father's home."

Margaret sank upon her knees by her son's bedside, her face buried in her hands. Gently the doctor tip-toed from the room, and when Jacob followed he laid a heavy hand on the farmer's shoulder and growled a fearsome threat. "Man, if ye say but one word o' thanks, I'll strike ye off my list."

Still it was Jacob to whom the honor of the last word fell. "I'm not going to thank ye, David Branthwaite," he said, "for that's a thing that's beyond the power of tongues. And I'm not thinking that Margaret 'll put ye to confusion, but I'se warrant that for the rest of her days your name 'll not be missing fra her prayers."

And as the doctor himself has since observed, "What mair can a man desire?"

Important Articles of the Month

The Troubles of Peru

THE recent altercation between the two Republics of Peru and Ecuador has given a writer in the *Saturday Review* an opportunity to say something about the oft-recurring squabbles of the Latin-American republics over their boundary lines. The fact that Canada has extensive and growing trade and financial interests in South America, coupled with a natural curiosity on the part of many people to know more about a part of the world with so romantic a history, renders a reference to this article timely.

Boundary disputes have been prevalent in South America ever since the Spanish colonies there threw off the control of the motherland and set up their own governments. Before that time, the colonies, owing allegiance to the one sovereign, did not need to bother about boundaries. But now that Chile and Peru and Ecuador have become separate entities it matters very much where one begins and another leaves off. Now that tracts formerly unexplored are found to be rich in timber, rubber or nitrates, it matters even more.

Peru has had her troubles all along. Many will yet remember the war of 1879 when, in alliance with Bolivia, Peru fought Chile by land and sea. By sea the fight was memorable. It was a first encounter between ironclads, and the story of the Peruvian turret-ship "Huascar" and how she put up a gallant and hopeless fight against two of the enemy is a story to remember. The allies were completely beaten in the end, and Lima was occupied. Then came the treaty by which Tacna and Arica, the frontier provinces between Chile and Peru, were ceded in occupation to Chile for ten years. This was the beginning of the Tacna-Arica question—one of the important factors in the position of Peru to-day. At the end of the ten years for which she was to retain the provinces, Chile was bound under the treaty to hold a plebiscite of their inhabitants. The people were to be allowed to say to which country they wished definitely to belong. The plebiscite has not yet been taken. Chile has no intention of letting go her hold upon Tacna and Arica. For one thing the provinces are rich in nitrates—still a great source of wealth in spite of artificial manures. Moreover, Tacna and Arica are the Alsace and Lorraine of Latin America. The question is now a national one. Peru is as unwilling to recognize Chile's occupation of Tacna and Arica as France is to recognize the conquest of Alsace and Lorraine; and Chile will be no more ready to give up what she holds than will Germany. Chile has wilfully delayed the plebiscite. The work of education in those parts is not yet complete, and the time not yet ripe to turn occupation into sovereignty. Meanwhile she has taken care that the education of the provinces shall be in the Chilian way. The Peruvian priests have had to go. The Government dug out some ancient legislation that would not admit of their staying. They were turned away not because Chile has any particular quarrel with the Church, but because those to whom the people listen must preach Chile and not Peru. Chile means to hold fast, and has already, by delaying the people's vote and exercising sovereign rights in virtue of mere occupation, practically broken the treaty that let her in. Her excuse is that in Latin America treaties are interpreted very much according to the relative strength of the parties. If Peru were as strong as Chile, the interpretation would have been the other way. As it happens Chile is strong enough to be the party morally in the wrong.

The condition of affairs between Chile and Peru is mainly of interest because of its possible bearing on the recent trouble between Peru and Ecuador. Here again the flare-up was due to a boundary dispute, which has been going on for eighty years. Three years ago King Alfonso of Spain was asked to arbitrate and his report is expected soon. The delay has been found unbearable by Ecuador—hence the threatened resort to arms. However, it is likely that King Alfonso's award will be accepted by both parties, when it is made.

But the position is interesting and even exciting, because of the way in which the Tacna-Arica question crosses it. The diplomacy of Chile is never quiet ; and, should anything go wrong between Peru and Ecuador, Chile will let slip no chance to improve her position. Chile is officially the friend of Ecuador, and might even be expected to assist her. But what if Chile seized the occasion for a deal ? Suppose that Chile said to Peru : We will help to settle your difficulty with Ecuador provided that you acknowledge the fait accompli in Tacna and Arica. Would Peru be willing to pocket sentiment for a real advantage ? The dispute with Ecuador touches a tract of country in the upper waters of the Amazon rich in rubber and timber. It would make a splendid compensation to Peru for the loss of her Southern provinces. A Peruvian Cabinet would probably jump at the deal. What the Peruvian people say is another matter. Peruvian sentiment is fiercely opposed to allowing Chile to raise her occupation of Tacna and Arica into sovereignty. Even so, the nation might not refuse this chance of peace with honor—honor saved by the doctrine of compensation.

Whatever happens, it will be Chile which will undoubtedly benefit. It is the dominant power to-day in South America. She has the best army and the strongest national spirit. With her temperate climate, her people have grown hardier, more active and more consistent in their aims than any of the other republics. If it is to her advantage she will break her official friendship with Ecuador as cheerfully as she has broken her treaty with Peru.

The Great Rubber Boom

The London Stock Exchange has this spring been the scene of a remarkable boom in the shares of rubber companies—the like of which has not been witnessed since the Kaffir boom of 1895. A year ago the rubber market on the Exchange was small and unostentatious. It has now for some weeks been the centre of the wildest interest and excitement. thronged by mobs of men trying to execute orders, shouting and shrieking like maniacs.

Like the South Sea Bubble, the rubber boom has attracted gamblers in every walk of life, among all sorts and conditions of men and women. The classical case is that of the nursemaid who gave an office-boy thirty shillings to buy rubber shares. The small folk have been cunningly enticed by new rubber-planting companies with two-shilling shares, and doubtless thousands of tiny fortunes have been made on paper. Brokers and jobbers, at any rate, have accumulated money at a great pace. A broker's office early last week, wrote a stock Exchange correspondent of the "Economist," was no place for the casual caller, and jobbers thought themselves happy if they got so much as a sandwich between ten in the morning and five at night. "The market itself was sheer Bedlam. Brokers over and over again abandoned the attempt to deal, and wrote down their orders for jobbers to execute. The jobbers, making money at the rate of one to five pounds per minute, drove frantically into the crowd, and made prices gaily in shares of which they scarcely knew the name." It may be observed that a day or two later, when a small slump occurred on profit-

taking, many of the jobbers remained at lunch all day, and some of the shares, which had been booming, became almost unsalable.

Quoting the late Sir Robert Giffen, a writer in the London *Nation* gives the following terse explanation of the boom.

"We have to do with something that reminds one of the great speculative manias of former times. The price of rubber itself, the foundation of the speculation, has risen from about 3s. per pound the price a few years ago, to something between 8s. and 9s. per pound, with no sign as yet of a setback. The reasons for the advance are, on the one hand, the huge and increasing industrial demand for rubber for many different purposes, among which rubber tires for motors are a prominent, but by no means the only demand ; and, on the other hand, the difficulty of increasing the supply quickly, as it takes a few years to bring a rubber plantation into productiveness after being started. There are accordingly all the materials for a speculative mania."

Figures illustrating the extent of the rise in rubber shares are supplied. The most notable advance occurred in Kuala Lumpur, which jumped from 1⅛ in April, 1909, to 6⅝ at the end of January and 12¾ at the end of March. But, says the writer, "It is almost certain that in a few weeks or months most of the new plantations—which cannot yield rubber for five or six year—will see their shares fall as rapidly as they have risen. This is the way of all speculative fevers."

The *Nation,* which by the way is strongly Liberal in its views, concludes the article with a little political reference, showing to what an extent politics dominate the English press today.

Perhaps the oddest feature of this almost unprecedented affair bringing so much grist to the Stock Exchange mill is that it has taken place under the aegis of Mr. Lloyd George. If only it had been someone else—above all, if it could have been a Tariff Reform Chancellor of the Exchequer—what idolatry would have ensued ! What paeans in the "Express," what puffs in the "Mail," what panegyrics in the "Times !" He would have been feted and garlanded. His portrait would have been sold in Throgmorton Street. His statuette would have been seen in the hall of every City magnate. Instead of being ruined by the Budget, the city has been reaping a golden harvest. The clerk suddenly finds himself in unexampled demand. The salaries of this poor, neglected class are rising rapidly. Even the unemployables are being employed. Politics are ignored. The Budget is forgotten. The cry of the House of Lords is addressed to deaf ears. Once again the decline of England under its effete fiscal system has been miraculously arrested. And Tariff Reformers, who see these things and the Board of Trade returns and other signs of expanding prosperity, shake their heads dolefully and cry, "Fie upon these good times !"

Color-Blindness and Its Dangers

A most interesting descriptive article on the subject of color-blindness has been contributed to the *Strand* Magazine by Dr. F. W. Elridge-Green, a noted authority on the subject. Dr. Green first gives some instances of color-blindness in order to show just how it affects people.

He refers to Dalton, the great chemist, who was a Quaker and very simple in his mode of life. Dalton was to be presented at Court and was required to wear the scarlet robe of a Doctor of Civil Laws. It was known that bright colors were objectionable to him and for a time it seemed that there would be difficulty in persuading him to wear it. Luckily it was recalled that Dalton was afflicted with a peculiar color-blindness (which now bears his name) and that to him the robe had no extraordinary appearance. He wore it at Court without being conscious of its vivid color.

A color-blind man bought trousers of red cloth on one occasion and green on

another, under the impression that they were brown. He had to have them dyed before he could use them.

A well-known scientist who often plays golf with me finds difficulty in recognizing the red golf flags until he is near them. They appear as black to him, when they are the brightest objects in the whole landscape to me. He can pass the official test as easily as a normal-sighted person, but fails when examined with my lantern ; but this is a point to which I shall return later. It will be noticed that this is a different variety of color-blindness from Dalton's. This defective perception of red corresponds to those who are unable to hear very low notes on the organ. It is quite distinct from the color-blindness in which colors are confused because no difference is seen between them. The reader can ascertain for himself whether he is afflicted with this particular kind of color-blindness by noticing whether he can see red signal lights, golf flags, cherries on a tree, or other red objects at as great a distance as other persons.

A tailor sent home a scarlet waistcoat with green buttons instead of red. A man wrote to me half in red ink and half in black ink under the impression that the whole letter was written in black ink.

Dr. Green notes that the percentage of color-blind women is very much smaller than of men. Men seem to vary much more than women. Whilst red-green blindness, which is common amongst men, is comparatively rare in women, the slighter varieties are quite common. With the exception of musicians, Dr. Green has not found any particular class of persons in whom color-blindness is more frequent than in others. Among musicians it seems very prevalent.

Dr. Green next proceeds to explain the cause of color-blindness.

Light is caused by very small waves, which are similar to those of the sea. There are light waves of different magnitudes ; they differ from each other as a big wave on the sea differs from a small wave on a pond. The largest waves give rise to the sensation of red, the smallest to violet.

If we look at a rainbow, or the solar spectrum produced by a prism, we see the waves arranged in a regular series—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. We also know that there are larger waves below the red and smaller waves above the violet, but these are invisible to the eye.

Persons possessing very acute color perception can recognize seven colors in the spectrum, but I have never met with a person who could see more than that number. Therefore, though there are millions of waves, each differing, we can only see six, or at most seven, definite points of difference.

I have alluded to the fact that below the red and above the violet there are other waves of a similar character, but invisible. We should, therefore, expect that people would differ as to the points where they first recognized color, just as they differ in their ability to recognize very low and very high notes. This is the case : whilst one person will see the whole of the red (or the violet) in the rainbow, another will only see half of it, the remainder being totally invisible. In other cases the visible spectrum commences at the orange. A person of this kind will look at a red light, which is simply blinding in its intensity, and declare that the room is absolutely dark.

It is obvious that a man who cannot see a red light at all is not fit to guide a vessel, when it is by the recognition of the red lights of other boats that collisions are avoided.

The second class of the color-blind are those who see five or less colors in the spectrum instead of six. In the first degree of color-blindness, five instead of six distinct colors are seen, orange having disappeared as a definite color. In the next degree only four colors are seen, blue being no longer recognized as a distinct color. Persons included in the above two degrees may, for all practical purposes, be regarded as normal-sighted.

In the next degree three colors only are seen. Yellow is not recognized as a definite color ; it is called "greenish red." A person belonging to this class of the color-blind told me that a red clover field in full blossom had to him an exactly similar appearance to the yellow of the spectrum.

The green disappears in the next degree, only two colors being seen in the spectrum or rainbow. Less and less difference is seen between any part of the spectrum, in increasing degrees of color-blindness, until only the ends of the spectrum are recognized as being different.

Finally, the spectrum appears one uniform color, the individual being totally color-blind.

Dr. Green's classification of the color-blind according to the number

of colors they see in the spectrum follows.

(i.) Those who see five colors make mistakes with regard to orange. They regard it as a reddish yellow.

(ii.) Those who see four colors regard blue as a greenish violet, and call it violet or green, according to its proximity to one of these colors.

(iii.) Those who see three colors never confuse their fundamental colors, red, green, and violet. Yellows are mistaken for reds or greens; blues for greens or violets. Purples in which red predominates are classified with reds; those in which violet is in excess, with violets. Persons belonging to this class are dangerously color-blind; notwithstanding this they nearly always pass the tests in general use.

(iv.) Those who see only two colors in the spectrum form the class of the ordinary red-green blind. Nearly all the recorded cases belong to this class. Bright red and green are mistaken; a soldier will lose his scarlet coat on the green grass; the color of a carrot or the glow of a fire is not distinguished from green. Only a slight difference is seen between reds, oranges, yellows, and greens.

The application of all this to everyday life is a serious question. When four per cent. of the male population are dangerously color-blind, it becomes absolutely necessary to exclude them from occupations where perfect color perception is needed.

How to Sleep Out Doors

An enthusiastic advocate of out-of-door sleeping in all weathers and under all conditions—Bailey Millard—writes on how to do it in the *Technical World Magazine*. City life, with its sedentary occupations, is degenerating the race and in out-of-door sleeping Mr. Millard sees a practical remedy for it.

One chilly evening up at Lake Hopatcong, in the New Jersey highlands, a number of people were lolling about in the hotel sitting-room before a big blazing log fire. Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," was there, talking poetry with some literary-minded new-comers.

"Well, it's about bedtime," said one pale city man, "and a mighty cold night, too. This is the kind of night when I pity those who have to sleep outside."

"Pity me then," said Markham.

"Why so?" said the man curiously. "You don't have to sleep out, do you, Mr. Markham?"

"No; I don't have to," was the poet's quiet reply. "But I do." Then he explained that during his annual six months' stay up at the lake he always slept out on the open veranda of his cottage, no matter what the weather.

"Quite a good many do that nowadays, you know," said Markham. "It seems that people are just beginning to discover that they have lungs and that their lungs have to be fed as well as their stomachs."

Yes, a good many people are discovering that it pays to sleep out of doors and the pity of it is that so many have waited until they have no lungs to speak of before making the discovery. But now in this year nineteen hundred and ten there is what I came near calling a wave of interest in outdoor sleeping, but perhaps it may be only a wavelet. In certain communities this wavelet has rolled up into a sort of fad, and it is spreading out and rolling higher month by month, so that in the course of time it will doubtless become a strong, husky breaker that shall sweep away our indoor maladies. For where outdoor sleeping has once become a fad it soon becomes a fixed habit. No one who has thoroughly enjoyed his bed in the open, night after night and summer and winter, ever willingly relinquishes it and is generally eager to get back to it. And here are some of the reasons:

The sweet feeling of naturalness and bodily well-being.

Freedom from insomnia, for which outdoor sleeping in an absolute specific.

The wonderfully recuperative and vitalizing processes of which one quickly reaps the benefit, even though at first badly run down in physique.

The consciousness of escape from conditions that hamper if they do not actually threaten human life.
Immunity from colds and the diseases they engender.

Mr. Millard believes that among the people who sleep out doors are to be found the happiest people in the world—happiest because their nerves are steadiest, because they have more physical resistance to heat and cold and, most of all, because night after night they revel in that large elemental joy, that real animal content, which the shepherds of the hills know when they lie down beside their flocks.

Sleeping balconies are easily arranged. For $200 or $300 you may build an upper story on your back porch, roof it over, screen the sides and have canvas curtains to let down when it rains or blows too hard. Most sleeping balconies are boarded up all around about three feet from the floor, so as to shut out the view of one's airy bed from the window across the way. The dressing and undressing are usually done in an inside room, so as not to make them a neighborhood affair, and also to prevent undue exposure to cold in the winter time.
Those who have sought to cut down the expenses of their sleeping balconies have in some cases made them just large enough for the bed into which they crawl from a door or window, and still others have resorted to a device known as a window tent, which is so arranged that the bed may sit beside an open window and the upper part of the couch be covered by the tent which fits tightly against the casement at one end and does not admit the cold air to the rest of the bedroom. In this way many sleep out of doors in their own bedchambers and get the full benefit of the pure outside air summer and winter.

Fresh-air tubes running from the window to the head of the bed and fitting tightly down all about it, are also employed. These tubes are of canvas and are about the diameter of an apple-barrel. They may be made of a length to admit of placing the bed in any desired position in the room.

The window tents and tubes are easily constructed by any amateur carpenter who can stretch canvas over a wooden frame and tack it down, and it is surprising that, considering their cheapness, more run-down, nervous people do not avail themselves of this opportunity for vital renovation and recuperation. For the nerves there is nothing like the open air, especially the cold air of winter, which all medical men agree is the best tonic known and the most powerful of all tissue-building agents.

One advantage of out-of-door sleeping pointed out by Mr. Millard is that thereby the number of sleeping hours may be reduced. Six or seven hours sleep outside is the equivalent of a much longer period in-doors. The coming of summer should give many people an opportunity to commence a delightful and beneficial habit.

Shadowing the World's Rulers

Some interesting side-lights on the way in which monarchs are carefully guarded by detectives and secret service men are to be found in an article by a veteran diplomatist appearing in the *New York Times*. While pictures are published and stories are told of rulers who have gone about unguarded, it is absolutely certain that monarchs and even royal persons of minor rank are never beyond the ken of the police. In this connection a story is told by M. Paoli, who was for twenty-five years entrusted by the French Government with the guardianship of royal visitors to the country.

On one occasion at Cannes, the late Empress of Austria—it was only a few weeks before her assassination at Geneva—returned from a long walk in the neighborhood, and, meeting Paoli at the entrance of the hotel, boasted of having for once managed to elude his "Limiers," and then to prove to him how superfluous were his precautions, described to him her trip, and how it had been entirely free from any molestation, and what an interesting talk she had had with an old road-mender whom she had encountered at his work, and with whom

she had stopped for a few minutes to chat.

Paoli did not tell her what he has since revealed in his memoirs, that the road-mender in question was one of his cleverest men, who, with several others, had never left the Empress out of their sight from the time that she left the hotel until she returned from her walk.

King Alfonso is one of the most difficult monarchs in the world to watch, as he is very restless and quick in his movements. Detectives assigned to guard him when on a visit to England or France are left in a complete state of exhaustion by the time his stay is over. Pictures of King Edward often disclose him apparently unprotected in the midst of throngs of people.

A photograph familiar to most of the readers of the Times is that portraying Edward VII. just after winning his last Derby and watching his horse being brought in. He is standing on the race-course, with an immense crowd surging around him, a crowd in which his son, the Prince of Wales, Lord Marcus Beresford, Prince Frank of Teck, and those with him were almost entirely swallowed up.

He seems wholly without protection, yet of the populace around him, possibly a score of those nearest to him, perhaps even some of those who are patting him familiarly on the back, as if beside themselves with enthusiasm, are picked men from Scotland Yard.

The most successful protection work is that which is entirely unknown by the very people for whose sake it is undertaken. Not a week passes without the arrest of individuals, mostly cranks, for offences connected with royal personages, not a word of which ever reaches the ear either of the latter or of the public.

Madmen and mad women, without number, endeavor to obtain interviews with the sovereign, or with his consort by either calling at the royal residences or by trying to waylay the Anointed of the Lord when they are walking or driving out.

The male cranks are mostly in love with the monarch's consort and profess to be her son or husband; while the women either allege that they are the daughters or sisters of her Majesty, or else that they have been secretly married to the ruler, or to his heir-apparent.

Then, too, there are any number of crazy inventors, authors and poets, who are determined to attract royal attention to their unappreciated genius. Besides these there are the homicidal lunatics, male and female, of whom there are such an alarming number at large.

Finally there are the notoriety-seeking, fanatic Anarchists, who believe that they can serve their "cause" and win lasting fame by assassinating the occupant of some throne.

It is for the purpose of protecting royalty from encounters with people such as these that the detectives are ever on the watch, from the moment that their wards leave their palaces until they return. Whenever it is possible to secure information in advance of the itinerary of the royal personage in question police in plain clothes take up their station at various points along the route and do not hesitate to quietly arrest at once and to remove without fuss any stranger whose actions and appearance are in the least suspicious.

The people thus taken into custody, if aliens, are deported; if natives, are warned out of the district, and if cranks are consigned to the State or county asylum for the insane for observation.

It is naturally to be expected that the guardians of royal persons come into the possession of secrets about their lives, which, if put to use, might prove compromising. There are in France at the present time, certain politicians and former officials, who are immune from punishment for crimes committed, solely because they are in possession of secrets secured through the detective police involving the lives of the great.

A notable instance in point is that of Daniel Wilson, whose shameful complicity in the Legion of Honor scandals, that brought about the downfall of his father-in-law, Jules Grevy, from the Presidency of the Republic, remaining unpunished, though his accomplices were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

Moreover, some years ago, a lawsuit at Munich between Baroness Irma von Schmadel and Herr von Muller, former Minister of Public Worship, resulted in bringing to light the fact, printed in all the Bavarian newspapers at the time, that while Chief of Police he had availed himself of the pretext of providing for the safety of the members of the reigning family by means of a specially organized corps of detectives, to subject all the Princes and Princesses of the

royal house to the most searching system of espionage, keeping track of their associations, their entanglements, their habits, their shortcomings and, above all, what the French euphoniously describe as their "petit vices."

It appeared from the correspondence, some of which was reproduced by the newspapers in facsimile, that Herr von Muller did this with the object of possessing himself of such compromising secrets as to render himself safe from disgrace and dismissal, and his astonishing promotion to the post of Cabinet Minister, at the head of the Department of Public Ownership, for which he was in no sense fitted by his mode of life, his education, his antecedents, and his birth, was ascribed, not without some show of reason, to the fact that he had been able to turn to account the useful information obtained while Chief of Police.

All rulers do not lead such wholly blameless lives as that of the late Queen Victoria, and it is easy to understand under the circumstances, that there are a number of reasons why they should find it "very irksome" to be "constantly watched."

Germany's Incomparable Cities

"I know of no cities in the modern world which compare with those which have arisen in Germany during the past twenty years." Thus Frederic C. Howe begins a notable article on "City Building in Germany" in *Scribner's* Magazine. The bigness of vision, boldness of execution, and far-sighted outlook on the future of the Germans impressed him tremendously.

Germany is building her cities as Bismarck perfected the army before Sadowa and Sedan ; as the Empire is building its war-ships and merchant-men ; as she develops her waterways and educational systems. In city building, as in other matters, all science is the hand-maiden of politics. The engineer and the architect, the artist and the expert in hygiene are alike called upon to contribute to the city's making. The German cities are thinking of to-morrow as well as of to-day, of the generation to follow as well as the generation that is now upon the stage. Germany alone sees the city as the centre of the civilization of the future, and Germany alone is building her cities so as to make them contribute to the happiness, health, and well-being of the people. This seems to be the primary consideration. And it is unique in the modern world.

The Kaiser and his ministers have been studying the problem of city life. They realize that forty-nine per cent. of the people are living in towns, while the percentage living in cities of over one hundred thousand has increased fifty per cent. in ten years' time. Poverty has been on the increase and slum life is imperilling the stamina of the people. These hindrances must be removed and the city be made to serve rather than impair human life.

City building has been converted into a science and a school has been opened in Berlin devoted to the subject. An exhibition of town planning and city building will be held this year and there are already numerous textbooks on the market.

In building the German city, construction begins at the bottom. Believing that the land itself is the controlling influence on city life, the city controls it in the first place.

It does it through ownership, through taxation, and through regulation. The American city is impotent before the owner and the builder, the sky-scraper and the tenement owner. It can take but little thought of the morrow. It cannot subordinate the private to the public, elevate the beautiful above the ugly, or give a thought beyond the immediate necessities of to-day. Not until some calamity or urgent necessity strikes horror or death to the community does the State permit the city to deal with the abuses which imperil the life of the community.

This paramountcy of private property does not exist in Germany. Humanity is first. The city enjoys some of the sovereignty of the Empire. It can pro-

mote the beautiful. It can destroy the ugly. It can protect its poor. It can educate as it wills. It can plan for the future. It can have city dreams. And the German city has dreams, dreams which are fast being visualized. The German burgomeisters are laying the foundations of the city of to-morrow as an architect lays the foundations of a forty-story sky-scraper or the designer of a World's Fair plans his play-city far in advance of its excavation.

German architects saw the obvious. They saw that the city would grow as it had in the past. So they enlarged the boundaries. They annexed suburban land. The present area of Dusseldorf, with its 300,000 people, is 29,000 acres; of Cologne with a population of 428,700 is 28,800; of Frankfort, with a population of 335,000, is 23,203. Having enlarged its area the city was in a position to control its development, to plan for its building. It called in its architects and its engineers or it sent to a neighboring university for an expert. A plan is made of the surrounding territory, of the topography of the land, the natural advantages, the proximity to the railways, and the probable uses to which the region will be put. The prevailing winds are studied, and factories are only permitted to locate in certain prescribed areas. In some cities they are excluded from the business and residence sections altogether. If the neighborhood is suited for manufacturing, it is dedicated to industrial uses. If it is a working-class quarter, the streets and parking are adjusted to working-men's homes. If it is suited for homes of a more expensive sort, the plan is upon a more elaborate scale.

Streets, boulevards, parks, open spaces and sites for public buildings are laid out far in advance of the city's growth, and owners of land must conform to the city's plans. There can be no wild-cat speculation, no cheap and narrow streets, no jerry-building. The rectangular arrangement of streets has been generally abandoned and irregularity has been substituted. Curves and parabolas are favorite lines.

This same far-sighted wisdom, which plans boulevards, streets, and open spaces far in advance of the city's needs, characterizes the workmanship of the streets as well. A large area is undertaken at once. The city is not made to conform to the grade of the district. The district is made to conform to the grade of the city. I have seen great areas of from one-half to a mile square in which a fill was required of from eight to fifteen feet. Tracks are laid from the neighboring railway to make the fill, and the streets are constructed high in the air. Sewers are not of the temporary crock type. They are adequate for a century to come. Gas, water, telephone, and electric mains are laid at the same time and connections made to the curb.

The sewer is in the centre of the street, but the gas, water, electric light, telephone, and other conduits are usually placed under the sidewalks close up to the building line. It is not necessary to block the streets and tear up the pavement in order to get access to them. Once completed, the streets need never be disturbed. All this work is done by the city.

Beauty is promoted in small things as well as great. Bill-boards are prohibited. Business signs are of an inoffensive sort. There are no telegraph or telephone wires overhead. Every bit of water is jealously preserved and developed, whether it be an old moat, an inland lake, a little stream or a river front. Water frontage is deemed a priceless possession and it has proved so to a dozen cities.

Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles. Up to a few years ago the river frontage was but little used. Much of it was marsh land. This the city reclaimed. Here its architects laid out a broad esplanade and parkway. It is flanked with an Art Exposition building and public buildings. Upon the water front are landing stages for passenger boats, rowing clubs, and light summer craft. The whole work is designed to permit the use of river for traffic as well as for pleasure.

In America water fronts are dedicated to one thing or the other. If they are used for business purposes they have no value for pleasure. Beauty is ignored. This is not true in Germany. Business is made to adjust itself to art, pleasure, recreation, and use by the whole community. The harbor proper in Dusseldorf is more than a mile in length. It is divided into great basins for various kinds of freight. There is one for coal, another for lumber, another for grain, another for petroleum, another for general merchandise. There is no confusion and no dirt. Tracks are laid along the embankments in connection with the railways and the street-railway systems. There are hoisting devices, equipped with the latest electrical and hydraulic machinery, for the expeditious handling

of every kind of freight. This is all done by the city and owned by it. It is all as complete and symmetrical as a machine, and the cost of transhipment is reduced to a minimum. Here are erected warehouses, elevators, and storehouses, all connected with one another by rail. The docks of a German city are great terminal systems equipped with every convenience for even the smallest shipper. By virtue of these works the trade of Dusseldorf increased three hundred per cent. in ten years' time. And within a very short time the improvement will yield a profit from out the rentals of the enterprise.

The controlling influence of the land is the basis of all success in city building. Some cities have become great landlords.

Frankfort with a population of less than four hundred thousand owns 12,800 acres of land within its boundaries and 3,800 acres without. Within the past ten years the city has expended $50,000,000 in the purchase of land alone. The land which it owns is almost exactly equal to the area occupied by the cities of Pittsburg or Baltimore, each of which has a considerably greater population. Cologne owns fifteen and a half square miles, exclusive of many open spaces. The town of Breslau, with a population about the size of Cleveland, Ohio, owns twenty square miles of land or 12,800 acres. But Berlin is the greatest landlord of them all. That city owns 39,000 acres, mostly outside of the city, while Munich owns 13,600 acres and Strasburg 12,000 acres. German cities also possess great forests. They are constantly adding to their possessions. There are, in fact, 1,500 smaller towns and villages in Germany which derive so much revenue from the lands which they own that they are free from all local taxes. Five hundred of these communities are not only free from all local taxes, but are able to declare a dividend of from $25 to $100 a year to each citizen as his share of the surplus earnings of the common lands.

The Kingdom of Canada

It may not be generally known that, at the time of the passage of the British North America Act, serious consideration was given to a proposal to call Canada a Kingdom. The idea was discussed at length, but Lord Derby, at that time Britain's Foreign Minister, opposed it on the ground that the name "would wound the susceptibilities of the Yankees."

Sir Lewis Tupper has come forward in the British Empire Review with a similar proposal, viz., that at the time H.R.H. the Prince of Wales opens the first Parliament of South Africa, he should be empowered to proclaim that all the self-governing portions of the Empire should henceforth be known as Kingdoms.

A terminological ambiguity is caused by naming the over-seas dominions by different names. The anomaly leads to unnecessary verbiage or to the technical error of referring to all the parts as Dominions.

To recognise the new or coming nations as kingdoms would make no constitutional change, and would tend, not as might be superficially conjectured, to separation, but to closer union. As I have implied, these nations already have a King. To proclaim them Kingdoms would strengthen a powerful force of cohesion, because it would emphasise the accepted fact of allegiance to the Crown, itself a symbol of the unity of Empire. If we look abroad, we see that Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Prussia herself, are all joined in the "eternal union for the protection of the realm and the care of the welfare of the German people," though each of these is itself a Kingdom. Of course, no one would suggest that the dignity and style of a Kingdom should be conferred except with the free and full assent of the community concerned. Nor would anyone, whose opinion upon such a point is of any value, suppose that any Dominion would desire to set up a King of its own. The alternative to allegiance to the British Crown would be a Republic. But if assent to the style of a Kingdom—to be ascertained with delicacy and in confidence—were full and free, this would be an impressive sign that there was no wish to quit the British Empire and establish independent Republics. Moreover the grant of the dignity would be a gracious recognition of the services rendered by our friends in the South African

War ; and, in the case of those who were then our enemies, would set a royal seal of amnesty and trust upon the written Constitution lately completed.

No doubt it would be necessary to pass a short Act, declaring that references to the Dominion or Commonwealth or Union, as the case might be, should be construed, when the case so required, as references to the Kingdom. This is not to be regretted, for the necessity would insure that the British Parliament, as representing the people of these islands, should pronounce its verdict on the alteration.

Afternoon Tea with the Queen

The most informal of all forms of royal entertainment in England according to a writer in *M.A.P.* is afternoon tea at Buckingham Palace.

It is served, on ordinary occasions, in the Queen's boudoir in her Majesty's personal apartments, unless the party is exceptionally large, when it is served in the beautiful apartment known as the writing-room, but which is really a drawing-room.

The Queen, during the London season, invites at regular intervals a few favored friends to afternoon tea ; the invitations are written by her Majesty, and guests are "asked" to come and not "commanded," as is usual in an ordinary invitation from Royalty ; though, of course, a lady honored with an invitation from her Majesry regards it in the light of a command.

Guests are asked to come at half-past four, and are expected to arrive punctually. If the Queen is present when a guest arrives, the latter curtseys to her Majesty, and is then asked to sit down by one of the ladies-in-waiting. But, as a general rule, the Queen does not come into the room until her guests have assembled. All rise and curtsey when her Majesty enters the apartment, but beyond this necessary mark of respect to the Sovereign's Consort, there is no ceremony.

If the guests are quite few, the Queen shakes hands with each, but, if there are more than three or four present, her Majesty simply bows before she sits down.

Tea is served by two grooms of the chambers. The service generally used is of Sevres china that belongs to the King's Sevres collection, the bulk of which is at Windsor Castle. The teapot, sugar-basins, and cream-jugs are of old Georgian silver. and are very massive in design. When only two or three friends of her Majesty are present, the Queen sometimes pours out tea herself, but more commonly this office is performed by a lady-in-waiting, and the tea and cakes are handed to the guests by two other of her Majesty's ladies.

Servants are not called upon to wait when tea is served in the Queen's personal apartments. In the summer months her Majesty sometimes has tea in the gardens at Buckingham Palace, in the afternoon. On such occasions the guests are rather more numerous and the meal more elaborate, ices, strawberries and cream and champagne cup being served with it, and the Royal servants are, of course, in attendance.

When the Princess of Wales or other members of the Royal Family are asked to afternoon tea, the guests are always limited to members of the Household and the wives of Ambassadors. His Majesty occasionally joins the Queen's guests, but the Sovereign's presence makes no difference in the informal character of the gathering ; the guests rise and curtsey when the King enters, but do not remain standing.

Of course, her Majesty's guests at afternoon tea are all in the immediate entourage of Royalty and thoroughly familiar with the atmosphere of the Court, and there is no more awkwardness or restraint among them than there would be at a small gathering of intimate friends in any degree of society. At these exclusive little entertainments her Majesty talks quite freely about the doings of the Court and her plans for the immediate future, and she likes to hear from her friends any news of the doings of general society.

Sometimes the Queen's guests will learn from her Majesty of a coming Royal visit, or possibly a Royal engagement, long before the news is officially announced to the public. Naturally, all such information is imparted in confidence, to violate which would be as grave a breach of honor as it would be for a member of the Government to divulge a Cabinet secret. The secrets of the Cabinet are, indeed, not more jealously guarded than the secrets of the Court ; both are known to several people

but they practically never leak out before the proper time.

Her Majesty is occasionally entertained to afternoon tea by some of her intimate friends. On such occasions the Queen's hostess must deny herself to all other callers, with the exception of members of the Royal Family, whilst the Queen is with her. If other callers happen to be in the room when the Queen arrives, it is etiquette for them at once to take leave of their hostess.

The Ireland of To-Day

W. T. Stead, the noted English journalist, has been paying a short visit to Ireland and in an article in the *Review of Reviews* he contrasts present-day conditions there with those twenty-five years ago when he first set foot on Irish soil. At that time Ireland was in the throes of a fierce class war and politics dominated everything. The castle and the prison were the outstanding features of the Irish landscape.

To-day everything has been transformed. In my brief stay in Dublin I did not hear anyone speak of the Castle and there was no patriot to be visited in gaol. Peace has replaced war, and the only outstanding grievance was the complaint that the predominant partner had forced upon Ireland a far too liberal scale of old-age pensions. The old distressful Erin had vanished, and in its place there was a new Ireland, full of hope and energy and self-reliance. Never, I was assured on every side, had Ireland been so prosperous, her soil so well tilled, her prisons so empty, her people so contented.. It was indeed worth a far longer journey than from Euston to the North Wall to see with one's own eyes so marvellous and so beneficent a transformation.

To the Agricultural Department, Mr. Stead attributes much of the improvement. The department is the concrete institutional recognition of the fact that Ireland is a great farm. To Lady Aberdeen he gives great credit for the energy and enthusiasm with which she has undertaken the task of reviving and extending the ancient industries of the rural districts.

And behind and beneath all these has been the great agrarian revolution which has bought out the landlords and converted 300,000 tenants into landed proprietors. John Bright was one of the first to indicate this as the only royal road to the settlement of the land question. We have reached it by a devious road, nor have we even yet attained the goal. But we are well on the way, and already we have gone far enough to see that we are on the right road.

When I first came to Dublin Archbishop Walsh was one of the first politicians in Ireland. To-dav he is practically out of politics. Why? Because he is so busy organizing the new Irish University, of which he is Chancellor, that he has hardly five minutes to spare for political agitation.

There is new life throbbing everywhere in Ireland. The old social order, semi-feudal and ecclesiastical, still lingers, as the old skin of the serpent lingers while the new skin is forming below. It is nearly ready for the sloughing. The new order is economic, cooperative and social. The priest is still honored and held in high esteem, but he is no longer, as in former days, regarded as the oracle of omniscience on all questions, even on those about which, poor man, he admittedly knew nothing. The process which has dethroned his reverence as ultimate arbiter of cream separators and artificial manures, and replaced him by the practical expert, is natural and wholesome.

Everywhere in local administration, on the county councils, on the agricultural committees, on the Congested Board, the career is open to practical men, and the mere blatherskite is at a discount. The Gaelic League is helping to revive ancient customs, rural sports, the national language. It is a symptom of the spirit of the age. Sinn Fein, which no Saxon can pronounce, appears to have had its day. Even Mr. O'Brien's ostentatious alliance with Lord Dunraven and the landlords is a sign of the times. No one in Dublin takes much stock in Cork—where it is said few of the priests gave Mr. O'Brien

any support—but the fact that so vehement a patriot as the former editor of United Ireland, and the man who could not tolerate Mr. Healy in the Nationalist Party, should now, arm-in-arm with Mr. Healy, be proclaiming the end of the agrarian war and invoking the union of North and South to carry a temporary measure of Irish self-government, is not without significance.

Whether the Irish Parliamentary Party will be able to broaden its basis so as to convince all the new elements of national life that it is the best instrument for giving effect to the best thought of the best men and women in the country is the question by which it will stand or fall. Mere barren protest against the Union will have to give place to a broad constructive policy which will secure the support both of the North and the South, of industrial as well as of agrarian Ireland.

1. Diagram illustrating how the arms of Nova Scotia would be blazoned if placed in a canton, and (2) if placed on an escutcheon. 3. Arms of Nova Scotia, the badge of Nova Scotia baronets. 4. The "bloody hand of Ulster," the badge of English and Irish baronets. 5. The "bloody hand of Ulster" borne on an escutcheon (arms of Twysden).

What is a Baronet?

The fact that the College of Heralds is now publishing a roll of authentic baronets, coupled with the fact that several Canadian baronetcies are in existence, renders timely a short article in the *Graphic,* describing just what a baronet is.

The baronetage dates from Stuart times and was established by James I., practically in order to raise money. The number of baronets was restricted to 200 and vacancies were not to be filled up. The holder had to be a man of fortune and landed estate, and a gentleman by birth, descended from a grandfather who bore hereditary coat-armor. In exchange for the honor, King James received a sum of money sufficient to maintain thirty men-at-arms for three years, the money to be used in quelling the rebellion in Ulster and in developing the resources of that province.

What were known as the Nova Scotia baronets were created by James and Charles I, for the purpose of colonizing New Scotland in America.

In Scotland the baronets were to rank below the great barons, but above the smaller barons (lairds). Each was given an estate in Nova Scotia (16,000 acres, and three miles along the coast by six inland) to which were attached full seigneurial and treaty and commercial rights in addition to manorial; and while the "bloody hand of Ulster" was to be borne by English and Irish baronets "in a canton" or "in pretence" on their shield of arms, the Nova Scotia baronets were to wear as a badge suspended by "an orange-tawny" ribbon from the neck, the cross of S. Andrew charged with the escutcheon of Scotland and surmounted by a crown, called by Charles II "the ribbine and cognoissance." It may fairly be said that every great Scot's name was represented in the Scots baronetage. Several members of the great clans received the honor—as in the case of the Hays, Anstruthers, Dunbars, Cunyng-

hames or Cunninghams, Grants, Murrays, Nicolsons, Setons; and each of the following families were represented: Baird, Bruce, Burnett, Colquhoun, Crauford, Dalrymple, Forbes, Gordon and Duff-Gordon, Homė and Hope, Innes (now Marquesses of Bredalbane), Jardine, Maxwell, Stirli [illegible]-Maxwell, and Heron-Maxwell, Menzies, [illegible]er, Moncreiffe, Ogilvy, Pilkington, Pringle, Ramsay, Sinclair, Stirling, Wallace, Wauchope.

Some of the peculiarities of the baronetage are mentioned by the writer in the *Graphic.*

One of the peculiarities of the baronetage is that while the precedence of a baronet is before all knights save Kinghts of the Garter, that of his wife is before the wives of all knights; and his eldest son and daughters rank before the children of all knights. So that if there were another instance of a K.G. who had no higher title, all baronets' wives would precede his wife and the eldest sons and all the daughters of baronets would precede his children. Another curious thing is that a baronet's patent virtually creates his wife a baronetess in her own right. She is a lady "for and during her natural life," whereas the style and precedence of peers' wives continues only during their widowhood. A baronet's wife's style and title is "lady, madame, or dame;" and I think that the strict consequence of the terms of a baronet's patent is that the widow of Sir A. B. marrying Mr. C. could call herself Lady C. with perfect legal impunity—that is, instead of calling themselves Mr. C. and Lady B. she and her second husband could be announced as Mr. and Lady C. This curious departure from invariable custom has passed almost without notice, but there is no doubt that every baronet's patent creates two life-holders of the dignity.

There are great earls and earls who are not great, there are even great dukes and small dukes, and there are certainly great and small members of the baronage. But in no hereditary title, perhaps, is there so marked a divergence as in the baronetage between the great baronets—large territorial magnates, yielding to none in pedigree and family distinction—and the baronets who have not these things. In conclusion it may be said that in spite of the "hartburning" which a petition of protest declared would follow the creation of the new dignity, it is probable that no two distinctions are more popular in England than this Stuart title and the Georgian reconstruction of the Order of the Bath, the one hereditary, the other personal.

The New Navy Estimates

The publication of the navy estimates for 1910-1911, gives Archibald Hurd a text from which to comment on Britain's naval status and naval policy in the *Nineteenth Century.* He first points out that the gross provision for the fleet is £41,484,130, which is practically the same amount as was spent six years ago. This he figures out on the basis of the actual sum voted by Parliament, plus money raised by loan, contributions from the oversea dominions, amounts obtained by the sale of old ships, etc., and less annuities in payment of past loans.

The Estimates of 1904-5 were the last before what may be described as the 'Fisher reform policy" was instituted. The Admiralty then broke away from the past. Hitherto the Navy had been organized very much on the same lines as at the time of Trafalgar, though every condition had changed—political, economic, and mechanical. In 1904 we were maintaining a good deal of the routine and materiel of the sail era. The books of the old Navy were at last finally closed. Ships unable to fight or run away were withdrawn from service; old ships which had been maintained at huge expense were "scrapped"; some of the far distant naval bases were reduced to cadres, and others, which had become superfluous in a steam age, were abandoned, setting free several million pounds' worth of stores (hitherto depreciating year by year), which had been kept in case of a need which never had arisen and never would arise; the fleet was reorganized on a war footing in accordance with the new strategic situation; officers and men were permanently asso-

ciated with ships hitherto in reserve, unmanned; benefits, representing upwards of one million annually, were conferred on the men of the lower deck, conducing to their contentment and well-being; avenues of future expenditure rendered unnecessary by these reforms were stopped, and in comparison with the "high-water mark" of naval expenditure in 1904-5 the British people, in spite of the "crisis" of last March, when the nation's nerves were so severely tried, is twenty-eight millions sterling in pocket and has a fleet which, in the words of a former Unionist First Lord of the Admiralty—Lord George Hamilton—renders us "so far as actual fighting power is concerned, safe for three years to come." Assuredly in these circumstances there is occasion for satisfaction. The fleet, which never is, but always is to be doomed to extinction, is still supreme, although the renewed competition in naval armaments abroad has been in progress for several years. But for the policy of reform outlay on the fleet this year would have exceeded fifty millions sterling.

On the other hand, German activity has been the cause of increased expenditure. Mr. Hurd estimates that in ten years Germany has increased her naval appropriations by 185 per cent., while Britain has only advanced 35 per cent.

If Germany had remained one of the lesser Powers—content with her vast military establishment—then the British Estimates this year would have probably been about twenty-five millions sterling in contrast with an outlay of probably about thirty millions by France and the United States. For this outlay, making allowance for the greater cost of naval force in both these countries—which would then have been "the next two strongest Powers" —Great Britain would have been maintaining the two-Power standard both in ships and men. The difference between this sum and the amount to be provided this year is the obligation we owe to Germany; the price which she alone is forcing us to pay in order to maintain our historic position as the world's greatest sea power. Germany's activity explains fully the net increase of eight millions in the Navy expenditure of 1910-11 over that of two years ago.

Mr. Hurd proceeds to ask what prospect of reasonable security does the provision made in the estimates give to the nation. Premising that the efficiency of a fleet does not depend entirely on Dreadnoughts, he says,

Three years hence we shall still have a considerable lead in armoured cruisers and, including the Colonial unarmoured ships, we shall be three above the two-Power standard in other cruisers. But our strength in torpedo-boat destroyers would still leave something to be desired but for two factors which are consolatory. In consultation with private ship-builders, the Admiralty have been able to obtain promises to deliver all these craft within eighteen months of the date of the orders, and it may be hoped that the example of Germany, which is completing such vessels within twelve months, will spur on the firms engaged in this branch of shipbuilding to a further effort. It is not in keeping with the high standard of British industry that Germany should be exhibiting to the world such a striking example of rapid construction. The other factor which must not be ignored is the very great lead in submarines which this country has now obtained—particularly in contrast with Germany, which has only four such craft complete, in contrast to the fifty-five now included in the British flotillas and nineteen in the course of construction. As the First Lord of the Admiralty has explained, destroyers and submarines, while they may serve different purposes, may also serve a similar purpose: both carry the same special weapon and the newer submarine closely approximates in size to the smaller destroyers in the German service; while, owing to improvements recently made by the Admiralty in the development of the "D" class the fleet will shortly obtain vessels capable of a speed of fifteen knots on the surface and carrying sufficient fuel to enable them to keep the seas for a long period. In a survey of British naval strength it is impossible to ignore the very considerable lead in submarines, built and building, which we possess over Germany—a lead which approximates closely to the proportion of six to one. And thus the conclusion is reached that, while the provision made for the fleet in the new Estimates is adequate, it shows no indication of any desire to force the pace in naval rivalry or to do anything beyond maintaining the two-Power standard, which "has been hallowed by precedent and accepted explicitly by both political parties for many years."

As to the personnel of the navy, Mr. Hurd is very hopeful.

The number of officers and men at present is adequate, as last year's manoeuvres proved, when about 350 ships

participated. But provision must be made for the needs of the larger fleet which is being created. In these circumstances, there is to be a net increase of 3,000, raising the total strength to 131,000, with the exception of 7,000 or 8,000, all of long service, an average of about ten years and nine months, and there are 58,521 reservists. How does this compare with the numbers to be borne in foreign fleets? The answer is not unsatisfactory. Germany is raising her personnel to 57,391, United States to 62,487, and France to 58,595—practically all for short service—about three years; Germany and France possess large reserves, but the United States have none.

It is thus evident that in all respects—armoured ships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, auxiliary vessels, docks, and, above all, officers and men, the naval programme of the present year is adequate, and consistent with security, while failing to interpret the two-Power standard, and all it connotes, with that open-handed generosity which is desired by those whose enthusiasm for the Navy blinds them to the fact that it is not to the interest of the British people to force the pace in the present naval competition beyond the necessary margin of absolute safety. British extravagance on naval armaments is bound to lead to counter measures in other countries, and thus the burden on British industry, which the cost of the fleet imposes, is increased by excess of zeal, and the nation's commercialfighting power lessened.

Corporations Developing Souls

In announcing the adoption of a plan for compensating injured workmen, so soon after its wage-increase and its "Sunday-rest" edict, the United States Steel Corporation is credited with taking another long step forward in its policy of assuming the "brother's keeper" relation to its employees, says a writer in the *Literary Digest*. This action, taken in conjunction with the publication of a similar plan by the International Harvester Company, with its 25,000 employees, is looked upon by some editorial observers as foreshadowing an era of industrial peace. According to the statement issued by Chairman E. H. Gary, of the Steel Corporation, its plan, which will go into effect May 2, and will affect from 200,000 to 250,000 workmen, is purely voluntary, without any contributions from the men, and without reference to the employer's legal liability. Relief will be paid for temporary and permanent disablement and for death:

The relief is greater for married men than for single men and increases according to the number of children and length of service. During temporary disablement single men receive 35 per cent. of their wages and married men 50 per cent., with an additional 5 per cent. for each child under sixteen and 2 per cent. for each year of service above five years. . . For permanent injuries lump-sum payments are provided. These are based upon the extent to which each injury interferes with employment and upon the annual earnings of the men injured. In case men are killed in work accidents, their widows and children will receive one and one-half years' wages, with an additional 10 per cent. for each child under sixteen and 3 per cent. for each year of service of the deceased above five years.

The Harvester Company's plan, as described in the Chicago *Tribune*, casts aside the defences of "contributory negligence," "assumed risk," and of the "fellow-servant" doctrine, and, disregarding legal liability, provides the following scale of compensation for employees injured while at work:

In case of death there will be paid three years' average wages, but not less than $1,500 nor more than $4,000.

In case of the loss of a hand or foot one and one-half years' wages, but in no event less than $500 nor more than $2,000.

In case of other injuries, one-fourth wages during the first thirty days of disability; if disability continues beyond thirty days, one-half wages during the continuance thereof, but not for more than two years from the date of

the accident. Thereafter, if total disability continues, a pension will be paid.

The "enlightened course" of these two great industrial concerns, "instead of allaying the agitation for legislation covering the matter," should stimulate it, asserts the Chicago *News*, which adds:

The system of compensation for injuries in industry should be general, not confined to a few great enterprises controlled by captains of industry sufficiently broad-minded to see the justice of assuming directly a fair share of the burden of accidents to labor.

Moreover, there is danger that systems adopted wholly by private initiative will be lacking in some of the features that from the public point of view are essential to industrial insurance. Provision should be made by law for a system of compensation for injuries to workmen insuring justice to all and fairly uniform in its operation.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, in an editorial in *The American Federationist* (Washington), calls attention to the fact that the Steel Trust did not adopt this plan until after the "recent steps for thorough organization initiated by the unions most closely interested in the Trust's employ and supported by the American Federation of Labor." He asks: "Would the betterments ever have come were our unions not militant, persistent, and capable of exposing the deplorable conditions of the workers, conditions now acknowledged by even defenders of the Steel Corporation itself?"

The Steel Corporation's plan is warmly commended by *The Labor World* (Pittsburg) as designed for the betterment of the workers by those most directly interested in them, and *The National Labor Tribune*, of the same city, says, in like vein:

Hostile critics will insist that the plan is not inspired by any altruistic or benevolent motives; but to the average mind it will seem unimportant whether altruism of motive is involved or not. The effect will be all the same, not only upon the 250,000 employes of the company itself, but upon the millions of employes of the many other corporations which will be influenced by the example of this one to establish similar provision for the care of their injured. . . . It is not too much to say, as one of our contemporaries of the daily press does say, that "the Steel Corporation tends to lead the way toward the solution of the great economic problems of industry."

The Abuse of the Franking Privilege

That Canada is losing considerable sums of money by the indiscriminate use of the franking privilege is common knowledge. Eventually no doubt it will be abolished, as it has been in Europe, and then mails will no longer be clogged with unremunerative matter. But meanwhile the abuse exists and flourishes. Apropos of this a writer in the Chicago Tribune gives some interesting particulars about franking.

The franking privilege existed in England as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being limited by the sovereign in those days to the peers of the realm and to the lords spiritual—i.e.: prelates with seats in the house of lords. Under Cromwell the house of commons assumed the prerogative, and retained it after the restoration by the consent of Charles II., despite much opposition on the part of the lords. In time gross abuses developed in connection with the privilege, which excited the disapproval of the sovereign, to whom the revenues of the postoffice belonged. Queen Anne is on record as having protested against the mis-use of the favor of free postage by members of parliament, who, not content with franking their own correspondence, franked the letters of their friends and of their friends' friends.

It was George III. who turned over the postoffice revenues to the state in return for a fixed allowance from the treasury, and then, of course, the gov-

ernment attempted to inaugurate a stricter regime. But the abuses went on as much as ever, and in 1775 it was complained that not only were the bona fide franks out of all proportion to the paid for letters, but, moreover, that fraudulent and forged franks surpassed in number the authentic ones.

In the days of Pitt, when bankers and merchants began to invade the house of commons and to supplant the country squires, the gentry, and the untitled aristocracy, matters became still worse. During three months in 1794 it is on record that there passed through the London postoffice more than a quarter of a million letters franked by bankers and merchants who were members of the house of commons and who used their franks for the purposes of their mercantile business.

Of course in those days a frank was an even still greater consideration than it is to-day in America, as cheap postage had not been introduced, and the rates charged by the state for the conveyance of mail were extremely high. How high they were may be gathered from the perusal of memoirs dealing with life toward the close of the eighteenth and in the first three decades of the nineteenth century, in which repeated reference is to be found to the action of peers and of members of the house of commons in granting franks to friends.

Franks were not merely given away by legislators as tokens of friendship and regard and as an always acceptable and valuable present, but were even sold. For whenever a spendthrift in either of the chambers of parliament found himself in need of money he always was able to turn a penny by selling his franks for cash. All he had to do was to sit down and to scribble his name on the backs of several hundred sheets of paper. For in those days envelopes had not been introduced.

In 1840, the franking privileges of peer, prelates and members of Parliament were abolished. An attempt was made four years ago by the labor members in the House of Commons to have the privilege restored but without avail.

There are two classes of letters that continue, however, to retain the right of free carriage through the mails in Europe. These are the communications sent out from the national government departments on purely official business, and the letters sent by or to the sovereign. In both cases the immunity is restricted to the country concerned, and while a letter dispatched by, for instance, the English war department, by the king, or by his private secretary would be carried free of cost to any point within the British empire, it would have to bear postage stamps to secure transmission through the foreign mails.

Some extreme uses to which franks have been put by rulers in Europe are related.

Thus the late sovereign Grand Duke of Oldenburg, much to the disgust of his brother rulers of the confederation known as the German empire and to the annoyance of the iron chancellor, entertained a remarkable sympathy for socialism and socialists. He was throughout the closing years of his life a subscriber to the various socialist publications printed at Zurich in order to evade the inevitable interference of the police of other countries.

Finding that all these socialist papers and reviews when forwarded to him from Switzerland to Oldenburg by means of the ordinary mail were confiscated and destroyed by the German postal authorities he provided his socialist friends at Zurich with a large number of big envelopes bearing his frank on the face and his armorial bearings on the flap, and which were mailed to him from the German-Swiss frontier at Basle, filled with socialistic literature. In this fashion they reached him in safety.

Until the beginning of this year the princely and ducal German house of Thurn und Taxis, one of the mediatized families that up to the close of the eighteenth century exercised petty sovereignty, retained the right to free use of the mails in Germany. This was due to the fact that until Napoleon put an end to the holy Roman empire, a little over a hundred years ago, the head of the house of Thurn und Taxis enjoyed the title of its postmaster general and the monopoly of the postal service.

This monopoly afterward was restricted to the kingdom of Bavaria, but long has been abolished, the head of the house retaining the title of hereditary postmaster general and the franking privilege. Owing to the abuse of this franking privilege the postal department of the German empire and the Bavarian government succeeded by legislative means in depriving him last winter of any further free use of the mails, granting him by way of compensation a sum in the neighborhood of $150,000.

It seems that the prince had availed himself of his free mailing privilege to an extent that would have put to shame

even the boldest of congressmen or that English member of parliament who, just before Queen Victoria came to the throne, on one occasion franked a pack of hounds through the postoffice free of cost from Sussex to the midland counties.

For the prince actually caused the whole of the building material required for the construction of a stately chateau he erected not long ago to be sent by mail, on the strength of his frank, at the expense of the postal department, by rail, from one end of the kingdom to the other. That was the final straw that broke the camel's back—the camel being the imperial German postal department.

Theatrical "Stock" and Its Dividends

James Forbes, the playwright, who wrote "The Chorus Lady," is said to have refused twenty-five thousand dollars the other day for the entire rights of the play whenever it was released for "stock." Those unfamiliar with theatrical methods may have wondered, when this item of news appeared in the daily press, just what was meant. For the benefit of the curious, Geoffrey Monmouth has contributed to *The Bookman* an explanatory article dealing with theatrical "stock."

There are three well-defined groups of stock companies — "traveling stock," "permanent stock" and "summer stock."

The "traveling stock" company is an old friend of those who have not escaped from small towns. No place is beneath its contempt, and it will "play" anything from a "barn" to a "town hall." There is no way of estimating the number of these companies, for they are frequently in a state of "disband" and "re-organization." The Dramatic Mirror lists, at present, about thirty, and this probably includes all of the first class. These generally travel over a "circuit" or "chain of theatres" controlled by one man or a "syndicate." These routes are very numerous and are the subject of both rivalry and co-operation ; they vary in the number of theatres, though the "stands" are always near each other to avoid the railroad bills necessitated by "long jumps." Each theatre, if not occupied by some "regular" company, is played three days or a week, according to the population and its endurance. These "stocks," somewhat similar to small touring companies, differ from them by playing a new "bill" at every performance, generally twice a day, with "specialties." The offerings are of a wide range ; one will do nothing but Shakespeare and "the classics," another the usual medley of East Lynnes and plays long worn out by the larger companies. But, as a rule, the productions are of a cheaply sensational type.

For the use of these plays a royalty is paid in all cases, where the copyright still holds, and the amount of this royalty is usually about ten dollars a performance. They are generally leased for "a season of thirty weeks at one performance a week"—and the three hundred dollars is paid in advance. Of course, there is much thievery and pirating, due to the impossibility of detection and prosecution.

"Permanent stock" is a company located for an indefinite period in one theatre. Its season lasts about forty weeks and the "bill" is changed every week. "Summer stock" companies are especially organized for only the ten or twelve weeks during the hiatus in the regular season.

There are several peculiarities about "stock" plays, which are mentioned by Mr. Monmouth. As a general rule, the plays which are most successful in "stock" are those which have previously made a hit as regular productions. Melodrama is the most popular of all; farce is a perennial favorite.

But, on the other hand, a failure in New York may be a big success in stock. "Old Heidelberg," even with Mansfield, did not have the vogue it still has in some territories. It is the Rip Van Winkle of Los Angeles, for instance, where it is revived frequently for long runs. "In the Bishop's Carriage" did not set the east on fire, but it brings in large weekly royalties. Without a metropoltan production Eu-

gene Walter's political play, "The Undertow," caught the stock managers, and he cleared ten thousand dollars in one season. The most interesting example of this stock caprice is George Middleton's dramatization of "The House of a Thousand Candles." This play, founded on Meredith Nicholson's well-known novel failed dismally at Daly's Theatre, though headed by E. M. Holland. It was shelved for six months as useless and then released for stock as an experiment. Its success was instantaneous, as its well-known title, its mixture of melodrama and mystery just suited stock audiences. In eighteen months it has had nearly one hundred stock weeks and is a good "repeater." Reversing the usual order, on its stock success, four road companies in addition have been playing it all season, and a sequel, "Rosalind at Red Gate," has just been produced. This calls attention to the value of book-plays, especially in stock.

In concluding his article, Mr. Monmouth throws some light on the business end of "stock" business.

In the contract for the original production the author normally receives five per cent. on the first four thousand dollars gross receipts, seven and one-half per cent. on the next two, and ten per cent. on all over : thus, on a ten thousand dollar week he earns about seven hundred dollars. But when the play is released for "stock" the manager divides equally with the author, as he claims quite justly it is his production and initial expense which has made its stock value possible. Plays are leased on a flat royalty of so much a week, or an eight or ten per cent. of the gross with a guarantee. The royalties seldom exceed this guarantee. Some plays only cost twenty-five dollars a week, while the very big successes when first released obtain incredible sums. "The College Widow" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," for example, brought at one time fifteen hundred dollars a week. Plays still running are released in "restricted territory" ; "The Lion and the Mouse" is at present getting one thousand dollars. In the case of a dramatization it is the dramatist's half which must be sub-divided in accordance with his arrangement with his publisher or author. Publishers frequently retain no interest in dramatic rights, others make a specialty of pushing books for the play returns. One playwright confessed to the writer that his share of royalties of a fairly successful dramatization, which brought one hundred and fifty dollars a week royalty after all divisions and deductions were made, was exactly twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

It has been found practical to lease plays through agents, who receive ten per cent. of all money which passes through their hands. Owing to the large territory covered, the enormous detail and great amount of intricate system involved, the author is practically helpless without agents. They keep the manuscripts and "parts" in condition, tend to the advertising, send out elaborate catalogues, which include many particulars of the cost, production and general idea of the stage "business." Records are kept of the receipts, and thus the managers are informed of the drawing capacity of the plays. Besides this, as agents have exclusive control of many plays, they are frequently able to rent to the company the repertoire for the entire season. An association of stock managers has likewise been formed which will guarantee a play fifteen or twenty weeks over the circuit it controls ; for this it pays one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, figuring that the number of weeks offsets the reduction in weekly royalty.

It is estimated that over five hundred thousand dollars a year is spent for royalties by the stock companies. It is thus easily seen the value they are to play-wrights, to say nothing of the large number of actors they employ. But like all things which touch stage life, stock, too, has its strange caprices and uncertainties, and failure and success defies accurate forecast or analysis.

The Influence of Society on Politics

The publication during the past few years of a number of volumes of memoirs by English society ladies has given a writer in the *Quarterly Review* a text from which to trace out the influence which society has been and still is exerting on politics in Great Britain.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the only women who

took an active part in politics were the court favorites, and their power was, of course, notorious. By the nineteenth century they had disappeared and their influence, if not their power, passed into the hands of the wives and sisters of the politicians.

Many anecdotes about the great ladies at whose houses the policies of great parties were formulated are told.

The value of attention to political supporters was well understood. Lady Palmerston stands out as unquestionably the great political hostess. Her Saturdays are spoken of to-day. She lived for her husband and his career; there can be no doubt that she was an important asset to his popularity. She was not a mere stair-head hostess: she used infinite tact. The "Morning Post" was Palmerston's friend in the press, and Lady Palmerston used to take great pains in editing her lists. The rank and file must not be made jealous by reading of those, no better than themselves, who had been asked to dine. Those who had dined must not be disappointed by finding their names unadvertised. These delicate degrees must be adjusted with the nicest discrimination. When she had an awkward case to deal with, her habit was to post her invitation rather late, and if possible to a wrong address, so that it should arrive after the party was over. She must certainly be regarded as the greatest of Prime Ministers' wives.

Nobody understood better than Disraeli the importance of social influence in the House of Commons. If a member became restive or lazy, the Whip was told to ascertain whether the wife and daughters were short of invitations. The domestic affairs of his obscurest supporters were to him, matters of personal concern. Once, when he thought the situation called for a grand entertainment, he requested the Whip to "prepare a catalogue" of people to be invited, but, with the instinct of genius, he directed that there should be not "too many quizzes—else the distinction would be neutralized."

Lady St. Helier, whose memoirs were recently published, is a good example of the hostess who took a deep interest in politics.

Her constant and comprehensive hospitality whilst she lived in Harley St. was a matter of common knowledge. It was understood that one evening she would entertain Cabinet Ministers, past, present, and future, with an ambassador or two, and perhaps a field-marshal; next day an actor, an artist, a novelist, an editor, an explorer, a budding millionaire, and a couple of political candidates of opposite opinions; on the next there would be a dinner and dance for the young ladies and gentlemen who formed the inner circle of fashion for the moment; and at the end of the week there would be a dinner composed of all these elements happily blended—wives, of course, included on all occasions. Her spare evenings would be devoted to political meetings or philanthropic work. Nobody has seen more of Society than Lady St. Helier or done more to bring together its component parts. Her taste is catholic, her sympathy profuse. She has known well all the leading politicians of her day. She has been unwearied in well-doing towards innumerable young aspirants, and those from both parties, although her own predilections are strongly pronounced.

In the last place, the influence of women and their range of action is growing wider.

The unchallenged authority of the Court has been exchanged for the uncompromising struggles of a democratic community. Since the establishment and the amazing development of the Primrose League, women have been caught in the political vortex. They canvass and make speeches. Personal connexions and social position tempt them to activity. We have even lived to see some of the first and foremost members of the Primrose League exerting their influence on behalf of Radical relatives, and standing abashed before badges and orders which they themselves bestowed in their unregenerate days. Women workers are a force to be reckoned with at election time; their ardor, once aroused, is apt to make itself felt within the domestic circle and without. The desire for the vote has not originated in what is understood here by the term Society, but it cannot spread without affecting all spheres and classes. Some there are so militant as to avow a determination to attain to membership of Parliament. We shall see; for ourselves, we cannot look upon that prospect as one fraught either with happiness for the home life or with advantage to the public service. But, whatever be the fate of these feminine ambitions, they are not likely to affect the close relation which

still exists between Society and Politics. In spite of much disparagement, Parliament retains its honorable estate, and to be in politics is still the highest possible recommendation in Society ; nor is there any lack of young men who, ill content with an existence of amusement, find the satisfaction of their aspirations in the arduous and uncertain struggles of political life.

What is Self Help?

Fifty years ago Dr. Samuel Smiles published his famous book on "Self-Help," which has proved a source of inspiration to countless young men since then. It has been reprinted nearly sixty times, and the demand for it has been sleepless. The latest edition, just published, may be considered as marking the jubilee of the book.

John O'London, writing in *T. P.'s Weekly,* raises the question as to whether Dr. Smiles' idea of self-help is the right one.

Dr. Smiles seems to have classified human material from the Post Office Directory. If a man began as the son of a shoe-maker and ended as an artist or a Member of Parliament, the citation of this fact satisfied him ; it was a notable example of perseverance. Today a physiologist of success would look much deeper. He would enter the shoe-maker's shop and make a series of inquiries based on the belief that the first and most useful act of self-help that a man can perform is to choose his ancestry with care. He would also be prepared to find that while the word "shoe-maker" was an accurate description of the tradesman, it did not, as ordinarily used, suggest the man. He would be sure to take tea with the shoe-maker's wife, and estimate the force and quality of her motherhood. Many matters of hygiene, housing, and general environment would engage his attention, and when he at last reported on the case under inquiry he would weigh inherited and acquired qualities together, and would present a report much more complex than Dr. Smiles's, and possibly less inspiring, but probably more useful, because more scientific.

The first illustration given by Dr. Smiles is Shakespeare. He noted that the great poet was sprung from a humble rank, and the fact that he attained fame and glory, is taken as an example of self-help in overcoming the obstacles of social position.

Would "Hamlet" have been a less astonishing work of genius if Shakespeare's father had been an Archbishop ? The little we know of Shakespeare's paternal ancestry suggests that it was old, sound, and not undistinguished, and we know that his mother, Mary Arden, came of an old and influential Warwickshire family. "Butcher and grazier" is a trade, not a human description, and even so it does not too accurately describe a man who was an all-round business man, who dealt in many commodities, who prospered and bought property, and became a town-councillor and chamberlain of his borough. In a word, Shakespeare came of a grand stock, and it is most improbable that he lacked a good general education. As a man of business he practised ordinary self-help, on top of many advantages. As a poet and dramatist he baffles, and will ever baffle, explanation.

Other instances are quoted to show that Dr. Smiles placed too much emphasis on the calling and neglected the man himself. In a great many cases he describes the father of his successful man by his occupation, but does not take into view the often decisive influence of the mother's breeding and qualities.

Again and again in Dr. Smiles's pages an apparently long climb up the ladder of rank and fame will be found on examination to be less wonderful than it is made to appear in the pages of "Self-Help." This is especially the case in those careers in which an original talent is necessary. Without the natural gift no amount of self-help will make a man a fine artist or musician. Yet again and again artists and musicians are cited. Thus we are told that Haydn was the son of a wheelwright. But a musician may as well be the son of a wheelwright as of anyone else, and

we are not told, as we might have been, that the wheelwright and his wife were musical people. Real musical talent rarely lacks recognition ; it is sought for like diamonds, and Haydn was early patronized by Prince Esterhazy. I do not suggest for a moment that he did not help himself, but musical genius involves a passion that supplies its own energy.

Of Daniel Defoe we are told casually, but as if it invested his rise in life with special glory, that he was the son of a butcher. But this particular butcher was a sensible man, immersed in Nonconformist society and ideals, who early resolved that his son should rise, and, in fine, that he should be a preacher. Alike from his father, his excellent mother, and from schoolmasters of special reputation, Defoe received every advantage of counsel and training. Yet all that he received, and all that he added by self help, did not account for "Robinson Crusoe." The truth is that he lacked many of the "self-help" virtues, and that all through his life his faults of character brought him to grief. To say of Milton that he was "the son of a London scrivener," and of Pope and Southey that they were "the sons of linendrapers," and of Keats that he was "a druggist," is to contribute nothing to a theory of self-help. Southey had not to throw off drapery ; he was a bookman born, and was educated at Balliol. Pope's father was no ordinary linendraper, but a merchant of substance, and the whole story of Pope's life is one of self-expression rather than self-help. The "scrivener of London" dedicated himself to his son's education, and Milton received the best training at home and abroad that the age could provide. Keats chose his parents well, and his druggist days were soon over : compared with poetry "all other pursuits were to his mind mean and tame." In a word he was a man less energising than possessed.

Some Reflections on Life

From Chauncey Depew's Dinner Speech on the Anniversary of His Seventy-Sixth Birthday

Unhappy is the man who is not so much dissatisfied with what he has as with what the other fellow possesses. Happy is the man who, looking over his life, its associations, its incidents and accidents, its friendships and its enmities, would not exchange with any one living or dead. A successful politician who incurred a great deal of abuse used to comfort himself by saying of his critic, "That man will die and go to hell." He always came into my office immediately after one of his enemies had departed, and would simply remark, "He is there." The result of this gentleman's view of those who disagreed with him led to a general exclamation, when he died himself, "Well he is there."

Fifty-four years in public and semi-public life and upon the platform all over this country and in Europe for all sorts of objects in every department of human interest have given me a larger acquaintance than almost anybody living. The sum of observation and experience growing out of this opportunity is that granted normal conditions no hereditary troubles, and barring accidents and plagues, the man who dies before seventy commits suicide. Mourning the loss of friends has led me to study the causes of their earlier departure. It could invariably be traced to intemperance in the broadest sense of that word; intemperance in eating, in drinking, in the gratification of desires in work, and in irregularity of hours, crowning it all with unnecessary worry. Pythagoras said: "Beware of ballots if you wish to live long." In others words, the old philosopher advised keeping out of politics. In his time the defeated party ran the risk of death, or imprisonment, or exile, and so the advice was good, "Beware of Ballots."

Odds and Ends from the Editor's Scrap Book

Where Parliament Once Met

In the rude building, illustrated on this page, the first Parliament of Upper Canada was opened by Governor Simcoe one hundred and nineteen years ago. It is located at Niagara-on-the-Lake, the original seat of Government of what is now the Province of Ontario. The wear and tear of time have played sad havoc with the ancient structure, and those who take a delight in preserving the relics of by-gone days are anxious about it. Some have suggested that when the military training camp is held at Niagara, some of the soldiers be detailed as part of their work, to restore the building to something of its former state. If this is done, it will be creditable, not only to those who suggested the idea, but also to those who carried it out. The cradle in which was rocked the beginning of responsible government is indeed well worth consideration and preservation.

THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF UPPER CANADA

OLD BUILDING AT NIAGARA, WHERE GOVERNOR SIMCOE HELD THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF UPPER CANADA

A Portable Wireless Apparatus

Mr. Sharman, one of the principals of the British School of Telegraphy at Clapham, has patented an extremely interesting wireless apparatus, which enables anyone to study the fascinating system of wireless transmission of messages, and is also invaluable to teachers and lecturers. The quaint part of the set of instruments is that anyone can walk about within a limited area, equipped with a triangular device, and pick up messages sent by another from a distance. Messages can be transmitted and received either by Morse Code or through a telephone attachment, and the whole apparatus is so light that it can be carried from place to place with the greatest of ease. With a microphone attached to the reproducer of a gramaphone and to the radiating circuit sweet music can be wafted through the air and "caught" by anyone with a portable receiver, which should form a scientific and interesting entertainment for garden-parties this summer.—*Bystander.*

A PORTABLE WIRELESS STATION

Naval Ambulance

Brazil has shown great progressiveness in naval construction and administration. Last month a huge Dreadnaught built for her navy was illustrated in this department. She is not only building engines of war, but she is also taking thought of the humane side of life as well. The accompanying picture shows one of her new naval ambulances, fitted with every conceivable contrivance for the com-

PROGRESSIVE BRAZIL
A FULLY-EQUIPPED AMBULANCE FOR THE BRAZILIAN NAVY

THE CATHEDRAL, MEXICO CITY

"THE MORNING WALK."

SAID BE GAINSBOROUGH'S BEST PICTURE —The Sphere

fort of wounded men, including four spring beds.

Biggest Church in America

The illustration shows the famous cathedral in Mexico City, which covers a greater area than any other church in the western hemisphere and is surpassed by only two in the world. The walls are of great stone, and two centuries were spent in building it, at a cost of many millions.

The Eighteenth Century's Finest Painting

"The Morning Walk," as Gainsborough's picture of Squire and Mrs. Hallett has come to be called, is proclaimed by Sir Walter Armstrong, the great art critic, to be the finest picture painted

A WATER CURTAIN IN OPERATION

in the eighteenth century. He even goes so far as to say that it surpasses anything painted since the deaths of Rubens and Velasquez. However this may be, there is a rare charm and freshness in this beautiful picture.

A Water Curtain in Operation

Fire insurance can often be materially reduced by the adoption of equipment which will diminish the fire risk. The instalation of a sprinkler system is one scheme for lowering it considerably. In connection with this a fire curtain will almost completely shut off the building from adjacent buildings. The illustration shows how the curtain operates. The structure is the Gazette building in Montreal. The pipes extend across the top of the windows and when the water is turned on, cover them effectually.

A Memorial Building

Not many Canadian towns can boast of so fine a museum as Knowl-

AN HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING AT KNOWLTON

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE FAR NORTH
VEGETABLES GROWN IN THE PEACE RIVER DISTRICT

ton, Que. Probably the Paul Holland Knowlton Memorial is unique in Canada, and is relatively of as much importance to that place as is J. Pierpont Morgan's more elaborate building to Hartford. In the Knowlton Memorial is to be found a most interesting collection of curios and heirlooms, gathered from all parts of the Eastern Townships. As an educative and refining force in the community, the museum is without peer.

Products of the Far North

It is common knowledge nowadays that even in the far north part of Canada, vegetation is luxuriant in the short hot summer. But there are still some doubters, who need to see with their eyes what can be produced there, before they will believe. The illustration shows some vegetables grown in the Peace River district, away north of Edmonton. They look like prize-winners at an Ontario fair.

Miles of Apple Blossoms

One of the most gorgeous sights in America is the apple orchards of the Annapolis Valley when in blossom in the spring time. Some of these orchards are of immense extent and looking down on them from the hill tops they present a mass of color.

System and Business Management

Some Things to Think About*

By

George W. Perkins

ALL I shall attempt in this address will be to call your attention, in a homely way, to some vital things in regard to business conditions in the United States and Canada to-day which may set you thinking; things which, from my observation, have not been thought about to the extent that they should be.

The past quarter of a century has been pre-eminently a period of the triumphs of thought—the triumph of mind over matter. Many devices have helped to reduce the drudgery done by human beings with their hands. Many forms of manual labor have been supplanted by inventions that have made work much easier. This has been due to the growth and development of the human mind; to its ability to reach out and grasp forces that have always existed but which never before were utilized, merely because the human mind had not yet reached the stage of development in intelligence that made those forces known and controlable.

During that period the thinkers have been the great workers, and almost without exception they have been independent thinkers, original thinkers. They have been rare, however, for with the many it seems to be more and more common to think as they dress, in the prevailing fashion; to think with the crowd; to accept what they hear some one say; to accept what they read in the newspapers; in fact, to accept without question, without real thought or investigation.

The world has moved very fast in the last quarter of a century; a large percentage of our population has been steadily employed and absorbed in its own particular work. Great discoveries and inventions and new methods of doing things have crowded upon one another with such rapidity that it is scarcely a matter of wonder that there has been lacking the amount of thought necessary to analyze properly the causes that have brought about the business conditions existing in our country to-day. Glittering generalities have been the order of the day. Few subjects are thoroughly considered.

It has been my good fortune to know a large number of men in many different walks of life—laboring men, salesmen, merchants, manufacturers, statesmen in public life and statesmen in business. I say "statesmen in business" because, in my opinion, such men are to-day performing a service for all the interests of the country that is more valuable than any other service that is being rendered.

In comparing these men one with another—in thinking of what their opportunities have been, what some have accomplished and what others have failed to accomplish, it is my belief that the difference between them is due largely to the quality and quantity of the thinking which they have done.

* This is an Address before the Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University. Mr. Perkins is senior partner with J. P. Morgan, director of the U.S. Steel Co., International Harvester Co. and other important companies.

One of the greatest advantages in a college training is that the earnest student learns to think and to think straight; and in the business world, the present and the immediate future hold out opportunities for the real thinker such as never before existed.

Without doubt the changes that have been wrought in business methods in America in recent years have amounted to a business revolution. Scarcely any line of business is conducted to-day, or could be conducted to-day, along the same lines that it was twenty-five years ago. While these great changes have been in progress the country has prospered, its material wealth has vastly increased, labor has been employed almost constantly, has been better housed, better clothed, and wages have increased. This is particularly true of the last few years, during which period serious strikes and labor difficulties have been less frequent and a much better understanding between capital and labor seems to have been reached in many of our large enterprises. Taking the country and the people as a whole, progress would seem to have been made in the right direction. Coincident with all this has come the existence and development of large corporations, which have not, after all, brought ruin and disaster to the people, but instead have given to the business of the country a stability that is so necessary at times for its protection, and furthermore have made it possible to organize business—to systematize it, so as to save the waste and minimize failures.

What has caused these great changes in business methods? One would think, from much of the talk indulged in during recent years, that they have been brought about by the machinations of a comparatively few men—evil-minded men, bent on self-aggrandizement, by methods that ultimately will ruin the entire country and pauperize the people; that these same evil-minded men, endowed by the Almighty with superior brains, would have accomplished their purpose but for the timely and courageous interference of worthy individuals who have made heoric, disinterested efforts to save the country from such ruin and disgrace. This view has certainly been thoroughly presented; no doubt presented often by people who have been honest in their belief in it, but, I venture to say, who have believed it because they did not think deeply enough, did not investigate, but accepted and acted on superficial study of causes.

I ask you to think, seriously, whether it has been so much the machinations of wicked men that have brought us where we are, or the inventions and discoveries of the age—inventions which, in themselves, have been acclaimed and applauded as great achievements. Were these inventions simply to be laid away on a shelf, or were they to be put to practical use? Was the long-distance telephone to be a plaything or a practical instrument of commerce? Why applaud the inventor and berate the user?

We would have no large business concerns and we would not be troubled with some of the business questions now engaging public attention if, with one sweep of the hand, the inventions and discoveries of the age could be wiped out of business existence and we put back into the condition under which business had to be transacted about half a century ago.

I recently heard ex-Senator Davis, of West Virginia, make the statement that he had reached the age of seven years before a single mile of railroad had been built in the United States. Just think of it! In less time than has been spanned by the life of one human being, the United States has progressed to a point where it has over a quarter of a million miles of railroads connecting all parts of the country. About this same period came the application of steam to all manner of machinery in manufacturing lines; then followed electricity with its almost supernatural achievements; the telegraph, the cable, the telephone, typewriting machines, the countless

other devices for expediting business, all substantially unknown when Senator Davis was a boy. However able a business man of our forefathers' time might have been, he could not have begun to do what a business man of to-day can do, for he did not have the instruments with which to work that are now at hand. He had no train on which to travel; no telegraph wire, no cable, no telephone, no typewriter, no trolley car, no motor car.

However much a man living in New York in those days might have wanted to trade with people in Chicago, he could not have done it, for he could travel in a day only as far as a stage-coach could take him. He could communicate only by writing a letter with his own hand, sending it by stage, and getting a reply by the same method.

Not many years ago it was a very common thing to hear a man say, "I am from such and such a county." Whoever hears or speaks of counties nowadays? The passing of the ox-team and the coming of the horseless carriage have obliterated county lines. How long does a county last with a forty horse-power automobile whizzing along the road? The 20th Century Limited trains almost as effectually dispose of state lines. When you can leave New York late in the afternoon and be in Chicago early the following morning, one city is little more than a suburb of the other. And if the aeroplane becomes a practical thing, what will become of international lines? When a man can sit at his desk in Boston and talk to a man who is at his desk in Chicago, and close a business transaction without either man leaving his chair, each recognizing the other's voice, what matters it that there are three or four states separating their bodies? Their minds have met more quickly than could have been the case had they been in adjoining buildings twenty-five years ago. Electricity has emancipated the mind from the body and given it wings. It is the mind, not the body, that does business. Think of it! By placing a wire to one's ear the mind and the voice can fly to a distant city, do business there and return, and immediately go off to another city, do business there and return, and do this as many times in a day as occasion requires.

These marvelous changes apply to all phases of life. The farmer, only a few years ago, was isolated on his farm. He raised his produce and hauled it to the nearest town without knowing, when he left his farm, what he could get for it, being more or less at the mercy of the storekeeper when he reached his market. Now, in place of killing a dozen chickens, taking them to town by team, asking the storekeeper to buy them, and being forced to accept what the storekeeper is willing to give, he stays at home until the storekeeper calls him up by telephone and asks if he will do the storekeeper the favor of selling him a dozen chickens; and the farmer knows what price he is going to get before he kills. Having killed the chickens, he whisks them into town on a trolley car or in an automobile—thus saving, first, a long journey with a team; second, offering his articles around town and taking whatever price for them he can get, and, third, considerable time for work on the farm.

What a complete change, what an absolute reversal of the order of things in a handful of years! The attempt by humans to make laws that will nullify conditions that have come about through the conquest of the mysteries of nature will never succeed. One might just as well attempt to legislate against lightning. If this country does not want business done with the instruments that inventors and discoverers have placed in the hands of business men, then eradicate the causes, not the results. Begin by electrocuting Edison and Marconi; apprehend the Wright Brothers and put them behind the bars!

The trouble has not been in the new business methods adopted in recent years, but rather in the abuses that have crept into business—first, because of a selfish desire on the part

of some to get an undue advantage which unusual opportunities under our new conditions have offered; second, because of mistakes which, in some cases, could have been avoided, and in other cases could not have been on account of the rapidity with which new devices and methods have been introduced in business.

A large percentage of our lawmakers have never been business men; scarcely any of our business men have ever been lawmakers. It has been like two hostile armies arrayed against each other. As the lawmakers have been the speechmakers, their side of the case has been constantly presented to the public. The business men have not been speechmakers, with but rare exceptions, and only in the last few years has anything on their side of the case been said; and in this one-sided way the case has gone before the public.

It seems to me the trouble is that in altering old laws and in making new laws concerning trade conditions, legislators have not realized what has caused the great changes in the commercial world; they have considered results more than they have studied causes; they have not realized that a stupendous change, through natural causes, has been taking place; they do not see that, through natural causes, the world over, large business concerns are taking the place of small ones; for no one man, no firm, no small company, could provide the capital or the organization necessary to cope with the new conditions. On the other hand, business men, in many instances, have not been willing to have any new laws passed or any old laws altered; they have taken the position that business should be let entirely alone; that it was no affair of the public.

Then again, many laws have been drawn from the standpoint of the corporation being owned by its officers. This was a natural thing to do because such was generally the case in the beginning of corporate organization; but with the advent of the large corporations, it is no longer the case. Many companies now have so large a body of stockholders that the ownership is beyond any one man or small group of men. If you will but think about it you will see that this makes a very great difference in the situation.

When National banks were first instituted, one having a very few millions of deposits was regarded as a large concern. We now have National banks with deposits considerably over one hundred millions. Who has ever thought of revoking such a bank's charter, legislating it out of business, smashing it up generally, because it has become so large? The laws governing National banks prescribe how they shall do business, and severely punish the officers—not the stockholders or depositors—if their business is not done according to such laws; but there has been no suggestion of limiting the amount of business they can do.

The people have witnessed abuses, glaring abuses in business methods. They have suffered under many of these for years, and have found no remedy. They have been told that these abuses came about largely because of the size to which certain business enterprises had grown. For want of a better reason, and for lack of real thought, many have accepted that one. How un-American to be afraid of a thing because it is large! Who has been afraid of the United States as it has grown from 13 states to 46? Who has wanted a law restricting our population because it is approaching the one-hundred-million mark? The true American, he who thinks deeply, logically, has no such fear or belief. It isn't the size that he fears; it is the methods followed. He fears the management of a giant enterprise that is secretive, that does not respect public opinion, that does not realize that when its shares are owned by the public its managers are substantially public servants. He fears the methods of the blind pool—that is all. He wants to know, and he has a right to know,

from disinterested third parties what is being done by a great business enterprise in which his money is invested, or which is handling a commodity that affects his daily life. The officers of great corporations should realize that such concerns are more nearly public institutions than private property. I firmly believe that substantial progress in this direction is being made. While the agitation of the last few years has been unfair and harmful in many instances, on the other hand it has set business men thinking; has awakened the business conscience, and has brought a new realization of the fact that it is as true of business as it is of the individual that there is no permanent success unless it be based upon the integrity of character.

Let those of us who are in business be fair with the people and the people will be fair with us; let us see and accept the tendency of the times; let us realize our responsibilities, and our problems will be far easier of solution. If we believe that in our Republic the people's word is law, let us believe it in all things, and if the people have decided that the time has come to take a hand in how business shall be conducted, is it not plain business sense to meet the question at least halfway rather than fight it all the way? Politics has fought business and business has fought politics until both have been sorely wounded, and in the general scrimmage the public has had a pretty hard time and under the circumstances has been long-suffering and patient.

The real question is not, "Shall we amend the Sherman Anti-Trust Law?" but rather, "Shall we restrict the use of steam and electricity?" Electricity! What is it? We scarcely even know; we know not whence it came nor to what it is leading. We do know that it is the most dangerous, the most deadly instrument with which man has ever dealt. Then, to be consistent, why should we not legislate against its use under penalty of the jail? Why not? Because we have found that when properly controlled it is, notwithstanding its mighty power for harm, a great boon to humanity. Electricity in the hands of man is the creator of all modern corporations. Are we willing to admit that we cannot control any given corporation when we can control such a dangerous stranger as electricity? If a lot of good people will think a little more and talk a little less, if they will be logical, they will have to conclude that even a literal enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law would not accomplish their desires. What they really want, in order to actually attain their ends, is a new law which will make it a penal offence to use steam or electricity. Just a simple little law like that would put us out of all our present troubles. Indeed, what these same friends think they would do with our great concerns, if they could lay hands on them, is difficult to imagine.

I was recently impressed by a story I heard of a man who stood on the platform of a little station in an Indiana town waiting for a local train. Along came the 20th Century Limited, and as it passed the water-tank a dog rushed out and, barking furiously, chased it a few rods down the platform. The stranger turned to the station agent and said, "Does that dog do that often?" "Yes," answered the agent, "most every day." "Well," said the stranger, "I wonder if he expects ever to catch it?" "I don't know," replied the agent, "but I don't wonder so much about that, as what in thunder he thinks he would do with it if he ever did catch it."

Those who ask the public to invest money in an enterprise are in honor bound to give the public, at stated intervals, evidence that the business in question is ably and honestly conducted; and they should be not only willing but glad that some authority, properly constituted by our Government, should say to stockholders and the public, from time to time, that the management's reports and methods of business are correct. They should be

willing to do this for their own relief of mind, since the responsibility of the management of a large corporation is so great that the men in control should be glad to have it shared by proper public officials representing the people in a governmental capacity.

Giant corporations would be, not a menace, but a great public benefit, if managed under laws that would compel proper publicity and punish officers for improper methods.

How can this be done? Here is the problem for us all to think about. For my part, out of the multitude of suggestions there seems to be but one possible course, viz.: National control, accompanied by publicity. State control is impossible because steam and electricity have largely wiped out state lines in commercial undertakings.

A little over two years ago, in an address I made at Columbia College, I spoke in favor of governmental regulation and said: "We have at Washington a Supreme Court. Membership in that most honorable body is the goal of every aspiring lawyer. If, for distinguished service and ability, we honor lawyers by promoting them to decide our most difficult legal questions, why should we not honor our railroad men by promoting them to decide our most difficult railroad questions? For example: If we had at Washington a Railroad Board of Control, and that board were composed of practical railroad men, would not membership in such a board come gradually to be the goal of railroad men? And does any one, for a moment, think that if such a board were composed of practical railroad men it would be especially partial to railroad interests? Certainly not. Once on such a board a man could not fail to recognize the great responsibility and honor of the office and administer it for the best interests of the public and of the railroads at one and the same time. Thus the business man would merge into the public official, no longer controlled by the mere business view, and would act the part of a statesman, to the improvement of governmental administration and not to the lowering of its level."

Nothing since has occurred to change my views, and much has occurred to confirm the opinions then expressed. Properly regulated, publicity will not injure any legitimate business undertaking and is, in itself, the greatest of all regulations and safeguards. It is, in fact, about all that the public wants; for, if at regularly stated intervals the public is furnished sufficient information about a given business, public opinion will do the rest.

The question of how the business of this country shall be conducted in the future is, in its way, almost as great a question now as was the question of slavery prior to the war. Barring our trouble with Spain, for nearly half a century the United States has been free from war. No vital questions of statesmanship have confronted our people, and men of ability have gone largely into business enterprises. Owing to the new instruments for the conduct of business, a war has been raging the like of which was never before known in business affairs. In war it is not the long-range fighting that costs so dearly in human life; it is the struggle in the trenches. When the armies are fighting at long range no one can tell when the battle will be over, nor who will win, nor what the loss of life will be; but as the armies draw closer and closer together, the battle becomes fiercer, the destruction more deadly. When the men finally enter the trenches, the destruction is frightful and the end is near. When business men in New York were competing with business men in Chicago, in the days of the stage-coach, competition between the two cities did not do so much harm; but with the advent of the fast trains, the telegraph and the telephone, they got into each other's trenches, and the competition was indeed deadly. This is what has been happening in business in the United States, all owing to the agencies of

steam and electricity, which have annihilated distance and made the world so small.

Some of us, who believe that some substitute must be found for the ruthless competition that is so deadly in close-range fighting in business, have been endeavoring to build a bridge from old methods to new, from barbarous competition to humane co-operation. Whether or not we will succeed and the structure safely carry, only time can tell. It may break, through faulty construction, or because vandals cut some of the strands. From either cause, many would be precipitated into the raging torrents; but with the continuation in use of the instruments with which business is now being conducted, of one thing we can be certain—the world must, the world will get across such a bridge, by peaceable and safe methods maybe, but in any event and at all hazards it will get across. For how can we applaud the constant flooding of the world with inventions and devices for drawing it closer and closer together in business and social relations, and at the same time condemn the movement to get away from ruthless competition and adopt more co-operative methods?

If, as many of us believe, co-operation in business must take and is taking the place of ruinous competition; if it is better for capital, it must be better for the consumer and better for labor if it is to endure. I believe that he who thinks the problem out carefully, taking information from all sides, will be forced to the conclusion that the principle of co-operation must largely take the place of competition, and that co-operation in its healthiest, most useful form, can be much more effectively practised by great corporations than small companies or firms—first, because the officers are more apt to regard themselves as servants and not as owners; second, because the relation of the great corporation to its labor is an entirely different relation from that of the small corporation or the firm to its labor, in that the officers of a great corporation instinctively lose sight of the interest of any one individual, and work for what is the broadest, most enduring interest of the many. This places the officers of the great corporation in a position where they can look upon all labor questions without bias, without any personal axe to grind, solely from the broadest possible standpoint of what is fair and right between the public's capital, which they represent, and the public's labor, which they employ. In short, they are so situated as to look upon all such matters from the point of view of an intelligent, well-posted and fair arbitrator. They are able to put into practice profit-sharing, benefit and pension plans that in fact, and not in theory only, give to labor on attractive terms an interest in the business to which labor is justly entitled.

Indeed, there is even hope that a corporation might, after all, have a soul, for one of this week's editorials in a New York evening newspaper, in commenting on a position recently taken by the United States Steel Corporation in regard to Sunday labor, concludes by saying: "It is encouraging proof that the modern enlightened business concern is rapidly acquiring that heart for its employes which is has far too often been without in the past."

It seems to me that the future has its choice of three methods: First, co-operation through the medium of corporations with federal regulation and control; second, governmental ownership and management; third, socialism. Under the method of large corporations regulated and supervised by federal authority, with widely distributed ownership, and with labor interested in the business, you have all the safeguards and advantages that the most ardent advocate of governmental ownership could desire. In broadly distributed ownership among the public and labor, you distribute profits to the people, and retain for the benefit of the business that one great necessary factor which has done so much for American industry, viz.,

individual initiative. You leave to men the goal of achievement; you leave their ambition unhampered.

We can back and fill, we can talk and scold, we can threaten and abuse; yet there will be but one ultimate result, viz., progress and growth. We can delay the onward movement for a time—we can make it very costly; but, nevertheless, the movement will be onward as surely as the electric light followed the tallow candle.

In the City of Washington, on the side of a brick building, in large letters, is the following sign: "Horses Shod by a Horseshoer." Many times, as I have noticed this sign, I have said to myself: "That's what America needs to-day; horses shod by horseshoers—not by opticians or milliners."

There is a sad lack of men thoroughly equipped in their respective callings. We need specialists in business as well as in medicine. A high order of ability in each and every calling was never so much in demand as it is to-day. The greater our country becomes and the greater our institutions become, the better equipped and the greater and broader-minded must our men become. Institutions and affairs do not just grow, like Topsy; they are only as great, only as strong, only as useful, as men make them. I know of no statement so fallacious as the one that opportunities for young men to-day are circumscribed. Exactly the contrary is the case. Men of affairs everywhere are seaching for men of ability, men who can think straight and work hard.

Many of you young men will have independent incomes whether you work or not. What an opportunity this affords you to select, not necessarily the calling in which you can make the most money, but the calling in which you can be the most useful. For the man who already has a competency there is something far more worth while in life than merely making money. I firmly believe that every citizen should, in some way, perform some public service, and somewhere between the work in your neighborhood and in the nation, if you will think about it and look for it, you will find a service that you can perform, and, having an independent income, can do it fearlessly. Think what a tremendous effect even one hundred clear-eyed, straightforward, fearless young men, who knew in advance that their living was assured, could have on the destinies of the United States in the next quarter of a century, if each would take up his life-work in this spirit! Very few of the men who have left college forty years ago could look at the future in such a way. Their first thought had of necessity to be the making of a living. Think of the difference, and think what a difference it can make in the future of our country if proper advantage is taken of it.

Do not accept somebody's superficial conclusions for your conviction. Keep your mind open for the developments of the future. Remember the mighty progress of the past twenty-five years. The college-trained mind is too apt to think by precedent, by what has been done, and, in a period when the world is moving with such tremendous momentum, this is a dangerous mental process. Keep your mind open to the oncoming events. Do not be content to think just what somebody else has thought. Give your own mind a chance. Reach out into the future, remembering that nothing in this world stands still; everything moves either backward or forward. See the faults that exist, and in them see your opportunities for improvement. Is it thinkable, for even a fraction of a second, that the limit of the human mind has been reached? More has been done by that brain in the last twenty-five years, for progress, than in any preceding one hundred years, and the young men of to-day are the descendants of such brains. What an inspiration for the future! Be an optimist. Believe in your country, in its institutions, in its business, and in its men.

The Thought Habit and Advertising

By

Vernon Smith

DID you ever say something you would rather have cut out your tongue than have said? For instance, when talking advertising to a man, to compare his account to a certain other as next best, etc.

Did you ever do something that you would have given most everything you owned not to have done? Slighted a certain man whose position would help or prevent your securing an account?

Did you ever stop to think what that mysterious something was that influenced you to do these things, apparently against your will and your desire? Did you mentally consign your action to a weak will, insufficient control, or some such factor? Then you did wrong.

For the thing you did—and we all do it—was caused by an element more imperious than any other that influences our lives. There's hardly any brooking when this element commands. It controls us from the time we get up in the morning until we retire at night. It determines our every act no matter how trivial; it tells us what to eat, what to wear, what to buy. It is the one thing we advertising men who deal so much in the psychologic should consider in planning an advertising campaign.

For a proper understanding of this element will insure a campaign's success—ignorance of it will condemn a campaign to failure. It isn't will—it isn't determination—it isn't desire nor any of the things we humans have previously conceived to be the great mentors or governors of our existence.

It's more fundamental than any of these, for it's the basic idea of all of them. And it's what we'll call Thought Habit.

Dr. Paul Dubois in his great book, "L'education de soi meme," has this to say about Thought and Thought Habit: "Man is strangely deluded when he imagines himself able to think of what he wishes. No man, however accomplished he may be, has ever had a personal thought or has originated an idea from his noble brow.

"Thought, however complicated, only results from an association of ideas that in no wise come under the yoke of the sovereign will. Our thoughts force themselves upon us, succeed one another in our mind, without our being able to change their order; we drive out those which are importunate and retain those which give us pleasure.

"They all come from chance excitement, physical or psychical, from the outside, excitement brings them to life. The ideas which come to us are the fruits of personal experience, of that which others transmit to us by word or letter, by all the means of expression which our five senses give us.

"We do not think by ourselves; we merely assist in the working of our mental kaleidoscope in which the pictures succeed one another under the influence received from outside shocks. These pictures or ideas link themselves together and determine acts, and these acts are sometimes brought about so unconsciously that we are

surprised. Yet they are acts consistent with our Thought Habit."

And to illustrate just how the Thought Habit is formed Dubois gives the following: Imagine a flat surface on to which passers-by continually throw little balls. They are arranged by chance—that is to say, without order—by reason of the very impetus they have been given; they will follow the straight paths and will stop only when their force is spent. These little balls are mental representations created as previously explained.

The surface without borders represents the understanding of a person without any preconceived idea — an absolutely impossible phenomenon. There are, however, many people who have very few ideas planted in the field of their conscience. These are the impulsive people who follow every impression like the weathercock, the breeze. It is the anarchy of thought.

Border this flat surface with four walls like the cushions of a billiard table, and the disorder will grow less. Balls thrown upon it will no longer be placed by chance; add to this surface some cushions running obliquely, and order will succeed disorder. Balls thrown from the passer-by, from no matter where and with no matter what force, will be caught in the canals and will follow the same path.

The billiard table with four cushions resembles the mind of the man who has only cultivated his thought a little. There is a certain limited logic to his association of ideas. Whereas he who by reason of his native intelligence, the wise advice he has received from his relatives and friends, by reason of the contingencies of this life to which we all are subject, has properly distributed his cushions and will find his mental life well ordered.

Now, associated ideas—those we have and those we receive—the little balls of thought and our mental condition—the billiard table — of our Thought Habit, determine our acts. This is the most absolute element in our lives. When we insulted Mr. Prospective Advertiser by calling his the "next best" we simply obeyed our imperious Thought Habit. From our associated ideas—things we had read, had heard, etc.—we had formed a certain mental estimate of this man's business. Finally our Thought Habit demanded expression — hence the "break."

When we slighted a certain fellow we again followed the dictates of our Thought Habit. We knew something about that fellow that made our Thought Habit antagonistic toward him. You can't bilk this Thought Habit. If you're a criminal it will tell the police on you. If you seek to dissemble, it will give you away. It will decide what time you get up in the morning—and when you retire. It will draw up a diet list for you that a year ago you'd turn up your nose at. . That is, if you have your "cushions" in good working order. You get the consumers' Thought Habit working right on a product you're advertising and they'll buy it in spite of you. And that's where the importance of the right advertising copy comes in. That's where it is necessary to throw the right mental balls of Thought into the minds of your Prospective Purchasers.

There are not many advertising men who understand advertising that way; there are still fewer copy men who do.

You must get associated ideas into the consumer's mind—you must awaken a chain of similar ideas that have been lying fallow there; your ideas must find the moral sentiment, too. You must create the Thought Habit favorable to your proposition.

When you have that established, call it sales conviction, buying determination—call it what you will—you have made it as possible as human power can for the consumer to purchase your product.

Pretty pictures won't do that; your fine layouts won't do that. They're not sufficient. They only convey or arouse one or two thoughts that are thrown out and not retained. You

must get into the mental inner consciousness—you must start chains of favorable thoughts—not merely a single thought. Your ideas must pass the moral monitors of the mind.

By that means you will get quick and definite results in your advertising campaign. You advertise with a definite purpose—on a definite understanding of how to accomplish that purpose. Your advertising isn't after the fashion of the generality of advertising—blandly indefinite, superficially inane and purposeless.

Salary Versus Commission

By

John C. Winston

THE question as to whether commercial travelers should be employed on salary or on commission does not in my judgment involve any established law or principle. In other words, it is not a scientific question.

It may be laid down as a general truth in the relations between employer and employee even and exact justice shall be done. The salesman and his employer should each receive his fair share of the results of the business obtained, and the arguments for employing salesmen on commission are based upon the assumption that by this means you arrive more accurately at the amount which the employer can afford to pay for the sale of his goods and at the same time determine more accurately what the salesman earns.

If it were true that this was the only means of making an equitable division of the profit, then it would follow as a scientific fact that salesmen should be employed exclusively on commission, or, in other words, that salesmen should become in a sense partners in the business and share in its risks and profits.

The salesman's capital consists in himself, and the theory is that if he risks his time and devotes his energy to securing the business, he should receive an equitable share of the profits as a matter of justice to himself. On the other hand, the employer, who has his money invested in the business and must pay the cost of the goods he sells, should receive an equitable return. But this is all so axiomatic as to be a mere commonplace statement.

The real question involved in this discussion is whether by means of salary or by commission you can best make an equitable division of the proceeds of business. In answer to this, I doubt if any invariable rule can be laid down. In other words, no principle of science or morals is violated whichever way you attempt to arrive at the desired result.

The only general principle that can be laid down is that an honest effort shall be made to make a fair division of the proceeds and at the same time secure the best results. The circumstances of the individual and the business are so varied as to make it impossible to lay down any general law. All that seems to me profitable, therefore, to this inquiry is to call attention to certain advantages of employing travelers on salary.

When a traveler is employed on commission, I know of no possible way by which the rate of his commis-

sion shall be so definitely determined in advance as to make sure that he gets neither more nor less than he is entitled to, so that no principle is violated by attempting to arrive at his proper pay by means of a salary. The salary method has many distinct advantages aside from the mere matter of division of the proceeds.

Considered from the standpoint of the traveler, it is usually more satisfactory to him to have a fixed income. He is usually a man dependent upon his weekly earnings to meet his weekly living expenses, and even if employed on commission, he would usually have to have part of it advanced.

For a man to do his best work, he should have his mind relieved as to the wants of his family.

But I presume that this question was proposed from the standpoint of the employer and that the question really is as to which method will secure the best results to him.

In discussing this I wish to limit the consideration of the matter to what is ordinarily understood by commercial travelers for established business houses, such as dry goods, groceries, stationery, books, etc.

A house established in any of these general lines of merchandise has a certain established trade or clientele, which has grown up as the results of years of service to certain customers. In other words, the house has established a certain reputation for its goods and has established relations with certain buyers and consumers. Such a house nevertheless finds it necessary and profitable to send a representative to these customers periodically. Such a representative should be a loyal and enthusiastic believer in his house and as far as possible feel that he is a part of it. He could not properly perform his functions if he were a mere commission salesman, and it would be extremely difficult to determine what commission such a man should receive.

The first point, therefore, that I would make is that the house which sends out a salaried salesman indicates that it has a certain established trade and that it has confidence in its goods, that it values the trade of its customer enough to send a representative at its own expense.

The customer is not made to feel that he is paying the traveler himself by giving him part of what he is charged for the goods. The regular salaried man serves to keep up better relations between the purchaser and the seller and he has an entirely different standing with the buyer from a man who is simply sent out to skirmish around for new business.

The second advantage that I would urge for employing travelers on salary rather than commission is, that you thereby secure better control of your business.

The employer who has established a sufficiently large business, to justify the employment of travelers is supposed to know better than his travelers how the business should be conducted; what territory should be covered, and how often; how large a line of samples he should carry; how much expense should be incurred. If your traveler is a mere commission man, you are unable to determine these matters, even though you reserve the right to. The commission man will claim the right to think and act for himself. If he thinks it doubtful whether it would pay to go to a certain town a little off his route, he may not go and your business may suffer.

It is a well-known fact that the best salesman, whether he be on commission or on salary, is the man who conscientiously covers his territory. Many a good order has been secured where you thought it hardly worth while to call, and the commission man does not generally make such calls.

On the other hand, the employer, who has a larger experience and a larger capital, is willing to risk the expense of a call, and in the end better results are obtained by this conscientious, thorough method of work, which can only be secured by men employed on salary and therefore under control.

Another theory about employing men on commission is that it will furnish an incentive to extra effort on the part of the salesman. But whatever there may be in this can be secured equally well by treating the salesman with absolute fairness as to his salary.

A house which establishes a reputation for paying men liberally and advancing them according to their success and experience will obtain the best men available. The best men would always rather work in this way. They know they will be taken care of during dull seasons and bad years, and they know that their salary will be advanced when they deserve it, and they feel under a much greater obligation to the house that takes care of them in this way than they do to a house that merely pays them a commission.

It would be foolish policy for both salesman and employer to attempt to vary the salary each year according to the amount of business done, or frequently to raise or lower the salary. That would have the same objections that apply to commission. It carries with it the feeling of uncertainty and lack of confidence.

It may be said that the best plan is to secure regular work by paying a moderate salary, enough for the traveler to live on, and then offer him an additional incentive by giving him a commission in addition to his salary. The purpose of this, I think, can be better obtained by establishing a feeling of confidence between employer and employe by the occasional and very exceptional payment of a special bonus when exceptional results have been obtained or exceptionally hard work has been done.

One great objection to the payment of a commission of any kind either in addition to the salary or as the exclusive method of payment is that it opens a wide door for misunderstanding and dispute. Either you must pay a man a commission on the actual orders he secures or, as he generally prefers, you must pay him a commission on all orders received in certain territory. If your contract provides for the former, then the salesman is sure to complain that you have secured business from his territory which he was instrumental in working up, even though he did not get the order himself. If, on the other hand, he is paid a commission on business from a certain territory, circumstances are likely to arise to render this method of settlement very unequitable.

For example, I knew of a house which agreed to pay a salesman in addition to his regular salary a commission on all business secured in a certain territory above a specified amount. The contract ran for a number of years. A year or two after the contract was made, the house bought out another firm and entered upon an entirely additional line of business, thus securing a very large trade in this salesman's territory with which this salesman had nothing whatever to do. According to the contract, however, the salesman could claim and did claim and receive a bonus based upon this new purchase.

In my own experience, I have employed men on both salary and commission. I have rarely ever made a commission contract which in the end proved satisfactory to either party. On the other hand, I have never had any serious difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory salary and have had much pleasanter relations and better results from men employed on salary than on commission.

I make some use of commission men, but I scarcely look upon them as regular employes. They do not feel themselves to be on the same footing with men regularly employed on salary. In other words, a commission man can scarcely be considered an employe at all.

So I would say without hesitation that for an established house doing an established line of business, the only method is to employ its travelers on a fixed salary.

Do Technical Schools Fit Men for Business?

By

John Hays Hammond

TO the extent that they furnish a technical training that has a remarkable value, technical schools do fit men for business.

A business house must necessarily observe the laws of supply and demand. It must produce only what it can sell. The firms which keep in the most intimate touch with their markets dispose of their products most profitably. The same law applies to the technical school. Like business firms, the schools vary in efficiency proportionate to the marketableness of the training they produce.

The world of industry has a steadily increasing demand for specialists—for men who are educated in special technical lines. The schools are meeting this growing demand by correspondingly growing supply. But the stimulus for this growth comes from without, from the man who is doing work in the field rather than from the theorist in the laboratory. The closer these two elements keep in touch with each other the better the quality of technical training fills practical requirements.

A business man who has an excellent grade of goods, but because of lack of selling ability cannot dispose of them to advantage, is in the same position as the technical school graduate who has the training but does not know how to put it to practical use. The deficiency lies largely with the technical schools, which offer no instruction whatever in even the rudimentary forms of business practice and economies.

In business terms, the production department of the technical schools are ahead of their selling forces, and the office men are not sufficiently in touch with the men in the field to know the conditions of the market. The result is that the training furnished by the technical schools, excellent as it is theoretically, does not always meet the practical requirements of the employer in the outside world who is working "on the job."

To increase the efficiency of the technical schools, I believe that instruction should be offered that would help the graduate not only in finding his market, but in selling his education most profitably to himself and others. This may be done by means of:—

1. Alumni committees, such as a few schools have already appointed, consisting of successful graduates who are familiar with the needs of industry and through whose influence the courses of instruction may be modified to meet the constantly changing requirements. Such committees could be, and in some few cases are, factors not alone in directing the curriculums to conform to the conditions to be met in actual practice, but as a medium for placing graduates in right positions.

2. Courses of instruction in the ordinary practice of business, such as the average man is called upon to meet. Such instruction should not be confined simply to forms of bookkeeping and finance, but should include the elements of industrial organization and economics in sufficient detail to give the student a "working diagram" for the conditions which he will find outside—a knowledge that usually comes through costly personal experience.

This waste could be obviated by having the subjects properly taught in the undergraduate course.

Unquestionably technical schools do fit men for business, not only because they give an education that has in itself a marketable value, but because it fits men to meet in a logical way the problems that arise in real business, and the best study of logic is the study of the sciences based upon mathematics. But practical experience is, after all, of primary value, especially in technical work, and the graduate without it must expect to "cash in" on his training at a very considerable discount at first.

It is the man who is doing the real work who leads in the development of an industry, not the theorist. In my opinion the educators are behind the alumni ten years in experience in the field and far behind the alumni who have attained eminence in their specialties.

But success in technical lines does not depend merely upon technical knowledge. It depends largely upon knowledge or organization of economics and finance. Education is not *per se* a guarantee of a man's success in his specialty. It must be combined with a broader knowledge of business.

The Value of a Good Town Market

By

Talbot Warren Torrance

I WONDER if, in an age when appreciation of public utilities is so ready and so keen, there can exist a Good Market Town in which the value of a Good Town Market fails of adequate comprehension—an otherwise healthy and progressive community which somehow is not quite seized of the attractiveness of the institution as a municipal investment proposition?

I would fain believe there is not. Moreover, I would fain believe that the advantages and real beneficence of the Good Town Market are everywhere grasped in a broad, philanthropic spirit, no less than viewed frim the purely economic standpoint..

One of our clergymen, who makes a study of the market question from other than the cold, calculating dollars and cents look of it, argues thus: "Whatever develops the sociable instinct in the individual, naturally and wholesomely, makes for the common good. Marketing, I should say, has that effect. We all know that town and countryside relationships are not always of the most harmonious character. The townsman is prone to both ridicule and misjudge the agriculturist; while the agriculturist seems to have been taught to dislike and distrust the townsman. They really should be better neighbors, aye, friends, each serving the other cheerfully and with mutually beneficial results. It only takes right acquaintanceship to bring this about. And the town market is the grand medium. There on the open square or under the friendly roof of the market building, the farmers meet the male citizens, and the farmers' wives the wives of the other class. For I want our market attended by both men and women, boys and girls, young and old, rich and poor. The more the merrier,

the wider-spread the influence and the surer the happy results of trading intercourse. A good, well-established, well-attended town market, I am persuaded, makes more for the breaking down of the barriers between town and country and the placing on good terms of the farmer and his alleged natural enemy, the dweller in the town, than any other agency I can conceive of. Thus, say I, speed the market, and welcome the day when shall have vanished the last vestige of that individual hostility between these classes, and shall be witnessed the tiller of the soil and the town dweller, old animosities buried, old misapprehensions laughed over, clasping hands, exchanging, kind greetings, and honestly resolving for the future to be as good to each other and themselves as frail human nature will admit and the market regulations allow."

I overhead one lady say to another, as the two stood at a dairy table and helped make a clearance of the yellow, rich-looking butter: "Say, isn't this marketing just splendid? I had no idea of it until I began coming. Why, do you know, I meet here friends that I owe calls to and friends that owe calls to me, as well as others, new people and some I've almost lost track of. It gives one a lot of pleasure and enables you to explain things so easily. Say, the market is just like a big At-Home, don't you think—only that you can combine business with pleasure. Yes? Well, maybe things are a little dearer, but isn't everything so good and fresh? And isn't it lovely to be out?"

The Royal Prerogative

From a Speech by Lord Crewe, a Member of the British Cabinet

With respect to the creating of peers by the Sovereign for a particular purpose, that is universally admitted by all constitutional authorities to be a remedy for a deadlock between the two Houses. That is to say, if a deadlock exists between the two Houses, and the country has clearly expressed its will, the Minister of the day is entitled to advise the Sovereign to create a sufficient number of peers to over-ride the opposition of that House. That is a power which has only once been used, and used to a small extent, and which might have been used on another occasion if the House of Lords had not given way.

But I want to impress upon you that it is a power which exists and has never been abandoned, for the simple reason that if it were no remedy would exist whatever for the continued and perpetual standing-out of the House of Lords against the declared will of the country. It is not for me to indicate in what circumstances such power might conceivably be used. It is, to my mind, altogether improper even to consider such a contingency until the occasion has actually arisen.

If it ever does arise—because its exercise must depend upon a great number of issues—I should like to say—and it is important to remember the distinction—that if ever such an occasion does arise, it is not a question of the Minister going to the Sovereign and asking the Sovereign to create a certain number of peers as a favor, but it is the constitutional exercise of the power of advice by the Minister to the Sovereign. That is an important distinction. It is important because it carries this—the Minister has no right to give the advice unless he is prepared to say he would act upon it.

What Leaders of Thought are Saying

The Death of Mark Twain

From the Funeral Oration of Henry Van Dyke

Those who know the story of Mark Twain's career know how bravely he faced hardships and misfortune, how loyally he toiled for years to meet a debt of conscience, following the injunction of the New Testament to provide not only things honest, but things "honorable in the sight of all men."

Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who "loved much" and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thought and noble affections and desires.

Nothing could be more false than to suppose that the presence of humor means the absence of depth and earnestness. There are elements of the unreal, the absurd, the ridiculous in this strange, incongruous world which must seem humorous even to the highest Mind. Of these the Bible says: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Almighty shall hold them in derision." But the mark of this higher humor is that it does not laugh at the weak, the helpless, the true, the innocent; only at the false, the pretentious, the vain, the hypocritical.

Mark Twain himself would be the first to smile at the claim that his humor was infallible. But we may say without doubt that he used his gift, not for evil, but for good. The atmosphere of his work is clean and wholesome. He made fun without hatred. He laughed many of the world's false claimants out of court, and entangled many of the world's false witnesses in the net of ridicule. In his best books and stories, colored with his own experience, he touched the absurdities of life with penetrating but not unkindly mockery, and made us feel somehow the infinite pathos of life's realities. No one can say that he ever failed to reverence the purity, the frank, joyful, genuine nature of the little children, of whom Christ said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Now he is gone, and our thoughts of him are tender, grateful, proud. We are glad of his friendship; glad that he has expressed so richly one of the great elements in the temperament of America; glad that he has left such an honorable record as a man of letters, and glad, also, for his sake, that after many and deep sorrows, he is at peace, and we trust happy in the fuller light.

Rest after toil, port after stormy
seas,
Death after life doth greatly
please.

The Newfoundland Fisheries Dispute

From an Interview given by Sir Edward Morris in New York

The question amounts really to the interpretation of an ordinary contract, called a treaty, which was made in 1818 between Great Britain and the United States. Under this treaty the inhabitants of the United States received the right to fish on the west coast of Newfoundland.

Newfoundland contends that this right was granted to the inhabitants of the United States only. The United States says its citizens can exercise this right by going in their own vessels, with crews of Swedes or Canadians, or can employ Newfoundlanders.

Then, the treaty confines the right of fishing "to the coast." The United States interprets these words to include the bays, harbors and creeks. Newfoundland denies that the words permit fishing in the harbors and creeks, and maintains that the Americans are confined to fishing outside the coast.

Another question which has arisen deals with the right of Newfoundland to make laws and regulations to govern the fisheries. We claim that since we are the owners of the soil and territory we have the sovereign right and that the United States has only the right to fish. The United States replies that the regulations should be made and approved by both countries.

Then in 1818, when the treaty was made, there were no lighthouses. Since then Newfoundland has placed lighthouses all along the coast and has exacted light dues from the Americans, as from every one else. The American claim is that under the treaty the United States is not required to pay duty for the lighthouses. The Americans also decline to enter the customs houses. We say that they should enter so that we may know what is going on. There are also some minor questions of the same sort.

The people of Newfoundland do not lay any blame at the door of the people of the United States. They understand that they are only asking that The Hague tribunal interpret the treaty, not according to our own reading, but by the readings placed on it by the British Government and the law officers of America. It was they who made the treaty 100 years ago, and all correspondence in relation to this treaty has passed between Great Britain and the United States.

All will be settled when the arbitrators get to work on June 1. They may close their deliberations by July 1 and will then have two months to consider their judgment. The counsel for Great Britain and Newfoundland will be Attorney-General Robson and Sir Robert Findlay, of England; Sir James Winter and Attorney-General Morrison, of Newfoundland, two Canadian lawyers, and myself, with Attorney-General Aylesworth, of Canada, acting as agent to prepare the case. On the American side will be Senator Root and a number of other eminent counsel.

The Opportunities in Canada

From an Interview given by Sir Ernest Shackleton in Toronto

It seems to me that you have here the greatest country in the whole world. Here you have a chance to do big things, the sort of things a man would choose to do. It is the land for big things, and for big men. I cannot say where Fate will lead me, but I am sure that I could live nowhere that would please me more.

I have the exploration idea firmly fixed in my head, and it seems to me that there is no place where there is a better opening for that sort of work than here in Canada. You have scarcely scratched the surface of your land, all that western side of Hudson Bay is unknown, its richness untouched. My idea would be that there would be excellent chances for the establishment of an exploration force of practical men who know both how to organize and how to execute. I had with me several of the best mineralogists from Australia, men eminently fitted to rough it, to make bricks without straw, and at the same time men whose word would have weight with financiers. They would be able to tell at once where there was coal, or silver, or copper. There is work for us to do in Canada, I am satisfied of that, and I hope to return to do it.

Investments Sane and Insane

By

George W. Brock

WHEN the importance of saving is preached and the advisability of opening a savings account is urged, it is all plain sailing for the advocate of thrift. All he has to do is to point out the advantages of putting money in the bank. He does not need to differentiate between the banks, for to all intents and purposes a man's money is as safe in any one chartered bank as in another.

But when it comes to the subject of investments, the work of an advisor becomes more and more difficult. There are all manner of institutions and organizations stretching forth their hands for the public's money, and each one has to be considered separately, and on its own merits. They range from the absolutely stable and reliable to the absolutely insecure and unreliable, and between them are to be found all degrees of stability and instability.

In the careers of most normally-constituted men there comes a time when the allurements of opulence are presented to their mind's eye in a more glowing light than before. This may come about in many ways. A friend, who has been successful in some venture, may relate his experience, and thereby stir his hearer up to emulate him. A promoter may paint the prospects of some scheme in brilliant hues and awaken the cupidity of his listener. A newspaper story of a speculator's successes on the stock exchange or the outward evidence of a neighbor's growing prosperity, or the news of a land boom or a mining fever or a thousand and one incidents, may bring this desire for wealth to light. Then the little savings bank account, which in its infancy, was so wonderful, becomes insignificant and even despicable.

Most men learn by experience, and it may even be said to be human nature that a man will disregard advice and act on his own judgment—until he is bitten. Then he knows better and his own judgment begins to carry weight. He is in a position to give advice himself.

But, notwithstanding the belief that many will read this article without attaching any importance to it, it is the intention to give some general advice, which, if taken, will assuredly be to the advantage of those who accept it, and act upon it. It will be general advice, because, within the limits of space at the writer's disposal, there is not room to go into specific cases or particular kinds of investments. These will be discussed in future articles and as opportunity offers.

The particular class of people to whom this article is addressed are those who, we will suppose, have taken to heart the advice given last month, and have opened a bank account. They have set aside money from week to week or month to month, and have now a fairly respectable balance on hand. But they have at length come to a realization that there are many possibilities for them to get a greater return for the use of their money than the simple bank interest. The rate of increase is small. In other words they want to get rich a little more quickly.

Let it be promised first of all that nothing which may appear in this or in subsequent articles is aimed to

dethrone the savings bank from its place of prominence as the best and safest place for any man to invest his money. The nervous man should not withdraw his funds from it, nor the man who wishes to have at his command at a moment's notice, cash for any emergency. But, there is a large class of people who, willy nilly, are bound to withdraw their money and place it somewhere else where it will bring in a greater return and, this being the case, there is little use in urging them not to make a change.

Moreover it must be recognized that the business of the country requires the generous investment of cash by the people, and that there are many excellent investments open to the man with the money. It would be a narrow and retrograde policy to ignore these openings, and to neglect to point out their advantages.

The first piece of advice which we would tender to the amateur investor would be to get some person, in whom every confidence could be placed, to give an opinion on the wisdom of such and such an investment. Mistakes are sometimes made, it is true, and unfortunate advice is many times given by persons whose intentions are the best in the world, but the green investor must recognize the superior knowledge of the man of experience.

A man who has been approached by some promoter or confidence man and fairly carried off his feet by his persuasive tongue, would do well to seek some more experienced person's advice before acting. He may feel inclined to invest in the scheme whatever it may be, when just a word or two would be sufficient to point out its defects, and save him from serious loss.

It is undoubtedly true that a vast sum of money would be saved to young investors, if they had only taken the trouble to ask for a word of advice from some man of experience. The independence and know-it-all-ness of youth is guilty of many things, but of none more lamentable than this absolute throwing-away of good money.

The second word of advice is to beware of florid advertisements promising rich returns. There are many of these advertisements in the daily press and elsewhere. The greater the profits they offer, the more suspicious should the reader be of them. This is not to say that many worthy projects are not floated in this way, but it is usually easy to tell whether they are worthy by noting the names of the men associated with them, and tracing up their connections with other concerns. The absence of the names of successful men is a suspicious circumstance.

The fact of the matter is that there are too many first-class investments open to a man with money to make it worth his while to take up more speculative and uncertain offerings. There are in Canada today any amount of opportunities in stocks, in bonds, in real estate, and in mortgage, which should receive the attention of the moneyed public.

In investing, it is advisable to deal through established and reputable houses. Patronize those stockbrokers or loan companies or real estate men, who have a standing, secured by honest dealing and sound methods. Their names can usually be secured from the advertising pages of reputable papers, for the latter exercise a careful oversight over their advertisers, and strive to keep out all objectionable concerns. It will be found that these men or firms handle only the best securities and that it is their policy to assist their customers to profit by their investments, giving advice to that end.

[Next month, we will begin to take up specific forms of investment, giving particulars of each and pointing out how to deal with them.—Editor].

BUSY MAN'S

FOR

JULY

JULY! the month of vacations, the time of all the year when weary workers in factory and office throw off dull care and hie away to the woods, and the lakes and the mountains—how easy it is to grow enthusiastic about it all, and to picture in anticipation the glorious times we are going to have.

Canada is a great summer land. Nowhere else on the face of the earth can there be found a country combining all the opportunities for summer travel and sport provided by its vast natural possessions. From Nova Scotia on the east, with its deep-sea fishing, its charming scenery and its famous historical associations, through the fertile Island of the Gulf, through New Brunswick, with its grand forests and rushing rivers, up the broad St. Lawrence, past the Saguenay, the citadel of Quebec, Montreal, the rapids and the Thousand Islands, on up the Great Lakes, to the rolling prairies of the west, the towering Rockies and the wooded Selkirks, and finally to the vast sweep of the Pacific—the broad Dominion is full of the most alluring scenery.

For years past, writers have been dilating on the beauties of Canada in the summer time, and doubtless for years to come we shall be deluged with descriptions, both poetic and prosaic, of its many delights. The public never seems to tire of hearing about this great heritage.

Busy Man's for July will take as its text OUT-DOOR LIFE IN CANADA, and will present several excellent articles on this theme — all short, pointed and well - illustrated. Some of the new resorts and some of the older and lesser known ones will be referred to, so that each and every reader will become acquainted with some section of the country hitherto unfamiliar to him.

The number will also be strong in its other departments. There will be four of the best short stories we have yet secured, as well as two or three Canadian specials of timely interest.

How One Merchant Helped Another to Locate a $600 Loss

"GOOD evening, Mr. Thayer."

"GOOD EVENING, MR. THAYER."

"How are you, Mr. Williams?"

"I noticed you were still open, so I stepped in to get a cigar."

"Yes, I'm staying a little late to-night; you see, we have been taking stock all week, and there's always a lot of figuring to do in the grocery business."

"Yes, that's so; but it can't be much worse than the hardware business."

"Well, I'll tell you, Williams, we grocerymen have to figure closer than you hardwaremen do. Our margin of profit is smaller."

"Most lines of hardware have to be sold pretty close, nowadays. Why, I remember fifteen or twenty years ago our profit was nearly twice what it is to-day, but in spite of that I am making more money than I did then."

"I wish I could say that. I'm selling more goods now than I ever did, but when the year's business is wound up, I haven't much money to show for it."

"That's strange. I had a pretty satisfactory business last year. I had within $20 of what my inventory showed I should have. That's coming pretty close to the mark in the hardware business."

"Yes, that is. I don't see how you can do it. My inventory showed a shortage of $600 on last year's business, and I can't account for it. I was just checking over the books, trying to figure it out some way when you came in."

"Well, that surely is a bad showing, and you say you can't account for it?"

"No; it's been worrying me a good deal. Pull a chair up by the fire and stay awhile."

"Well, I'll tell you right now, if my year's profits were short $600, I'd find out what the trouble was."

"That's easy enough said, Williams, but I've tried every way I know and I can't find out what the trouble is."

"Maybe you put down too much for stock depreciation?"

"No, I didn't. I put that down less this year than I ever did before, just to try to make a good showing. My figures on that are too low now."

"You do a big credit business, don't you?"

"Yes, but I am careful as to whom I trust. I only lost a small account last year. I wouldn't discount my accounts in that book $50. I don't have any losses to speak of there. I'll tell you, it's discouraging to work hard all year and then find out that $600 of your hard-earned money is missing. Of

"I WAS JUST CHECKING OVER THE BOOKS, TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT SOME WAY, WHEN YOU CAME IN."

course, I don't suspect any of the boys; they are all right. I would trust them with anything."

"Mr. Thayer, you and I have always been good friends. We merchants ought to get together more and talk things over oftener. I don't suppose I can tell you much about the grocery business, and I guess you don't know a great deal about hardware. But you know that the principles we do business on are about the same."

"THE FIRST PLACE TO LOOK FOR THAT LOSS IS RIGHT OUT HERE IN YOUR STORE'

"Yes, I guess you're right, but I'd like someone to help me out of this $600 hole I got into last year."

"I would be only too glad to do that, if I could. I'll be glad to go into it with you and give you my experience. But first we must get right down to 'brass tacks,' and everything you tell me will be kept in strict confidence."

"Certainly. Here are my books, with the yearly balance all figured up. You can just look over the figures."

"It isn't your book records that I want to talk to you about. It's to get at the cause of that $600 shortage. You won't find it looking through those pages. The first place to look for that loss is right out here in your store. I've been in business longer than you have, and I found out by costly experience that one of the main things that brings success to the hardware man is system. The same thing applies to your business. It don't make any difference how much business you do, or what your profit is, or what the kind of business is; you've got to handle that business so you know just where you stand every day. After the whole year's business is over is no time to find out that you've lost $600. I'm going to talk a little plain to you."

"That's right, go right ahead."

"You didn't lose that $600 all at one time?"

"No, indeed. I would have noticed it if I had."

"It's the total of the small losses you have had all year?"

"Yes, that's right; but I can't figure out what could cause that big shortage."

"There is only one way that you could have these losses, and that is in the way you handle your business. I mean the way each little sale is handled every day."

"I watch everything pretty closely, and am here most of the time."

"That may all be true, but you can't see everything that goes on. To illustrate what I'm getting at, let's take to-day's business, for example. I suppose it's been an average day's business with you."

"Yes; trade has been a little better than the average to-day."

"You know that that $600 you lost, or a part of it, at least, was put in your cash drawer over there. When you went there to-night and took out your money, did you know, to the penny, how much should be there?"

"Let's see; the cash to-day was $103.15."

"That isn't the question. Did you know, to the penny, before you opened the cash drawer, just how much money came in, in exchange for goods?"

"Why, no. I know how much there was. As I said a minute ago, I trust the boys. I feel sure it was all there, if nobody made mistakes."

"I WATCH EVERYTHING PRETTY CLOSELY AND AM HERE MOST OF THE TIME."

"Ah, that's just the point. The cash drawer wouldn't tell you to-night that Harry made a mistake of $1.05 in change, or that James was short 45 cents, or that Joe paid out 65 cents for expressage and didn't set it down, would it?"

"No, and I don't think anything else would, except a cashier to stand right there and set everything down, and even then I would have to take her word for it, and I wouldn't be any better off then than now."

'Even then, I would have to take her word for it."

"You're mistaken, Thayer. There is something that will tell you all that, and more, every day, and it won't lie to you either. I'll tell you all about it in a minute.

"Did it ever occur to you that a good portion of that $600 could have gone in just such ways as I have mentioned?"

"Yes, it could, but I caution the boys to be careful in handling money."

"Of course you do, but why? Isn't it because you have found yourself making just such mistakes as these? Because you want to protect your money? Yet, when mistakes do happen, you don't know a thing about it, nine times out of ten. When you do find a mistake, it's only by accident. I've been through it all and I know what I'm talking about.

"Now, there's another thing. Take your day-book over there. You make your charges there, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Did that day-book say to you to-night, 'Thayer, there have been sixty-three charge sales made in your store to-day. I have kept an accurate record of all of them and if there have been any mistakes made I can tell you which one of the boys was responsible.' Did it say to you, "$48.10 worth of your goods were sold on credit to-day'?"

"Why, of course not. All I know about my credit sales is the records I find on the day-book at night. I can't tell whether or not any one forgot to charge goods, unless I happen to see a customer go out with the goods and the clerk doesn't go to the day-book. That happens once in a while. I catch myself forgetting occasionally. I don't see how you are going to stop people from forgetting."

"Yes, that's just what I used to say, and I want to tell you, I've lost hundreds and maybe thousands of dollars in my time from failing to charge goods. I remember, a few years ago, a customer came in to settle his bill, and after I had made it out, he said, 'Haven't you forgot something?' I immediately began to apologize, because I thought maybe he had paid some on his account that I had failed to give him credit for. He spoke up and, said, 'Why, don't you remember that $30 range I bought last spring?' Well, that customer got a $30 stove that I never charged him with, and, if he hadn't been an honest man, I would never have discovered the mistake. Now, I know that when a man forgets to charge a $30 article, that he will forget hundreds of little sales. But I'll tell you right now, there's not a dollar's worth of goods goes out of my store on credit to-day, uncharged."

"I begin to see, now, where a part, or maybe all, of that $600 went last year."

"Yes; and don't take offense at this. You may consider yourself mighty lucky that you didn't lose more, considering how loosely you have handled your business."

"You have certainly shown me some weak points in the way I handle my money and accounts, and I appreciate it, but I'd like to have you show me how I can stop these losses."

"That customer got a $30 stove that I never charged him with."

"There's only one way to do this, and that is to get a National Cash Register, and get one just as quick as you can. Thayer, if I were to tell you all the reasons why you, or any other merchant, ought to have a cash register, it

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SILVER BEND ON THE PEMBINA RIVER

ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS IN THE NEW NATIONAL PARK

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Wonderful Jasper Park

Canada's New National Playground

By D. J. Benham

MANY years ago the Government of Canada wisely inaugurated the policy of establishing great national parks within the Rocky mountains, thus guaranteeing to the nation in perpetuity a sense of absolute ownership, and a free access to the beauties of the priceless heritage in the mighty alpland, wherein little Switzerland, the playground of Europe and the delight of mountaineers, might be lost.

The first of these park reserves were named respectively, Rocky Mountain and Yoho, the former known now around the world because of the natural

beauties tributary to the great sanatorium at Banff; and the latter because of the majestic grandeur of the Selkirks, which are upreared within its confines. These two parks, however, include but a comparatively insignificant area of the vast alpland of Canada, which beyond a narrow strip on either side of the main line of the C.P.R., is practically an unexplored and virgin wilderness, abounding in scenery magnificent and sublime. Hitherto these two parks have afforded sufficient scope for the cosmopolitan army of mountaineers and the Alpine Club of Canada in their strenuous but ennobling sport, unfolding each year some new wonder, some fresh delight, some added charm which enthrals the sight-seers of the world and brings them back in each recurring season in ever-increasing numbers.

Now, however, new tourist areas within the hitherto inaccessible, defiant ranges of the north, immense, unnamed, unmapped and unknown, but which are believed to contain the climax of all that is rugged, massive and majestically beautiful in the Rockies, are shortly to be opened for exploration. They will be traversed by the two new transcontinental railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, which will pierce the mountains through the Athabasca Valley and the Yellowhead Pass.

There, too, the Government has just established another mammoth park and forest reserve, which embraces within its confines 5,450 square miles of territory, comprising all the vast region within the watersheds of the Athabasca and the Saskatchewan rivers, and extending east from the great divide to the foothills. It will be known as Jasper Park, perpetuating the name of the famous old post of the fur trade, the ruins of which will be one of the chief points of interest in a historical way within the park.

To effect the formal occupation of the park it was necessary for Commissioner Douglas and party, of which the writer was one, to make the arduous journey of 350 miles by pack train and saddle horse. The old trail is a historic one, closely associated with far western explorations, for over it journeyed Thompson and Mackenzie, Henry, Franchere, Simpson, Jasper Howse, and a score of others, who assisted in blazing the trails of civilization into Canada's great hinterland. The country traversed is a dreary desolation, where for the most part nature has been wiped out of existence by forest fires, and where only grey, ghostly, dead timber remains to haunt the horizon.

The mountains first appear in indistinct outlines while still nearly 100 miles distant; but it was from an eminence in the valley of the Athabasca (Mistahav Shakow Seepee) the Great River of the Woods, as it is known by the Crees, in distinction from the Saskatchewan (Mistahay Peakow Seepee) the Great River of the Plains, that we obtained our first real, magnificent view of the noble Rockies. Though they were still 40 miles away, their battlemented heights, castellated towers, ramparts and beetling precipices, over which occasionally frowned a phantom peak or a snow-turbaned giant, appeared to be in the tangible just-beyond. It was truly a glorious prospect as they rose transcendantly beautiful through their shimmering, gauze-like veil of prismatic, hazy, specrum colors, with a strange admixture of desolate dreariness imparted by the bare, treeless slopes of the serrated peaks silhouetted against the clear, western sky.

The entrance to the valley of the Athabasca was plainly discernible under the frowning eminences of Roche Perdrix and Roche Myette, the grim cyclopean sentinels which eternally guard the jasper portals of the pass. Those grand old warders can be discerned and recognized from the very limits of vision 100 miles eastward, owing to their peculiar formations. Roche Perdrix, or Folding Mountain, is an outstanding landmark, beckoning on the traveler to the beauties and

THE MALIGNE LAKES

EMBOSOMED IN A RANGE BEARING THE SAME NAME, THESE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS FORM A SCENE OF SURPASSING BEAUTY

wonders of Nature beyond. In it the first range of the Rockies, a chain of pinnacles, pyramids and peaks, terminates in an abrupt precipice 3,000 feet high, and so sheer and clean-cut that it might have been split down at a single stroke, when those mighty masses were rent asunder, upheaved and piled in promiscuous, wild confusion. The awful convulsion of Nature, which has left an eternal impression here in the ferine fracture, arouses a feeling of reverential awe and makes frail, finite humanity shudder to contemplate it.

The Athabasca Pass at the entrance is about five miles wide, and presents almost every variety of landscape, from the flower-strewn prairie, and stretches of parkland and forests, to the most wild and rugged mountains. Five imposing peaks, which the old traders thought worthy of names, on that highway of the voyageurs, are ranged in a semi-circle as a grim phalanx of hoary warriors of the pass. These are Roche Perdrix, Roche Myette, Roche Ronde, Roche Suette and Bull Rush. The little amphitheatre of parkland which lies in the shadow of their majesty has as its centre and as its crowning effect, Brule Lake, a shallow, treacherous expansion of the Athabasca river. The landscape presents a picture so exquisite in its delicacy, so harmonious in its diversity of features, that it might be a dream of fairyland—the ethereal creation of a wizard's wand.

It was a glorious sight as the setting sun burnished the mountain-tops with golden shafts and flaming, fervid hues, while a few vapory clouds floated lazily in the azure blue, beautified by iridescent, polychromatous tints of departing day. But it was grander still as the sombre shades of evening, with a violet haze, crept up to the pinnacles, and the softer shades of the autumn moon stole like a benediction of Nature upon her handiwork.

Ten miles south of this point on the headwaters of Fiddle Creek there is a cluster of magnificent mineral springs,

A GLACIER AT LAKE MALIGNE

at an altitude of 4,200 feet above sea level, and 1,200 feet above the level of the pass. One set of springs has a temperature of 116 degrees, three degrees hotter than the springs at Banff sanatorium, and with a volume of about the same capacity. Another set further up the mountain has a temperature of 125 degrees.

Near those springs there is a series of wildly picturesque canyons, which follow the serpentine course of the brawling mountain torrent. The gnarled and wrinkled walls of solid rock rise to a height of about six or eight hundred feet, and occasionally their gloom is relieved by glimpses of snow-turbaned peaks above and beyond. They are more picturesque than even the famous Fraser canyon on the C.P.R. route, and ultimately will be converted into one of the great scenic sections of the park. There are also immense coal deposits in that vicinity.

Viewed from the western slope of Roche Myette, the valley of the Athabasca rivals the famous vale of Avoca. From the limit of vision on the west the noble Athabasca winds through the pass like a thread of silver, into Jasper lake, which lies seemingly at your feet, embosomed in a rich foliage of firs. From a southern direction, away towards Mount Dalhousie, and parallel with the Colin range, the Rocky river foams and surges along its tempestuous course to a junction with the Athabasca river at the head of Jasper lake; while from the opposite direction the Snaring river careers down past Suette to the confluence. Away and beyond is a panorama of fascinating, diverse, bewitching beauties, with a vista of lateral valleys from which rises rugged range upon range and peak upon peak in endless variety of pleasing configuration, until the mind stands aghast at the immensity of things. The site of Jasper House, which can be discerned away in the distance on the opposite shore of Jasper lake, lends a touch of genuine historical romance to the scene where three waters meet.

From this point it is about twenty-five miles to "Swift's," as the homestead of the kindly old squawman, E. J. Swift, the presiding genius of the Yellowhead and Athabasca Passes, is affectionately known to everyone who travels that trail. Everywhere the path is begirt with mountains, which rise in almost monotonous configura-

tion and height, uniform, naked and brown, save where the grey ghosts of a forest, dreary and dead, stand marking the pathway of the terrible fires which have denuded the slopes of vegetation in years gone by. The one striking, remarkable exception is Roche a' Bonhomme, with a peculiar wing, like a ridge of a house, running far out into the valley.

Swift's homestead is located about six miles from the eastern end of the Yellowhead Pass, and about fifty from the summit, or 350 miles west of Edmonton by the trail. He has resided there with his Cree wife for seventeen years, far beyond the outmost fringe of civilization. During that time his generous heart and the code of honor on the frontier have made his name synonymous with hospitality from Edmonton to Fort George. It has yet to be said that he ever turned anyone away hungry if he had food to divide, and this he has not always had, though he is now independent.

Four miles beyond his home, at the base of the truncated cone of the Pyramid, lie the ruins of Henry House, once the headquarters of the Northwest Fur Company in that section of the mountains. The ruins occupy the centre of a natural park on the banks of the Athabasca, a few miles from its source, and afford a peculiarly strategic point from which to view or visit many of the main places of interest within the reserve. Immediately across the Athabasca is the mouth of the Maligne river, draining lakes of the same name, which lie embosomed in the fastnesses and solitudes of the massively rugged Maligne range, 35 miles away. These lakes are regarded by competent authorities as the most beautiful place in the Rocky Mountains, if not, indeed, in the whole world.

The southern aspect from Henry House rests upon the main range of the Rockies, where Mount Geikie (11,000) towers aloft sharp, defiant and inaccessible. Southeast lies Simpson's Pass, in which region of perpetual snow and glaciers is the real source of the Athabasca, though the turbulent torrent which sweeps out through those rocky gorges is known

MOUNT ROBSON AND THE HEADWATERS OF THE FRASER

as the Whirlpool. Directly upon the height of land in Simpson's Pass is that pecular freak of nature, where "the relative position of the opposite waters is such as to have hardly a parallel on the earth's surface; for a small lake, appropriately known as the "Committee's Punch Bowl," sends its tribute from one end to the Columbia, and from the other end to the Mackenzie." The Whirlpool river flows northerly across the Buffalo prairie from the Punch Bowl to a junction with the Myette, where the latter surges down from the summit in the Yellowhead, and in their confluence two or three miles from Henry House the mighty Athabasca is born. From that point the railway surveys turn due west into the Yellowhead Pass, and proceed over the Great Divide.

The site of Henry House, owing to its commanding position amidst those points of interest, beautiful surroundings and rich alpine scenery, may be chosen as the townsite whereon will be built a great modern hotel as soon as the railways reach the park. It would be a charming location. However, old Jasper House, with its picturesque site on the Jasper lake 25 miles east, and its even greater historical past, is a rival for this distinction.

The Athabasca and Yellowhead valleys have a really delightful and surprisingly equitable climate for a latitude of 53, and a flora and fauna equally surprising in their comprehensiveness. Fruit grows in luscious profusion; indeed, it is one of the most marvellous wild fruit countries on the continent. Raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, six different kinds of blueberries (vacciniums), currants, high and low-bush cranberries, cherries and dew berries flourish and bear most prolifically. The wild flowers in season are said to be so beautiful and varied in species as to convert the valley into a veritable paradise for the botanist, while the naturalist may revel amidst the wild animal life, which includes the beautiful 'mouton gris," or big horn, the mountain goat, coy and lithe; the elk, moose, caribou, jumping deer, the dreaded grizzlies, the brown and black bears, and many smaller animals. There are charms, too, for the scientist, in the rocks of every kind, condition and age, with formations to interest and entertain the student, surrounded by the scenery so soul-thrilling that it must inspire even the most indifferent to all that is wonderful and great in Nature.

The term "Yellowhead" is a relic of the days of the fur trade and the voyageur, perpetuating, as so many of their conferred names do, some characteristic of the country. It eternalizes the sobriquet of a famous Iroquois halfbreed hunter and trader associated with the posts in the pass, who because of his long, flowing yellow hair became known as "The Yellowhead." His operations as hunter and trapper extended over the summit, as is evidenced by the term Tete Jaune Cache (the Cache of the Yellowhead) near the headwaters of the Fraser, where he was in the habit of storing his furs. The term is now frequently but incorrectly applied to all the valley of the Athabasca, instead of the valley of the Myette.

Steps have already been taken by the Park Commissioner towards development of Jasper Park. Wardens and rangers, with a squad of mounted police, have been stationed there to enforce regulations and to institute a rigid protection of game and forests; and this season trails to points of interest will be blazed, huts for mountaineers will be built, and plans prepared for a fine modern hotel and for a comprehensive topographical survey. When these are completed Jasper Park will be a national playground of which Canada may be proud.

"I WAS JUST GATHERING MYSELF FOR A WILD WHOOP AND PROBABLY A JUMP OVERBOARD"

Said MacPherson to the Fisherman

By Talbot Warren Torrance

Illustrated by Stan Murray

THE doctor and the chief agreed between themselves—and then, as we separated at midnight, they told me, their guest—that next morning would do nicely for a run down the river to Bass Rock.

Sunset had augured favorably—a glorious harmony of blended golds, rifting billowy masses of snowy cloud in shafts of strong, shimmering sheen—and the keg of dew-worms I had brought along had been duly inspected and rated up to standard, both in squirmility and fatness.

Biting began as the launch cleared the boat-house. The air did it. A four a.m. August atmosphere in Georgian Bay waters nips. I turned up the collar of my mackintosh, and watched to see whether the other fellows noticed the action. Next I carelessly pulled my cap down as far as it would go; and the move, happily, appeared to be unobserved. Thirdly, I edged farther for'ard and humped my back a trifle, to which nobody, I was pleased to note, paid any attention. The hump to the huddle was effected by easy gradation; and then came the genuine cold crouch, to be succeeded, I was fearing, by the savage grouch — when the doctor, who was adjusting the throttle, or the spark-plug, or the cut-off, or the air-brake, or the peak-load, or some other curious contraption of the motor mechanism—I never could get a clear grasp of motor-boat fixings—turned a quizzical but kindly look on me.

"Say," he remarked — and, maybe I'm mistaken, but I though I caught an exchange of covert glances between him and the chief, who had the wheel—"if you should happen to feel

anyway uncomfortable in the bow, move back astern and get the warmth of the engine. She'll be chugging quite a heat right away."

"Oh, I'm snug as a bug in a rug!" was the hollow answer, as I painfully unlimbered and emptied coat-pockets of hands so benumbed at the finger-tips they couldn't hold a match. "This mere suggestion of chill in the ambient air'll soon wear off, and it'll be shirt-sleeves for mine."

"Shirt-sleeves," I said I was inclining towards; when, as a matter of fact, what I wanted more than anything else on top of earth was a coon-skin coat and link-lined gauntlets! Yes, and shoe-packs, arctic shoe-packs, too! However, I hoped the two hardened and husky chaps gave me some sort of credit for artistic dissimulation.

How the city man on an outing does want to appear to his backwoods comrades that he can stand it, if they can! He, the tenderfoot, will yield to no seasoned dweller of the wilds—at it, off and on, the whole sporting season through—in grit, go and staying power, while his month's vacation lasts! He out of condition? Don't you ever believe it. He's as fit as a fiddle, hard as nails, game as a tortoise-shell bantam — in his mind. Of course, so far as the sporting "feeling" goes, the man's all there. The old instinct to get out and kill things —to tramp long distances, to paddle weary miles, to undergo all the hardships afield and afloat, in quest of fin, feather or hide—is in every fibre. He is keyed up to that pitch when he'd give his last dollar for a dip into the bait pail or to feel the snug fit of his shooting-jacket and come up with his dog on a point.

But put him, fresh from town environment, right on the job, and see how queerly he holds it down—for the first few days, at any rate, while the soft covering is coming off and he's getting really on edge.

Now, there were specific local reasons to account for any lack of form I may have manifested that memorable August morn. I had risen after three hours of my usual eight of sleep. Next, I had to grope my way from the house down to the wharf rendezvous. The road was new—to me, although a celebrated geologist had positively stated that it had existed, just as it was, for countless centuries, and that, unless some prying person discovered precious metal concealed beneath it, this unquestionably prehistoric and pretty humpy and hard rock road would continue to exist unimproved right straight along. Expert testimony on the origin and habits of the road was, of course, interesting and instructive at the time it was taken. Naturally also, it soothed and cheered me as I ambled along, zigzag and uncertain, over culverts, up hummocks and down toboggan slides, with now and then a nice even patch of pathway, to show there was no intentional ill-feeling on the part of the pavement. Furthermore, the thought that I was going fishing, if I could only find the place, was helpful.

* * * *

"Now, there's where you'll find it nice and warm," the doctor remarked cheerily,—"if you happen to want that sort of thing," he added indulgently. "I sometimes take a little of it myself, if the blood's a bit sluggish."

Here again I fancied I saw the chief and the doctor furtively eye each other. But, of course, you can't always account for fancies. I settled down on the stern seat, silently, airily, but, oh, how gratefully! Yes, he was right. It was nice and warm. The exhaust passed right beneath and diffused comforting caloric. At first it was genial. Presently it grew obtrusively familiar. In ten minutes it had become painfully pronounced. I slid to one side, but the heat was all over the spot. From obnoxious fervency it increased to real fierceness and, despite a martyr effort to brace up and appear easy, I had to fidget and squirm—or else yell. I looked longingly towards my original seat and thought the occasional dash of cold spray over it the most beautiful and

inviting nozzle-play that ever happened. How I longed to have it splash the bosom—of my trousers! How I yearned to fall forward, or, rather backward, into the drenched bow!

Phew! The macintosh began to exhale an odor, as the trousers began to scorch, and I was just gathering myself for a wild whoop and probably a jump overboard, when the doctor, without even glancing my way, said something to the effect that, just as soon as I felt the chill off, if I'd move amidships he'd show me a new wrinkle in gas-engine mechanism that would———.

The chill off? *Parbleu!*—or, if you like, you can make it parboil!—it had come to the stage of the skin off! I shot up and leaped forward to examine that new wrinkle as if my life depended on it—which, maybe, it did. And, mark this odd circumstance—and yet at certain times I could go to work and reason out that it wasn't an odd circumstance, but something studied and calculating—not a word did either of my companions utter about the smell of singed clothing. Never a syllable was spoken touching the liability of the stern seat of a gasolene launch becoming just the place for a salamander. No hint was dropped that my alacrity in changing quarters seemed undue, undignified, or unsportsmanlike—all of which I somehow felt it was. The incident of which I was the—the—the moving figure, as it were, just seemed to close suddenly, that's all. I let it go at that. Still, do you know, if I were to allow it, a shrewd suspicion might haunt me that——. But, no matter.

Pipes lit, and the smokers nicely out of the gasolene danger zone, we gave the boat a jack-up to the limit—although, probably, that isn't the engineer's technicality for going ahead at full speed—and lolled back for a good look around. Things were beginning to loom up with more distinctness out of the grizzled gloom and vanishing vapors, and a far-flung, ever-widening, all-compelling vista was slowly unfolding. At first dim, shadowy, shifting, in the half-light of breaking day, presently objects assumed defined shape along the nebulous shore-line on either hand and stood out clearer against the hazy horizon away beyond, where the river fell, langourous and longing, on the bosom of the bay.

"The cold, grey dawn of the morning after" is proverbially unpleasant and painfully reminiscent. But "the cold, grey dawn of the morning of"—who shall set down, in apt and fitting language, its delights—of anticipation, realization, and recollection? What if shadows lurk along the way?—there's your patent safety lantern to shoo them into limbo. The air is chill and depressing?—put match to your cuddy and let the warmth radiate around your nose and the fragrance of cut-plug get next to your sorrowing soul! Apprehensive of the weather? What! after the sun last eve lighting a gold path across the water and frankly promising fair morrow? Pshaw! No true sportsman is either a weakling, a grouch or the victim of a bogeyman. Conditions, time, place, contingencies—what figure do they cut with the healthy fellow on the threshold of another season's outing? What does anything signify when you're loosed for a month and the primal instinct of the chase has been rekindled in your breast? "Back to the savage life!" is an impulse so irresistible that one blindly obeys it—as the big moose answers the hunter's cow-call, or the Roman voluptuary responded to the cry of the Egyptian siren—and revels in the act! Oh, the rapture! Oh, the———"

"How's that for a sample picture of northland life?"

The doctor pointed to a riverside home, before which we had hauled to, with power off to enable a few twists to be given a refractory coupling. The house evidently had been planned easily, but it had taken time to evolve. It seemed to have been originally built of an immense variety of superfluous lumber, with other varieties added as they came on the market and down the river, from year to year. The car-

penter hadn't distained the use of infirm slabs in spots. If the material was principally bill-stuff, you'd say that the owner oughtn't to have had serious trouble paying the bill. But yet the shanty was picturesquely patchy and neatly matched the surroundings. A square brick residence with iron dogs on the door-step might have looked odd at that spot. It was set back on the crown of the rock that sloped easily to the wateredge. It had unstudied window-frames, enclosing small panes of, let us say, beveled-plate glass—for what's the use of being so merciless with an enterprising but somewhat hampered builder, who appeared to have done the best he could with this suburban contract?

At the snug little wharf a staunch sail-boat lay moored, while a large skiff and a couple of good canoes were drawn up on the shore. There was no sign of life about the place at first, but just as the launch resumed its cheerful "chug!" a tall, swarthy man, of perhaps sixty, emerged from behind a considerable but job-lot wood pile and cheerily shouted the greeting that proclaimed his nationality, as his home did his pursuit. He pronounced it "b'zhoo!" but that made no difference. Yes, the day would be all right and the fishing at Bass Rock "sure" to be good. What more did we want than this kindly, sympathetic forecast of Francois Xavier Jean B'tiste Macpherson, fisherman, riverman and occasional trapper and guide, to whom land and water and sky were all like an open book, which he never read wrong? And will you please not marvel at the combination name? Around Byng Inlet are even more fearfully and wonderfully made patronymics, among the sturdy representatives of mixed races who have chosen that region for their home.

We got to Bass Rock a short while before sunrise and had spectacle of the poet's

> Chastened tinge of the sky,
> When the trout leaps highest to catch the fly.

I wonder if any man will ever paint a true picture of dawn breaking on a water horizon, at its most appealingly spectacular stage? Still more absurd a thought: will it ever come within the pale of the cinematograph to give us a moving picture of how

> In the east a grey-light
> Prophesies the morn—

and the prophecy reaches fulfilment—the transition from the subdued to the dazzling; from the hue of cold, dead slate to the rainbow effect, through which presently gleams the dull gold disc, transforming slowly, yet swiftly, palpably, yet subtly, into a blaze of silver effulgence that no human eye can withstand!

The spirit attuned to nature's photographic wizardry, ravished by the sight, may mentally snap-shot the transcendant glories majestically unfolded—but the negatives will never print!

They say you can catch fish at Bass Rock any time; but my experience is that just before sun-up is the magic hour. Statements to the contrary are, I am persuaded, the talk of flippant fishermen, who can stand being called early, but do not hanker for it. The scheme for the man who goes to Byng Inlet waters for this sport is to be nicely on the job while Old Sol, answering the porter's call, is stretching limbs under oriental covers and yawning prodigiously.

Bass Rock lies at the mouth of the old Magnetawan, close to the north main shore.* It wasn't worth while mentioning for size—half a dozen will fill the structure to its utmost capacity, others having to turn away from the door. It is clean bare and the elevation is such that any kind of sea washes over it and makes fishing, except out of a boat, a trifle embarrass-

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* You reach it from Byng Inlet, a village on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, some 200 miles north of Toronto, in the Parry Sound District. The advent of the C.P.R. has made access to the famous fishing grounds of Georgian Bay easy and pleasant. The Inlet is situated on the Magnetawan River six miles from its confluence with the Bay and is in all respects eligible headquarters for the sportsman or tourist desiring an outing in this charming region.

ing. At the south end, marking the best hole, is a huge boom-log, superannuated and permanently residing there, with an occasional floater happening in to ask how the old fellow's toughing it. The edges slope only for a few feet out, when they sheer and the channel depths are found. There are numerous crevices and cubby-holes around the rock, constituting eligible flats for select bass families. You fish at a depth not greater than six to eight feet and the shoals give you ideal water into which to coax a fighting fish and land him by pure tackle method. It is an unobtrusive spot, Bass Rock. It wouldn't invite you to go and live on it. Somehow, one doesn't regret leaving it after the sport's over. But it's fishing ground that lingers in the memory and fills one's dreams. As a unit of the 38,000 justly celebrated Georgian Bay Islands you can overlook its faults when you think of the big bass that make it a haunt the season through.

As we tie up and make ready the bay is as smooth as a mirror; for not until the sun peers blinking over the distant skyline does a ripple show.

"We're going to catch fish!" observed the doctor, "or I'm mightily mistaken."

The chief expressed himself to the effect that such a contingency needn't unduly alarm us, seeing that one of our objects in coming down was to do a little fishing. And I think he expected me to add that I'd be delighted to catch something besides cold. But I didn't. I was game. anyway, the doctor was too busy digging up the biggest worm in the pail to heed, if he heard, ironical remarks.

Who made first cast that magic morning at Bass Rock is as profound an uncertainty as who got Judge Phin's drink in the unfathonable Mystery of Gil Gal. But I have a vivid and well-authenticated recollection that I got first strike. I hadn't gone ashore with the others; for the stern-seat, having moderated to endurable heat, seemed to beckon me back, with penitent look. Besides, it jutted over what the doctor pointed out as the "sure spot."

That it was a good fish was plainly evident, and I hoped fervently that I had him fast as I stood up to the struggle.

"Take it easy, old man!" advised the chief. "He'll head down channel at first, but soon come in on you and hunt a hole."

The fish held for away, but kept the depth; so I could merely surmise his proportions. My eight-ounce reel seemed to share with me the feeling that there was a contract on. Tip to grip, the strain was testing its quality, and the quality showed stay; but when, all of a sudden, tension eased, as the bass doubled and began the predicted hunt for a hole, and I had barely time to reel in before the pull was renewed with a vigor that doubled the rod, I grew apprehensive. This self-same tackle had won out against the two-to-two-and-a-halfers on Lake Simcoe; but here it was up against a——what? He decided to show me what, as, with a side-step towards shoal water, his back making a swirling current, he rose and took a leap two feet in air and, with a wrenching switch, turned and dove again down in the depths.

"Pretty nice one!" murmured the doctor, giving a careless glance at the eddy over the plunge. "And"—his figure straightening and the grip on his rod tightening—"I've got his mate, right here!"

"Another county heard from!" shouted the chief from the far end of the rock, as he, too, got busy with a strike.

"I think I said there'd be doings here this morning," ventured the doctor, neatly playing his fish.

He was marvellously, aggravatingly cool. So was the other fellow. I was—well, I wasn't cool. The sight of my quarry was a very revelation in bass fishing. to me. With them, used to the whale variety, susceptibility to surprise and glee had become somewhat dulled. But don't you infer from this that those fellows didn't want to catch fish, or didn't know how to do

"HE ROSE WITH A RUSH FOR RENEWED UPPER AIR GYMNASTICS"

it, or felt indifferent as to who killed the prince of the catch. Fishing such as you get at Bass Rock never absolutely palls, or gives the fisherman a positive distaste for laurels, even though he's a Byng Inlet man. I speak advisedly. I've been out with a whole lot of them. They may take their fishing a trifle more self-restrainedly than outsiders—but they take it, and all that's coming to them, in this connection.

I resolved to play my fish more warily, for I felt that another surface break would rattle me and I'd lose both him and an inviting chance of proving my boasted patent of angling nobility.

He had taken deep water, just off the shoal, and held stubbornly to the spot. I reached out and reeled in a few feet. The operation worried him and he rose with a rush for renewed upper region gymnastics; but I forced him back and he took again to the ground flat, in water where I could gaze at and gloat over his great shape. The wag of the big tail was wicked and the twist of the huge head ominous. I held taut and sought to encourage a trip to the shallows. Barkis wasn't willin', but finally he came doggedly inshore and I began to see an end to the tussle. But vision was deceptive. The big bass still had a trump or two left, and, if I hadn't had my arts about me, he'd have led out and euchred me. He led out, anyway. I followed suit—and the trick, happily, was mine. Immediately he threw up his hand and went the Kyook on me. I say, did you ever have a fish come the straight, unmitigated Kyook on you. A big, game fish, I mean, that understands the trick and has worked it until his diaphragm is full of gutted limericks? It's a coined word, I know—maybe from the

Arabic, or, possibly, the Choctaw—but it pleases me to employ it until some native word is invented to take its place and do better work. The Kyook—well, this particular Kyook was pulled off with a neatness and dispatch I could have admired greatly, had some other fellow been performing with the fish. It exhibited me hanging on with every hand I possessed to a rod on which was a reel I'd never lost control of but once before—and that time I fell over the gunwale into twenty feet of pond water that hadn't come from the hot faucet. There wasn't an inch of line left to tell the Kyook tale. A hundred yards out a big, lusty scion of bass royalty had the front end of it hooked in his gill, and the wriggling tug-tug-tug he was putting up gave the rod and my wrist about the limit of strain. I could fancy the lordly fish saying to himself: "That fool fisherman up above has had about all the fun at my expense that he's entitled to; so here goes for the usual get-away and walk around the block! B-r-rip!" But "b-r-r-rip!" this time didn't spell freedom. With nose up-stream he maintained a jerky draw, and the movement sent those indefinable thrills from the palm of the wrist, along the arm, to every nerve centre of the anatomy—those riotous, rapturous vibrations, you know, that awake response from the heart, the very soul of the man, and prove the meat, the essence, the exuberant climax of the angling sport. Now was the acute stage, the psychological moment, in the fight with the fish. I had managed to regain equipoise as well as the regulation grip on my rod, and, with supressio nervi, so to speak, coupled with suggestio know-it-alli, as it were, I tried grandstand pose and performance. There was no need to climb a step to perceive that the other fellows were taking in the performance and coldly figuring whether the issue would yield me an inflated bosom or a drooping jaw.

He was a fellow of infinite resource and a lightning change actor as well. Responding to the hard left draw I made to relieve a situation becoming a bit monotonous, he shot up again to the surface, did another meat turn and followed it with a swishing dive and rush that simply obviated reeling, but gave my grip wrist the worst yank yet.

"Hold him under!" advised the doctor, sharply. "Can't you tell he's an old-timer and a high-air artist?"

"Hold your gran—!"

But, pshaw! It was no time for back talk. The big one had swerved, done another tumbling stunt and, deep down, was sulking once more—all accomplished quicker than it takes to write it.

I gave him a brisk haw yank, a little riled at his manner of playing the game. Gee-r-r-r-zip! he went, and the reel ticked swift message of his defiance. How long was this monkey business going to last? I asked myself irritably.

"Haul in and I'll hand you the scoop!" sang out the chief.

"Rats!" I had time to pass up that size of a rejoinder. The net in a fight like this? Not on your life! "I'll have you if the tackle holds, my festive fish," I muttered. "And you'll come to me just—"

Another dash for, or rather from the pole, and then he began a slow cake-walk movement, describing, back and forth, a half circle, just as you've seen a chained bear take a stroll in front of his post. The cake-walk was a variation and relief. I let him keep it up without remonstrance. He was fairly hooked, I guessed, and I pinned faith to the tether.

All this time, somewhat absorbed in my own work, though I was, I could not fail to note that my companions were doing things. Each had, in his more summary style, taken at least two or three fish, silently and unobtrusively, as became the expert and hardened class. But I wasn't in the sport just for count. Still, even one's fun has a limit; and then there was a feeling that, if I went ahead bestowing all my attentions on this one fish, there

were other fish attending this Bass Rock at home who might take offence.

So I resolved on a coup.

"Now, my gay finny friend," I muttered, "don't you think that, after fifteen minutes' strained relationship, we'd better get come together? Come around here, Mr. Bass, where I can see and finally reason with you. You're altogether too distant—too coy. So I want you, ma honey!"

Suiting action to the word, I climbed from the launch to the rock and firmly guided the big fellow towards an inviting shoal slope. He was pretty well beaten, but enough vigor remained for another dash up-stream. Then he sullenly obeyed the draw to the shallow, and, after a final futile protest, he lay floundering at my feet, the prize of that August morn outing at Bass Rock—a generous fish, black as a Cyclops from the forge; with all the marks of a very bay blueblood, mouth, eye, gloss and symmetry; a creature of heroic mould; a fish that had fought a good fight and kept the bait; a noble fellow, anyway you took him.

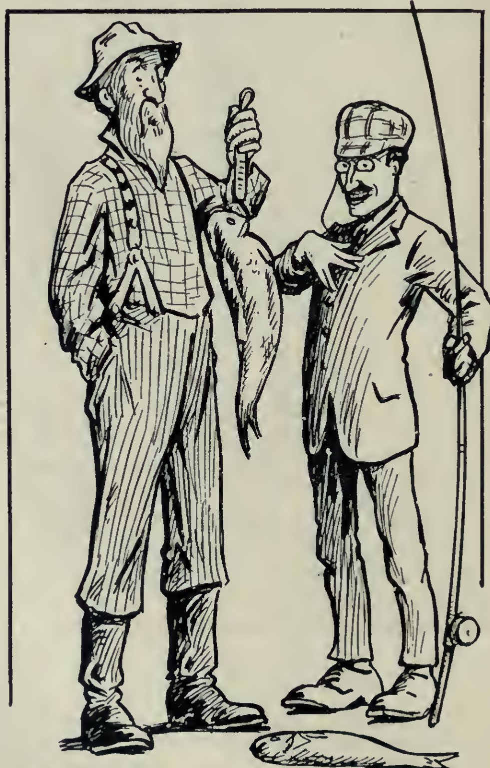
And if I had killed no more of the thirteen, averaging four pounds, that made our catch that morning, I would have been amply satisfied with the triumph scored in securing this, my first five-pound-eight small-mouth bass.

"Grand prix du matin!" observed our riverside villa acquaintance, B'tiste Macpherson, as he took stock critically of the catch, on our way home, and singled out my capture for special attention. "I bet dat fish she's go——" He hesitated and watched me again hook it to the steelyard.

Then he held the fish up and saw the indicator point the heft.

"Well, I'm be damn!"

That's exactly what the good old man said.



"WELL, I'LL BE . . . . !" SAID MACPHERSON

MISS LENA ASHWELL

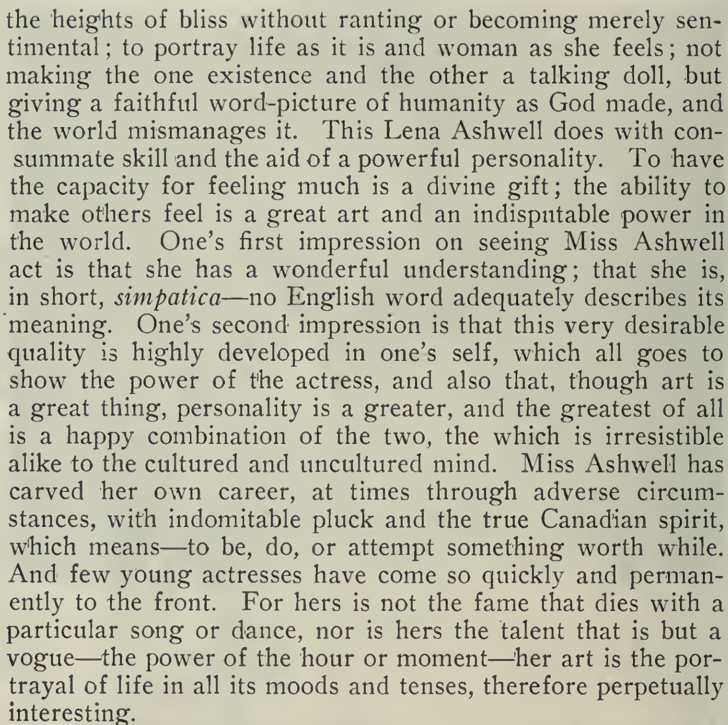
Photo: Dover Street Studios

England's Greatest Emotional Actress, Cradled in Canada

By

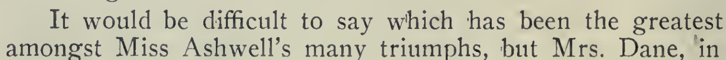
Jean Milne

TORONTO has not only been the nursery of clever and influential men in the scientific, artistic, political, commercial and social worlds of the great Empire, but it has also cradled many famous and beautiful women who have made their names famous and their country proud. One of her most noteworthy daughters and brightest stars in the artistic sphere is Miss Lena Ashwell, who has attained the distinction of being perhaps England's greatest emotional actress. It is no small achievement to be emotional without being hysterical; to plumb the depths of despair and soar to



the heights of bliss without ranting or becoming merely sentimental; to portray life as it is and woman as she feels; not making the one existence and the other a talking doll, but giving a faithful word-picture of humanity as God made, and the world mismanages it. This Lena Ashwell does with consummate skill and the aid of a powerful personality. To have the capacity for feeling much is a divine gift; the ability to make others feel is a great art and an indisputable power in the world. One's first impression on seeing Miss Ashwell act is that she has a wonderful understanding; that she is, in short, *simpatica*—no English word adequately describes its meaning. One's second impression is that this very desirable quality is highly developed in one's self, which all goes to show the power of the actress, and also that, though art is a great thing, personality is a greater, and the greatest of all is a happy combination of the two, the which is irresistible alike to the cultured and uncultured mind. Miss Ashwell has carved her own career, at times through adverse circumstances, with indomitable pluck and the true Canadian spirit, which means—to be, do, or attempt something worth while. And few young actresses have come so quickly and permanently to the front. For hers is not the fame that dies with a particular song or dance, nor is hers the talent that is but a vogue—the power of the hour or moment—her art is the portrayal of life in all its moods and tenses, therefore perpetually interesting.

Miss Ashwell is the daughter of Captain Pocock, R.N., who gave up steering ships to steer souls through the troublous seas of life, and became a clergyman in the Church of England in Canada. And her brother, Captain Roger Pocock, is a well-known and much-appreciated traveler and author. But that is another story, and let us proceed with Miss Ashwell's career, the foundation of which was so ably laid in Bishop Strachan School, in Toronto. She next went to Switzerland, Paris, and finally finished her education at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, England. Miss Ashwell was originally intended to adorn the musical profession as a singer, and only abandoned this idea on the strong advice of that world-famous actress, Miss Ellen Terry, who examined her in elocution. Advice from such an authority was eagerly listened to, promptly acted upon, and never regretted.



It would be difficult to say which has been the greatest amongst Miss Ashwell's many triumphs, but Mrs. Dane, in

MISS ASHWELL AS ELAINE IN "KING ARTHUR."

"Mrs. Dane's Defence," was a particularly noteworthy one in England and the United States. Miss Ashwell herself thinks Irene Wycherley, in the play of that name, was one of her finest parts.

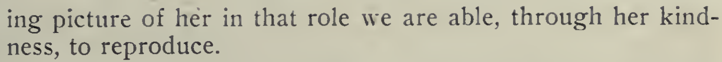
To be an actor-manager is the hall-mark of success in the theatrical profession. This, too, Miss Ashwell has accomplished at the Kingsway Theatre, in London, where she produced "Diana of Dobson's," "The Sway-boat," "Irene Wycherley," and "The Earth"—in all of which she has had much personal success as actress and manager.

Miss Ashwell's first big part was Lisa in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," at the Comedy Theatre, in London. A charm-

Photo: Biograph

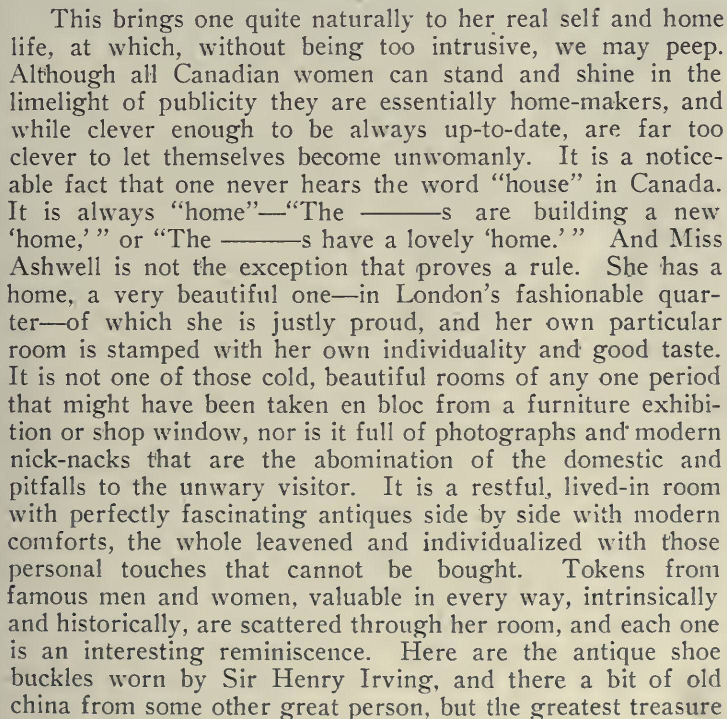
MISS ASHWELL

AS SHE APPEARED IN "RESURRECTION."

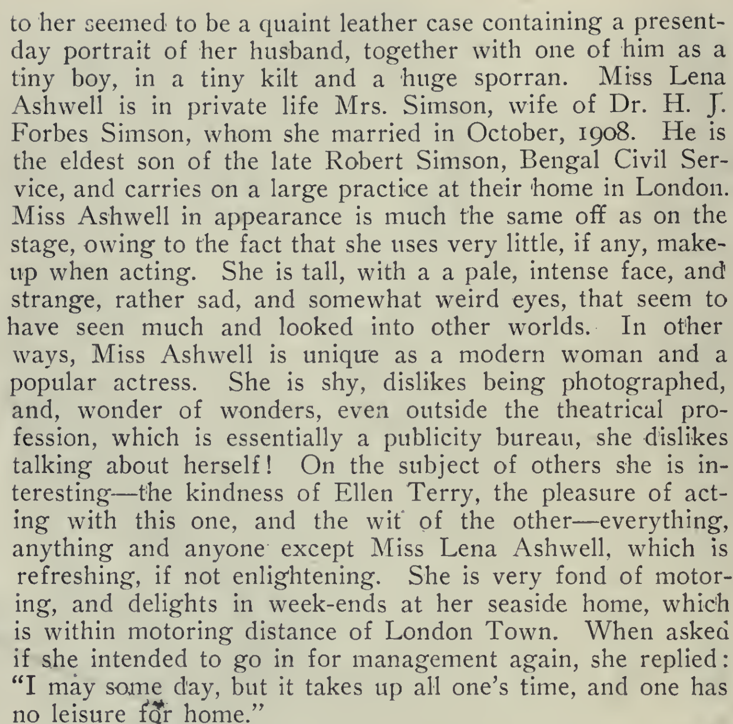


ing picture of her in that role we are able, through her kindness, to reproduce.

Among the many notable players with whom she has been happily associated may be mentioned the late Sir Henry Irving. She took the part of Elaine in "King Arthur" at the Lyceum in 1895, and she was with him again in "Richard III." Then she played the leading feminine roles in "Dante" at Drury Lane with Irving. And she has appeared with the recently-knighted Beerbohm Tree as Katusha in "Resurrection" at His Majesty's, and as "Yo San" in "The Darling of the Gods," (1903). Another part that simply must be mentioned as being an artistic triumph is Leah Kleschna in "The Shulamite," as must her present success at London's new repertory theatre—the Duke of York's—in "The Twelve-Pound Look," "Misalliance," and "Old Friends," in which she is showing herself equally adept at comedy and tragedy.



This brings one quite naturally to her real self and home life, at which, without being too intrusive, we may peep. Although all Canadian women can stand and shine in the limelight of publicity they are essentially home-makers, and while clever enough to be always up-to-date, are far too clever to let themselves become unwomanly. It is a noticeable fact that one never hears the word "house" in Canada. It is always "home"—"The ———s are building a new 'home,'" or "The ———s have a lovely 'home.'" And Miss Ashwell is not the exception that proves a rule. She has a home, a very beautiful one—in London's fashionable quarter—of which she is justly proud, and her own particular room is stamped with her own individuality and good taste. It is not one of those cold, beautiful rooms of any one period that might have been taken en bloc from a furniture exhibition or shop window, nor is it full of photographs and modern nick-nacks that are the abomination of the domestic and pitfalls to the unwary visitor. It is a restful, lived-in room with perfectly fascinating antiques side by side with modern comforts, the whole leavened and individualized with those personal touches that cannot be bought. Tokens from famous men and women, valuable in every way, intrinsically and historically, are scattered through her room, and each one is an interesting reminiscence. Here are the antique shoe buckles worn by Sir Henry Irving, and there a bit of old china from some other great person, but the greatest treasure



to her seemed to be a quaint leather case containing a present-day portrait of her husband, together with one of him as a tiny boy, in a tiny kilt and a huge sporran. Miss Lena Ashwell is in private life Mrs. Simson, wife of Dr. H. J. Forbes Simson, whom she married in October, 1908. He is the eldest son of the late Robert Simson, Bengal Civil Service, and carries on a large practice at their home in London. Miss Ashwell in appearance is much the same off as on the stage, owing to the fact that she uses very little, if any, make-up when acting. She is tall, with a a pale, intense face, and strange, rather sad, and somewhat weird eyes, that seem to have seen much and looked into other worlds. In other ways, Miss Ashwell is unique as a modern woman and a popular actress. She is shy, dislikes being photographed, and, wonder of wonders, even outside the theatrical profession, which is essentially a publicity bureau, she dislikes talking about herself! On the subject of others she is interesting—the kindness of Ellen Terry, the pleasure of acting with this one, and the wit of the other—everything, anything and anyone except Miss Lena Ashwell, which is refreshing, if not enlightening. She is very fond of motoring, and delights in week-ends at her seaside home, which is within motoring distance of London Town. When asked if she intended to go in for management again, she replied: "I may some day, but it takes up all one's time, and one has no leisure for home."

Such is Miss Ashwell—a successful woman, proud of her nationality and her home; artistic, strong, gentle and capable. In the words of the French-Canadian poet, Drummond—"Dere's not mooch dat little girl can't do—dat little Canadienne."

SALMON FISHING UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS IN AN IDEAL SPOT

The Baie des Chaleur

By

Edward Hickson

ALMOST every writer who has tried to explain the reason why people travel has given a different one. In my opinion the truth is that nearly all tourists might be said to come under the heading of "the inquisitive," for they are all seeking for something not seen by them before.

I am reminded by this of a conversation I had with a chance acquaintance last summer at Quebec. We were enjoying an after breakfast cigar on the terrace, and watching the different parties emerge from the portals of the great hotel, hurry one by one, led by pater-familias or watchful mother, over to the waiting carriage, climb into it and be borne off sight-seeing, and my friend of the moment said, "I wonder if these people ever make plans, or if they just float around and take things as they find them." Then turning to the glorious river scene at our feet and waving his long arms, the gentleman continued, "But—but—my dear sir, if we could, if we only could by some magician's power turn on this magnificent air, laden with moisture and health, to cover my poor country for just one twenty-four hours! Three days ago I saw hundreds, yes thousands, of cattle dying in the sand, and the people themselves almost chocked to death with the drought, and here is all this going to waste, going for nothing. It is

hard." He told me he came from New Mexico or Texas, I forget which, where the terrible drought ruined the cattle business last spring, and his remarks certainly showed the trend of his thoughts.

Coming away from the Ancient Capital a few days later I traveled with a party, two ladies and a young men, who informed me they were going down the north shore of the Bay Chaleur to Gaspe and from there to Sydney and Louisburg. I ascertained they were going over a country described by an ancestor of theirs in some letters in their possession, and written by him while he was an officer in the English army with Wolfe. He had been at Louisburg with Wolfe and afterwards landed for official duties at places along the coast, eventually arrived at Quebec in time to take part in the battle of the Plains. These people had been intensely interested in everything they saw in Quebec, and I have no doubt every stage of their journey would be a cherished experience. So it is we can never tell what our next-seat traveler is thinking about—each has his own interests to take up his attention.

We can all remember when tourist parties traveling through eastern Canada were considered a rarity; now they have become a common occurrence. No record is actually kept from which to obtain an idea of the increase from year to year. Now and then an item appears about sportsmen which gives some clue. For instance, I noticed a short time ago that the New Brunswick government had received over $35,000 for licenses from sportsmen last year, which it was said amounted to over twice as much as the receipts ten years ago.

No doubt tourist traffic has increased enormously, and when we see the packed trains running through New Brunswick, both ways, from June to September we are reminded that these people must leave an enormous amount of money in the country.

MEETING OF

WHERE THE METAPEDIA AND RESTIGOUCHE RIVERS JOIN. THE BUILDINGS COMPOSED OF NEW

"You may talk as you like," said a friend of mine from Detroit, "but you have here in Canada the greatest summer climate in the world, and the Bay Chaleur country has the rest of it knocked silly."

I could not altogether agree with my friend as regards the last, but there is no doubt that the territory on both sides of this magnificent bay, which is 175 miles long by over thirty miles wide in places, and without

THE WATERS IN THE FOREGROUND BELONG TO THE RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB, YORK MILLIONAIRES

Photo: Notman

rocks or shoals in its whole expanse, is a land of particular delight to the sportsman, whether he is the strenuous moose and caribou hunter of the autumn, the fastidious salmon angler of June, July and August, or the artist who delights in magnificent coast scenery.

It is no wonder Jacques Cartier fell in love with the Baie des Chaleur when he sailed up it that June day in 1534. There is no summer climate like it, the skies vie with those of Italy, fog is unknown and as regards health, disease is practically a stranger. People only die of old age. Among the fishermen farmers of the Gaspe coast, or the New Brunswick side, it is nothing unusual to see four generations living, if not in the old homestead at least within a short distance of it. There is health in the air laden with the odors of the forests, and mingled with the pure atmosphere which rolls up from the ocean. For scenery there is the charm of river and forest, mountain and valley, as well as cultivated land, for wherever along the coast the giant cliffs are split by the mouth of a river large or small, there may be found the beginnings of settlements which often extend inward and include lovely valleys, such as the valley of the St. John between Gaspe and Perce, said to be one almost unequalled in America for scenic beauty.

In a short article like this it is impossible to linger in descriptions of one place more than another. Every one has read of the more famous places and sights such as the great Rock of Perce, and the beautiful Gaspe Basin; but there are rivers and mountain valleys, bits of sea coast, and views of islands set in lakes on which canoe of white man or Indian has never rippled the water, falls and rapids, and long reaches where the canoe will run miles under delightful shade.

Anyone who has spent summer after summer on the Bay Chaleur rivers knows the noble art of salmon fishing,

for in no place on the great globe is there such an opportunity for the angler. It is useless naming the rivers. The Grand Cascapedia, the Grande Riviere, the Pabos, are, of course, better than the others on the north shore of the bay, but they are all good, and if one can by art, bribery or good fellowship obtain a few days fishing on the Restigouche, its great tributaries the Matapedia, and Upsalquitch, or on the Nepisiguit, that gem of salmon rivers, or even the rattling little Jacquet, well, the summer has been well spent. I say if we can obtain fishing on these rivers, for of course salmon fishing on the best rivers is becoming a costly luxury, but at the same time there are often opportunities to hire the fishing of some of the local owners, such as that of Mr. Mowat, or perhaps Mr. Alexandre, on the Restigouche, and there is often excellent fishing on the smaller rivers when the water is right. Of course, there is at all times good trout fishing to be obtained, for what would be considered great privileges in the trout fishing line in the west are not so much valued here in the land of fish.

TETAGOUCHE FALLS

A CHARMING BIT OF SCENERY NEAR BATHURST

Photo: Notman

A word about the people who live in this splendid summer land. On the north shore of the bay the fishermen are a mixture of French-Canadian stock and the descendants of the Jerseymen and other Channel Islanders, who came out with the old fishing firms of Charles Robin & Co.

GASPE FISHERMEN LANDING THEIR CATCH

Photo: Notman

and the Le Boutillers, who have controlled the fishing of cod, particularly, in the Gulf and its adjacent bays since 1766. Like the Hudson Bay people of the west, these two firms thought at one time they owned the whole country but of late years the sturdy French-Canadian, and Scotch and Irish traders, have cut into the trade and it is becoming more widely distributed.

As fishing has always been the principal industry, all the villages and towns are built along the coast, and as the rivers take their rise in the wild and mountainous interior they are all very swift and rocky, with fine falls and magnificient scenery. There are hotels at the principal towns and the traveler will find them clean and well-kept, but there is on the Gaspe Coast an opening for at least two large summer hotels for tourists.

On the south side of the bay the greater number of the French people are descendants of the Acadians who, escaping from Nova Scotia at the expulsion, lived for years a wandering life in Prince Edward Island and different places along the Straits of Northumberland, gradually settling at Caraquet, Shippegan, the Nepisiguit Basin and Petit Rocher. In the course of time when differences were almost forgotten and the Governments of the provinces became more stable, these people obtained grants of the lands on the Baie des Chaleur on which they had settled, and as they were pretty shrewd in the selection of property, they obtained many valuable advantages. For instance the coast salmon fishery of the bay has always been a much sought after privilege and although according to British law the riparian owner does not take the fishing in tidal waters with the land, it was understood these settlers could by paying a small fee to the Government retain it, so no one interfered with them and for many years they enjoyed valuable fishing.

A study of the habits of the fishermen-farmers of the Bay Chaleur is

rather interesting. The Acadians brought with them and still retain an extreme reverence for their church, and no matter where you find them living in settlements, the fine stone church, convent and school buildings, and clergyman's residence are the pride of the parish. As there are few evidences of wealth among the people one wonders how the money necessary for such buildings has been found. To them it is no mystery. As a rule stone and lime are plentiful and the farmers have stalwart horses and good sleds. They are a handy class of people and in each village can be found a few good masons and carpenters, and from a small beginning, working at times which do not interfere with the harvest and fisheries and spreading the work over years, the stately buildings grow. There is no doubt the greatest credit for the building of such edifices belongs to the clergyman. Only a person living in one of these communities can have any idea of the energy, judgment and business ability of these Acadian priests.

Thirty or forty years ago only a very small proportion of the Acadians could read and write; the reverse is now the case and at convenient places, such as Caraquet, in the County of Gloucester, they have a progressive college for young men, which is doing magnificent work. In the county named there are out of a total population of 35,000 about 29,000 Acadians and it might simply be stated that they realize their responsibilities. They are fast becoming not only up to date and prosperous farmers but in many districts have taken the lead in stock raising, organization for better methods in general farming, etcetra, and as they own much of the valuable lands of the province they will no doubt be heard of in the future.

TYPICAL BAIE DES CHALEUR FISHERMEN

Photo: Notman

"YOU WILL NOT REACH YOUR DESTINATION TO-NIGHT THEN?" HE ASKED

The Glorious First of July

By

Evelyn Everett Green

"MANY happy returns of the day!" quoth Guy Dunstable.

"How did you know?" asked Barbara Musgrave, her face rippling over with mirthful wonder.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" said Guy.

"A fiddlestick for your prophetic soul! But I am puzzled beyond words! I told myself this morning that for once in my life I could get neither birthday letter nor birthday greeting from any living soul!"

They met upon the deck of the great ocean liner. The shores of old England were more than in sight. They were entering the mouth of the Solent, and the radiance of an English summer's morning was upon the lovely green world which lay before them. After the long monotony of the rolling waves, the two travelers from the Antipodes gazed about with indescribable sensations of delight.

"You will not reach your destination to-night, then?" he asked.

"No; I must spend at least one night in London first. But oh, look, look! Was ever anything so love-

ly? That young green, the blue of the sky, those soft fleecy clouds."

"The glorious first of July!" said Guy, with a laugh. "Quite the right day for a birthday. All nature is giving you a greeting!"

"But how did you know? You must tell me. I am simply consumed with curiosity."

He teased her a little. They were quite friends now. They had been nearly six weeks at sea together, and this last week, after the boat had dropped the bulk of its first-class passengers at Marseilles, they had been thrown together more than ever. Then he told her.

"You lent me a book, do you remember? It had your name and a motto of greeting, and the date of July the first. Putting two and two together with an acumen worthy of Sherlock Holmes—"

She began to laugh. Her laugh was clear and sweet and very infectious. He had joined in it a hundred times before. He joined in it now.

It was early still. They had the deck almost to themselves. The stewards, going about their task with that air of brisk hurry which denoted approach to port, cast approving looks towards the handsome young couple, and some of them exchanged knowing glances. They had watched matches made before this during long voyages, and there could be no manner of doubt but that Barbara Musgrave and Guy Dunstable were well suited to one another in age, in kindred tastes, in good birth, and good looks.

At breakfast they sat together, and no one was very near. The sense of imminent parting had just begun to make itself felt. After many weeks of constant intercourse was the arrival in port to mean a final separation? Guy was asking himself this question as they chatted over their meal. The thing seemed incongruous and absurd, and yet how difficult to make any suggestions as to future meetings!

Out on the deck again he spoke—a little abruptly, as though he disdained to beat about the bush.

"May I come and see you—some day?"

She smiled. She was glad he had asked it; but there was a doubt suggested in her answer.

"I should like it, but you know I shall not be at home. I have no home now. Australia kept my father alive for many years, but it did not save him. I told you I was going to his elder brother. My uncle and aunt are quite old people. They never had any children. They are very old-fashioned and quiet in their ways. I cannot tell at all what it will be like living with them."

"If you do not like it, will you stay?"

"I think so; for I know that my aunt is frail as well as old. From their letters I gather that they are worried. I think it is about money matters. I have very little money myself to help them with; but I am young and strong and I can turn my hands to almost anything; that comes from having lived in the Colonies. I hope I shall be able to do things for them which may be a help and saving in other ways."

"Do you know the place you are gong to?"

"I was there once as a little kiddie—before we went to Australia; just a little after my mother's death. An old ramshackle place, smothered in ivy and honeysuckle and clematis—fascinating to a child; but I can see now that it was pretty dilapidated even then. Father loved it. It was his old home, you see. I am going to love it, too. The address? Oh, it is called the Grange, and the post town is Deepdean, Stillshire."

Guy was looking over towards the sunny shore, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"I suppose—one day—it will be yours."

"I doubt it. My hope is that my uncle and aunt may just be able to live out their lives there. They talk

pathetically as though even this were doubtful. . I expect — afterwards — everything will have to be sold."

Side by side they stood in the sunshine, and Guy was aware of a sudden and almost overmastering desire to take this girl in his arms and vow to stand between her and all slings and arrows of adverse fortune.

"Now we have talked enough about me and my affairs," said Barbara, brightly. "Let us think a little about yours. How soon will you know whether or not you are Sir Guy Dunstable, and the owner of broad lands and great fortunes?"

Her laugh invited him to join, but his words held a touch of grimness.

"I think it's more likely than not that half a dozen aspirants with better claims than mine will appear. They would have me over, those worthy old fogies of Lincoln's Inn; but I'm half inclined to call myself a fool for coming."

"Oh, you had to come and bring your papers."

"Yes, I suppose I had; but as likely as not it will prove a wild goose chase. If I were the least sure of anything—"

Guy pulled himself up short, and Barbara took up the word in her gay, eager fashion.

"Ah, but it's nicer not to know everything at once. A little uncertainty makes it so much more interesting and exciting. I suppose it will be in the papers when once the question of succession is settled?"

They looked at one another. He longed to ask her if he might write to her. She half hoped that he was going to do so. But some unprecedented diffidence had got him at this moment by the throat. The words stuck there and would not come. Before he could master himself sufficiently to speak them the chief steward had come hurrying up. The luggage was was being brought up from below; passengers were asked to clear their cabins. All was hurry and confusion now on board, and the time for quiet confidences was over.

Only at the moment of parting Guy held her hand in a close clasp.

"May I come to see you—on your next birthday?"

Her eyes lighted radiantly as she answered, "Yes."

II.

"Barbara dear, you are very welome! Ah, my dear child, but how handsome you have grown!"

"Do you think so, auntie? How nice of you. I was afraid I was too big; but girls do grow so tall now. We can't help it, can we?"

She had her hands upon the shoulders of the little old lady, whose small shrunken figure was in such contrast to her own young strength and vitality.

"Auntie dear, you look worried to death, and as for uncle, I should scarcely have known him! He has grown so old and bent and—and—" Barbara had almost added "querulous," but she stopped, the word unspoken.

"He is greatly harassed and troubled, Barbara. There is a mortgage on the property. Our neighbor at that new house you passed coming from the station has bought it up. Mr. Moseley is buying a great deal of the land about here. He wants to become a large landed proprietor. He has been here about six years. At first we were glad of his coming, and your uncle found it easier to have one creditor to deal with than several. And if he ever wanted an advance, Mr. Moseley gave it him; or if the interest was not forthcoming in time, he granted what he called an accommodation. At first it all seemed so easy and pleasant. But now—"

"What is happening now?" asked Barbara, incipient indignation in her tones.

"Well, dear child, I do not understand business. I never did. I wish I had learned things when I was young, for perhaps I could have helped your uncle better. But it seems that we are always getting deeper and

deeper into Mr. Moseley's debt, and now and then he just hints—only hints at present—that one day he may foreclose."

"What is that, auntie?"

"I scarcely know myself, my dear, but if he did your uncle and I would have to leave the Grange, and I think we should have nothing to live on then except my own little pittance of two hundred a year. As it is, most of our housekeeping is done upon that; only now we have the house to live in and the farm produce for the household, though as much as possible is sold to meet the payments of interest which seem always to be coming round."

"Oh, poor auntie! Auntie, I have a hundred and fifty a year myself, the lawyers tell me. I can't use the capital—I wish I could. I'd pay off that mortgage as far as it would go."

"No, no, dear, that would not be right. We could not rob our brother's child."

"Oh, but I am young and strong. I can work. I shall do a lot of things on the farm. You will see. I shall put a hundred pounds a year into the household purse, and we will try to help poor uncle to be happier again. How I should like to give that Moseley wretch a piece of my mind!"

"Ah, dearest Barbara, that would never do. The only hope with such a man is to keep friendly with him. If once he took offence—ah, it would be terrible! He dines with us sometimes. He is coming on Thursday night. You must not show any aversion, Barbara dear. You don't know what harm it might do."

"What is his wife like? Is she any good? If I were to try and make friends with her now? How would that do for a scheme?"

"My dear, he has not got a wife! I wish he had. They say he is looking out for one."

"How old is he, auntie?"

"I don't know, dear. He is stout, and stout men look older than thin ones. But his hair is black."

"He is an oily little Jew, I suppose," quoth Barbara, and there was a fine young scorn in her tones; but she caught the wistful gaze of the timid old lady fixed upon her, and suddenly a stabbing pain seemed to clutch at her heart. She read the unspoken thought in her aunt's mind, and a thrill of horror and disgust ran through her young frame.

Two days later Mr. Moseley dined at the Grange, and he and Barbara were introduced. Apart from his rubicund stoutness and Hebraic nose, he was not an ill-looking man. He was affable and chatty, full of anecdote and amusing gossip; and as he talked his eyes dwelt again and yet again upon Barbara's clear-cut features, sparkling hazel eyes, and the delicate contours of her neck and throat as they were half revealed beneath the tranparencies of her black evening gown.

In the drawing-room, afterwards, whenever she moved, he followed her with his eyes. The slender grace of her young figure, her buoyancy of walk, the swift accuracy and self-restraint of her actions and gestures, seemed to delight his eyes. He paid court to her with a certain *empressement*. He begged Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave to name a day when they would bring their niece to lunch at his house and look at some of his art treasures. He was so genial and cordial that his host began to throw off some of the anxious and timid expression of manner which had cut Barbara like a knife. She had asked herself if he was afraid of this creditor of his, and it hurt her to feel certain that he was.

"If I could save him—save them—from all these haunting fears and pressure of anxiety," she thought to herself that night as she reached her room. But then the picture of two types of manhood rose before her mental vision; Guy Dunstable as she used to see him pacing the deck of the steamer, and the stout, red-faced Jew, sunk in the easiest chair of her aunt's drawing-room. "But the price

—the price!" she breathed, half aloud, and leaning far out of the window into the moonlit night, she fell into a deep reverie.

III.

Barbara's clear young eyes, together with the advantages of her Colonial training, soon showed to her in part the reason of her uncle's difficulties. The mismanagement upon the home farm was enormous. Laborers came late to work and left early. Tasks were scamped, stock neglected. There was waste in every department. The fowls were too fat and lazy to lay. The wives of the farm hands came to the dairy and helped themselves to new milk almost at will. Everyone seemed to impose upon a kind and indulgent master, and Barbara's young blood boiled in her veins.

In a few weeks' time she was practically in command of the home farm, and a different regime was rapidly established. It was not precept alone with her; it was the force of example, too. She was up with the lark. She checked the coming of the men. She skimmed cream with her own hands, and in the new churn which she had bought she made the butter—so firm and pure and well colored that soon it obtained top price in the market, and she had nearly twice as much to sell week by week as there had been before. Skim milk she gave away, but over the new she kept a firm hand. She superintended the poultry yard, and after a judicious diminution of food, eggs began to come in thick and fast.

"My dear, you are a witch!" her uncle often said to her, as she brought him the weekly accounts, and the money bag with the profits of such sales as had been effected. Then she would kiss the top of his bald head and answer:

"No witch—only just a wild Colonial girl, who has seen how things are done in countries where men have to work—or go under."

It was to her a delightful task, only she knew she had come too late to save the property to the family. That mortgage—there was no standing up against such a drain as that. Yet if she could save the situation during the lifetime of the old couple, nothing else would greatly matter. She hated to think of the family property which she was beginning to love passing into the fat podgy hands of the Jew stockbroker (or pawnbroker, as she was wont to call him in her heart) when the old people were gone. Still, that could be borne, if she could hold on during their lifetime. And she would work her fingers to the bone to that end!

Mr. Moseley had taken to pay visits to the Grange of late—surprise visits, catching Barbara at her self-appointed tasks in dairy or still-room, in the fields or the sheds. He would get Mr. Musgrave to "trot him round," as he phrased it. Barbara was divided in mind whether these visits were made with a proprietary eye, to spy out the nakedness or the plenty of the land, or whether his object was to pay her a compliment, or to pick her brains for information useful to him with regard to his own farming affairs.

Barbara schooled herself to meet him with a friendly air. She knew hiw much depended upon his favor, and though it irked her sore to have to dissemble her inherent dislike of the man, in fairness she was forced to admit that he had given her no cause for offence. Moreover, she shrewdly gauged him as a man of violent temper if roused. She did not wish to rouse him, and accordingly the apparent friendship between the pair developed on favorable lines.

As for Mr. Moseley himself, he was vastly content with all he saw. He had never yet acted in a hurry in making a bargain, and he was not going to begin now, all the same, as the months rolled by he was more and more certain that this was to be the crowning bargain of his life. This was just such a wife as he would desire; but in this country how hard to obtain! A woman of elegant appearance, of cultivated mind, and full of

that elusive quality of charm which defies analysis, yet makes for supremacy and for power; yet with all this a woman of practical knowledge and usefulness, who hated waste and unthrift as he hated it himself, and would not only adorn a drawing-room arrayed in soft clothing and jewels, but would manage her household and her husband's property in the style of the admirable landed proprietor's wives of old. This was indeed the wife for him!

And Barbara came to know it. He took care that she should do so. He began to talk to her more and more intimately of the affairs of the property, and more and more did she come to understand how hopeless was her uncle's position — how absolutely at the mercy of this man. And, by degrees, he dropped significant hints.

He wanted to take over the property himself, but at her startled indignant look he smiled.

"Dear Miss Barbara, I desire above all things not to displease you. I have no words in which adequately to express my admiration for you. . ."

That went on for a time, then more definite wooing began to be attempted, and Barbara was made to understand that upon her hinged the whole situation. If she would marry him the old people should live out their time unmolested. His wife's next of kin would then be his, and no man desires to be hard upon his own flesh and blood. Barbara listened with calm face, but inward shudderings of shrinking horror. Each month brought the issue nearer and nearer. Her aunts's eyes grew more wistful, her uncles's words of veiled appeal more pathetic, the Jew's wooing more open and defined. At last the words were spoken to which an answer must be given.

Barbara stood up before them all and spoke.

"Give me till my birthday," she said. "I will give you my answer after the first of July."

IV.

"The glorious first of July!"

Barbara sprang up from her bed with these words upon her lips, and was out long before the household was astir. The dew lay thick and white upon the meadows, and the glamor of the golden morning was everywhere. The girl had donned a white dress—a simple dress of white linen, fashioned by her own fingers. For the first time since her father's death she had added a touch of color —a pink waistband, a pink sailor tie, and now there was a cluster of banksia roses at her throat.

And in her ears the question was hammering, with the hot young blood that coursed through her veins:

"Will he come? Will he come? Will he come?"

She saw again the white deck of the ocean liner, just one year ago today; the fair green shores, the smiling sky. And she saw more plainly still the strong, handsome face of the strong, handsome man, whom those past six weeks had made her friend. His had been her first and only birthday greeting a year ago, and his last words at parting had been the petition —to come and see her upon her next birthday. Would he come?

Not a word had she heard all through the past year; not a sign had he made, nor had she ever seen mention of his name in any paper. This perhaps was not to be wondered at, since she had little leisure for reading the news of the day, nor any familiarity with English papers, and where such items of intelligence about persons and doubtful successions were to be found.

Scarcely knowing which way she took, she found herself in the hazel copse, a charming plantation of about ten acres, which bounded the property upon the eastern side, and completely hid the village, which lay rather near to the house. The wood was bisected by a winding path. Barbara trod that path with light, free step, a

"THIS LADY IS MY PROMISED WIFE AND FOR ANY QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE IN THE FUTURE TO ASK, YOU MAY TAKE ME FOR THE ANSWER"

lilting song upon her lips. She turned a corner quickly—and stopped short.

"Many happy returns of the day!"

A little cry broke from her lips—a cry of rapture. Her hands were clasped in his. His keen blue eyes scanned her face hungrily. Hers were full of the radiant brilliance of hope fulfilled. He lifted her hands to his lips, and having kissed them, held them still.

"Barbara—you have not forgotten me?"

"Oh, Guy—forgotten!"

What came next neither could ever say. Did his lips or his eyes, or her eyes do the speaking? Or was it the heart alone that gave question and answer? But what did it matter? She was in his arms. His lips were pressed to hers.

"Barbara—my darling—my love!"

"Guy! Ah, I cannot believe it can be true!"

What they had known in secret before they parted last seemed now to be proclaimed aloud from the treetops by a chorus of enraptured birds! It was a beautiful betrothal out there in the tender green woodlands, with the scents and sounds of the coming summer about them.

"The glorious first of July, Barbara! Do you remember, sweetheart —the glorious first of July!"

Slowly they walked onwards, and Guy sketched for her the happenings of the past year.

"Yes, I am Sir Guy Dunstable now, and a rich man to boot. But it took a long time to ascertain the fact. My papers were all right—proved who I was; but there was the intermediate branch to trace, and that was a long business. I had to go out to America with a lawyer about it, and it took us the best part of five months to follow up the clues. But in the end we got all the needful proofs. That branch of Dunstables had become extinct. On the homeward voyage he gave in my name to the purser as Sir Guy Dunstable—my lawyer companion, I mean. But even after we landed there was a lot of business to go through, and I had to hustle the slow arm of the law all I knew to get all finished up by—my Barbara's birthday. Sweetheart, tell me your story now!"

She told it him. She kept nothing back, and as she spoke of the courtship of Moseley, she felt the tense pressure of the arm which was round her still.

"And you would have sacrificed yourself—sold yourself—to save the place for the old people?"

"Ah, Guy, how can I tell what I should have done? I would not think, I would not decide, I would not even make up my own mind—not until after—the first of July!"

"Sweetheart, I will settle the matter with this man Moseley. It will be easy, for whilst I was in America an old cousin of the Dunstables died, and she left her property to the next baronet, whoever it chanced to be. It was a snug little fortune, well invested. We will lie low till Moseley tries his little game and threatens to foreclose. Then my lawyers shall step in and clear the place of debt. Darling, it is all right; is it not my wife's inheritance? What more right and proper than that I take an interest in its well-being? Whilst they live your uncle and aunt shall stay here undisturbed and in peace of mind and prosperity of circumstance. We will put in an active young managing bailiff to look after everything, for I cannot spare my Barbara any longer for that task."

She looked up at him with swimming eyes—eyes that sparkled with happy tears.

"Oh, Guy—dear Guy! It seems too good to be true. Are you sure—quite sure—that it is not all a dream?"

She brought him to the house and told all the tale; how they had fallen in love upon the steamer, yet how they had only plighted their troth that very morning in the hazel copse. Barbara, her arms about her aunt's neck, whispered a long, eager story, which brought smiles to the old lady's lips, and happy tears to her eyes. In the

study later on Guy had an interview with Mr. Musgrave, from which he emerged with an air of renewed youth and hope which made Barbara's heart leap up.

Guy spent the day with them—he and Barbara together; and as they strolled through the gardens and up towards the house in the softened light of the approaching sunset, they saw that there was a guest with the old folks upon the lawn.

"It is Mr. Moseley," spoke Barbara; "and oh, look at that monstrous bunch of flowers he has brought—for me!"

"Come along," said Guy. "Let's put the beggar out of his pain and into his place."

The old people had not dared to tell; but the sight of the lovers told its own tale. The man's face grew purple with mixed emotions. He got up and came forward to meet them. Barbara shuddered even to think of an awful thing which might have been.

"Miss Barbara—I understood you to say—that on or after the first of July I was to have—my answer."

"Quite so, sir," answered Guy, taking the word from Barbara's lips; "this lady is my promised wife, and for any questions you may have in the future to ask, you may take me for the answer!"

Citizenship in a Republic

The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed. The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source; and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in the average citizenship of the nation.

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly.

Such ordinary, every-day qualities include the will and the power to work, to fight at need, and to have plenty of healthy children. The need that the average man shall work is so obvious as hardly to warrant insistence.

He should be trained to do so, and he should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible position if he does not do so; that he is not an object of envy if he is idle, at whichever end of the social scale he stands, but an object of contempt, an object of derision.

In the next place the good man should be both a strong and a brave man; that is, he should be able to serve his country as a soldier if the need arises. There are well-meaning philosophers who declaim against the unrighteousness of war. The question must not be merely, Is there to be peace or war? The question must be, Is the right to prevail? Every honorable effort should always be made to avoid war, but no self-respecting individual, no self-respecting nation, can or ought to submit to wrong.
—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

PANORAMIC VIEW OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

PROVINCE, BELLE AND BLACK ISLANDS IN THE CENTRE, CEDARVILLE AND LAKE PARK TO THE RIGHT, OWL'S HEAD AND MOUNT ELEPHANTIS IN THE BACKGROUND

VIEW FROM SIR MELBOURNE TAIT'S COUNTRY SEAT, KNOWLTON

The Spell of the Eastern Townships

By Helen E. Williams

"So and no otherwise — so and no otherwise hillmen desire their Hills." — Kipling.

A LAND of upland farms and nestling villages; of mountain lakes and tranquil rivers; a new land and a prosperous; a wonder of green in summer, a glory of scarlet and tawny-gold in autumn—such are the Eastern Townships, or, as they are not inaptly called, "The Switzerland of Canada."

When and how the former appellation—by which that portion of the Province of Quebec lying southeast of the St. Lawrence, and including within its confines the Counties of Shefford, Brome, Missisquoi, Stanstead, Richmond, Drummond, Sherbrooke, Compton, Megantic and Wolfe—originated is variously ascribed; the most authentic version, perhaps, being that at the same time that several thousand United Empire Loyalists received grants of land from the Government in western Canada, or Ontario, at the close of the Revolutionary War in 1782, a few hundred families came to the townships of Eastern Canada, or Quebec, and their friends who remained in the States acquired the habit of distinguishing the different settlements by calling the latter the *Eastern* Townships.

There are places that one wonders at, admires, enthuses over, and ends by—forgetting. But one does not forget the Eastern Townships. Time was when nine Canadians out of ten had

A TYPICAL EASTERN TOWNSHIP SCENE

ENTRANCE TO THE NARROWS, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, WITH OWL'S HEAD IN THE DISTANCE

never heard of them. Time was when the phrase, "He is a Townships man," evoked but the image of a shrewd, robust, humorous type, whose propensity for "getting there" was rather astonishing to those whom necessity had never taught "Success is but the science of obedience." Time was when it was enough to know that Sherbrooke and Granby had proven self-sufficient reasons for existing, that Stanstead county was "the banner agricultural section of the province," and Brome, Missisquoi and Shefford, dairy and manufacturing centres. But 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new." North Hatley, Lake Memphremagog, Knowlton are names to conjure with. Long before the flat country about Caughnawaga has climbed into the hills that ring with emerald that "Sapphire dropped from fairy casket"—Brome Lake; before those loftier cones, Owl's Head and "darkling Orford," have challenged the prospective mountain-climber; before even Eccles' Hill, of Fenian Raid fame, has fired the patriotism of lovers of ancient lore—the spell has been cast. The scenic views are unsurpassed in charm by any in Canada—but it is not the views alone. The climate is good, and it is true that we like places for their weather much as we do people for their dispositions—but it is something more subtle than climate. Something, it is, which makes these Eastern Townships as much of a cult as was ever Ravello or Bagni di Lucca, on the Other Side.

It is now a number of years since North Hatley, on beautiful Lake Massawippi, has become a fashionable water-place, frequented not only by Canadians, but by Americans as well, who have wearied of the stereotyped pleasures of Newport and the Maine beaches. Big hotels, with modern improvements, recreations of every shape and nature, and cottages which have sprung up over night, as if by order of some slave of the lamp, all contribute their quota in making the *tout ensemble* one attractive to the most exacting of the tourist genus.

To spend a vacation at Bondville (named for Bishop Bond) on the western arm of Brome Lake, is to pass into quite another world. Here Isaac Walton has many disciples, and the

COTTAGES AT LAKE PARK ON THE SHORE OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

gentle art of angling is all the vogue. Camp fires of outing parties, on the points often send their penciled-gleams and fragrant message out over the velvet darkness shrouding this side of the lake. At the southern extremity is Knowlton, the picturesque. Those who are satiated with what Arthur Symons calls "The beauty of consciously beautiful things," find here a simplicity, a harmony, which is almost musical in its appeal. All who are able come when the hillsides are blushing with their first spring beauties, and outstay the spectacular pageantry with which the maples banner their approaching eclipse. That smartness, that indefinable air of favorite resortship, which seems to come to some places simultaneously with their "discovery," fatally detracting from their charm, has not as yet set its blight upon Knowlton. Perhaps this is in some measure accounted for by the fact that although good hotels accommodate transients and all such as have only a few weeks at their disposal, the place is essentially noted for the select coterie—the Hon. S. A. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and Sir Melbourne Tait, Dr. Symonds, and Mr. G. G. Foster, of Montreal, to mention but a few names—whose summer residences on the east side of the lake need no introduction. Boating, bathing, canoeing, dancing are facilitated by an efficient club house committee. A bowling green and public and private tennis courts abound. The Conference Grove, which in the last few years has attained the reputation of a "Canadian Northfield," draws the serious-minded, who are thus enabled during the August sessions to listen to discourses by prominent Canadian and American speakers. While the Paul Holland Knowlton Memorial, the repository for curiosities and heirlooms (from the sinister tomahawk and Indian war club ploughed up in this vicinity to queer, awkward, wooden agricultural contrivances, in no wise resembling the machinery which has supplanted them, mysterious chests with secret compartments, affairs for making pills, and a strip of wallpaper, framed, upon the back of which the Confederates printed their last newspaper) donated from all over the Townships, is a capi-

BLARNEY CASTLE

THE CHARMING SUMMER RESIDENCE OF G. C. FOSTER, K.C., MONTREAL, ON THE SHORES OF BROME LAKE

tal place in which to browse of a rainy morning.

There are few drives more typical, perhaps, than that which leaves Knowlton to wind through Bolton Pass, over the same route traveled in the olden times by the heavy Concord coach. A trout brook plays hide-and-seek with the road much of the way. Quaint houses of the-day-before-yesterday peer incuriously from their "patch of clearing." A little square district school, recalling days when one was told to "speak up there, and don't read like a mouse in a cheese, and *mind your stops,"* sits primly beside its wood-pile. Somewhere away in this waste of rock, and spruce and wind-fall of timber is a smuggler's cave. Many are the tales told of the lawless spirits who stowed their booty there. It was here, too, that a "stranger from the States" was frozen to death one winter, while attempting the then "foolhardy" and "perilous" journey to Stanstead on horseback. Here a Mr. Austin, returning with a load of salt from Montreal, had his encounter with the panther, and put him to rout. But farther away, in Brome Woods, that an oat-field was destroyed by bears in a single night, and the standing shocks on an acre corn lot demolished by the same ruthless marauders.

It is but a step now, in the manner of speaking, to the famous Potton sulphur springs (discovered in 1844) for the medicinal properties of whose waters people congregate "out of everywhere into here" each season. When the fastidious have elevated the feature of scorn, and the competitive have quaffed many tumblers, and tossed many bean-bags in the Spring House below, and arranged for a dance upon their return—it is time to be off for the race down-hill to the Landing, where "The Lady of the Lake" is in waiting to take passengers down Lake Memphremagog.

Every year sees more of the farms

ALVA HOUSE

THE COUNTRY SEAT OF HON. SIDNEY FISHER, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, AT KNOWLTON

along the water-front "bought up" and built upon by cottagers, whose return to the so-called simple life is here enhanced by all the health-giving and wholly delightful sports attendant upon combined water and mountain capabilities. Not to have climbed "Owl's Head," or "Orford," or "Sugar Loaf," or "Round Top," or "The Pinnacle," is not to have seen the Eastern Townships. And *how* one sees it who does! From "Orford" (an eminence of 4,500 feet) the country stretches away in ever widening perspective, the patchwork of green and chocolate-colored farms veined here and there by rivers and toy-like trees, and gemmed by the flash of a score of lakes, till all climb once more into the magnificent range of interlapping peaks, through which, on a clear day, can be distinguished Mount Royal, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the Green Mountains of Vermont. "Owl's Head," rising abruptly 2,700 feet from the margin of the lake, is a shorter, steeper climb. From the height you look down upon the veritable woods through which those who know their Parkman will remember that Rogers' Rangers swept in 1759 on their way to "exterminate the brood of tigers" that had so long harried the homes of New England.

"To understand the national life of Canada," Mr. Creighton once wrote, "you must go among the *habitants*." It means going rather farther afield in these days when it is difficult to light upon a spot where someone is not "staying" or "sojourning." But should the collector of first impressions scale that part of the Bolton range always alluded to as "The" Mountain, and find himself in the vicinity of St. Etienne, he will be rewarded by the sight of *habitants* working in the fields in costumes as picturesque as he pleases, from the ornamental point of view. Should he engage in conversation with one of these, Drummond's name, sooner or later, is always sure

to be mentioned. For they still like to tell of his visits among them, and how he "put questions into them, begosh!" when practising at Knowlton, early in his medical career.

These *habitants* prove efficient guides when strangers from other parts of Canada or the United States come to these woods to spend hunting or fishing vacations, or upon prospecting expeditions. For there is hardly a farm among these hills that has not its unworked copper, silver, or asbestos mine. Though sometimes the possessor is deceived, and led into embarrassing situations, as was a man who presented himself one day at Dr. —'s door, in Montreal. He was of the type ubiquitously known as "hayseed," but upon the assistant's politely insinuating that the scientist's time was not at his disposal, he affirmed that he carried that which would make him see *him*. A certain excitement, held in check, conveyed itself to the assistant, and after a brief parley with his chief, the stranger was shown into the sanctum. He looked about him stealthily, as if to be assured that they were quite alone, and produced from one of his capacious pockets a knobby parcel, from which he proceeded to unpeel many thicknesses of paper. At last a flaming red handkerchief came to sight, and he spread the contents on the desk, and stood back with a gesture of triumph. What might the professor call that? He, the man, had a whole farm full of it. The professor stooped and examined specimen after specimen, then straightened and looked at the stranger, whose excitement was by this time almost uncontrollable. "Iron pyrites," he announced, succinctly, and as the other's jaw dropped and he stared at him speechless, he repeated, vaguely conscious of some substratum of tragedy in the air, "Yes. Iron pyrites—only iron pyrites." "Not gold," choked the man. Then, stonily, "an' I jest married a widder with eight children, what owned the farm. I—I thought fur *sure* it wuz gold!"

"What delightful things inns and waiters and bagmen are!" Robert Louis Stevenson has exclaimed somewhere. And delightful the "inns," or boarding houses, of the Eastern Townships certainly are. They are not necessarily always to be found in the vortex of fashion's seething activities, though when they are some of the "nicest" people are among their "come-and-come-againers." They are at their best, perhaps, when you must drive a mile or so out into the country between fields a-tangle with blowing daisies, clover, buttercups and Flora's paint brush—this last the special *bete noir* of farmers—before you draw up at your destination, and are told by a beaming hostess that she is *real* glad to see you again, an' to come right in, you must be all tuckered out, an' my sakes alive but how you *have* growed! It is all very pleasant—even the last, fiction though it is, since your "growing" days are palpably over.

When you have "Taken your ease at your inn," you sally forth. And here are fields where you can go a-berrying, woods where there is still a sporting chance to bring back bags a-bulge with game, brooks from which speckled trout can be lured to furnish fisherman's luck at picnic spreads on springy moss beneath lattice-work of dark-green foliage. Here, from some coign of vantage, looking off through the lilac haze of sunset at a darkening grandeur of scene, with a bell somewhere in the distance faintly ringing, you feel with Goethe that you "May say, paint, describe as you will, but here is more than all." For here, up among the hills, far away from city, and "cuff-and-collar cult," and the strenuous life, you come to know the spell which *is* the Eastern Townships.

Flies!

By

H. Graham Starr

A MAN crouched over the pungent haze of a smudge he had kindled near the edge of the trail. His smarting eyes blinked vacantly into space—brooding, hopeless, desperate. In a vague mechanical way his hands swept in constant monotony about his head. Once his unshaven, pitifully swollen face lifted skyward; the thin lips parted exposing the small clenched teeth; he uttered a groan. His head sank heavily into his folded arms and only the whine of innumerable insect life broke the hushed murmur of the wilderness.

Over the face of the bluff a new figure appeared and commenced scrambling down the steep trail. The poor wretch crouching over the smudge watched him pause at the base of the sharp descent and shift his pack to the point of equilibrium. As the weight came on the tump-strap, the stranger's head tipped back. The other man's gaze slowly focused to an intense stare. His eyes narrowed; he moved uneasily.

The new arrival slipped from the tump-line and unslung his pack-sack. Through the haze the two men eyed each other intently. The newcomer uttered a low laugh and sank down with great deliberation on his pack. He mopped his unshaven face with his arm, while his free hand groped for his pipe. He commenced to fill it with Great West.

"Well, Canfield," he observed, "I haven't noticed anyone offering me the glad hand."

The crouching man shrugged his shoulders. "I heard you were in this district," he replied without enthusiasm. "It's a relic of barbarism at best, anyway—the handshake; and hardly symbolical." There was a suggestion of significance in the final utterance. His fingers worked nervously as he watched the other man light his pipe.

With a bushman's care the other extinguished the match and looked up. The deep carmine of the lowering sun reflected red from the steady eyes. A slight smile crept into his rugged face and expanded to a broad grin. He chuckled.

"Still the same old sophistries; the same old platitudes!" He regarded his companion with quizzical eyes. "Isn't there any room in the legal profession for an enterprising young man who carries a full stock of canned aphorisms to suit all situations?" The laughter died from his face. "Haven't things gone right? What brought you into this Godforsaken country?"

Canfield looked up quickly. "I might ask the same question of you, Glendenning," he retorted shortly.

Glendenning raised his brows. "And get an unequivocal answer," he replied calmly. "I have been knocking around such places as this ever since I left the Tech. What engineer does not? But you!" An unconscious note of contempt crept into his voice. "I was under the impression that your feet never left concrete pavements save to wear out other people's carpets or help polish hardwood floors." He looked about with puzzled countenance; he could see no indications

of a camp. "It's a great game, this prospecting. I suppose you are sitting in and calling for chips."

"Someone must've told you," came the sarcastic answer. He made a futile sweep at a mosquito. "Like a lot of other fools, I came up here to dig out a few bushels of silver and make stick-pins for my friends," he continued, with savage irony. The ferocity faded from his face. He dropped his head with a dull groan.

Glendenning watched a ring of tobacco smoke drift away and mingle with the thick columns from the smudge.

"Strike anything?" he inquired without much show of interest. The unfailing reply is likely to become monotonous.

"Nothing I can't carry away," muttered the other drily. His hand reached mechanically behind his neck. He drew it back and regarded the palm with hopeless eyes; it was streaked with blood. The spluttering smudge burst into a feeble flame. Glendenning kicked free a piece of moss with the heel of his pack and tossed it on the flickering blaze, swearing softly at conditions in general.

"Flies are pretty bad," he grunted.

"God!" It was a strangled sob, more prayer than profane. Glendenning looked up, startled. Canfield had half risen to his feet, beating impotently with clawing fingers at the little winged devils. His pitifully swollen face, streaked with congealed blood, was contorted with anguish—hopelessness—despair. He sank back to his crouching position with a low whimper, vainly endeavoring to hide his unprotected face in his arms. "It's hell!" he moaned dully; "not fit for white men. Sometimes it hardly seems worth while—" He stopped abruptly, his lip painfully pinched between his teeth. Across the smudge the dark eyes regarded him sardonically. Glendenning allowed the smoke to drift slowly from his lips, watching it form fantastic shapes and disperse.

"Go out into the world and prove your worth," he murmured reflectively.

Canfield straightened. His lips drew back slightly and exposed the small clenched teeth. "How did you know she—" His jaws snapped shut. He searched wildly into the unsympathetic, mocking face, his eyes pouring out the questions his lips dare not utter, and searching in vain for the answers the cynical eyes would not divulge. He bowed his head slowly between his hands, nervously brushing away the fresh blood from his ears.

Far into the rose-stained heavens the blue-grey columns ascended, wavered to gentle undulations softly tinged with the glow of sunset and diffused in space. Across the still evening there intruded the fluctuating roll of distant rapids; a faint murmur as of distant breezes whispering among the pines, growing in volume to a delligerant crescendo roar, only to slowly fade to a distant rumble. The low tremulo of a loon, punctuated by the plaintive utterance of a whip-poor-will, burst into a wild, wailing laugh. The drowsy chirping of the retiring feathered creatures was interrupted by the hoarse croak of the more daring night prowlers. And over all the low monotonous whine of insects droned an obligato.

Glendenning tapped his pipe and nodded thoughtfully. "Yes," he said slowly, "it's hell." His eyes lingered on the crouched form; a gleam of pity swept across the hard face. "Two months' flies, two months' bad weather and the rest winter. Yes, it can be hell, this beautiful Northland." He fingered his pack suggestively. "Camp far from here?" he inquired abruptly.

Canfield raised his head. In the feeble efforts of the smudge to burst into flame his brooding, swollen face gazed gloomily into space. Glendenning swore under his breath and tossed another piece of moss on the fire.

"I was asking—" he commenced again.

"I haven't—there isn't any," was the dull reply.

Glendenning allowed the pack to sink slowly to the ground. "I don't think I—quite understand," he said quietly. "You hardly mean you started out here—"

The other interrupted. "Except for a small cache I was wiped out, lock, stock and barrel, in the last bush fire." He waved his arm vaguely to the south. There was pathos in the gesture.

Glendenning slowly reseated himself. "By God!" The hard mouth twitched with a suggestion of pity. "That is playing to hard luck!" He commenced tugging at the tie straps of his pack. "These student fire rangers are about as much use as snowshoes in hell. Here!" He unsnapped the small pail from his belt. "Tote up some water. I'll start a fire." He dived into his pack.

When the other returned he had an Indian fire crackling cheerfully, and was busy stringing a small tent between two saplings. He secured the last guy with a heavy boulder and commenced turning out supplies. Save for occasional vituperations hurled at the offending flies the coarse meal was eaten in silence, and the few tins washed. They sat down to smoke.

For an interval neither man spoke. The soft carmine tints had faded to gloom. The crackling fire threw weird, fantastic shadows on the sloping roof of the tent. A gentle evening breeze whispered softly amid the balsam and lofty pines, carrying with it a touch of chill. The perpetual whine of mosquitos had given place to the sharp wail of an occasional offender. The low hum of the black flies had ceased. Night had driven them from the field.

Glendenning uttered a grunt of satisfaction. "Evidently the little devils are not going to work night shift tonight," he muttered into the bowl of his spluttering pipe. "They'll be on the job bright and early in the morning though, and bring their allies with them." He turned abruptly to the silent man beside him. "They've chewed you up pretty badly," he observed.

Canfield caressed his swollen face with trembling fingers. "They've driven me nearly mad," he muttered hoarsely. "I was a fool, like the rest, and laughed at the idea of mere flies driving a grown man from the bush. I'm cured." His mouth set grimly. "If people could only realize that a man can't rest for a moment day or night; that the little fiends allow him to neither sleep nor eat nor work. God alone knows when I last slept." A slight whimper of weariness, of heartsickness, stole into his voice. "I seem saturated with their poison. My head reels all day and at night a delirium of fever seizes me. I am almost afraid of myself then." He looked away from the steady eyes before him and dropped his head in shame. "Oh, I know I'm squealing. The pride seems to be all sucked out of me."

There ensued an awkward silence. Overhead, the celestial vault became studded with pinpoints of twinkling light. The fluctuating roll of the distant rapids had become a prolonged, resonant roar. The last traces of twilight had faded. Then descended the thick mantle of darkness, enfolding the bush in the deepest night, the night in the wilderness—ghostly, black, impenetrable. Flitting silently through the foliage, the blue-green flash of the fire-fly entered in feeble competition with the leaping flames of the fire. High overhead the gaunt old sentries of the wilderness gracefully bowed their heads one to another, whispering century-old secrets. A tottering rampike, creaking dismally in the breeze, warned his comrades that his race was run; that he was the plaything of the winds, soon to fall prone and lifeless, the pity of the greenwood.

Moved by a common impulse, the eyes of the two men met. Glendenning spoke with sharp abruptness:

"Take my advice; it's good. Chuck this. Some men are born for this country. You aren't. I love this great country. You don't. Make good some other way." Canfield opened

his lips in protest. "Wait! What chance have you—utterly ignorant of woodcraft, of minerology, of formation—when experts are failing every day. There are twenty-five thousand men in these regions. About twenty-five make good. The chance is one in a thousand. Try poker; your chances are hundreds of times better. You're full of fly poison. These little devils will get you yet. Once they down you—and, mark my word, they will—they'll drain your last drop of blood. That's straight! If you had seen what I have—" He shrugged his shoulders. "I've warned you," he concluded shortly.

Canfield had risen to his feet, gazing intently into the fire as though searching for an answer. The engineer sucked noisily at his pipe, swore under his breath as he spat out the noisome refuse and commenced to refill it. Canfield watched him pick a live ember from the fire, juggle it dexterously to his pipe and drop it in the bowl. He puffed several times and flipped the ember back into the fire. To Canfield the act symbolized the difference between them. He turned from the fire, his face working convulsively.

"You want to get me out of the way—to leave a clear field for yourself!" He gesticulated violently. "It won't work! In spite of flies and all damnation, I'll win her yet!.. He stopped with a low hissing intake of breath. The other man's eyes glittered ominously. Very deliberately he removed his pipe and stood up.

"You have made several distinct references in feminine pronouns," he said calmly. "I do not pretend to misunderstand you; but if only for the sake of our self-respect I should recommend that we refrain from becoming more personal. You have deliberately misconstrued my motives. You have insulted me in the most deliberate manner. I have done my best to dissuade you from self-destruction without giving you pain. I could leave you to struggle on in a losing fight. I have endeavored to swing you to a sensible frame of mind without being brutal. Had you a fighting chance I should keep my mouth shut. You haven't. Ordinary humanity has forced my hand. I've won out!" He deliberately turned his back.

Canfield swayed unsteadily, his hands working painfully, his fly-bitten, tortured face twitching convulsively.

"You're—you're lying!" he mutterer thickly. "It can't be. She promised—"

Glendenning cut in. "I've won out in the only thing on God's green earth that she loves," he snapped. "I have made a strike that will knock all Cobalt dizzy."

His companion stood motionless, rigid. His thin lips were drawn back in a snarl. He turned slowly, his breath coming in painful little gasps.

"You're lying," he replied mechanically. His mouth worked in an effort to say more, but failed. Glendenning dropped one hand to his pocket.

"You have twice used a word that is a fighting term up here," he said quietly. "If my word is not sufficient —" He withdrew his hand, and held a piece of rock on the extended palm. "That is a specimen," he concluded.

In the red glow of the camp-fire the other's eyes glittered wolfishly. With feverish eagerness his hand shot out and seized the ore. By the firelight he glared at it with red, bloodshot eyes. His fingers trembled; he could hardly hold the specimen. Once it slipped from his shaking hands. He uttered a despairing cry and snatched it wildly ere it reached the ground. He caressed it softly with his fingers, mumbling incoherently to himself. It was a rather disgusting scene.

"Silver!" he muttered hoarsely; "leaf silver!" He tore his eyes from it. Through the heavy stubble, through the painful swellings, the sunburnt raw flesh, his face was convulsed with passion—the lust of treasure. "Where —where—?" Twice his lips formed the forbidden question that his tongue could only mumble. His gaze devoured the piece of rock.

Glendenning regarded him in silence. Among many such scenes, this was the worst display of the passion he had encountered. Reluctantly, he touched the other on the shoulder. Canfield uttered a low cry and threw a look of terror over his shoulder as he hugged the mineral to his breast. Glendenning shrugged his shoulders.

"You forced my hand, Canfield. The game is finished—the stake's mine. Try poker; your chances are better. That's right!"

Canfield gave forth a peculiar utterance, between a sigh and a moan. With a tremendous effort he drew himself together.

"The luck's yours," he said wearily. His shaking fingers held out the rock. "It must go five thousand ounces," he ended dismally.

The engineer nodded absently. "I'm on my way now to stake it properly. It's only a few miles from here. Then I'll have to hit the trail for Elk City to record. I'll strike north through the bush to the portage. There should be a canoe of mine at the fire ranger's cabin. It will take a good deal longer, but it's easier going, and—" for the life of him he could not resist a little sigh of content. "Well, my hustling days are about over."

His face set and drawn, Canfield watched the last feeble efforts of the fire. The ruddy glow reflected in the brooding eyes, smoldering restlessly in the hard countenance. Forgotten were the thousand little throbbing pulses; forgotten the aching limbs, the raw, unprotected face so cruelly scorched by the sun. His mind traveled back through the weeks of struggle and anguish in the bush; through the months of striving and heart-sickness in the seething city; aye, through the years of grind in the university and law school. In the warm glow of the burning embers a picture of the ultimate prize, slowly resolved itself; and in the background ever stood the same towering figure—the man who won out. His teeth clenched savagely. The picture faded. Other thoughts crept in; thoughts he endeavored to push aside, but which would not be ignored. The smoldering gaze slowly gave place to a steely glitter, reflecting the red embers in a peculiarly ominous glow. Faithful windows of the soul, they alone betrayed the insidious thoughts that danced through his throbbing head. With a new alertness he watched his companion gazing moodily into the fire. A burnt ember snapped. Both men started and looked up, but their eyes did not meet. One felt manly shame for his success; the other feared the story his eyes might tell.

Far in the bush there rose a low wailing cry, swelling to a shrill scream, and then dying away in a low plaintive moan as the cry of an infant in the night. Canfield shivered.

"Lynx!" Glendenning laughed softly. "Woe to him who, ere moon-up, hears the cat scream!"

The solemn Indian lore brought gruesome shudders to the brooding man. His companion strode to the tent.

"I'm going to turn in. You'll have to share my blankets," he called as he vanished into the tent.

Canfield heard nothing. Long ere the last ember fell away to dust he crouched over the dead ashes thinking . . . thinking . . .

For perhaps ten heart-beats Canfield stood gazing in fascinated awe. The gaping fissure zig-zagged far up the face of the cliff, the open jaws packed with calcite and aplite, studded and entwined with tiny little threads of white metal. With a peculiar little strangled cry he pitched forward on all fours, clawing and snatching at the vein matter, breaking the long unkept finger-nails and cruelly lacerating the tapering fingers in a mad effort to tear away the beautiful cleavage. He uttered a savage oath, snatched the light axe from his belt and hacked furiously with the pick-end, smashing the soft calcite to atoms and scattering the small cubic blocks in white showers about him. A larger piece broke away. He dropped the axe and seized the piece of ore with

both hands, his whole frame trembling with nervous excitement.

"Native silver!" he mumbled huskily. He gazed intently up the long fissure. "And tons and tons of vein matter in sight—and thousands and thousands under blanket." He gazed fearfully about him. "And it's mine," he whispered hoarsely, "all mine!"

His blood-shot eyes caught sight of Glendenning's discovery post planted in a little pyramid of rocks. He muttered horrible little mirthless chuckles as he read off the blue hieroglyphics of the other man on the face. In a nervous frenzy he attacked the stake with his axe, clumsily shaving off the kiel marks. His face distorted with beastly exultation, he scrawled his own name and data on the fresh wood and sank down exhausted.

He was a terrible and pitiful sight Perspiration poured down his face, perspiration not all due to physical effort, mingled with fresh blood, and ran in scarlet rivulets over the blood-smeared face, only to coagulate and form fresh channels for the ever-flowing blood. He had followed the fresh blazes of the other man's new trail and he had jumped his claim. He had identified himself with the most abhorred type of individual in the North Country—the claim-jumper. The rough trail had torn his bush clothes to ribbons, filthy rags streaked with grease and blackened with charcoal from his passage through the burnt country. He sat crouched upon the ground, a strangely huddled heap, his arms hugging his knees and glaring with wild blood-shot eyes at the partially-uncovered wealth of nature.

"The fool!" he muttered hoarsely. "He might as well have staked and recorded it for me," he laughed sneeringly. "Told me all his plans and then blazed a trail right into his treasure. And he crowed over me, jeered at me, taunted me for my defeat. Defeat!" He broke into a hysterical laugh. Other thoughts commenced to steal in on his sluggish brain; thoughts he tried desperately to ignore, but would not be ignored. His brow puckered in a frown. He mumbled aloud; strange incoherent protests that combated an argument of some unseen second person, his better self. Forgotten was the night before when the man he would rob had shared his blankets with him. Forgotten the little parcel of supplies left under the rock to tide him over till he reached civilization; the generous stake that had been offered him to put him on his feet again. Forgotten was all save the long, waving white streak up the side of the cliff.

"He could afford to be generous," he snarled aloud as the disturbing twinges of conscience began to pinch. "He almost dared me; threw the temptation right under my nose. And he's going back by Purgatory Portage and a head wind on Lady Evelyn!" He laughed mirthlessly. "And I'll go back as I came and have half a day to the good. Hustling days over, eh?" Again the mirthless chuckle. "No need to hurry. Ah, well, all's fair in—" He checked himself, and a grim smile swept his distorted features as he recollected Glendenning's reference to platitudes.

He leaped to his feet. "Now to beat him to the recorder's." He shivered uneasily at the thought. "Everything is O.K. The other four stakes are altered. Now to hit the trail."

His swollen half-closed eyes roamed about him, first carelessly, then more attentively, and finally with a trace of panic. He leaned weakly against the propped-up discovery post. It tottered under his weight and slowly fell over on the pile of rocks. A little shudder of apprehension shook the claim-jumper. Could the fallen post be significant? Was he to fail after all? He looked about uneasily. All directions were alike. Gaze where he might, not a single blaze met his wildly-staring eyes. He unconsciously searched for the sun, but the blue haze of distant forest fires obscured the valuable guide. He sat down limply, his throbbing head between his hands.

"Now hold on, son," he muttered

aloud, "there is no need to get panicy. You're bushed, but there is nothing to get scared about. One of the trunk trails is only three miles away. Now just keep your head and you're all right."

He sat thinking. He tried to orient himself. He drew the relative positions of the main trail and his present location on the ground with a stick. Somehow, his brain was sluggish. He could not recollect whether he had traveled north, south or east. He knew that it was not west, for he remembered they had plunged into the bush away from the sunset of the night before. Since then they might have gone in any direction. Gradually the pestering hum affected his nerves. He lost his temper and struck savagely at the swarming insects; struck wildly, fruitlessly and with the knowledge that it was useless. He jammed his axe into his belt and stood up. All other thoughts had given place to the one all-important problem—how to get out. He snatched out his pocket compass. For a long time he stared down at the jumping needle. Twice he made false starts and returned, gazing down at the needle in bewilderment.

"It's no good," he groaned, "and they told me it was the best on the market. Well, I wouldn't know what direction to start, anyway." His hopeless eyes again turned to the compass. The needle was spinning and bobbing here and there in a most bewildering manner. In a fury of rage he dashed the delicate instrument to the earth, ground it to scrap metal beneath his heavy heel, jumped and stamped it into the soft turf, a torrent of vicious blasphemy pouring from his lips. In his frenzy the axe fell from his belt. For a long time he stared down at the rusty blade in stupid wonder; then burst into hoarse, ironical laugh of derision. No wonder the needle had acted up with an axe-head within a foot of it!

In spite of the grey-white threads of treasure winding up the cliff, a dull despair seized him. Again the thousand little pulses throbbed, the monotonous whine, the trickling blood became more and more in evidence. He sank down on the fallen tree to think. He searched through his pockets for matches. He would make a smudge and get the slight temporary relief while smothering in the smoke. A horrified panic crept over him as he turned out pocket after pocket in vain search. In his mad plunge for wealth he had come away without the bushman's first necessity. The noon was far away, yet a sudden terror gripped him at the fear of the coming night without the protection of a smudge. He examined the mutilated compass and shook his head in despair.

"I'll start into the wind," he muttered. "It won't be hard to keep in a straight line if I'm careful. I must strike a trail sooner or later. I wonder if that beast Glendenning blazed only one side of the trees in order to trap me."

He forgot the hills and valleys and waterways that deflected the wind in a hundred different directions. In his mad fear of a night in the bush he partially forgot the possible loss of the claim he had jumped. He cast one uneasy glance about him and then plunged blindly into the bush.

Glendenning was in a bad humor as he beached his canoe and struggled up the trail to the point where he had camped with Canfield two days before. The recorder had insisted on a more detailed map of the claim, and Glendenning had traveled back some thirty miles to make it.

He stared in mild surprise when he saw the little heap of supplies under the ledge of rock.

"Why, the concentrated jackass forgot his chuck!" he growled. He stared about with a puzzled frown. His roving eye caught hobnail foot-prints on the soft turf just off the trail. Glendenning never wore hobnails. He uttered a little startled gasp of astonishment. "I wonder," he muttered,

"if that poor deluded fool trailed me in with an idea of jumping my claim! Well, those blazes were all on this side, and if he got in he'll never in all God's green world get out by himself," he concluded grimly.

It was near sundown when Glendenning found him. He was crouching over the huge fissure, alternating childish prattle with foulest blasphemy. He was quite delirious and a fearful sight. Through the huge rents in his clothes the lacerated flesh was only concealed by the coagulated blood. In and out among the ragged tatters there crawled and whined innumerable pests of the North Country. His ragged garments were grey with them. They crawled through his hair, clung to his stubbly beard, gored and glutted themselves with his life fluid. His face was swollen past all possibility of recognition. Both eyes were completely closed. His ears had become flush with his cheeks. Destiny had carried him all one day in a huge circle till he had crossed Glendenning's blazed trail. He did not recognize it and had uttered a scream of relief as he tore madly down the line of blazes, only to be carried back to that mocking fissure whose very jaws seemed to leer at him, and there to fall down unconscious with fatigue and despair; to suffer torture and maybe to die beside the treasure, his covetousness for which had brought him to this.

An hour later, seated before the gigantic smudge, Glendenning stared down at the delirious man. He heard his ravings and blasphemy with cold cynical eyes. It is hard to forgive a claim-jumper. He heard him curse and rant against the woman whose smile had sent them both out into the wilderness. He heard his ravings against himself. He smiled grimly as the torrent of accusations poured from the cracked and distorted lips. He accused his rescuer of leading him into the bush by a blind trail so that he would die and leave a clear field. He heard him go back to childhood and prattle and sob to his mother. The hard glint in Glendenning's eyes softened and he sighed. Time and again the delirious man beat wildly about his head at imaginary flies, choking and spluttering with the smoke, cracking open the sores about his lips and would fall groaning to the earth.

The smudge crackled into a blaze and Glendenning made no effort to smother it. He knew from the chill in the air that the pests would soon crawl to cover. As the flames leaped higher and higher, the man who had won out stared with unseeing eyes into the flames.

"Only beauty," he muttered thoughtfully. "No heart, no soul, nothing but beauty. The price she demands is too heavy." He regarded the softly-muttering man with dull eyes. "Yes, too heavy!" he repeated. "A woman's greed would bring a straight, hard-working man to this. Poor Canfield!"

He took a small case from the bosom of his shirt, extracted a small card from it and gazed pensively down at it.

"A beautiful ornament for the home," he murmured bitterly, "but the price would be too high." He did not mean dollars and cents.

Very deliberately he shoved the miniature within the flames till one corner charred and ignited. Just as deliberately he applied it to the bowl of his pipe, drew a long inhalation and puffed the smoke into space. The charred embers from the miniature wavered on top of the bowl and floated gently away. The man smiled painfully.

"Smoke," he murmured reflectively. "All smoke—and ashes."

A CHARMING NORTHERN LANDSCAPE

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOWS AT THE PEACE RIVER CROSSING

Out-of-Doors on the Peace River

By

Aubrey Fullerton

THERE are all the qualities of a happy hunting-ground in the Peace River country. It is roomy, full of life, and generously marked with beauty, and it has, over all, that quiet spell that is characteristic of outdoor life in the north. Things are spread out on a wide scale. It is a country of far-flung spaces and of many surprises, and the man who has gone will go again, if he can make it out. Many more men are going now than a year or two ago, and we shall presently be hearing of excursion rates to the Peace River, of holiday camps and hunting parties, and, it may be, of even up-north summer cottages.

It used to be that the region beyond Edmonton was spoken of as the barren north, but the barren strip has been shoved away back to the farther north and the farther interior, and that vast stretch of country along the Peace, Athabasca, and a part of the Mackenzie is now known to be a region of natural riches as far removed as may be from barrenness—which means that it is a great country, not only to farm in, but to have a good time in.

Three things make it what it is: rich soil, long daylight, bright sun; and because of these triple conditions all plant life grows thriftily. Because plant life thrives animal life is abundant, and so the same conditions that make it a great farming country make it a sportsman's paradise. If you would see an outdoor world gay with wild flowers and wild grasses, backed by big trees and edged with shrub-

bery, habited by the furry and feathery fellows that the nature-books tell us about: go to the Peace River and beyond.

Nearly all the rivers and lakes of this northern country are bordered on either side by tracts of heavily timbered land, growing poplar, spruce, alder, willow, jackpine and tamarac. The Athabasca's banks are covered from its source in the Rockies to Fort McMurray with aspen and spruce, in places extending for miles from the river. The Peace River is also wooded, its spruce sometimes attaining a size that rivals the largest in British Columbia. Forest edges off to a bushland, and beyond the bush are the grass-covered, flower-strewn prairies, where redtop grass grows to four feet and wild roses are recklessly gay. At Fort Vermilion, six hundred miles north of Edmonton, cattle and horses winter outside, with this native grass as fodder, and are not a whit the worse. Where grass and flowers luxuriate, it may be expected that berries will thrive, and indeed the northern plains would yield big profits if their berry harvest could be marketed. To these several facts add that also of abundant water, and you have the reasons why the north is favorable to animal life.

Over the plains, through the woods, up and down the rivers, hither and thither as they please in a country that till now has been all their own, roams an assortment of wild folk that would have pretty nearly satisfied Noah himself. They are such as these: ermine, bear, wolf, beaver, red and silver fox, otter, lynx, fisher, marten, mink, rabbit, moose, caribou, buffalo. Three only, the buffalo, the elk, and the beaver, are on the restricted list; and of the others many thousands are trapped each year for their skins' sake. Great sport is this. There's method in it and the zest that comes from a knowledge that one's living depends upon it; for the furry folk of the northern woods are food, raiment, and pay-roll for the Indian trappers and money-makers for the trader. Year after year, for generations, the hunting has gone on, and every year a million's worth of furs

A STOP ON THE WAY NORTH

TRACKING UP THE ATHABASCA RIVER

has been taken out of the north, of which the Peace River country has furnished a substantial part. Perhaps hunting as a business ceases to be sport, but, if one chooses, he may hunt for the sheer fun of it ; and nowhere is there better opportunity than here.

Two animals there are which one might cover the whole Peace River country without seeing. The bear is unreliable. He will sometimes show up to the visiting hunter in lots of from five to twenty in two days, and sometimes one may go for two hundred miles and see never a bear. But he is there, all the same. He fattens on trout and the wild pea-vine in spring, and in summer on the saskatoon berries, wild cherries, strawberries and willow-berries. If this diet should fail at any time there are rabbits for him, though not so easily gotten. Much more rarely seen than the bear, however, is the buffalo. There is known to be a herd of five hundred bison or thereabout in the northern part of the district, but many a Peace River pioneer has never seen more of them than their tracks. The Alberta Legislature is considering means to preserve these northern buffalo, which are the only ones in America in their natural freedom. For fear of the mounted police, the Indians, to their credit be it said, leave them alone.

Of bird life in the north there is no lack. The prairie chicken, which is becoming something of a rarity on the plains of the south, is still numerous in the Peace River country and may be bagged at will. Wild ducks are in millions, it would seem. Geese and swans, however, go further north, apparently preferring the solitudes of the Great Slave and other remoter lakes for their nesting-places. Sixty years ago one of the missionary priests in northern Saskatchewan told how he had learned to fatten on the eggs of the wild fowl whose nests covered the shores of hidden lakes.

Beasts of the field and birds of the air there be, by the many thousand; and fishes of the water, too. The man with the rod will find sport much to his liking in these rivers and lakes of the Northland. Trout and whitefish of the solid tasty kind that only cold northern water can produce will give a meal that lacks nothing of camper's

VERMILION FALLS

UNDEVELOPED WATER-POWER ON THE PEACE RIVER

NORTHERN TRANSPORTATION

THE STEAMER "PEACE RIVER" ON PEACE RIVER

comfort. They are good, large-grown fish, and lots of them. On Lesser Slave Lake the whitefish catch is becoming a promising industry. The fishery begins with the formation of ice about the last of September and is continued through the winter, the fish being caught through the ice and shipped by trail to Edmonton. When the railroad gets in, this fishing industry, with thus improved facilities for shipment, will assume considerable proportions.

The man who would see the Peace Rilver with gun and rod will thus have abundant entertainment. If he finds fun in that kind of thing he will find it here to his fill. But if he prefers just seeing to shooting he will be none the less entertained and perhaps will have fewer chances of disappointment. Ernest Thompson Seton went north two years ago on that kind of a trip and achieved, it will be remembered, some gunless triumphs.

But if one is neither an ardent game-shooter nor an ardent nature-student, there is still a world of sport for him in the Northland. Just to travel through it, to breathe and taste its peculiar charm, to live awhile in the midst of things out-of-the-common is rare delight. A trip on the Peace River, for instance, is a travel-treat unequalled in all Canada. The vastness of everything about one is, to begin with, an influence that inevitably makes itself felt, weighing down upon one with a sense of awe that thrills or kills one's nerves according to the kind of man he is. The silence over all, the clearness of the air, and the brightness of the sunlight are of a piece with it. One cannot forget that this is the land of wonders, where things are different from elsewhere even when they seem the same. The Peace River has scenic charm, too. It is a great and noble river, flowing through a great and wonderful country. In June and July it floods, and several feet of its tree-clad banks are then under water. All through the summer the river, thus swollen, and winding its snaky way through a wide gorge-like trough for six hundred miles is the color of clay, but in the autumn the water recedes and turns silvery clear. September on the Peace River is Nature put into poetry. The shores are in colors of shaded red and gold, with the green of the spruce in the background—such scenery as one sees on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, but more of it and more grandly riotous. In the halo of sunset and the long after-glow of the north the Peace River beauty is quite enough to justify a traveler's raptures.

And further fun may be counted on if one goes on a canoeing trip up the Peace, with time to see things and an inclination to do some exploring along the streams and lakes that lead off from the Peace. The traders hurry up and down, for their season is short; the Indian trappers roam to and fro on a quest that never ends; but the sightseeing sportsman learns the worth of the north by dipping leisurely into the River of Delights, by bivouacking in the bush, and by tasting what manner of thing this mysterious north-spirit is. Even to the hurried busy traveler, nay even to the man who reads about it, the north is a land of many charms, but to such a sportsman as this it is the place where beauty, glory, and romance dwell. None of which is inconsistent with the fact that a great industrial future is awaiting the Peace River country. It is just because it is the Land of the Great Outdoors, with opportunities made by Nature, that things are going to be done there presently.

THERE are two unpardonable sins in the world—success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure, and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success.—*George Horace Lorimer.*

"I HELD THE MATCH FOR HIM

Celia's Bid For Freedom

The Story of a Peacemaker and His Reward

By Keble Howard

THIS adventure opens with two calls on the telephone. (I had retired, you see, to my quarters in town.)

The first speaker was Celia.

"Is that you?" she said.

Her voice, I must ask you to note, was just the same as usual—cool, quiet, perfectly balanced.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo!" My tone indicated pleased surprise. "What in the world are you doing in town?"

"I've come up for good."

"For good? D'you mean that you've given up your little house?"

"Oh, no. I've been kicked out."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm perfectly serious."

"But I don't understand. Who kicked you out?"

"Austin, of course."

"Rubbish! I don't believe a word of it!"

"Thank you. It's true, all the same. By the way, in case you want to take me out, to dinner or the theatre or anything, I'm staying for the present with Dolly."

"Dolly who?"

"Dolly Hadow, my great chum, you know. I've often talked to you about her."

"But I thought you didn't much—"

"Yes; it is sweet of her to have me, isn't it?"

I understood, then, that Dolly was in the room.

"Well, but this is a terrible business. You've absolutely stunned me."

"Poor dear! You'll soon get accustomed to the idea. In case you want to ring me up, you might take down this number."

I took it down.

"I mean to have a jolly good time, you know. By the way, if you see Austin, you haven't heard anything, of course."

"All right. But I do wish—"

Celia rang off.

An hour later, whilst I was still pacing my room, trying to make out what these young people had been at to get themselves into such a tangle, the telephone bell went again. This time it was Austin. His voice, I must ask you to note, was shaky, almost trembling. From his tone, too, I could tell that he was badly in need of a friend.

"Is that you, old chap?"

"Hullo-ullo-ullo!" The pleased surprise sounded a little forced, but I had given my promise to Celia.

"Would it be disturbing you if I came round for half an hour?"

"Not a bit. Come along, by all means. Where are you speaking from?"

"From a call-office in the Strand."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"I'm afraid there is. In fact, I'm in great trouble. I hardly know what I'm saying."

"I'm awfully sorry! Come round and—"

"It's about Celia." The poor fellow was evidently too overcome to keep the news to himself any longer. "She's bolted."

"What?"

"She's bolted."

"Who has?"

"Celia."

"Rubbish!"

"It's quite true. I'm most awfully cut up. I'll come round at once—may I?"

"Do; by all means."

This was an entirely new aspect of the matter. There is all the difference in the world between bolting and being kicked out. I could see that, if I was to be of any service to my young friends, I must proceed very warily.

My sympathies went out to Austin directly I set eyes on him. (I had not seen Celia, remember.) He was pale, and twitchy, and suspiciously puffy about the eyes. I am not trying to be funny when I say that. There is nothing funny about the tears of a man. You have to be a man to understand that in the fullest sense.

"Have a drink?" I said.

"No, thanks; I'll have a cigarette, if I may."

I held the match for him.

"Well," he said, walking up and down, and trying to speak without emotion, "this is a bit of a knock, isn't it?"

"Tell me exactly what it all means, and how it happened. You know where she is, I suppose?"

"Yes. At least, I know where she said she was going."

"Then," I said, rather sternly, "that's where she'll be." Genuine concern was all very well, but I did not want any play-acting.

"Of course, old chap; I know that. She's staying with a great friend of hers—Mrs. Hadow. They have rather a nice house in South Kensington."

"Then you needn't be uneasy about her."

"I am, all the same. I'm afraid she'll go rushing about to theatres and dances and things, and knock herself up. She's not a bit strong really, you know."

There was a little pause. I am not an inquisitive person, but I was naturally anxious to hear the reason for this sudden split.

"This has been coming on for some time," said Austin, presently.

"Has it? I hadn't noticed anything. I always thought you were both so happy."

"Ideas," he replied, bitterly. "That's the trouble. They get ideas, you know. Want to expand their horizon, and all that sort of thing. Celia's been talking about expanding her horizon for the last three months. She's had things on her mind, too, about the position of women."

"No!"

"Fact! Says the old days of feminine slavery are over. I reminded her that we kept a cook and two maids, and had no children at present—and then she flew into a rage—said I was an ignorant Philistine, and couldn't appreciate the finer feelings of women."

"Was this to-day?"

"Oh, no; about two months ago. But it's been going on in a desultory sort of way ever since."

"I expect she wanted a little change."

"Yes; I said that, but it only seemed to make her angrier than ever—not noisy anger, you know, but the quiet, icy kind—much harder to bear."

He shivered.

"Well?"

"That was at lunch to-day. So then I got a bit ratty myself."

"Only a bit?"

"A goodish bit. I suggested that perhaps she would like a *thorough* change. I believe I used the word 'permanent.' Anyway, before I knew what was happening, she was upstairs shoving some things into a bag. In

less than half an hour she was out of the house. Now you know as much about it as I do, and you can give me your advice. I don't often ask for advice, as you know, but this time I'm in real need of it. Shall I—shall I go to her and ask her to come back?"

"This," I said, cautiously, "is between ourselves, of course?"

"Certainly. I don't want her to have the slightest suspicion that I've seen you or told you anything."

"Right. I quite understand. Well, if I were in your place, I should certainly not ask her to come back."

"You wouldn't?"

"No. The game for you to play is dignified indifference masking a stricken heart."

"You think so?"

"That's my advice. Don't act on it unless you feel yourself that it's right."

"I do. Thanks, very much," The color returned to his cheeks; he began to look self-possessed again. "That's a charming little water-color you have there."

"Yes; it was given to me by the artist. I prize it very highly."

"Ripping. And what would you do about letters?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, I generally sign myself, when I write to her, 'Your own loving old Snaffles.' Would you drop that for the time being?"

This was a delicate point.

"You might make a compromise, I should think. You don't want to be stand-offish; at the same time it would scarcely be diplomatic to show as much affection as ever."

"That's true. She'd no business to clear out like that at a moment's notice."

"I quite agree with you."

"And yet the place is simply unbearable without her."

"What do you say to 'Yours, Snaffles'?"

"Ye—es. Or how would 'Your loving Snaffles' do?"

"The only question is, are you, strictly speaking, hers?"

"You mean that I should be making myself cheap to call myself hers if she didn't want me?"

"Precisely."

"I should like to get in something about 'loving,' because I am, you know."

"Yes, yes. Then I suggest 'Lovingly,' simply.

"Without the 'Snaffles'?"

"Oh, no. Keep in the 'Snaffles.' "

"Good." He held out his hand. "I'm most frightfully obliged to you, old chap. This little talk has made me feel a different man."

"Good luck! It'll all come right."

"Think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

He went down the stairs whistling.

II.

I did not ring up Celia. I was tempted to do so, of course, and I knew that she was reckoning on that. In justice to Austin, I must give her time to tire of freedom and Mrs. Hadow. A week, I calculated, would do it.

I was three days out. Four days did it. On the evening of the fourth day, I was called up myself by Mrs. Hadow.

"Are you very busy this evening?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"Poor Celia's in bed with a severe chill, and I think she would like to see you."

"Did she ask you to telephone to me?"

"N—no."

"Then I shan't come."

"Well, what I mean to say is, she didn't ask me to in so many words, but I rather gathered that she would be very pleased to see you if you did come. Besides, I think it would do her good."

"All right. I'll come along about nine o'clock."

Celia makes a very successful invalid. She was wearing a pretty dressing-jacket, and her hair was strewn in studied unstudied profusion about the pillow. A mauve canopy—Mrs Hadow dabbles in art, I believe—screened her from the light. There

were flowers on the little table at the bedside, and one or two fancifully bound books. Not a sign, be very sure, of medicine bottles or such.

Her eyes were closed when I entered. She opened them slowly, and her lips parted in a faint little smile.

"Hullo!" I said, breezily.

"It was good of you to come."

One white hand, not in the least wasted, lay on the eider-down. I ignored it.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Bit seedy?"

Again the sweet, slow smile of patient suffering—this time with a dash of forgiveness in it.

"Don't bother about me," she murmured, weakly. "Tell me about yourself. What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Working, eating and drinking, sleeping. What have you been doing?"

"You're not very communicative, are you?"

"Because I've nothing to tell."

"Which means that you won't tell it. Ah, well! I admire you for your wisdom."

She closed her eyes again. I felt that if my visit was to be of any use, the conversation must be bucked up.

"Heard from Austin?" I asked.

Celia shuddered.

"How brutal men are!" she whispered.

Her eyes were still shut. It was not very lively. I determined to make her open them.

"Not at all. I thought he might have written to you with regard to the deed of separation."

Up went the lids like a pair of spring blinds.

"What d'you mean? What deed of separation?"

"Didn't you know?"

"Know what?" Her voice strengthened. I was doing her good already. "I wish you wouldn't sit there trying to look secretive."

"Didn't you know that a deed of separation would be necessary?"

"He can have one if he wants one." A pause. "Does he want one?"

"He didn't say anything to me about it."

The color came into her cheeks. A little more of this and she would be quite radiant.

"You've seen him, then?"

"Oh, yes, I've seen him."

"Since I—since I telephoned you?"

"Yes; I saw him the same day."

"Oh!" And then, casually: "I suppose he posed as a very much injured person?"

"I don't think so. At any rate, I didn't notice it."

"Perhaps"—with sudden heat—"you had a good laugh together about the whole thing? Perhaps he made a joke of it, and you both agreed that I was a silly little idiot? All right! You shall see."

"As a matter of fact, we didn't mention the matter."

"What?" She was surprised into showing her surprise.

"We didn't touch on the matter."

"D'you mean to say that my name never once came into the conversation?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes. I asked him if you were quite well, and he said that you were."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; you told me that I wasn't to know anything, you know."

Celia was silent for a minute or two. I could see that she was turning this aspect of the case over and over in her mind.

"Anyhow," she said, presently, "he's written me some pretty long letters."

"Begging you, no doubt, to return."

"Not in so many words, but one can read between the lines."

I wanted very much to ask her how the letters were signed, but that would have been indiscreet—not to say impertinent. Celia, in the meantime, must have been thinking out a new plan of campaign. At any rate, she suddenly stretched out her hand, and asked me, in a coaxing, plaintive tone, why I was so unkind to her all at once.

"YOU'RE A FUNNY OLD THING," SAID CELIA, "MIND YOU DON'T MISS YOUR TRAIN"

"I'm not," I said firmly.

"Yes, you are. Why do you do it when you know you're the only real friend I have in the world?"

I reminded her that there was always Mrs. Hadow.

"I don't count women-friends. They're very nice, but no good in an emergency."

"How about Austin?"

"We'll keep his name out of the discussion, if you please."

"Just as you like."

"Now you're being cold and horrid again. Why is it? Are you so absolutely disgusted with me?"

"I've no reason to be disgusted with you." I said this with just the slightest possible stress on the "I've."

"Your tone implies that somebody else has."

Silence.

"It's just like a man to judge a woman without hearing her side of the case. D'you suppose that I should have taken such an awful step as this unless I had a very good reason?"

"I don't see that it's so very awful."

"Not awful to—to break up one's whole life?"

"You haven't broken it up."

"I've left my husband."

"To pay a visit to your old friend, Mrs. Hadow."

"It's the first time we've been separated since our marriage."

"I hope it won't be the last."

"I hate cynicism."

"So do I. Don't confuse it, though, with common sense. May I say something to you?"

Celia had been fingering the canopy. She now drew it across her a little, so that her face was hidden.

"What is it?"

"I don't think you ever loved him so much in your life as you do at this moment."

The canopy twitched a little, but there was no other answer.

"Isn't that true?" I insisted brutally.

"It isn't the point."

"It seems to me to be the whole point."

"It would—to you. To me, it's only half the point."

Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick. Celia's little watch, tremendously busy, had everything its own way for at least two minutes. "You folks can waste your time, if you like," it seemed to be saying. "For my part, I must get along with my job. Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick." Then I pulled myself together and plunged.

"Have you ever seen a man cry, Celia?"

She peeped at me, startled, round the edge of the canopy.

"No; I don't think so. Why?"

"I'm not speaking of maudlin tears—they don't count. I'm speaking of the tears of a normal, clear-headed man, such tears as only the deepest emotion can bring to the surface. I'm glad you've never seen them, especially in the eyes you love best in the world. I think it is a sight that would make you very unhappy. I am quite sure that your pride would not be proof against it, but, for your own sake, I would rather buy your compassion at a lower price."

"Of course, if I thought that I had made him do that—"

"You have made him do that."

"Why do you say that? You've no right to bring such an accusation. Besides, how could you possibly know?"

"The day that he called upon me—the same day that you left him—he had been crying. He pretended that he hadn't, but I know the signs. That's the other half of the point, isn't it?"

No answer. The canopy was perfectly still.

A woman, I suppose, would have left it at that. Being a man, however, and an anxious one, I bungled.

"Isn't it?" I repeated.

Then Celia spoke.

"Please go away," she said.

I made haste to obey. There was a tremulousness in her voice that frightened me.

III.

The next I heard of my young friends was a note from Celia asking me to dine with them. She wrote from the little house.

I went down feeling uncommonly pleased with myself. After all, one had one's purpose in life. I expected that Austin would find an opportunity of taking me aside and gripping me by the hand. He would probably say, "My dear old friend, how can I ever thank you?" To which I should reply, rather brusquely, in order to hide my feelings, "Pshaw! Tut-tut! That was nothing, my dear boy!"

Celia, too, would thank me in her own shy, dainty little way. If she just kissed me without speaking a word, I felt that I should be rewarded a thousandfold.

Dinner passed off quite smoothly. Austin's mother was present; also Celia's father. The attitude of the young couple towards each other was precisely the same as usual. That was quite correct; one would not have expected anything else. I was a little surprised to find, none the less, that their attitude towards me was precisely the same is usual. Doubtless, though, they were awaiting a more favorable opportunity. The parents knew nothing of the temporary estrangement, and it would be unwise to run the risk of arousing their curiosity.

The evening wore on; the moment of my departure was drawing very near. At last I fairly forced Austin into a quiet corner.

"Well?" I said, with a meaning smile.

"Well what?" said Austin.

"Everything all straight and comfortable again?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand you."

"Why, you and Celia, you know. The last time I saw you—"

"Oh, that?" His face cleared. He nodded carelessly. "These little affairs blow over quite naturally if you just give them time."

The callous young ruffian! For the thousandth time, I was sure that he did not deserve so sweet a wife as Celia. She, at any rate, would have more to say to me.

"Quite happy?" I whispered. We were alone in the hall. She was seeing me off.

"Quite, thanks," Her tone lacked gratitude. "And you?"

"I shall always be happy so long as I know that you are happy. Especially," I added, tenderly, "when I think that in a very small way, I have been instrumental in restoring your happiness."

"You're a funny old thing," said Celia. "Mind you don't miss your train."

To-Day's Test

There is no hardship ahead of us in life that may not be made easier by our doing the hard thing of to-day with unflinching faithfulness. And every hardship that lies ahead will be the harder to meet by any failure of ours in to-day's test. This day's testing and trial is sure to be severe. It probably seems unfairly so. It may be the hardest we have ever yet known. It is sure to seem dull, and unattractive, and utterly lacking in those elements of picturesqueness or heroism or adventure that seem to mark the achievements of the world's great victors. But that is what makes it hard to the point of being worth while. And here is another reason for taking up its challenge manfully:—"For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off." How we ought to rejoice that there is something close at hand that is big enough to test us but not big enough to break us!—*Great Thoughts.*

Important Articles of the Month

HATFIELD HOUSE

THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE CECILS

A Critical Appreciation of Lord Hugh Cecil

British journalists possess a facility in character sketching, which is rare on this side of the Atlantic. They can arouse interest in a comparatively little-known person by the very ingenuity of their treatment, whereas an American journalist must perforce deal with a prominent personage before his effort would be read.

A sketch of Lord Hugh Cecil in the *Young Man* may be taken as a case in point. Now, if we omit Lord Hugh's parentage, which is, of course, an important factor, there is really very little on this surface to make a reader curious to know more about him. However, the writer of the sketch, P. Whitwell Wilson, proceeds to his work so adroitly that one becomes unconsciously interested. Note the opening paragraph.

When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, returning from South Africa, landed at Southampton, and was there greeted in critical, not to say, cynical silence, by a group of press correspondents, he found the Nonconformists in revolt against Mr. Balfour's Education Bill and things going badly. It is said that a small dinner party was held consisting of Mr. Chamberlain as host, and three Tory members, all of them still young for politics, as guests. The first of the three was Winston Churchill, the second was Colonel Seely, the third was Lord Hugh Cecil, To all of them the wonders of Colonial Preference were explained by Mr. Chamberlain, after which they dispersed to cogitate. Each

separately came to the conclusion that they could not support the new Protection. One is now Home Secretary in a Liberal Government, another is Under Secretary for the Colonies, with a moral certainty of cabinet rank in due course, and the third,—the third is still, as he was, Lord Hugh Cecil.

Lord Hugh Cecil is the fifth son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and he inherited much of his father's ability. On his entrance into Parliament he quite eclipsed his older brother, the present Marquis, and until the advent of another brother, Lord Robert Cecil, he was regarded as the most able member of an able family.

The Cecils are not a rich family. the doctrine of primogeniture leaves little to the younger sons.

And to give the Cecil family its due, this class has held honorably aloof both from the smarter methods of making money and from the smarter methods of spending it. According to the old-fashioned notions of feudalism, the Cecils and the Selbornes and the allied notability do undoubtedly live up to their lights. They are not snapshotted every week upon the racecourse. They have not as yet approached the Gaiety Theatre for matrimonial alliances. They believe in public service, both in their counties and in Parliament. If you are to have an aristocracy at all, this kind of aristocracy is most tolerable—an atistocracy that reads books, goes to church twice on Sunday, makes speeches, argues, thinks, irritates, lives socially, despises display, loves power and authority, is haughty rather than vulgar, proud rather than conceited, dangerous rather than despicable, avoids the prospectus of the company promoter, and is content with the modest form of wealth which accrues from rapidly rising ground rents and mineral royalties. This is the breed from which Lord Hugh Cecil springs. He has all the pride which has at times brought his family into collision with the Court itself, and it is certain that, being a Cecil, he cares for no one and respects but few.

It is just here that we find the touchstone to Lord Hugh Cecil's isolation within the Tory Party. The old wealth, with its sense of responsibility, is confronted by the new wealth, as illustrated week by week in more than one well-printed society journal. The old wealth based its political influence upon what the Cecils have always held to be the conservatism of the British people. Your Chamberlains and Randolph Churchills may make speeches about their social programmes, but these are the voluntaries which are played upon every organ before the real worship begins. Get into office and it is your business to remember that what the British people wants is to be let alone, give them pensions, and the very villages where most of the pensions go will vote against you. On the whole you retain most support and you win most support by doing nothing. Apart altogether from the merits of fiscal reform, why the Cecils dislike it is that it transforms Toryism from a policy of conservation to a policy of change. It

LORD HUGH CECIL

Photo: J. Russell & Sons

means that there is always a definite reason why frightened folk should not flock into this particular fold.

The Cecil view of statesmanship rejects altogether the idea of a positive policy. They want to keep in power, and they recognize that power depends not upon the number of Acts of Parliament which you put upon the Statute Book, but upon the number of archbishops and bishops, ambassadors, governors, judges, and stipendiary magistrates whom you have the opportunity of appointing. The superiority affected by the Cecils over mere Radicals is matched by the superiority which they also affect over all the more Tory organizations. It is a historical fact that they hate the Birmingham school.

You cannot accuse Lord Hugh of being an idle man. He has written excel-

lent books, delivered excellent speeches, and sent excellent letters to the Times. But he has never had to encouter what I may call the final grind against circumstances. He is unmarried, and this fact may perhaps account for a certain lack of human sympathy—a certain hardness in all that he says and does.

Of the man himself, two or three paragraphs will serve to give a good idea.

Lord Hugh Cecil does not give the appearance of strong physique. He has the large bones of his tribe—or perhaps I should say the long bones, for that would be more accurate—but there is little flesh upon them. The specialist on nerves would tell you at once that in the uneasy motions of his hands, a curious and uncontrollable habit of interjecting observations when he does not agree with the argument which is proceeding in the House, and in many other characteristic mannerisms, he betrays a highly-strung temperament, which is seldom held in leash.

When he speaks he lacks that sense of repose which is necessary to the highest oratory. He is the exact reverse in this respect of Sir Edward Grey, who addresses the House of Commons as if it were a Quaker meeting, and with the absolute calm of a man who has nothing either to gain or to lose by what he says. Lord Hugh Cecil has a most remarkable trick of dropping his knees as he talks. It is not a very attractive habit, this sudden suggestion of a genuflexion on the floor of the House, and it is accompanied by the most extraordinary play of one hand over the other wrist. His diction is eager and rapid. Is is said that he has a considerable command of words, but this is not quite true. He has many words, undoubtedly, but they are by no means always under command. At times he is like Lord Robert Cecil, actually rude, not to say insolent, to those who differ from him. But the audacity is tolerated because, after all, a man who can be really insolent in the House of Commons must be a man of courage, and members are accepted pretty much at their own valuation. His extreme enthusiasm for, or more usually against, particular causes has once or twice led him astray, as when he committed a really unpardonable breach of parliamentary etiquette by delaying a division upon the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

As things stand, it does not look as if he will be summoned to office, even if Mr. Balfour returns to power. But he is just the sort of man who might completely change his tone if he were given a seat on the Government bench. He would have to be in a department which would not touch his religious and social antipathies, and in such a department one may assume that his governing instinct would assert itself.

The Queerest Republic in the World

Snuggled in the mountains between France and Spain is a little republic. twenty-nine miles long by twenty broad, with a population of six thousand souls. It dates its foundation from the year 782, when the Emperor Charlemagne gave its people a Charter of Independence, which has been respected ever since, even by Napoleon. The little republic is known as Andorra, and a description of it is to be found in the *Wide World Magazine,* written by H. E. Browning.

The Andorrans are almost as conservative as the Chinese. They mistrust foreigners and foreign inventions, and have a rooted objection to such things as photographic cameras, railways, telegraph wires, telephones, and other modernities, which, to their minds, savour only of Sodom and Gomorrah and that wicked world whose far-off echoes occasionally reach their ears and shock their sensibilities. Nature has provided them with impregnable fortifications in the shape of Pyrenean masses that shut them in completely and securely on every hand, and they have no mind to allow their peaceful harmony to be disturbed. Let other nations quarrel and fight with each other if they choose ; Andorra has no ambitions. She never has had any. The confines of the country at the beginning of the twentieth century are just exactly the same as they were in the year 782, neither more nor less. She is very tenacious of her independence, of her antique traditions, of her manners and customs, but she is content to remain

what she has ever been, a miniature State in the midst of modern Europe; managing her own little affairs as she chooses, and leaving her neighbors to do the same with theirs. To get into or out of Andorra, on any side, you must cross an elevated mountain pass, and there is not a single highway leading into the country either from France or Spain. The principal entrance from the French side is the Pass of Solden, nearly eight thousand feet above sea-level. This is the only one practicable for horses; the others are mere mule-tracks or footpaths, and all of them are blocked during the snowy season.

The Andorra Constitution is antique and patriarchal. The law of primogeniture is strictly followed. The country is divided into six *parroquias,* each of which sends four members to Parliament. The members in turn elect the President. There is no standing army in Andorra, but one man out of each family has to be a soldier at his own expense.

Andorra has neither National Debt nor Budget. There are only three paid officials in the whole State, and the expenses of the Government and the administration of the parroquias are met by the dues for the rights of pasturage and of cutting wood, either for fuel or building purposes, on communal lands. Taxation reduces itself to a minimum, and is represented by a poll-tax of twenty-five centimes per annum on each member of every family for the nation at large; besides this, innkeepers pay a yearly licence that costs them fifty francs.

The expenses of justice in this happy country are defrayed by the parties themselves in the case of law-suits or legal disputes. The amount of actual crime is infinitesimal. In case of a death-sentence being pronounced, the condemned person has to be garrotted on the bridge just outside Andorra-la-Villa within twenty-four hours; but since the Republic does not maintain an executioner, it always has to hire one from France or Spain for the occasion. As a matter of fact, nobody ever seems to have been executed, so far as I could make out. When a prisoner is condemned to penal servitude he is sent out of the country to one of the convict establishments in France or Spain.

There are no constables, policemen, watchmen, or civil guards of any description—and no lawyers.

During twelve hundred years the Andorrans have continually married and inter-married to such an extent that at present all the inhabitants are practically cousins; yet, strange to say, neither their physical, mental, nor normal qualities seem to have suffered.

One may search the confines of this country in vain for a vehicle of any kind. People and merchandise of every description are carried on the backs of horses, mules, or donkeys. From end to end of the land you may also look vainly for a civilized modern highway; yet the largest item of national expenditure is that incurred for "the maintenance of roads and bridges." These roads, if they can be so called, run along beside the rivers, and are subject to many vicissitudes; so, too, are the bridges, mostly of wood and distinctly primitive in design and structure. If a storm swells the flood, an inundation washes them bodily away, and they generally require renewal at least twice or three times a year.

Andorra is formed of one main valley running the length of the country, and several smaller ones branching off from it. They are connected with each other by narrow, rocky defiles, through which, of course, the roads run, and, unless kept clear of falling rocks, would soon become impassable. When I asked one man why they did not make an effort to improve their means of communication, he replied, with a superior smile:

"Ah! Good roads might induce foreigners to invade our mountains, and they wouldn't bring us any benefit. For us these roads are good enough, and we don't want outsiders to disturb us."

That is exactly the attitude of the average Andorran towards the world beyond his mountains. Whilst you are "the guest of his country," instinct and principles both combine to render him courteous and hospitable to a high degree—provided you don't attempt to take photographs or go prospecting for mines. Those are two liberties that rouse him to fury. Several journalists, tourists, and a well-known botanist, who were bold enough to tramp into Andorra at various times with cameras slung across their shoulders, received very peremptory usage. Having had their plates smashed, their apparatus destroyed, and their hotel bills "salted" considerably, they were marched off at dead of night surrounded by armed men, put across the frontier, and sternly forbidden ever to set foot in those regions again. Nevertheless, by dint of stratagem, some photographs were obtained a short time ago. The cameras were disguised as gourds (made of buckskin for the purpose), and the Andorrans are still unaware of the treachery practised an them.

A STATION IN THE MOUNTAINS

The Newest Transcontinental Railway

A description of the recently-opened Trans-Andine Railway, connecting Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic, with Valparaiso, the capital of Chile, appears in *Travel and Exploration,* from the pen of C. A. Parnicoat. In point of length, the new railway is not to be compared with the Trans-Siberian Railway, or even the trans-continental lines of North America, since the breadth of the continent between Buenos Aires and Valparaiso is not very great, but its eight hundred and eighty miles cover much interesting ground.

It is noteworthy that the Trans-Andine Railway has been an exceptionally long time in construction—in fact, the history of the undertaking really dates back to 1874, when the concession was first obtained for the building of a railway from Mendoza to the Argentine-Chilian boundary on top of the Andes. Work on the Argentine side was first begun in 1887, and in 1891 about fifty-seven miles were opened—the first four sections, from Mendoza to Uspallata. The fifth section, from Uspallata to Rio Blanco (eighteen miles) was opened in 1892, the sixth section, from Rio Blanco to Punta de las Vacas (thirteen miles) in 1894 ; and then the construction was suspended until 1899, because the Chilian Government delayed its decision as to the arrangements under which the railway on its own side of the Andes should be constructed.

Towards the end of 1899 work was resumed. On the Argentine side matters progressed steadily, and in 1903 the line on that side reached Las Cuevas ("the Caves," though no one seems to know of any caves or grottoes about here.) It was, however, not until 1903 that work on the Chilian side was really taken up again ; and the Trans-Andine Construction Company took over the completion of the line on that side, including its proportion of the summit tunnel; and, by arrangement, they also built the tunnel on the Argentine side of the Andes, for obviously, though the tunnel was in the territories of two Republics, the work, to be done satisfactorily, must be kept under the control of one company.

Not until November last did the telegram arrive in London announcing that the tunnel was actually bored through, and not until the 5th of April last did the first train run over the line, on

which date the tunnel was officially inaugurated on the Chilian side. The official inauguration on the Argentine side, however, may not be until the 25th of May, the Argentine Centenary of Independence Day. This, however, is not certain, and in any case it is not likely that trains will be delayed running all that time.

The opening of the first South American Trans-Continental and Trans-Andine Railway (the first Trans-Andine railway not confined to the territory of one Republic) comes singularly opportunely in a year which marks the first century of the independence of the second greatest, and, perhaps, the most important South American Republic.

A description of the country traversed by the new railway is supplied.

The pleasure of the Trans-Argentine part of the Trans-Andine trip depends much upon whether it has recently rained on the plains or not. If it has not done so, the traveler arrives at the end of the journey black with dust. As everyone knows who has seen even a little of the Argentine, the country is very flat until the Andes or the approaches thereto are actually reached. For about fifty miles—a short stretch in that land of sweeping horizons and vast distances—the plains are well cultivated. After this, the fields are exceedingly large, sometimes as much as three square miles, and there is little to be seen but corn, maize, or alfalfa (lucerne, a familiar sight in much of the Argentine), or flocks of cattle and sheep numbering thousands.

The traveler in the Argentine is sure soon to hear of Mendoza wine, and Mendoza, with its wine industry and vineyards, is probably one of the most interesting stopping-places for those who wish to break the Trans-Andine journey. For the Argentine it is a picturesque

ENTERING THE ANDINE TUNNEL

A CHOICE BIT OF ANDINE SCENERY

WHERE THE RAILWAY CLIMBS TO THE TUNNEL

place, with spacious streets, on either side of which run gutters of melted snow water from the Andes.

After Mendoza the Andes proper begin with their deep ravines, barrenness, and variety of coloring—that wonderful coloring, which only barren mountains can show, and the impossibility of reproducing this renders Andean photographs somewhat tame and illusory presentments of the scenery. On this coloring every traveler, from Darwin onwards, has commented. Darwin, indeed, says that the colors of the Andean rocks were "the first view I ever saw which really resembled those pretty sections which geologists make of the inside of the earth." He also noted the so-called "red snow," which can occasionally be seen in the Andes.

It is the barrenness, the dryness and sometimes the absence of all life, which impress most of those who first see the Andes—that section of them crossed by the Trans-Andine Railway. Yet from November to May there are, in many places, flowers of various sorts, and yellow-flowering scrub or bushes, with many cacti and juicy-leaved plants which commonly grow in waste and desolate lands wherein there is no rain. But along the railway, up to a considerable altitude, especially in the side valleys, which only the exploring tourist will ever visit, there are also, in the right season, quantities of a sweet-

scented yellow composite flower, and also of a blue flower, of the escholtzia tribe, from its appearance, and a beautiful purple single flower, in shape not unlike an anemone. It is doubtful whether the Andes have ever yet been thoroughly explored by a botanist ; and quite probably anyone who went out, even to this, one of the most peopled parts, and examined the plants thoroughly, would discover some valuable, and as yet unknown, garden flowers.

Another stopping place on the Argentine Trans-Andine Railway is Puente del Inca (bridge of the Incas), in a high, desolate valley, with bare, rugged mountains all around. The Inca Hotel is the only dwelling in this valley, except the houses of some people connected with the railway. There is some vegetation, for flowers and alfalfa grow at this height, but no trees. The tops of the mountains are frequently covered with snow, even in midsummer, and the air at over eight thousand feet is somewhat rarefied. The wind blows very hard at the same time each day—the curious Andean wind.

The natural bridge of stones and rock, cemented into a solid mass through the action of carbonate of lime and oxide of iron from the mineral springs, which gives the name to this place, was considered by Darwin to be "quite unworthy of the great monarchs whose name it bears." Nevertheless, it impresses most travelers as a marvelous natural sight ; and it is undoubtedly very old, and was the resort of Inca Indians many years ago. They used to take the baths under the bridge—natural hot baths, considered especially good for rheumatism, and now the chief attraction of Inca—for thermal waters in the Argentine are comparatively rare, and are found, it is said, in the Andes alone. The baths are very invigorating, in fact, according to some travelers, rather too invigorating. What is called "the champagne bath" is exactly like real champagne, and just pleasantly hot. Some of the baths, like other thermal ones, should not be taken except under medical advice, and at least one of the Inca baths is too strong for any ordinary person. These Andean thermal waters have none of the extraordinary, velvety softness which distinguishes those of New Zealand ; indeed, they are often rather hard.

The Trans-Andine tunnel has been pierced at an altitude of nearly ten thousand five hundred feet. This is not a record, as there are other tunnels in South America higher than this, but, as compared with European tunnels, it is remarkable. The total length of the tunnels is about two and one-eighth miles.

A TROLLEY SLEEPING CAR

Upper Berths With Windows

The advances made of late in electric traction are beginning to be extended to night traffic and on the Illinois Traction System a sleeping car service has been arranged between Peoria and East St. Louis. The cars, which have been designed for this service, are described in the *Railway and Engineering Review.*

An underlying motive in the design of these cars was to offer a passenger means for passing a more comfortable

night while en route over the electric line than could be had on the regulation sleepers of any competitive steam road. As a step in advance the sleeping-car of this new design has upper berths into which daylight and air are readily admitted. An outside view is obtainable through two windows at the side of each upper berth.

The car is divided into eight compartments, of which the two end ones are fitted differently than the remaining six, conforming to the general idea of the Pullman section.

The six compartments in the middle of the car are fitted with upper and lower berths of a type original with the designers of the car. These berths are so arranged that when not wanted for occupancy, they may be swung up and locked against the sides of the car. It is not intended that passengers shall be assigned to these compartments except during sleeping hours. The two berths in each section occupy the full length of 6 ft. 5 ins. between the cross partitions. Each berth is hinged to the side framing of the car, and its weight balanced so that it may be folded up against the windows. No seating is provided in the space, except folding chairs which become available when the berth is lifted. It will be noted, however, that when the berth is raised, the passenger has the entire floor space and the full height up to the upper berth for his convenience in dressing. The fittings of each berth are removable so that they can be carried outside for thorough cleaning and airing at the end of the run. The lower berth has removable spring frames, and each berth is provided with two feather pillows, two Pullman blankets, and duplicate sets of linen. The usual hammocks and head and foot baskets are provided for the reception of the clothing at night, and the section is shut off from the corridor at night by the usual long curtains carrying the berth numbers. A berth of this type is made ready during the day, and folded against the wall, so that when the passenger wishes to retire it is ready instantly.

THE CORRIDOR

SHOWING DIVISIONS INTO SECTIONS

END SECTION

SHOWING WINDOWS IN UPPER BERTHS

The cars will be operated as trailers and thus the noise of the motors will be eliminated and there will, of course, be no smoke and dust.

The regular Pullman rate of $1.50 per berth prevails, except that the upper berth is 25 cents cheaper. A colored porter acts as attendant on each car. Hot coffee and rolls are served the passengers from a portable fireless cooker provided for each car, and no extra charge is made for this service. In fact, it is specifically announced that the porters are paid good wages and the

passengers are not expected to tip them. Sheets and blankets adhere to the Kansas law, being more than nine feet in length. In case the upper berth is not sold, it is not made up, giving that much additional convenience to the occupant of the lower berth. For those who have money or valuables, a special arrangement has been made. A small safe with a strong door and lock is built into the wall of the car at the head of each berth, for the storing of valuable articles during the night. The locks are so designed that two keys are required for opening. A master key is carried by the car conductor, and each passenger will retain possession of an individual key. These keys will be attached to rubber rings so that they may be slipped over the wrist at night.

Unusual Business Methods in the West

James Oliver Curwood, who, since 1899, as an employe of the Dominion Government, has been associated more or less largely with the development of the great west, relates in *The Book-keeper* some of the unique ways of doing business which he encountered in his travels to and fro in western Canada. While the west is essentially progressive and up-to-date, it is none the less true that in the new and sparsely-settled districts, the business man does things in strange and antiquated ways.

Last year I came upon what possibly stands without a parallel in "business" logic and computation. It was on the Wanipagow River. A tie contractor, whose gang numbered nearly thirty men, was at the time floating his winter's "cut" down to market. He was counting when I first saw him, and his method of doing it fairly stunned me. His sole computation was in the time it took the floating ties to pass through a certain deep and swift part of the stream. He triumphantly explained the whole system to me that afternoon, after the "cut" had gone down.

"I figered it out quite a few years ago," he said. "I hit upon the idea of finding out many ties that stream would carry past a given place at a given time, at a certain height of water, and without jams. So I chained back ten thousand ties, and let 'em slide. They passed that point in just one hour and three minutes. Then I chained back another ten thousand, and let them slide. They made it in an hour and seventeen minutes. I got an average by dividing by two, which gave an hour and ten minutes for every ten thousand. The run was steady for five hours and forty minutes to-day, which means that 48,571 ties went down. They've got to

THRESHING BY HORSE-POWER

Illustration from The Book-keeper

GETTING EVEN WITH THE LUMBERMEN

HOW A MAN WHO BOUGHT BY THE LOAD SCORED ON THE LUMBERMEN, WHO DID NOT STIPULATE THE SIZE OF THE LOAD.

From the Book-keeper

come up to that count down below, because I know there ain't less. If there are any more the company can have 'em. I'm satisfied. What's the use of hiring men to count when the river'll do it for you ?"

Mr. Curwood also tells of a system employed by a Red Deer farmer to reckon the quantity of his wheat.

This man, Albert Schmidt, has an 800 acre farm near Red Deer, and he harvests 400 acres of wheat each year. Like nearly all grain growers in the prairie country, Mr. Schmidt threshes his wheat into a great pile where it remains until carried to the elevators. The long grain pipe, twenty feet in length, forms a huge funnel-shaped mound of wheat, and four years ago, in having this grain measured, Mr. Schmidt measured the diameter of the mound. He found that this diameter was twenty-two feet, and that the pile contained 600 bushels of wheat. He tried the experiment again and found that his next mound of the same size contained 609 bushels. The proof was convincing enough for him, and to-day his 800 acres are threshed into 22-foot mounds, and the wheat is sold by the mound instead of by the bushel. His method is simply to put a check on the elevator estimate without undue labor or expense to himself. "I figure," he says, "that I save a cent a bushel on my grain, or about $150 a year." Some of his neighbos say however, that purchasers are very glad to take his wheat by "the mound," and there are those who suggest that it is possible he is beating himself.

Of the advanced methods of Americans over Canadians, Mr. Curwood gives one or two examples.

In a thickly settled prairie district not far from Moose Jaw a few Canadians had opened up a coal mine, the product of which they sold to the surrounding farmers. Settlers would come in wagons and sleighs and load their own winter's fuel, which cost them from $1 to $2 a ton, according to the run. It was early winter when I first made the acquaintance of this mine and its remarkable "superintendent," and my first

reception from this individual was a fierce yell on his part, and the frantic brandishing of a long stick, and the words, "What the devil are you doing? Can't you see? Are you stone blind?"

I was literally WALKING THROUGH HIS BOOKS! Since morning—and this was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—he had been keeping a record of outgoing sleighs and wagons of coal in the snow! About twenty farmers were drawing that day. With his stick he had written the initials of each in a clean spot in the snow, and with that same stick had registered the number of tons they had taken away. I had spoiled one-half of his "books," and it was an hour before he became at all affable. I was still more astonished when I entered the "superintendent's" little board office. The walls were black with pencil marks, figures and names. A fire would have burned down his "book" of two years past. I was not surprised when I heard a little later that this Canadian "company" had failed, and had sold out at a song to several young Americans who had come up with a couple of thousand dollars apiece. To-day the three young men who went into it are comparatively rich, and I understand that they have a nice white ledger in which they keep their accounts.

In speaking of American push and hustle and queer business ideas possibly Albert Westkirk, of High River, carries off the record. Young Westkirk went up into Alberta three years ago with one of the sweetest and bravest little wives in the world, two small children, and just enough money to buy him two horses. He took up a homestead, and began farming—and thinking. The first year he raised several acres of wheat, but was so far removed from other settlers that he was at a loss how to get it threshed. It was then that American inventive genius displayed itself. He manufactured his own threshing outfit, engine and all. The "engine" was a tread-mill device worked by his two horses, and the whole thing was a glorious success. He still threshes with this pioneer invention, and has so perfected it that he can run out fifteen bushels of grain an hour, or 150 bushels a day, at no expense to himself except a little time. Last year he threshed nearly 500 bushels by horse-power. By means of this same tread-mill device he saws his own wood.

A good story is told of a Yankee by the name of Stevens, who got his revenge on some parties, who had defrauded him, in a clever manner.

Stevens secured an option on a fine piece of timber, but by a little clever engineering on the part of certain dishonest parties he was beaten in a manner that relieved him of several thousand dollars. Stevens began to think. Then he disappeared. A little later he sent an agent to make a deal with the men who had secured the timber, keeping his own name out of the transaction. This agent would not purchase by the foot, the tree or the acre. He made a flat offer of so much per "one-team load," and the offer seemed to be such a good one that the men who had beaten Stevens made a contract with him.

Then Stevens appeared, and with him came such sleds and such teams as the natives had never looked upon before. It is unnecessary to give a description of them, for one of the accompanying illustrations will show what they were. One of his "one-team loads" was sufficient to make three ordinary loads. He brought out from 20,000 to 25,000 feet at a "jig"—and at a price for which he would ordinarily have purchased about 10,000 feet. It was one of the cleverest games ever played on timber-robbers, and Stevens cleaned up $30,000 cash in one winter. In the Thunder Bay country it is not uncommon for a contractor when he wants an especially large load brought out, to say to the driver, "Bring out a Stevens load this time," and the driver understands just what he means. Stevens' sleds were sixteen feet wide by twenty-two in length, and his lightest horse weighed 1,700 pounds.

Best of all, however, is the story of Frank Cahill, of Saskatoon, who started a fortune in a unique way.

Nine years ago Cahill went up into the Goose Lake country and settled on a homestead, his only possessions being a yoke of oxen, a wagon and $9 in cash, besides a plow. To-day he is worth a million. One day Cahill yoked up his oxen and set out for Saskatoon, thirty miles away, to purchase supplies with his $9. Arriving in Saskatoon he saw a "chance," and, like an American, he didn't let it pass. He gave over his oxen and wagon for a six months' option on twenty acres of land just outside of the town, and this he divided into 100 lots. Then he went among the surrounding settlers and convinced them that the day was not far distant when Saskatoon was to be the greatest railroad and commercial center west of Winnipeg. His proposition seemed like giving the lots away. He would go to a man with two or three hundred acres of grain and say to him: "I'll make you over the deed to one of these lots, or more, if in return for each lot you give me the product of two acres of your grain-crop for three years." What

was two acres out of two hundred or more? Nothing, thought the farmers, and they jumped at this easy way of speculating in Saskatoon real estate. The result was astonishing. The one hundred lots were sold, and in return Cahill had sown, reaped and harvested 200 acres of wheat land for three years, absolutely without cost to himself. The deal netted him 16,000 bushels of wheat, or about $14,000. He paid $100 an acre for the land, so he cleaned up a profit of $12,000, and before others discovered what a boom he had given to the town real estate he had secured other options on about 400 acres of the most desirable property. And the farmers did not loose for Cahill's prediction was a true one, and to-day Saskatoon has nine lines of steel leading into and from it, thirty wholesale houses, and a population of 10,000. Cahill is a millionaire, and the "big" real estate dealer of that part of Saskatchewan.

For the Peace and Welfare of America

The dedication of the new building of the International Bureau of American Republics at Washington renders timely a description of the Bureau and its work, which appears in the *Review of Reviews*.

This Pan-American Bureau, as it was originally called, the concrete result of the first international American conference, held in Washington in the year 1890, has come to clearly represent the ideas and desires of nearly two hundred millions of people, living under twenty-one different national names, to establish and maintain among themselves and their respective governments cordial friendship, everlasting peace, and more profitable commercial and social intercourse.

Established when the suspicion of the republics of the southern continent had begun to take definite form against the alleged imperialistic designs of the English-speaking North American republic,

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS AT WASHINGTON

JOHN BARRETT

DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU

this voluntary union has come to stand for equality among all the nations of the American hemisphere, for fraternity, common understanding, and peace. It has gone a great way toward justifying, demonstrating, and making intelligible to the world the real spirit of the Monroe Doctrine.

Last month the most important event in the history of the Bureau occurred in Washington. With impressive ceremonies, in which the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the most eminent statesmen and diplomats of the two continents participated, the future home of the Bureau was dedicated. This building, a splendid marble palace, made possible chiefly through the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with generous contributions from all the nations represented in the Bureau, is a fine piece of architecture, embodying in its form and decorations many of those historic concepts and artistic ideals that are nearest and dearest to the Latin-American heart. A typical patio forms the centre of the building, and in it is an artistic fountain modeled on the lines of Aztec sculpture. Statuary and interior decorations represent typical scenes in the history of North and South American nations. The whole artistic effect is Latin-American. There is, besides the libraries and reading rooms, a fine Hall of the American Republics, in which future international conferences and other important diplomatic gatherings will be held. It is certain to become the centre of Pan-American ideas, and to remain a visual, tangible evidence that the governments and peoples of the Western Hemisphere have attained a common understanding and are working for continental fraternity and peace.

As a distributing centre for information of every conceivable kind to the governments and people represented, through its library its special publications, and its handsomely illustrated, excellently edited periodical, the Bulletin, the Bureau has rendered a great service in binding closer relations between the republics and in helping to formulate a strong Pan-American public opinion.

The Bureau is governed by the diplomatic representatives of all the nations having part in its work and is supported by their contributions. The American Secretary of State is always the chairman of the board. For the past three years it has been under the directorship of Mr. John Barrett, a diplomat and administrator who has been tried and proven by more than one difficult public task in widely separated parts of the world. It is to Mr. Barrett's ability, vigor, and farsighted management that the Bureau chiefly owes its present efficiency. He has been more than an administrator; thanks in large measure to his far-seeing imagination and patient diplomacy, the Bureau of the American Republics has become the medium through which is made known the common ideals of the American continent.

The Canadian coat-of-arms appears in the patio of the Bureau, along with those of all the other American Gov-

THE WEST GALLERY

WITH FLAGS OF THE REPUBLICS AND BUSTS OF THE GREAT LEADERS OF THE PAST

ernments, and the name of Champlain has been placed there with the names of Washington, Bolivar, San Martin, *et al.* In the room of the Governing Board is to be found a representation in bronze of Champlain's negotiations with the Indian chieftains near Quebec.

In the Ring for a Million

Edward B. Moss, sporting editor of the New York Sun, contributes to *Harper's Weekly,* a remarkable article on what is involved financially and otherwise in the approaching Jeffries-Johnson fight for the world's championship. The purse to be divided between the two combatants amounts to $101,000, but this is a very small figure compared with other sources of revenue which the pugilists will tap.

It has been estimated that should Jeffries succeed in placing Johnson "hors de combat" by a clever glove manoeuvre at Emeryville, California, on Independence Day, the receipts from the moving-picture films will be worth at least $1,000,000. The next step develops more frenzied finance. California's native son has signed a contract for a round-the-world tour, conditional on his success in wresting from the present holder the premier pugilist title. By the terms of the contract he is to receive $150,000 or, if he so desires, one-third of the net receipts of the tour. Since it is planned to form an all-star troupe of pugilists and wrestlers and visit every part of the civilized world in a trip which will extend over a period of two years, it is likely that Mr. Jeffries will accept the latter proposition. A little trifle of some $200.000 is what the show experts figure as his share under those conditions.

Should Johnson win, it is not likely that his receipts would be as large, for the reason that the moving pictures could not be shown south of Baltimore. In vaudeville he would also draw less because of his color.

But interest in the fight is not limited to the principals. By no means. Enter Messrs. Rickard and Gleason.

The first member of the duo is a Western miner and man of standing and experience in a virile country. 'Tis said that novelists of the strenuous stamp delight to typify him as the hero of their death-defying romances. His partner is of a different school. A diplomat, master of business detail, he forms an ideal counterbalance to Rickard. These are the men who are offering the $101,000 purse ; are building an arena which will seat at least 30,000 spectators, and have secured fare concessions from every railroad in the country. They have planned the gigantic undertaking with an eye to the thousand and one details necessary to success. Money has been spent at every turn, and the venture must needs promise excellent returns to interest these men. It does.

The arena, which will be octagon-shaped, will seat no fewer than 30.000 persons. It is to be built of lumber reinforced by steel. More than 900,000 feet of boards will be required in its erection. When completed it will be 260 feet from side to side, and the topmost tier of seats will be sixty feet above the ground. Twenty-four exits will be provided, and in the centre will be a twenty-four foot. postless ring. The price of seats will range from five to fifty dollars according to location. The promoters have estimated that the average price of admission will be about twenty dollars. and that every seat will be occupied when the moment arrives. This being the case, it is an easy matter to figure the gross receipts. which are truly appalling, being no less than $600.000. Against this sum must be charged the purse, the cost of the arena, the $2.500 license fee paid to the township of Emeryville. office rental. ticket-printing, Pinkerton hire, and scores of other necessary disbursements. It appears certain, however. that at least fifty per cent., or $300.000. can be spared for dividends. In addition the promoters are to share equally with the principals in the moving-picture profits, and again we find ourselves adding thousands and thousands of dollars together before the final division is made.

Then, too, it is astounding to figure out the number of people who will journey to the fight. Special parties

are expected from England, France, China, Australia, South America and other far distant points. New York's quota has been placed at 1,000, with a like number from Chicago. Special excurson trains are being organized in all parts of the country.

The newspapers are preparing to take care of the stay-at-homes. It will be one of the biggest newspaper stories that has occurred in years. There will be assembled in San Francisco for this purpose not less than 300 reporters from all parts of the dountry, besides a few from Europe. Many will be "on the story" by the first of June. The regular telegraph toll between New York and 'Frisco is two cents a word. An average for the whole continent will be at least a cent a word. One thousand words equal a column in the average newspaper. Many of the dailies will be served by the press associations. Others will send special writers and artists, some weeks in advance. Photographers who are snapshotting the principals in training find a ready sale for their prints at $2 and $3 each. No estimate can be made of the expense that will be entailed by the newspapers of the world in reporting and illustrating the event and the preliminaries. The cost of telegraph and cable tolls, paper for the special extras, overtime pay for type-setters, pressmen, stereotypers, and others will cross the million mark. On the night of July 4th twenty-five million persons will each spend a penny for a paper to learn "what happened in Frisco to-day." There's another $250,000 for your tally slip.

Jas. J. Hill Attacks Motor Cars

The Literary Digest directs attention to the remarks of James J. Hill on the injury being done to national prosperity by the automobile industry. Mr. Hill said in an interview:

"The people of the United States will garner a crop of agricultural products this year worth $9,000,000,000. This is my answer to the question as to prospects of good times. That enormous wealth ought to make good times for every one if people do not go crazy. If $400,000,000 employed in purchasing automobiles had been invested in sawmills or factories so that it would be producing something, conditions would be very different throughout this country."

The Financial World, of New York, in printing this comment, "endorses unreservedly the observations respecting the crops," provided we are so fortunate as to produce $9,000,000,000 of agricultural wealth. But at that point its commendation ends. It does not believe, as Mr. Hill's remark implies, that "the people have gone, or are going, crazy over automobiling." Nor does it believe that the expenditure of $400,000,000 annually for cars and their maintenance constitutes a dead loss, or that the diversion of that sum to sawmills and factories would materially better the situation of the nation as a whole. The writer says further:

Mr. Hill and other critics. who have noted with some alarm the vast increase in the outlay for the sport of automobiling, erroneously insist that the money spent is wholly lost. We would like to suggest to these critics that a nation which thinks only of work and the piling up of wealth will in the end lag in the family of nations. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies to nations as well as to the individual. Besides, all the money spent on auto-cars is not wasted. We venture to declare that fully one-third of the automobiles and all the auto-trucks turned out at the present time are devoted to commercial use. The business man of to-day goes to

his office in his car daily, and auto-cabs and cars kept for the use of hotel guests are rented wholly for profit, and it can not be said that the capital used to produce these autos is wasted. The critics of the auto buyer also fail to take note of the fact that the use of automobiles is merely the substitution of one power for another, millions being saved annually by automobiles taking the place of horses and carriages.

All in all, it seems unjust to attribute to the advent of the auto all the extravagances and waste of the present day. If Mr. Hill's view were suddenly to find adoption, and the purchases of autos abruptly cease, we would instead of the good times Mr. Hill can see if the auto 'craze' shall end, witness a crash which would not be confined to the auto industry. The automobile has come to stay, despite its critics and the fact that some abuses and regrettable extravagance have come with it.

Among other critics of Mr. Hill's statement is Alfred Reeves, who is a prominent general manager in the automobile industry. He makes the interesting point that as Mr. Hill for a long time has been uttering the cry of "back to the farm," there being, as he contends, a lack of people tilling the soil, he should remember that "the automobile has done and is doing more to keep the young man on the farm than anything else." During the past two years farmers have been among the largest buyers of motor-cars. In one county of Iowa alone 273 are now owned by tillers of the soil. Other points in Mr. Reeves' statement are the following:

I speak of investing in automobiles, as automobiles are an investment. They not alone give a greater radius of travel and are great time-savers, but even when used solely for pleasure, they give enjoyment to family and friends, taking them into the pure air of the country.

It is undoubtedly true that there are some people maintaining motor-cars who can not properly afford them; but is that any less true in the case of those who speculate in Wall Street's stocks, or buy more expensive clothing or homes than their incomes really warrant?

Better by far that Mr. Hill, and others who have been quoted as being pessimistic on the country's future, and hasten to lay much of the blame on the motor-car, should glory in the country that could afford to buy 120,00 automobiles in 1909, costing approximately $150,000,000, with every prospect of buying more than 200,000 cars this year, retailing at not less than $225,000,000. Let them remember that more than one million families in this country have incomes of $3,000 or more.

Let them glory in a business that has almost one hundred substantial motor-car factories and a numberof smaller one with a total capital of more than $200,000,000, that have 250 factories making tires, parts and accessories, with a capital of almost $150,000,000; those same factories, in making parts and accessories, employing not less than 250,000 men.

Does Mr. Hill ever stop to consider the wages earned by the chaffeurs, of whom there are 56,500 registered in New York State alone? Invariably they receive on the average, better wages than the men on Mr. Hill's railroad or any other railroad.

One can not deny that the circulation of money is what aids a community. The most important people in this country are not those who buy bonds and live on the interest without working or producing anything. The real backbone of the country is the man who works hard, spends a little and saves a little, who gets some enjoyment out of life, and moreover, who thinks enough of his family to own a motor-car and secure the benefit of that greatest of modern means of transportation.

The motor-car is new and, of course, must be the subject of prejudice to a greater or less extent. The fact remains, however, and neither the statements of Mr. Hill nor those of any other man will change it, that the 175.000 motor-cars now running in this country are but a beginning, and that the number will increase rapidly, both for pleasure and business purposes; that the country itself is going to be very much better off as a result, and that the automobile business will continue to prosper just as long as makers give good machines at the lowest prices consistent with design, material, and workmanship.

The Express Skyscraper

Building skyscrapers at the rate of a storey a week is no new thing in New York. There, according to William Allen Johnston, writing in *Harper's Weekly,* they actually complete the storey, all furnished and ready for occupancy, within that time.

The story of the express-built skyscraper begins away back in the steel-rolling mills of Pittsburg and Bethlehem, where they also race against time and short-cut processes and with a gigantic remorseless rush turn out a product whether men get in the way or not.

Here the entire steel frame of the sky-scraper is built in multitudinous sections—that is to say, columns, beams, headers, girders—each with connecting flanges all punched and ready to be fitted and riveted together. The columns weigh as much as fifteen tons each.

A complete story could be told of the works at Pittsburg: of how the big machines start rolling, riveting, cutting, punching—the processes are many and mighty—almost the moment the blue-prints arrive; of how even while the work is in progress some master minds are plotting ways and means to hasten it, to get the black metal timbers craned more swiftly out of the roaring shops and speeding on to New York in hundreds of heavy flat-cars.

Then follows the actual erection of the building in the city, and this step is described in detail.

It is a wonderful giant's fame of jack-straws—this rearing of the steel structure. First a platoon of monster derricks is set up in the pit. The masts are sometimes ninety feet in height, with booms nearly as long, and are shipped all the way across the continent from the big pine forests of Oregon. Three flat-cars, end to end, are required for the length of the poles, and, arrived at their destination in New York, they are trucked through the streets to the building site at midnight when other traffiic is all save suspended.

Now the steel is arriving, drawn from the river lighters in great double-teamed, extension trucks, and is unloaded all around the edge of the rectangular pit. Each length is marked to go in a certain place. The drivers for the most part are ex-ironworkers and know how to handle steel as well as horses. The derricks are electrically run and move silently, swiftly, steadily. The spasmodic jerking of the puffing steam upright engine is absent. The big booms swing, dip, raise their many-ton loads with all the precision and delicacy of human hands. Just think of swinging a heavy girder into a flanged union with a play on either side of little more than a quarter of an inch!

With each derrick there's a crew of seven men, comprising a "pusher" or squad boss, a derrick-man, and five overhead iron workers. Over all the squads is the iron foreman, darting here and there, looking up and down, seeing the whole process and every part of it.

The mighty work goes on continuously by day and night. One shift—on a big job it numbers fifty men—relieves another. There must be no stopping; minutes count. At night yellow and white incandescent lights sputter over a ceaseless din and travail. Now and then an ambulance rings its way into the congested side-street. For there are accidents. They cannot be altogether avoided.

Every time two stories of steel are completed the derricks must be raised. This has been slow, cumbersome work in the past. Only a year ago it meant a day's work. Now they do it in from thirty minutes to two hours. In the old way they rigged a stiff-legged derrick above, which grappled down and lifted up the boom derrick. In other words they raised a derrick with a derrick. Now they make the derrick raise itself. To a layman this sounds like raising one's self by the boots. But it can be done, even with an eight-ton, ninety-foot derrick. A young iron foreman solved the problem one day when his company gave him just twelve days to put up the frame of a twelve-storey building.

"It's easy enough," said he. "You just fold up the derrick and lash boom

and mast together. Then detach the main "fall" or hoisting cable from the boom and give it a clutch around the mast about one-third of the length from the top.

"Now—start your winding drums down there in the basement, and what's going to happen? Why, the cable pulls the whole derrick up and holds it till we make new moorings."

The minute one process of the building operations is sufficiently advanced, the second process follows on.

They wait for nothing and obey no precedents in the building of the express sky-scraper. While the steel frame is hastening skyward the walls, floors, tiling, fire-proofing, wiring—all are racing after it. The very moment a support is made that renders possible the commencement of another branch of the work, the latter activity begins. On a granite and brick building the bricklayers start work—on the fifth storey, say—before the granite has reached them. By the time the latter is laid and meets the brick they are several stories in advance. That means several stories saved in time. They work shoulder to shoulder—not an inch of room is wasted—on a long, mechanically elevated platform that seems to climb upward before your very eyes.

Already the plastering has begun—while there still remains a gap in the underwalls between granite and brick. Another precedent broken! Said a nervous young superintendent one morning. "We begin plastering to-day."

"What!" expostulated the foreman. He interposed objections, slowly, obstinately; the superintendent snapped each one out of the way. They were precedents only.

"And, now, why not?" he concluded.

The foreman scratched his head; and then a light began to twinkle in his eye, the light of daring initiative—of Americanism, for that is what the spirit really is. He jumped up, shook his shoulders and squared them. The wheelhorse became a racer. "I got you," said he. "I'll have a hundred and fifty men on the job by noon."

It is this dovetailing of all the various activities—from base to cornice, from side to side, that helps most to solve the puzzle of rapid construction. No trade waits for another to finish. Each fits in the moment another makes a groove and all work skyward together. Thus there may be more than a thousand men on a building at one time. They swarm like ants over the structure. Mauls, riveting-hammers, trowels, wrenches, shovels, saws—join in a tremendous chorus which may be heard for blocks.

The modern sky-scraper is really a great steel cage blanketed with stone, cement, and brick. Its walls and partitions are very thin as compared with the old-fashioned brick processes which took up room and gave less strength, which moreover, were slow and costly to erect. The new type of building stands for strength and economy—and speed.

It was new only a score of years ago. Then the people of Chicago marvelled over such a structure only nine storeys high. Pedestrians blocked the sidewalks in front of it and had to be dispersed by the police. To-day the fifty-storey sky-scraper has already ceased to be a wonder.

What does the future hold forth?

Greater height? The architects say no; that a multitude of such structures will shut out light from the streets and make an ugly sky-line. The limit of height has been reached.

Greater speed, then? Yes, in all probability. The express sky-scraper is just beginning. Every one, from architect down, is working to further its speed. All are simplifying processes, inventing new mechanical aids, devising better building systems. Verily, soon we shall have "sky-scrapers while you wait."

People never discover what a corrupt thing society is until they can't get into it.—*Jean Milne.*

Ups and Downs of the Stock Market

By

George W. Brock

THERE comes a time in the life of a good many young men when the sporting page of the daily paper begins to divide its interest with the financial page. The change is a gradual one, but it is none the less significant. You will note the young clerk coming from the office, where he has been at work all day, snatch an evening paper from a newsboy and board a car for home. He will probably glance at the more important headlines on the front page, but it will not be long before his fingers slip in between the leaves and his eye scans the latest market news. In company with many thousands of his fellow-beings he is curious to know how the various active stocks have been behaving during the day. The chances are he has money invested in some one or other of them or he is watching for an opportunity to get in on a good thing.

The reports of sales and the stock quotations, which are to be found in every daily paper, are the records of the business transacted on the stock exchange. When we see, for instance, under the heading, Montreal Sales, such an item as this, "Soo com., 50 at 135," the meaning is simply this, that on the Montreal Stock Exchange, one broker has sold to another fifty shares of the common stock of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company, (commonly known as the Soo Road), for $135 a share. The transaction has most likely been made for clients of the stock brokers. One client wants to buy Soo common, the other wishes to sell Soo common, and this they are able to do through their respective brokers.

The evolution of the stock exchange has been a simple matter. Let us go back to the very beginning. Suppose a number of men join together to form a company. Each puts in one hundred dollars to start the business. If there are one hundred men, they will put up among them $10,000, which becomes the capital of the company. To each contributor, the secretary issues a receipt for his hundred dollars. Now we can suppose that as time moves on, one of the hundred stockholders may wish to withdraw from the company. How is he going to get back his hundred dollars? The company is not in a position to return it to him, because all the money has been invested in machinery, let us say. He has to find some other individual who will take his place in the company. It can be readily seen that it will be quite an undertaking for him to search personally for a purchaser. Conversely there may be a man who would like to purchase a share in the company. For him, too, it would be no easy task to find a stockholder ready to sell. Imagine this situation multiplied by the establishment of many similar companies, with thousands of shareholders, and it will be quite apparent that the only solution will be for some man or men to make a business of bringing buyers and sellers together. The class of stock broker springs into

existence and a stock exchange, where they can transact their business, is established.

But after all this is a very elementary way of looking at the business of buying and selling stocks. Other considerations and other influences have stepped in, which give a different complexion to the situation. Let us return for a moment to our hypothetical original company and suppose it has been in operation for a year, before any one wants to sell his stock in it. During that year one of two things may have happened; either the business of the company has been better than the investors figured it would be, or it has been worse. If it has been better, then the shareholder will consider that he is entitled to receive a little more than one hundred dollars for his holding. If it has been worse, he will be willing to sell at less than the hundred. It is in just this way that fluctuations begin and these fluctuations have come to-day to be the result of innumerable causes.

Of these causes, naturally, the simplest and strongest is the actual condition and prospects of a company, considered by itself, and gauged usually by the earnings. If a company is prospering, this prosperity should by rights be reflected in the value of the stock. A stock paying a dividend (interest on the money invested) of eight per cent., should, other things being equal, sell at a higher figure than one paying only seven per cent. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, this condition is influenced in a hundred ways by other conditions and can never be taken as a sole guide.

The element of speculation enters. A company may be seemingly doing remarkably well. Its stock may be considered an excellent buy, but the idea gains ground among certain shareholders that this condition is not going to last. They think to themselves, if we sell now at the present price, we will forestall the drop, which is sure to come, when the earnings begin to fall off. They start in to sell their holdings. It may be that there are enough buyers, with confidence in the company, to purchase all the stock they have to offer at the market price, but the chances are more likely that there are not. The fact that the supply exceeds the demand, means that the sellers must lower their price in order to get rid of their stock. By the time the last man has unloaded, the price may be away down. All this time the company is prospering and increasing its earnings, so that the drop cannot be explained by its current condition. The drop is purely speculative, based on future beliefs as to its standing.

In a similar way, a number of buyers may speculate on increased earnings and larger dividends. They begin to buy and the price goes up, because the supply is smaller than the demand. Meanwhile the present condition of the company may be most unsatisfactory.

General commercial conditions have a great deal to do with the values of stocks. In a time of commercial depression stocks naturally decline in value, for the reason that the public need money to tide them over the stringency. The market is glutted with stocks and prices drop, because buyers are scarce. But here again we cannot depend on the market reflecting the exact condition of affairs, for the speculator figures on the depression before it comes and stocks reach their lowest point months before the lowest point of the depression is reached. Conversely stocks begin to go up before the better times return.

So far we have assumed that a buyer pays the full market value of the stock he buys in cash from his own pocket. It is true that this is frequently done, and it is really the most satisfactory and secure way of buying stock. People who buy this way usually do it for an investment, being content to receive their dividends and let their securities stay quietly locked up in a safe deposit vault. But there are other people, who, observing the way prices fluctuate, say to themselves, why should not I buy to-day at 80, in

the expectation of selling next week at 90. These people are the speculators. If they have sufficient cash they buy their stocks outright, and in so doing they do wisely. Unfortunately, human nature is not always fashioned of such cautious material. A more risky way has been devised to accommodate the adventurous. This is marginal buying.

Under a system of marginal buying a speculator is able to buy ten, twenty or even twenty-five shares, without expending more cash, than were he to buy a single share outright. If the stock goes up and he sells, he makes accordingly ten, twenty or twenty-five times as much. On the other hand, if the stock declines, he is liable to lose everything he put into it, and therein lies the risk. The idea behind marginal buying is that the purchaser buys the stock, paying usually ten points in cash, while the balance of the purchase money is made up by the broker, who either loans it himself or borrows it for the purpose. The purchaser must, of course, pay interest on this loan, and for reasons, which will appear later, the broker holds the stock.

Now, if the stock goes up and the purchaser sells it, he pockets the advance, less interest on the loan, and the brokerage involved in buying and selling. Provided a gain of five points is made and one hundred shares are dealt in, this gain amounts to $500, from which interest and brokerage are to be deducted. But, supposing the stock goes down. The broker must protect himself from loss. He is bound to make good the amount of the loan, and this he can only do by selling the stock before it drops ten points, and thereby realizing enough to meet the loan, or else he can call on the purchaser of the stock to advance more money to cover further declines. If the holder of the stock is unable to do this, or reaches a limit beyond which he cannot pay, the broker sells the stock, takes what he requires to clear himself, and returns the balance, if any, to the unfortunate speculator.

Marginal trading, which is very extensively indulged in, has naturally a considerable bearing on the prices of stocks. The constant buying and selling of speculators, many of whom know absolutely nothing about the intrinsic merits or demerits of the stocks they deal in, cause inexplicable fluctuations, which upset all calculations.

While most people buy for a rise, there is a class of people, known in the vernacular as bears, who are always expecting declines. These people pursue a different policy. It is apparent that no one who expected a stock to fall would be willing to purchase it. Naturally, if they held any of it they would be anxious to sell. But they do not hold any of the stock. Believing that it is going to decline, they go to their broker and say in effect, "Lend me so many shares of such and such a stock, for which I will give you my cheque at the current market price, and then sell them for me." Now, if the stock declines, as they anticipate, they can re-purchase these shares on the market, return them to the broker, get back their cheque, and make profits equal to the difference between the price at which the shares were sold in the first place and bought in, in the second place. But, should the stock go up, the broker may want his shares back, and then the bears must re-purchase the stock at a higher figure, thereby losing the difference between the buying and selling prices.

Marginal trading is also carried on extensively by the bears. Instead of giving a cheque for the whole value of the stock loaned by the brokers, they put up five or ten points. Then if the price drops they realize the full amount of the decline, but if it goes up, they are compelled to keep up their margin, or else lose all they put in.

Sometimes arrangements are made for the loan of stock for a definite period of time, but usually the requirement is that the stock should be returned on demand, because the broker

has to secure it very often from third parties.

It can be readily seen that the bears exercise a very considerable influence on prices, and it is, generally speaking, a healthy influence, for it tends to prevent undue inflation of prices. Between the two opposing forces, stocks fluctuate to an extent that makes any definite forecasts as to prospective moves most difficult to render.

Summing up, the stock market presents a complexity of influences, which no man on earth can gauge accurately. Only close students of the market can hope to make big gains in speculation. It is therefore the wiser course to buy for investment, purchasing standard stocks, which have demonstrated good earning qualities. Opportunities may come to sell at an advance, and such opportunities should be taken advantage of, but for the average business man or woman, who has other things to think about, it is a serious mistake to start speculating pure and simple. Where purchases are made outright, the buyer can watch the fluctuations of the stock composedly, knowing that if it goes up he is so much better off, and, if it goes down, he does not lose all he put into the purchase and still draws his dividend.

[Editor's Note.—Next month we will publish an informative article on "Pointers in Buying Stocks."]

Lifters and Leaners

By

Courtenay Barber

THERE are just two kinds of people in the world—the people who lift and the people who lean.

The one great *World Purpose* was revealed to man nineteen centuries ago. That purpose is to lift man up from where he is to where he ought to be.

A great up-lifting power, divine in its inception, and infiinite in its purpose, is ceaselessly working under, behind, and through all the forces of the world that relate to the interests of man. This power relates to and works through the individual — that means you and me. Think of it! This greatest of all powers is only to be used for lifting the individual up and thereby up-lifting the world of individuals.

If you and I are to do any lifting, we must allow this power to work through us. This means that we must be inspired with this world-purpose and have a great controlling desire to contribute to it, before this irresistible power can work through us. When it works through us, it expresses itself in an eagerness to take hold of and lift up everything that relates to this world-purpose.

It makes traveling up-hill a joy.

Obstacles only increase the desire and power of the lifter.

Every lift brings the lifter up to a higher point of vision where his passion for expansion satisfies itself more and more as he gets a nearer and larger view of the magnificent heights to which man is capable of reaching. All this if he only sees the vision of the great world-purpose and desires to be a part of it.

The earth is like a road, and a good place to travel in but a poor place to go to sleep in.

The lifter is the only one who does any traveling.

The leaner enjoys continuous sleep. In the theatre of life along this road, the lifter is the actor, the leaner is the looker-on.

System and Business Management

Retail Merchandising a Science

By

W. J. Pilkington

WHEN one discusses the business of the retail merchant from the scientific standpoint he at once must contend and work against prejudices of the average person against a subject with the word "scientific" attached to it. I know and we all know that usually when one speaks of a scientific proposition we at once think of the college professor. We are willing to let the university and the college take care of and study the scientific problems, but to business men and merchants to-day, as ever before, the studying of the retail business from the scientific standpoint is of vast importance. Never before in the history of the business world have we undergone the revolutionary conditions we are undergoing to-day.

The retail business is not done to-day even as it was a year ago, let alone twenty years ago. Many and many a retail merchant who fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years ago, found it comparatively easy to make a little money, to-day has discovered that it is almost impossible for him to make a respectable living and interest on the money invested. This man to-day will say to you that some way or other things have changed.

They tell you that years ago they were making a little money, but to-day it is hard for them to do so.

The trouble with such a man is that conditions have changed and they have not. They fail to understand that to-day, as never before, it is not only one's neighbor who is his competitor, but it is every other man on the face of the earth. Our fast railroad trains, our electric lines, our telephones, telegraph systems, wireless telegraphy and rural mail delivery have made of us one family. To-day the retail merchant must compete with every other retail merchant in the civilized world. No longer is trade in local boundaries bound to him. It goes where it pleases, it goes to the men who to-day know how to appeal to it and reach it scientifically.

It is time that as business people we understood that nothing happens in the retail business. Every condition existing in your business exists because something has caused it to exist. It exists because some scientific, fixed or natural law, whatever you please to call it, has brought about the condition. It is time that our merchants understand that everything in our business is ruled and regulated by fixed laws and principles. These laws and principles are the same to-day that they were when Adam and Eve were in the dress-making business. These laws never have changed and never will change. When once the retail world understands these principles, understands the basic principles involved in the retail business, then we will begin to remedy

many of the existing conditions. Once the retail merchant knows that every condition in his business is the result of a fixed law, then he will see it is best to know what these fixed laws are, and what the effects of their violations produce.

See here, Mr. Retail Merchant, every time you violate one of these fixed, scientific or natural laws, you of necessity must pay the penalty for the violation. It makes no difference how shrewd you are, how wealthy you are, or how poor you are, a violation of one of these fixed laws brings on you the pently, the punishment. You cannot escape it, whatever course you pursue. If there is a condition existing in your business that is not satisfactory, that is not as it should be, it of itself is prima facie evidence that you have violated some fixed scientific law.

Let us apply this same principle to our physical bodies and we find we cannot violate any fixed law governing our human bodies without paying the penalty of the violation. You abuse some function of your body, you cross the fixed laws and the result is a diseased condition and this disease is the penalty nature visits on you for a violation of her laws. None of us expect to escape these penalties once we violate these laws.

Another thing, whenever you violate one of the laws governing your body you bring about a penalty, a diseased condition, and never again is that body the same as it was before. Some place, somehow, the disease will leave its scar. It maybe you cannot see the scar but nevertheless it is there. Because the unchangeable laws of nature and science tell us that that scar must be there. You can no more violate one of these scientific, fixed laws, governing your body and escape the penalty of the violation than you can violate one of the fixel laws governing your business as a retail merchant and escape the penalty. Don't you see that both of them are dealing with scientific and fixed laws and the result must be the same in both instances.

Let us go further and see if we can apply these same principles to other phases of life. First, what is a "wrong," how do you produce a "wrong?" There is only one way to bring about a "wrong" and that is to violate some fixed, scientific, natural law. You absolutely cannot produce a "wrong" in any other way. Now then, a man commits a crime, we will say he steals a horse. When he has stolen that horse he has violated a fixed law of right between man and man, and the next step you take is to try him in a court of justice, sentence him to the penitentiary and that is called the "punishment" for the violation of the law. This man serves his sentence and is dismissed from the institution. Now mind you he violated a scientific, fixed law, he has paid the penalty, but mark you, as long as that man lives on the face of this earth his life bears the scar of that penalty. He may go to the ends of the earth, he may change his name, he may change his occupation, but never, never, can he efface the scar that penalty leaves on his life.

You can apply this same principle to any phase of life and you get identically the same results. The facts are, you can take this same principle into vegetable life and by violations of fixed laws you get fixed penalties. Mr. Merchant, does not this present to you a phase of the retail business that possibly you have never considered before? It makes of the retail business a serious problem.

The trouble with you and I is when we see a condition existing in the retail business it is the effect. We forget that the thing we see is the effect and not the cause. We at once busy ourselves in trying to overcome it. We adopt premium schemes and plans and this and that, trying to overcome the thing we see, but all the time, down below the whole problem, is the cause, and it is grinding away day after day

and night after night, producing a new batch of effects.

If the retail merchant before he had gone into the business had attended a school and been educated as a retail merchant, if he had been taught where to look for causes and what effcts certain causes would produce, he would at once know where to look, and once he found the cause it would be remedied in a short time. The time will come when a young man wanting to enter the retail business will first attend a school and receive a technical education having to do with the business. Such a preparation will make it possible for the same man to, in five years' time, get the practical experience that otherwise it would take him from twenty to forty years to get. Mr. Merchant, the trouble with you is you have "happened" into your business instead of going into it because you had taken an inventory of your qualifications and made up your mind that you were fitted for the business. Too many times men have gone into the retail business because they were looking for something "easy," instead of sitting down calmly and deciding that they were by nature and by natural qualifications. fitted to make a success of the retail business.

Mr. Merchant. to-day you are practically the only man out of the whole realm of life who is not educated for his business before he goes into it. You are the "tag end" of the whole procession when it comes to preparing for your calling. The doctor, the lawyer, the preacher, prepare for their professions. Your railroad lines, your electric lines, your factories are all laid out and planned and equipped and many times operated by men who have received a technical education fitting them for the things they are doing in life.

To-day the blacksmith finds that by attending certain schools he becomes a better blacksmith. The automobile builder does the same thing. and in many of our schools we find them instituting an agricultural department where boys and girls are taught the science of agriculture. In some schools, girls are taugh the science of cooking. But show us the retail merchant who has attended a school to study the science of retailing. The time will come, Mr. Merchant, when you will study your business out of a text book. You will study your business out of a book just the same as Johnny studies his multiplication table out of a book. True, we will never be able to do away with the value of practical experience, but we can make the practical experience of more value by first laying a foundation for it.

The traveling man, the real one, today looks upon his calling as a profession and he studies his business out of a text book. He gets the basic principles involved in it. It makes no difference what you may sell, whether it be dry goods, or shoes, or clothing, or drugs, or whatever it may be, the basic principles involved in one are the same as those involved in the sale of any other thing.

One great trouble with the retail tail world is that we have gone to seed over the "buying end" of the business. Let me say to you that the buying end of your business is the least important one. It is not a question of buying goods to-day. Any fool with credit or money can buy goods, but the question is, "can he sell them at a profit?" It is not uncommon to have a merchant put a couple of hundreds in his pocket, grab his night gown and start for market. He thinks nothing of spending two or three hundred dollars in going to market and buying goods, but have you heard of any of them spending a ten dollar bill to learn how to sell more goods; to learn how to get more profit out of his business.

The facts are, nearly the whole problem in the retail business to-day is in the selling end of it. Factories can erect buildings, miles long, for the production of goods, but their problem, the same as yours, is the question of selling these goods at a profit. The traveling man comes to you and of course he talks "buying" to you. He emphasizes the "buving

end" of your business, when in the very act of doing so, he himself is emphasizing the "selling end" of your business, and you merchants have not awakened to the fact that you are making the mistake when you argue with the traveling salesman over a few cents, when you are losing hundreds of dollars by not knowing the selling end of your business.

It is impossible to cover all the phases of the retail business in one article. And let me say to you, that what I am saying right here is not a question of theory, it is a question of having worked it out in actual practice. The facts are, instead of being a theorist, I have been on all sides of the counter, back of it, in front of it, on top of it, and even under it. I have come from a family of retail merchants, and in addition to this it has been my pleasure to come in touch with thousands of retail merchants of every part of America. Their problems have been presented in a way that any one with ordinary intelligence could not help but see what the problems involved are.

Now then, I want to take up this question of "retailing" on the installment plan and see whether or not we can apply this thing we call "science" to the different phases of the retail business. If we cannot, then we are on the wrong track, but if we can then it proves that the principles we are advocating are right.

First, let us discuss the buying end of your business. Let us see whether or not there are any scientific problems involved in it. The first I think of is the study of economics. I mean, know the financial conditions of the people of your community. As a good buyer it is your business to know the earning capacity of the people of your community. If you are in a community which is a manufacturing district, know what the salary list of these people has been for the last two or three years and then get some idea of what they are liable to be for the current year. If you are in an agricultural community, know in dollars and cents what the farmers of your community produced for the last three or four years, and then, if you can, get an idea of what the conditions are liable to be this year. You ask, "why is this necessary?" Simply this, let me say to you that every community and every individual has a buying capacity. I mean every community and every individual ought to spend a certain amount of their earnings for the luxuries and necessities of life. Don't forget now about this buying capacity, because we will come back to it later on. Further, if any community or individual buys over or under this buying capacity, somebody pays the penalty, because here again you run into those same scientific, fixed laws which apply all along the way. The man who eats beefsteak instead of liver all the time is a better man for it. If he eats better food and wears better clothes and lives in a better house he is a better business man. You and I think more of ourselves and hold our heads higher when we have on a $30 suit of clothes than we do when we have on a $10 suit. You and I are better men and women when we ride in an automobile than when we ride in a wheelbarrow.

The community, or the individual, who buys over their capacity, when a stringency comes, when there is a strike or lockout, or whatever the conditions may be, pays the penalty through hardships of the family. They go beyond their means and these people find this fixed penalty being visited on them.

The individuals who under-buy their capacity find another penalty attached to them. Whenever the individuals pay less than they should for the necessities and luxuries of life, they become poorer citizens. They have a dwarfed citizenship or a dwarfed life. This is illustrated by a story of a young man, who in attending school found at the end of the term he was out of money. He got a job selling Bibles — fancy ones — out through the country. One day he stopped at the home of an old maid

and he found in her home only one table and that an old rickety kitchen table. He found the floors were made of old boards with cracks between. There was no paper or paint on the walls. You can imagine what the place looked like. The young man sold her a Bible. Another young man delivered the Bible. After he had gone the old maid laid the Bible on her kitchen table. What a contrast—this would never do. The next time she went down town she bought a centre table, placed it in the middle of the floor and placed her Bible on it. That looked worse than ever, she had to buy a rug to cover up the cracks in the floor and then the walls had to be fixed up. The last we heard of her she had bought an automobile. Some times these things amuse us, but it shows the development which can be brought about to bring them up to the buying capacity, not only doing the individual a kindness but you have done the government a kindness by making a better citizen.

The average merchant buys because some good salesman comes along and talks him into it. He buys not because he has deliberately sat down and figured out what he was going to buy and then stuck to it. It is this very weakness of the average merchant that leads to so much over buying. We are safe in saying that ninety per cent. of the failures among retail merchants are caused by over buying. They either buy more than the people of the community can absorb or more than their capital can handle, both phases of over buying.

The next scientific principle we find involved in the buying of goods is that of "suggestion," being able to say to the traveling salesman the thing you want him to do and then make him do it. You know, we all know, if we have had experience, that there are merchants who are continually getting a little better price, a little better discount, or some favor of this kind, that other merchants are not getting. Many and many a retail merchant is doing these things by handling the salesman just right, practising the science of suggestion, but he does not recognize the fact that he is doing so.

Mr. Merchant, there is no greater force in the retail world to-day than that of "suggestion," being able to tell people the very thing you want them to do and then by suggestion make them do it. The facts are, you and I are creatures of suggestion. Every day of our lives we live by it, and in this article I want to give you some of the particular phases of suggestion as I have seen them in traveling around over the country. These are not things I have read out of books, but they are things I have seen with my own eyes.

One day a friend of mine in discussing suggestion, said he believed it was possible to talk "sour" so forcefully and so strenuously to a man that you could touch a lump of sugar to the man's tongue and the nerves would report "sour" to the brain. These things can be done. I remember one evening in a northwestern city of speaking to a court room full of merchants and salespeople. The room was crowded full and when I was telling them what it was possible for one to do with suggestion, I noticed an old gentleman with a long beard sitting in front of me. I thought I would experiment. I leaned over the railing and I put the end of my finger near that man's nose and talked "sour" with all my energy. In just a moment, to my astonishment, the old man's face puckered up. What was he doing, tasting sour, and he was the only sour thing in the room. He was taking in that suggestion, he was doing the thing I suggested him to do. He was the living example of the power of "suggestion."

We all have seen friends return from California and they have a regular ecstacy over the beauty of the country. They tell us of the wonderful beauty out there; they tell of the flowers being higher than the houses; they tell us it is the most beautiful place on the face of the earth, when the facts are there is no more God-

forsaken country on the face of the earth than California, when we speak of it as a whole being beautiful. California has its good qualities, but the reason people see beauty when they go out there is because, for forty years, California in her advertising, has been telling us that these things exist and for us to come and see them, and we find the things we are told to look for. Take the advertising matter of the railroad companies running their trans-continental trains to the Pacific Coast. What kind of pictures do they use in these ads? Did you ever see them, in these advertisements, picture one of the awful dust storms they have in California? Did you ever see them picture one of the God-forsaken deserts out there? No, you don't see these things. This is what you see, probably two shade trees with a hammock strung between the trees, and in the hammock is a young lady, either reading or fanning herself; with a young man beside the hammock. What does the picture mean? Possibly it means a wedding for all we know, but it means idleness, contentment, ease, beauty, sunshine. It suggests all the things we expect or contemplate when we go on a vacation. Cannot you see what the person who designed that ad. is getting at? They are simply suggesting to you and I the things they want us to contemplate when we come out there, because they know we will find the things we look for.

We have all been in railroad depots when trains were late, and we have seen some one grab their grip and start for the door, and every one goes along. Why? It is not because they heard a train, but they did it because the individual suggested a train was coming. Well do I remember of being in the Rock Island depot in Des Moines last February, when all trains were late. After waiting about two hours a gentleman suddenly grabbed his grip and started out the door for the platform. We all went out after him. When all had gotten out he turned to us with a sickly grin and walked back, and in a while he did the same thing again, and this man worked the same trick on us three times. When he did it the third time I walked to him and took him by the hand and told him "he was a dandy." He was —he illustrated to us what could be done by suggestion.

As another illustration of what suggestion can do, I remember of being on the Chicago & Northwestern train in South Dakota. The news agent came in with a basket piled full of packages of crackerjack. He put the basket on the front seat, opened a package and then walked through the car distributing samples of his crackerjack. After he had sampled the crowd, he went back to the front end of the car and started to sell crackerjack. When he had gotten as far as the second seat, he stopped, looked to the back end of the car, raised his hand and then in a voice so every one could hear him, said, "Yes, don't be in a hurry, I will be back there pretty soon." He had only gotten to the third seat when he raised his hand and rather indignantly said, "Well, don't be in such a hurry, I will be back there in a minute." For the time I did not have sense enough to get next to what the fellow was doing. Three days after this I was on the same road and in comes the same news agent with his basket of crackerjack. He samples every one, just the same as he had done before. He started to sell his crackerjack and he got to that same second seat; he raised his hand and looked to the back of the car and says, "Yes, I will be back there." I turned in my seat and looked to the back end of the car, and there was not a living soul saying anything about crackerjack. This young man was suggesting to the people in the front end of the car that everyone in the back of the car wanted to buy crackerjack. And he sold crackerjack.

Mr. Merchant, is it not true that you and I sit around and wonder what there is we can do to help business. We wonder what we can do to

change conditions, and all about us are these things people are using day after day to bring success to them. The facts are, Mr. Merchant, success is an easy thing to attain. All you need to do is to appeal to human nature. Once you know how and then use it, success is yours. Let me say to you that human nature responds every time it is properly touched and it always responds in the same way. Human nature in the American Indian is just the same as human nature in the retail merchant. If our human natures were not all the same, it would be impossible for a national advertiser to so prepare his copy as to appeal to the people in all parts of the United States, or even the world. Let me go further and say, that once you and I know what these fixed principles governing business are; what these fixed laws governing human nature are; once we understand these, and then stick right by them, and never deviate, success is ours. Nothing can stop us. If it were possible to do this there would be no power on the face of the earth to keep us from being successes. It is no trick to sit down and figure two and put another figure two under it and multiply and get the answer four. We do it because mathematics is a fixed science, is a fixed scientific principle, and it will always produce the same results, and while of course the retail business is not a fixed science, yet the principles involved in it are so nearly fixed that generally speaking we can depend upon results by using given methods. Of course we would be foolish to say that the retail business was a fixed science because there is only one or two of such, but we are gradually working out the scientific problems involved in this thing until we have nearly a fixed science out of it.

Oh, merchants, the trouble is we don't think enough; no, we do not think enough. Do you know that to-day the success muscle is not in your arms, that is not where success lies nowadays. The success muscle is up there in your brain. It is a question to-day of brain energy and not muscle energy. It is a question of thought, a question of brain action instead of feet and legs action. You can hire men to work from their neck down for $1.50 a day, but try to hire a few to work from their neck up and see what you will pay them. Mr. Merchant, be a "neck-upper" instead of a "neck-downer." Russia had bull strength enough that she could have taken every Jap and drowned them in the ocean one at a time, but she got beaten just the same, and to-day historians are writing that Russia was defeated because Japan had beat her at head work.

You merchants have no business with the broom and poker. You have no business in washing windows and doing the chores and waiting on trade. You can hire people for eight or ten dollars a week to do this work, and are you, by doing this work, going to confess to the world that your time is not worth any more than this? Your place is to be the brains of the business. It is your place to do the thinking and let some one else do the manual labor.

So many of you merchants think you have to work hard; that you have to put in long days, that you have to wait on trade; that you must spend long, long hours in your store. Say, brother, don't you know that to-day it is the man who spends the least number of hours at his desk who is drawing the biggest salary? Business management is a question of nervous force, and in order to drive your business you must husband that nervous force and you cannot do it by keeping your stores open until eight, nine or ten o'clock at night. You make the biggest mistake of your life when you do this thing. Look about you, the large merchant succeeds because his days are short and he has his nervous force, his thinking energy, with which to drive his business.

Some Essentials of Good Advertising

By

Hugh Chalmers

THIS question of advertising is, of course, a very big one. I think advertising is the biggest thing in the world, from many standpoints. In the first place, there is more money spent on it than on almost anything else; and it also has to do with the world's biggest problem—the world's biggest problem to-day is that of distribution of the goods from where they are to where they ought to be. Advertising is one of the big factors in that distribution.

Advertising and salesmanship are the chief agents of distribution. They are one and the same thing, practically, because all salesmanship is advertising, and all advertising is salesmanship, in my opinion. Advertising is salesmanship plus publicity. Salesmanship is advertising plus getting the order signed.

Two other factors of distribution are transportation and population. We must have the population first to create the demand, and then we must have the transportation, and I believe today that the question which is agitating the country—that of high prices and the increased cost of living—is largely a question of distribution. If goods were properly distributed in certain parts of the country there would not be such high prices.

Now advertising, in my opinion, needs one thing most of all, and that is: it needs to be advertised.

I think most advertising men are too close to their businesses to realize that everybody does not believe in advertising; that a great number of people—thousands and hundreds of thousands of people—still believe that they buy goods cheaper from concerns who don't spend big money in advertising than from those who do. Of course, those of us who are close to that proposition know that is wrong. We know that advertising creates a demand, and creates it in such volume that we can afford to make, and do make, articles cheaper, and market them for less money than otherwise could be done. But lots of people need to be told that.

Those of you who have traveled abroad know that advertising is unknown in Europe; over there the surest sign that you are a fakir is that you advertise. Advertising in this country has gone through a great change in the last ten years—you will all admit that—because there have been more integrity and more business methods put into it than ever before. But many people yet, as I have said, don't believe in it; and it is up to the advertising men themselves to teach people to believe in advertising.

Now salesmanship gives individual lessons, while advertising conducts a public school, because a salesman is privileged to talk to only one or two persons at a time; but the advertising man is a man who is talking to millions of people at a time.

In final analysis, what is the object of advertising and salesmanship? To distribute goods at a profit. How can it best be done? By teaching the people.

There are three ways of selling goods: first, orally; second, by printed matter; and third, by pictures. These are the only ways of selling goods.

Now then, teaching is one thing that puts all salesmanship and all advertising on the same basis—you are teaching the people all the time. There is no greater builder of confidence—and that is the bedrock of all business—there is no greater builder of

confidence than advertising, because big advertising looks like big sales, and unconsciously creates confidence in the minds of the public.

Now, I believe, gentlemen—and I am talking to you plainly as an advertiser, as a man who spends his money with you—I believe if there was ever a time for specific statements in selling the goods you are dealing in, that to-day is the time—the direct statement period—when people are interested in knowing exactly why. To-day is the time for reason-why advertising.

I have been in the manufacturing business all my life, and I found out a few years ago why it was easier to make things than to sell them. Anybody with money can go into the manufacturing business, because money can buy machinery, materials, and the services of men. But it does not follow that because any man can make things that he can sell them.

Now, what is the difference? The difference is this: In one case you are dealing with methods of machinery; and in the other case you are dealing with the human mind. You can pretty well gauge, in this period of automatic machinery—how much you can turn out. But when you come to sell it, you are dealing with the human mind. You cannot measure it. Why? Because the human mind has prejudices and is subject to change. So I say in one case you can measure what you can do, and in the other case you cannot.

As to the selling proposition: When a man makes a sale, that sale does not take place in the order-book or the check-book or the pocket-book; but every sale that is made to-day—whether it is a paper of pins or a railroad —first takes place in the human mind. Fortunately for us, humanity has always wanted teachers, and the man who wants to succeed to-day will go into the teaching business and convince the people to have confidence in him and in what he has to sell.

Advertising and salesmanship form a connecting link between invention and use of any article. I can say without fear of contradiction that advertising and salesmanship have pushed the world ahead commercially faster than anything else. Why? Because they teach the people that these inventions are the things they ought to have, ; and because the best invention in the world would be useless, valueless if people did not know about it and use it.

I go a little farther, perhaps, than some advertisers do in this matter of postal rates which the Government is agitating just now. I think every publication should stand its just proportion, but I should hate to see any discrimination which would place advertising on a different basis. I honestly believe that the advertising section and the advertising pages of all publications are just as much disseminators of news and as important in informing and teaching the people as the editorial pages are. I know a great many people who wouldn't take a magazine if the advertising was omitted.

Coming back again to the subject of salesmanship, printed salesmanship —what is salesmanship? Salesmanship, in last analysis, is nothing more or less than making the other fellow feel as you do about the goods you have to sell.

Now then, how can that be done? It is done by appealing to his mind. It is done by argument; it is done by direct statement.

And right here let me say that in a great deal of advertising copy we shoot over the heads of about nine-tenths of our readers. You are appealing to a man's mind when you sell him something; and you cannot convince him until he understands. He will not understand unless you put it in Anglo-Saxon words, the smaller the better—so that the man who has no education can understand what you are talking about; then it is a cinch that the college graduate will.

Advertising is a process of salesmanship; but it is more than salesmanship. Advertising means the in-

surance of a continuance of trade. There are two objects in advertising: first, to sell the output—that is the first object of anybody in advertising; and second—no less important than the first in my opinion—to establish a name and insure the continuance of the business.

If I were absolutely sure I could sell all our output during 1910, 1911, and 1912, and had a guarantee of it in my pocket, I wouldn't spend a dollar less than we are spending to-day in advertising.

Why?

Because my vision of our business is not bounded by the year 1912. We want to continue to advertise in order to insure that our business will continue. When you shut off advertising you shut off your source of supply. In order to sell one thousand automobiles we have to convince a million minds.

There are, in my opinion, two things that are hurting advertising. First, we will have to clear up the agency situation, and convince people that agencies have the first essential to success—absolute honesty.

And the second thing is no less important than the first, and that is that publication circulations shall be just what they are presented to be. If I buy 5,000 axles for automobiles, and they only deliver 4,000, you can rest assured I don't pay for the fifth thousand; why should it be different in advertising?

Then again, there is too much of bad advertising—too much of what I might call, to use a slang expression, too much "hot air" in advertising.

There is no mystery about writing good copy; there is nothing to it but good, common, hard sense. That is all there is to advertising anyway.

Writing copy is to a very great extent saying to your reader what you would say to him if you were in front of him.

I also believe that the first few lines or first paragraph in any advertisement is the most important, because whether or not a man reads all the way through depends wholly on you.

In selling goods you are throwing thoughts at a man — whether you throw them orally or on paper doesn't make any difference—you are throwing thoughts at that man, and his brain catches just what you throw at him. So you can't throw insincerity and have him catch sincerity. He is unconsciously affected by your sincerity or insincerity.

I want to say again, in conclusion, that I believe that the publisher, the advertiser and the public are all bound in a great community of interests in this advertising business; because just in proportion as the publisher keeps his sheet clean—keeps his editorial page right; obtains the reputation of being too pure to be bought, too brave to be bullied—does he make those blank pages that he sells valuable to advertisers; and just as the people believe in the character of the publication, in just the same proportion will they believe in the character of the advertising it carries.

Helping Your Customer to Pay

VERY well, if you want to lose a $200 order I can go to a store where I already have an account and get the curtains there." The large lady swished her back upon the department store's regretful credit man and departed. The credit man turned a large smile upon a waiting visitor and said:

"Can you imagine any possible reason why she wished to favor us with her $200 charge purchase when she already has an account elsewhere?"

The visitor grinned back. He was from a hustling western town of seven thousand inhabitants, proprietor of a general-merchandise store, and rated at B2 or so. Enjoying a needed vaca-

tion by studying the ways of business in the metropolis, he had happened in on his old-time friend, this credit man. "Charging goods in retail stores is getting to be all the rage," he had explained. "I'll sit here and watch you sift 'em out." Now he answered the credit man's question:

"Because she has reached the limit there?"

"No. Because she is careless about her payments, although good for them, and has been jolted by the accountant. Gave that much away by saying: 'I understand some of these stores act as if you were cheating them if you don't pay on the minute, but I suppose you are not like that.' "

"Then if you had been willing to open the account the other concern really would have lost her trade?"

"They'll probably lose it any way. They can afford to, I guess, whoever they are. But it was unnecessary to drive her away. My reason for declining to open the account was that we have a rule to refuse people we know will give our collector a run for his money. What's the use?"

"It would be all up with me, I fear," sighed the visitor, "if I turned down any of our people for that reason."

"Every man must decide for himself. But as a rule the minute a merchant does business on a personal instead of a business basis he courts failure—a mighty willing bride. My rush is over for to-day, suppose I tell you some things about this end of the business.

"Salesmen in wholesale houses here in the city will take any man's order for any quantity of goods, enter the order in good black ink on real paper, eagerly assure him that his shipping directions will be carefully observed, thank him profusely, and do it all gladly, sincerely. The new customer remarks on his satisfaction with the way this house does business, and departs wondering to himself why it should be so easy to beat a city merchant.

"Now, Johnnie, suppose some woman of your town whom you never saw before should rustle in and command you to send her thus and so amounting to $98 to be "just charged to me, Mrs. *George* Adams Clarke," and glide out, what would you do?"

"What *would* I do?" replied the visitor, expectantly.

"Probably you'd send the goods and contract insomnia. The wholesale house with a thousand times your capital can't afford to risk losing its goods, but it can afford to risk losing the customer. And any honest, fair-minded person, the only kind deserving credit, would rather do business with a prudent merchant than with an easy-go-lucky one. The wholesaler looks up the customer, not up to him, as you do, and only when he is every whit sure that the account is a safe one does he ship the goods. Can you afford to be less careful? Are you a merchant or a philanthropist during business hours?"

"But you must bear in mind, Jim," warned the visitor, "that in a place like C—— you can't look up your fellow townspeople that way."

"So? Well, you go to the bank to borrow a thousand and see if they can't look you up, and you're one of the fellow townspeople, aren't you?

"Now, there are just five kinds of customers a retail merchant has to deal with, and he is entitled to know to which class each customer belongs: Cash; charge, with prompt settlement; with irregular settlement; with instalment settlement; with forced settlement.

"The cash customer is the salt of business. He is the high-water mark of desirability. He is a rare specimen.

"Immediately a cash customer asks for credit, be on your guard exactly as with an entirely new customer; especially so if the applicant for credit has moved to town within a year and lives in a rented house. You will help such people to pay their bills by coming to a clear understanding at the very start. If you can do this with the person who airly says: 'Just charge it,' and starts to go, you can do it with any one, so take that style as a starter.

Don't grow red with pleasure and hurriedly scrawl the name on your roll of wrapping. Lift up your proprietary voice and pleasantly inquire: 'To yourself or to *Mr.* Chester?' If to the latter, subside and, if you think you know enough about the people to chance a month's custom, go ahead. If not, send a boy to Mr. Chester's place of business with a printed form letter something like this:

Mrs. Chester has favored us with an order to be charged to you.

As a customary business preliminary will you kindly return this form filled in below?

Thanking you for your patronage, etc.

"In the space below print the usual questions and cross out any you consider unnecessary. The form signed and returned is your authorization to open the account. The questions can include: Names of two business references? Owner or lessee of house you are living in? Maximum amount of the account? Settlement, weekly or monthly?

"The last question places the customer on record as to when he intends to pay, and places you on record as expecting it then."

The visitor shut his eyes and sighed blissfully. "If I only could," he said.

"Well, Johnnie, all I can say is, if that letter loses you the customer, thank your stars you sent it. But why should it? If you carry an entirely up-to-date stock, with a reputation for having the articles everybody hears about and reads about; if you are making your store wanted in the town, you won't need to curry favor by giving away stuff to dead beats. And just bear in mind that the fellow who does trust indiscriminately will certainly smash, and you'll get his customers on your own terms."

"But suppose she says, 'To me.' What then?"

"You will have reached a crisis in your career, my boy. but remain cool and brave. And smiling. Explain to the lady that you are glad to do it, and would like to have one or two particulars without which you cannot protect her. Her full name and her husband's? Will he or she settle the account, and will it be weekly or monthly? Shall you deliver goods on any order besides hers?

"If the customer is taking your merchandise with her, and you have the least doubt, let the value of the stuff determine if you will or won't chance it. In any case learn all about her as speedily as possible, and if your investigations are disturbing write her for business references, and say if she prefers not to give them you prefer not to continue the account. But you will do wisely to have the husband or father assume responsibility for the account in every case, with or without the customer's knowledge.

"But don't get a wrong idea in your head. You are in business to sell goods and the charge system is intended to increase sales, not to lessen them. Let every customer who suggests credit understand that you want to give it—and that it will be his fault if you can't. But you want to, Johnnie, not for his sake, but for your own! Never put yourself in your customer's place in such matters.

"Our methods here might not fit your needs, but the principles are the same. We follow up unpaid monthly statements with a courteous reminder in one week; a surprised reminder in two weeks, and a surprising reminder in three, for by that time the account is doubling up. The third reminder is a positive demand for settlement and our irresistible collector follows close behind. We'd rather lose an acquaintance than an account; wouldn't you, Johnnie?"

The visitor had been listening, and at the same time glancing over the credit man's form letters. "These would never do for C——," he argued. "My name would be mud in a week's time."

"Not with honest people, Johnnie. But get up your own letters and use sense and tact. Remember that in getting your customer to keep his ac-

count paid you are holding his trade. He will run away from an unpaid balance and buy elsewhere for cash, but if he knows he keeps his account paid up with you he will naturally buy of you as a matter of right. And, of course, you can't treat everybody alike. Give unlimited credit when you know the account is solid, but still send out some sort of reminders with some sort of system. Customers that are absolutely safe within reasonable limit, but slow, handle a little sharper. And use this prompt system with those you are afraid of.

"Help your customers to keep paid up, and you'll hold their trade and good will. No man ever thanks you in the long run for letting him get into a lingering obligation to you."—*The Circle*.

Honesty as a Factor in Salesmanship

By

J. E. Bullard

A FEW years ago I had occasion to visit New York City several times. Each time I passed a sky-scraper which was in the course of erection. I noted the care and thought expended on the structure from the foundation up and how thoroughly everything was done. It seemed that the building was designed to last as long as the native rock forming the base of its foundation.

The following winter I read Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture and was strongly impressed by the chapter on honesty.

A few more months found me in Chicago. Walking down the magnificent Midway I entered Jackson Park. There for the first time I saw the ruins of one of the buildings which graced the exhibition grounds during the Columbian Exposition. This building was not twenty years old, yet, when viewed from a distance, it reminded me of the ruins at Rome and Athens. As I came nearer, however, and saw the lath sticking out where the plaster had fallen away a feeling of disgust came over me. The words of Ruskin came rushing into my mind and I could not help comparing the results of honesty with those of dishonesty and deceit.

How well these two classes of buildings illustrate the relative success of the honest man and the dishonest man. Nevertheless, in the face of all this we often hear such expressions as the following: "You cannot do business honestly." "You cannot sell goods and tell the truth!" I, however, cannot recall hearing a single person who could be called truly successful use them.

All the truly successful men I have ever talked with, or ever heard talk, preached honesty.

I find the biggest companies and the largest business houses, as a rule, the most honest.

The most successful men have been the greatest preachers of honesty. George Washington is spoken of the world over as the man who could not tell a lie.

Benjamin Franklin, to whom Philadelphia owes nearly all that is lasting and good in her, was a great preacher of honesty.

No new movement has ever prospered and grown strong that did not build its doctrines and principles on honesty.

"Honesty is the best policy" is a very old adage, but, as I said before,

there are some people who still take exception to it.

Honesty in business may be best defined as fairness in dealings. Our adage then reads, "Fairness in dealings is the best business policy."

The public demands fairness in sports and war. Why should not business be considered on as high a plane as athletics and the army or the navy?

At one time it was considered degrading to take up business. Honor in business was then unlooked for. Now honorable men can enter an active business career and lose none of their honor or prestige. Why then should we not expect to find fairness in business?

I will consider honesty as a factor in selling under what I believe to be the three most important heads:

First: truthfulness, that is, telling nothing but the absolute truth.

Second: one price, that is, using all alike and never discriminating.

Third: presentation, that is, showing your prospect the very best use he can make of your goods.

First, in regard to truthfulness.

In a way the salesman is under oath to tell the truth. If a witness in a murder trial should cause the conviction of an innocent man by telling nothing but lies, every one would consider him worse than the real murderer.

The salesman is trying to get his prospect to give up something that by many is considered of far more value than life itself, and to obtain which many men will lose their lives. In other words he is trying to get them to give up money.

Why then isn't the man who will tell even the smallest lie to sell goods as bad as the man who causes the death of an innocent man by false testimony?

As a matter of fact the untruthful salesman is just as dangerous and not quite so repectable as rats in the hold of a large wooden ship loaded with passengers. He is burrowing holes in our great craft of credit upon which depends the livelihood and the very existence of our ever-increasing population. Any damage done to the country's credit will cause far more suffering and distress than the death of one man possibly could.

Second, consider one price.

Have you ever attended a baseball game when the fans thought the umpire was favoring one side at the expense of the other? If you have you have seen the effect of having more than one price.

There are many people who buy certain brands of goods simply because they know that no matter where or from whom they buy them, the price will always be the same. This is possibly because there are several large firms who will sell their goods to the retailer only on the condition that they be sold to the consumer at a certain fixed price. These firms are growing rapidly and are far more prosperous than they were before they controlled the retail price.

I know a man who paid a far higher price for an article because one firm quoted him a price and stuck to it while another quoted him several prices.

It does not seem fair to me to have to help pay, against my will, for what my neighbor buys. That is what I am doing if he buys the same goods in the same quantities at a lower price than I can and we both buy them from the same firm.

One price is a great aid to the salesman. When he does not have to haggle over the price it will not take so long to make a sale. He will then have time to get business from people he otherwise could not reach and will soon establish for himself and his house a very enviable reputation for honesty and reliability.

Now comes the third and last head —presentation.

Some people have the mistaken idea that honesty in salesmanship means telling all the bad things about your goods.

Honesty is fairness in dealings. Would it be considered right or fair for a baseball player to go up and tell

the opposing pitcher all the balls he could not hit? I believe it is just as dishonest to fail to put up the very best selling talk of which you are capable as it is to tell an absolute untruth.

The requisites of a first-class selling talk are knowledge, judgment and enthusiasm.

The salesman must first know all about his goods, all the ways in which they can be used and how they are superior to any others on the market. He should have judgment enough to present to his prospect those points which will interest him most and sufficient enthusiasm to inspire in him something of his own faith in the goods. He knows that any one thing he buys will meet only a very few needs. It is useless to tell what your goods will not do and it takes far more time to tell their defects than to tell their virtues. The only thing that counts is what they will do. All that any man who buys your wares really wants to know is what they will accomplish for him. The only way you can be fair to him, to yourself and to your employer is to tell him truthfully what they will do.

When preaching these good points be sure to use judgment.

A man who is going on a bear hunt and is a prospect for a gun will hardly appreciate a long discourse on a twenty-two-calibre target rifle if he knows anything about guns. Should he be ignorant of guns and you secceed in selling him a twenty-two-calibre rifle he will have a poor opinion of your honesty when he fails to stop his bear.

Be sure first of all to discover the exact needs of your prospect. Then show him clearly and concisely how your goods will meet his needs.

Nothing is really sold till the buyer is satisfied. If your article has merit and you present your case with sufficient knowledge, judgment and enthusiasm every one of your customers will be satisfied. If they are not, there is room for improvement in your selling talk.

If you are perfectly fair in your dealings your customers must be satisfied. Dissatisfaction is due to actual or suspected unfairness—in other words, to dishonesty. No first-class presentation will leave an opportunity for such a suspicion. If after the goods have been delivered there is a suspicion you have been dishonest to someone.

The salesman is the man who stands between the consumer and the producer. He is the link that determines the prosperity of them both. He should be the strongest, most trustworthy and most honorable man in the community. Far more depends on what he says or does than depends on the speech or action of any other man.

We must have a means of bringing the consumer and the producer together and this means must be one benefiting both parties.

Untruthfulness, various prices and poor presentation in selling are as dangerous to business as infected drinking water, yellow fever and the hookworm are to a tropical army camp.

If we could only have absolute honesty in selling we should have no more business depressions. All of them have started from the discovery of dishonesty and the universal suspicion of more dishonesty.

If all salesmen would tell nothing but the truth, have absolutely one price and give the best possible presentation of their goods they would do the country as a whole far more good than can all the lawyers, doctors and ministers.

Any individual salesman who will take honesty as his policy, though his success may not at first be as rapid and spectacular, will find it far more substantial than the grandstand success of his more irresponsible brother. When that brother's flimsy structure is falling into ruins the steel and stone of his will be towering high into the sky and he will be successfully accomplishing greater and greater things.—*Business Philosopher.*

Guidance in Matters of Health

Man and His Stomach

By

Arthur Henry

ANY stomach, and particularly the human stomach, is like the manufacturing department of a great business organization. In it raw materials are worked over into new and valuable forms. Like a business concern, it is most successful when its manufacturing process is one in which the largest and most valuable results are obtained with speed, accuracy and the least expenditure of labor.

A few years ago it was erroneously believed that germs were necessary to digestion. That the stomach would harbor them while they in turn would help the stomach to digest the food. This theory was held in order to bolster up a practice of eating foods that introduced and fostered germs. Humanity for centuries ate indiscriminately all manner of foods. The taste was perverted. In some of these foods germs were discovered. Not knowing how to explain the presence of a thing so evil without conflicting with their desires, men said, "germs are good." It has been recently proved, however, by many experiments, that when a healthy man eats food with no germs in it, there will be no germs in his stomach, and he will enjoy a perfectly healthy digestion, providing the food has been selected and eaten properly.

Digestion is performed by the alimentary canal, a long tube extending from the mouth through the entire length of the trunk of the body. The opening of this tube back of the mouth is the pharynx, the portion from the pharynx to the stomach, a distance of nine inches, is called the esophagus. The stomach is a pear-shaped sack into which this tube broadens, holding about three pints. The alimentary canal, continuing from the stomach, is a winding tube, an inch or more in diameter, and about twenty-five feet long. This tube is called the intestines. If a portion of grain is eaten, it is taken into the mouth and ground. Its presence causes the salivary glands to take a juice, called saliva, from the blood and pour it into the mouth. The saliva mixes with the food which passes into the pharynx. Here mental control ends. It then passes into the esophagus, where muscular fibers above the food contract, and others below it relax, so that it is forced along into the stomach. When this food enters the stomach, that organ arouses from a quiet condition to one of activity, the blood flows to it in increased amount, so that its inner coat turns from a pale color to a deep red. This lining membrane, or inner coat, becomes filled with blood that flows into its minute blood vessels. In this inner coat there are multitudes of tiny gastric glands, which, when the blood flows freely to the stomach, readily pour out large quantities of gastric fluid upon the food. The food is partially digested by the warm liquids and the constant motion of the stomach. That portion which is digested and fit to sustain the system passes directly through the lining of the stomach into the blood vessels, taking with it the gastric juice. That portion of the food which is not digested

in the stomach, passes little by little through the pylorus, or lower gate, into the intestines. The first few inches of the intestines form what is called the duodenum. This serves as a second stomach. It is here that two peculiar fluids, the bile and the pancreas, are received by a branched duct. By the action of these fluids, the food in the intestines becomes changed into a milky substance called chyle, portions of which readily enter the blood through the walls of the intestines. Other portions are taken up by tubes and carried to the blood.

This is a simple description of the methods by which food is absorbed into the body. If food were properly selected, taken at correct intervals, and chewed a sufficient length of time, the stomach would perform its duty and most of the ills that flesh is heir to would be avoided.

The stomach is a most willing servant. It really loves its master, and frequently performs such labors as none but a slave would endure. Horace Fletcher has recently evolved a theory, founded upon thousands of experiments, which maintains that of the necessary requirements the matter of chewing will alone suffice. According to him, man has been given the sense of taste to guide him in his eating, and to maintain a just relationship between his food and his stomach. So long as there is any taste, he says, the food should remain in the mouth. That which remains when there is no longer any taste should be rejected as unfit. By this method the taste is satisfied when the necessary amount of food has been sent to the stomach, and therefore it is impossible to overcrowd the stomach. By this method also only that portion of food which is nourishing gets past the taste into the system. And the taste being once thoroughly satisfied, does not call for more until the proper time. This unconsciously regulates the hours of meals. As it is now, food is ordinarily rushed into the stomach half chewed, waste and all, filling it with rubbish until it is overloaded, before the taste is satisfied. Then the hard-working stomach finds that it has twice as much labor before it as it would have if the food had been properly chewed, besides having so much waste material that it will get but half the nourishment necessary for the system. In so far Mr. Fletcher's theory is absolutely incontrovertible.

He further maintains that even food which contains poisons and injurious substances, if chewed until it disappears involutarily without a conscious act of swallowing, is rendered harmless, and if it contains anything pleasing to the taste, becomes to some degree good food.

There is no doubt that the entire theory of Mr. Fletcher could be substantiated, were the taste of man normal. But it has been proved that man's taste is not normal. There has been a gradual extinction of instinct progressing among the civilized branches of the human race. Instinct is the means by which animals are warned of danger. Most of the wilder kinds know what to eat and what to avoid. The Indian is only a little less protected by his instincts. But civilized man has cultivated perverse and unnatural appetites for so long that the natural protective instincts can no longer be trusted. Even savages led to adopt the habits of civilization degenerate, and this is probably one of the causes of their extinction.

In this day there is a growing conviction of the necessity for a selection of food based upon other grounds than man's taste. The stomach must be protected against a perverted taste by the mind. Some foods which are in themselves good, if eaten together, form combinatons in the stomach which work injury. There are other foods, such as celery, olives and many other aristocrats of the table which men have been inveigled by friends and custom into paying court to, which the stomach recognizes in their true light as idling vagabonds who can be put to no use.

Many of these foods are like the

bait thrown to the ravens by the Tartars. The Tartars do not raise these ravens from young birds, but catch them when they are about half-grown. They leave a handful of small pebbles smeared with blood in the underbrush. The ravens, swallowing them, are unable to fly and are easily captured. There are many people who have pebbles in their stomach, and cannot rise above the low level of a sluggish life.

But the stomach is not to be fooled. Beneath the condiments it recognizes the refuse. It can only groan and struggle, a perfect machine put to profitless labors.

As a result of this haphazard selection, often before a child is ten years old the stomach is worn out, so that the secreting and motor functions fail, and, as an eminent physician has put it, "becomes almost as inert as a pocket in a coat." Then, having lost the ability to purify and disinfect itself it becomes the hold of every unclean and hateful germ which thrives in such an environment. The stomach no longer protects the intestines from the invasion of pathogenic and proteid decomposing germs, and the whole alimentary canal soon becomes the habitat of microbes, varied in species, each manufacturing its own toxin or ptomaine, and altogether flooding the system with poisonous substances which overwhelm the liver and pervert every vital process.

The blame for disorder of digestion is often laid by irritable dyspeptics at the door of the stomach, when these disorders are actually due to the action of germs which get in with the food they select. These germs decompose the food and produce poisonous substances which irritate the stomach and cause soreness, heartburn, waterbrash, regurgitation of the food, and through reflex action, pain in the back, so-called spinal irritation, pain beneath the shoulder blades and in the region of the heart, neuralgia, sick headaches and numberless other ailments. More of these poisons get into the blood with the food, causing vertigo, mental dullness, confusion of thought, blurred vision, numbness, pricking, crawling, tingling, and even sudden attacks of unconsciousness or nervous apoplexy.

At a meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. J. H. Kellogg read a paper condemning vinegar on account of its powerful inhibitory influence upon salivary digestion. In the discussion which followed it was suggested that the stimulating effect of vinegar upon the salivary glands and the extra amount of saliva produced might more than balance the lessened power of the saliva to digest, resulting from the presence of this acid. The same was urged in favor of salt, pepper and other condiments. As a result of this, the following experiments were made: One ounce of various kinds of food and fluids was taken and chewed for a few seconds and then put into a vessel for weighing. The difference in weight before chewing and after represented the amount of saliva which had been added. The granose used in the experiments is a dry, well-cooked preparation of wheat. One ounce of granose produced 59.79 grams of saliva. An ounce of granose with two grains of salt added, produced 58.80 grams. When sprinkled with pepper it produced 59.1 grams. With strong cider, 55.9 grams. An ounce of moist bread produced 31.1 grams. An ounce of raw apple, 38.1. An ounce of milk, 3.82. An ounce of pea soup, 5.82.

We see by this discussion and these experiments that the effect of different foods upon the functions of the body are at best but imperfectly understood, even among physicians. Dr. Kellogg's experiments prove that the salivary glands do not need any artificial stimulants, that the best service is rendered by them when they are given natural food without seasoning or softening of any kind. When flavoring comes naturally, as in fruits and certain vegetables, it has been found that the salivary glands do respond. The significance of this appears in a new philosophy. Man, by gradual

growth of error in the use of foods, has already nullified the protection originally afforded by his guiding sense of taste. In following error he has already long ceased to consult the dictates of the organs which nature gave him for use, and is thereby modifying them. If one organ can be so modified, all organs can be proportionately modified, and he can change his whole nature. It is evidently the purpose in evolution, however, that certain organs which have been threatened with extinction should be preserved. To accomplish this, the spirit of inquiry appears in the minds of men, which will result in knowledge sufficient to select food and to eat it, that their organs will be given a legitimate exercise and so be preserved.

By the selection of his food man may become the arbiter of his destiny. He may preserve and enlarge any of his faculties, or weaken and destroy them. It all depends upon the extent to which he uses the natural functions given him. If, for instance, he selects foods, such as dry grains, etc., which call for large quantities of saliva to moisten and prepare them, and which, when taken into the stomach, thoroughly nourish his body, the salivary glands will wax strong and efficient, remaining with him. On the other hand, should he choose wet foods exclusively, or those which, because of some acid, promptly retard the flow of saliva, the glands will grow weak and gradually disappear. This is actually the case with fishes, and may become so with Americans. They eat in a hurry, chase their food past the salivary glands, which stand aghast in gaping impotence, without giving them a chance to do their work. The place of saliva is supplied by copious draughts of tea, coffee, water, milk or beer. This not only tends toward the elimination of the salivary glands, but the amount of saliva immediately produced is altogether inadequate to digest the starchy elements of the food in the acid medium of the stomach contents, and the small amount which is produced is rendered less efficient by dilution. So the body grows weak in the bargain.

What wonder that starch indigestion is becoming almost a universal complaint, when people fail to chew their food and supply saliva. Yet people wonder why they cannot digest starchy foods. The abundant provision made in the human body for the digestion of starch—first, the saliva; second, the bile and pancreatic juice; third, the intestinal juice, and, finally, the liver—is evidence that nature intended man to live largely upon farinaceous foods. The arguments of those who insist that men should live on fruits and nuts alone, leaving out the grains and vegetables, which form the necessary complement of these, and make the perfect diet, are based, not upon physiological facts, but upon their own personal experiences. Not long ago, at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, the stomach of a prominent advocate of this doctrine was examined, and it was found to be greatly dilated and almost completely inert. The exclusive use of fruits and nuts gave no work to many of the organs supplied for the disposal of food. This is also true of all the digestive forces required for this purpose. Could the advocate of this doctrine convert the world, it is easy to see how the stomach would soon become an inert sac for the deposit of fruit juices. It will be seen that the saliva being designed to digest the starch, all food containing any portion of starch must be thoroughly chewed. Grains, potatoes and other starchy vegetables particularly require the action of saliva. The gastric juice will very readily digest the material in which the starch has been transformed into glucose, or a sort of fluid which the stomach by its action can thorouhgly mix with the gastric juice. Pepsin in the gastric juice is principally of use in the digestion of proteids.

Gastric juice is a fluid formed by the numerous glands in the inner lining of the stomach. It is composed of water, hydrochloric acid, various

salts, pepsin and renning. Like the saliva, which only handles starch, the gastric juice only digests the proteids or nitrogeneous elements in food.

The pepsin in the gastric juice acts upon the proteids and changes them into what is called peptone, which remains such until it is being taken into the blood, when it becomes what is called serum-albumen. The hydrochloric acid, when present in the gastric juice in a normal amount, guards the body from infection against disease germs, which enter with the food. When this protection is removed, as it is in some diseased conditions, myriads of germs develop in the stomach. When these are present they produce sick headaches and a long list of ailments. It has been found that until the stomach is cleansed and two per cent. of hydrochloric acid is established by a proper diet, these conditions will continue. Drugs may relieve the pains, but they do not cure. The germs flourish, producing poisons which practically wreck the system. We may find relief from pain in drugs, and by our present methods of indiscriminate eating, accidentally use a proper diet, which the stomach takes advantage of and recovers. The next meal, however, may again carry to it material that operates to stultify and disorganize its functions. It would seem, in the light of these facts, when modern research has been able to discover the method by which the digestive organs work, and the food materials required to keep them normally and successfully employed, that civilization would at once concern itself sufficiently to create and adopt a system of food selection and eating that would meet the requirements. The hydrochloric acid also dissolves the material which surmounts the particles of proteid, so that the pepsin can act upon it.

The renning gathers the casein of milk together, and the pepsin converts it into peptone.

The gastric juice will digest a certain amount of food, after which, if more is added, it will not act.

The stomach, through its friendly and intimate relationship with all the parts of the body, knows just what nourishment each part requires. At every mealtime the multitudes of glands and cells stand like willing and intelligent little workmen, ready to pour out the fluids they have prepared in just sufficient amounts. They expect that the brain, guided by the taste and its own knowledge of the body's requirements, will send enough of the proper material and no more. But, in reality, few minds are acquainted with the presence, let alone the expectations, of their glands and cells. Busy with the affairs of its neighbors the brain of man has not yet had time to concern itself about the organization of its own dwelling.

The food as it leaves the stomach is in a more or less fluid condition, and is strongly acid. When it enters the duodenum, or second stomach, the bile and pancreatic juice change it to an alkaline nature, thus preventing further action of the pepsin of the gastric juice, and facilitating the action of the pancreatic juice, which splits up part of the fat of the food into free fatty acid and glycerine. Then some of the alkaline salts of the bile unite with this free fatty acid and form a soap. This soap then acts upon the remaining unchanged fat and forms an emulsion.

What remains of the food after the duodenum has extracted nourishment passes into the small intestine, where the intestinal juice acts upon it and completes the process of digestion. This intestinal juice possesses the properties of all the other digestive fluids, and so corrects any of the oversights of the others up to the limit of its capacity.

Now listen to the mind:

"Oh, what do I care about the pancreatic juice, the duodenum or whatever it is? This stuff is too learned for me." We would suggest, however, that these names stand for things as real, and much of as intimate importance to us as the names of the Vanderbilts, the McCluskies and our

interesting and peculiar neighbors. Possible war in Europe is one thing, but war in the stomach and against the whole body is another, and so vital that if neglected may end our human connections and interests entirely.

The difficulties and trials of a hard-worked and conscientious stomach are quaintly illustrated by a story of Mary Henry Rossiter's in which she says:

"The stomach examined its various pits and depressions with great anxiety. Its wrinkles deepened when it discovered the cause of the disturbances which had broken its rest for hours. A mass of decaying and fermenting food was still moving over its lower surface, while millions of germs were dancing about and multiplying at a tremendous rate.

"'This is terrible!' groaned the stomach, 'but what can I do? My muscular tissues worked as hard as they could for five or six hours, and the gastric juices dissolved everything possible. It is the imperative business of the pylorus to keep its orifice shut against everything but chyme; certainly this stuff is not ready for the duodenum.' And the stomach churned up a long string of connecting tissue and several pieces of wilted celery.

"'Good morning,' said a peptic gland to a pyloric gland near by.

"'Good morning,' replied the other, as both began to bestir themselves for the day's work.

"'I do hope that our dear stomach will not have so much to do to-day as it did yesterday.'

"'Yes, indeed,' rejoined the second, putting the final touches on a drop of juice. 'It was so exhausted last night when the last bit of chyme squeezed through the pylorus, that I am sure it couldn't have contracted another time; no matter what came into it.'

"'And the worst of it is,' continued the peptic gland, 'there is a wretched residue of indigestible things that could not get through the pylorus at all, and they have been here all night. Those hateful germs are swarming all over the stuff, and are getting disgustingly fat and happy. I did hope that we were going to starve them out, but the chance is evidently gone for the present.'

"'It's all on account of the chicken salad, olives,coffee, ice cream and cake that came rushing down here, pell-mell, late last night, just as we thought we had everything tidy and ready to leave,' said the pyloric gland, which was a very domestic and neat little body. 'For my part, I think the mouth didn't do just right. It knew very well that the stomach had not had a moment's rest all day, and I think it might have been a little more considerate.'

"'But, my dear child,' remonstrated the peptic gland, which was more of a philosopher, 'the mouth could not help it. The poor thing has to do just what the man says, and you know yourself that he is a perfect tyrant.'

"'But he must be a very wonderful being—that man,' said the little pyloric gland, 'to be able to defy and control the laws of nature in the way he does.'

"'Wonderful, truly!' said the other, dyspeptically; 'for my part I don't believe any more that the man knows a thing. I think he's an imbecile.'

"'For mercy's sake,' exclaimed the pyloric gland, secreting several drops of gastric fluid in its excitement, 'what makes you think that?'

"But before this question could be answered, the two glands became aware of a hurried rhythmical movement along the esophagus not far away, and suddenly a gulp of hot coffee came plunging into the stomach. Several pieces of half-chewed toast mixed with oatmeal, sugar and cream, followed immediately. Then came a large mass of beefsteak, then another and another. These were thickly covered with pepper, butter and mustard, and accompanied by small, hard pieces of fried potatoes. For several minutes the half-masticated steak and potatoes came tumbling down without an instant's pause; then, after a brief

respite, the esophagus swallowed in two buttered pancakes, a quantity of maple syrup and a doughnut.

"The stomach moaned and stirred feebly.

"'What better evidence of imbecility do you want than that?"

"The stomach, recovering from the shock of the arrival of the meal, began calling for the gastric juices to come to its help. The latter needed no urging, but in numberless little globules ventured out from the tiny ducts, clung timidly for a moment to the edges of the alveoli, and then began to drop off bravely on the nearest mouthfuls; soon a steady stream of digestive fluid enveloped the entire mass of food, while the stomach's muscular layers began to contract, gently churning and mixing every portion of the breakfast. The mucous lining smoothed out its folds to make more room, and all the blood corpuscles in the neighborhood crowded close to the transparent membrane. So wonderful are the resources of nature, and so vigorously did the stomach attack its task, that possibly even the heterogeneous conglomeration of incompatibilities collected in this breakfast might have been reconciled and assimilated, had not the man, at this moment, felt thirsty. The mouth, the pharynx and the esophagus had been so irritated by the condiments forced against their surfaces that they set up a lusty cry for water; hence, no sooner had the stomach put its energies in motion than a sudden flood of ice cold water swept down into it, stopping all the secretions, driving the corpuscles back from the walls, and paralyzing every activity. It was some time before the corpuscles ventured back to their work, and began to warm up the poor little glands that were stiff with cold. By and by a few drops of gastric juice oozed slowly forth and began a desultory work on the saturated food. By degrees the muscular tissues resumed operations, and the process of digestion was again under way.

"The stomach would have begun to ache had it not learned by experience that if it did the man would send down a pill or a powder that would merely stop the pain and make matters still worse.

"On this occasion, as many times before, the stomach turned again to its vast army of little helpers. In them it never found disappointment. On the morning in question every particle of gastric juice that had been able to recover its vital power and to get a foothold on the coarse, chilled masses of food, was earnestly at work dissolving connective tissue and making peptones. The acids of the stomach were breaking down the albuminous walls of the fat cells so as to set free their oily contents, and dissolving also the mineral salts. Not being able to act upon fats or starch, the gastric juice could not do much with the fried potatoes, the oatmeal or the toast. This was unfortunate, since none of the food had remained in the mouth long enough to be acted upon by the salivary glands; therefore, a large share of it could now be removed from the stomach only by peristalsis.

"'It is really pathetic,' remarked the pyloric gland, which was watching the struggle from the door of its duct, 'to see how hard those juices work. They are giving their lives for the sake of the man, and yet he never lifts a finger to make their sacrifice easier."

"'What I am worried about,' said the peptic gland, 'is that we are not going to have any time to rest before the luncheon comes down. Not that I mind so much on my own account working when I am tired, but I have already secreted all the gastric juice I had prepared for, and I cannot possibly get any more ready so soon. I am sorry for the poor stomach, too. It is always so mortified when it has to force into the intestines food that is not properly reduced.'

"'Well,' exclaimed the other, 'I should like just once to lay my nerves on that man. I am only a weak little, ignorant gastric gland, but I know I try as hard as I can to do what na-

ture tells me, and I am sure that man does not, or else he has never paid enough attention to what she says to know. Sometimes I think he has never heard that it makes any difference what he eats; then, again, I think that he doesn't care; that he just eats things that make that horrid little palate feel good, and doesn't care a thing about all the rest of us. I don't know, but I get all confused when I think about it.'

"But the patient little glands and all the other activities of the stomach had no more time for social amenities that day. It would be tedious to tell of the ice-cold ginger ale that sent a shiver through every cell of the digestive organs; of the luncheon that followed the ginger ale; of the peppery soup that made the salivary glands feel lazy, and tore the lining of the esophagus; of the cold roast pork and the Saratoga chips that sank like lead to the bottom of the soup; of the olives, the jelly, the salad, the pepper-sauce, the ice cream, the chocolate cake that made the stomach's afternoon one long Spanish torture; to tell again of the evening dinner, the roast chicken and French potatoes, the cucumbers and vinegar, the tomatoes with mayonnaise dressing, the coffee with green apple pie and imported cheese. Perhaps it is cruel to mention the Welsh rarebit and the pint of beer that came down about midnight.

"Suffice it to say that the man was sick in the night. When a soft, kind tube descended through the gullet to take away its revolting and intractable burden, the heart-broken stomach that had worked so faithfully and conscientiously for forty years, heard the man say between groans: 'I have a beastly stomach. Were it not for that, I should be a happy man!' "—*Ainslee's Magazine.*

Endurance

Great Troughts

Life is a fight, but that does not mean that it is always a point-blank charge against the enemy, or that it is safe for every man to adopt the tactics of sledge-hammer blows, delivered in rapid succession right along the line. The battle of life is set for every one of us, but it is one of life's surprises to find out what different formations the battle takes. Usually it is very different from what a man supposes it will be. Robert Louis Stevenson said that he knew he was cut out for a battle, but he did not think that it was to be this dingy one of medicine bottles and a sick bed. He won through what seems to us now one of the bravest personal fights a man ever put up, though it seemed to him often as if it were a mere sliding around here and there to avoid contests where he knew he would meet with defeat. We carry very little by storm, and a great deal by siege. Inaction is sometimes a positive inspiration. To endure is often a greater thing than to do.

MONTEBELLO

Manor House of the Seiginory de la Petite Nation

Seignorial Homes of French Canada

By

F. S. Somerville

SCATTERED throughout the Province of Quebec, there stand more than two hundred and fifty quaint and picturesque old manor houses, the relics of a day and generation when the seigniorial system added a distinction and a glory to the period of the French regime. Even to-day these manor houses possess a charm and a glamor which even the prosaic present has been unable to dissipate.

Of course there are some of them which have no strange or romantic tales to tell, but they form the exceptions rather than the rule. Almost any one of them, selected at random, has somewhere hidden away back in its past history, a thrilling chapter.

With the seigniorial system and its workings, it is not the purpose of this article to deal. Suffice it to say that the system, while introduced in the first place for military purposes, became eventually the basis of a New World aristocracy, modelled on the old French pattern, and that the seigniors, the lords of the land, held sway over their extensive properties with all the pomp and circumstance of the French noblemen.

It is only possible within the limits of a magazine article to glance at a few of the more notable manors and to contemplate any features connected with them which render them worthy of notice.

The manor house on the Seigniory de la Petite Nation is one of the finest

THE PAPINEAU GUN AND FLAG IN THE LIBRARY OF THE MANOR HOUSE

examples of old manorial architecture in the Province of Quebec. This seigniory was granted to Bishop Laval by the Company of the West Indies in 1674. It consisted of a tract of land on the Ottawa River fifteen miles square. The property was given to Laval University by Bishop Laval, from which institution it was purchased in 1694 by Joseph Papineau. The first manor house was built at Papineauville, a year or two later, and was replaced in 1813 by another manor house, built upon Isle Anosin, opposite Papineauville. This house was destroyed by fire about 1840. The present house was begun in 1849 by Louis J. Papineau, son of Joseph Papineau, and was completed in 1851. In 1871 it passed into the hands of L. J. A. Papineau, and upon his death in 1903 it became the property of his grandchildren. The house was built of stone, quarried in the neighborhood, and all its beams were sawn or hewn by hand.

This particular house is more pretentious than most of the manor houses of Quebec, although it follows almost precisely in design the usual style. Near by the old house is the chapel and other buildings, which were usually found close to the old seigniorial mansions. The main part of the building is oblong in shape and has at one corner a round Norman tower which does not look unlike the old Martello towers that were erected throughout Canada for defensive purposes during the French Regime. Another tower of imposing proportions, rises from the other corner of the house and in it is situated the green house and vinery. The library which is one of its interesting features of the house, is built of solid stone and is detached from the main portion of the house, standing at another corner. It is absolutely fireproof and contains over 5,000 volumes, some of which are very old and valuable. A curious little old Norman gate may also be seen on this side of the house. The view from the top of the mansion looking up the Ottawa is one unexcelled on any other part of the river. The present owners of the seigniory are descendants of Louis J. Papineau, the Canadian patriot.

Another old manor house which has an exceedingly interesting history is that situated on the Seigniory L'Islet du Portage in the county of Kamouraska. This seigniory was granted by the good Intendant Talon, in the year 1672. The first manor house was

VIEW IN THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE OLD PAPINEAU HOUSE

MORTUARY CHAPEL OF THE PAPINEAU MANOR HOUSE

commenced in that year and completed the following year. The original building was the habitation of many lords of the seigniory down to the year 1835, when it was almost entirely rebuilt, most of the old house, however, being incorporated in the new building. About this time this portion of the Province of Quebec had become the centre of a large shipbuilding and lumbering trade, and the master of the old manor house was engaged in this industry. The house is situated on a plateau, which rises high above the St. Lawrence River. As one gazes at the old house, standing in its lofty situation, the well wooded slopes of the Notre Dame Mountains in the background make a fitting setting for its ancient walls. Near by runs a brook, coming from the mountains, which in the old days was used to run the banal mill, built at the point where the brook flowed into the St. Lawrence. Near the old mill may be seen the store house, barns and sail-making house and the residences of the employes, and the habitans. These buildings are now all fallen into decay, and the old overshot waterwheel has probably turned for the last time. When the shipbuilding industry was no longer profitable the owner abandoned the old house and it was shut up for a long time during his absence in England.

A tragedy associated with the history of this old seignioral home is the foundation of superstition, which prevails among the habitans even to the present day. Although enacted nearly a century ago the belief still obtains among them that the disembodied spirit of the victim of this particular "affaire d'honneur," continues to make nocturnal visits to the old manor house. The story as told in the little village is as follows. One of the early seigniors had a niece whose charms had won the hearts of both the resident physician, and a visitor to the manor house, who was of high military rank. Both were handsome men, and received equal encouragement from this well favored daughter of Eve. It was plain that this state of affairs could not exist for long and they finally had recourse to the "code," which was in those days considered the only way for gentlemen to

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MORTUARY CHAPEL BENEATH THE FLOOR OF WHICH REST THE REMAINS OF THE HON. LOUIS J. PAPINEAU, THE CANADIAN PATRIOT.

MANOR HOUSE ON THE SEIGNIORY L'ISLET DU PORTAGE

settle their difficulties. The story goes that the doctor, who was a dead shot, having had much practice on the game preserves of the old seigniory easily killed his adversary and became the successful suitor for the hand of the fair young lady. The victim of this unfortunate affair is believed to have been burried beneath the trees at the rear of the manor house and from his sleeping place in the woodland glade, makes nocturnal excursions about the place. At night uncanny sounds are heard and the present occupants of the house, grown familiar with these accustomed visitations, dismiss the idea contemptuously with the remark, "Oh, it is only the ghost," and compose themselves to slumber.

The foregoing story is a fair example of many that hover about these old mansions.

As an instance of the wonderful hold which the seigniorial system of land tenure has even to this day upon the habitans, who still reside upon the seigniories, the following story is told. A dependent farmer, who upon presenting himself to pay his tithe of one cent per annum, was asked why he did not buy the farm on which he had resided all his life and in that way become absolutely independent in the possession of a freehold deed, since he could well afford to do so, answered, that the new order of things was distasteful to him, and he much preferred to pay his cent every year, and preserve his dependent position. This is not in any way a solitary instance and shows how deeply the roots of the old system are set in the people who have for hundreds of years resided on these old seigniories. The Seigniory L'Islet du Portage is the property of Mrs. John Rankin, of the city of Montreal.

Another old seigniory which possesses many features of particular interest, is that known as the Seigniory de St. David, situated in the heart of the French Canadian country. The manor house was built by the first Wurtele who came to this country, and was for many years the seat of this distinguished Canadian family. The architecture of the manor house, while in the main possessing the salient characteristics of the old French houses has incorporated in it many features which are distinctly German, thereby reflecting the nationality of the builder who came to Canada from near Stuttgart in Germany. It was in a measure a reproduction of

his home in that city, being a large square stone structure with an enormous roof, the whole containing two stories and an attic. It was beautifully situated on undulating ground, surrounded on three sides by the River David, the waters of which drove the wheel of the old grist and saw mills in the neighborhood. It was like an oasis in the desert, the country for miles around being as level as a prairie. The old house was embowered in trees and shut in beautiful grounds. The fruit trees were imported from the seigneur's old home in Germany, as were also the grape vines, from which real Rhine wine was made. At one time, this seigniory was owned by a French Hugenot, named Dr. Calvet, who was said to have been a political traitor and it is also said that he received harsh treatment from the government of Governor Haldimand.

The late Judge Wurtele may be considered as "the last of the old Barons," because he was the last seigneur to render "Foi et Hommage" to the Governor on his succession to the property in 1853, before the changes in this system of tenure rendered this ancient and picturesque custom obsolete. Time's effacing fingers, have wiped out all beauty from the place and change and decay have destroyed the grand Lombardy poplars and stately elms, which at one time made this one of the beauty spots of the Province of Quebec.

Another of the ancient chateaux of Canada, which is woven into the warp and woof of the history of the country is the Chateau de Ramesay, in the very heart of the city of Montreal. This building is one of the oldest, if not the oldest building in Canada, which is still in good condition, having been erected in the days of Louis XIV., and it is doubtful, if there is another old house in Canada around which there clusters so many associations of bygone days of political and

VIEW OF THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM THE MANOR HOUSE OF THE SEIGNIORY L'ISLET DU PORTAGE.

CHATEAU DE RAMESAY, MONTREAL

social life, not only in the days of the French regime, but also since the day Canada was won for the British on the Plains of Abraham. This fine old chateau was built by Claude de Ramezay, the eleventh governor of Montreal in 1905. Its site was then in the most fashionable quarter of the city. Nearby were the dwellings of such distinguished people as the D'Aillebouts, D'Eschambaults, Barons de-Longueil, Madame de Portneuf, the widow of Baron de Becancourt, Claude de Ramezay was a man of considerable importance in the colony, holding many positions of trust, during a period of forty years. He married Mademoiselle Marie Charlotte Deny, who was a daughter of one of the most aristocratic houses of Canada. Within the old chateau were held many brilliant entertainments, and the leading ecclesiastical military and political dignitaries of the state, were entertained within its walls. It was here that the councils of war were held and it was here also that the terms of peace were considered. The noble red men came to the chateau to air their grievances to the governor, as did also members of the noblesse, all having meted out to them justice

BOUCHERVILLE MANOR HOUSE

NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE JESUIT FATHERS

THE OLD LA SALLE MANSION

AN INTERESTING OBJECT ON THE LACHINE ROAD

and good advice by the excellent Governor de Ramezay. No partiality was shown by him in his dispensation of justice. Later, the chateau became the property of the Company of the West Indies, and ultimately was bought by the Government, as a residence for the governors. During the time of the American invasion of Canada, Benjamin Franklin, and his fellow commissioners Charles Carrol, of Carrollton, and Samuel Chase, who were sent here to treat with the Canadian government, resided during their stay, in the old chateau. Franklin brought with him a printer by the name of Fleury Mesplet, who set up his cases and hand press in the basement of the building, and this is the first recorded instance of a printing press being operated in Canada. After Franklin had returned to Philadelphia, Mesplet remained in Canada, and founded the first paper in the city of Montreal, the Gazette. This building has been more fortunate than some of the other ancient structures of the country, as it was rescued from inevitable decay and ruin, by being purchased by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, who have retained it for the headquarters of the society. In it now, are gathered many of the relics of the past, which have found a safe resting place from Time's despoiling hand. In its picture gallery may be seen the portraits of nearly all of the governors of Canada before and since the capitulation of Quebec and various others connected with the history of Canada.

The Chateau Bigot, or "The Hermitage" as it is known among the English people of Quebec to-day, is possessed of an absorbing history as it has been the abode of both a man of the highest and noblest character, and once also was the dwelling of one whose deeds will ever remain a stain on the pages of the history of Canada. Within these venerable walls, the good Intendant Talon was accustomed to call

together his advisers, to consult with him with regard to matters of state. Those were troublous times for Canada, and she required and fortunately had good men at the helm of the ship of state to direct her affairs. The mother country was very parsimonious in her treatment of the struggling young colony, and only such wise and able statesmen as Talon, and the men whom he gathered about him would have ever piloted her safely through this critical moment of her existence.

The Chateau Bigot or "Beaumanoir" as it was called when the infamous Bigot assumed possession of it, was, however, soon to witness different scenes than these. Councils continued to be held, but they were not councils which had for their aim, the advancement of the colony. The Intendant Bigot, who was hand in glove with the members of the organization, known as "La Friponne" conspired here with his fellow libertines to rob the colony of the funds, small as they were, which were sent from France. The old halls have rung with the drunken laughter of these men during their periodic carousals.

It is told that in this same mansion, the Intendant had a secret bower, in which he had confined, against her will, the Indian princess Caroline, and it was his habit to exhibit her to his boon companions.

Nothing remains of it now, but a mass of old ruins, around which cluster many tales of romance. According to old prints and descriptions, it was a very stately pile, and was built on the same general lines of other manor houses, but larger and more pretentious, as this particular mansion fell in the class known as chateaux. It was built of stone, gabled and pointed in the style of architecture prevailing in those days. It was built by Jean Talon, whose name will ever be associated with the best traditions of Canada. Among others who came to the chateau to re-

RUINS OF BEAUMANOIR

ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF THE INTENDENT BIGOT AND THE SCENE OF MANY ORGIES

late his wanderings in the new country, was the Sieur Joliet, as came also Pere Marquette, and it was from here also that the intrepid LaSalle, one of the most romantic figures in Canadian history, set out to explore the waters of the Mississippi River, news of which had been brought by Father Marquette. The grounds around the old chateau were patterned on those of the Luxembourg. The main building was set in the midst of exquisite gardens. Fruits of great variety grew in the broad fields of the estate. The old chateau was in a measure a striking contrast to the beauty of the surrounding gardens. Sombre and majestic, it rose with its massive doors and mullioned windows, all of which were kept barred, ofttimes holding within their four walls, victims who were guests against their will.

Such then is a brief glance at an ancient and effete institution, which would be regarded as an anchronism to-day, but which in "its day and generation" possessed its advantages as well as its disadvantages. As a country grows and prospers and becomes wealthy, and its people are permitted more leisure, for a consideration of the history of the past, they will find that the material appanages derived from such sources are small, but the romantic and emotional value of them, cannot be overestimated. There are to-day hundreds of the progeny of these ancient seigneurs in the province of Quebec and if these traditions of the past serve no other purpose for them, they at least indicate that they possess a proud and distinguished ancestry which will always remain a sour:e of rare gratification to them.

(Manoir Seigneurial de St David.)

SIR JOHN MURRAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D.

An Investigator of the Ocean Bed

AN imaginary aeronaut, hovering over the North Atlantic Ocean and keeping a sharp eye on the movements of the ships traversing its surface in all directions, might feel a little curiosity at the actions of a small steamship, which is seen to move spasmodically from point to point across untravelled areas. That it is not engaged in fishing is apparent nor is it occupied with commerce. Piracy cannot be its game, for it shuns the path of likely prey. The imagined patroller of the sky must descend a little closer, if he would discover what it is about.

The ship is the Norwegian vessel, Michael Sars, and aboard it, in addition to its Norwegian crew, is a small party of men, the leader of whom, an elderly gentlemen, is busily engaged directing some mysterious operations. This gentleman is none other than Sir John Murray, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D., who has devoted a life-time to a thorough study of the ocean bed, its formation, its fauna and its inhabitants. In the Michael Sars he is conducting a biological and physiological examination of the North Atlantic, lowering nets to the bottom of the sea and bringing up all manner of living things and at this work he will be engaged for the greater part of the summer.

Scientific investigators are at work all over the surface of the earth and we,

as Canadians, take a languid and desultory interest in their progress. But Sir John Murray claims more than a passing glance, for he is a native-born Canadian and is still a great lover and admirer of the land of his birth. As a man who has attained a world-wide eminence in his chosen work, he is a fellow countryman of whom all Canadians may well be proud.

Cobourg has the distinction of being Sir John Murray's birthplace. It was here that his father settled in 1834 and John, the second son, was born on March 3, 1841. He was educated at the public school of that place, at Professor McAuley's school in London, Ontario, and at Victoria College, Cobourg. In 1858 he went to Scotland to complete his education under the direction of his maternal grandfather. During the next twelve years he studied under private tutors at the High School of Stirling and at the University of Edinburgh. A fondness for natural history early manifested itself and he collected sufficient specimens to form a large museum.

When the British Government equipped an expedition in 1871 to undertake a systematic exploration of the physical, chemical, geological and biological conditions of the great ocean basins, the young student was appointed a member of the civilian scientific staff.

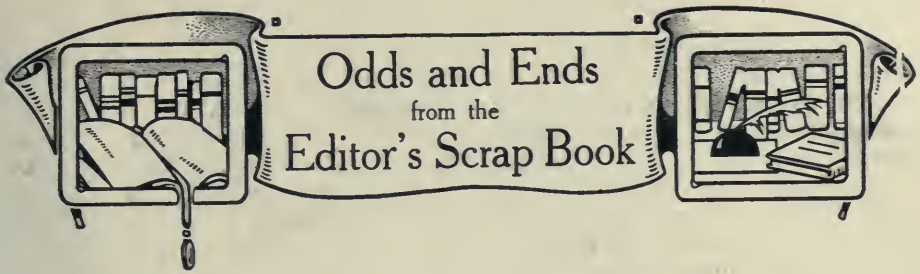
This expedition, lasting from 1872 to 1876, is famous in the history of science as the Challenger expedition, from the name of the ship on board which the investigations were conducted. Mr. Murray had the care of all the collections sent home during the expedition, as well as those brought back in the ship. Afterwards in the compilation of the Challenger Reports, which consist of fifty large royal quarto volumes, he took a leading part and was for some time director and editor of the publications, spending many thousand pounds of his own private income in advancing the work. His connection with the Challanger expedition extended over twenty-four years.

Subsequently Dr. Murray made other voyages and established marine laboratories. He has been actively associated with many learned scientific societies, has written numerous books and delivered many lectures. He was created a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath by Queen Victoria in 1898 and has received other honors from all parts of the world.

From a business standpoint, probably the most effective result of Sir John's researches, has been the development of the resources of Christmas Island—a remote island in the Indian Ocean, containing valuable phosphatic deposits. It had never been inhabited as far as was known, and the Geopraphical Journal described it as no fitting home for any human being. However, Dr. Murray, after the Challenger expedition returned, predicted that it was rich in phosphates. In 1888, through his urgency, backed by the influence of the Duke of Argyll, the island was annexed by the British Government, Sir John and a Mr. Ross obtained a lease and a small company was formed to develop its resources.

An exploratory expedition proved successful, and the work of development began. Valuable deposits were located, clearings were made, a railway built, waterworks and piers constructed, aerial haulage constructed, and a large number of houses built. There are at present about one thousand inhabitants on the island, and a flourishing business is being carried on in the export of phosphates.

One of the secrets of Sir John's ability to achieve great things without the expenditure of much time or energy, is that he has learned to find his recreation in his work. One of his favorite pursuits is yachting, and, as sailing has been such a necessary part of his work, he can happily combine pleasure with his labor. He takes a keen delight in his scientific observations, and there is to him no drudgery about any part of his investigations. Besides sailing, he enjoys cycling, motoring and golf.—*Arthur Conrad.*



A House of Refuge

The illustration shows one of the stone houses of refuge built along the more frequented passes of the Andes Mountains, between the Argentine Republic and Chile. The necessity for such buildings arises from the violent storms which at time overtake travelers crossing the mountains. These storms attain alarming proportions and swoop down so suddenly that unless the traveler can reach shelter quickly, he is in danger of destruction. The recent completion of the Trans-Andine Railway will do away with many of the dangers attendant on a journey from one republic to the other. The first of the odd-looking stone buildings was erected in 1791 by Governor Ambrosio O'Higgins, and since then many more have been erected, both along the Uspallata Pass, which is the most frequented route, and other passes. The illustration has been supplied by the International Bureau of American Republics, which also supplied the illustrations appearing with the article on the new railway.

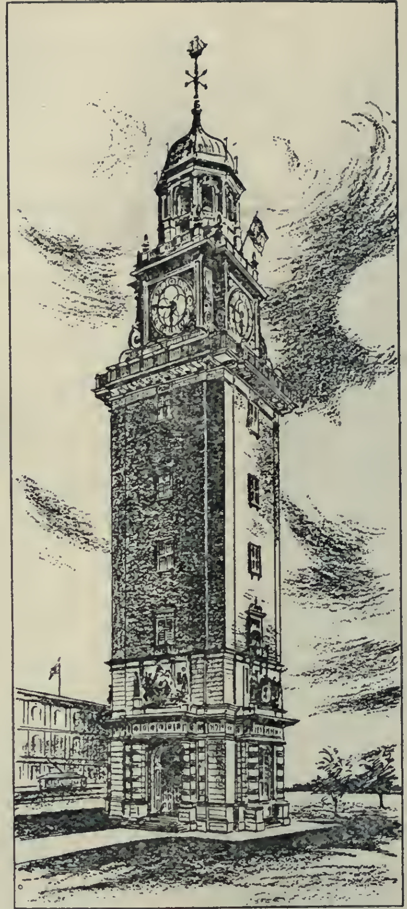
A HOUSE OF REFUGE FOR TRAVELERS

A Great Memorial

One hundred years ago the Argentine declared its independence from the rule of Spain and became a republic—the first of the South American republics. To celebrate this important event the British merchants, both those in the Argentine Republic and others associated with them in other parts of the world, are going to erect the handsome memorial clock tower, shown in the illustration. It will be set up in the City of Buenos Aires, and will become a lasting monument, both to the centenary of independence and to the generosity of the British merchants.

A Liner's Coal Supply

The combination of vast size and record-breaking speed now attained in ocean liners infers a tremendous coal consumption. The picture shows in imaginative form the number of cars of coal required for a single journey of a Cunarder across the Atlantic. There are twenty-two trains of thirty cars each, covering an area of over four acres. The coal is discharged into low flat coal barges, which are towed in long rows alongside the steamer. Just along the water-line a number of oblong doors are thrown open, and through them the coal is shoveled by hundreds of men working day and night.



MODEL OF TOWER, WITH CLOCK, TO BE PRESENTED BY THE BRITISH MERCHANTS OF ARGENTINA AND THOSE ABROAD, TO THE CITY OF BUENOS AIRES AS A MEMORIAL OF THE CENTENARY OF INDEPENDENCE OF THE REPUBLIC.

A VISUAL REPRESENTATION OF THE AMOUNT OF COAL REQUIRED BY THE "MAURETANIA" FOR A SINGLE VORAGE.

Sphere

Fish in Heaps

There are few sights which would bring home to the ordinary observer the source of the immense export of fish to Europe, the West Indies, etc., and the enormous quantity used in Canada, than that of a fare of cod, just discharged, as depicted by the illustration. This means an ordinary boatload. The boats used by the fisher-

A MORNING'S CATCH OF CODFISH

men down east are generally of three sizes—the large ones, rigged schooner-like, with roomy cabins, which go to the Grand Banks; the medium-sized, partly-decked craft, splendid sea boats they are, with cuddy large enough for three men, or perhaps three and a boy, intended for Caraquet Bank fishing; and the small boats, for inshore fishing. It may be mentioned that although some boats may secure better fares than others, it seldom, if ever, happens that a boat returns in the fishing season without cod, and if a novice once sees the fleet scudding home up bay, and making for Caraquet, Perce, and the principal ports on Saturday evening, he will not soon forget it.

Where the Cabinet Meets

In the room shown in the illustration Canada's executive meets. It is the place where the Dominion Cabinet holds its regular and special sessions, and here seated around the table, like the knights of King Arthur, His Majesty's Ministers of the Crown deliberate. It is not an elaborate apartment, but it is a plain, common-sense workroom.

THE CABINET'S MEETING ROOM

Humor in the Magazine

THE contradictions of life are many. An observant man remarked recently that he was prowling about a certain city square, when he came upon a drinking-fountain which bore two conflicting inscriptions.

One, the original inscription on the fountain, was from the Bible: "And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

Above this hung a placard: "Please do not waste the water."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

The Perfect Man.—"There was one man whose life was perfect," said the Sunday-school teacher. "What one of you can tell me who he was?"

Little Mary Jane's hand went up, and the teacher nodded to her.

"He was mamma's first husband," she said.—*Everybody's.*

* * *

A young woman of a western town desired to show some kindness to a young officer of the militia to whom she had taken a fancy. She therefore despatched this note:

"Mrs. Smythe requests the pleasure of Captain White's company at a reception on Friday evening."

A prompt reply came which read:

"With the exception of three men who are sick Captain White's company accept your kind invitation and will come with pleasure to your reception Friday evening."—*Cosmopolitan.*

* * *

At the breakfast table the other morning he was relating to his wife an incident that occurred at the club the previous night. The chairman offered a silk hat to the member who could stand up and truthfully say that during his married life he had never kissed any woman but his own wife.

"And, would you believe, Mary?—not one stood up."

"George," his wife said, "why didn't you stand up?"

"Well," he replied, "I was going to, but I look awful in a silk hat."—*London Opinion.*

* * *

The fifth day drew to its close with the twelfth juryman still unconvinced. The court was impatient.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering the jury-room, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."—*London Opinion.*

* * *

Two Irishmen were in a city bank recently waiting their turn at the cashier's window. "This reminds me of Finnegan," remarked one. "What about Finnegan?" inquired the other. " 'Tis a story that Finnegan died, and when he greeted St. Peter he said, 'It's a fine job you've had here for a long time.' 'Well, Finnegan,' said St. Peter, 'here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent.' 'Ah!' said Finnegan, 'I'm needing cash. Lend me a cent.' 'Sure,' said St. Peter, 'just wait a minute.' "—*Vanity Fair.*

* * *

Sir Gilbert Parker, the noted author, does not agree with Colonel Roosevelt on the question of large families. Small families such as prevail in France indicate, to Sir Gilbert's mind, intelligence and progress, while large families indicate the reverse.

"Large families are so embarrassing, too," says Sir Gilbert. "I once

knew a man named Thompson who had fourteen children. Thompson agreed one spring holiday to take the children to the seashore for the week-end. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to board the train when Thompson was roughly collared by a policeman.

"'Here, wot 'a' ye bin a-doin' of?' the policeman growled fiercely.

"'Me? Why? Nothing,' stammered poor Thompson.

"The policeman waved his stick toward the Thompson family. 'Then wot the bloomin' blazes,' he hissed, 'is this 'ere crowd a-follerin' of ye fur?'"
—*Cosmopolitan.*

* * *

Smith's wife had died, and Mary Jones, the bosom friend of the dead woman, had asked the afternoon off to attend the funeral.

On Mary's return from the funeral her mistress said to her with gentle sympathy:

"And did you you get on all right at the funeral, Mary?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I had an elegant time," Mary answered, "I was in a fine cab with the corpse's husband, and he squeezed me hand all the way to the cemetery and back, and he said, said he, 'Mary, there's no getting round it; you're the belle of the funeral.'"—*Harper's Magazine.*

* * *

One of the attaches of the American embassy at London tells a story wherein Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, who was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin, was the principal figure.

There was brought before him an Irish-American, charged with suspicious conduct. The officer making the arrest stated, among other things, that the culprit was wearing a "Republican hat."

"Does your Honor know what that means?" was the inquiry put to the court by the accused's lawyer.

"It may be," suggested Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."—*Harper's Weekly.*

When the Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau was in progress ten years ago an American visitor spent much of his spare time looking up the actors in their homes and chatting with them about the play. One complaint he met almost everywhere was the tremendous fatigue the performers suffered at the close of the eight-hour performance. Coming to the home of Hans Zwink, the Judas of the play, he found the painter-actor in quite a cheerful mood.

"Does the performance fatigue you so much, too?" the tourist inquired.

Ere Herr Zwink could reply his little ten-year-old son chirped up:

"Pa, he don't get so tired. He hangs himself at three o'clock and comes home two hours before the others."—*Harper's Weekly.*

* * *

A conscentious Sunday school teacher had been endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the ultimate triumph of goodness over beauty. At the close of a story in which she flattered herself that this point had been well established, she turned confidently to a ten-year-old pupil and inquired: "And now, Alice, which would you rather be, beautiful or good?"

"Well," replied Alice, after a moment's reflection, "I think I'd rather be beautiful—and repent."—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

The lady of the house hesitated.

"Are my answers all right?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the census man.

"Didn't bother you a bit, did I?"

"No, madam."

"Feel under some obligations to me, don't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then, perhaps, you won't mind telling me how old the woman next door claims to be?"

"Good day, madam," said the census man.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Publishers' Page

The offices of the Busy Man's Magazine in Toronto have been removed from the premises at 10 Front Street East, where the magazine was established, and has since been published, to the fine new building of the MacLean Publishing Company at 111-127 University Avenue. Owing to the great development in the business of the publishers of Busy Man's, this change became imperative, as the old building was entirely inadequate to accommodate the various activities of the firm. In this growth, Busy Man's has shared to a marked degree. In fact, its development has been one of the important factors in bringing about the change.

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Our August number is to be devoted mainly to articles dealing with educational subjects. About this time each year the attention of parents is directed largely to this important matter and it has been deemed advisable to give extra space in the August number to a discussion of a number of phases of the question.

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A page of humor has been inserted in the present number, at the earnest solicitation of a number of readers, who have missed this feature ever since it was dropped over a year ago. While it hardly appealed to the management as a suitable department for such a magazine as Busy Man's, yet we have decided to defer to the wishes of a large circle of readers, who will welcome its restoration. We will follow the plan adopted before, of selecting the best stories from the comic columns of the other magazines, in that way securing the very best material available.

—

The present number, devoted specially as it is to travel, is intended to show readers of the magazine a few of the choice resorts in Canada where they can spend a pleasant holiday. Of course, only the fringe of the subject has been touched. There are numerous other resorts, some of which are probably more familiar than those mentioned, which offer equally attractive features for the pleasure and comfort of tourists. To assist any who may desire fuller information about any of these resorts, Busy Man's Travel Bureau has been established and a letter to this department will receive prompt and careful attention.

—

The health value of a summer vacation cannot be too strongly emphasized. As the nights intervene between the days, giving opportunities for rest and recreation, so on a larger scale, the all-too-short summer comes in between the winter seasons, and during the summer weeks there is a natural call to man to quit his work, change his surroundings, and get fresh health and strength to meet the demands of the coming winter. The machinery of the body cannot be expected to run forever at the same rate and with the same efficiency. It must be given a rest from time to time. Unfortunately, with many people, who are blessed with a good physique, they fail to realize this need in time. Even if a person does not consciously feel the need for a vacation, he or she should make it a point to take one anyway during the summer.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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Shall Canada Go Money-Mad?

By

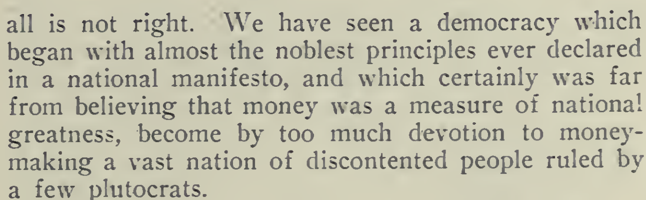
Sir Edmund Walker

(From the Toronto Globe)

WE are becoming accustomed to the idea that we possess the area of cultivable soil and the other natural resources necessary to support one of the largest of the nations in the western half of the world. We are receiving new population at a rate quite as large as we can care for, having regard to those already in Canada.

We are told that we are to feed nations whose food supply will become exhausted, and we are to supply, if we will, raw material in order that the wheels in other countries may not be idle. We have also the water-power, the raw material and the quality of labor which will make us one of the greatest of the manufacturing countries in the western world. We have a climate fit to produce a great race physically. We are rapidly conquering the difficulties of transportation on our own land and water, and we are linking ourselves with the rest of the world across the various oceans. We have a sound system of law, a system of education doubtless inadequate to our needs, but improving, an excellent banking system, and our national credit is so great as to be a possible source of danger. If we can but conserve our resources we are, therefore, assured of material prosperity. Indeed, it seems so sure that we shall be one of the richest of the newer nations that we are fast becoming a vain and self-satisfied people.

But while these brilliant prospects are well founded, is it all right with us as a nation? I am sure that



all is not right. We have seen a democracy which began with almost the noblest principles ever declared in a national manifesto, and which certainly was far from believing that money was a measure of national greatness, become by too much devotion to money-making a vast nation of discontented people ruled by a few plutocrats.

Is this to be our future? Is not our measure of success to-day largely one of money? What is the use of denying that we are at present too much in love with material prosperity? But we are not so grossly in love with it as our friends to the south. We can still recall the time when a large part of our people had other ambitions. We still recognize that no nation built on material prosperity alone can endure.

When we find a man who has devoted his life only to making money, and who has not created anything worth while in doing so, who cannot read books, enjoy beautiful things or indulge in sport, we know that he has thrown his precious life away. What, then, must be the fate of a nation which does not give due place to the intellectual and the artistic in life?

The writer has been nearly fifty years in a business in which money is the chief concern. He has spent much of his life in the study of our industries and in the acute study of the balance sheets of industrial concerns. He certainly does not undervalue industrial effort or the money arising from it. It was Kate Greenaway in one of her poems for children who said the wise thing about money: "It's bad to have money; it's worse to have none"—bad to have too much and worse to have too little.

One of the greatest aids in our nation-building will be our industrial prosperity; but let us remember that this prosperity should be like three meals a day to a workingman. It should merely give us the basis on which to do the real work of the nation. And the real work is to build up the intellectual life of our people; to create teachers, jurists, legislators, philosophers, scientific investigators and artists; military leaders and soldiers for our national defence; great administrators of public trusts; and, generally, men who whether on the platform, in the counting house, or in the market-place, are not ashamed to urge the supreme importance of character.

THOMAS CANTLEY

Thomas Cantley's Climb Up the Ladder

The Success Story of a Maritime Captain of Industry

By R. A. Fraser

MATERIAL for an absorbing story of business life or for a clever play might be gleaned by any enterprising novelist or playwright from the recent faction fight in the directorate of one of the Maritime Provinces' big industries, the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. The incidents of this struggle, as recorded in the daily press, were sufficiently exciting to attract the attention even of that section of the public whose inter-

est rarely passes the bounds between the sporting and financial pages. But now, we are informed, the conflict is over, peace has been declared, and the company remains in the control of its former champions.

Yet this battle of the capitalists has not been without its value to the Steel and Coal Company. People, who knew it only by name in the past, began to ask questions about it, and to take an interest in its operations. And what more natural than that an enquiry as to its management should be instituted?

In the Town of New Glasgow, the headquarters of the company, there resides a plain-living, hard-working gentleman, Thomas Cantley by name, who bears the lengthy title of second vice-president and general manager of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Limited. For a quarter of a century. Mr. Cantley has devoted all his time and attention to the one grand object—the up-building of a big, strong industry in his native province. He has not deviated to the right hand nor to the left, and, though great power and influence are his, he has never split up his energies, but has served his company with his whole heart and soul. It has all been to him "a very simple, common-place twenty-five years of everyday work."

And what of the preparation for this work? Of what college is Mr. Cantley a graduate?

Mr. Cantley will tell you himself with a twinkle in his eye that the three years' training he received in a general store was a splendid equivalent for a like period in academic halls. "These three years, I consider, were far better education than I could have derived from any college," says he, "as it gave me an all-round knowledge of the relative values of all descriptions of merchandise, particularly in hardware and metal goods, which were then imported almost exclusively from the Old Country."

But the general store was not the lowest rung in Mr. Cantley's ladder of success. "From general store clerk to captain of industry" sounds very well, of course, but it is possible to make the climb a little longer and a little steeper. Mr. Cantley in reality started his business career as a telegraph messenger boy. From this humble beginning he advanced within a year to telegraph operator. A disastrous explosion at the Drummond Colliery, where he worked, terminated this stage of his career, and then came the three years of training in the general store. In 1878 he launched out in business for himself, in New Glasgow, having Senator McGregor as his silent partner. Seven years later, on the persuasion of Graham Fraser, he threw in his lot with the Nova Scotia Steel Co., becoming its traveling sales agent in Ontario and Quebec. The story of the next twenty-five years may be summarized as a steady climb upward to his present position.

Mr. Cantley has some pronounced views on education, and in such a number of *Busy Man's* as the present they are distinctly apropos.

"With regard to college education," saye he, "I appreciate as only a man who has not had the privilege of a college education can, the advantages which it confers, providing it can be acquired by the young man without interfering with the getting of the practical business, commercial and economic knowledge which can only be derived from active work along these lines in youth. But I am firmly convinced that in the case of men engaged in active business and industrial pursuits, the college must be brought to the man, and its work must be done during the evening and at off times. The necessity for this is to some extent at least recognized by the Government of Nova Scotia and their advisers in the matter of technical education, and with the happiest possible results.

"As illustrating that phase of the question of education, when I returned from my first trip to Germany, in the autumn of 1897, I was convinced that if we were to do a satisfactory

business in that country it was necessary that some knowledge of the German language should be acquired by me. My eldest boy was then attending High School in New Glasgow, and I made a proposition to him that we should both take up during that winter the study of German, holding out to him the inducement that if he made satisfactory progress in it I would give him a trip to that country the following summer. To this he agreed, and we both took up the subject, being fortunate in having near us a gentleman who was a most thorough German scholar and had spent many years in Germany. I devoted two hours a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, to text-book study, while two or three evenings of each week were spent in conversation with the German-speaking gentleman referred to. One thing I readily learned was that the boy could master as much in one hour as I could in two. He was fifteen, I was forty; the younger mind was much more receptive. At the end of nine months we were both able to carry on conversation in German in very ordinary subjects, and while I do not profess to be by any means a fluent German speaker, my vocabulary being practically confined to the simplest business matters, I found on returning to Germany the following year, and during subsequent visits which have run into a score or more, that I have had no difficulty in making myself understood in that country. I only refer to this to show what can be done by anybody by earnest application entirely outside of college advantage or environment."

Charles Joseph Doherty, a New Political Luminary

By

P. St. C. Hamilton

THE very soul of good nature in all his political campaigns, a Conservative in politics with a liberality to be envied by opponents, a fairness and squareness on the bench that made his record one to be envied, "Charley" Doherty comes "back to earth." This is his own expression. The bench dignified him; the bench brought him fame as a jurist; few of his decisions were reversed, and even when they were, there were dissenting voices among those who reviewed the appeals. He desired to come back to the fighting line and he has done it.

Mr. Doherty was born in Montreal, May 11, 1855. He pursued his classical studies at St. Mary's College in his native city, and graduated therefrom in 1873. Whatever evil or good purpose lay eating its way at his heart as to a future career, he finally decided to follow that which his father had honored, and became what is generally known as a "lawyer." It was about that period that his father retired from the bar to accept a position on the bench of the Superior Court.

Charles Doherty graduated from McGill in 1876, with the degree of

CHARLES JOSEPH DOHERTY

B.C.L., and carried off the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal. It was not until 1893 that McGill fully realized what they had, and conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. Two years later Ottawa University created him LL.D.

Mr. Doherty was called to the bar in 1877. He had the "gift o' the gab" of his race, and that capacity for absorbing useful knowledge and developing latent talents which are especially notable in Canadians of Irish extraction.

He rapidly came to the front as an able practitioner, and was engaged in some of the most important cases of his day, while yet but a youth in his profession. He proved ready in argument, thorough in his equipment, and cleverly resourceful.

In 1887 he was created Queen's Counsel by Earl Derby. Then, upon the re-organization of the McGill law faculty, Mr. Doherty was asked to take the chair of Civil Law, and he also became the chairman of the McGill University Literary Society.

There was a time when the cause of Home Rule in Ireland was regarded as almost hopeless, and those associated with such a movement were looked upon as of doubtful loyalty. Mr. Doherty, of Irish-Canadian birth and approved loyalty, unhesitatingly accepted the presidency of the Irish National League. His lecture on the duty of Irishmen to the land of their birth and their adoption, was accepted as proof of the loyalty of Mr. Doherty and his associates to the British Crown, while demonstrating the necessity of Home Rule for Ireland. Yet his connection with the Irish National

League was made use of against him in the election of 1881, when he ran in the Conservative interests in St. Antoine division. He himself said of that attempt to arouse religious and racial feeling: "I, a young man of twenty-six years of age, coming forward under the auspices of a leader whose motto was 'A British subject I was born, a British subject will I die,' was represented as a menace to the British Empire."

In October, 1891, he was raised to the Bench of the Superior Court, to succeed his father, the late Hon. Marcus Doherty, who retired after eighteen years in the judiciary.

After a period of earnest and conscientious work as a jurist, Mr. Doherty resigned from the Bench, as Sir John Thompson had done some years before, and again took his place among the readily-sought-for consultants at the Bar. It was only a question of time when a man of his experience and undoubted ability would be called again into active political life. At the last general election he was returned to the House of Commons for St. Anne division of Montreal.

Sir Frederick Benson's Secret of Success

By R. A. Brock.

"WHAT would you say were the new K. C. B.'s outstanding qualities? What is it that has enabled him to reach his present eminence in the military forces of the Empire?" were questions put to a close personal friend of Major-General Sir Frederick William Benson, the distinguished Canadian officer, who is shortly to visit his native land and perhaps take up his residence here permanently.

"I should say," was the answer, "that his advancement has been due principally to the fact that he is a first-class business man. The average officer is a poor manager; efficient administrators are rare, and when the combination of sound military training and business ability are found in an officer, his upward progress is assured."

Sir Frederick is a most devoted Canadian, notwithstanding his long and varied experiences abroad; and this is as it should be, for is he not a member of one of the most loyal of Canadian families? His father, a member of the Canadian Senate; his brother, the officer in commend of the Kingston and Ottawa military districts; a cousin, an honored judge; and other relatives, no less distinguished; all demonstrate the services rendered to Canada by the Benson family.

The future K.C.B. had leanings towards the military life, when but a youth. Leaving his birth-place, St. Catharines, he was sent to school at Upper Canada College, and, while attending this famous seat of learning, took part in the repelling of the Fenian Raids, though only seventeen years of age at the time. This taste of warfare decided him on his future course of action. A soldier he would be. And to get the best training possible, he was sent to England, where he entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. His course here was exemplary, and on graduation he was given a sword of honor.

On January 13, 1869, young Benson, then twenty years of age, was gazetted a cornet in the 21st Hussars,

MAJOR-GENERAL, SIR FREDERICK W. BENSON, K.C.B.

then quartered at Lucknow, India. From this time until his recent retirement from the post of Chief of the Administration of the Southern Command at Salisbury, his course has been one long and steady advance, through many ranks and also through many strenuous conflicts. Up to 1890 his principal field of labor was India, where he held various important appointments.

In 1892 he was selected to command and re-organize the Egyptian Cavalry, a post for which, with his experience of the different branches of the cavalry arm, he was eminently fitted.

On the outbreak of the Boer War he proceeded to the front as a special service officer. He first served at the Cape for a few weeks as Assistant Adjutant General for Transport, and was then appointed Chief Staff Officer to the Sixth Division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny. He took part in the capture of Cronje's army at Paardeberg on Majuba Day, and the advance on Bloemfontein, doing good service at the actions of Poplar Grove and Driefontein. After the occupation of Bloemfontein, General Kelly-Kenny was given command of the Orange River Colony, and Colonel Benson served under him in the clearing and subjugating of this portion of the country, a task which was successfully accomplished at the end of some seven months' incessant activity. For his services in the war Colonel Benson was awarded the Queen's medal, with three clasps, and made a C.B.

He is now interested in the formation of a company to take up the purchasing and training of horses for the Remount Department of the War Office. Negotiations are now on foot for the purchase of from ten to twenty thousand acres in the district of Calgary for this purpose.

What's Wrong with the School System?

By

Arthur Conrad

THE other day a young man, showily garbed in the very pronounced style of dress affected by present-day youth, swaggered into a large city restaurant which I sometimes frequent, and, with all the arrogance of the nouveau riche, seated himself opposite me. Thrusting forth his legs, without taking any pains to avoid kicking my shins, and, what was a degree worse, without apologizing for the injury inflicted, he took a comprehensive view of the room, as if to behold the impression he had created, and then reached across the table for the bill of fare, which chanced to lie beside my plate. I forestalled his move and politely handed the card to him. Without vouchsafing a thank you, he literally snatched it from me and proceeded to look over its contents. By this time a waitress had come up and stood awaiting the youngster's orders.

"Bring me some of this here liver and bacon," he commanded haughtily, "and apple pie, with a good big hunk of ice cream on it. Get a wiggle on, Susie."

This done, the youth condescended to notice me. His look wore that half-resentful, half-supercilious air, which seemed to say, "Well, old guy, what's the matter with you? What business is it of yours how I behave? I'm not in school any longer: I can do as I jolly well please."

Before Susie had returned with his liver and bacon, and his apple pie, with a big hunk of ice cream on it, I had finished my repast and betaken myself sadly away, wondering what the rising generation was coming to anyway.

Business men, who have occasion to employ boys and girls in their offices, have many complaints to offer now-a-days about the capabilities, the deportment, and even the honesty of a great part of those who enter business life. There seems to be a serious lack somewhere, and the deficiency is very generally attributed to defects in the school system. The nature of these defects evidently impress different people in different ways, for an investigation carried on among a number of business men revealed quite a variety of opinion. On only one point were they unanimous, and that was in the belief that the school system must be remedied before there can be any decided improvement.

A manufacturer gave it as his opinion that the schools had been turned into machines, that the scholars were treated individually on identically the same lines, despite marked differences in constitution and ability, and that they were each and all educated up to a pattern. The human element and the kindly guiding hand were conspicuously lacking. The result was that boys and girls were crammed full of knowledge, which was out of harmony with their gifts—that they missed many things which would have helped to develop their abilities along

congenial lines, and that they were started in life improperly equipped for the work to which they were later consigned.

How far is this true? Let any one who reads these lines take a retrospective view of his school life and see how it fits in with his own case. Did any one of the half-dozen teachers in your public school course depart from the every-day routine of prescribed studies to take a personal interest in your work, to encourage you to take up and follow out those studies for which you had a special aptitude, to fit your present training to your future calling? Perhaps some few may have experienced the blessing of having such teachers, but the number of these great men and women educators is few and far between. They were mostly content to get through the day's drudgery in the ordered way and to cram into their scholars the text-book lessons as they came along.

But, it will be objected, it is not the system you are blaming, but the teacher. Not at all, the inefficient teacher, the system teacher, is the fruit of the system himself or herself, and is limited by the requirements of the system. Until the system of teaching is reformed, there can be no teachers of the kind eulogized. Some years ago before the system became so very much systematized, there were teachers of strong personality and originality, who graduated from their schools boys and girls of like qualities. These boys and girls went out into the world to cope with the problems of the times and they solved them on the strength of their own initiative. But to-day, the average system-graduated boy seems powerless to act outside of the limits in which he has been trained.

A second business man complained very bitterly of the breeding and manners of the public school youth and on this point there was a general concurrence of opinion. He was inclined to attribute it largely to the fact that the boys were taught almost entirely by women.

"Compare the youth who comes to us from the preparatory school with the boy from the public school. Of course, I will admit that the boarding school boy is likely to have had more home advantages than the public school boy, but this the school should rectify. The former is well-bred and gentlemanly in his deportment; he has been in contact with male teachers who have necessarily to possess good manners, and the institution makes it a strong point to put on some polish, as well as to drive home learning. On the other hand, the public school boy, while he may know more in some cases, nearly always lacks manners. The influence of women teachers on him after he has passed the little-boy stage, is injurious, to my mind. It needs the man to handle the boy, after the early period. I need gentlemanly boys in my business, and I prefer the preparatory school boy on that account."

This matter of good manners, so aptly illustrated by the incident of the restaurant, is a most important one, and it is one of the subjects neglected in the public school system. Learning is not everything; good manners should not be overlooked. It does not do to find fault with the army of school teachers, hard-working men and women, doing their best under the system, and generally ill-paid, but it must be said that the system is to blame for a wide-spread lack of culture among them. I have known teachers—present-day teachers—who have eaten with their knives, and have been guilty of other vulgar atrocities. These people were brought up in humble surroundings, where such habits are excusable, and have attended public and high schools. Their learning would put many more cultured people to shame. But they have never been taught the rudiments of good manners, and, in consequence, here they stand, teachers of young Canada, a grievous example to their pupils. How can it be expected that the pupils of to-day should be any more refined?

Of course, there will be many people who will maintain that manners are not everything, and that no man should be despised for eating with his knife. Unfortunately the business world is not so broad-minded and the modern employer needs to have his employes conform to the correct standards. He cannot be blamed for this. If it be good business form to dress correctly, and to act in conformity with certain approved social forms, the business man who fails to demand these observances from his staff is losing ground.

Our schools should recognize this requirement more seriously than they do, and, in addition to military drill, patriotic observances, etc., should make it a point to instill good manners, and all the other forms of deportment, into the make-up of their pupils, as well as to turn their attention in the direction of character-building.

A third business man, whose views were solicited on the important question of education, lamented the lack of morality and honesty among the young people, and felt that the schools should do something to rectify this. "Not enough attention is given to ethical teaching in the schools," said he, "I have a warm admiration for the type of youngster sent out from the separate schools. Taken all in all, you get better service from them than from the average public school graduate. They are more honest in their work and give careful and painstaking attention to it. I believe this is largely due to the religious training they receive. In the public schools, we steer too far away from this track and, in order to be non-sectarian, our schools become non-religious. It is a great loss."

Evidently there is a great deal of what may be called petty dishonesty among the young people who enter business life. I do not mean the stealing of goods or money, but what is just as bad, the stealing of time—all manner of contrivances to shirk work and to get ahead of the employer. A lot of this is due simply to ignorance. A boy may realize that it is criminal to tap the till, but it does not come home to him that it is quite as much a breach of the eighth commendment to take his master's time for his own purposes. Our schools err in neglecting to impress on the scholars these serious questions.

In this department the residential schools, mainly supported by religious denominations, possess a decided advantage. In these schools the scholars live in close touch with their instructors, night and day, and not only receive instruction in various branches of learning, but are given religious training, inspiring them with right ideals and sound principles.

A student of social questions, to whom I referred the subject of this article, was of the opinion that our business men did not take that interest in the school system which they should. "They complain about the schools not turning out the kind of graduates they want," said he, "but what are they doing to improve matters? Let them take a more active interest in the schools, serve on the boards, make a more careful scrutiny of educational legislation, and direct the course of educationalists into more practical lines. Then such reforms will follow as will put the system on a more satisfactory footing."

This would seem to be a sane and satisfactory piece of advice. It is hardly to be expected that the authorities, out of touch as they are with business life, should understand the requirements of business men. They themselves need this instruction, and, when they become impressed with the need of reforms, looking towards the broadening of the scholar's life and the inculcation of good manners and good morals, the result will be advantageous to all round.

The Goodness of Woman

By Desda Cornish

Illustrated by Stan Murray

IN the public dining-room the orchestra was playing the last movement of the Peer Gynt suite. Persistent strains of the melody floated up to Everard's rooms, where he was giving a small dinner-party to celebrate his first real success in the world of stage-craft. People said that the author of "The Demon" was destined to find a niche in the hall of fame with Sardou, Mirbeau, and even Ibsen himself. They had done their work, at least, most of them. Everard's was but at its beginning, and he was still a young man. He had been publicly feted and lauded by the press until his head, if it were not screwed on so firmly, might have been turned. And now he was entertaining his intimates, the men he best liked and loved to have about him. None of them were of his own profession.

It was only last night that "The Demon" was produced, but already its fame had spread over the land like a hurricane. Twenty-four hours ago Everard did not count for much above the ordinary. To-night he was the Successful Playwright, the pre-destined man of genius.

To the public his success came as a shock, for the public was not very familiar with Everard's name. Yet his stepping into the limelight was less spontaneous than people thought. Indeed, he had been there in various guises for several years past. Old memories would be raked over now, and the public would learn, perhaps to its astonishment, that Everard's first work was "The Musselman," which had enjoyed a brief success in London three seasons ago. "The Musselman" was neither very good nor very bad. It had just passed, and gave to its author a small amount of money and a great amount of hope.

This play was followed by "Seeds of Discontent," which failed utterly. Subsequently, "Seeds of Discontent" was translated and produced in Germany under the title of *"Der Unzuriedene."* That play was Everard's pet and he spent nearly his last shilling in order to travel to Berlin to see it put on. For his pains he had the ghastly experience of seeing the London failure reproduced. "Seeds of Discontent" got not a hand from the critical Teutons and was withdrawn at the end of its first week.

After that experience Everard returned to London and subsisted for a time on short stories and serials. He had to live, and his pen was the scapal by which his fortunes, good or bad, were to be carved. Once when hunger dogged his heels he started to write a melodrama. It was more than half finished when he tore it up. He knew that it would be successful, and that was not the sort of fame he wanted.

Afterwards had followed a long, hard fight. Only Everard knew the bitterness of it;. the weary rounds of

interviewing agents, of waiting at the doors of managers' offices, and the snubbings which were inevitable. What scant success had previously been his seemed to act as a curse on all that he attempted afterwards.

When finally with "The Demon" in his hand he knocked once more at the door of fame, that coy damsel unexpectedly relented. She flung the portal wide to him and perhaps no one was more surprised than Everard himself. Yet he knew what the public did not; that he had fairly won his spurs. People spoke of him as a meteor; or, less grandiloquently, as a rocket. He knew that as an exhibition of fireworks he had been hissing and spluttering for a weary length of time.

The story of "The Demon" was a common one. It dealt with the infidelity of a woman and the consequent suffering and shame her conduct brought about. Yet, somehow, the audience and press had taken the woman's part, although manifestly the character was unsympathetic. As one critic pithily said, the wronged husband "got all that was coming to him." But if Everard had failed to carry his point he had succeeded in provoking a storm of controversy. In an age when women's rights and wrongs are the subject of so much discussion his handling of the theme proved to be a happy one, from the standpoint of interest. It was a play, said the critics, which also might be taken as a prophecy. That was another thing which in their enthusiasm they called Everard; he was a prophet.

In appearance the Successful Playwright belied his new title. If he was a prophet, he was a very modern one, and he wore his evening clothes with the distinction conferred by the three generations which the English say it takes to make a gentleman. He was lean and clean-shaven; he had smooth brown hair that glistened from much brushing; shrewd, rather merry, blue eyes; a mouth that was generous and kindly, although perhaps a trifle weak, and a nose that hesitated on the verge of being snub. But there was a restless expression in his eyes as well as a merry one, and his face had a bad color. It was the doctor's private opinion that Everard drank more than was good for his health, and perhaps smoked too much.

The servant had cleared away the cloth and left the dessert and coffee and liqueurs. The doctor accepted a cigar and as he did so threw a sharp glance at his host as though seeking to gauge some secret and unsuspected fact, the doctor was frankly curious about his friend for he was the only one of the lot who doubted Everard's genius although he would have been the last man to say so. "The Demon" had surprised him. He wondered if it was one of those rare flashes in the pan which even the man of mediocre talent sometimes displays. Or if it was something else which for the moment would not bear definition.

"Come, old chap," he said, smiling good-humoredly, "it's time you explained yourself—just between friends. You've known us all long enough to tell us the truth. In 'The Demon,' if you are to be taken seriously, you would have us believe that imagination is the greatest thing in the world. You point out in quite allegorical fashion that it is first imagination which induces the heroine to believe herself unhappy. And then you fire that elusive quality in her by a brute whom you quite appropriately style 'The Demon.' He plays upon her imagination until her senses are touched. It is Faust modernized—a potent piece of imagery brought up to date, yet, withal, mediæval without the mediæval setting. Your Marguerite is a married woman. In Goethe's time the young girl was the meat of the dramatist and the man of letters. Perhaps they are identical. Are they? I don't know. Never mind, that's a detail. . . . . Now you give us the married woman, ad nauseam. We've had a bit too much of her, I'm thinking. I hope as you fellows progress you'll leave the sacred bones of my grand-

"THE SERVANT HAD CLEARED AWAY THE CLOTH AND LEFT THE DESSERT AND COFFEE AND LIQUEURS"

mother alone. I should hate to think of her developing unexpected courtesan tendencies."

The young man giggled—that is the only word for it—and over the face of the financier spread a slow appreciative grin. The lawyer struck a match intending to light his cigar, but blew it out again in order to cut into the conversation before Everard could reply.

"Our friend is right enough," he said. "My professional experience proves that. It is the woman of forty—yes, and even older—who gets involved in difficulties nowadays."

"You're asking, doctor," said their host, reverting to the original question, "if I believe imagination to be the greatest thing in the world. Emphatically, yes. Why, man alive! it is imagination which has brought our civilization to where it is. Do you suppose for one moment that if man had not imagined bridges and railways and forty-storey sky-scrapers, they would ever have been built? Quite apart from play-writing, which, after all, cannot be described as one of the necessities of life, everything hinges upon imagination."

"I don't agree with you," said the financier, heavily. "Everything hinges upon money. I ask you what in this world can be accomplished without money?"

"It is the imagination of man which has produced money," said Everard quickly.

"I wish I had that kind of imagination," interjected the young man.

"My experience," began the lawyer—he was inclined to be didactic—"proves to me that the greatest thing in the world is neither so ennobling a quality as imagination, which our host would have us believe, nor so useful a commodity as the financier asserts, and our young friend here, covets. It is fear, combined with cowardice—fear of starvation, of the law, of getting found out—of public opinion. Anything you like. Fear drives a man to steal; fear also keeps him honest."

"You are a cynic," said the doctor. "It is certainly nothing of the sort. The greatest thing in the world is the goodness of woman, and that is why I think Everard has missed his point in 'The Demon.' He tried—and failed, I am glad to say—to make us believe the reverse. But his character got the better of him. Everybody who sees 'The Demon' will come away convinced that Margaret Delamore is a good woman."

The doctor was looking down at the table as he spoke, but Everard started as though he had been directly addressed and then hastily drained off a brandy liqueur. He pushed the decanter towards the doctor, but the latter shook his head. "Thank you, no—the port has put me into a reflective frame of mind. I don't want to lose it."

The young man asked eagerly, "Isn't that a rather old-fashioned assertion of yours, doctor—about the what you call 'the goodness of woman'?"

"In most things I'm an old-fashioned man," responded the doctor severely. "Money is all right in its place and I honestly believe that it has done more good than harm in the world, but when you speak of imagination, of fear, of cowardice—all of those things are inspired by the goodness of woman."

"What rot!" Everard laughed nervously. "Have women done anything worth mentioning?—I mean, taking them collectively. Of course, there have been exceptions, now and again."

"Oh, well, now you're opening a big topic. You'll have to get a suffragette to answer that question. I'm hampered by an ignorance of statistics, and have no arguments at my tongue's end. I'm thinking of specific cases. After all, one judges by his own experiences, doesn't he? It's all we have to go by." The doctor pursed his lips thought-

fully. "But when you ask what women have done, I can only say I have never yet known of anything that wasn't accomplished by a woman. Most of them, I grant you, work by proxy. Every living man is stimulated by the genius, the needs, or the demands of his womenkind."

"Oh, what rot—!" exclaimed Everard again. But his voice had a nervous ring and he tapped on the table with his fingers.

"No, not rot—not altogether," said the doctor, reflectively. He was looking at his host with a steady, thoughtful expression in which there was much kindness, and some reproach. "You wouldn't say that if you knew—well, everything that I know. Sometimes I think that we who spend all our days and most of our nights in the sick-chamber learn more of life than you chaps who rove over half the world. And, of course, women are the chief sufferers. The doctor usually knows more about women than about men. I'm thinking of a case in point.

Everard raised a strong white hand and passed it over his hair. Even that gesture bespoke nervousness, but none of the men seemed to realize that their host was ill at ease.

The strains of the Peer Gynt had died away now, and the room was very quiet. The dark, well-chosen furnishings, the shaded lights that gleaned on mahogany and silver, and the faint smell of the flowers all had a subtle and stimulating effect. They sat as in a charmed circle, these five, and they enjoyed talking of abstract things. Many great questions have been propounded, quarrelled over, and all but threshed out after dinner.

The young man broke a short silence. His manner reeked of bravado in order to conceal embarrassment.

"What about love? When you're talking of the greatest thing in the world? It seems to me—"

"Love can be bought and sold," interrupted the financier.

The lawyer grunted. "Love!" "I suppose you know that I've built my career in the divorce courts. Love! The very word makes me sick. Come along, any day, I'll show you a few things."

"As I was saying," persisted the doctor, "I know of a case. It's only one—one of hundreds, but it will serve to clinch my point better than any argument I could bring to bear. No, no, you are all wrong. It is the goodness of woman which is the most supreme thing in this little old world of ours."

Everard laughed and poured himself another brandy. "Get on with your story, doctor," he said. "It's quite plain you're itching to tell it."

"Thank you," said the doctor, "I am. It's so fresh in my mind and it involves so many things that may seem to you gentlemen here as a little impossible, but which really are fingerposts planted by Fate. I feel you ought to know of it. My story has a sordid beginning, and a sordid ending—"

"Cheer up!" interrupted Everard. "Do have a liqueur, doctor."

"Thanks—in a moment."

The others leaned forward attentively. They liked the doctor when he was in this mood. They felt pleasantly comfortable, and if his story was gloomy, surely it was impersonal enough not to disturb them.

"It began six or seven years ago, in London," said the doctor, "in a little cheap Bohemian circle . . . calling themselves writers, painters, and what not. You know the type, Everard? You must have met it. . . . Women in high art dresses with no stays or collars, and their hair done in imitation of Burne-Jones' pictures. Men with floppy ties, slouch hats, and a habit of avoiding the barber's. . . . Whisky-and-soda, beer and cigarettes; or the other extreme, total-abstinence and a predilection for nut diets and vegetarianism. . . . Somehow there had got mixed up in this dingy set a woman whose quali-

ties placed her far above the average. I cannot say she was beautiful, I had not the pleasure of knowing her then, but she had charm, undeniably, and good teeth and hair, which go a long way towards making a woman desirable. And she possessed a brain, too. . . . Yes—yes—brain very far above the average. One that would have carried her anywhere, that if she had been left alone would have lifted her high out of that slough. She was young and fairly well educated, but somehow she got hold of the wrong end of the stick. You understand what I mean? . . . the wrong people. They weren't doing her any good. But she was young, and as I said before, had brain. She would have found her way out all right if she had been left alone."

"Oh, I see," interrupted the lawyer, "there was a man. There always is."

"Yes," assented the doctor, "there was a man—*a married man,*" he added, giving emphasis to the words.

The financier made a harsh, grating sound in his throat, which was neither a grunt nor a chuckle, but partook of the nature of both. "I suppose he bought her," he said.

"No, he didn't have money enough to do that, even if she was that kind of woman, which she wasn't,"

"Love!" said the young man.

"A stupid kind of infatuation," said the lawyer.

"Oh, well, now, wait until I've finished before you draw your conclusions. Perhaps you may all be right. Perhaps it was because of lack of money that she couldn't be bought. It may have been love—or infatuation. as our cynical friend suggests."

"Ha! She gave herself to him—" said Everard. "Nothing unusual in that."

"No, she didn't, not in the sense you mean. She gave him her brains, which was much more useful to him. She did love him—I suppose there was no doubt about that."

"What sort of a chap was he to sponge on a woman?" asked the young man, disgustedly. "I suppose he was one of that riff-raff you were telling about."

"No—no, he wasn't," said the doctor, answering the last question first. "He was rather decent, on the whole, I think. But he never gave her any credit for what she did for him. He was angry with her because he thought she didn't love him. To him love meant only one thing. He had put it plainly to her that he didn't care for his wife—in fact, they were separated. The wife had money and he had none, and that had led to discord long before he met the 'other woman.' Well, this girl—she wasn't much over twenty then—begged him to run away with her. She had courage for two. Italy, she said . . . some place where they could work and live quietly and let the world hum by them. She was willing to take the risk . . . bear the burden of ostracism. The greater share was bound to be hers. She painted her picture for him . . . it was in glowing colors, I'll be bound. And then he painted one for her—they both had Everard's gift of imagination. Editors wouldn't buy their stories, he said . . . people would not come to see their plays . . . if they lived that sort of a life. No, they must be everything to each other . . . surreptitiously. They must humbug the world into believing that they were only friends, collaborators. The man pointed out that very probably the world wouldn't be humbugged a bit, but it would respect their hypocrisy."

"What did I say?" questioned the lawyer, fiercely. "Aren't you proving it by your story, doctor? It was fear that ruled that man's life."

"Yes, but it didn't turn out to be the greatest thing in his life, my dear chap. It was the goodness of the woman that made him what he is to-day. And the pity is, he never gave her a scrap of credit for it . . . doesn't at this minute . . . He's taken the rewards, the glory of it all . . . and they belong to her."

Everard was leaning back in his

"I WAS SITTING BESIDE HER IN A SHABBY, INDESCRIBABLY DESOLATE ROOM"

chair. Only the doctor noticed how ill and white he looked.

"If they'd had money to start with —" the financier began heavily.

"Yes—money might have made a difference . . . if only the man had been strong enough. The woman was strong without it. And mind you, she was good all through. I call it brave of her to refuse to live a lie. The man called it stupidly selfish . . . He said he wouldn't see her again, unless she changed her mind. He bullied her, shamelessly."

"But if she loved him, I should have thought—" the young man hesitated and was conscious of much embarrassment.

"That's what *he* said," the doctor replied gravely. "If she loved him, he said, she wouldn't want to wreck his career . . . make him a byword. He mentioned doors that would be closed to him, for socially he was well-connected. He loved the girl in a way, but to him her proposition was as intolerable as living a lie was to her. They came to a deadlock over it. . . . Never had he given her credit for any special cleverness, and when she said she would prove her love by helping him to get on, he did what almost any other man would have done . . . laughed at her. . . . It's been five years since last they met. In all that time scarcely a day has gone by that she didn't write to him. Not love letters . . . never a word of that sort. Just notes, scraps, ideas, plots for plays and stories . . . anything that seemed to her good and worth his while. She skimmed the cream of her intellect for him, and he accepted her offerings. At first he protested, but after a time he grew to depend upon her, absolutely. He used everything she sent him . . . some of it was indifferent, some of it wonderfully good. In the end she made him famous. Without her genius behind him his work couldn't last a day . . . And now. my friends, I'm afraid he's doomed, for all of her goodness."

"Going to take her revenge, eh? Going to chuck him and let him shift for himself?" the lawyer chuckled.

"Serve him jolly well right," growled the young man.

"No. . . . But it seems curious that you aren't interested in how she managed to get on all that time. He never was able to find her—I doubt if he tried. But she followed him about. When he left London, she came after him, an unobtrusive guardian angel. She did cheap journalism, pot-boilers, and the like. You see, she gave her best to him, and then there was very little left for herself. . . . If I were to tell you how she lived, it would make you sick. And after this very good dinner our host has provided us, it will sicken you still more to learn that practically she starved to death."

"Starved to death—!" Everard's lips parted. His face was ghastly.

"Yes. She is dead, poor soul. . . . I didn't have the pleasure of seeing all of the last act of your play, Everard. I must go again. Perhaps I'll find my impressions of it changed . . . I was called away in the middle of that last act, and it seemed to me a particularly good one. . . . Of course, in the end you made Margaret Delamore kill herself—I could see that coming. But I should have liked her to be happy. I'm old-fashioned. I believe in happy endings, both to plays and stories. They leave a nice taste in your mouth."

"They're inartistic," said the lawyer.

"Dead! That—that woman is dead—!" Everard repeated the words stupidly.

The financier glanced at the brandy, and then at the doctor. His look was significant. He leaned over, drew the decanter towards him. helped himself to a small liqueur, and then left the bottle out of Everard's reach.

"Yes, she is dead," the doctor assented softly. "I was called away to attend her. When the curtain rang down to 'The Demon,' Everard, I was

sitting beside her in a shabby, indescribably desolate room . . . you know, or perhaps you don't . . . mildewed wallpaper, filthy bed-coverings, flaring gas-jet . . . place reeking with the smell of bad cooking. . . . Ugh! . . . I'm sorry! I'm afraid I've depressed you all."

Everard staggered to his feet. He went to one of the windows and threw it open with a clatter. A fine damp mist was on his forehead and his hands were shaking.

"God . . .!" he muttered. And then, very softly, "God . . . forgive me!"

"After all," observed the young man thoughtfully, "when you get back to the main subject—after all, it seems to me that I'm right. The greatest thing in the world must be Love."

"Love involves passion," said the doctor, "and the goodness of woman can rise superior to that, as I have proved."

"I'm thinking of that man," observed the lawyer. "I wouldn't be in his shoes. When he finds out—if he ever does—"

"He'll find out right enough, when the cheques cease to come in," said the financier.

Extracting All the Gold

By

John E. Bullard

IN one process of extracting gold, sand containing gold is thrown into a sluice-way containing running water. The water washes the sand over little pools of mercury. The mercury dissolves the gold and allows the sand to pass on. If there is just the right amount of mercury distributed over the right area, practically all the gold is taken out. If there is nothing but water, no gold is removed.

What we read or hear is largely sand, but in it there is a deal of gold. Some minds seem to possess the judgment or, as we would call it in the process just described, the right amount of mercury to extract all the gold. Other minds seem to contain nothing but water.

Criticism and advice is wealth-bearing. Much of it is of no value, yet it all contains gold. If our mind has the right amount of mercury this will be extracted.

An education does not mean learning things by rote or becoming a living encyclopedia. It does mean so equipping the mind with mercury that it will extract all the gold from the sand thrown into it. There is not a man, a woman or a child from whom we can learn nothing. All the sand made up of conversation or writing contains gold. Some kinds, of course, are richer than others, but all of them contain gold.

If we take all criticism and advice in good part and carefully store it away in our memory to run through the refining process, we greatly benefit by it. On the other hand, if we take it angrily, we upset the mercury, waste our energy and gain nothing.

We should endeavor to give advice and criticism constructively rather than destructively. Destructive advice and criticism is poor sand. It is more likely to clog the refining apparatus than to yield any great amount of wealth.

Self-control, good books, conversation with better men than we are and constructive criticism will help.—*Business Philosopher.*

WILLIAM E. BRAUN
FOUNDER OF THE BRAUN SCHOLARSHIP

A Scholarship in the School of the World

By Edith Carew

THE average college graduate seldom finds at the end of his or her school days that he has three thousand dollars in his pocket for a little journey around the world. Yet such is the case with Miss Mabel E. Sturtevant, of Brookfield, Missouri, who is now in Canada.

She is working under the dictates of the Braun International Scholarship. This scholarship was founded by Wm. E. Braun, who was born and reared in a little hamlet near Hamburg, Germany. Having lost both his parents in early infancy, he was left to the care of a none too indulgent maiden aunt. An exceptionally bright student, he was the acknowledged winner of the municipal prize, even before examinations were held. Several other boys were equally desirous of winning the reward, but they felt that no hope remained to them with him in the contest. Determining upon a plan to

get him out of the way, they hired two ruffians to capture their rival and keep him away from the contest until closing time.

The youth was on his way to the school building from his aunt's little cottage on the outskirts of the village when he was met by the ruffians and taunted and bullied, finally being dragged off bodily to the banks of a stream, where he was promised a good ducking if he made any outcry. Discerning the plot and knowing the anger of his unrelenting aunt, and the abuse which would be heaped upon him when she learned of his defeat, he set out on foot for Hamburg. He sought the captain of one of the many sailing vessels, lying at the dock, and told his straightforward story, asking for a position on the ship. He thus entered upon a seafaring career, but never entirely threw off his studious habits. At each port, he added a volume or two to his little library.

He found time to traverse many fields of learning and always kept up his habit of study during his long voyages at sea. Although he never received academic letters or degrees, he possessed the look and bearing of a scholar, and his tastes were always along educational lines.

Shrewd in bu..ness and attentive to the demands of the hour, he still kept pace with each new educational stride. He often said that the best turn which man ever did for him was when those village bullies made it impossible for him to attend the examinations and win the prize upon which his heart was set. The success could have given him, at most, not more than one more year in school. After that he would have settled down to common school teaching for the remainder of his life, narrow, bigoted and of little force in the world. He had, at the right age, left home to enter that greatest of all schools—the world at large. He was old enough to distinguish and resist its evils and young enough to reap all the benefits of world contact.

MISS MABEL E. STURTEVANT

A MISSOURI GIRL, WHO WON THE FIRST BRAUN SCHOLARSHIP

Judging by the college men he met in his wanderings and his business dealings, he believed that the time when travel does the most good is when the student is just out of school. His mind is then stored with a multitude of facts and theories and many false conceptions. Contact with the world corrects false ideas and gives the more practical side to the college man. If, however, he waits, as must the average person who completes the college or university course, at heavy financial outlay, until he has become more or less fixed in the groove of thought into which his profession leads him, travel affords rest and change and has its benefits, but does not give the same permanent value that it does after college days.

When the time came for him to make final disposition of his fortune, he conceived a plan by which to give this opportunity to students at the time they most need it. He invested his entire estate under the management of trustees, the proceeds to form a fund from which should be taken two thousand dollars every three years for

an international scholarship. This was to be the championship reward in the examination contest of students from the universities of the world. The remainder was to be divided into a large number of national scholarships of a thousand dollars each. These were to be awarded to the contestant from each country making the highest marking, and was to afford a year of travel in his own land.

The International affords opportunity for a longer period of travel all over the world. All lapsed national scholarships contribute one-fourth to the International, the remainder reverting back into the fund for the next contest.

As the contest last year was the first to be held, many countries did not compete. Canada, may it be said with regret, was among the number. As a result there were several lapsed scholarships and the winner of the international prize now has over three thousand dollars with which to see the world.

The recipient is required to do a given amount of personal research work along sociological lines, but time is granted for individual investigation in any direction which the student may desire.

Concentration of Effort

By

Thomas A. Edison

IF there is any message I can give that might be of value to young people, it would be this: to be interested in whatever they undertake or may be doing at the moment; to dismiss from their minds everything else but the one thing they are doing at the time, and to think only of that one thing in all its bearings, from every view-point, and to be master of it. Don't mind the clock, but keep at it, and let nature indicate the necessity for rest. After resting, go at the work again with the same interest. The world pays big prices to men who *know.*

To accomplish things there must first be an idea of possibility, then the watchword must be "TRY"; and keep on trying with enthusiasm and a thorough belief in an ability to succeed. If you are convinced that a certain thing can be done, never mind what the world says to the contrary—experiment, if you are really interested.

Forget entirely the word "disappointment." Failures, so-called, are but finger-posts pointing out the right direction to those who are willing to learn.

So far as I can see, these principles have influenced me in the years that have passed, In addition, I have always believed that hard work and a living, general interest in everything that makes for human progress will make men or women valuable to themselves and to the world.

The Haunting of Mr. Vanner

A Strange Story of Revenge

By J. J. Bell.

Author of "Wee MacGregor", etc.

"GIVE him time, sir; give him time," pleaded the big, black-bearded man. "Have patience, and he will pay thee all. My brother isn't a swindler. He's only been a bit unlucky. Now, sir—"

The smart-looking, middle-aged man at the large desk waved his hand.

"You have gone over that already, Mr. Brand. I have never suggested that your brother was a swindler. Certainly not! It is simply the case of an account becoming so much overdue, that we have been compelled to place it in the hands of our agents for recovery. I gather from my secretary's reports that your brother has made many promises, but has kept none. The law must—"

"I know, sir, I know. But the circumstances are peculiar."

"They usually are, when a man cannot pay. I must ask you to spare me a further recital. I am a busy man, and I tell you frankly that I had you admitted this afternoon under a misapprehension. I thought you were another Mr. Brand."

"I know who you mean—the Mr. Brand who, taking advantage of his similar name, is trying to cut out my brother by producing rubbish to look like my brother's specialties. Mr. Vanner, do you consider that a fair game?"

Mr. Vanner smiled in a tired fashion. "I'm afraid I have not time for further discussion on the subject of your brother's affairs. You must remember that, until to-day, I never heard of your brother, Mr. Brand. This is a very large business—"

"But it belongs to you?"

"Of course. Practically, at any rate," said Mr. Vanner, complacently.

"A large business—so large that you don't know what you're doing!"

Mr. Vanner was ruffled. "I know what I'm doing—to the last ounce of metal, and the last farthing of money," he said, sharply.

John Brand drew a quick breath. "But you don't know what you're doing to my brother. I ask your pardon, sir. I don't want to seem impertinent. As I told you, my brother did not know I was coming to see you to-day. He did not dream of such a thing. To tell you the truth, sir, he had almost given up hope last night. That last lawyer's letter fairly crumpled him up. You see, he's not a strong man, and he's a bit troubled with his nerves. But he's honest and clever, and—"

"Really, Mr. Brand, I fear I cannot spare you more time. If you insist, you had better see my chief clerk—"

"He's no good, sir. He's just a machine. He would take a note of it, and give a note of it to someone else,

and—and so on. But a word from you, Mr. Vanner, a word from you —"

Mr. Vanner coughed, and picked up a pencil, the copying-ink pencil with which in these days he signed his dictated letters, pen and ink being out of the question for so busy a man.

"That will do," he said, coldly. "We have certain principles, and a certain system in this business, to which we adhere. Your brother has received the limit of leniency. The law must—"

"But a little longer, Mr. Vanner," cried the big man, writhing in the chair that seemed too small for him. "Call off your dogs—I mean your lawyers. Give him another month—one month—to try to get that contract I told you about. Call off your lawyers. I don't say lawyers have no souls, but they must surely leave them at home when they go out to business in the mornings, for their letters are—are hell. I'm only a poor man in a situation. But my brother may be worth thousands any day. Call off your lawyers in the meantime, sir, and give him a spell of peace."

Mr. Vanner stretched his hands towards a bell on his desk. His shaven face had hardened, yet he was neither an unjust man nor a merciless. Albeit, his patience was exhausted. He had listened to a long story, pitiful, no doubt, but quite commonplace. It was no satisfaction to him to drive a debtor into bankruptcy; but if he did not do it, someone else would. Besides, there was still the possibility of the lawyers recovering the debt before other creditors fell upon the unfortunate. It was only business. The amount involved—a trifle over a hundred pounds—was a petty matter to a firm such as his, but he might as well retire as begin to make bad debts with his eyes open. His finger touched the button.

"Man!" cried his visitor, "you don't know what you're doing. Wait, wait! You must not break James. I—— I'm afraid of what he might do. There's a thing in the papers this morning about a poor soul that threw himself under a train, and left a note saying he'd been driven to it by—lawyers. Maybe, he had no right to contract debts, and you'd be correct in saying that the debts were really the cause of his madness. But it took somebody — somebody among his creditors—to push him over the thin line betwixt hope and despair. Somebody didn't mean it, but somebody did it, Mr. Vanner. And though it was all in the way of business and perfectly legal, and all that, I thought this morning that I'd rather be the poorest devil in the world than the lawyer who wrote the last letter received by the suicide. I'm telling you this, sir, as a last resort——Ah!"

Mr. Vanner's finger had wavered, but now it pressed the button firmly. His visitor was undoubtedly getting maudlin.

John Brand rose from his chair, one great fist aloft.

"No, no!" he said, passionately, "You needn't be afraid. I'll not touch you, though I could put the life out of your well-dressed body and your smart brain with one hand. It was your heart I wanted to touch, and I've failed. You can't—you won't—break your rules of business. You won't 'phone to your lawyers ordering them to let James Brand alone for another month. The law, you say, must take its course. Well, I say, damn your business principles and your law!" He dropped his hand to his side, as a knock fell on the door, and a clerk entered.

"Show this gentleman out," said Vanner, speaking evenly, but looking a little pale.

"One moment!" The big man's voice sank almost to a whisper. "I have to thank you for seeing me, Mr. Vanner. I'm sorry — not for anything I've said, but for the way I've said some things. I'm glad I never so far forgot myself, save once, as to quote Scripture. There was a certain temptation to do so, because, though you may not know it, we both attend the same church pretty regu-

"HE STOOD AS IF FROZEN"

larly. But Scripture holds but poor arguments for week-days. Perhaps, indeed, I had no argument at all for what I have said. Business is like Nature: it kills off the weak and struggling. You are not inhuman—and yet, Mr. Vanner, I think you have made a mistake this time." Brand bowed, picked up his hat and followed the wondering clerk.

On the steps of the great building of offices he halted, his hand to his head. Was there no earthly possibility of his being able to find the money himself? To John Brand, who had never earned more than thirty-five shillings a week, £107 seemed an enormous sum. All his savings had recently gone in assisting brother James, who, in addition to business responsibilities, had a wife and three children. John was a bachelor of nearly forty. He had no one dependent on him. On the other hand, he had no property worth mentioning. His business position was that of a sub-manager in the furniture department of a well-known firm. He never hoped for anything higher, but fulfilled his duties in a stolid, methodical fashion.

Out of business hours he devoted himself to reading more or less solid works, to helping to entertain ragged boys at an obscure mission-hall, and to admiring his brother James. Apart from his rather handsome appearance, John Brand was quite an insignificant person. And where was such a person to raise, immediately; at least a hundred pounds? His own worldly possessions, including watch and chain, would not, he reckoned, bring more than ten pounds. No; the thing was impossible. And yet there were so many men in that great town to whom a hundred pounds was of no special account; men who gave away that sum, and greater, without thinking of getting anything in return. But, of course, he did not know those men. In a way, he knew one—but that one was impossible. He sighed. His faith and hope in humanity had suffered a blow, a stunning blow, at that recent interview.

He looked at his watch. A quarter past two. He had obtaied liberty for the whole afternoon, anticipating (simple-minded John!) that his mission would be successful, and that he would carry the good news of a month's grace to his brother, and stay awhile to encourage him to greater effort. But now—well, he had better just go back to the furniture department, and see James at night. There was nothing else he could do. Nevertheless, as he passed from one street to another, he thought of the one man he knew to whom a hundred pounds was of "no special account." Yet that one man was surely unapproachable on such a matter.

But, about an hour later, John came face to face with him in the furniture department. He was one of the junior partners, a young man with a reputation for fastness, but with a cheerful and kindly manner to his employes.

"Changed your mind about your half-holiday? Or didn't she turn up?" he said to John.

"Not exactly, sir," John replied with a wan smile. And suddenly a sort of desperate courage came to him. "Could I speak to you in private, sir?"

The junior partner looked surprised. Then he said, pleasantly enough: "Surely! Come along to my room."

Ten minutes later John Brand came out of the private room, his eyes full of tears, and a cheque for all he required in his hand. He did not remember what he had said, how he had explained and begged, and promised. But to his dying day he would not forget the words of his young employer, words so carelessly, yet so kindly, uttered: "There you are, Brand, and good luck to your brother. But don't let yourself get run in for more responsibility. As to repayment, you have offered a pound a week. That will suit me all right,

but you needn't begin paying till the New Year, when—keep it dark in the meantime—you are down for promotion, with fifty shillings a week. Yes, yes. That's all right. You've just time to get the cash, before the bank closes."

It was a very different John Brand that entered the office of Vanner & Co. for the second time that after? noon.

"I wish to pay James Brand's account."

The young clerk, who had attended at the counter, went over and whispered to the cashier. The cashier, who took his own importance from the importance of the firm he served, came leisurely to the counter.

"The account is now in the hands of Messrs. Proudfoot and Bland," he said, adding the legal firm's address, "and should therefore be paid to them."

"Bother your formalities! Do you want the money or not?"

The cashier, somewhat taken aback, muttered something about "legal expenses," and departed to "make inquiry." He returned with a statement of account, which he receipted without remark.

"Here's the cash. Your lawyers can whistle to you for their six-and-eight, or whatever it is," said John, brightly. "And now you'll just ring them up, and tell them to stop fussing a decent man with their ugly letters."

"We shall advise our agents of the payment in due course," said the cashier with a chill dignity.

"Due fiddlesticks!" John smote the counter with his clenched fist, so that every clerk in the office jumped. "Do it now!"

"That's enough, my man!" said the indignant cashier. "You—"

"Time's precious!" the big man interrupted him. "Drop your routine for once, and—'phone!"

It was done.

"Thank you," said John Brand, mildly. "There's no use keeping a man on the rack after you've got what you wanted out of him. Tell your master that the account has been paid. Tell him, likewise, from John Brand, that he'll be begging orders from James Brand before six months are over."

Once more John found himself in the street. He could have sung aloud with elation, with gratitude and thanksgiving, as he took a car to his brother's place of business. The solitary clerk, who knew him, pointed to the door of a little room inscribed "private."

"Busy?" queried John, to whom that little room was a sort of holy of holies.

"He's been there since two o'clock. I took him in a letter that came by the four post—"

"Letter—Oh!—Well, I'll just step in."

John took the receipted account from his pocket, and entered, smiling. He closed the door quietly.

At a large, table, littered with papers, covered with calculations, and bearing a pile of ingots of metal of various and exquisite shades of color, sat James Brand. He leaned forward over the table, his hands clenched, and with his face resting on his right arm.

John's foot touched a small empty bottle, and sent it rolling across the floor. The receipt fluttered from his fingers. He stood as if frozen.

* * * *

Mr. Vanner, about to escort his wife to the theatre, was getting into his overcoat in the hall, when the servant, who had just answered the door, informed him that a man wished to speak to him for a moment. The man would not come in. With an impatient remark, Vanner went to the door. He recognized Brand by his beard; otherwise the man's face had changed.

"Well, what is it, my man? This is not my business address. Besides, my reply to you to-day was final—absolutely final."

"Yes, it was final, Mr. Vanner," said Brand, in a hollow voice. "But your account is paid."

"Oh, indeed. I am glad to hear that, for your brother's sake, as well as my own."

"Your clerk did not tell you?"

"Well, I generally leave such matters to the office."

"I see," said Brand, slowly. "I came to tell you that I paid my brother's account. He does not know it is paid. I hope he may never know—the knowledge would only worry him. He got another letter from your lawyers at four o'clock to-day. A 'phone from you, when I saw you, would have stopped it, or caused it to be cancelled. It finished him. According to the doctor, he took the poison immediately after. At twenty past four I found him dead. Don't say anything, Mr. Vanner. But, you see, you have made a mistake this afternoon—a mistake you will never forget. For you shall not be allowed to forget." Brand paused, breathing heavily, but when he spoke again, his voice was still cold and hollow. "I say you shall not be allowed to forget. I could kill you, but that would not satisfy me. I could—"

"I am not responsible for this regrettable affair," Vanner broke in, thickly. Then—"Is it money you want?"

"Curse your money! I want nothing from you, but your peace of mind. And—I will have that. From now until I die, I shall pray against you. Do you see what I mean? Think of it, when you sit in church, when you rest at home, when you work in your office, when you go out pleasure-seeking. Think of a man always praying, day after day, morning, noon and night—praying that your prayers may be unanswered, that your hopes may come to nothing, that your desires and ambitions may be refused and confounded. Think of that—and take comfort from your business principles and systems, if you can."

So saying, John Brand, his face convulsed, turned, and departed swiftly.

"A madman!" murmured Vanner. But his countenance was sickly as he closed the door.

II.

Now and then we absorb an idea that is like to a lusty weed. We cut it down, we pull it up; but either the new seed has already fallen, or a scrap of root remains, for ere long it flourishes once more, apace. Sometimes it proves no worse than an annoyonce, or a dread; at others, it develops into a mania or obsession. Vanner was not a superstitious man, in the modern meaning of the phrase, at least. He did not believe in ghosts, goblins, or fairies, the evil eye or the power of magic, the crystal globe or the dire possibilities of walking under a ladder. He did not even believe in luck; but that may have been because he had never been what we call unlucky. The business, which he had inherited, had prospered—though not without industry and intelligence on his part; his married life was happy; he had not a discreditable relation; his own life had been straight and clean. No man had ever pointed to him as one who dealt harshly or unfairly with his neighbors; nor had his conscience accused him on that score. He assured himself that he was in no wise responsible for the suicide of James Brand, the inventor and worker in alloys. No one, save a man crazed with grief, would even suggest that he was responsible. To do so would be utterly absurd. The debtor's misfortunes had, in this case, culminated, without a doubt, in a most grevious tragedy, but business would soon cease to be business if unfortunate debtors were all to be treated tenderly as potential suicides. No, no; he was horribly shocked at the thing's happening in connection with his business, he deplored the position of the hapless wife and children; but, before God and before man, he was not responsible.

And yet the idea of John Brand continually praying against him waxed insistent as the days went on.

"BRAND HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE TRAVELLER AND HIS MILD COUTENANCE HAD BECOME SAVAGE AND MERCILESS."

On the morning of the fifth Sunday following the tragedy, Vanner abruptly declared his intention of not going to church. His wife looked pertrubed.

"Aren't you feeling well, Fred?"

"Perfectly well. I'm a little tired. Don't worry. I may go in the evening."

But he did not go in the evening. The thought of John Brand in yonder corner of the gallery had become too much for him. And the following Sunday morning he persuaded his wife to accompany him to another church, where a famous man happened to be preaching. There the real blow fell, for Vanner realized that it was not necessary to see his enemy in order to be conscious of the latter's existence. Vanner prayed fervently, but he began to doubt his power to pray successfully against Brand. Perhaps Brand had been a much better man than he. Perhaps . . . A week later, to his wife's dismay, he refused to go to any church. He had decided, he said, to take a walk into the country. He had been feeling the need of it for some time. So he went into the country, to escape the thoughts of Brand that now pervaded even his home, and returned too exhausted to eat his dinner, for he had been trying, as it were, to run away from Brand.

On the morrow he found, among the numerous papers on his desk, a polite intimation from a firm of chartered accountants to the effect that Robert Brand & Co., Fancy Metal Manufacturers, were unable to meet their liabilities.

"It's a bad one, sir," said the old clerk, "though the account was not much behind. They owe us seven hundred and thirty-five pounds."

"Do they?" said Vanner absently, and was silent for a space. "Hadn't these people something to do with the —the misfortunes of the other Brand —James Brand?" he asked, tapping the letter with his pencil.

"A good deal, I should say, sir. They imitated many of his fine specialities in trashy material, and seemed likely to spoil his market. But I heard that James Brand would have found a way of competing with them, and maybe beating them, if he had lived a little longer."

"Ah! . . . But you wouldn't hold them—er—responsible for James Brand's death—would you, Henry?"

"Ah, well, hardly, sir. Business is business, you know. Might as well say that we killed the poor fellow, sir."

"Yes, yes; of course, that would be equally absurd. Well, that's all in the meantime. You can give instructions for lodging our claim."

The old man went out, wondering. "I never saw him take a big bad debt so quietly," he said to himself.

But it was not till he was alone that Vanner really considered the bad debt in itself.

"Good God!" he suddenly whispered; "did John Brand pray for this?"

Later he called himself a fool. The thing had happened simply in the course of business. He had made plenty of bad debts before ever John Brand crossed his path. It was a mere chance that this particular account should be larger than at any previous period. And, of course, the name Brand had its disagreeable associations. Curse the name! He found himself dreading another suicide. He was afraid to open the paper that evening.

"Fred," said his wife, "I wish you would take a holiday. I never saw you so nervous. Is business worrying you, dear?"

It was a rare thing for Mrs. Vanner to ask a direct question; as a rule, she gained her husband's confidence without that.

He laughed shortly. "We made rather a serious bad debt to-day," he said.

"To-day? I am sorry, Fred. But you've been worrying for weeks. And you've grown thin and lost color. Won't you see Dr. Chalmers? I wish you would."

"Nonsense! There's nothing the matter, Isobel—. Unless, as you sug-

gest, a touch of nerves." He laughed again, wishing he could tell her the truth. "I think I'll run up to London for the week-end," he continued. "There are one or two people I could see with advantage at present."

"The very thing!" she cried, looking pleased. "London will do you good."

This was on Tuesday, and during the next three days he experienced a sense of almost cheerful anticipation. It was not that a trip to London was anything of an event, but the thought of putting four hundred miles between himself and the disturbing force gave him hope. Even wireless telegraphy, he had read, might be rendered ineffectual by distance; moreover, he felt that a change of scene and people might serve to put his soul out of tune, so to speak, with the malign influence which he now believed John Brand to be exerting upon it. So, about two o'clock on Friday, he took his pre-engaged seat in the first-class dining-car, and lay back with a sigh of relief, closing his eyes. "Thank God," he said, under his breath.

Just as the train began to move, however, he glanced out of the window, and experienced a shock. On the platform, talking with another man, was John Brand. Vanner turned away—the fraction of a second too late. Brand had looked up, caught sight of the traveler, and his mild countenance had, in the flash of recognition, become savage and merciless.

Vanner ordered a glass of brandy. He was not a drinker of spirits, but he consumed a number of brandies ere he reached his destination that night. In his note-book he wrote a message to his wife. Until he stepped upon the platform at Euston he half-expected an accident. He had engaged a room at the station hotel, and he retired to bed immediately. He slept till three in the morning, when he awoke feverish and wretched. "That infernal brandy!" he told himself, was the cause. Then he proceeded to argue that there had been nothing significant in Brand's being at the Central Station; doubtless the man had been seeing someone off by the busiest train of the day; his look of hatred at that sudden encounter was, perhaps, natural, though not justified. He, Vanner, hated Brand—and, by heaven, he would beat him yet.

About five o'clock he dropped to sleep again, and when called at eight, he felt better. He had an important appointment for that morning—the signing of a contract involving large benefits to his firm. As he drove through the fresh London air, his spirits rose. It would take a lot of praying to spoil this bit of business! At the same time he put up a brief prayer for himself. A moment later the horse fell.

Vanner was only slightly bruised, but he was greatly shaken, and more so mentally than physically. The policeman found him almost incoherent. He continued his journey on foot, behaving at the crossings like an old woman. He found it necessary to take some brandy before paying his business call.

* * * *

"I am sorry, Mr. Vanner, exceedingly sorry," said the junior partner of the firm. "As you know, I was most willing that you should have the business, and I thought my uncle was in accord with me in the matter. However, at the last moment—yesterday afternoon, to be precise—he decided otherwise, and accepted another offer. You understand that, personally, I did my best?"

"I—understand," said Vanner, with a pale smile. He was not disappointed; he was overwhelmed. The contract had seemed such an absolute certainty.

"I shall hope that we may do business on a future occasion, Mr. Vanner."

Vanner moistened his lips, but did not speak. He drew his hand slowly across his forehead.

"I'm afraid that spill has upset you a bit," said the junior partner, sympathetically. He knew that Vanner was too big a man to be much affect-

ed by the loss of the contract. "Will you rest here, and lunch with me later?"

Vanner thanked him, and rose.

"I'm leaving at two o'clock," he managed to say, aching with an intense longing for home.

"I'm sorry. Let me get you a cab."

"Thanks, I'll walk."

The other nodded. "Take care of yourself, Mr. Vanner."

* * * *

He reached the hotel at noon. The hall-porter came forward with a telegram.

Vanner was white ere he opened it. He sank upon a chair in the lounge, and stared at the dancing words:

"Sorry to ask you come home. Harry met with accident. Isobel."

Harry was his youngest boy.

Presently he pulled himself together and sent a reply:

"Leaving two train. Wire latest to Carlisle seven o'clock. Fred."

Then he went up to his room, and threw himself on the bed.

This was fear indeed! . . .

He was on the verge of panic when, an hour later, he despatched a telegram to his confidential clerk:

"Find out address of John Brand, brother of late James Brand. See him and ask him to meet me arrival London train ten twenty Central to-night. Tell him most important. Vanner."

Another hour, and the long, hideous journey began. Vanner ate nothing; he could neither smoke nor read. He muttered to himself continually.

At Carlisle, the conductor, previously instructed, brought him his wife's message:

"Glad you are coming. Harry no worse."

"Perhaps," whispered Vanner, alone in the compartment, "perhaps he has stopped praying for the moment."

* * * *

The train slowed into the Central Station. Vanner, searching the platform with wild eyes, at last caught sight of a big man with a black beard. He almost ran to him.

"Mr. Brand, it was good of you to come," he began.

"What is it?" Brand asked, coldly.

"Come out of the crowd," said Vanner, clutching his arm, and well-nigh dragging him to a deserted platform. "I wanted to see you, Mr. Brand. I've been thinking over things," he went on with piteous eagerness; "I say, I've been thinking over things, and I—I'd like to do something for the family of your brother. The thought of your brother has been—has been very painful to me. You understand, Mr. Brand?"

"Conscience?" said Brand.

"No—no; not conscience. I still hold that I was not responsible. It was all in—in the course of business. You see that now, don't you? Anyway, the whole thing is a problem beyond human understanding."

There was a short pause, broken by Brand.

"In my eyes, you killed my brother," he said. "You didn't intend to do it, but you did. I do not know why I should have been induced to meet you here. I must go now."

"Stay—stay, Mr. Brand. Let me do something. I—I thought of two thousand pounds. And if I paid that, do you think you might be prevailed upon to stop—to stop—"

"Say no more, sir. If my brother's family were in want, they would take nothing from you. But I am glad to say they are not in want. My brother's patents have been sold for the sum of twenty thousand pounds. He didn't know their value, but I found an honest man who did. That is all. Kindly let me go."

But Vanner, desperate, held the man's arm. In shame and agony he stammered:

"Is money of no use to you, Mr. Brand? What—tell me what I can do to induce you to stop praying?"

Brand stared at him. "Stop praying?"

"Praying against me. You—you know what I mean. Ever since we last parted things have been going wrong with me. And now my little

boy has met with an accident, and God knows what I shall find when I get home. Oh, stop it! I beg you to stop it!"

Something like pity dawned on the big man's face.

"Is it possible that you're thinking of something I said then?" he asked. "I think I remember, and I meant it at the time. But—well, that was all. It ended there. Go home, Mr. Vanner, and I—I hope you'll find your boy better." He shook off Vanner's grasp, and turned away.

"Stay!" cried Vanner. "Are you telling me that you have not been praying against me all through the last six weeks?"

"I think you must be crazy," said Brand, not altogether unkindly, "to have such an idea in your head. No man can afford to pray against another. If you want a straight answer, I'll tell you that I'd as soon have prayed for you. . . . You're ill. Give me your bag. I'll get you a cab. You and I shan't meet again.

* * * *

As Vanner entered his home, the doctor met him.

"Your boy is going to get better," said the doctor. And Vanner bowed his head—in silence.

Tact

By Edgar Gardner

THE primary mental element in tact is the capacity to conceal the real motives or inclinations in the hope of more certainly obtaining one's desires, naturally stimulating a curiosity to discover the motives and intentions and capacities of the person we are in contact with before committing one's self in word and deed. It is essentially the weapon of defence used by the weaker against the stronger, for there is not the same necessity for its exercise by one in the stronger position. There are certain simple rules to be first observed in cultivating this valuable accomplishment. The first to suggest itself is the effort to control and conceal one's temper and annoyance, and to remain silent under provocation or impulse until the strong feelings and emotions have subsided sufficiently to allow time for reflection and judgment. To do this it is only necessary to control the desire to speak at the slightest provocation; it then becomes a good and fixed habit. We are all aware of the errors of others in talking too much before they have time to think, and where they "land" themselves, but do we always try to correct the fault in ourselves? Therefore, the old maxim that "Silence is golden," and to "Count six before speaking, and six times six before taking action," is worth remembering. The art of looking at one's self from another's point of view and encouraging their criticism is a valuable method of gaining knowledge for self-improvement. One soon learns that if you have an excuse for speaking at all, it is best to come to the point quickly, with as few words and mannerisms as possible, and to be always ready to listen to others and cultivate the mind to concentrate itself on what they are saying, be quick to note their faults and weaknesses, and try to avoid them yourself, while ready to admire their good qualities and imitate the best of them. By controlling impulsive and selfish thoughts and words your actions will reflect keen and well-balanced judgment, enabling you to influence others to respect your advice.

Five Resolutions

JONATHAN EDWARDS, who left a greater mark upon America than almost any other man among her earlier thinkers, made five resolutions for himself in his youth, and lived by them faithfully. To study them is to see one secret of his greatness. To adopt them will make any young soul nearer to greatness itself. They are as follows:

1. Resolved: To live with all my might while I do live.

2. Resolved: Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

3. Resolved: Never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another.

4. Resolved: Never to do anything out of revenge.

5. Resolved: Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

These resolutions did not come from a weak nature, nor from a character free from temptations and faults. They prove that by internal evidence. A youth who had to make Resolution Number Four evidently had a hard fight to control a hot and revengeful temper. Resolution Number Two shows that Jonathan Edwards was as lazy as the average Christian, to start with. They are not the resolves of a perfected saint, but those of a striving young soul, conscious of its own dangers and weaknesses. That is their value and their inspiration. To adopt them is to take up the same struggle, and through it win nobility, virtue and elevation of character just as Jonathan Edwards did long ago.—*Great Thoughts.*

NOVA SCOTIA TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Nova Scotia's Remarkable Progress in Technical Education

By

W. R. McCurdy.

WHILE the Dominion and some of the Provincial Governments are now appointing commissions to look into the question of technical education, Nova Scotia has, in thorough working order, a complete system which already has sent out its graduates in civil and mining engineering, and is giving instruction by day and night in a score of subjects that will make our mechanics more skilled and efficient men and more intelligent and independent citizens. This is an attainment of which everybody in this far eastern province is proud, and which has been accomplished in the face of initial difficulties that made success seem unlikely.

Two men in Nova Scotia there are who stand out prominently in this triumph—not altogether that they brought it about, but that when "the time had fully come" they saw the opportunity and went ahead and created the great technical education system that bids fair to do much of in-

estimable value for their province, and which singles it out as an example for others. These men are Hon. George H. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, and Frederick H. Sexton, principal of the Nova Scotia Technical College.

It has by no means been rapid work doing this. One wonders now that the enterprise has waited so long. Away back sixty years ago the first seed was sown, which has now sprung up and brought forth the present system of technical education. It has been a long period of sowing, and now the time of reaping has come.

The first record we have that some of our leading men saw what might be done by the establishment of such a system—that there were those who appreciated its possibilities —was in the early fifties, when a Nova Scotia Deputy Commissioner of Works and Mines reported on it. He advocated a provincial institution to carry out industrial research—to test ores and clay and the mineral resources of the province—and to train young men to be engineers.

HON. GEORGE H. MURRAY
PREMIER OF N.S.

This was a somewhat advanced idea to come from a Government official sixty long years ago. It was early seed sowing, and, though nothing more was done then, it was one of the things that makes the harvest possible to-day.

The next seed was sown some years later, when the Mechanics' Institute of Halifax was established, and here a little more than mere scattering of seed was done. There were a couple of men in this enterprise, men of vision. The Mechanics' Institute gathered together the nucleus of a technical library, and classes were open for practical drawing and for scientific study. Interest was aroused and considerable good done, but the essential element of funds was lacking. The Institute had to be self-supporting. No Government was back of it, as is the case in Nova Scotia to-day with its Technical College, and, in course of time came the inevitable collapse.

The third stage in the march towards technical education as Nova Scotia has it now, is found in the writings and works of Professor J. Gordon MacGregor, a Halifax boy, and for a long time professor in Dalhousie University, at the present time the talented occupant of the chair of physics in Edinburgh University. Professor MacGregor studied the problem of technical education. He considered it a part of the university work, as well as in secondary branches in the high schools and academies. He battled for a scientific and engineering training in the university—for technical education generally.

An enormous amount of data was collected by MacGregor, who wrote of the system of technical education especially as worked out in France,

Germany and Switzerland, and as he thought it should be applied in Nova Scotia. It is twenty-five years since this was done, and MacGregor's report is a classic on the subject. The era of seed-sowing did not pass with MacGregor. There was yet a long time to wait till the time of reaping.

Something tangible was seen eight years ago in the establishment of evening technical classes at the industrial centres of Sydney and Glace Bay. These schools attracted many students, and if the necessary funds had been available there is no doubt that in this would have been found the success so long and so ardently longed for. But the funds were not in hand and the work could not be sustained.

F. H. SEXTON
PRINCIPAL NOVA SCOTIA TECHNICAL COLLEGE

One of the last assaults on the citadel of difficulty was made when the Nova Scotia Mining Society took up the matter, one of the moving spirits at this time being A. A. Hayward. Nova Scotia, with its population of 500,000, is cursed—some people will say it is blessed—with many denominational colleges. The population is hardly great enough for one strong university—not the five already in existence.

The thing that had to be done was to clear away the hitherto insuperable obstacle that existed in the rivalry of these four or five colleges—Acadia, St. Francis Xavier's, King's, Mount Allison and Dalhousie—the latter repudiating the charge of denominationalism and claiming to be the provincial university, helped neither by state nor church. The Mining Society one day got together representatives of these colleges—a great feat—and prevailed on them to agree on a working plan for the establishment by the Government of an engineering college.

The very next day those representatives met the Provincial Government and an agreement was reached that they would give up any advanced engineering instruction in the last two years of their four years' course if the Government would provide an equipment and teaching staff to carry this on with a high educational standard; the Government on its part agreeing not to touch the first two years' work so long as this was properly provided for in the various colleges.

This modus vivendi made possible the legislation that quickly followed and the provisions agreed upon were incorporated in the act establishing a Government technical education system for Nova Scotia. Professor Pritchett, of the Carnegie foundation, New York, praised this arrangement, as showing the true genius and zeal of Nova Scotians for education, and he is a man who admittedly knows what he is talking about.

The Government of Nova Scotia to date has granted a quarter of a mil-

CLASS OF TAILORS' APPRENTICES
LEARNING GARMENT MAKING IN ONE OF THE EVENING TECHNICAL CLASSES

lion dollars for the building and equipment of an engineering college, which offers courses in civil, mining and electrical engineering. The system affords the opportunity he needs for every boy in Nova Scotia who has inclination or ambition. It is possible for all to enjoy the advantages of the college, because the Government has provided twenty full scholarships of $75 apiece —one for every county in the province, and two for Halifax and for Cape Breton. The sum mentioned gives free tuition.

The Technical College during the year just closed had thirty students, and nineteen of the scholarships were awarded.

Outside the college, and under its direction, there are twenty-one differ-

EVENING CLASS IN CHEMISTRY FOR DRUGGISTS

CLASS IN MACHINE DRAWING

ent secondary technical schools. Every coal mining community in the province has an evening school for coal miners, where the men are taught the theory and practice of ventilation of mines, methods of working mines, mechanics, geology and surveying. By attendance at these schools the men can gain knowledge to enable them to pass the examination for certificates of competency as responsible mine officials.

The late Cornelius Shields, when he came to Nova Scotia, said that he had expected to bring officials here for his great enterprise in Cape Breton, but when he examined conditions he found the native-born official, trained in these schools, to be superior to the American.

In this connection it is worth noting that the death rate among the miners of Nova Scotia is lower than anywhere else on the American continent. Much of this good showing is traceable directly to these evening technical schools.

As a part of the technical educational system of the province there also has been established in the principal coal-mining communities classes for stationary engineers, where the study of mechanics, steam engines and boilers, pumping and compressing machines, and mechanical drawing, is prosecuted. In these schools laboratories, with various electrical machines and instruments have been installed for practical work.

At the four principal industrial centres—Halifax, New Glasgow, Sydney and Amherst — evening technical schools for men in the various trades have been established, and the subjects studied are business English, practical arithmetic, practical algebra, and geometry, electrical machinery, pharmaceutical chemistry, pharmacy, technical chemical analysis, metallurgy, mechanical drawing, machine drawing, machine design, garment making, architectural drawing and design.

At present plans are on foot to offer trade instruction in many other subjects during the coming year, and a system of instruction by correspondence is to be inaugurated—correspondence schools managed by this Government institution.

The aim at the Nova Scotia Technical College, in the secondary branch

of its work, is, as stated at the beginning, to make a mechanic more skilled and efficient, a more intelligent and independent citizen.

These schools have been in operation for three years, and the results thus far show the great value of the Nova Scotia system of technical education as developed up to the present time.

One thing should have been mentioned, for it threatened to wreck the whole arrangement after the modus vivendi between the colleges and the Government had been reached. This was the location of the college. Dalhousie was at Halifax, and the other colleges thought that a neutral place should be selected for the Technical College. They advocated Amherst, and some even urged Sydney. The Government took the bull by the horns, however, in brave and courageous style. They tried to find what would bring the greatest good to the greatest number—what all round was the best thing to do—and they decided that this would be secured by the selection of Halifax as the site for the college, and in this city the college has been built.

The building is erected on land once previously the property of the province. When the Fenian scare came a drill shed was erected on this spot, and after Confederation the land was made over to the Canadian Government for militia purposes. When the Technical College was proposed, and a site was needed, the Dominion Government gave it back to the province, its original owners, as a free gift, and land for forty years devoted to the art of war is now dedicated to the preparation of young Nova Scotians for taking a place on the firing line of industrial operations, where there must be training as complete, to ensure success, as was ever needed to make soldiers good enough to defend their country, should that dread necessity arise.

EVENING CLASS FOR ELECTRICIANS

The Booming of Silver Miss

By

Victor Lauriston

"DID you hear of my lucky strike in Cobalt?" queried Broker Jabez Tonson, indolently.

"You don't attempt to insinuate," ejaculated his partner, "that pay silver has actually been found on Silver Miss?"

Chewing diligently at the cigar which a cruel physician had condemned him to leave perpetually unlit, Tonson gazed dreamily through the gilt-lettered bucket-shop window across the muddy street of the little town for many moments before answering.

"Better still," he rejoined at last. "Pay silver has been struck right here in Carisford."

And, turning his head slightly, he nodded significantly toward the outer regions of the office, where a tall, pale clerk was dictating letters to a bright-eyed, tawny-headed stenographer.

"Bertha's inamorata," he chuckled. "Harold—Harold—Harold," and he lingered spitefully upon the name in a fashion that told undying hatred for any cognomen less prosaic than his own. "He came into money just a few days before he came here—"

"And," commented Moker, with his habitual drawl, "you came into him and his money just a few days after he came here. Ah, he does look as though he were from the country. How I admire that dried-timothy shade in hair. Poor fellow! And now his poverty is accentuated by the possession of—how much—"

"Twenty thousand shares of Silver Miss at twenty cents a share," responded Tonson, choking gleefully on his cigar. "An excellent bargain, an excellent bargain. Risk of loss strictly limited, possibilities of gain absolutely unlimited. The stock may rise to the skies, but there are only twenty points through which it can fall. But," he added, disconsolately, "if it hadn't been for that blamed old panic back in 1907, just after we floated the company down in Toronto, we'd have unloaded the whole thing at forty cents a share, or even more."

The warm interest which Harold Wallace took in his new investment did not surprise the bucket-shop man to whose eye, only a few months before, the pastures of the little city of Carisford had glimmered appealingly green. That Harold should write at once a long letter to the engineer in charge, Harris P. Hawkins, was only natural—and Tonson, surmising an anxious but hopeful query on the young man's part as to recent shipments of ore from Silver Miss, girded up his loins in anticipation of the clerk's wrathful reproaches when Hawkins let fly the inevitable response that to correctly diagnose Silver Miss, one must lay the accent on the "Miss," and not on the "Silver." He was fully prepared for the inevitable, when, a few days later, following the arrival of a thin letter bearing the Haileybury postmark, the young man's shadow fell athwart his office desk.

"Ah, Wallace," he remarked in dulcet tones. "Anything I can do for you?"

"There's a liar in charge of that mine of ours up in Cobalt," remarked

the pale clerk, strenuously. "Hawkins is trying to string me with some sort of fool story that there isn't any silver on it. I've been in Cobalt and I know the mine, and what's more, I know Hawkins' little game, too. He thinks he can freeze me into letting my shares go with his stories about nothing doing. I want a week—a whole week—to go up there and put Hawkins' feet back on the straight and narrow path."

Tonson heard all this with an astounded stare.

"Go, by all means," he muttered, mechanically; and sat for half an hour after like one dazed. When he organized the Silver Miss Milling & Mining Company, Limited, capital $100,000, in shares of $1 each, old Ontario, and not new Ontario, presented the real mine he had in prospect. When he unloaded upon Harold the 20,000 shares which the panic of 1907 had left unsold, he thought that the young man dwelt in a realm ruled over by ignorance and bliss. That the pale clerk, knowing Cobalt to his finger tips and actually acquainted with the property itself, had paid twenty cents a share for Silver Miss was a fact possessing a ghastly significance.

Tonson imparted his suspicions to his partner Moker. Moker shared them; likewise his regrets. They both took care to peruse the flood of Cobalt picture post cards with which, during the week of the clerk's absence, the tawny-haired stenographer was deluged. Even the delightful pastime of selling imaginary wheat and fictitious Union Pacific to the gullible country-side which thought it was investing when it was only betting, began to pall before this new interest.

"Maybe we should try to pick up some of the first Silver Miss issue before the buyers have forgotten the sting," suggested Moker, in a far-off way.

Tonson froze him with a look.

"Wait," he retorted, "till we're sure."

When Harold Wallace returned from Cobalt smiling and cheerful, Tonson straightway hailed him into his private office and closed the door.

"How are things looking on Silver Miss?" he chirruped joyously, actually laying aside his cigar in an excess of interest.

"They look splen—"

The young man checked his enthusiastic words.

"Fair," he added, with a frown. "I hope you haven't stung me with those shares, but—"

He did not conclude. He had reined up his first sentence just a syllable too late, and the bucket-shop man knew without another word that the young man was now racing away from the truth. But he sympathized judiciously.

"Gad, I hope the thing pans out," he muttered. "I've a lot of my own cash tied up in it, and I don't want to be left in the hole. People say I've got pretty good mining judgment, but—"

Wallace shrugged his shoulders.

"Even the best judgment goes astray now and then," he returned with an air of deep sadness and regret. "How much are you stung on Silver Miss?"

"A thousand shares," lied Tonson.

"I'll take them at seventeen," returned the clerk calmly. "May as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, you know."

He grinned cynically. Tonson declined to sell. After Harold's exit he pondered long. At first he thought of letting Moker in on the ground floor of his suspicions. Then he decided that he wouldn't. Moker's judgment was not always sound, and—well, if there were profitable coups to be undertaken, Tonson preferred to tackle them alone. He might invite his partner in if a loss seemed imminent.

He found Moker buttonholing the inscrutable Harold a few minutes later. Moker, too, he inferred, must suspect. Tonson was glad now that he had let out nothing which might tend to confirm Moker's suspicions.

He kept one eye on the pale clerk and a corner of that eye on Moker.

His surveillance disclosed the fact that Moker, too, was keeping an eye on Harold, and, more than that, on him—Tonson! "Confounded impudence of the man," mused Tonson, and chewed a cigar to pretty small fragments in his smouldering wrath, piled upon which were ponderings over the mysterious circumstance that since his return from Cobalt the young man had not once written to Hawkins.

Tonson mused. Hawkins might have quit, or Harold might have succeeded in summarily deposing him. The end of the bucket-shop man's musings was that he put through a wire to Cobalt, which elicited the information that Hawkins was still in charge of Silver Miss, coupled with the fact—far more astounding—that operations, discontinued many months before when the panic bowled the paper mine over like a ninepin, had been resumed and were being carried on with a secrecy which concealed every particular except the incidental energy involved. Tonson gasped himself white at the prospect thus conjured up. Hawkins just before the panic had asked and been refused a raise in wages. Had Hawkins deliberately avenged himself by running down the mine, concealing promising developments, and driving him—Tonson—to unload at twenty cents shares that might well be worth par?

For three days Tonson puzzled over the fact that the pale clerk no longer wrote to Hawkins. His clue came on the fourth day when he heard Wallace politely ask the tawny-haired stenographer to come down in the evening and take a few letters. Tonson's greasy soul flared up almost to the point of intervention at Bertha's pleased assent—then, sharply, he turned away. As he did so, his eyes met those of Moker. Moker's face in an instant was absolutely bereft of all intelligence, and he chewed at the head of his cane as though that were his sole object in life.

A surreptitious walk past the office that night, involving a long detour, assured him that a light was burning. Next morning, immediately on reaching the office, he summoned the stenographer.

"Miss Fossett!"

Miss Fossett came. There was a smile in her blue eyes, a note-book unfolded at a clean page in her hand, and a freshly-sharpened pencil jabbed conveniently into her coiffure. In the middle of the third letter the bucket-shop man quite casually interrupted himself.

"By the way, Miss Fossett, did Wallace dictate those letters I told him to last night?"

"About the mine—?"

The girl stopped short, a frightened look flashing into her face as though she had just released from the bag a valuable feline which she was expected to retain there. The broker, chewing delightedly at his cigar, hastened to reassure her.

"Silver Miss," he added. "Wallace and I are both interested, though, since it might otherwise interfere with some big deals I now have on hand, I had all the stock put in Wallace's name."

The girl's face shone with a smile of relief.

"Oh, I'm really so glad," she gushed. "So you know all about it. I was afraid perhaps it was some private matter of his and that he would be angry at me for letting it out—but, of course, since you know, it's all right, isn't it? And do you think it's really going to turn out such a success—?"

Again she stopped short, suspiciously. Tonson, rubbing his hands, prepared to delve further into this mine of gladsome information.

"I really think it is," he declared with mock enthusiasm. "I'm tickled, too, I can tell you, for I'm deeper in Silver Miss than Wallace is, though he knows the property better. He bought those shares of his for a song from some real estate man around here—but now—"

Again he rubbed his hands, and waited. Miss Fossett voiced not the least word that would throw light on

the real situation of affairs at Silver Miss. Tonson almost wept that he had lied so much. It debarred him from open questioning.

"Why I asked," he added, "was, that I believe Wallace overlooked something that I especially wanted him to put into that letter. Just wait a minute."

Concealing his impatience behind a jubilant smile, he finished the letter he had been dictating.

"Now, Miss Fossett, if you'll just bring me the letter-book," he murmured, "I'll run over that letter—"

"Mr. Wallace copied it in his private letter-book," remarked the stenographer innocently. "He keeps it locked in his desk."

Tonson corked his mouth with the cigar just in time to imprison a triumphant and delighted whistle.

"Glad he thought to lock it up," he commented, promptly. "With important business letters, it's always safer. Now, if you'll just read it of from your notes—"

"But Mr. Wallace dictated to me on the typewriter," interrupted the girl. "Told me he was in a hurry and it was a long letter—and it certainly was," she concluded, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Oh, very well. I'll just speak to Wallace."

And, dismissing the stenographer with a curt bow, he sat grouchily anathematizing the too-cautious Harold for all time to come. He fathomed Wallace through and through—had done so from the first—and he began now to suspect also the stenographer with the blue eyes and the tawny locks. Big things manifestly, assuredly, undoubtedly, lay beneath the mantle of doubt and disbelief which hitherto had garbed the mysterious Silver Miss.

Nor did the dictation by Wallace during the ensuing week, always after hours, of voluminous letters invariably copied in the private letter book and mailed by the young man with his own hands, tend to alter the bucket-shop man's now settled conviction. His efforts to pump both parties as to the contents of the letters failed signally. "Tight as clams," he commented, convinced beyond question that they were out-and-out allies.

Intervention manifestly was the only way to discover what he wished to know. He dropped into the office quite casually one night. A night visit was something unprecedented in his bucket-shop career. He hoped to surprise the two conspirators in the midst of their dictation. Both were gone. Turning on the lights Tonson wandered aimlessly, disappointedly, to and fro about the deserted office. And then the lights showed him, what he had at first missed, a thin, drab-covered letter-book inscribed with the significant initials: "H. W."

He pounced upon it like an eagle upon a lamb, and instantly was immersed to his neck in wonderful, amazing correspondence. Bonanza, lucky strike, vein of pure silver, untold millions in sight—of these things he read with eyes staring and wide. And then:

"Hawkins, you must keep this quiet—otherwise, I'll send a certain mining engineer to reside in the cemetery. Don't let a single stranger, not even a book peddler, set foot on that property. Keep mum—*mum*—MUM. There are 80,000 shares of Silver Miss out, and I mean to corral every cent on which I can lay my fingers. If there's the least leak, if the public just gets a suspicion of what this property really is, the shares will reach par before we know where we're at. Remember, *Mum's* the slogan of Silver Miss. I've soaked in your thousand, and send you the certificates."

Fearful of Harold's return, the broker galloped his eye over the ensuing letters. All told a like story. More shares had been picked up, shipments were being held back till the coup was complete, Mum with a capital M still continued the slogan.

Within twenty minutes the wire was busy between Carisford and Toronto, carrying to Cosser & Santrell a query from Jabez Tonson regarding Silver

Miss. "Quiet," came the answer. "Shares seventeen cents." And then, postscript-wise, the significant words: "Another party on warpath."

"Wallace!" ejaculated the broker. "Buy at seventeen," he wired back.

Nocturnal visits to the office, as frequent as they were resultless, became a mania with Tonson. Wallace, however, always departing before the bucket-shop man's arrival, locked the books safely in the desk before he left. Time and again the broker was tempted to break the drawer open, but he knew how fatal it would be to alarm Harold's suspicions.

When, one night, he discovered the longed-for volume lying forgotten and neglected on the top of the desk, he stared incredulously at its drab cover, rubbing his eyes for many moments ere he dared believe his luck. Finally, he sat down and eagerly devoured the latest letters.

"Are you playing double?" demanded Wallace in one heated passage, evidently written under stress of temper. "There's a leak somewhere. Other people are getting next to Silver Miss. Is this your doing? I'm doing the job for both—keep yourself out of the game. I've more than money depending on the result of this coup—you know that well. Let me catch you trying to play me double and I'll smash you flatter than a pancake, flatter even than Silver Miss was a few months ago. You can't get control. Don't let that idea eat into your vitals. If this sort of thing continues I'll simply pull the strings of the bag, out pops pussy, and these people I'm working for here and a host of others will jump for Silver Miss and your chance of picking up stock won't be worth a cinder.

"Maybe I'm mistaken. There's not the least doubt, however, that someone else is crowding me for this stock. If you're not the one, then it's a third party. If so, the leak's at Cobalt, not at Carisford."

Tonson lay back in his chair and chuckled delightedly. Then he realized that Wallace must not be excited. If Silver Miss continued to climb—it was now 35—Wallace would let the cat out of the bag as he had threatened, tell the whole story of the big strike, and Silver Miss would jump to $2 in twenty-four hours. Tonson wired Cosser to sell two hundred shares for him at 14.

The shares were snapped up at once and the price climbed to 43 before the day was out.

Then Tonson flung prudence to the winds and went in to buy. "Buy—buy—buy!" he wired Cosser, and Cosser bought. The buying was done quietly and raced along neck and neck with a steady rise in price. The last of his fifty-two thousand three hundred shares Tonson bought at par.

Cosser a couple of days later reported that Silver Miss was absolutely tight. He had bid $1.10 and found no takers. At $1.20 the result was the same. Even $1.50 failed to touch anyone.

"I suppose Wallace has the other forty-thousand odd," chuckled Tonson gleefully. "Well, I wish him joy of his holdings when the time comes for a show-down. He may know rocks and silver, but yours truly, Jabez Tonson, knows how to manipulate them."

Even the stenographer's sudden resignation did not phase his good humor. When she announced that she must depart that very day, he told Wallace to pay over her wages to the minute and mechanically telephoned the Carisford Commercial Academy to send down a successor.

Force of habit rather than need—for need no longer existed—led him to drop into the office late that night, and his heart-thumps at sight of the drab letter-book with Wallace's initials merely echoed those of other evenings when the incident meant far more than it did not. Still, knowledge meant power; and he thirsted for any knowledge the book had to impart concerning Silver Miss. He hurriedly turned over the flimsy pages, catching a word here or there. Ten-strike, bonanza, silver unlimited, these

items were followed by strenuous warnings to Hawkins that Mum with a capital M was the slogan—then again ensuing sharp accusations of bad faith, climaxing with the deliberate, out-and-out charge that the manager was playing double.

Tonson heard a key click in the lock. Choking down an exultant chuckle, he hurriedly jammed the telltale book into a drawer of the desk. Control of the mine he unquestionably had, but the fact was one he would prefer to impart to Wallace over the long-distance telephone. Wallace possessed an excitable temper, and, despite his pallor, a goodly supply of muscle. A fat man who smoked cigars in a bucket-shop office all day would have no chance with him if caught with the goods.

In his haste to close the drawer, the book became wedged tightly in plain view. Tonson could not push the drawer further in, neither could he tug it out. He wrestled with it, the perspiration rolling in streams down his fat, pudgy face. His nervousness rendered his struggle all the more unavailing. Realizing this, he halted, panting, and, trying to calm himself, swobbed a big handkerchief over his sweat-bedewed brow. As he did so, a hand fell sharply upon his shoulder. He turned quickly, a shiver coursing through him from head to foot. Instead of the hot-tempered Wallace, he found himself cowering and shrinking beneath the angry gaze of his partner, Moker.

"You!" ejaculated each simultaneously, and hostility, smouldering beneath the surface these many suspicious days, now blazed into open and defiant hate.

"Why the devil are you mousing around my office at night?" roared Tonson, with a wrathful choke.

"Ah — meandering thoughtfully through *my* confidential clerk's private letter-book, I perceive," commented the sneering Moker.

"You skunk!" puffed the fat broker wrathfully.

"Alas, my poor brother!" paraphrased his thinner and more soft-spoken comrade.

They glowered at each other. Itching for another glimpse at the contents of the letter-book, Tonson waited wrathfully for Moker to depart. Moker, smiling icily, waited also. Ten long minutes dragged past. Then Tonson's curiosity conquered. Still, with one angry eye on his partner, by dint of a mighty tug that jarred the old desk almost to fragments, he wrenched loose the drawer, and, snatching up the book, turned mechanically to the last written page. Moker, edging around, tried to peer over his shoulder. Tonson hitched angrily away. Moker patiently accommodated himself to the changed position. Tonson surrendered, and, giving his companion no further heed, hurriedly ran his eye over the pale, blurred lines on the sheet before him.

My Dear Hawkins:

Congratulate me. I am to be wedded this afternoon to the dearest little girl in the whole wide world. You know who—there is only one girl answering this description. In our confidential correspondence I have referred to her quite often—Miss Fossett, till to-day sharing my unfortunate imprisonment in this den of thieves. We would have been married earlier, immediately I joined Tonson & Moker's banditti, but unfortunately my money was all tied up in Silver Miss. During the past few weeks, however, owing to the growing demand on the Toronto market, my holdings, like yours, have steadily diminished, and my Toronto people this morning reluctantly parted with the last shares to Cosser & Santrell, who are buying for some out-of-town suckers.

Thanks for your noble, though selfish, exemplification of that splendid slogan "MUM." Instead of losing my

$4,000, I clear a little more than that, which, especially on the eve of a wedding tour, isn't to be despised.

I am leaving this place in an hour or so, as I have reason to believe that some foolish plunging in worthless Cobalt stocks is liable to involve the firm in a resounding financial crash.

Hope your relations with the new controlling interests of Silver Miss will be as cordial as ours have been.

Sincerely yours,

H. WALLACE.

P. S.—Try and induce the new owners to take a short cut for that fabulous streak of pay silver by attacking Silver Miss from the South Sea side of the globe. W.

"But who the deuce bought the other forty thousand odd shares?" growled Tonson, gulping hard.

"Ah—I wonder what urban greenhorn allowed this young fiend to unload the remaining fifty thousand odd upon him?" murmured Moker, in a pained tone.

"You did!"

"You did!"

"We did," chorused the twain, and, sinking nervously into their respective chairs, they stared blankly at one another through the dissolving panorama. their mutual imaginations without difficulty conjured up of a busted, bankrupt bucket shop which Carisford would know no more.

Money

THE making of money is the common lot; and, thought rough and harsh and severe, it is for the most part blessedly healthy, stiffening, widening, and enriching, and it provides the common foundations indispensable to all character-building — foundations on which some of the loveliest types of man and womanhood the world has seen have been erected. And that is not all. Money is a handmaid of virtue, and under its softening influence many a man has developed strange, beauteous, fragrant forms of character, which neither he nor the world ever dreamed he had in him. Money is a great elevator, caster-out of ignorance, coarseness, and stupidity. Money is a wonderful sensitiser, giving a new delicacy and gentleness, and producing high susceptibility to sympathetic impluses. Money is a great civiliser, a great socialiser, a great educator, a great inventor—in fact, a mighty earthly saviour. Oh, if we only knew it! if we only understood! If our power to use money were only equal to its abundance, what a paradise could we bring again to this poor earth! What wrongs could be righted, what misery and pain and darkness done away! and how soon might this weary, struggling, heat-broken race of man go swinging in his planet through space, the happiest thing that God has made!

Fly, happy sails, and bear the press;

Fly, happy with the mission of the cross,

Knit land to land, and, blowing heavenward,

Enrich the markets of the Golden Year.

—*John Ackworth.*

Some University Heads

McGILL

William Peterson, M.A., LL.D., C.M.G., Principal of McGill University, is a native of the Scottish capital, where he was born in 1856. He has had a distinguished academic career. Educated at the Edinburgh High School and the University of Edinburgh, he graduated in 1875 with high honors in classics. He subsequently studied at the University of Gottingen, and in 1876 won a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. For two years he was Assistant Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh. Thereafter he held the position of Principal of University College, Dundee, until in May, 1895, he was chosen to succeed Sir J. W. Dawson at McGill.

TORONTO

Robert Alexander Falconer, B.A., M.A., B.D., D. Litt., D.D., LL.D., President of the University of Toronto, is a Prince Edward Islander, a native of Charlottetown, born in the year which witnessed the Confederation of the Canadian provinces. His early education was secured at Queen's Royal School, Trinidad, where he won the Gilchrist Scholarship, taking him to the University of Edinburgh. On the completion of his course he took post-graduate work at Leipzig, Berlin and Marburg, and in 1892 was appointed Lecturer in New Testament Greek in Pine Hill College, Halifax. In 1904 he became Principal of the College. His appointment to the presidency of Toronto was made in June, 1907.

Some University Heads

QUEEN'S

The Very Reverend Daniel Miner Gordon, M. A., B. D., D.D., LL.D., Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, was born in 1845 in Pictou, Nova Scotia, and for the greater part of his life has been actively engaged in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, holding charges successively in Ottawa, Winnipeg and Halifax. He was educated at Pictou Academy, at the University of Glasgow, and at the University of Berlin. In 1887 he was appointed Professor of Systematic Theology in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, while in 1903 he succeeded the late Principal Grant as head of Queen's University. He had much to do with pioneer work in western Canada.

DALHOUSIE

The Rev. John Forrest, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., President of Dalhousie University, Halifax, was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, in 1842, and was educated at Truro and Halifax. In 1866 he was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry, taking charge of St. John's Church, Halifax. While occupying this position, he was called to a chair in Dalhousie College. On the death of Dr. Ross, in 1885, he succeeded him as Principal. He still occupies the chair of History and Political Economy in the University, in addition to his duties as President. Dalhousie University, while attended mainly by Presbyterians, is not connected with that church and is practically the only non-denominational college in Nova Scotia.

Some University Heads

ACADIA

The Rev. George B. Cutten, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., Principal of Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, the centre of learning for the Baptists of the province by the sea, is a native of Amherst, born there in 1874. He graduated from Acadia in 1896, and proceeded to Yale. where he took successively the degrees of B.A., M.A., Ph.D. and B.D. While at Yale he made a name for himself as one of the greatest centres in the history of Yale's football team. Subsequently he was engaged in pastoral work in New Haven. Corning, N.Y., and Columbus, Ohio. His appointment to the presidency of his Alma Mater was made in 1909. He is probably the youngest university president in Canada, being only thirty-five years of age.

KING'S

The Rev. Canon T. W. Powell, who has but recently been appointed President and Vice-Chancellor of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, was born in Thornbury, Grey County, Ontario, in 1868. Educated in Port Elgin and Kincardine, he taught school in Bruce County for four years, and then attended Trinity University, Toronto, completing the divinity course in 1893. His work from then until the present time has been connected with the Parish of St. Clements' in Eglinton, he being the first rector. He now becomes the head of the oldest University in the Dominion, for King's College was granted a royal charter prior to revolutionary days, and was originally established in what is now the United States.

Some University Heads

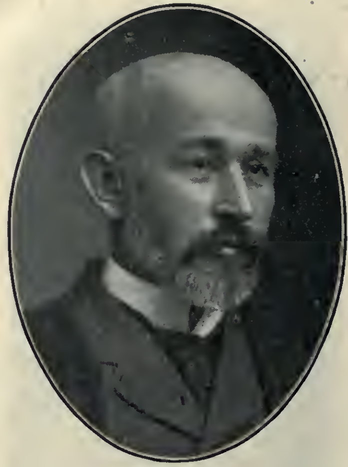
ALBERTA

.The Rev. Henry Marshall Tory, M.A.. B.D., D.Sc., LL. D., President of the new University of Alberta, at Strathcona, is a Nova Scotian, furnishing yet another example of what the Maritime Provinces are doing for education in the Dominion. He was educated in the east and entered the Methodist ministry in 1889, being ordained by the Nova Scotia Conference in 1893. He subsequently became a member of the Montreal Conference, and in the year of his ordination accepted a position as lecturer at McGill University. Ever since that time he has been associated with university work, thus fitting himself for the arduous task of placing the new Alberta University on a sound footing. His appointment to the presidency was made in 1907.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Cecil C. Jones, B.A., Ph.D., LL.D.. Chancellor, Chairman of the Faculty and Professor of Mathematics of the University of New Brunswick, is one of the youngest heads of universities in the Dominion. He is a native of the province, in which his sphere of labor now lies, and is a graduate of the university, over the destiny of which he presides. Subsequently he studied at Harvard University, securing a B.A. degree from that famous college. He was then selected as lecturer in mathematics at Acadia University, becoming, after two years, professor of mathematics and adding to his duties those of registrar. Five years ago. when the Chancellorship of New Brunswick became vacant, he was chosen for this important position.

Some University Heads



BISHOP'S

The Rev. Richard Arthur Parrock, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., Principal of Bishop's College, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que., is an Englishman, a native of Shrewsbury, where he was born in 1869. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Pembroke College, Cambridge. Coming to Canada in 1893, he was for a time Chaplain to the Bishop of Ontario. In 1895 he became Professor of Classics at Bishop's College, and in 1907 he was chosen Principal. He also holds the office of Chairman of the College Council. Bishop's College is one of the most picturesque of Canadian colleges, resembling in many respects the seats of learning of the Old Land.

WESTERN

Nathaniel C. James, M.A., Ph.D., President of Western University, London, is an Ontario man, a native of Clayton, Lanark County, where he was born in 1860. He received his education at Collingwood Collegiate Institute, proceeding from there to the University of Toronto, from which he graduated in 1883 with honors in modern languages. He took a post-graduate course at the University of Halle, Germany, and also attended lectures in Chicago. In 1896 he was appointed to the chair of modern languages in Western University, a department over which he still presides. Western University fills much the same position in western Ontario, as Queen's University does in eastern Ontario, and embraces both an arts and medical faculty.

University Education for the People

By

F. J. Arrowsmith.

"TO prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge." This principle, as laid down by Spencer, is certainly followed, in its modern interpretation, by Canadian universities. The great seats of learning in Europe, hoary with antiquity and crammed with history, may evolve the classical and philosophical savants, whose researches and writings enrich posterity, but the young foundations of this country, if they are behind in these studies, aim to, and do, produce those practical men, whose brains and hands working in complete harmony best equip them for their country's needs.

Carefully directed on utilitarian lines the chief desire of the colleges, at present, is to fashion those men who are most capable of developing the manifold mineral and industrial resources of the Dominion. It is the worker that Canada wants, not the profound thinker—the latter will come in time. Not that classical and philosophical studies are ignored by any means, but at this stage of progress the engineer, the mining expert, and the doctor are of primary importance.

Canada stands out prominently in these utilitarian efforts. She may lack the tone of the older foundations, she may not have the large research and graduation schools, but she is well to the fore in the way she produces the men that are wanted by the country.

"Can I afford to send my son to college?" is the question that a good many men ask themselves, and without going seriously into the matter of ways and means, and finding out from the various colleges what a course will really cost, they decide off hand in the negative. But a careful inquiry into the facts of the case would surprise a large majority of these hasty ones. Theoretically, expense is a matter of value. If we get a fair return for money spent, the monetary outlay cannot be termed expensive. Practically, in the case of limited incomes, a thing can be expensive even though the result to be attained is of very decided value. But many a man, who throws down the idea of a university education for his son as being too expensive, would be surprised to learn that the cost is approximately around $500 for some courses while others such as applied science cost from $600 to $700 and upwards. How much pinching would this mean to many men who decide that the university is above their means.

The universities themselves are to a certain extent to blame for this state of the public mind. The average man is not an investigator, except where his bread and butter is concerned, and the university which waits for the fathers of Young Canada to come to it for information, which should by rights be given before it is asked for, is in much the same position as Mahomet, waiting for the mountain to come to him. Like Mahomet, the university should decide at once to go to the mountain and, by publishing abroad what it is prepared to do and what it will cost to do it, make the public aware of the advantages and coincident expense of a university course.

As a rule it is the very poor man who encourages the idea of his boy going through college. Railway operatives, for instance, are largely represented, through their sons, in the universities of Canada. Their own work shows them the great difference between the mechanic and the engineer, between the unskilled man and the skilled one. They know by personal experience the disadvantages under which the former work, and who draws the biggest salary and takes the greater part in the affairs of the corporation concerned. And so they instil into their sons the value of the higher training. They pinch and screw to bring the result about and although the whole amount may not be forthcoming, there is enough to start on. It is up to the boys to find the rest by working during vacation and spare time. The colleges do their best to encourage this spirit.

Naturally the cost of university training does not get lighter. The growth of the population, the higher cost of living, the development of the scope of the universities making them more valuable to the country but yet demanding more outlay, all combine to make the cost of education higher. No institution is self supporting. Were any one to depend upon its fees it would soon be bankrupt, and out of business. So that in every way it is extremely difficult for the corporation of a college to keep the cost down, and at the same time afford extra opportunities for the capable and ambitious lads of the country to avail themselves of an education that will mean so much to them, and so much to Canada.

Still, despite the lack of funds, the expense is kept down as closely as possible, and added to this there are scholarships which, considering the circumstances are very good, amounting in the case of McGill, for instance, to some $7,000 or $8,000. The university corporations are undoubtedly doing the best they can, but it is the parent and the boy himself who must carry the thing through.

It is the man with the fair average income, the city man who keeps up a certain position, who seems mostly at fault in this matter of university education. It is this man who throws down the proposition on the plea of expense, and who is content to see his son go into an office and join the already overburdened ranks of those who have not learned the happy combination of using both hands and brain in the most skilful fashion. True that a great career may await the young man who enters commercial life, but the ranks are very crowded, and the country is in greater need, just at present, of the men with the mechanical training.

Give your lads a chance, you men in the cities. Deny yourselves some extravagances that probably fashion, or the ways of your neighbors, impose upon you. Where there is a will there is a way, and self denials endured by a man who is striving to perfect this sons' education, and to fit him to take an active part in the development of a great country, are more than compensated for, by the results attained. When the books of the universities are examined, and the status, according to the character of the employment, of the fathers of the boys entered noted, one is surprised at the results shown.

Education is the prop by which a country advances. One has but to turn to Germany to see what higher education can do for a country, and Canada offers much greater natural opportunities for the employment of skilled minds and hands.

The status of the training is being raised year by year. The level of the general schools is steadily improved by the raising of matriculation standard. Canada has some way to go in this respect before she reaches the standard set across the Atlantic, but she is steadily advancing. The leading universities of Canada are on a level with the leading colleges in the States, in some studies they are as advanced as the great European universities. Canada is rapidly making up the leeway where it exists.

The Shrewdness of Pete

A British Columbia Stage Driver's Yarn

George S. B. Perry

"FIRST I noted of Pete was when this here Town of Penochee was laid out in town lots, time the C. P. R. built the branch line eight years ago. Pete is an 'old-timer' here, though he ain't stayed here stiddy. Fact is none of us hez, much, 'cept them as went out to a lot in the cemetery on the edge of the townsite. Pete was one of the first to locate when the surveyors pulled their camp and the C. P. R. agent begun to sell lots. He was 'just tradin' ' if you asked what line o' business he was in. But bye and bye when one and another come in and decided to locate and bought a lot in the new townsite, and started out to build, they found Pete was there first. Most every one, whether it was to build a store or a hotel or a blacksmith shop on the main street, or a house, would decide they would like two lots. Then they would come back to the C. P. R. agent and 'low they'd take the lot next the one they bought last week.' Every time they would find it was sold. Didn't matter which side of them, always same story—'That lot's been sold some time ago.' Come to find out, after searching the titles every blame time, that next lot would be owned by Pete Chase, duly registered and all. After a while, when a few got to comparin' notes, they found Pete had bought every other lot in the hull townsite—and most of the corners into the bargain. Guess it was all on the square though, for he had to put up the C. P. R. price every time.

"Where Pete came out though wus when you'd go to him and ask him what he wanted for that lot next yourn. Every time it wus just twice what the original price wus. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred you paid it, too, fer you had to have the lot and there was no other choice. One time I took 'leven of them lots over from Pete on a trade, and dash't if he hadn't it in the agreement that I wus to sell them at the same price as he did. Wusn't going' to let his game be spoiled.

"Three years ago Pete went over on the new branch, where another town was just bein' platted—Hardwest, or some such name. Derned if he did not come the very same game there. Made good, too, they say.

"Oh, Pete was shrewd.

"One time, when the Brinkle Brothers got hard up they offered to sell out their livery stable business. Business was bad. They had more expense than I had and I know it wus all I could do to pull along. Pete drops in casual one day and Hank Brinkle begun telling how he's like to sell and how little he wanted fer the whole outfit just as it stood. Pete never let on, but he had been lookin' it up and knew to a cent what the outfit would bring at forced sale. He knew, too, how much they owed, and had made sure they had given no mortgages to secure any of the debts. So when Hank said at last he'd give everything as it stood to the first man thet come along with twenty-five hundred dol-

lars, and would be glad to put on his coat and walk out. He hadn't hardly said it when Pete said slow and quiet —'Thet's a sale. Here's a hundred to bind the bargain. Come on over to Cal. Reid's law office and fix up the papers and I'll pay over the rest of the cash.' Pretty nigh tuk Hank's breath, but the stableman was settin' there, and Hank knew Pete could hold him. So it was a sale all right.

"In three days Pete went to the Widder Perkins, who had just got five thousand life insurance on her old man whut died two months before. Pete persuaded the widder to take a half interest in the livery business at twenty-five hundred, and to make her feel sure, he offers her a first mortgage on the whole shebang, stable, horses and all. In the meantime, though, he had sold four of the best horses in the place for five hundred cash. He had no mind to settle down at the livery business and I knowed it, but I'd hev ben scared to hev him for opposition stiddy, he was such a shrewd feller. 'Twan't six weeks before along come an Englishman, horsey chap, right from ''ome,' and Pete sells him the hull outfit as a goin' concern for six thousand dollars. And he got it all cash, too. But he wusn't through yet. He went to his pardner, the Widder Perkins, and persuades her that she was all right to leave her half as mortgage on the business drawin' seven per cent. Then he sells a bunch of wild bronchos to the Englishman, to set up a sales stable department along with the livery, and he had bought them ponies down on the Blood Reservation, south of Calgary, for ten dollars a head. So he cleaned up nine thousand in less than two months, and all it cost him outside his nerve, wus them ponies thet stood him not more than three hundred all told.

"Oh, Pete was shrewd.

"Pete's shrewdness cost me eight hundred thet same fall. A new guy thet came up from I-oway to start a lunch counter in Penochee used to drop in to see me and after a while he got kind of friendly. He put me next to a pacin' mare thet had a private trial mark of 2.30. The feller thet owned her got religion, or somethin', and wouldn't race her. Wouldn't sell her to any one round there either, fear they'd race her and people would say he was in on it. So I made a special trip down and bought her up cheap. I took a hull express palace hos-car to fetch her fur as Calgary—then shifted her to an ordinary box car and fetched her up to Penochee. I druv her round a few weeks, sayin' nothin', but waitin' my chance to make a good turn with her. One day I druv past the other livery barn Pete had sold, and he wus standin' there. He hailed me and asked me how the mare was comin' on. I 'lowed I'd get her broke into bein' a pretty fair livery single driver before long if I had no bad luck. Pete says kind of casual: 'How'd you trade?' I laughed and said he hadn't nothin' that I'd swap. 'Well,' he says, 'take your pick of anything in that stable and say what you'll do.' I hed no notion o' tradin'. but I did not want any one to catch on to my dark horse, so I gets out, walks into the barn, takes a look and says I'd pick the dark bay gelding in the third stall, but I wouldn't take less than fifty dollars to boot. I hadn't no sooner said it, than he throws fifty dollars in bills into my buggy—didn't even wait to hand it to me. 'You've traded horses,' said he, in thet slow drawl o' his. 'On-hitch.' Well, there was three or four fellers standin' round, and I knowed he had me. So I unhitches and goes in to bring out my new horse. He was a fine horse from the rear, all right, but he was stone blind. Pete traded my pacin' mare for a quarter-section o' good land and a yoke of cattle throwed in for boot. But he ain't never giv' me a chance to trade with him again. Guess he knows I'm waitin'.

"Oh, Pete's shrewd.

"In the early days Pete was partners in the butcher business here with old man Pedderbank. They quarrelled like cat and dog, or like they wus mar-

ried, till at last Pete sold out his half to Bill McKay, who hed just proved up on his homestead, and raised a loan of twelve hundred. Pete got hold of him before he hed a chanct to blow the coin. Well, pretty soon Bill was quarrellin' as bad with old Pedderbank as Pete had. But they had drawed up papers when he bought in, Bill insistin' on hevin' it all done legal, and there was a clause thet each pardner hed to give the other first chance to buy him out. Old Pedderbank would neither refuse nor take Bill up, so one day Bill was tellin' his troubles to Pete. 'How much will you give me to sell your half?' says Pete. Bill said he'd give fifty dollars, and named the price he asked. 'Here's five on the bargain. You've sold,' says Pete. 'Come on and let's get the transfer drawed this evenin'. And mind you, say not a word to Pedderbank,' Bill promised, so next mornin' first thing, Pete shows up at the butcher shop with new apron and overalls. He walks in, puts on the things, looks round and remarks: 'Guess we'll put that quarter o' beef in the back shop—beginnin' to look kind o' black.' Old Pedderbank growls thet Pete better get out the front shop while he knows he's in good health, but Pete says he 'lows as a pardner has a right to stay in the shop. Then old Pedderbank saw Pete had bought Bill out. All that mornin' Pete worked away sayin' not a word, and old Pedderbank sulked away, trying to figure out how to get rid o him. Bye and bye he says, 'What do you want on your bargain?' knowin' pretty well what Bill would sell for. Pete added a hundred over what Bill's gross price had been. Pedderbank hated Pete so bad that he took him up at once. So between findin' a buyer for Bill and sellin' to Pedderbank, Pete cleared a hundred and fifty in twenty-four hours.

"Yes, Pete was shrewd, all right.

"Well, there's your town, and you're here plenty of time to catch the Limited. Hope to drive you over next time you come through this way. Good day stranger."

All That is Required of Us

Great Thoughts

Do you not know that all that is required of you is to do what you can, though you fail of perfecting your work here? Life is too large, too wonderful a thing to be compassed in a few short years. Such great things to be accomplished and so little time—but it is as honorable to leave a good work but partly done as it would be to be able to stamp it "finished," if we have been faithful in our efforts until the working days ended.

It is not how much we have done—but how well we have done it, that counts, and no work well done should ever cause us discouragement, no matter if it seems incomplete, for, after all, no good thing exists but will find its perfection in that other life, where there will be no heartaches over disappointments—no weary hands, no lagging feet to take up the daily round for the workers will be immortal, and the ranks will never be thinned, because one by one they fall by the way.

"If You was to Take Some of These Shovels and Grind off the Corners so as we Could Shove 'Em Into the Stuff Easier, we Could do More."

Among the Inventors

By

Frank H. Dobbin

Illustrated by Stan Murray

THE study of inventors and their inventions is interesting. In no field of human endeavor and experiment do we find energy and work expended with such earnestness and hope of reward as in the devising of things to do things, to accomplish much through little effort. To bring to our use processes, machines, devices, with the object of lessening human labor and of accomplishing infinitely larger work in shorter time. There is the prospect—ever dancing before the eyes of the inventor—of reward. His work parallels the eager search of the gold or silver miner for a pay streak or successful lead. Occasionally—very seldom in proportion to the number of inventions made—is there tangible remuneration; too often loss and disappointment. For by now so well has the range of effort been covered that most inventors are really re-inventors, old ideas brought in by new people, for the past never bequeaths to posterity all the past has seen.

When I attend service of a Sunday morning, and place my new stiff hat underneath the seat of the pew in which I am sitting, I am followed with the painful reflection that the fellow in the pew behind may kick it. If I place it under the seat of the pew in

front, then am I bothered with the anticipation that in a moment of forgetfulness I may kick it myself. Now, what is a poor man to do? I questioned a friend, one day, and had the reply that the judicious thing was to wear a cloth cap and sit on it. But growing out of the conviction, hammered in by experience of most men, that once one lays down his hat in a public place it is a matter of uncertainty to find it again, we have that neat and serviceable invention, the wire hat rack. This is found underneath the seat at the theatre. It holds a hat securely. It fills the bill, and the man that devised it is in receipt of a very fine income from royalties for manufacture of the device.

Inventions may be roughly classed, so far as their inception is concerned, under three or four heads. Those that have come up seemingly as a matter of inspiration. There are many such. Others that are the outcome of long and patient study and effort to better a set of conditions. Still another range, not so much invention as development and improvement. Still a fourth, which includes several processes or inventions combined to produce a given result. Probably more inventions that prove to be of service have been produced in an earnest desire to better conditions than have appeared as the result of casual effort, no matter how brilliant many of these conceptions seem to be. The story of invention has many instances, that seem contradictory, and which seem to show that brilliancy of conception, or patient investigation, plodding industry or flagrant plagiarism may have been the moving factor. Let us look at a few.

Eighty-eight years ago a number of men were at work on the roadbed of a line of railway being laid down between Birmingham and Manchester. They were cutting through a hill, and moving the material in the good old English way by loosening it with picks, shovelling into barrows and wheeling away. The shovel in use was of the shape known years ago as an Irish shovel—used for bog digging, the blade narrow, a matter of fifteen inches long and with a straight handle. The sub-contractor in charge of the gang came along and pitched into the men for not making more of a show on the work. One of the men said, "If you was to take some of these shovels and grind off the corners so as we could shove 'em into the stuff easier we could do more." "And if you," said the foreman, "will put a little more muscle into the handle you'll move the stuff fast enough." The shovels were not rounded on the corners. That would have been an expense, and, anyway, there was no precedent for so doing. When you wish to jerk an Englishman off a beaten path he always wants to consult the authorities.

But the navvy was a thoughtful man. When the job was finished he went to a friend of his in Sheffield and laid the suggestion before him. The friend had, in his turn, a friend who was in the way of making picks and spades and such ironmongery. He looked him up and together they considered the idea. The ironmonger said he would make a dozen or so as an experiment. The blade was shortened and given a dished form. The corners moulded into a sort of oval outline, pretty much as we now see the shovel made. The handle was shortened and a hand grip put on, and the handle curved. The manufacturer offered the lot to a contractor with whom he had business dealings in the way of such tools, the contractor agreeing to put the shovels in the hands of his men and report results. He admitted he had his doubts, for the Englishman, be he boss or workman, is conservative and hates changes.

About a week after the contractor came back. He had something on his mind. "Say," said he, "how many more of those shovels can you give me? My men are fairly quarreling over who shall have one. Some get onto the work fifteen minutes ahead of time to be first when the tool box

is opened. Give us more, or we'll have a fight." Five dozen were put in hand and delivered. Seeing something doing, a patent was secured and a tripartite agreement made of the navvy, the manufacturer and the contractor. When the man who made the suggestion died he left an estate valued at over £65,000, the proceeds from royalties on the manufacture of shovels using the patent. Under which of the four classes will this invention be registered?

I had the pleasure of turning over the first practical sewing machine made on the American continent, that of Elias Howe, and the one on which he based his patents. Howe was not really the first to essay invention in this field. Stowe & Herson, in 1804, had made a machine for sewing and had devised an arrangement of two pairs of pincers, one above and one below the cloth, that pushed and pulled the needle and thread through. Heillman's machine, of 1834, was of somewhat similar construction, but had the eye of the needle in the middle. In France some progress had been made during the forties, but nothing positive. Further on, when Howe was harrassed by law-suits in endeavor to overthrow his patents all sorts of claims were brought to light. But his success was based on his patent of 1841.

Howe had worked long and patiently over the idea of mechanical sewing, and had devised a mechanism that would, while the material was held upright, pass with a series of pincers, the needle, release the grip on one side and take it up again on the other, after turning the needle around. It made a practical stitch, but very slowly. While sitting at the kitchen table, after supper, and studying over the problem, he watched his wife, who was darning stockings with a blunt needle, pass the yarn through the web of the stocking with the eye of the needle first, carrying the wool. He remarked to his wife that with loose goods that was possible. And with woman's wit she at once said, "'Lias, I do believe that if you had the eye of your needle at the point you could make that contraption work some easier." That suggestion was the key-note of the practical sewing machine. Howe worked it out, and contrived, further on, some such arrangement as the weaving shuttle, which carried a second thread and bound the first in place. His first machine gave the form of stitch known as the "chain stitch," which had the defect that if the end of the thread was not fastened the sewing was likely to come undone. Indeed, for years after the coming in of the chain-stitch machines, which were sold about the country, schoolboys who saw a loose thread hanging around a lad's garment would catch hold and pull, and the sleeve would come off or the collar come away. Howe owed the practical basis of his ultimate success to the suggestion of his wife.

Nearly a score of years ago the army transport department of the United States gave an order for a large number of coverings for ammunition wagons, supplies' carriages, etc. The coverings were to be supplied under a pretty rigid contract. They should be waterproof, flexible, durable, and, an important point, readily attached, stay on under any condition of service and be easily removed. The contractors undertook to fill the bill. The material was a waterproof canvas or duck, and seemed to promise to meet the conditions. The matter of a fastening that would go on, stay put and come off readily proved perplexing. The inspector wouldn't accept anything that had special machinery about it. He said they wanted simplicity with efficiency, about 100 per cent. of each and of both. Buttons, thumbscrews, patent catches of all kinds were offered and rejected. Ropes, loops and snaps were barred. Finally the contractors approached a firm making hooks and eyes and such supplies as used in the manufacture of corsets, and asked to have the resources of the firm turned loose on the problem. "Nothing easier," said

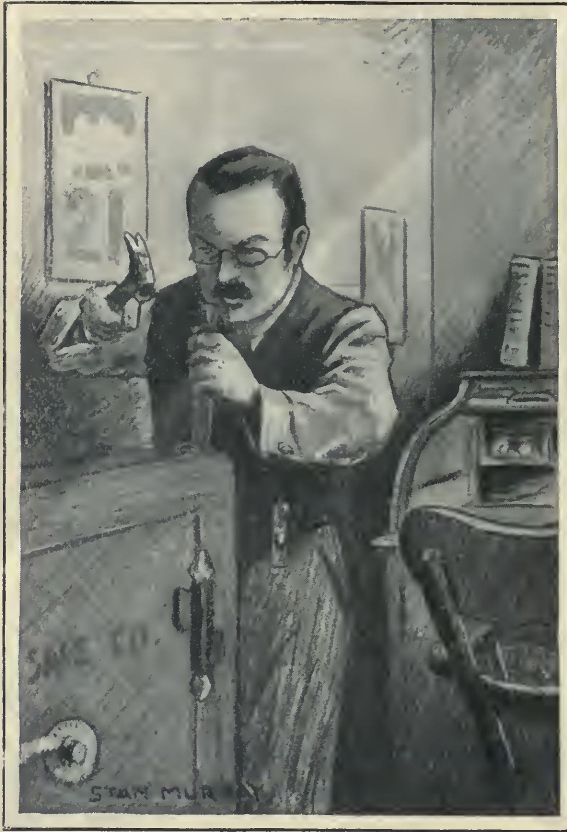
"I do Believe that if You had the Eye of Your Needle at the Point, You Could Make that Contraption Work Some Easier."

the manager. "We'll make you up some real big stout hooks and eyes. Women have used hooks and eyes ever since the days of Helen of Troy, and what suits the women of this great and glorious country ought to suit its Government."

The hooks were made and put on a cover. In fact, so sure were the contractors that they finished up a batch. One cover was put on a wagon that stood in the factory yard, and was applied so easily and looked so secure that the detail was assumed the be out of hand. They rolled the wagon down to the inspector. It being in the cool of the evening and rather dark, that functionary said to let it stand until morning. It so stood, unfortunately. During the night a heavy rain set in. The goods of the cover, while waterproof, were not damp-proof as well. In the morning when the inspector set about inspecting, the cover was pulled up so tight and firm that they could not unhook it. In fact, it could not be pried off. It would neither stretch nor give and had to be cut off. Then the hooks were put on, allowing plenty of room for contraction, but when the wagon was driven at a lively pace the hooks came undone and the cover flapped off in several places. Evidently the glorified hook and eye was a failure.

Several changes were made in the proportions of the hook, with little, if any, success, and the superintendent, bothered with the problem, came to the manager, and laying on his desk a handful, remarked that there were a few of the last lot, and they were of little use. Half an hour afterwards, the manager, turning over the hooks, thought that the tongue was too long, anyway. Having been a mechanic before he became a manager, he kept in his desk a few small tools. Taking from a drawer a cold chisel and hammer, he walked to the safe, and laying down the hook, gave it two or three blows, using the chisel to cut through the steel. Before he succeeded in so doing, the telephone bell rang. Dropping the matter in hand, he answered the call, found he had to go down to the city, threw the hook on his desk and went away.

Returning in the afternoon he was presently waited on by the superintendent, all smiles and cheerfulness. "You fixed the hook fine, Mr. Murchi-



"Taking From a Drawer a Cold Chisel and Hammer, he Walked to the Safe, and, Laying Down the Hook, Gave it Two or Three Blows."

son. It works to beat the band. Exactly what was needed. It's simply great. Hooks up easily, holds securely, and as far as we've tried, won't jar loose. We've given it a pretty good test, and they tell us to go ahead and rush 'em out."

The manager was nonplussed. He said he only tried to cut an inch or so off the book, and failed at that. It developed that in his hammering he had beaten down the tongue, forming a bulge, which allowed the eye to slip past and yet prevented it coming undone. That was the genesis of the famous hook and eye, presently afterward put on the market and exploited under the advertising caption, "See that Hump."

The annals of invention are full of instances which show that some process, enshrined in a theory, and which when worked out in practice lacked some small essential of being completely successful. Treatment would go along up to a certain point, then came uncertainty. And it would remain for some suggestion to come, often made by one wholly apart from the business in hand to complete the process and supply the missing link. The cutting of rubber, by knives in machines, was done with difficulty until some one suggested flowing a stream of water over the knives and rubber, and the thing became easy. It is related that the great Bessemer, after he had invented and put in manufacture, his process for making steel, was never able to guarantee the product turned out from day to day. It was all steel, but of varying degrees of hardness. What was wanted, as much as anything, was a steel of given quality and without this the new process that was revolutionizing the iron trade lacked stability.

Walking through the works one day with his son, a boy home from Eton, he explained to the lad what they were doing. As the hugh converter was turned over on its trunnions and the stream of flame and sparks fired out of the mouth, he said they were blowing air into the pot to burn out the sulphur in the ore, and the carbon as well. But they did not want to burn out all the carbon, and could only tell about so much carbon to leave in by the color of the flame. It was a matter of judgment, often at fault. "Well, father," said the boy, "why don't you blow it all out and then put back as much carbon as you want." That set-

tled it. It had remained for a boy to walk into a factory and put the finishing touch on a problem that had taxed the best skill and oldest men in the business.

Go into any large department store and find your way to the notions counter and household goods section. There laid out in alluring display is what might be termed the whole gamut of invention in its relation to household uses. The inventor fairly runs amuck in the fertility with which he produces such as these. Apple parers, pancake turners, corn poppers, egg beaters, sink cleaners, dough mixers, and the thousand contrivances we know so well. It seems to be an evidence of human frailty, of the easiness of human nature, that we are willing so long as the cost be moderate to buy anything that promises to do something for us a little quicker and a little easier than we have had it done. We buy hopefully, take home confidently, use tentatively, and three weeks afterwards find them hung on nails in the woodshed. Of can-openers, that fiendish tool that mutilates the top of the can while you spill the fluid contents on the tablecloth, and the wife of your heart stands about and says, "I just told you to put a paper under that" — of can-openers, nearly one-hundred and eighty-five distinct varieties have been perpetrated and patented and more coming on. The householder who has gone down-town of a winter morning neglecting to stoke up the furnace fire, and feeling guilty and remorseful, desires to take with him a peace offering. He hies to the bargain counter, and getting home, hauls from his pocket a contraption of glittering tin with a red handle. He proffers it to the lady of the house, calling attention to what he has brought. The lady of the house, with her hands in the pastry, glances over her shoulder with that air if incredulity which we all recognize—and respect—for she distrusts the Greeks bearing gifts, and says, "Another pie-trimmer, I've three already." "But, my dear," is the rejoinder, "this is the very latest improvement. See, it not only trims off the fringe of paste, but this cute little lettered wheel prints the legend, 'Honesty is the best policy, we've tried both.'"

The records of the United States Patent Office indicate that the number of patents granted since that record was opened is fast approaching the million mark. Thousands of inventions are attempted, worked at, perfected to some extent, and patented by those in ignorance of the fact that dozens of devices covering almost exactly the same ground and for identically the same purpose have been put forward. Enquiry would reveal these facts—but the inventor never enquires. He distrusts even intimate friends and keeps his idea secret as far as possible until he has secured his patent. Then when he attempts to dispose of it he learns that so far as his particular novelty is concerned he is only fifteenth in the field. One instance may be taken as typical of a whole class.

A clever workman in charge of a room in a large electrical supplies manufactory conceived the idea of a device, that when attached to the cord or wire from which an electric lamp depends, would raise or lower it, something after the fashion of the familiar Hartshorn shade or blind roller. He saw the usefulness of such a thing and worked it up into shape fairly efficient. He brought it to the writer, not because the newspaperman was in any sense a patent expert, but having secured his patent he desired publicity. He invited criticism, and was told, that while practical, the device was not comely, being made of tin; that, for instance, merchants in stores would not take it as it lacked neatness, anyway, the price, one dollar, would keep it out of use, so long as spring clothes pins could be bought for ten cents a dozen. It was suggested that if it could be made in brass and the shape changed to that of an oval, and the working parts enclosed, it would be more attractive.

Special machines had been constructed at the expense of the inventor and a deal of money laid out. All this was set aside and the device altered. Then when endeavoring to find a purchaser for the patent he was advised that there were already twenty-seven similar things patented, different in detail, but having the same function. No sale was made and for a man in his circumstances the ultimate loss was heavy.

In the exploiting of an invention serious risks are taken. The public is fickle-minded and approves of something one month to treat it with indifference the next. The public demand for a patented article makes the venture lucrative, and seeing this infringements come to the surface. Then the legal battle begins, and the forces are deployed and the vexatious turns and readings of the laws ensue, with costs galore. And while all this is going on the demand has changed. No better evidence of this vagary of the commercial world can be adduced than the experience of a company formed to exploit a certain meter devised to measure electrical energy.

The company secured from the patentee the sole right to manufacture the meter. It had stood pretty severe tests. While the average electric meter is a contrivance that consumes quarters and gives out a very uncertain service, this one was said to be in a class by itself—the ultra good. A factory was equipped with tools, presses, and a fairly costly equipment. Nine months' time was used in getting into action, making jigs, patterns, and other devices of the work, and a fairly large number of the meters were finished and offered to the trade. The trade criticized. Frankly, it said, the meter was acceptable on its working merits. But if the court knew itself, and the court affirmed it did, the meter was too large, too heavy and not neat. The dials were a puzzle and not located in the right place. The demand for meters was changing, for that while just so many were going into attics and upstairs places, the larger demand was for a meter to be placed in the rooms of office buildings. Hence it must be as light as possible—to stand on a bracket—neat so as not to be an eyesore and reasonable in cost. As it stood it was not wanted, except for domestic use.

The promoters took their meter and set about making changes. At the end of five months the meter had been almost entirely reconstructed. Five pounds had been shorn from its weight. It was compact, black, glossy and comely. A fair number were finished and offered. In the interval the world had moved. The congregation of meter-buyers had moved with it. They now asked for a meter that was not only light and nice-looking, but it must be absolutely dust-proof and damp-proof, as well. Nothing else would be accepted. Meter users were incredulous, anyway, and the thing must be made to come as near accuracy as possible. Disheartened, the company closed that line of operation, wiser by experience, sadder by a serious loss.

A range of inventions, those that handle raw materials, and designed for certain general service, are often put out of joint by some freak of nature. Patented and very ingenious machines for the manufacture of cordage will baulk when supplied with a different kind of fibre other than that for which they were arranged to use. A curious instance along this line developed a few years ago. A company was organized in western Canada, up in the hard wheat and oat section, to make one of the popular forms of breakfast foods, using oats as the raw material. Time was when a new breakfast food was born every week, the basis of supply ranging from pine sawdust to cocoanut. Almost every grain product eatable and cookable has been experimented with, patented and exploited, but oatmeal in several of its many forms remains the most substantial, appetizing and sustains the place in public favor. Precedent, long usage and individual preference with

real food qualities account for this. In recent years the product of the oatmeal mill has been sort of glorified, the oat robbed of some of its pungency and is offered whole, flattened, pulverized, cooked and raw. The standard variety remains the "same as your mother used to make."

In equipping the mill the company employed the best expert skill attainable. The plant was planned to be almost automatic. To include the very latest appliances and devices. All that experience had proved of real practical value was included. In the process of manufacture the oats were heated by steam, in large pans, with the object of partially cooking the grain and loosening the kernel from the outer skin or envelope. Then to the hulling—or removal of the skin. This was done by a couple of burrs shaped and made to revolve like the old-fashioned mill stones, and similarly corrugated. Now no one has ever seen an oat hulled, for the reason that the hulling stops when the burrs cease to revolve, but it is understood that the centrifugal motion set up stands the oats on their ends, almost upright, the corrugations clipping off the ends of the grain and releasing the kernel from the envelope. The result is a mixture of grain and chaff. To separate this it is poured out on a rubber belt, which, moving from a low to a higher point, carries the grain to the bins on the upper floors. Across the belt is blown a blast of air, strong enough to drive away the hulls (or chaff), yet not so violent as to carry away the oats.

When the mill was started up everything moved just as the doctor ordered, until the big rubber belt began to pick up its work, and an attendant came down from the upper storey to say that while the thing was moving along all right, they were not getting any results. Where, in thunder, he asked, were the oats going? The cover was taken off the spout or carrier, and a very fine collection of kernels was found at the foot, where they had rolled down the belt. Very good. That would be stopped, and it was so ordered. The angle at which the belt was working was reduced, and another trial made. This time the exalted attendant dropped down to say that the bin was filling up with a lot of stuff that might make excellent horse feed, but would be a pronounced failure as a breakfast food. Investigation showed that at the increased angle the belt delivered, despite the air blast, all that came from the burrs. Many trials of the delivery section were made, but no better results, and the expert was sent for. Two or three days' study brought to light the fact that there was a minute difference in the contour of the Canadian oat from that of the American-grown grain, the Yankee oat being a little longer and thinner than the Canadian, which was in the berry, shorter and plumper, and which would tumble down the grade that the American oat would climb. The entire delivery apparatus, at a cost of some thousands of dollars, had to be pulled out and re-built, to handle the patriotic Canadian oat.

In a timbered country the chopper's axe is a tool that holds merit. When I was a boy large quantities of timber were exported from the district and the chopper was an artist and a critic in the matter of axes. There were connoisseurs in those days. Axes were made by hand and the weight, shape and width of blade, position of eye and length of handle were all points of interest. Presently a tool or machine came into use, heralded as an invention that was to increase production, known as the trip-hammer. It was the father of all tools that work by percussion, and the progenitor of the steam and power hammers. A beam of wood was hung on trunnions at a point about a third of its length. To the short end was attached an iron spur, which engaged with a cam on a shaft revolving at considerable speed and steadied in motion by a big fly wheel. To the longer end was attached a mass of iron, known as the hammer. An anvil, supported on a big section of tree trunk sunk in the

ground, received the force of the blow. The glowing iron was beaten into shape by a succession of resounding blows. When in motion I stood beside it entranced, with my fingers in my ears. It was joyous and bewildering. Here was something doing things. Three men, or personalities, filled at that time the horizon of my boyish reverence. One was Napoleon Bonaparte, another was the man, who in a red shirt and blucher boots, straddled the old fire engine, "Protection No. 1," and through a large tin horn howled for more men on the brakes. The third was the man that invented the trip-hammer. When it got down to business at the old stand the resounding thwacks could be heard for miles. The row frightened horses, deafened the neighborhood and drove men to drink. All other noises were base imitations. Competent judges said that the trip-hammer was not an invention, but a perpetration.

Of the forms of invention that contribute to human progress, comfort and convenience few have sprung complete from the brain of the inventor. The germ, so to speak, of the process, method appliance or system was there. Often that was all. The greater part of that which we have is the result of imitation, assimilation and improvement. There have been certain inventions and others that will be epoch making, as for instance those relating to harvesting machinery, the Jacquard loom, the spinning jenny of Arkwright, the electric telegraph of Morse, the wonders of Bell, Edison and others. But as we have these things to-day the original conception forms a very small part. No gift, in value, to any art or business has exceeded that of the Linotype typesetting or bar casting machine to the production of newspapers. Without it the papers of to-day would be impossible. The first conception—a marvel at the time, a masterpiece of ingenuity, is so far away and behind the marvellous machine as we have it to-day that there seems no resemblance whatever. It has required years of thought, application, experiment and some thousands of patents on improvements and attachments to present the machine as it is, almost human with metal intelligence and perfection of operation and product.

We are accustomed to think and speak of the electric light as an invention, and as it illuminates our homes and business places to ascribe its brilliancy and perfection to the genius of Edison. Large as the part he has made, given and had in its conception and installation it is but a part. Possibly the most tangible, as the current without the lamp would avail nothing for light. The evolution of electric light is only the gift of a series of developments that place before our eyes the heat and light of the sun, of more or less remote periods of years. And all along the line of production is a parallel line of human ingenuity and improvement.

Suppose the energy, forming in another shape the electric light, to be developed by water power what are the forces of nature harnessed to the work. From the surface of the stream, river or lake, from the bay or ocean is going on a constant evaporation. Gathered in the form of clouds that float over the highlands and falling in the form of rain the water begins its long journey seeking that level of levels, the ocean. The rivulet added to the volume of the brook grows to the importance of the river. A depression in the hills forms a reservoir, or a distinct drop in the bed of the river may form a current that it will pay to stem and hold. A dam is built to retain the water and direct its flow. The deeper the head the larger the power. Just here invention and patent come into play. One group control the erection of dams or power houses. Another group the form of turbine wheels that will turn at the weight of the water. A third govern the construction and arrangement of the machines known as generators, which gather from the storehouse of nature that tangible yet intangible thing which we call the electric cur-

"Set Out From the Shore a Chip on the Water."

rent— a form of energy of which we know little and only that we can in some measure control and direct. Yet another set of inventions—transformers. Wires and appliances conducting the current are most material parts of the system. When all is ready, wheels turning, generators revolving, current flowing and reaching to the intelligent part of the system — the lamp, then we have light. Hanging in the little glass globe is a tiny filament of carbon, its function to block the current in its path. "Out of the way," says the current. "Not much," replies the filament. "If you don't I'll make it hot for you," says the current. "Make it as hot as you like" is the answer, and the current gets in its work, and the lamp glows with life. light and brilliancy. If we burn coal under a patented boiler to move with the compressed steam a patented engine to turn a patented generator the result is the same.

Of all the marvels of the last twenty-five years that which seems to combine mysticism and the occult, mechanics and invention, wireless telegraphy is the greatest. To send intelligence throbbing, quivering across the ocean or continent for miles, flying untrammelled, is a marvellous feat. As the signals ride out on the Hertzian waves to the distant station, ever waiting and listening it would seem that man's measure of ingenuity and invention had reached a limit. Let us epitomize the wireless in an illustration.

Stand on the edge of a pool and drop a small stone. On all sides tiny wavelets flow outward until the impulse is spent. Drop a larger stone—more wavelets and farther distance. Go to the other side of the pool and set out from the shore a chip, on the water. Place a small stone on the chip. Back to the other side and resume stone dropping. Presently the waves reach the chip and it rocks. The next greater impulse nearly overturns it. A larger stone sends its energy furthest of all, the chip responds, slowly overturns, the stone slides off. The chip is the receiving station of the wireless. Chip and weight of stone "tuned" to respond to the impulse sent out from the sending service. Larger chips and heavier weights, though floating near would not respond.

Preparation

By

Hamilton Wright Mabie

VICTORIES of life are won, not on the fields nor in the marts where the decisive struggle takes place, but in the obscure and forgotten hours of preparation. Success or failure lies in the hands of the individual long before the hour of final test comes.

In the higher fields of success there are no accidents; men reap precisely what they have sown, and nothing else; they do well precisely what they have prepared to do and they do nothing else well. The world puts its force into us when we put ourselves in right relation with it; experience makes us constantly wiser if we know how to rationalise it; time deposits all manner of treasure in our memory and imagination if we hold the doors open. Nothing is lost upon a man who is bent upon growth; nothing wasted on one who is always preparing for his work and his life by keeping eyes, mind, and heart open to nature, men, books, experience. Such a man finds ministers to his education on all sides; everything cooperates with his passion for growth; and what he gathers serves him at unexpected moments in unforeseen ways. All things that he has seen, heard, known, and felt, come to his aid in the critical moment to make thought clear and deep, his illustration luminous, his speech eloquent and inspiring.

Important Articles of the Month

Fruit for Food and Food for Fruit

That fruit as a food product assures both health and energy, is the contention of Sampson Morgan, who contributes to the *Fortnightly Review,* a lengthy article on this subject. Premising his remarks, by the statement that men are largely what their food makes them, he maintains that the greatest efficiency both of mind and body are to be secured from a fruit diet. "The acids and sugars render fruits in combination perfect health and strength givers, and provided their selection is based upon a knowledge of their qualities and virtues, they will readily tend to the prolongation of life under the most peaceful condtions."

The well-grown tomato contains about 420 grains of sugar to the pound. Eaten raw, with brown bread and butter or oil, it forms an ideal repast, and strange though at first it may seem to many, this diet will sustain health and strength to perfection. With one exception, perhaps, the banana has a larger percentage of nitrogen than any other fruit of its kind. According to the latest analysis, the edible portion contains 21.0 per cent. of nitrogen free extract, plums contain 20.0, cherries 16.5, nectarines 15.9, pears 15.7, grapes 14.9, apples 13.0, currants 12.8, raspberries 12.6. peaches 9.4 and strawberries 7.4. The above figures may prove useful as a guide. We have come to learn that there is danger in the free use of concentrated foods generally. Fruits as dilute foods are exceedingly wholesome, and not only do they impart strength to the eater, but they preserve health in the most natural manner. In the present contribution I have confined my attention chiefly to fresh fruits which can be grown in Great Britain. Other tropical and subtropical fruits of great importance are available, such as olives, persimmons, and avocado pears. The persimmon contains over 29.0 per cent. of nitrogen free extract, and in this respect is richer and more nutritious than the banana even. Olives and avocado pears are rich in fat; so are ground nuts, which contain 50 per cent. of oil. Despite these constituents, it will be found that better and more uniform health and strength can be maintained by the use of bananas or tomatoes and brown bread at least for nine months of the year than is possible with the use of brown bread and ground nuts or olives. So great an authority as Pavy has said in respect to fruit that "its proportion of nitrogenous matter is too low and of water too high to allow it to possess much nutritive matter." Yet it forms the food of millions of workers during most months of the year in many countries. That it will maintain perfect health and strength is undoubted, for I am a hard worker, and could not possibly get through the amount of work every week which I do, were it not for my diet of fruit and bread. With care in the selection of sugary and succulent fruits, according to mood and season, there is no difficulty about the matter. It is well to talk of economy and to compute the amount of actual nutriment in various foods, but at the same time it is far more important to ascertain the quality of, and the effects which they produce when taken into and absorbed by the system, for the blood is the life, and the blood feeds upon the food we eat, and the body is maintained by the blood, so that the food becomes part and parcel of our body. Fruit eating enables us materially to check the encroachment of death upon life, which comes through ossification of the tissues of the body and bones. The fruit juices cleanse the earthy matter from the tissues and in this way tend to prolong life. From every standpoint fruit is invaluable as an article of diet.

The theory of the value of fruit as a diet has been advanced many times, and it has many supporters, but Mr. Morgan goes a step further and shows that the fruits themselves should be properly fed, in order to make them rich in those constituents best suited to the human body.

The qualities and characteristics of fruits, plants and trees can be completely transformed by feeding. This factor has escaped serious notice too long. The food of plants can even be

utilized to produce almost any condition of vegetable tissue we need. We can, for instance, mature flax of extraordinary suppleness, or devoid of flexibility of strength to order. We can improve the quality of our fruits, increase their size and facilitate the heightening of the color of their skin in the most remarkable manner, through the agency of plant food alone. We spend too much time in looking for the advent of new varieties and too little in improving the characteristics of the splendid types we already possess. The sarcocarp of the apple, for instance, is living matter which grows, and the growth of this living matter can be acted upon so that when the pome is fully matured it will contain double and treble the amount of nutrients apples fed under the ordinary system possibly can. Heretofore the important part played by the sarcocarp of fruits has been completely ignored. The expanding properties of this growing matter are surprising, and by acting upon it primarily through the agency of plant food, the apple can be extended to fullest proportions possible. Improper feeding and lack of ample moisture during the swelling period tend to check the natural expansion of the living matter, and as the result the fruits produced are diminutive and undersized and the flesh is of inferior quality. For twenty years and more I have given special study to the elaboration, contraction, and expansion of fruit tissues, and it was only after the most persistent observation I was enabled to satisfy myself that complete development is best secured by the aid of natural non-stimulating plant food.

But here, Mr. Morgan issues a warning. Just because the food supplied to fruits varies, the fruits themselves vary, and in consequence it does not do to advocate indiscriminate fruit-eating.

I have known writers say, "eat apples freely," which if they had been aware of the divergent qualities of the multitudinous kinds which are grown they would not have given such advice without qualification. Fruits, like men, are of varying nature, and the fact now stated for the first time that fruits are what their food makes them bids fair not only to revolutionise the whole system of fruit eating, but of fruit production also. Let me not be misunderstood. Man does, of course, produce fruits of varying proportions almost at will. He can alter the size and shape of the fruits of the tree by pruning and by branch regulation, but he cannot by these means alone evolve the perfect fruits which the tastes of the educated fruit eaters of the future demand. Fruit eating in time may become a science and its devotees may be numbered by the million. When a knowledge of the plastic properties of fruits has been acquired and acted upon by fruit moulders later on the consumers will enjoy products which in composition will be as different from the present-day fruits as the latter are from those of one hundred years and more ago. As far as feeding is concerned the prevalent system, though endorsed by many chemists of repute, is radically wrong. It is open to question if modern fruit growers know how to feed scientifically for fruit at all. Too often they get the soil and trees into a dyspeptic condition, but the fruit from dyspeptic trees and soil cannot form the perfect food for men. Man's life is not in the fruit of these trees, neither, indeed, can it be. The reason of the failure of the fruit tree-feeders to obtain those results which nature has rendered possible is mainly due to the fact that they base their operations upon out of date notions. The principles of the fruit growing movement are of universal adaptation, and it was the recognition of this fact which induced me to elaborate the system of production which has been made public. The new method has brought about a revolutionary change in fruit growing industries in many centres near and far. Wherever fruit can be grown the principles of the new movement when adopted will improve the general status of the cultivators. At present over seventy-five per cent. of the fruits produced are marred with blemishes and imperfections. Coming generations will feast upon products which, through being grown under natural conditions, will be perfect, and the food value of which will be enhanced considerably thereby. In the swelling period the effect of natural plant food and moisture upon the cellular structure of fruit is particularly interesting. Its action is almost electrical. So rapidly is the cellular framework developed that one can almost see it expand. Under culture fruits have in several instances already had their sugar contents increased by twenty-five per cent., and still room remains for improvement in that direction alone. The sugar content of fruits of the same variety grown in different parts of the country, and under different methods of culture, varies considerably. By increasing the saccharine percentage in fruits we materially add to the output of vegetable sugars which nature elaborates through the agency of fruiting trees and plants, and plant food, soil, air, water and sunlight. By careful treatment we may increase the present production of sugar in fruits from the orchards of the United Kingdom by five thousand tons a year.

Psychology in Everyday Life

Psychology, as a working science, has made greater strides of recent years, than any other science, in the opinion of H. Addington Bruce, who tells of some of its practical achievments in *The Outlook.* Not only is the medical profession finding it of distinct advantage in treating nervous and mental diseases, but it is to-day being successfully applied by educationists, sociologists, lawyers, judges, merchants, manufacturers, and many other busy men. "In fact, it is not too much to say that there is no field of human endeavor in which benefit may not be had through wise aplication of the discoveries of psychological research."

The establishment of a psychological clinic in behalf of the mentally retarded children of Philadelphia, was undertaken by the University of Pennsylvania in 1896. Its director, Professor Lightnor Witmer, thus describes its origin:—

"The occasion was given for the inception of this work by a public school teacher, who brought to the psychological laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania a boy fourteen years of age for advice concerning the best methods of teaching him, in view of his chronic bad spelling. Her assumption was that psychology should be able to discover the cause of his deficiency and advise the means of removing it. Up to that time I could not find that the science of psychology had ever addressed itself to the ascertainment of the causes and treatment of a deficiency in spelling; yet this is a simple developmental defect of memory, and memory is a mental process concerning which the science of psychology is supposed to furnish authoritative information. It appeared to me that if psychology was worth anything to me or to others, it should be able to assist the efforts of the teacher in a retarded case of this kind.

"The absence of any principles to guide me made it necessary to apply myself directly to the study of the mental and physical condition of this child, working out my methods as I went along. I discovered that the important factor in producing bad spelling in this case was an eye defect. After this defect had been corrected, his teacher and I worked together to instruct him as one would a mere beginner in the art of spelling and reading. In the spring of 1896, when this case was brought to me, I saw several other cases of children suffering from the retardation of some special function, like that of spelling, or from general retardation, and I undertook the training of those children for a certain number of hours each week. Since that time the laboratory of psychology has been open for the examination of children who have come chiefly from the public schools of Philadelphia and adjacent cities. The University of Pennsylvania thus opened an educational dispensary. It is in effect a laboratory of applied psychology, maintained since 1896 by the University of Pennsylvania for the scientific study and remedial treatment of defects of development.

"During the early years of its existence the psychological clinic was open for a few hours on one day of each week. As the knowledge of its work grew the demand increased, and soon the clinic was open for three days of each week. Although the experiment of holding a daily clinic was first tried in the summer of 1897, during the six weeks of the Summer School, it was not until last fall that regular daily clinics were established. About three new cases a day are seen. The number which can receive attention is necessarily limited, owing to the fact that the study of a case requires much time, and if the case is to be properly treated, the home conditions must be looked into, and one or more social workers employed to follow up the case. The progress of some children has been followed for a term of years."

In nearly all investigations of backward children, it has been found by the psychological clinic that the trouble is due to remedial causes. Eye, throat, nose, ear, and dental

trouble, it has been conclusively demonstrated, are frequently productive of marked intellectual deficiency.

A typical case in point is that of a small boy who was brought to Professor Witmer's clinic last year with a lamentable history of intellectual backwardness and moral obliquity. Psychological examination satisfied Professor Witmer that the boy was neither a mental nor a moral imbecile, as had been suspected, and at first nothing abnormal was found in his physical condition. But it was later discovered that he was suffering from dental impaction, and it was deemed well to remove a few of his teeth. Remarkable improvement, both mental and moral, at once followed. The boy was closely observed, given some preliminary training, and then placed in a private school for education along lines laid down by the psychological clinic.

"His whole demeanor under the private instructian," says Dr. Arthur Holmes, an assistant of Professor Witmer's, who has been following the case closely, "has been that of a normal boy. He has been put upon his honor, and in every case he has justified the expectations of his teacher. He is now a healthy boy, with a boy's natural curiosity, with good manners, good temper, with no more than the average nervousness, and with every prospect of taking his proper place in society and developing into an efficient and moral citizen."

In their investigations, psychologists make extensive use of what is called the "association reaction method of mental diagnosis."

The association reaction method is based on the theory that disquieting ideas in a person's mind will reveal themselves by variations in his reaction time and in the nature of his responses. if, for instance, he is given a list of carefully selected words and is asked to utter, after hearing each, the first word that happens to come into his head. To test the validity of this theory many experiments have been tried in European and American psychological laboratories, and the experimenters have been greatly impressed with the detective value of the method. Some of them, in fact, have made use of it in other than a merely experimental way, and with equal success. On at least one occasion the scientist who first employed it for general purposes of psychological investigation, Dr. Jung, the distinguished neurologist of Zurich, used it to good effect to trap a thief.

One of Dr. Jung's patients had confided to him his fear that he was being systematically robbed of small sums of money by his nephew, a young fellow of eighteen. It was arranged that the young man should be sent to Dr. Jung, ostensibly to undergo a medical examination. On his arrival he was told that in order to test his mental state he was to respond, as quickly as possible, to a list of one hundred words, which Dr. Jung read to him one by one. Most of these words were quite trivial, but scattered among them were thirty-seven which had to do with the thefts, the room from which the money had been taken, or possible motives for robbery. As measured by the chronoscope, the differences in his reaction time to the harmless and to the significant words was startling.

Dr. Jung said "head" he responded—or, to put it technically, associated—"nose;" Dr. Jung said "green," he associated "blue;" Dr. Jung said "water," he associated "air;" and so on, the average reaction time being 1.6 seconds. But it took him 4.6 seconds to find a word to associate with "thief," 4.2 seconds for an association with "jail," and 3.6 seconds for one with "police." In other cases there was an abnormally quick reaction to signoficant words, followed immediately by a tell-tale slowing up in the reaction to the next two or three trivial ones. When he had gone through the list, Dr. Jung sternly told the young man that he found his health excellent but his morals bad, accused him of stealing from his uncle, and, basing his assertion on the character of the reaction words, taxed him with having dissipated the proceeds of his thefts in extravagant purchases, such as a gold watch. The young man, dismayed at the seemingly supernatural knowledge of his doings displayed by Dr. Jung, broke down and made a complete confession.

It is proposed as a result of this and similar trials, that the association reaction method should be adopted by the courts. But, even if not given judicial sanction, it is certainly being used by medical men, who have been consulted by patients, suffering from ailments, that have their origin in secret vices, which the patient is ashamed to reveal.

In this connection a story told by Professor Munsterberg in his book "On the Witness-Stand" may well be quot-

ed. A young girl, anaemic and neurasthenic, and unable to concentrate her attention on her studies, had been sent to him for psychological advice.

"I asked her," says Professor Munsterberg, "many questions as to her habits of life. Among other things she assured me that she took wholesome and plentiful meals and was not allowed to buy sweets. Then I began some psychological experiments, and among other tests I started, at first rather aimlessly, with trivial associations. Her average association time was slow, nearly two seconds. Very soon the word 'money' brought the answer 'candy,' and it came with the quickness of 1.4 seconds. There was nothing remarkable in this. But the next word, 'apron,' harmless in itself, was six secinds in finding its association, and furthermore, the association which resulted was 'apron'—'chocolate.' Both the retardation and the inappropriateness of this indicated that the foregoing pair had left an emotional shock, and the choice of the word 'chocolate' showed that the disturbance resulted from the intrusion of the word 'candy.' The word 'apron' had evidently no power at all compared with those associations which were produced by the counter-emotion.

"I took this as a clue, and after twenty indifferent words which slowly restored her calmness of mind, I returned to the problem of sweets. Of course she was now warned, and was evidently on the lookout. The result was that when I threw in the word 'candy' again she needed 4.5 seconds, and the outcome was the naive association 'never.' This 'never' was the first association that was neither substantive nor adjective. All the words before had evidently meant for her simply objects; but 'candy' seemed to appeal to her as a hint, a question, a reproach which she wanted to repudiate. She was clearly not aware that this mental change from a descriptive to a replying attitude was very suspicious; she must even have felt quite satisfied with her reply, for the next associations were short and to the point.

"After a while I began on the same line again. The unsuspicious word 'box' brought quickly the equally unsuspicious 'white;' and yet I knew at once that it was a candy box, for the next word, 'pound,' brought the association 'two,' and the following, 'book,' after several seconds the unfit association 'sweet.' She was again not aware that she had betrayed the path of her imagination. In the course of three hundred associations I varied the subject repeatedly, and she remained to the end unconscious that she had given me all the information needed. Her surprise seemed still greater than her feeling of shame when I told her that she skipped her luncheons daily, and had hardly any regular meals, but consumed every day several pounds of candy. With tears she made finally a full 'confession.' She had kept her injudicious diet a secret, as she had promised her parents not to spend any money for chocolate. The right diagnosis led me to make the right suggestions, and after a few weeks her health and strength were restored."

In business life, psychology can be successfully applied in the department of advertising.

An advertisement obviously is an appeal to the minds of its readers. Many advertisers seem to think that the appeal is bound to be successful if only they advertise often enough. There is a sound psychological law underlying this idea, for repetition undoubtedly tends to establish an unconscious thought habit. On the other hand, psychological investigation has shown that unless great care is exercised in the wording or illustrating of an advertisement its repetition may induce a thought habit wholly unfavorable to the article advertised. Not only the wording, the illustrating, the position, but even the kind of type used and the general typographical appearance may be decisive of success or failure. Advertisers of course have always recognized this to a greater or less extent, but usually the process of ascertaining just what kind of advertisements they ought to adopt has been a costly one to them. They can save—and many of them to-day are saving—a great deal of needless expenditure by drawing on the expert knowledge of the psychologist, who is able, by a few experiments, to determine with a high degree of exactitude the probable effectiveness of any given advertisement. He can help the merchant, further, with respect to that special form of advertising known as window-dressing, and also with respect to salesmanship. To such an extent is this true that the day seems bound to come when every great commercial establishment will maintain a psychological laboratory of its own.

A Bargain in College Education

An experiment in higher education is about to be tried in the State of Massachusetts, which will be watched with interest. It is based on the fact that all over the state there have been erected costly high and normal schools buildings, which are in use for not more than five hours every day for five days in the week or, in other words, exhaust not more than forty per cent. of their possible working efficiency. To make use of this plant for higher education, is the aim of Massachusetts College, recently incorporated by the legislature of that state.

It will be geographically quite the largest educational institution in the world, for it will apply the traditional arrangement of an English university, like Cambridge or Oxford, not to a single university town but to the entire state of Massachusetts. Its plant will be the high and normal school buildings already standing in some twenty-eight Massachusetts towns and cities, and ninety per cent. of the population will thus be situated within an eight-mile radius of one or other of the Massachusetts College lecture rooms and laboratories. Although the college will open with only a fraction of its possible equipment the interest and co-operation already assured throughout the state indicate a rapid development of all the proposed educational centres.

Unlike any previous effort to expand the influence of collegiate education, Massachusetts College proposes to stand on its own feet, a homogeneous and self-respecting institution with a faculty that will compare favorably with that of any other college, with courses equivalent, in time, labor, and the demand made upon the student, to those of any of the established colleges, and with an A.B. degree that shall represent an equal amount of scholarly attainment.

The new university will provide opportunities in every large centre for high-school graduates and others to continue studies in which they are interested, either as special students or as part of the four years' work necessary for the degree.

It will give public school teachers throughout the state an opportunity to increase the measure of their own knowledge which is now only partly supplied by the short sessions of the summer schools conducted by the older universities. And it expects also to prepare students for entrance into the upper classes of these older institutions and to assist them in meeting the greatly increased expense of tuition and college residence. The possible usefulness of this "real college" within reach of practically everybody in Massachusetts extends in more directions than can here be enumerated. And the confidence of the promoters in the success of the venture rests upon the fact that the needs it is designed to meet are fundamental and evident.

The public have always responded to the advances of such institutions of learning as have put opportunities in their way to acquire knowledge, but the courses provided have remained merely a by-product of institutional activity, instead of being, as in the case of Massachusetts College, the main purpose of it.

Existing colleges cannot, except to a limited extent, allow their teachers to assume outside duties. The free tuition of a state university is no assistance to those whose circumstances will not permit residence in or near the town where such a university is located—and the wisdom of absolutely free tuition is by no means universally admitted by those whose life work is the study of educational matters. What is given away is rarely if ever as valuable to the recipient as what has to be worked for, and by no means the least important feature in the plans of Massachusetts College is the existence of a tuition fee that will help support it and at the same time reduce the necessary expense of its students to not more than twenty-five per cent. of the minimum tuition at any of the established colleges. At the very lowest it has been estimated that a young man can go through four years of college residence for $1,600—and to anyone familiar with American college life this minimum figure stands for heroic self-denial and often positive suffering. At Massachusetts College the average year-

ly tuition will be $42.25—and against the cost of residence in a college town the incidental expenses will be limited to car fares and the purchase of text books and stationery. A ten cent car fare represents the greatest distance that ninety-eight per cent. of the students will be from the nearest college building and the division of the entire state into educational centres with an eight-mile radius will eventually make it possible for a student who moves from one part of the state to another to take up his studies uninterrupted in his new neighborhood.

The system employed, is described by the writer as being very much like that of the three-ring circus, in which on account of the size of the audience, it becomes necessary to have three similar performances going on simultaneously. Only if the case of Massachusetts College, there will be twenty-eight simultaneous performances.

But how are these performances to be managed? Like many another project that has taken years of preliminary study, the final working out of the plan seems surprisingly simple—and practically every school board in the state, every high and normal school principal, every superintendent of schools, and every college president has expressed the belief that it will work successfully. Lectures are to be given by a corps of traveling lecturers—men who will spend an hour on the train in order to spend an hour on the lecture platform. The state, already divided into the twenty-eight educational centres of Massachusetts College, is again divided into the three larger circles whose radius may be measured by an hour of railway travel, and the necessary teaching force in this department must include three sets of lectures covering respectively the territory represented by each of these larger circles. To supplement these traveling lecturers, each of the twenty-eight centres must have its own force of resident teachers to conduct the routine work of recitation, exercises, consultations, and examinations. And the older colleges of the state will in all likelihood add to the educational equipment of their youngest colleague by allowing members of their own faculties to give occasional lectures at the different centres.

The important thing, however, is that these traveling lecturers are to belong to the regular staff of the institution for which they lecture, and that Massachusetts College, in the selection of these and all its other officials, will be in the market in direct competition with other institutions of learning the world over. In bringing the college to the people, here, for the first time that such a plan has ever been formulated, the standard of the college is to be in no wise lowered or popularized. It is the intention of the college to make its degree as valuable as that of any other, and to bring its students into as direct contact with the men who instruct them. Both young men and young women will be admitted to registration, the necessary qualfication being either the high-school certificate or proof that the candidate can do the work required by the college. Obviously the "social side" of college life that comes naturally from the residence of many students in the dormitories of a single college is not expected to play much part in a plan covering so wide a territory, yet it is within the bounds of possibility that each centre may develop something of the class feeling that comes from daily college association, even as each separate college in an English university group becomes distinctively characteristic and a competitor with all the other colleges both in games and scholarship.

The Business Side of the Circus

An exceedingly interesting glimpse of a little-known side of circus life is afforded by Hartley Davis in an article in *Everybody's Magazine.* He points out that it was the business ideas of James Anthony Bailey, that revolutionized the old-time circus made famous by P. T. Barnum. Barnum's scheme was to fool the people. Bailey's to make the circus clean and honest. Bailey won out, and the circus, as a highly organized business machine is now the order of the day.

While Bailey was revolutionizing the circus, six brothers from Baraboo, Wisconsin, were making their way upward

in the show world. They started on nothing, the elder brothers gradually drawing in the younger as they grew stronger. They realized the wisdom of Bailey's business idea, and they had the same personal principles.

Each brother mastered the details of the circus business, then each specialized in some one department. Their motto was that of the Three Musketeers: "One for all and all for one!" To-day the five Ringling Brothers—one died about a year ago—dominate the circus field in America even more completely than did Barnum & Bailey. They own the Barnum & Bailey show, the Ringling Brothers show, and the Forepaugh & Sells show—the three largest in the country.

The two biggest shows, as nearly alike as possible, each have eighty-nine cars. The Forepaugh & Sells show has fifty-five cars. Their nearest rival, the Hagenbeck & Wallace show, has about thirty-five cars. Gallmar Brothers show with thirty cars, and the Cole Brothers, with twenty cars, round out the list of the more important circuses. Of course there are many smaller ones.

Each of the two biggest circuses represents a cost of about $3,000,000, although it is doubtful whether either of them could be duplicated for that sum.

Mr. Davis supplies some interesting figures, which give some idea of the capital invested in the modern circus. The railroad equipment alone for a big circus represents an investment of nearly half a million dollars. Chariots cost from $2,000 to $9,000 each, and cages, exclusive of decoration, $1,500. The wardrobe costs annually $150,000. Horses of all kinds are valued at $400,000, while the menagerie costs $750,000. Other equipment, including tents and seats, runs up to $100,000.

If you should add these figures, you would find the total considerably short of $3,000,000. For one thing, all of the investment of the winter quarters hasn't been included—the grazing land, the exercising arenas, the living places for employes, and scores of other things, which add perhaps $200,000. Furthermore, the traveling mechanical equipment for the show carries a paint shop, a harness shop, a dressmaking establishment, and so on; and these, with other offshoots, represent an investment of about $100,000.

There is a mighty important item of half a million that is invested in the bank, a surplus that is really an emergency fund, without which no big circus could be sure of existing through a season. Part of it is deposited in New York, part in Chicago, and part in St. Louis. It is at all times subject to a telegraph order to forward actual cash. The circus works on a cash basis always when it is on the road; about the only bills paid by cheque are the printing bills. In the old days the showman took all kinds of chances. But the modern circus simply insures itself against loss, and carries the insurance itself, just as many business concerns carry their own fire insurance. For there is always danger of a railroad wreck or a fire that may destroy half the show. Or there may be a prolonged season of bad business, due to bad weather. One year when Mr. Bailey owned the Forepaugh show, at the beginning of the season, it had seven successive weeks of heavy rain. If he had not had an emergency fund to draw upon, the show must have been swamped, for the total losses for the first two months were nearly a quarter of a million. But the owner was prepared for the unprecedented, and the show finished the season with a profit.

Then, as regards running expenses, each car in the circus train costs about $85.00 a day to carry, and the whole train from $7,500 to $8,000. Salaries amount to $2,800 a day. Food supplies for both man and beast cost $1,500 daily.

Advertising expenses—the second largest item—reach a total of $1,700 a day. The "paper," which means all advertising matter, from the wondrous lithographs that make the countryside brilliant, if not beautiful, to the handbill, costs $800 a day. The newspaper advertising averages $300 a day; and the balance is expended in operating the advance cars and in paying the charges of posting.

In the old days, circus-advertising campaigns, like political campaigns, were long drawn out. Nowadays both are shortened and kept at a high tension. The circus advertising begins just three weeks in advance of the circus. The whole countryside within a radius of twenty miles—that is about the maximum distance people will drive—and the railroad points within a radius of fifty miles are plastered with lithographs. The general idea is to arrange the route of a circus so that its average jump will be about a hundred miles.

Transportation charges vary from $300 to $1,500 a day, but the average

is little above the minimum, because of the long stops in cities. Two weeks in Chicago, a week in Philadelphia, and a week in Boston keep the average down. In a whole season, by the way, the show will lose not more than one day in traveling, Sundays excepted.

There are many small expenses connected with a circus that the outside world never hears about. For instance, the legal charges amount to seventy-five dollars a day on the road. This includes the salary of a high-priced lawyer, who always travels with the circus and is the hardest worked man with it, next to the bandsmen and the ticket sellers. If a small boy is kicked by a horse; if there is a dispute over a feed bill; if grafting officials try to cause trouble, the lawyer is called upon to make settlement.

Then there is a physician to look after the employes and to see that the strictest sanitary laws are obeyed. A drug wagon and a chemist supplement him. The work people pay nothing, but the performers must pay for the physician themselves. You see, the hazard of the act is a factor in determining the salary, and the performer takes all the risks. There is a veterinary, with two assistants, who has a pretty big drug store of his own. It takes a lot of work to look after all the many kinds of animals, and the "vets" don't loaf much. Law and medicine together cost the circus a deal more than $100 a day.

The revenue of the circus comes from the sale of tickets and refreshments. The side shows and the refreshment both yield nearly half the net profits of the modern big circus.

The side show, the first of the exhibition tents to go up and the last to come down, makes, net, from $400 to $500 a day under normal conditions, while the candy, peanuts, and lemonade yield a profit of about $300. When the circus management can make the main show equal the profit of these two "by-products," it is content, because its energy is directed toward insuring a certain ten per cent. on the investment, which places it on a par with most commercial enterprises. Some especially good years may show a profit of $500,-000, but that is only sixteen per cent., a not unusual return upon far more conventional business enterprises in which there appears to be far less risk. But the truth is that the circus risk isn't so great as it seems.

Concluding, there is an interesting little picture given of the way the money is handled.

For the handling of all its money, the circus has, in the ticket wagon, a private traveling bank of its own. There are really two ticket wagons, one for reserved seats, and another—the main one—where the regular admissions are sold. Through this steel wagon, with its two big safes, passes all the money the circus takes in and all it pays out. It comes in very rapidly at times, for the modern ticket man is marvelously expert, making the old-time "lightning ticket sellers" look like amateurs. Bookkeeper DeWolfe, with the Barnum & Bailey show, has a record of selling 3,000 tickets in an hour—fifty tickets in sixty seconds. In the grafting days the ticket sellers' job was worth thousands of dollars a season. Nowadays there is no grafting at all, and so expert are the sellers that, in a whole season, the difference between money and tickets will be less than a hundred dollars, and that is as likely to be against the ticket sellers as in their favor.

Over each ticket window is a rack, divided into compartments holding a hundred tickets each. The seller takes about ten tickets at a time in one hand—the whole ones on one side, the half ones on the other—and makes change with his free hand. The silver that comes in he sweeps into a drawer, while the paper money—which the ticket man abominates—is swept into baskets or to the floor.

As soon as the rush is over, all the windows save one are closed, and the men begin to count the money, the small silver being sealed in rolls, the silver dollars placed in canvas bags containing five hundred each, and the bills arranged in packages.

Very soon after the sale is ended, the treasurer begins paying out money, all the local bills being settled in the afternoon, while the assistants continue counting not only their own receipts but the money taken in by the reserved-ticket wagon, the side show, and the privileges, if there is time. But usually there is not, and the final counting up and settling are not finished until the next morning. Then, unless salaries—which are paid weekly—are to be considered, the surplus is placed in a buggy and taken either to a bank or to an express office, according to the distance it has to go to the banking centre. For instance, from all points east of Pitts-

burg it is cheaper to ship the actual cash by express than it is to buy exchange on New York, which costs about a dollar a thousand, on an average.

In the ticket wagon, as in every other department of the circus, it is perfect system that enables the force to get through the day's business. The organization of these huge amusement enterprises has, indeed, become so highly perfected that it is practically automatic.

The Business Girl's Ideal of Marriage

An investigation into the views of business girls on matrimony is being conducted in *Success Magazine,* and the resultant opinions on the subject are fraught with considerable interest. The inquiry has been carried into every line of business and every section of the United States, and the percentages thus obtained are as accurate as it is possible to secure.

While theoretically her business training may lead the business girl to regard the marriage contract much in the light of any other formal business agreement, yet practically the American girl does not look at love through strictly business eyes, unless she is either spoiled or "up against it."

So, in the struggle of heart vs. head, while in the factories the pure materialists outnumber the pure idealists by seven to one, among business girls it is very much the other way. Those who would marry for love alone, regardless of all else, outnumber by three to two those who would marry from purely practical considerations. Moreover, these practical ones seem to be more thoughtful than the kindred factory group.

"Romantic passion is not necessary," declared Lola M., a mysterious-looking shadowy-eyed stenographer from Louisiana. "It often burns out and makes much unhappiness. I'd want deep respect and sympathy and think it would be much safer than romantic love. I wouldn't marry, though, without being sure I was fitted just as fully for the profession of wifehood as for any other profession that I would enter with the expectation of success."

Between this standpoint and the purely romantic there are, of course, myriad grades of thought and feeling. But there is no doubt that the balance tilts toward romance, though not as decidedly as the factory girl's pointer indicates the practical.

Three factory girls out of four would not return to work after the wedding. But five business girls out of six would not, though they like their work far better. Fear of social disgrace is one reason. A second is found in the belief that a wife's place is at home. A third that wifely toil has a maligant influence on manhood. While a fourth reason is a reluctance to fill a position that some other girl might need.

As we have seen, three-quarters of the industrial girls would prefer housewifery to their old work. How much more congenial business is to the sex than industrial work, is shown by the fact that only two business girls out of three feel this preference for housewifery, although they are better trained in matters of domestic science, and look forward to a more convenient kind of home involving less rough drudgery, and sometimes even permitting a servant or two.

Sixty-nine per cent. of girls in business (fifty-eight in the factory) consider that there would be less freedom for them in married life. And many of the minority are influenced by unpleasant home conditions. The general attitude is that of the Western telephone operator who said : "Now I can spend my money as I please and go out and have fun. Then I'd be awful tied down."

Nevertheless, it seems that the prospect of "being awful tied down" has few terrors for them. An overwhelming majority would prefer to put up with it. In fact, this preference is so strong that—just as in industry—three girls out of four would marry in the face of parental opposition.

If business girls place love first in weighing the various factors of mar-

riage, they make motherhood a close second. Four-fifths of them want children, as compared with only two-thirds of the factory girls. And usually the reluctant fifth are not, like the poor "little mothers" of industry, afraid of motherhood because they have lived through the horrors that too prolific parents create. On the contrary their attitude is nearer that of the frivolous society girl.

Next the question of the kind of man these business girls want for a husband is taken up.

The business girl, in describing her ideal of masculine beauty, nearly always gives you the tall, very dark, preternaturally square-jawed hero of her favorite author, George Barr McCutcheon. Not long ago I was telling a friend of this and he raised the question whether she doted on this type because McCutcheon had brought him to her attention, or whether Mr. McCutcheon, with his ear to the ground, had manufactured this particular hero because he was just the kind his readers doted on.

At any rate, good looks "go" very decidedly with the business girl, and she would like her hero to dress the part too. Here she flashes forth in violent contrast to the four out of five factory girls who fear "sporty" dressers as marriage possibilities.

Almost half of the business girls like a man to "dress" even if he does happen to be a marriage possibility.

"I know you shouldn't look at the clothes," admitted a cashier on a railroad, "but at the man instead, but that just shows you don't think like you ought to. I like to see a man a fine dresser ; I do indeed. I suppose it's a sign of extravagence, but, if he dresses well himself, he'll never grudge you the sight of a dollar bill for a new dress."

You see, because the business girl is ever so much younger in spirit than her over-driven industrial sister, she has the faults of youth a-plenty.

For instance, instead of wanting to marry a much older man, sure to be steady and so wise that he can 'learn her something,' she prefers her future husband to be much nearer her own age, "so we can grow up together."

In business the young women are not so cynical about marrying widowers, almost half being willing, although a sixth of these draw the line at becoming step-mothers. A few are rather doubtful. "I'd have to love him an awful lot if he was a widower," mused a San Francisco clerk. A few object to them on the theoretical ground that "there can be only one real love in a life," but generally the refusal is rather tart :

"No warmed-over affections for mine !"

"Leave them marry widows."

"You don't get me being a Mrs. Two !"

Like the factory girl, the daughter of business would like her husband's occupation to be at least a grade above her own.

A few other factors may be considered. The question of income brings out the information that the average lowest salary must be $1,500 a year.

Very few would refuse a man because he had sown his "wild oats," and nearly all would confidently expect to reform him after marriage.

The girl of business is not so insistent on the "steadiness" of her ideal husband, as the factory girls are. She is twice as prone to favor a "good spender."

When it comes to the question of disposition, eighty-six per cent. would like their husbands easy-going rather than masterful.

In the factories only three-tenths of the girls consider marriage a success. In business only three-tenths consider marriage a failure. As to divorce only one-fourth oppose it.

Nevertheless, the average business girl's opinion of the average man is shockingly low. And perhaps it is on this very account that she makes her great mistake. Because she despises the sort of man she usually meets, she spends more on clothes than she ought to in order to attract a wider circle of men to choose from, hoping thus to find a man she can thoroughly respect.

Numberless girls, of course, love to make and wear beautiful clothes simply for their own sake. A friend gave Mattie F. a pretty party dress. She put it on the morning of her holiday and wore it till night, alone at home. Her family was away. She wanted simply "to enjoy it and see how it felt to be a lady."

At the same time nearly every girl in this investigation, when she was asked whether dress was "a means of catching a husband," denied it in her own case, but said that it was for all the other girls she knew. They remind

one of the Greek generals who each voted for himself as the greatest general, but for Miltiades as the next greatest.

Many of the girls thought that men were attracted more by dress than by all other feminine charms. As a Western stenographer put it: "When it comes to the matter of dress, a girl's figure isn't in it." On reconsideration she laughingly modified this startling assertion by admitting that the girl's figure was "in it," but was often so altered by the dress as to be practically negligible.

A clerk in California, with more liberal views, voiced the average sentiment: "There are very few men who have good sense. A good figure, a pretty face, or clothes is about all most of them consider."

So it comes about that the business girl earning far less than her factory sister, spends one hundred and fifty dollars a year on clothes as against the factory girl's eighty dollars. This estimate fully recognizes what a marvelous manager the working girl often is, how cleverly she buys, how indefatigably she sews after hours.

The Meteoric Career of F. E. Smith

A little over four years ago the British public knew nothing of F. E. Smith. His advent into political life after the tremendous Unionist defeat of 1906 is told in interesting manner by John Foster-Fraser, in the course of a character sketch of Mr. Smith in *The London Magazine.*

The Unionists had for a time lost many of their best speakers, and in the wordy conflict between Ministerialists and Oppositionists, the Unionists did not get the best of it.

Then one evening, about nine o'clock, when the House of Commons was scantily filled, a tall, thin, dark, strong-chinned, pale-faced young man rose from the Opposition side. The Speaker gave the name "Mr. Smith," but that meant nothing. He was a new-comer, and this was to be another bead in the string of "maiden speeches" which were just then being delivered by young M.P.'s trying their oratorical wings. The older men looked on with casual interest. Mr. Smith spoke slowly, as though feeling his way. There was something, however, in his long black slimness which attracted the eye and held it. There was a high-keyed contempt and cadenced individuality in the tone of his voice which was unusual, and the ear was captivated. He did not say commonplace things in a commonplace way, which had been the characteristic of so many other "maiden speeches." There was originality of thought; there was literary distinction of phrase; there was banter, wit, bitter satire.

So M.P.'s found themselves listening. The ebb of members out of the House ceased. It became all flow. Men who glanced in casually to see who was "on his legs," found a youngish man, with body slightly bent forward, and, when confidence came, pouring out a long stream of argument, invective, demonstration, scorn, but without any gesture.

"Who is he?" was the demand made a hundred times.

"Smith!"

"What Smith?"

"Oh, he is one of the Liverpool new members—a young fellow who has done splendidly at the Bar."

Men who came into the Chamber did not leave it. Before long the House was crowded. The Unionists, recognizing that they had a debater of value in their midst, lost their habitual glumness. For the first time since the new Parliament met their countenances were irradiated with joy. They cheered furiously.

Mr. Fraser characterizes this speech as the most brilliant maiden effort within knowledge. In one hour Mr. Smith sprang from obscurity into the full sunshine of fame. It is now believed by many that he has a high destiny before him, and will some day be Prime Minister.

Mr. Smith is the son of a man, who had a somewhat varied career—being consecutively, soldier, theatre-manager, teacher of Greek and Latin,

land-agent and finally barrister, dying at the early age of forty-two. The son had an up-hill fight, but by winning scholarships, he was able to work his way through Oxford. He became a Fellow, a lecturer to various colleges, and he also earned money by traveling about the country as a University Extension lecturer on Modern History.

Even as an undergraduate he distinguished himself as a sparkling speaker at the Union. Once the famous Sir Wilfrid Lawson came down, and opened a debate on teetotalism. Young Smith attacked him; and I remember one night he told me that, though he was proud of the manner in which he secured the enthusiasm of the House of Commons on the occasion of his first speech, it was nothing to the enthusiasm he stirred up amongst his fellow collegiates when he went for the doughty Sir Wilfrid. He rose to distinction and became President of the Union, and was in the chair one night when a debate was opened on Home Rule, with Mr. John Dillon on one side and the late Colonel Saunderson on the other.

"Smith of Wadham" became a personality in Oxford. His great natural gifts made scholastic progress comparatively easy, and gave him plenty of time for rowing, cricket, and particularly football. He was bright, gay, a captivating conversationalist, and scores of young fellows made him their idol.

In 1899 he was called at Gray's Inn and proceeded to build up a reputation as a barrister. He lived in London, but kept in touch with the political situation in his old home, City of Liverpool. At first he was Unionist candidate in the Scotland Division against T. P. O'Connor, but lost the election. He won his contest in 1906, however, in the neighboring Walton Division.

His life has been one sweep of success. You must search wide to find a young fellow who, in such a short span of years, has done so much and done it all so brilliantly.

Mr. Smith is, of course, a vigorous upholder of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's fiscal policy. In the dark days of the beginning of 1906, when the Unionists had received such a rebuff from the electorate, when many persons thought that Tariff Reform had been crushed, and some Unionists were in a rather wobbling attitude, there was no wobbling about the member for Walton. He stood up in the House, and in ringing tones proclaimed himself "an unrepentant Tariff Reformer."

The British public likes straight speaking and hard hitting. That partly explains why Mr. Smith is so popular on the platform. There is no mistaking what he means. There is no walking the political tight-rope, gently balancing pros and cons. He walks the the earth. If anybody gets in his way, so much the worse for the other individual.

I have heard it alleged in Unionist circles that Mr. Smith is "not gentlemanly" in the manner in which he deals with his opponents. Perhaps not. He is not a kid-glove orator. He knows the things which appeal to the working men, and how to present a case which will interest them. In these stirring times gentleness is regarded in political circles as weakness.

When Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, with their striking personalities, their range of oratory and invective, put forth their power to sway huge congregations of excited politicians, Mr. F. E. Smith was the one man on the Unionist side who met them on their own ground. Being shrewd, he recognized that like must be met with like; that when the hose of

F. E. SMITH, M.P.

diatribe is being poured upon you it is not sufficient to answer with pleasant talk and the amenities of public life.

So, during the last General Election, Mr. Smith threw aside all his private concerns, neglected his practice, and started a campaign which at once made him one of the most popular and most hated politicians in the land. He followed his opponents about, attacked them furiously, and roused so much resentment amongst Liberals and members of the Labor Party that frequent endeavours were made to prevent him being heard. Never once did he shirk facing a hostile audience.

He went down to address a big meeting in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester. About six thousand persons were inside and about six thousand outside struggling to get in. When Mr. Smith arrived he had to push himself through the dense throng and got into heavy shoulder conflict with a burly individual who was excited. Mr. Smith asked him why he was in such a hurry? The reply was that he wanted to get in to hear that sanguinary F. E. Smith. "Well," replied our hero, "I am that sanguinary Smith, and if you do not help me to get in you will never hear that sanguinary F. E. Smith speak."

Here is the place to throw a little lignt upon a phase of our public life. Foreigners cannot understand why British men can be such bitter political antagonists and yet be the closest of personal friends. Yet there are many striking instances. One of these is a strong personal friendship between Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. F. E. Smith. The reason is that they see beyond the politician and admire the man.

They have even gone holidays together; they are neighbors in Eccleston Square. Mr. Smith's little son is called Winston.

Last Christmas, when there was a momentary lull in the political strife, Mr. Smith was a fellow-guest with Mr. Churchill of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim Palace. Yet probably Mr. Smith had just come away from a meeting denouncing Mr. Churchill's "violence and malignity," and scorning him for being the High Priest of the New Cult of the Supreme Being—meaning himself.

Mr. Smith went straight from Blenheim Palace to address a meeting of his constituents at Liverpool, and when he came to his customary reference to Mr. Churchill there were some cheers. "I make no complaint of those cheers," said Mr. Smith. "Three years ago we—the Unionists—were cheering him; six years from now the Socialists will be cheering him; after that I do not know that anybody will be cheering him."

On the Engineer's "Run"

No man eludes death oftener or more narrowly than the locomotive engineer, says Mr. Thaddeus S. Dayton, writing in *Harper's Weekly*. On a fast train the danger threatens and is gone in a fraction of a second. The writer goes on to tell of some of those "close calls" which every engineer must reckon on as part of the day's work. There are a few cases, we are told, when Providence steps in and averts a disaster, which seems inevitable.

The most remarkable instance of this sort happened many years ago on a railway in eastern Missouri. The story was to'd recently in the official organ of the Order of Railway Conductors.

One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday-school was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. Although the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half-way when a thunder-storm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or a spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about thirty-five miles an hour.

As the train swung around a curve and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed his throttle and put on the brakes in an instant.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to his fireman.

"I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all!"

His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came simultaneously with a flash of lightning that

seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main-line rails.

The train came to a stop, and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and had closed the switch.

"It was the act of God," said the engineer.

More often the story of a close call is "a tale of quick-thinking heroism." we are told of an engineer whose presence of mind saved a score of lives in Newark, N.J., one December day a few years ago:

A freight train was going up a steep grade about half a mile from the station when the couplings broke between the third and fourth cars from the end, and they began to roll down hill at a terrific speed. A long passenger train had just arrived and was standing directly in the path of the runaway cars. The engineer of the passenger train saw the approaching danger and realized in a flash that the on-rushing cars must be stopped at all hazards before they reached the station. Otherwise there would be a terrible loss of life. He uncoupled his engine, sprang into the cab, and opened the throttle The big engine bounded forward like a spirited horse struck with a whip. At the last moment before the collision the engineer shut off steam and jumped. He landed unhurt in a heap of cinders. The engine crashed into the runaway cars, and an instant later there was nothing left of the locomotive or the cars but a mass of wreckage. At least a hundred lives were saved by the engineer's prompt action.

Occasionally a fastening of one of the great driving rods will break. Then at every revolution of the wheel to which the other end is attached, the great steel bar, weighing several thousand pounds, will come "Swinging like a Titan's flail," beating three hundred strokes a minute.

No disaster comes so unexpectedly and is so much dreaded as this. Almost invariably it happens when the engine is running at high speed. When a driver breaks, it is a miracle if the men in the cab escape with their lives. If they do survive, and by their heroism succeed in stopping the train and avoiding a wreck, despite the rain of blows from this huge flail of steel, their act brings forth a greater measure of praise than almost any other form of bravery that the railroad knows.

Only the other day one of the driving-rods of a fast passenger locomotive broke while the train was running more than sixty miles an hour down the steep grades of Pickerel Mountain. In an instant the whirling bar of steel had smashed the cab and broken the controlling mechanism, so that it was impossible to bring the train to a stop by ordinary means. The great locomotive lunged forward like a runaway horse that had thrown its rider. In some way, however, Lutz, the engineer, had escaped injury. He crept to the opposite side of the cab and climbed out through the little window upon the boiler to try to reach some of the controlling apparatus from the outside. He was working himself astride along the scorching boiler when suddenly the engine struck a curve, which it took at terrific speed. The shock half threw the engineer from his perilous position, but he saved himself by grasping the bell-rope. Then he worked himself down along the uninjured side of the swaying locomotive to where he could open one of the principal steam-valves. A cloud of vapor rushed forth with a tremendous roar. Although robbed of its power, the locomotive did not slacken speed until it reached the bottom of the grade. Then little by little the threshing of the great driving-rod, which was pounding the upper part of the engine to pieces, grew slower, and finally it stopped. No one was killed or injured, and not a passenger in the long train knew until it was over of the danger that had been avoided so narrowly. If it had not been for the bravery of the engineer one of the worst wrecks in the history of railroading might have resulted.

One of the most extraordinary close calls that an engineer ever had occurred on a western railroad last year, says Mr. Dayton:

A heavily-loaded "flier" was sailing along one night at between sixty and seventy miles an hour, approaching a broad river that was spanned by a drawbridge, which was sometimes open and sometimes closed. The train was supposed to come to a halt and the engineer to find out. If all was well he would sound the whistle and proceed slowly. On this night, however, the long train rushed on the bridge with undiminished speed. Fortunately, the draw had just been closed and nothing happened.

The engineer's failure to stop at the bridge was the first intimation that the

fireman had of anything wrong. He ran around to the engineer's side of the cab, shut off steam, and applied the brakes. He found the engineer fallen forward, senseless, with an ugly gash in his head. Beside him lay the stone which had inflicted the wound. It was afterward established beyond question that in some inexplicable way this stone had been picked up by the engine itself while moving at its great speed and hurled into the cab. If the draw had not been closed that night when the "flier" rushed across the bridge there would have been another accident which would have added to the story of railroading, a mystery almost as deep as any connected with the navigation of the sea.

Such things as these make the engineers fatalists. According to the writer, all of them believe that they will die when their time comes, and there isn't much use of worrying about it. The *Harper's Weekly* article concludes with the story of an engineer on a southwestern railroad who firmly believes that he bears a charmed life.

Several years ago he was hauling a long train of refrigerator-cars loaded with fruit from California and running on express time. It was toward the close of a hot midsummer day. The track stretched for miles straight away over a level plain. In the distance a storm seemed to have broken, and the engineer observed that it seemed to be moving diagonally toward him. In a few minutes he dashed into a torrent of rain, and then, preceded by an ominous hush, he heard the roar of the cyclone. A broad, shallow river spanned by a wooden bridge lay just ahead. Peering through the darkness, the engineer fancied that he saw the funnel-shaped cloud embrace and obliterate the bridge. The next thing that he knew was that he was sailing through the air, and his last thought was that he would land in the river and could not swim.

When he recovered consciousness he was lying in a wheat-field five hundred feet from the track amid the debris of the woodwork of the engine. Much to his surprise, he was still alive. He struggled to his knees and saw his fireman crawling toward him. When the storm lulled they made their way to the track and thence to the river. A mass of wreckage almost dammed the stream. In its indescribable confusion they recognized what had been their train. The cyclone had torn the cab free and carried it and its occupants to safety. They were the only ones of the train-crew who escaped.

The Puritanic Queen of England

Society organs in Europe are predicting a revival of Puritanism at the English Court, basing their belief on the character of Queen Mary. A writer in *Current Literature* has collected several of these opinions, which may be taken for what they are worth.

The revolution at the court of St. James's has, in truth, already begun and many of the flippant peeresses who ornamented the last reign have gone into obscuration. Fashions, it is announced, are to be serious and sober. Presentations at court will henceforth entail much elimination of ladies with a past. Religion will again become important. Manners will cease to be free and easy. Bishops will be more in evidence and jockeys less encouraged. Heroines of the divorce court and the music hall are to be taboo. More important than all other details combined is the evident fact, as the Paris Figaro deems it, that the will of the Queen, instead of the personal preferences of the King, is to determine the social recognition and standing accorded to ladies and gentlemen making up what is called society. Smartness has lost the importance it had while Edward reigned, and impeccable respectability has attained a value it seemed altogether to have lost while the late sovereign held sway. Birth and blood are not to be disregarded, but they are to count only when reinforced by virtue of the domestic description.

The Queen is an extremely proper person, and will not countenance the sort of license upon the music hall stage of London, which in the last reign seemed not to violate any one's

sense of propriety. She disapproves of short skirts and advocates reserve in feminine manners. As a royal personage, she is unwontedly silent.

A Vienna paper describes Queen Mary as "the scholar of the royal family."

Her favorite novelist is said to be Thackeray, and if we may accept as authentic a story in the Vienna paper, she has kept most of the modern fiction writers of England out of her library on the ground of their immorality. To the new school of Socialist writers who owe so much to the inspiration of Ibsen, the Queen is warmly opposed. To her children she has read aloud all the world-famed fairy stories, the prime favorite in the royal domestic circle being "Alice in Wonderland." The Queen is said also to have read many of the stories of the late Charlotte M. Yonge, and to be a great admirer of Mrs. Gaskell's novels.

In her religious faith the Queen evinces much fervor and devotion.

She is strict in her attendance upon divine service and equally strict in impressing their religious duties upon the members of her immediate family circle. During the lifetime of the late King, the royal lady appointed all the spiritual advisers of the family, or at least that is what the French papers print. Edward VII. never felt the least interest in theology and it is said that George V. is comparatively indifferent upon that subject, but his consort deems theology, says the Paris Figaro, a matter of the first importance. It will be extremely difficult to elevate to the bench of bishops any clergyman suspected of heterodox views, for the new sovereign has all the piety of Anne and a decided taste for the discussion of trinitarian doctrines. She has read much upon these themes, it likewise appears, and she pays much attention to those of the clergy whose religious views seem to her to be sound. It is predicted that bishops will be more popular at court than they have been for the last ten years.

Many other interesting side-lights on the character and habits of the new Queen are given.

She is extremely strict, we read in exacting implicit obedience from every one of her children, even the oldest. Each of them receives a stated allowance—no large sum, it seems—and at the end of every month a statement of receipts and expenditures is required. The habit of saving is encouraged. The Queen's only daughter has an account in the post office savings department. Her sons are expected to save some of their pocket money. No gifts of any kind can be made to the royal children. They are not permitted to eat outside the royal residence unless they are at school. Their clothes, when not prescribed for formal occasion by the etiquet of their rank, are made under the superintendence of their mother. Even the oldest of the princes is said never in his life to have worn either socks or stockings that his mother did not knit.

As a knitter, the prowess of the Queen is already world wide, but it seems from the accounts in the French and German dailies that her Majesty can crochet, embroider, do plain sewing and use the sewing machine. The Queen prides herself most, however, upon her knowledge of lace. As Princess of Wales she lent to the historical lace exposition in London a flounce of the famous Honiton lace which was part of the dress worn by her mother, the late Princess Mary Adelaide, on her marriage with the late Duke of Teck. Although an expert in the manipulation of her pillow and bobbins, it is affirmed that Queen Mary never had a lesson in lace-making in her life. She picked it up from her mother, who learned it from her mother, and so the art has been handed down from generation to generation in the Queen's family. Her Majesty is said to be so completely at home with her work that she can carry on a conversation and ply her bobbins with nimble fingers at the same time.

Intellectually the Queen is not, the Figaro is forced to say, what the world calls brilliant. She never convulses the court circle by the flashes of her wit, nor does she seem to manifest that sprightliness for which some of the British Princesses in the past have been so renowned. Her demeanor is characterized by gravity and her utterances are of the sensible sort. Were she not a Queen it might be asserted that she lacks a sense of humor, but when a lady is on the throne of England, the Figaro says, it is probably just as well that she manifest no tendency to epigram. Her Majesty is said to have an infinite capacity for homiletics,, or rather for the assimilation of homiletics. She will listen with pleasure to very long sermons about her duty to God and when she asks questions of the ladies in the court circle they are as likely as not to have reference to their religious views. Flippancy is never tolerated from anyone. Sunday is always spent seriously and piously, nor are family prayers omitted. Grace is said both before and after meals. The Queen takes ale at lunch and her sons are allowed beer or ale at dinner.

The Paralysis of Fear

Taking as a text the wide-spread apprehension among many classes of people, at the approach of Halley's comet, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, editor of Success Magazine, preaches a sermon on the baneful effects of fear on the human mind and body.

Everywhere we see splendid ability tied up, strangled, and compelled to do mediocre work because of the suppressing, discouraging influence of fear. On every hand there are able men whose efforts are nullified, whose ability to achieve is practically ruined by the development of this monster, fear, which will, in time, make the most decided man irresolute ; the ablest man timid and inefficient.

Fear is a great robber of power ; a killer of ability. It paralyzes the thinking faculties, ruins spontaneity, enthusiasm and self-confidence. It has a blighting effect upon all one's thoughts, moods and efforts. It destroys ambition and strangles efficiency.

Not long ago a publication interviewed twenty-five hundred persons and found that they had over seven thousand different fears, such as fear of loss of position, fear of approaching want, fear of contagion, fear of the development of some hidden disease or of some hereditary taint, fear of declining health, fear of death, fear of premature burial, and multitudes of superstitious fears.

With thousands of people the dread of some impending evil is ever present. It haunts them even in their happiest moments. It is the ghost at the banquet, the skeleton in the closet. It is ingrained into their very lives and is emphasized in their excessive timidity, their shrinking, self-conscious bearing.

Some people are afraid of nearly everything. They are afraid of a draught ; afraid of getting chilled or of taking cold ; they are afraid to eat what they want ; they are afraid to venture in business matters for fear of losing their money ; they are afraid of public opinion ; they have a perfect horror of what Mrs. Grundy thinks. They are afraid hard times are coming; afraid of poverty ; afraid of failure ; afraid the crops are going to fail ; afraid of lightning and tornadoes ; their whole lives are filled with fear, fear, fear. Their happiness is poisoned with it so that they never take much pleasure or comfort in anything.

There are many people who have a dread of certain diseases. They picture the horrible symptoms, the loss in personal attractiveness, or the awful pain and suffering that accompanies the disease, and this constant suggestion affects the appetite, impairs nutrition, weakens the resisting power of the body and tends to encourage and develop any possible hereditary taint or disease tendency.

It is well known that during an epidemic people have developed the disease they feared, even before any physical contact was possible by which the contagion could have been imparted to them, because they allowed their minds to dwell on the terrible thing they dreaded.

After giving instances of the shock on the human system of sudden fear, Dr. Marden proceeds to ask, what must be the effect of chronic fear.

Now, if terror can in a short time furnish such a shock to the nervous centres as to whiten the hair in a few hours, what shall we say of the influence of chronic fear, worry and anxiety acting upon the system for many years, thus causing a slow suicide instead of a quick one ?

Who can estimate the fear and suffering caused by the suggestion of heredity ? Children are constantly hearing descriptions of the terrible diseases that carried off their ancestors and naturally watch for the symptoms in themselves.

Think of a child growing up with the constant suggestion thrust into his mind that he has probably inherited cancer or consumption, or something which caused the death of one of his parents and will probably ultimately prove fatal to him ! This constant expectancy of disease has a very depressing influence and handicaps the child's chances at the very beginning of its life.

The secret of achievement is concentration. Worry or fear of any kind is fatal to mental concentration and kills

creative ability. The mind of a Webster could not concentrate when filled with fear, worry or anxiety. When the whole mental organism is vibrating with conflicting emotions, efficiency is impossible. The real suffering in life is not so great, after all. The things which make us prematurely old, which wrinkle our faces, take the elasticity out of our step, the bloom from our cheek, and which rob us of joy are not those which actually happen.

An actress renowned for her great beauty has said : "Anybody who wants to be good-looking must never worry. Worry means ruination, death and destruction to every vestige of beauty. It means loss of flesh, sallowness, telltale lines in the face and no end of disasters. Never mind what happens, an actress must not worry. Once she understands this, she has passed a millstone on the high road to keeping her looks."

What a splendid thing it would be if the habitual worrier could see a picture of himself as he would have been if his mind had always been free from worry! What a shock, but what a help it would be for him to place beside this picture another one of himself as he is ; prematurely old, his face furrowed with deep worry and anxiety wrinkles, shorn of hopefulness and freshness, a picture in which he looks many years older than in the other where he appears fresh, vigorous, optimistic, hopeful, buoyant.

Then the remedy is applied and, with encouraging and uplifting words, Dr. Marden presses home his point.

What is fear ? Whence comes its power to strangle and render weak, poor, and inadequate the lives of so many ? Fear has absolutely no reality. It is purely a mental picture. It is but a bogey of the imagination. The moment we realize this it ceases to have power over us. If we were all properly trained, and were large enough to see that nothing outside of ourselves can work us harm, we would have no fear of anything.

I differ from a physician who has recently stated that the emotion of fear is as normal to the human mind as courage. Nothing is normal which destroys one's ability, blights self-confidence, or strangles ambition. This physician evidently confuses the faculties of caution, prudence and forethought with the fear thought that blights, destroys, and kills.

The faculties of caution and prudence were given us for our protection from danger, to keep us from doing things which would be injurious, but there is not a single saving virtue in fear, as the word is used ordinarily, for its very presence cripples the normal functions of all of the mental faculties. The Creator never put into His own image that which would impair efficiency, cause distress or destroy happiness. The exercise of every normal faculty or quality tends to enhance, promote and increase the best in us. Otherwise it would not be normal. We might as well say that discord is normal and therefore a good thing, as to say that fear is normal.

Every time you feel fear coming into your mind, shut it out as quickly as possible and apply the antidote—fearlessness, assurance. Think courage. Picture yourself as absolutely fearless. Say to yourself, "I am no coward. Cowards fear and cringe and crawl but I am a man. Fear is a child's frailty. It is not for grown-ups. I positively refuse to stoop to such a degrading thing. Fear is an abnormal mental process and I am normal. Fear has nothing to do with me. It can not influence me, for I will not harbor it. I will have nothing to do with it. I will not allow it to cripple my career."

Whatever your vocation or condition in life, be sure that you get rid of fear; that you get it out of your life, root and branch. You will never obtain free, untrammeled self-expression otherwise.

It is a curious fact that everything that is disagreeable assumes exaggerated shape at night. Financial embarrassment, an overdue note or a maturing mortgage which we can not meet, takes a most serious form in the awful silence of the darkness. Even little things, which merely annoy us during the day, sometimes torture us at night. The imagination is then extremely active, because all the objective processes are shut out of the mind, and it pictures evil with great vividness and sharpness of outline.

How changed everything is in the morning ! Those awful images which robbed us of sleep have lost much of their hideousness, and we feel ashamed that we should have allowed troubles that are insignificant in the daytime to grow into mountains and torture us.

As long as you are afraid of poverty and have a horror of coming to want, your mind attracts the very thing you dread. Fear saps your courage, kills self-confidence, paralyzes initiative, totally unfits your mind for productiveness and makes you less and less able to cope with hard conditions. You will never be anything but a beggar while you think a pauper's thoughts or bear

a beggar's attitude. You will be poor while you fear poverty, think failure thoughts and dread failure. What you think determines your destiny; thought controls fate.

If you keep the thought of disease out of your mind, you will more easily keep the reality out of your body.

When the human mind is perfectly free, the body will come into perfect harmont, for the body follows the mind. It is only a reflection of the habitual thought. What we think and what we have thought make us what we are. If we think slavery, if we are convinced that we are slaves of disease, we are slaves. We never shall get physical freedom until we get mental freedom.

A Day With a Mannequin

What is a mannequin? some may ask. Perhaps a mannequin may best be described by an incident recorded at the opening of an article on the subject in the *Strand Magazine.*

At four o'clock on a summer's afternoon, while all the fashionable world was in the Park, a taxi-cab stopped at the Marble Arch and an elegantly-dressed young lady alighted. Her figure, her carriage, the cut and material of her frock—all her appointments were of the most charming description, and bespoke taste and affluence. Choosing the right-hand path, she continued slowly, gracefully, until she reached the crowded lawn in front of Stanhope Gate, where she paused for perhaps ten minutes, the observed of all observers. She then proceeded onwards to the next cluster at the Achilles Statute, where she again paused—this time for five minutes, displaying her frock and millinery to the greatest advantage. At the expiration of half an hour, still alone, still dignified, still serious, perhaps (if one scrutinized her closely enough) a little wistful, the beautifully-gowned young lady passed out at Apsley House archway, hailed another taxi-cab, and was driven rapidly to Bond Street.

Who was she? Why had she come? Had she expected to meet someone?

Briefly, this young woman was a missionary. For fear of being misunderstood, let me hasten to add that there are missionaries and missionaries. This was a missionary in the cause of dress.

She promenaded the fashionable thoroughfares of London in order to focus upon her clothes, the gaze of admiring women, who would as a result be anxious to secure something of a similar nature for themselves. A fortnight later on perhaps several other ladies appear in the Park, all wearing dresses obviously based on the lovely apparition. But what a difference! It is not that the dresses are less beautiful but the wearers cannot carry them with the same grace.

The mannequin is a new institution. A few years ago the very word was unheard of in London dressmaking establishments, just as it is still little known in New York. We spoke of "a dress or cloak model" or "one of the young ladies in the show-room," but "mannequin" would have been an as unintelligible as "chaffeur" a few years earlier. Both words are French designations; but what a gulf separates a stoker from a chauffeur, or a mannequin from a "show-room model." Court dressmakers now advertise for mannequins in the newspapers, and a far more refined and educated class of girl answer the advertisements than ever applied for such situations in the old days before Englishwomen became so keenly interested in dress. In their ignorance many of them suppose that the character is something to be assumed "just for fun"—a mere matter of trying on beautiful garments without either skill or training on their part. Certainly there are some who are born mannequins, who combine a beauty and grace of figure with a passion for wearing lovely clothes which they cannot afford. Such is the case of the founder of the Mannequins' Club, a country parson's daughter, who frankly confesses that she revels in her duties.

"I might have been a typist, a suffragette, or gone on the stage," she says. "I became a mannequin. I wear forty thousand pounds' worth of dresses a year. No Princess in Europe does that. I gorge my soul all day in color and ornament, and there is no reaction except the one of slight physical fatigue which would exist in any call-

ing. Moreover, I am independent, and am earning my living. I am admired all day long, without boring an audience by pretending I can act."

But this belongs to the romance of the mannequin. The primary essential is that she should possess a good figure and the social historian of the future may find a table of her proportions valuable—such as a twenty-two to twenty-three inch waist measurement; forty to forty-two hip measure; and a thirty-four to thirty-six bust. The wearing of a forty-two inch skirt is the guide for height. Other dimensions, such as length of arm and breadth of shoulders, have also to be considered. In many establishments, especially those in Paris, the slightest deviation from the foregoing scale will debar a candidate. But that is not all that is imperatively required. There is grace of movement and carriage and deportment.

"I am very sorry," remarked a modiste to a beautiful girl who had presented herself, "but there is a suggestion of jerkiness in your gait. Otherwise you are perfect. Good morning!"

Robust health and good spirits—a temper that is never ruffled—are also indispensable. Most of us have had visions of a line of charming, graceful young women displaying the latest Paris fashions or the "creations" of Hanover Square all bright and smiling, as if they were enjoying themselves immensely. Some of them are. Others find the role of living doll onerous. There was a recent Paris law-suit where the reason alleged by the proprietor of an establishment in the Rue de la Paix for dismissing his mannequin was that his customers complained that she looked "disagreeable and fatigued." In another establishment lolling attitudes or awkward movements are punished by a fine. "Fined for lolling twice, two francs." "Ah, a franc a loll. Cheap luxury."

The mannequin assists at the birth of many famous "creations." With the mannequin before him as inspiration, a milliner or dressmaker can picture results, which he gives in detail to the draughtswoman. She makes a sketch of them. Materials are then bought and patterns cut to match the design. In three days more the idea is complete and the mannequin is wearing the new design.

There is, as I have mentioned above, a Mannequins' Club, which meets (some members at least of it) daily at a certain tea-shop not far from Hanover Square. It deserves to be famous. The modest boast of its fifteen members is that it is the best-dressed club in Europe. But perhaps this is not quite accurate. As a club it is distinctly not well-dressed, which is hardly remarkable considering the average income of its members does not exceed thirty shillings a week. But they have their moments, and ere the bus bears this one to Camden Town and this other to Pimlico one over-hears such talk as this:—

"I wore to-day three street gowns, four new tea-gowns—very chic—five evening gowns, and a Court robe, with a train of silver cloth studded with pearls."

"Really? You must have looked charming." (Not a syllable, by the way of her interlocutor's being overdressed, as a chance auditor might expect.) "As for me, I wore eight evening gowns and two Court gowns, one with a perfect dream of a train of azure brocade, trimmed with old lace."

When we have followed a mannequin through her long day of continual costume changing, incessant posing, perpetual acting of the part of the agreeable lay figure; standing in this light or in that, parading the length of the show-room or just taking a few steps, we must not think that we have seen the whole of her work. During the slack hours, when she is not on show for customers, the mannequin is used as a living block for the trying-on of sample costumes. For this she must pose to a designer, who fits and refits and takes off a garment a dozen times.

She must also pose frequently for the photographic fashion-plate is gradually supplanting the hand-made variety, especially in Paris; and it is itself something of an art to make an effective display of the points of a costume before the camera.

No man's credit is so bad that he cannot borrow trouble.—*Jean Milne*

The unattainable is always desirable and the undesirable is always unattainable.—*Jean Milne*

The Business Management of Cities

As James Oliver Curwood points out in *The Book-keeper,* it is in the smaller centres of population in the United States and Canada, that the greatest strides have been made in the direction of business-like municipal government. We read a great deal about the movements in the big cities, but we know very little about what is going on in the towns.

Mr. Curwood prefaces his article with an interesting story about Marshall Field's attitude towards civic administration.

The mayor of Chicago and one of his chief lieutenants once paid a visit to the late Marshall Field to discuss with him a municipal project upon which the city's head wanted the advice and possible co-operation of the great merchant prince. The visit consumed the greater part of an afternoon, during which Mr. Field piloted his guests on a sight-seeing tour "behind the scenes" of his world-famous store. When it was over, the mayor of Chicago laughingly said:

"Now, Mr. Field, if we could only run Chicago as you run your department store——"

He got no farther, for in an instant he had touched upon a live wire.

"If you could," cried Mr. Field eagerly, "you would have a model town for the world to follow, and would make our taxation per capita lower than that of any other city in the United States. If you could run this city like a department store it would be an investment for the people that would pay them an annual dividend of millions of dollars. But it would have to be run like a department store, and not like a junk-shop. The city has its departments, dozens and scores of them; this store has its departments, hundreds of them. Here the head of every department is a scientist in his line, a specialist. My 'linen' man knows nothing of boots and shoes, and he is the best I can hire. My 'silk' man saves me thousands of dollars annually, because he is a specialist. What would you think of my business methods if I placed a skilled dry-goods man at the head of a grocery department? Yet that is just what is happening in our experiments in municipal ownership. I know of a man who has been in the wholesale hardware business all of his life who has been placed at the head of a municipal lighting plant. It is such unbusiness-like and undepartment-store-like methods that will kill the municipal ownership idea in this country."

Canada, acording to Mr. Curwood, has been making a splendid fight during the past eight years to demonstrate the efficiency of municipal ownership. He quotes Sir Wilfrid Laurier's dictum, "Municipal ownership proves itself a failure where the cart is placed before the horse. Towns and cities must be governed by the will of its business men instead of its politicians, and municipal ownership will successfully follow."

Having special facilities for studying the question, Mr. Curwood throws some interesting light on the movement in Fort William and Port Arthur.

In 1907 the writer was detailed to make a study of the municipal ownership movement in Canada, which had then reached the height of its popularity. The whole country was aglow with promise, from Toronto to the western mountains. Three out of four western towns and cities had already inaugurated municipal ownership, or were planning to bring it about in one form or another, and upon paper it looked as though taxation would no longer be a thorn in the flesh to Canadian citizens. In the twin cities of Thunder Bay, Port Arthur and Fort William, each with a population of about 15,000 people, enthusiasm ran so high that there were those who said the towns would shortly pay dividends to their citizens! With one exception there was not a franchise in the two cities not owned by the citizens themselves. That one exception was the Bell Telephone franchise. The wires and poles of the company were still in the streets, but were regarded by the peo-

ple as practically worthless, as seven out of eight telephones used were those owned by the cities. The citizens of Fort William owned their electric light and telephone systems, their water works and even a municipal theater and a city dance hall! Port Arthur owned the electric railway of both towns (now jointly owned), its electric and telephone systems, its water works and 1,500 acres of valuable land fringing the Bay, which meant about one-half acre for every taxpayer. Everything was paying—at that time, and taxes had been reduced. The municipal theater, seating 600 people, was paying 8 per cent. on the investment, and would have paid twenty had the people of Fort William been in the business for money alone. The telephone was paying, the railways seemed to be paying, and the municipal ownership scheme had reached such a point of "perfection" that the conductors on the city street cars were city policemen! Most important of all, a city power plant, the pride of Port Arthur, had been built and equipped at a large expense on the Current River just outside the city limits. "In a few more years," said the optimist, "Port Arthur will be earning money to such an extent for its citizens that it will pay dividends, like a mining stock."

Almost immediately came the smash. So quickly that it staggered "municipal ownerites," the whole municipally owned mechanism began going to pieces. Within a year dividends on paper became enormous losses in reality, and both cities suddenly awoke to the fact that the entire running scheme as perfected and advertised by their citizens was wrong. All the trouble was due to one thing—bad business management. Politics still ran the towns instead of the business man, and like a deluge of ice water came the stunning realization that politicians could not run a municipally owned town without ruining it. For the first time it dawned upon the people that a grain elevator man could not profitably run an electric lighting plant, or a shoemaker govern intelligently in the affairs of a modern trolley line. It was laughable to some outsiders and at first a great deal of fun was poked at Port Arthur and Fort William. Said one Port Arthur man to the writer. "Because a man can make good cider and can make the most of a barrel of apples, is it reasonable to suppose that he can achieve the same success in making electric 'juice' for running of a railway? That's about the way we've reasoned here."

From that time the business men of the twin cities began making a tremendous fight. A non-political party arose which demanded for the head of each municipal department a highly skilled and highly paid official—an expert electrician for the electrical department, an expert telephone man for that department, and so on. But it was and has been an uphill fight because the towns made such serious blunders in municipal ownership at the start, and new conditions are only now beginning to evolve themselves out of chaos. Last year it was found that on account of the rapid growth of Port Arthur the power plant which was to supply the city "for a quarter of a century" could no longer satisfactorily light the town and run its cars! As Mr. Laurier said, "The cart was placed before the horse" in Port Arthur, and once municipal affairs are hitched up in this manner it is not as easy to make the proper changes as one might suppose.

The experiences of Port Arthur and Fort William, however, have formed a tremendously valuable object lesson for every other town and city in Canada, and these towns and cities have profited by "looking on" just as American towns and cities are profiting by Canada's experiments as a whole. While Port Arthur has been struggling to right herself, scores of places west of the twin cities have come under the actual and absolute control of business men, and municipal ownership is achieving its deserved successes on their rule. Kenora, with a population of 7,500, runs its own electric light and telephone systems at a profit which cuts down the rates a half, and at Fort Frances, with only 1,800 people, water, sewerage and electric light systems are being perfected under municipal control. These are only two of seventy-eight cities and towns west of New Ontario that have either developed or are planning to develop the municipal ownership idea, and with only five exceptions these places are evading the greatest peril to municipal ownership by placing skilled men at the heads of departments.

The business man is coming into control of civic affairs in the United States also, though the movement is at least three years older in Canada.

Porfirio Diaz, the Uncrowned King of Mexico

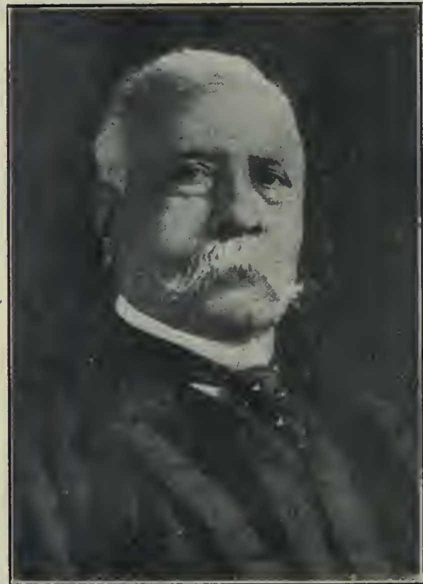
For the eighth consecutive time, Porfirio Diaz has been chosen president of the Republic of Mexico, a record unique in the annals of republican government. A short character sketch of him, as one of the great men of modern times is contributed to *Great Thoughts,* by James Johnston.

For above a quarter of a century his will has been practically supreme in Mexico, the present wealth and prosperity of which country may not unjustly be entirely credited to his vigorous government. In spite of being frequently described as a despot, he has provided for Mexico such aids to liberty as free schools, a free press, and a free ballot. Upon the point of personal habits President Diaz cultivates the severest simplicity of Spartan type, his carriage is perfectly plain, the driver wearing no livery, and, not seldom, the President prefers the use of the democratic tramcar to even that. His courtesy and urbanity to all who come into contact with him have been the theme alike of travelers and of residents in the country.

Than the wonderful achievements and elevation of President Diaz compared with his humble origin romance has scarcely a more dramatic page.

Born of peasant rank at Oaxaca, on September 15th, 1833, Porfirio Diaz left the primary school at seven, swept and helped for a year in the country store of Joaquin Vasconcelos; then attended the secondary schools till he was fourteen, and later entered the seminary. He had been designed by his parents for the Church, but after a brief course in theology he decided to turn to law. The meson had failed, his mother was forced to sell her lands, and this change of profession enraged the influential friends of the family. But the boy supported himself by tutoring and by a petty librarianship and completed his four years' course in the Institute. Before graduation he was made Professor of Roman Law and then entered the law office of Governor Juarez and Marcos Perez.

As a youth, he excelled in Mexico's national role—horsemanship—and, at an early period took the field as a revolutionist. Throughout something approaching five and twenty years, Diaz spent his life in the saddle, engaged in skirmishes, guerilla fighting, sieges, attacks, etc., of the most extraordinary and thrilling kind. Leading a charmed existence and escaping a thousand perils, he eventually emerged the strong man, destined to devote himself to the building up of his native land on lines of constructive and pacific policy. "His was the most prominent figure," a writer eloquently remarks, "in the last and most bloody of the revolutions of Mexico. His personal courage, his dash, the extraordinary rapidity of his combinations, enabled him to crush his enemies until they were without even hope. Yet when his exertions in the field had raised him to the position of virtual Dictator, he turned to the arts of peace, rescued his country from anarchy, ruthlessly cut down wasteful expenditure, restored credit and financial stability, instituted a system of education, and made life and property as safe as they are in advanced European countries. What he has accomplished is the strongest evidence and originality



PORFIRIO DIAZ
President of Mexico

of his mind." This, be it noticed, in a land which for more than half a century, from 1823 till 1876, had a record of chronic disorder and civil war.

Within the period just named, Mexico had fifty-two presidents or dictators, an emperor, and a regency; and in nearly every case the change of administration was brought about with violence, a marked proportion of these rulers being ultimately shot by some opposing faction. Of this group the most successful was the celebrated Benito Juarez, who passed away in 1872.

In the light of recent Mexican annals, President Diaz stands in line with the greatest makers of Latin Republics in South America, with Bolivar, with General Roca, of the Argentine Republic, or, again, if a European comparison may be drawn, Diaz combines in himself the superb qualities which gave Garibaldi and Cavour respectively, world-famous renown.

Mexico is the oldest country in the New World, with an unmistakable civilization a thousand years back. Yet no country has passed through such vicissitudes. From the Toltecs in the early days, through the Aztec Empire, to the Spanish conquest in 1519, then three centuries of oppression, followed by fifty years of disorder, it never had a chance to progress until Porfirio Diaz became its head.

Edward, the King of France

The affection which the French people had for King Edward has been the subject of much comment since the sovereign's death. No better picture of the way in which this affection was manifested has yet appeared than in John F. Macdonald's contribution on the subject to the *Fortnightly Review.*

Upon the occasions of his private visits to Paris, en route for Biarritz, all Paris turned out, at some hour or another, to see and "salute" the royal traveler. Crowds assembled to cheer him on his arrival at the Gare du Nord. M. Bertrand, the small bourgeois, and his wife and the little Bertrands "occupied" penny chairs on the Champs Elysees, in order to catch a glimpse of the King as he drove out into the Bois. Numbers of other Parisians loitered outside the abodes of his Majesty's intimate friends—the rez-de-chaussee of General de Galliffet, the fine mansion of the Duc de Talleyrand-Perigord, the vast studio of Edouard Detaille; old, dear friends the King never failed to visit. The General was crippled with rheumatism, the Duke (formerly the elegant, dashing Prince de Sagan) had been stricken down by the deadliest paralysis:—"Edouard remembers his friends. That is Edouard all over," remarked Paris. Then, a call upon wonderful Rodin, calls in the Faubourg St. Germain, dinner at the Hotel Bristol or the Cafe Anglais (the last of the quiet Empire restaurants), and the theatre. Two private boxes thrown into one for the King and his suite. Murmurs all over the house when his Majesty entered. "How he appreciates the subtleties of our language," exclaimed the stall-holders, when King Edward laughed. "Edouard s'amuse," said the gallery. "He is the most Parisian of kings," said the upper circle. The fact was, the spectators were more interested in the King than in the play. They waited for him to give (as the French journalist has it) the "signal for applause." They were out of the theatre in time to see "Edouard" step into his electric car. Hats off, more cheers—and a smile of acknowledgment from "l'ami de la France."

"Edouard!"

The workman, the cocher, the charming "midinette," Gavroche the street gamin, the "sergent de ville," the pretty bareheaded girls from the "blanchisserie," all were devoted admirers of King Edward the Seventh. I have heard a "sergot" say to a colleague—"Edouard drove by ten minutes ago. Naturally, I saluted. Edouard—I swear it—nodded his head. Well, mon vieux, it is something to be noticed by Edouard." Then, this appreciation from a Gavroche to another Gavroche—"Chic, chic, chic. A shining hat, a buttonhole of carnations, a white waistcoat, a big cigar. I cried 'Vive Edouard'—and he smiled. Mon petit, I assure you he smiled." And next, the charming "midinettes" who work in the fashionable dressmaking shops in the neighborhood of the Hotel Bristol. (Elsewhere, I have already de-

scribed the doings of the "midinettes" on the Place Vendome ; but these doings were so delightful that I beg leave to repeat myself.) Well, at noon, their luncheon hour, Mdlles. les Midinettes assembled in front of the Bristol, and there, under the windows of the Royal apartments, Marie the blonde, and Charlotte the brune, and Juliette the rousse, devoured hot fried potatoes and galantine sandwiches, and quenched their thirst with milk and weak wine-and-water drunk out of medicine bottles. Distinguished callers at the hotel—even the solemn porter at the door—smiled upon the scene. "Edouard will not drive out for another half-an-hour," said a friendly "sergent de ville." "On attendra voila tout," replied the girls. "Here he is—attention," excitedly cried the constable, when the thirty minutes were up. And then what shrill cries from Mdlles. Marie, Charlotte, and Juliette of "Vive le Roi" and "Vive Edouard ;" and what smiles, and what a waving of handkerchiefs, and—yes, what a throwing of penny bunches of violets when the King, himself smiling, raised his hat ! The fashionable dressmakers declared that his Majesty's visits to Paris were disorganising. Returned to their shops, Mdlles. les Midinettes neglected their work in order to describe infinite length, the exact impression made on them by King Edward. Said Mdlle. Marie, "He is all that is distinguished." Said Mdlle Charlotte, "What style, what supreme elegance ;" said Mdlle. Juliette. "Epatant simply epatant." And sighed faded, sentimental Mdlle. Berthe, the overseer in the room, "He is incomparable."

"Edouard !"

Even in sleepy, obscure villages the King's name was honored (and here again I venture to repeat myself). The village of Santois, for instance—with a population of four hundred peasants and a rugged, weather-beaten farmer, in sabots and a blue blouse, for mayor. But upon one particular occasion when I met the Santois official, he was wearing huge, creaking boots, a fat buttonhole of rustic flowers, and a wonderful old frock-coat : and was entertaining a number of villagers to a "lunch" (so he called it) of hard, sugared biscuits and atrocious sweet champagne in the inn of "The Rabbit that Limps."

"You have arrived just in time," said M. le Maire. "I am celebrating the birth of the Entente Cordiale Twins."

Amazement of myself.

"Yes, the Entente Twins," reiterated the Mayor. "They were born—strong, admirable boys—three days ago. And I have named the one Armand, after M. Armand Fallieres, the President of the Republic, and the second Edouard, after your great King."

"Vive Armand ! Vive Edouard !" cried the peasants. "Rosbif—Milord—Pale Ale —You love me?—Yes, my dear—'Ooray,' strangely shouted the landlord, a bibulous soul.

Then, toasts in the atrocious champagne, to Mme. Fallieres and to Queen Alexandra. Another to "la vieille Angleterre ;" after which, of course, I proposed "la belle France." Pointing to a villager, M. le Maire said, "Hippolyte, you are a musician. So play us the two National Anthems." And on the old, exhausted yellow-keyed piano of "The Rabbit that Limps," Hippolyte the peasant, with his clumsy, knotted fingers, strummed out the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King."

"Edouard."

Thus familiarly and affectionately, was King Edward the Seventh called by the Parisians.

"Edouard, l'ami de la France."

* * * * *

Paris has seen the funeral procession—on the kinematograph, and the spectators have never failed to rise from their seats when, as the hidden orchestra has played Chopin's solemn March, the gun-carriage has passed.

"After it had passed," a French friend tells me, "we all recognised with emotion the dog—Edouard's terrier, who used to be lifted so carefully, so ceremoniously out of the Royal train at the Gare du Nord. Once on the platform, it barked at your Ambassador and at M. Lepine, the Chief of the Police. How Edouard laughed ! The smallest human incident interested or amused him : a policeman, for instance, helping an old woman across the street, a gamin clinging round a lamp-post in order to have a good look at him, a superannuated soldier with a glorious medal, a street accident (upon which he made inquiries), convalescents taking air in a hospital garden, old Crainquebille with his barrow of vegetables, the chiffonier picking up cigar stumps—que sais-je encore ? Ah, le brave homme, le bon roi ! He was Edouard, King of England ; but he was also in a measure Edouard, King of France. You know a street in Paris is to be named after him ?"

"In which district ?" I ask.

"That has not yet been determined," replies my friend. "But it should be in the neighbourhood of Henri Quatre's statue."

In Defence of Baseball Slang

In a recent number of *The Literary Digest,* the editor makes reference to an agitation, which is being carried on by some purists of the press, to eliminate slang from baseball stories and substitute plain English. The extent to which slang is used in the accounts of baseball games may be best understood by a reference to the experience of a New York German paper. This paper had rigorously excluded all English words from its columns, but it finally had to give in when it came to baseball. There was no way of adequately and effectively describing the game without employing the vernacular.

Ever since baseball began, it has had a language of its own. The slang that the baseball writer is accused of slinging so profusely has become inseparably a part of the game. It is hot off the bat, it is brief and graphic. It tells its story tersely and always to the point.

There is a picturesqueness in the line of goods handled by the baseball writer that you don't stack up against anywhere else in the paper. The English he uses may not be errorless and some of it may be unintelligible to the common herd, but it is vivid, concise, and usually coherent. And if I remember correctly, my dear old college professor was always strong for vividness and conciseness.

The excitement and exuberance of the game could not be conveyed in ordinary language to the satisfaction of its devotee.

Being picturesque and alive, he demands that whatever is written about the game shall have similar qualities. He refuses to find pleasure in a style that is used in describing a convention, a banquet, or a meeting of the Blacksmiths' Union. He doesn't care about the English of it so long as there is life and vigor in the details that he is reading. To gain this effect the baseball writer has laid most of the hard-and-fast rules he learned in college on the back shelf and has evolved a set of his own that suits his purpose as nicely as a three-bagger fills the bill with two men on and two runs needed to win.

English that the college professor would O.K. was never intended for the sporting page, least of all the baseball column.

To prove his point the expert presents a baseball report in language designed to pass the censorship of the purist:

The baseball game yesterday between the teams representing the cities of Providence and Rochester, respectively, was one of the most exciting affairs ever seen at Melrose Park. The young men on both teams played marvelously well and proved themselves adept in every department. As Providence made four runs, while its opponent was making three, it won the game.

"Thanks to the ability of Mr. Roy Rock, the Providence short-stop, in hitting the baseball, the men representing this city were able to get their four runs. Mr. Rock distinguished himself by hitting the ball hard in the fifth inning, with two runners on base, sending it so far he was enabled to reach third base before it was retrieved. Needless to say the two runners scored.

"In the seventh inning also, Mr. Rock made another long hit which brought in two more runs. His skill in this respect was the subject of considerable favorable comment on the bleachers and in the grand stand."

Now, for comparison follows an account of the same game in the vernacular:

"The Grays and the Hustlers slambanged each other in the final game of the series yesterday afternoon, and the Grays ran away with the candy, 4 to 3. Both teams uncorked the ginger bottle at the getaway and danced through the whole performance for the snappiest work of the season.

"Rock was the star with the stick. The little Centerdale lad toed the plate with two in the fifth, bumped a bender on the trademark, and zipped it to the fence for a triple. He encored in the seventh for a smashing single, and the bleachers aeroplaned their emotions as two more tallies tickled the scoreboard."

Athletics as An Aid to Business

The belief that the efficiency of the worker is greatly enhanced by physical training is becoming more and more apparent to the business man. The employer is no longer content to let his employes live without opportunities for improving and maintaining their health and strength. What is being done by some big firms in the United States is described by George Jean Nathan in *Harper's Weekly*.

One of the best examples of how athletics has been made to increase the working value of a business establishment is that of a large life-insurance company. The office building has been equipped with a complete gymnasium and shower-baths, a competent athletic instructor has been retained, and a schedule of athletic work has been mapped out for employes, both male and female. The gymnasium occupies the eleventh floor, and here, during the luncheon hour, directly after business hours, and on specified evenings during the week, the employes are given physical training. The women are provided with a special instructress on Wednesdays. There are organized basketball teams during the winter months. In spring and summer the gymnasium is moved up to the roof.

In addition a football team has been organized, and this, together with the baseball and basketball teans, plays off a series of games with the other teams composing the business athletic association known as the Commercial League.

Although athletic exercise in conjunction with business is not insisted upon by the officials of this company, the majority of the employes have entered into the movement with enthusiasm. It is an interesting chronicle, furthermore, that the efficiency of the great working staff has been found to have increased wonderfully since the "athletic alliance" has been put into practice. The heads of the various departments assert that not only has an esprit de corps been generated, but those of the employes who avail themselves of the athletic schedule are more fit for strong work than are those who skip it.

"You will find, too," says the instructor, "that on Thursdays, the day following the lack of gymnasium work for the men, the employes do not give nearly the impression of alertness that they evidence on the other days." The instructor keeps his eyes on the physical condition of the clerks not only during gymnasium hours, but also during his rounds of the departments throughout the day. Thus he is enabled to notice sagging vitality and to suggest to the employes so affected the remedy. The heads of the departments declare that the athletic movement perfected by the officials has succeeded in doubling the efficiency of the different staffs of workers under their immediate charge.

The officials of another life-insurance company, although they have not as yet elaborated their athletic-business system to the same extent, have declared themselves similarly in favor of the idea. The president and the associate actuary of the company have provided silver cups to be awarded to those of the clerical staff who shall perfect their physical well-being to the extent of winning points at the two yearly office field meets. In addition, three medals are presented in each event as a further stimulus and incentive for the men. At each of these meets, which are attended by the officers in person, all twelve departments of the companv are represented on the athletic field. There is a regularly organized baseball team, and a gymnastic schedule will be put into operation as soon as a gymnasium can be rigged up.

The owner of one of the large department stores is a thorough believer in the value and importance of athletics as a means of furthering the working ability of his employes, and he loses no opportunity to exploit his ideas on the subject. His employes have been encouraged by him to organize an athletic association, and their numerous baseball and golf teams have received substantial help from his hands in the way of outfits and playing paraphernalia. In order that the small boys who work in his stores should not be overlooked in his athletic-trade campaign, he has sanctioned and helped along a system of military exercises and drills. For this purpose he has set aside the fourteenth floor of his building. Directly after business hours on

Tuesdays and Fridays the boys, two hundred and seventy-five strong, are put through the exercises. Uniforms and guns have been supplied to them gratis, and every inducement is held out to make them indulge in the work. A regularly organized summer camp has been put into operation, and there, in the warm months, the boys are given courses in military training.

Several stores have gathered together their employes into an athletic league that wages contests in such sports as baseball, basketball, bowling, etc. Many firms arrange annual field days for their clerks. During the luncheon hours, the roof of the building of one large department store is thrown open to the clerks, and there, any day, they may be seen going through "breathing exercises," "muscle tests," and like forms of light, though beneficial, exercises. At different times during the year a physical-culture expert is brought to the store to explain to the employes in just what ways they can derive the best results from what we may term "on the spot" exercises—that is, those physical movements incidental to their duties which make for erect carriage, deep breathing, easy stride, and general bodily benefit.

To illustrate more intimately just what is meant by such "on the spot" exercises, the best example is to be had from the courses of physical instruction that have been given to female employes of this same department store. The young women have been formed into classes, and, on one of the upper floors of the building, have been given an odd schedule of instruction in exercises by a woman who has made a study of so-called "shop physical culture." The women clerks are taught the proper way to reach for boxes from the shelves, the best way to handle the boxes, the most beneficial way to walk and sit, the proper way to breathe, the best manner in which to pile up heavy rolls of drygoods—to sum up, the way in which to build up their bodies through attention to the seemingly minor details of their work. The idea has proved itself productive of good results. The firm maintains a home on the Jersey coast where its women clerks are sent during the summer months to add to their store of health. It is interesting to note, in addition, that the firm employs a physician to keep a constant watch on the condition of its employes, that it has a hospital department in conjunction with its establishment, and that, finally, it hires a chiropodist whose sole duty it is to look out for the care of the feet of those of its clerks whose duties keep them constantly standing or walking about the store.

The shop-gymnasium movement has spread throughout the manufacturing districts of the Eastern States. Athletics has come to be a valuable adjunct to trade. The movement has already assumed considerable proportions, and the results make assurance of that spread doubly sure.

The Motor Car as An Agent for Good

The contention that the automobile serves no good purpose and is indeed a danger to the community receives a vigorous denial in the Motor Age. It has its economic advantages.

Those who fail to see the real merit of a motor-car will naturally want to know how it increases the productiveness of the owner. This is readily answered by taking the case of any practising physician who employs his motor-car to visit patients, instead of his discarded horse-drawn vehicle. Physicians in every State in the Union admit that their earning-powers have been in some cases quadrupled by the motor-car. Their value as individuals has been increased because of the time saved by means of swifter transportation and also means of increased health, due to shorter hours, alone made possible by the motor-car. The case of the motor-car adding to the productiveness of the individual in the case of the physician, is but one of the many examples.

It is an acknowledged fact that the motor-car is an agent for good health, and so is directly responsible for a great increase in the producing ability of the individual. It is healthier to the citizen to go to his work in his car in the open air than it is in the ill-ventilated smoker on the steam railroad, the elevated train, or the subway. It is a fact that in large cities it was impossible for citizens to get in the open air of the country with horse-drawn vehicles, whereas the motor-

car brings the country to within a half-hour's ride of the business centre, or the residential district. This great trend toward increasing the bodily condition of producers is one vast factor of importance in the national status of the motor-car.

Instead of being a non-productive industry, the manufacture of automobiles and their subsequent operation gives employment to a vast army of people.

If the motor-car industry is a non-productive one, then all like industries are non-productive. The motor-car is as essential a means of transportation to-day as is the railroad train, the ocean steamer, the street car, the elevated train, or the horse-drawn vehicle. If the motor-car industry is a non-productive one, and if the able-bodied men engaged in it are withdrawn from productive usefulness, then every person engaged in the manufacture and operation of railroad locomotives, passenger coaches, Pullman cars, street cars, subway cars, elevated cars, horse vehicles of every sort, lake steamers, etc., is also withdrawn from productive usefulness, and a great army of manufacturers engaged in manufacturing and operating these different vehicles of transportation are as unproductive as the members of a standing army in times of peace. Mr. Talbert has apparently overlooked entirely the fact that the progress of the world has ever been and ever will be commensurate with the progress made in transportation. The great aim and goal in transportation is the reduction of the time factor. The bicycle would never have been introduced had it not offered a speedier method of individual locomotion than existed at that time and because it afforded a means that was preferable to horse-drawn vehicles in the minds of great masses. The motor-car would never have been introduced had it not offered a speedier and more comfortable method of locomotion than is possible with horse-drawn vehicles. So it is with every new means of locomotion. It offers advantages over past methods, advantages which sooner or later appeal to practically the entire community.

Benjamin Briscoe declares that, to a great extent, the automobile is coming to be a business vehicle rather than a vehicle of pleasure. All cars up to a value of $1,250 are for a considerable part of the time used for business purposes—that is, as an aid in one way or another in production. He believes that fully one-half of the cars to which the next two classes belong—that is, cars selling at from $1,250 to $2,000 and from $2,000 to $3,000—are devoted to commercial purposes, and hence represent improvement in the facility with which production is secured. If we "follow the dollar paid for the automobile" we find that it is distributed in almost countless directions. It becomes wages for working men, it builds homes, educates children, furnishes employment for almost every class and kind of mechanic; moreover it has brought the country nearer the city, raised land values in nearly all sections, cured sick people, made the strong stronger, wiped out border lines, and aided in the work of binding the sections of the country together. H. E. Coffin declares that the money we spend in motor-cars is far surpassed by the sums which are laid out for other things that could be dispensed with. He says:

"We will spend for intoxicants alone during 1910 $1,800,000,000—five times as much as for motor-cars. During 1910 we will spend for tobacco $800,000,000—between two and three times as much as for motor-cars. For life insurance we will invest $550,000,000. Now, we can't help believing that a little economy in the money spent for booze and tobacco might be a very good thing for us all and it would not take very much economy upon these items to buy a lot of automobiles.

"Life insurance is a very good thing—after a man is dead. But unless a man is 86 years of age, and has married a young wife, it is a ten-to-one shot that his family would rather have him spend a thousand dollars for a health-giving and life-prolonging family motor-car than to lay up his coin in the form of a cash consolation after he has been buried. It is barely possible, too, that he might so prolong his life as to take care of the insurance policy, as well as of tires, gasoline, and lubricating-oil."

The Nature of Disease and of its Cure

By

Dr. James Frederick Rogers

A lucid explanation of just what disease is, appears in the *Popular Science Monthly* from the pen of Dr. Rogers, of Yale University. While we are accustomed to regard disease as an evil, Dr. Rogers points out that actually disease is a good thing.

Disease is a life-saving effort of the body, directed by its inner consciousness, in ridding itself of harmful substances within, or of compensating for injured or overworked organs. It is the next best thing to health in that it is nature's way of attempting to bring the body back to that harmonious working of all parts which we call health, and often also of producing protecting substances which prevent future injury from the same source.

In primitive times, disease was explained as the presence in the body of an evil spirit. This spirit disturbed the harmony of the body, causing it to reject and eject food, racking it with pain, burning it with fever and even talking through its lips in incoherent or mysterious utterances.

Such being the cause for his sufferings, the primitive man was prompt to see that the cure should be the driving out of the evil spirit which had taken up its abode in the body, by the most appropriate methods. The medicine man of the tribe assumed a superior knowledge in such affairs and took upon himself the responsibility of dealing with these unseen powers. Working upon the reasonable assumption that what appealed to human senses must also appeal to the dwellers in the spirit realm, that what was agreeable or disagreeable to one must be agreeable or disagreeable to the other, this healer proceeded to make it very unpleasant for the tormentor of the sick man by appearing before him in his most hideous garb, by the repetition of frightful cries and thunderous thumpings upon his tom-tom, while draughts made of the most vile and disgusting substances were poured down the throat of the victim in the hope that the spirit would be induced to let go his hold and depart. It was the most logical treatment imaginable, and it seemed so proved by the fact that the sick man very often recovered. Nor did the primitive mind stop at the mere driving out of the source of disease, but followed up its success in this direction by equally rational attempts at prevention by the wearing of some magic object to keep away the demon of sickness in the future.

But as time passed men began to note that certain physical conditions had a good deal to do with the presence of sickness. Extremes of heat and cold, dampness, lack of food seemed to be causes of ill-health. Then it was discovered that the application of heat and cold, bathing, rubbing and the use of certain plants, often gave comfort, and thus arose the materialistic cure of disease, and the profession of physicians. But this did not explain disease, and many theories were forthcoming. The discovery that bacteria and their poisons caused disease, only made the question, 'What is disease?' more puzzling.

We can no longer look upon sickness as due to the presence within or without us of an evil-natured personality. We must reverse the idea and say that disease is the manifestation of a good consciousness within us, a consciousness which seeks to maintain life by endeavoring to rid the body of a harmful material presence. We realize through abnormal sensations that we are sick—that the body has undergone a change from the condition of health, but within us is a more elemental intelligence of which we are not aware, an older body-mind which, whether we sleep or wake, and even before we are born into con-

sciousness of self, looks after the highly complex and interdependent structures on which life depends, constantly directing its complicated affairs with unerring faithfulness. Disease may be said to be the effort made by the body, directed by this deeper mind, in its attempt to rid itself in most appropriate ways of whatsoever it finds harmful to it, or that threatens its destruction. A fit of vomiting, in which the conscious mind takes a passive and even unwilling part, is but the wise attempt on the part of this inner consciousness to rid the body of that which it finds to be harmful. In the case of the presence of bacteria, they are at once detected by this bodily consciousness, though the higher consciousness is unaware of their presence. The agencies within the blood, capable of destroying the germs and of neutralizing their poisons, are set to work at high pressure. To the higher consciousness and to the observing mind of another person these efforts become apparent in higher bodily temperature (fever), a more rapid pulse and increased respiration. The bodily machinery is stirred to higher activity, its fires are heightened, and its organs are quickened. Germ-destroying substances are being made in greatest possible amount. The "signs and symptoms" of the disease, or these outward manifestations of internal activity, differ with the kind of germs and with their numbers, the body working more or less characteristically in each case, so that for each germ the "symptoms and signs" are an index to the cause.

Such a disease or body-fight must "run its course," and, no matter what the treatment, that course can at best only be shortened, or the struggle of the body with its enemy made less exhausting by help from without. Where the number of bacteria is large or especially vicious, or where the bodily powers are inadequate for promptly developing its resisting powers, the fight of the body may be of no avail, even with the most skillful aid. On the other hand, if the bacteria are few and the bodily powers are vigorous, the patient will recover even with the most absurd treatment. It is easy to see why the medicine man of primitive society and the miracle workers of a later age often succeeded in "driving out" disease and in effecting apparently marvelous cures.

After once having an infectious disease, such as typhoid, or measles, the body is often exempt from an attack by the same germ. We now know it is not because of special divine favor bestowed upon the individual, but because the body, after passing through one struggle with the bacteria, keeps on hand afterwards a defensive material which quickly destroys any germs of the same kind which find an entrance.

Even in times of epidemics and among those associated with the sick, a certain number of persons always escape without serious signs of the prevailing disease. While the germs no doubt often attack such persons, their protective powers are so perfect that the machinery of the body does not have to be put at work in such a degree as to produce any conscious outward signs of the disease.

The inoculation of the body with similar substances to those which the body uses in its fight against disease germs, is a helpful discovery of modern medicine, for it reinforces the body in times of danger.

Mental influence, in stirring up the body to combat attacks upon it is another helpful method of treatment.

The higher conscious mind is intimately a part of, or a manifestation of, the body, and is affected by bodily conditions of well or ill being. While it can take little part in directing the defense against foes which have gained an entrance to the body, the mental conditions—the emotions of hope or discouragement—indirectly support or depress the whole of the bodily fighting machinery, for the organ through which the mind works is closely connected with every other organ of the body and so influences digestion, circulation and all other functions. Likewise the mind is affected by the bodily states. The ill working of damaged organs may produce a mental state of pain or depression. These feelings may be heightened or diminished by mental effort, or may be more or less forgotten, for the time at least, by directing consciousness into some other channel of activity. Disease is, in every case modified more or less by the mind, and the mental state may sometimes help to determine the success or failure of bodily fight against destructive agencies. If appeal to the mind seems to cure the bodily ill, it does not indicate that the patient would not have recovered anyhow, and does not signify that the mind itself effected the return to health. No amount of faith or other mental state can take the place of insufficient body-resources—can restore a damage lung or a missing limb.

Disease being thus the attempt of the body to restore itself to its usual condition by ridding itself of destructive agents, the treatment of disease must be directed toward helping the body to this end, by putting the mental and muscular

forces at rest, by proper nourishment and by such antitoxins or drugs as aid it in its natural efforts to rid itself of harmful conditions. Better still are the efforts toward prevention of infectious and other injuries by the avoidance of intemperance in eating and drinking, by breathing fresh air, by cleanliness, and by such other means as the body demands to keep it at its best working power. Lastly, the mind should be trained not to meddle too much with bodily affairs, save as it observed the laws of hygiene, and it should be educated to deal readily with the trials and vexations of life in a way that will not affect the general health through depressing emotional discharges.

It will be seen that our modern faith healers makes no difference between diseases as regards their cause. In their ignorance, comparable only to that of the primitive medicine man, they deal with all sickness alike. While the condition of the mind has much to do with some diseases, with others it has little or no part in the cure, and the body itself must work out its salvation through that wise inner body-directing intelligence which the higher mind can not know nor—but to a slight extent—influence. The faith curist in the conceit of his ignorance takes the credit for the cures which, through good fortune plus a grain of mental stimulus, often come to pass under his administrations, while he who has studied into the physical nature of disease is perfectly aware that when his patient recovers he has only assisted nature more or less in what she would probably have accomplished without his help though usually not so easily and completely and sometimes not at all. It is this humble knowledge of the limitations of his art that makes the physician more anxious in this age, to prevent disease, for he realizes it is much easier to remove the cause than to help the body in its efforts to throw off the attack. By the purification of drinking water he has greatly reduced the amount of disease from typhoid ; by furnishing pure milk the sickness and death of infancy have become much less ; by recommending life in pure air tuberculosis is less frequent, etc. Mere faith or mind cure has done and can do nothing of the sort. Medical teaching has also warned against intemperance of all kinds, and against other insiduous destroyers of bodily harmony.

The physician has in all ages made use of mental treatment, for, no matter what his remedy in physical form, there has always gone with it a grain of hope. Where he finds the mind especially at fault he may even appeal to it directly, and thus relieve suffering which had its origin chiefly in mental depression or in a too exhuberant and untutored imagination. He often succeeds in producing more harmony in bodily working by establishing a happier mental and moral view of life.

As the prevention of the entrance of bacteria or of any other injurious agent into the body is far more economical than the helping to overcome the damages these may produce, so the prevention of unhappy and unhealthy mental states is far better than an attempt to restore a mind to right habits from which it has lapsed.

In primitive times one minister looked after both the spiritual and bodily health of the individual. As the doctor of medicine later assumed the cure of the body, so the doctor of divinity took as his special province the cure of the soul. Mind and body react upon each other, and he who ministers to the one can not but influence the other to some extent. While the priest has abundant opportunity for helping to heal soul-injuries, his larger work, like that of the physician, lies in surrounding those he would help with better social conditions, and in developing, through religious and philosophic training, their individual powers of resistance to the stresses to which the moral nature is daily subjected. For both physical and spiritual ailments prevention is far easier and better than cure.

Luck

By Max O'Rell

LUCK means rising at six o'clock in the morning; living on half you earn; minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in Providence and in your own resources.

System and Business Management

Successful Retail Merchandizing

By

W. J. Pilkington

LET us look at the clerk question for awhile. Mr. Merchant, how do you hire your salespeople? Are you cold-blooded about it, or do you let sentiment run away with your better judgment? The best way to treat an applicant for a position in the store is to go back to your desk and sit down, and have a chair at the end of your desk in which the applicant must be seated before you will talk to him. Be sure to have the applicant so seated that in looking at you he will have to look at a window, and by the way, do this with every one, salesman and all, and you will find it will be a hard problem for any one talking to you to control you with their eyes, when they are looking toward the window.

Look the applicant square in the eye and see if they flinch, for I want to say to you that the person who cannot look you straight in the eye without flinching has something wrong some place. Don't hire him, let your competitor hire him. Go into the penitentiary, if you will, and stay there long enough to catch the attention of the prisoners and you will be surprised to find how many of them cannot look you in the eye without flinching.

To-day the man who succeeds is the man who can look you right square in the eye with a clean-cut vision. Young man and young lady, as salespersons, do you know that the world is demanding of you and I the cleanest lives we can live. It is demanding that for us to be our best, we must be clean inside and out. It makes no difference what your ideas of right and wrong in life are, the principles are laid down there and for you to be your best, you must live according to them.

Another thing, so many merchants discourage the idealist; they discourage the young man or young woman who builds air castles. Do you know you and I will never do big things until we think big thoughts? We will never do anything bigger than our ideals, and if we do not get our ideals large, we will never do large things. Let young people build castles in the air if they will. It is the only building I know of where building material is cheap. And by the way, there are no strikes among the workmen in such a building.

Why, Mr. Merchant, do you know the sculptor and painter, before the chisel strikes the marble or before the brush touches the canvas, have the finished picture in their eye? It is finished in the thought; if it were not, they could not put it into the marble and on the canvas. Encourage ideals, and encourage the young man to want to be something more than a mere clerk. The girls will usually take care of their future employment themselves. The young person who never

expects to be anything more than a mere clerk is not worth drowning.

Another thing, the young person never can make a good salesman, or saleslady, unless they have in their make-up that which recognizes and admires the beautiful in life. Imagine if you will some young man who does not admire the beautiful, who does not admire flowers, who does not enjoy and admire the keener and finer instincts of life, imagine him trying to sell a beautiful piece of dress goods. Do you think he can enthuse over the beauty of the piece of goods when such beauty is not in his life at all? Certainly he cannot. He cannot make the prospective customer enthuse over the goods unless he can enthuse himself. Educate your salespeople to like flowers, to like the better things in life and you will discover that these finer instincts will work out into their every-day life.

There is so much, oh, so much in connection with this subject. Do you know, Mr. Merchant, the average person does not even know what a cat's tail is for? Actually do not. Do you think the cat's tail happened to be a cat's tail? Do you think it was put on there accidentally? Well, if it had been, just as like as not it would have been on the other end. The cat's tail is there because he needs it. Watch kitty catch a mouse. Kitty gets all set for the spring, and mousy sees the cat, but pretty soon the cat's tail begins to go back and forth—back and forth, and finally, little mousy begins to wonder what that thing is that moves back and forth. Little mousy's mind gets all set and absorbed in watching that thing moving back and forth—mouse is gone. What did the cat do? Charmed the mouse with its tail. And let me tell you a bob-tailed cat has a mighty hard job catching mice.

Mr. Merchant, do you know that if we could get a great big box of cat's tails and put them in our stores, for the salespeople to use, we could get better results. Do you know that that every piece of goods you have in your store has a cat's tail to it, if you only knew where to look for it. Let me illustrate. When the first national meeting of the Journal readers was held in Des Moines last August, Mr. Jennings, of Jennings Bros., who are in the clothing business, was present. At the meeting I made the statement that the average merchant did not know his goods. Just a short time ago, Mr. Jennings told me I had revolutionized his hat business. He went on to explain that he went home thinking of what I had said, and in selling a hat a few days afterward he discovered he did not have the information he ought to have. He wrote to the hat manufacturers from whom he purchased his hats and he had them send him six processes of the manufacture of a hat, beginning with the raw materials and going up to the process just before the hat is turned out finished. Mr. Jennings has these pieces of a man's hat handy in the hat department of his store. Now when a prospective customer comes in and he finds it a little difficult to keep the man's mind centred on the hat, they hand him one of the pieces of a hat and then they begin talking about the hat. We all realize it is easier to keep the customer's mind centred on the goods if you can get them to hold the goods in their hands while you are talking.

It is often easier, if you can, after handing the prospective customer the goods, to get them back away from the counter, or whatever you are near, so they cannot lay the goods down while you are talking with them. Practise some of these things and you will discover it will be a wonderful help to you and your salespeople. Now you can see what I mean by saying that every piece of goods has its "cat's tail" attached to it. It has the thing which when properly used will hold the attention of the customer. Mr. Jennings simply found a cat's tail in his hat business. That was all. He had gotten next to the principle and used it in his business and he tells us the results are that it has revolution-

ized his hat trade and it will do it for you in any department if you use it as is can be used.

Next, I want to talk to you about advertising. I realize the fact that many, many a merchant tells us that advertising doesn't pay. We hear this statement so often—"advertising don't pay." Mr. Merchant, do you know that advertising to-day is one of the great powers in the commercial world? Go to your news-stand and see there the piles of magazines, two-thirds of their pages and more, are advertising. You say it doesn't pay. Why, dear brother, do you know that to-day advertising is making fortunes so fast, and making it out of advertising, that the recipients of the fortunes cannot spend them. True, some things called advertising do not pay.

To-day the American people are information hungry, information crazy. You and I are always seeking after information. The general magazines of our country have revolutionized many of our ways of thinking and doing. The general magazines come to us month after month full of high-class articles, high-class information, and it has brought about a changed condition in the thinking of the people. I said in a church meeting not long ago that the general magazines of this country were going to revolutionize the preachers of this country, and they will do it. Do you think for a moment that a people who read continually so much of this high-class stuff are going to church to hear a two by four preacher deliver a one by one sermon and be satisfied with it? Mr. Preacher must come up to the general level of the general magazine in the class of information furnished.

If you will take this same principle and put it into your ads, giving the people information about the goods you have to sell it will get results for you. Suppose in the case of Mr. Jennings' hat proposition, why not tell about the manufacture of a hat in your ad? Don't you think people who are educated to seek information will absorb it? Certainly, they will. And if you will give them this kind of information you will find they will be cutting it out and pasting in into their scrap books for information's sake.

Remember this, there are two things, and only two things, people want to know about your goods. One is quality, and the next how much do you want for them? Philosophize all you wish and these are the only two things people are interested in. By a thorough description of your goods, by showing the people the labor involved in producing them, you add to the value of the piece of goods in the mind of the prospective customer. If you and I could see all the work and sweat and labor involved in the producing of one little iron bolt, that to our minds would instantly take on much more value because we could see that under no conditions could we produce it for the price asked for it. The value of an article is as we are made to see the value in it.

Don't be afraid to use fine print in your advertising matter. The facts are, the direct-to-consumer concerns using our agricultural papers fill their space full of fine print. They get into it, information which leads people to want the goods. You do the same thing, but remember you must pay the local newspaperman a price for space where he can afford to set your ads. as they ought to be set. It is not a question of what a thing costs, but it is a question of what it will do for you, and this is the only measure of value in advertising. If it takes double the price you are paying for space in order to get it set so it will pull business, pay the price. Don't buy a certain amount of space which you must use whether you have anything to say in it or not. Use from day to day, or week to week, the amount of space you want to use and then quit. Remember in preparing advertising copy, you must draw your argument, your contention, to a logical conclusion and then quit. If you stop any place short of this logical conclusion

you have lost the force of the whole advertisement. Put quality and price into your ads. every time.

Do not think because you see ads. in some of the magazines containing only a few words and no price that is the kind of advertising for you to use. Remember this, Mr. Merchant, there are distinctly two types of advertising, one general publicity and the other selling the goods as a direct result of the advertisement. So many times I find merchants getting confused on these two kinds, or phases, of advertising.

I remember a couple of years ago of dry goods merchants writing me saying that I seemed to be a crank on the use of cuts and the use of long descriptions, and they went on to ask me how I would picture, or describe, a bolt of dress goods. Well, I thought I would fix a lot of these fellows once for all and I took a page in the Merchants' Trade Journal, which I have the honor of publishing and editing, and I think, if I remember rightly, I used pictures of six bolts of dry goods. This was in the Journal. No sooner was this article published than the dry goods merchants began writing me saying, "that is the stuff, if I could prepare that kind of advertising copy, I would advertise dress goods." Now, Mr. Merchant, do you know where I got that copy. Every word of it was copied out of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s catalogue. Worse than this, I photographed the page in Montgomery Ward & Co. catalogue and reproduced it line for line, and yet you merchants say, "That is the stuff." Well, it is, no doubt about it.

When you say you cannot prepare good advertising copy, you more times are mistaken than when you are right. Too often it is a case of "will not" instead of a case of "cannot." Many of you could if you would, but some way or other, either from laziness, carelessness or indifference, will not do it. If you will sit down and put into your advertising the same kind of a selling talk you use when you sell goods over the counter, it will produce business for you. Some way so many merchants think advertising is rather a hokus pokus business. You seem to think you have to go into a dark room and go through a lot of motions in order to make advertising pull. Well, brother, advertising is nothing but common horse sense.

In speaking of putting information into advertising matter I well remember of an incident in North Tonawanda, New York. I had spoken there at a banquet of merchants and salespeople, and afterward two or three of the local people were called on for remarks, and among them was a prominent attorney. This attorney made this remarkable statement. He said he read seven magazines every month and he read every word of every advertisement, and what do you suppose he said he did it for. His reason was this, he wanted the information in these ads. A month or so after this, I was in a city in Illinois at a similar banquet, and on one side of me sat Mayor Smith, and on the other Judge Pogue. I was telling them of this incident and Judge Pogue said the New York attorney had him beat two magazines. He went on to explain that he read five magazines every month and that he read every word in every ad. in these magazines. I asked the Judge if he objected telling me why he did it, and he said he wanted the information contained in these ads.

Mr. Merchant, if the intelligent reading people are so thirsty for information, why not put in your ads.? Give us the information we want and we will read your ads, and be glad to do it. But we are not interested in any statement that your "Spring goods have just arrived" and for us to come in and look at them. This is not advertising, rather, it is throwing your money away. I remember reading in a local paper less than a year ago an advertisement of a certain merchant in a certain town. Across the bottom of the half-page ad. was this remark, "Everything good

to eat, salt, gasolene and strawberries on Saturday." No doubt this merchant thought he was advertising. Well, he was—he was advertising to the business world what a fool he was. Another merchant in the same paper —in July, mind you, went on to tell about it being early to talk of spring house-cleaning and wallpaper, but he was advising the people to engage their wallpaper hanger before spring housecleaning began. Mind you now, in July.

If you retail merchants will use your newspapers as you should use them, it will make fortunes for you. Make your printer set your ads. as you want them and make him show you a proof before they go to press. But remember you cannot do this if you furnish him the copy an hour or two before press time. But you say, you have not time to prepare advertising copy and do it right. Have not time to make money? Have not time to do the things that build business for you? Have not time to use your opportunities? Well, bless your tired soul, what are you in business for, if you have not time to do these things? Are you in business for fun? Have not time, have not time, make time; make it! Quit doing the little things and do the things—the big things—and if you are determined you will not do it yourself, hire some one to do it and see that it is done right. Oh, the trouble with you merchants is you think you are busy; you fuss around with a lot of little things which don't amount to anything, and you let the big things go. This does not apply only to the man in the smaller towns and small cities, it hits many of the men in the large cities.

Remember this, Mr. Merchant, a man does not happen to be successful. If you have been in business twenty to forty years and been a little merchant all this time, it is either because you have not sense enough to be anything else, or you have been foolish not to use your opportunity. Marshall Field and John Wanamaker and these others do not happen to be successful merchants. They wrought out their success because they were willing to pay the price, and if you merchants are not willing to pay the price and do the things according to these fixed principles, you might just as well get a job on the section before the jobs are all taken.

While we have said much, we have not yet touched the principal things in the retail business, yea, I am not quite sure but what it is the whole thing. Do you know, Mr. Merchant, the retail business does not consist of goods and stores and fixtures? Do you know the retail business is inside of the suit of clothes you have on? Do you know, it is you, Mr. Man? It is a question of man; it is a question of personality and character, stamina and will power. You have seen the young man start in business on the side street without location, without capital, without trade. Around the corner is the man who has been in business years; he has the capital, he has the location, he has the trade, but in five years' time these two men have changed positions. What did it? Goods? No, a thousand times no. Possibly they carried the same lines. It was a question of men, it was a question of the man behind the counter.

Do you know, Mr. Merchant, today as never before, it is time for you and I to understand that human kindness is moving the world. Never have we seen a period when human kindness made the friends and moved people as it does to-day. If you will help people, if you will help them to live better and do better, don't you know they will come to you and bow at your feet and bring their business with them. Who do we take off our hat to to-day? It is the man and woman who give their lives, and strength to help people. To-day in the trade paper field, or whatever field you wish, the one you look up to and reverence, is the individual who is willing to undergo hardships, who is willing to lay down their very strength for you. It

is to these people to whom you go with your money, and with your business.

Do you know, Mr. Merchant, you are just like your little dog at home. The dog you play with, you fondle until he partakes of your characteristics and he becomes more and more like you. You call your neighbor's dog a dirty old cur, but your dog you take up in your arms, all because your neighbor's dog is like your neighbor and your dog is like you. Show me the home where, when the man of the house comes home in the evening, the dog sticks his tail between his legs and hikes around the corner of the house, and I will show you a home where the wife and children think just about as much of the man of the house as the dog does.

It is a mistake to make money our ideal. Any man who labors for dollars alone misses the best things in life. He misses the finer things which tune us to the enjoyments which come from every phase of the beautiful.

I like that quotation from the story written by Jack London, called the "Call of the Wild." As the story goes, if I remember rightly, a little dog had fallen into the hands of a kind master in California. He had been treated so gently and so kindly that he had begun to think the kind master was all in all to him, but one day, doggy was sold to another master and taken into the icy fields of Alaska and was hitched with a long string of dogs, and dragged burdens back and forth on the icy fields. Doggy could not understand why this change had come into his life. He saw the wolves as they frisked about on the highlands, and one day he could not restrain himself longer, but he ran away to live with the wolves. Not being able to live their way, he became poorer and poorer, and one day as they were traveling along over mountain, he could go no further, and dropped down along the path almost dead, almost gone. A kind man came along and gave doggy a drink from his canteen, and took him back to camp, where doggy came back again. But, no, no, brother man, he came back as a dog, not as a wolf, because human kindness had touched him. Let me beg of you as business men to take the spirit of Jack London's little dog story into your business lives. It will soften many of the old lines of your life; it will make the world look different to you. It will make a different man of you.

Salesmen Appreciate Advertised Goods

By

S. S. McClure

WHEN a manufacturer finds that all his other methods of selling goods do not reach enough people enough times, he adds to his other sales methods magazine advertising.

I have seen this illustrated by the old story of the Spartan youth about to go to war. He complained to his mother that his sword was too short.

"Then," said the mother, "add a step to your sword."

The manufacturer who adds magazine advertising to his other methods of getting business is adding a step to his sword.

The greatest capital that any manufacturing house can have, outside of goods of quality and honest methods, is that reputation which comes from

persistent, consistent and insistent advertising—that capital which consists in the knowledge on the part of nearly every inhabitant of the country that the advertiser's name and trademark wherever found, stand for reliable goods.

The greatest harm that can happen to a house that advertises is to have its sales force out of sympathy with its advertising. This is not so true as it once was, because all good salesmen are becoming more and more familiar with the power of advertising and more willing to be helped by it. Formerly some salesmen were shortsighted enough to consider advertising as a sort of competitor. They felt that it was their duty to knock this competitor every time they had a chance, so that all the credit for sales would be given to their own energies and none whatever to the advertising. Sometimes the influence of the salesman persuaded the manufacturer to give up altogether the idea of advertising. This was once true, but it is no longer.

Salesmen to-day appreciate that advertising is a mighty force to help them; that it makes the name of the goods they sell not only known to the public, but also known to the buyers in the stores; that the process of taking an order for goods is shortened and made more satisfactory by this distribution of knowledge about the goods.

Magazine advertising standardizes the goods. The salesman who knows this and appreciates it is always enthusiastic when his house undertakes magazine advertising. He then knows that there is behind him another influence; that in addition to the good quality of the goods, the sound business methods of his house, there is also the mighty force of advertising working constantly on the people, causing them to demand his goods in the stores so strongly that he finds all dealers more receptive and their orders larger. He finds that the advertising does not detract from his credit, but adds to it, because the right sort of magazine advertising makes the traveling salesman more valuable to his house than before.

Progressive salesmen are now studying advertising on their own account. They not only consider it their duty to be familiar with the advertising of their house in the magazines, but they go so far as to take an interest in the dealer's own advertising. They call attention to the house advertising in the magazines; they sympathize with the dealer in his desire to advertise; they make suggestions for advertisements in which, of course, the goods of their own house appear. Many of them carry samples of ready-made ads., which their house is willing to supply to any dealer to use in his own local newspaper. They talk to the dealer about window displays, securing as many as possible for their own house, and incidentally helping the dealer by advising him to make good window displays, so as to bring purchasers into the store.

The new kind of traveling salesman is a distributer, not only of goods, but also of advertising ideas. He is the great connecting link between the magazine advertising his house does, and the trade that distributes his goods.

Probably many who read this do not yet realize what a mighty force advertising has been in the civilization of this country. It has introduced new goods and increased the sale of old ones; it has made trade marks valuable assets capitalized up into millions of dollars; it has taught people to use many new devices, such as sanitary plumbing, kitchen cabinets, new kinds of underwear, cereal and other foods. Advertising has brought about the sealed package in which goods might be contaminated go intact from manufacturer to consumer. Advertising has made it possible for the manufacturer to greatly increase his output without increasing his overhead cost, and, therefore, to produce his goods at a lower cost for manufacture and distribution than heretofore. Advertising has increased the

number of salesmen employed. In short, it is the life-blood of business, constantly widening and enlarging channels through which all kinds of goods are sold.

No modern, progressive salesman can afford to be arrayed against advertising, and in national advertising the great factor is the magazine. The magazine is the national distributer. The newspaper is the local distributer. Newspaper advertising is good. Nothing can be better. A few manufacturers can afford to cover the whole United States by using newspapers, but nearly every manufacturer needs to cover the whole United States because his market is a wide one. Therefore, the magazine is a valuable adjunct.

I have known of traveling salesmen who have taken special courses in schools of advertising, merely for the purpose of helping them sell more goods. I have known salesmen who have become successful writers of advertising because they had that actual vital, necessary experience of selling goods by word of mouth. I have known salesmen who greatly increased their importance and value to their house, and incidentally their income, by an intelligent study of advertising as applied to the goods they sold, by which they were able to advise the local dealers how to resell the goods to the consumer.

Turn over the pages of any standard magazine and note the goods advertised. You will speedily recognize from your own experience, especially in goods with which you are familiar, the greatly increased sale that has been brought about by intelligent advertising. You will realize that magazine advertising is your friend, a force that helps you, and that every salesman should use his influence with the house for which he works to undertake advertising or increase the volume now being employed.

Focussing on the Day's Work

By Walter Dill Scott

From System Magazine

TO keep light from going off in useless directions we use reflectors; to keep human energy from being expended in useless directions we must remove distractions. To focus the light at any point we use lenses; to focus our minds at any point we use concentration.

Concentration is a state secured by the mental activity called attention. To understand concentration we must first consider the more fundamental facts of attention.

In the evolution of the human race certain things have been so important for the individual and the race that responses toward them have become instruction. They appeal to every individual and attract his attention without fail. Thus moving objects, loud sounds, sudden contrasts and the like were ordinarily portents of evil to primitive man and his attention was drawn to them irresistibly. Even for us to pay attention to such objects requires no intention and no effort. Hence it is spoken of as *passive involuntary attention.*

The attention of animals and of children is practically confined to this passive form while adults are by no means free from it. For instance, ideas

and things to which I have no intention of turning my mind attract me. Ripe fruit, gesticulating men, beautiful women, approaching holidays, and scores of other things simply pop up in my mind and enthrall my attention. My mind may be so concentrated upon these things that I become oblivious to pressing responsibilities. In some instances the concentration may be but momentary, in others there may result a day dream, a building of air castles, which lasts for a long time and recurs with distressing frequency.

Such attention is action in the line of least resistance. Though it may suffice for the acts of animals and children it is sadly deficient in our complex business life.

Even here, however, it is easy to relapse to the lower plane of activity and to respond to the appeal of the crier in the street, the inconvenience of the heat, the news of the ball game, or a pleasing reverie or even to fall into a state of mental apathy. The warfare against these distractions is never wholly won. Banishing these allurements results in the concentration so essential for successfully handling business problems. The strain is not so much in solving the problems as in retaining the concentration of the mind.

When an effort of will enables us to overcome these distractions and apply our minds to the subject in hand, the strain soon repeats itself. It frequently happens that this struggle is continuous—particularly when the distractions are unusual or our physical condition is below the normal. No effort of the will is able to hold our minds down to work for any length of time unless the task develops interesting in itself.

This attention with effort is known as *voluntary attention*. It is the most exhausting act which any individual can perform. Strength of will consists in the power to resist distractions and to hold the mind down to even the most uninteresting occupations.

Fortunately for human achievements, acts which in the beginning require voluntary effort may later result without effort.

The school boy must struggle to keep his mind on such uninteresting things as the alphabet. Later he may become a literary man and find nothing attracts his attention so quickly as printed symbols. In commercial arithmetic the boy labors to fix his attention on dollar signs, and problems involving profit and loss. Launched in business, however, these things may attract him more than a foot ball game.

It is the outcome of previous application that we now attend without effort to many things in our civilization which differ from those of more primitive life. Such attention without effort is known as *secondary passive attention*. Examples are furnished by the geologist's attention to the strata of the earth, the historian's to original manuscripts, the manufacturer's to by-products, the merchant's to distant customers, and the attention which we all give to printed symbols, and scores of other things unnoticed by our distant ancestors. Here our attention is similar to passive attention, though the latter was the result of inheritance while our secondary passive attention results from our individual efforts and is the product of our training.

Through passive attention my concentration upon a "castle in Spain" may be perfect until destroyed by a fly on my nose. Voluntary attention may make my concentration upon the duty at hand entirely satisfactory till dissipated by some one entering my office. Secondary passive attention fixes my mind upon the adding of a column of figures and it may be distracted by a commotion in my vicinity. Thus concentration produced by any form of attention is easily destroyed by a legion of possible disturbances. If I desire to increase my concentration to the maximum, I must remove every possible cause of distraction.

Organized society has recognized the hindering effect of some distrac-

tions and has made halting attempts to abolish them.

Thus locomotives are prohibited from sounding whistles within city limits but power plants are permitted by noise and smoke to annoy every citizen in the vicinity. Street cars are forbidden to use flat wheels but are still allowed to run on the surface or on a resounding structure and thus become a public nuisance. Steam calliopes, newsboys, street venders and other unnecessary sources of noise are still tolerated.

In the design and construction of office buildings, stores and factories in noisy neighborhoods, too little consideration is given to existing means of excluding or deadening outside sounds, though the newer office buildings are examples of initiative in this direction: not only are they of sound-proof construction; in many instances they have replaced the noisy pavements of the streets with blocks which reduce the clatter to a minimum. In both improvements they have been emulated by some of the great retail stores which have shut out external noises and reduced those within to a point where they no longer distract the attention of clerks or customers from the business of selling and buying. In many, however, clerks are still forced to call aloud for cash girls or department managers and the handling of customers at elevators is attended by wholly unnecessary shouting and clash of equipment.

Of all distractions, sound is certainly the most common and the most insistent in its appeal.

The individual efforts towards reducing it quoted above were stimulated by the hope of immediate and tangible profit—sound-proof offices commanding higher rents and quiet stores attracting more customers. In not a few cases, manufacturers have gone deeper, however, recognizing that anything which claims the attention of an employee from his work reduces his efficiency and cuts profits even though he be a piece worker. In part this explains the migration of many industries to the smaller towns and the development of a new type of city factory with sound-proof walls and floors, windows sealed against noise and a system of mechanical ventilation.

The individual manufacturer or merchant, therefore, need not wait for a general crusade to abate the noise, the smoke and the other distractions which reduce his employe's effectiveness. In no small measure he can shut out external noises and eliminate many of those within. Loud dictation, conversations, clicking typewriters, loud-ringing telephones can all be cut to a key which makes them virtually indistinguishable in an office of any size. More and more the big open office as an absorbent of sound seems to be gaining in favor. In one of the newest and largest of these I know, nearly all the typewriting machines are segregated in a glass-walled room and long distance telephone messages can be taken at any instrument in the great office.

Like sound in its imperative appeal for attention is the consciousness of strangers passing one's desk or windows.

Movement of fellow employes about the department, unless excessive or unusual, is hardly noticed; let an individual or a group with whom we are not acquainted come within the field of our vision and they claim attention immediately. For this reason shops or factories whose windows command a busy street find it profitable to use opaque glass to shut out the shifting scene.

This scheme of retreat and protection has been carried well-nigh to perfection by many individuals. Private offices guarded by secretaries fortify them against distractions and unauthorized claims on their attention both from within and without their organizations. Routine problems, in administration, production, distribution are never referred to them; these are settled by department heads and only new or vital questions are submitted to the executive. In many large companies, besides the depart-

ment heads and secretaries who assume this load of routine, there are assistants to the president and the general manager who further reduce the demands upon their chiefs. The value of time, the effect of interruptions and distractions upon their own efficiency, are understood by countless executives who neglect to guard their employes against similar distractions.

Individual business men, unsupported by organizations, have worked out individual methods of self-protection.

One man postpones consideration of questions of policy, selling conditions and so on until the business of the day has been finished and interruptions from customers or employes are improbable. Another, with his stenographer, reaches his office half an hour earlier than his organization, and, picking out the day's big task, has it well towards accomplishment before the usual distractions begin. The foremost electrical and mechanical engineer in the country solves his most difficult and abstruse problems at home, at night. His organization provides a perfect defence against interruptions; but only in the silence, the isolation of his home at night does he find the complete absence of distraction permitting the absolute concentration which produces great results.

If I am anxious or need to develop the power of concentration upon what people say either in conversation or in public discourse, I may be helped by persistently and continuously forcing myself to attend. The habit of concentration may to a degree be thus acquired; pursuing it, I should never allow myself to listen indifferently, but I must force myself to strict attention.

Such practice would result ultimately in a habit of concentration upon what I hear, but would not necessarily increase my power of concentration upon writing, adding or other activities. Specific training in each is essential and even then the results will be far short of what might be desired. Persistent effort in any direction is not without result, however, and any increase in concentration is so valuable that it is worth the effort it costs. If a man lacks power of concentration in any particular direction he should force concentration in that line and continue till a habit results.

Our control over our muscles and movements far exceeds our direct control over our attention. An attitude of concentration is possible, even when the desired mental process is not present. Thus by fixing my eyes on a page and keeping them adjusted for reading even when my mind is on a subject far removed, I can help my will to secure concentration. I can likewise restrain myself from picking up a newspaper or from chatting with a friend when it is the time for concentrated action on my work. By continuously resisting movements which tend to distract and by holding myself in the position of attention, the strain upon my will in forcing concentration becomes less.

Concentration is practically impossible when the brain is fagged or the bodily condition is far below the normal in any respect.

The connection between the body and the mind is most intimate and the perfect working of the body is necessary to the highest efficiency of the mind. The power of concentration is accordingly affected by surroundings in the hours of labor, by sleep and recreation, by the quality and quantity of food, and by every condition which affects the bodily processes favorably.

Recognition of this truth is behind the very general movement both here and abroad to provide the best possible conditions both in the factories and the home environment of workers. Concentration of physical forces, employers are coming more and more to understand, means maximum output —the corollary of profits. The foundation, of course, is a clean, spacious, well-lighted and perfectly ventilated factory in a situation which affords pure air and accessibility to the homes of employes. In England and Germany the advance towards this ideal has taken form in the "garden cities" of which the plant is the nucleus and

the support. In America there is no lack of industrial towns planned and built as carefully as the works to which they are tributary.

Some have added various "welfare" features, ranging from hot luncheons served at cost, free baths and medical attendance to night schools for employees to teach them how to live and work to better advantage. The profit comes back in the increased efficiency of the employes.

Even though the health be perfect and the attitude of attention be sustained the will is unable to retain concentration by an effort for more than a few seconds at a time.

When the mind is concentrated upon an object, this object must devolop and prove interesting otherwise there will be required every few seconds the same tug of the will. This concentration by voluntary attention is essential, but cannot be permanent. To secure enduring concentration we may have to "pull ourselves together" occasionally, but the necessity for such efforts should be reduced. This is accomplished by developing interest in the task before us, through application of the fundamental motives such as self-preservation, imitation, competition, loyalty, and the love of the game.

If the task before me is essential for my self-preservation, I will find my mind riveted upon it. If I hope to secure more from speculation than from the completion of my present tasks, then my self-preservation is not dependent upon my work and my mind will irresistibly be drawn to the stock market and the race track. If I want my work to be interesting and to compel my undivided attention, I should then try and make my work appeal to me as of more importance than anything else in the world. I must be dependent upon it for my income; I must see that others are working and so imitate their action; I must compete with others in the accomplishment of the task; I must regard the work as a service to the house; and I must in every possible way try to "get into the game."

This conversion of a difficult task into an interesting activity is the most fruitful method of securing concentration.

Efforts of will can never be dispensed with but the necessity for such efforts should be reduced to the minimum. The assumption of the attitude of attention should gradually become habitual during the hours of work and so take care of itself.

The methods which a business man must use to cultivate concentration in himself are also applicable to his employees. The manner of applying the methods is of course different. The employer may see to it that as far as possible all distractions are removed. He cannot directly cause his men to put forth voluntary effort but he can see to it that they retain the attitude of concentration. This may require the prohibition of acts which are distracting but which would otherwise seem indifferent. The employer has a duty in regard to the health of his men. Certain employers have assumed to regulate the lives of their men even after the day's work is over. Bad habits have been prohibited; sanitary conditions of living have been provided; hours of labor have been reduced; vacations have been granted; and sanitary conditions in shop and factory have been provided for.

Employers are finding it to their interest to make concentration easy for their men by rendering their work interesting.

This they have done by making the work seem worth while. The men are given living wages, the hope of promotion is not too long deferred, attractive and efficient models for imitation are provided, friendly competition is encouraged, loyalty to the house is engendered, and love of the work inculcated. In addition, everything which hinders the development of interest in the work has been resisted.

How will a salesman, for instance, develop interest in his work if he makes more from his "side lines" than from the service he renders to the house which pays his expenses? How

can the laborer be interested in his work if he believes that by gambling he can make more in an hour than he could by a month's steady work? The successful shoemaker sticks to his last, the successful professional man keeps out of business, and the wise business man resists the temptation to speculate. Occasionally a man may be capable of carrying on diverse lines of business for himself, but the man is certainly a very great exception who can hold his attention to the interests of his employer when he expects to receive greater rewards from other sources.

The power of concentration depends in part upon inheritance and in part upon training.

Some individuals, like an Edison or a Roosevelt, seem to be constructed after the manner of a search light. All their energy may be turned in one direction and all the rest of the world disregarded. Others are what we call scatter brained. They are unable to attend completely to any one thing. They respond constantly to stimulation in the environment and to ideas which seem to "pop up" in their minds.

Some people can read a book or paper with perfect satisfaction even though companions around them are talking and laughing. For others such attempts are farcical.

Many great men are reputed to have had marvelous powers of concentration. When engaged in their work they became so absorbed in it that distracting thoughts had no access to their minds and even hunger, sleep, and salutations of friends have frequently been unable to divert the attention from the absorbing topic.

There are persons who cannot really work except in the midst of excitement.

When surrounded by numerous appeals to attention they get wakened up by resisting these attractions and find superfluous energy adequate to attend to the subject in hand. This is on the same principle which governs the effects of poisonous stimulants. Taken into the system, the whole bodily activity is aroused in an attempt to expel the poison. Some of this abnormally awakened energy may be applied to uses other than those intended by nature. Hence some individuals are actually helped in their work at least temporarily by the use of stimulants. Most of the energy is, of course, required to expel the poison and hence the method of generating the energy is uneconomical.

The men who find that they can accomplish the most work and concentrate themselves upon it the most perfectly when in the midst of noise and confusion are paying a great price for the increase of energy, available for profitable work. To be dependent on confusion for the necessary stimulation is abnormal and expensive. Rapid exhaustion and a shortened life result. It is a bad habit and nothing more.

Many persons seem able to disregard the common and necessary distractions of office, store or factory.

With such persons energy is necessary for overcoming the distractions. Other persons are so constituted that these distractions can never be overcome. Such persons can not hear a message through a telephone when others in the room are talking; they cannot dictate a letter if a third person is within hearing; they cannot add a column of figures when others are talking. Habit and effort may reduce such disability but in some instances it will never even approximately eliminate it. Such persons may be very efficient employes and their inability to concentrate in the presence of distractions should be respected. Every business man is careful to locate every piece of machinery where it will work best but equal care has not been given to locating men where they may work to the greatest advantage.

By inheritance the power of concentration differs greatly among intelligent persons. By training, those with defective power may improve but will never perfect the power to concentrate amidst distractions. To subject such persons to distractions is an unwise expenditure of energy.

The Buying and Selling of Stocks

By

G. W. Brock

IN our last article a general idea of what stocks are and how their values fluctuate on the stock market was given. It was intended to be introductory to a more specific article on the way to buy and sell stocks. This point has now been reached. We assume that the reader has funds available in the savings bank and has come to the conclusion that he would like to invest them in stocks, believing that his return from such investment or speculation, as the case may be, would be greater than if he were to leave his money in the bank.

As has already been pointed out, it is most advisable that the prospective purchaser of stocks should secure dependable advice and should patronize a brokerage firm of repute. As the brokerage rate is a fixed one, it is really just as cheap for him to deal through one firm as another and, such being the case, he can place his orders with the strongest brokers on the street.

Having decided on the security he wishes to buy and estimated how many shares he can purchased, he proceeds to write out his order on a small slip provided by the broker for the purpose. If the stock is an inactive one, so that there is no certainty that shares can be purchased at the last quoted price or, if the stock is moving up and down rapidly, it becomes advisible to place a "limit" on the purchase price. That is to say, supposing the purchaser wishes to buy ten shares of a stock, the last transaction on which was at 121. It may not be possible for the broker to secure the ten shares at this figure. He may find it impossible to get them at less than 125. But the purchaser does not want to pay 125 for them, so he puts the "limit" at 124. With this limitation, the broker is empowered to buy the ten shares at the lowest price possible under 124. It may take some days before this is possible but, unless the buyer wishes to raise his limit, he must wait until the market reacts.

If no limit is placed on the order, it is said to be an "open" order, or the stock is to be purchased "at the market," meaning at the current market price.

When the stock is purchased, the broker mails to his client a statement showing the cost of the stock and the brokerage due thereon. On the Canadian exchanges this is 25 cents a share. He is then supposed to give the broker a cheque for the total as promptly as possible and to secure from him a stock certificate, made out by the officers of the company or corporation whose stock he has purchased. The transaction is then complete and, if the purchaser is wise, he will lock the certificate away in a safety deposit vault.

He is now a shareholder of the company and is entitled to attend all meetings of shareholders. Such meetings are usually confined to the annual meetings, at which statements are presented and officers elected. If the company is a dividend payer, he will

also receive on the regular dates of payment, cheques for the amount due him. If the stock is on a six per cent. basis and pays its dividend quarterly (the customary period for most stocks) he will receive $1.50 four times a year for each share of stock he holds.

The sale of stock is carried on along much the same lines. The seller goes to his broker and fills out a sale order slip. He may leave this "open," selling at the market price, he may place a definite price on the stock or he may state a "limit," below which he does not desire to sell. He is notified of the sale by the receipt of the broker's statement, showing the proceeds of the sale and indicating the brokerage, which, of course, is deducted. He then takes his stock certificate to the broker, and, having endorsed it in the form provided for the purpose on the back of the certificate, receives a cheque for the proceeds of the sale.

Marginal trading proceeds in much the same way, with the main exception that the broker holds the stock. The purchaser receives a statement of purchase from the broker, and then puts up his margin. He is furnished from time to time with statements, on which interest charges are totalled up. Dividends, when they come in, are credited to the buyer. A telegram or a letter is sent by the broker, whenever more margin is required, depending upon the urgency of the call.

There is another way of buying stocks which is looked upon with favor by many investors. This may be termed instalment buying and it applies mainly to new issues of stock. A word or two of explanation on this point may not come amiss, as there has been considerable misunderstanding on the point in the past.

When a company wishes to increase its capital, a favorite way of doing so is to issue new stock to its shareholders at par, allowing easy terms of payment. This course is pursued when the market price of the stock is higher than the price at which the new stock is issued, so that it may be worth something to the shareholders. To take a concrete instance. Assume that a company with a capital of half a million, wishes to increase its stock to $600,000, by issuing $100,000 new stock at par. The market price is about $125 a share. The thousand shares of new stock are assigned to the old shareholders and as there were originally five thousand shares, it follows that for every five shares a man holds, he will be entitled to subscribe to one share of new stock. If he happens to have five or ten, or twenty-five shares, he can take up one, two or five new shares. But, suppose he has an odd number of shares? It is here that the difficulty comes in.

The fact that this particular stock can be purchased on the open market at $125 a share, means that there are people who are willing to pay $125 for it. But the new stock can be bought for $100 by the favored holders of old stock. The consequence is that a monetary value acrues to the "rights" of the shareholders. They will command a cash value on the market.

The amount of this cash value is based on the difference between the par value and the market value of the old stock, amounting to $25. Now in order to secure a share of new stock, a man must either have in his possession five shares of the old stock or he must purchase the "rights" on five shares from some holder of five shares, who does not want to subscribe to the new stock. The "rights" on five shares are therefore equivalent in value to the difference between the market value of one share of the old stock and the par value of one share of the new stock. The "rights" on one share are thus approximately worth $5. In actual practise they are worth somewhat less because the new stock does not possess the value of the old stock until it has been completely paid up and begins to pay dividends. This result is not attained for some months, as payments are nearly always made in

20 per cent. installments at intervals of two or three months.

There is always considerable dealing in rights, during the time new stock is being issued and anyone who wishes to secure sufficient rights to make up one, two or more shares can do so. If a holder of stock has rights on eleven shares, he will probably subscribe to two shares of new stock and sell the eleventh right. Or he may sell all his rights. In this way there is plenty of opportunity to pick up what one requires.

Purchases are made in precisely the same way as in the case of stock and when all the necessary rights are purchased, these are exchanged for interim certificates at the offices of the company issuing the new stock. Payments on these certificates must then be made as stipulated on their face. When all are completed, the regular stock certificates are issued.

By reason of the issues of new stock by certain companies from time to time, it is possible for a holder to amass quite a number of shares, for which he will have paid on an average very much less than the market price. Those who were so fortunate as to buy C.P.R. stock years ago when it was below par and who have taken up the new issues as they have been allotted, will find that their holdings have been greatly increased and that the average price paid has been little, if anything, above par, while to-day the stock sells within a few points of 200.

Harmony as a Business Producer

FORTUNATELY the old-time employer, who used to go through his place of business every day with a whip, so to speak, stirring everybody up, driving everybody, scolding and swearing, is rapidly disappearing. Men are finding that there is something better than the slave-driving methods. They are finding that harmony is a great business producer, that kindness, appealing to the best instead of the worst in employes, produces the highest results.

Up-to-date business men find that the more comfortable and the happier they can make their employes, the more work they will accomplish, and the better its quality. Everybody does his best when appreciated.

Mr. Grumpy Employer, how can you expect your employes to apply the Golden Rule to you, when you do not use it yourself? When you get your employes all stirred up and out of sorts by constant scolding, fault-finding, and nagging, by your failure to stand up to your contracts with them, how can you expect them in return to have your interests at heart, to live up to your expectations, to do good work? When you go all to pieces over something that troubles you, you can not write a good letter. Your mind is in no condition to make an important contract until you restore harmony. Can you, then, expect your employes to believe in you—to give you their best, when you show them the worst side of your nature?—*Success Magazine.*

Humor in the Magazines

AT a meeting of the England Passenger Association, held recently at the Isleway Club, Montreal, a noted American judge was present as a guest of the association. One of the hosts chanced to ask him if he had ever tried Canadian whiskey. "No," was his reply, "but I have tried lots of people who have."

* * *

"He won't stand without hitchin'," is the opinion J. J. Hill, railroader, has of a well-known Canadian financier who worsted him in an important deal.

* * *

After spending an evening with convivial friends, the head of the family entered the house as quietly as he could, turned up the reading-light in the library, and settled himself as if perusing a massive, leather-bound volume. Presently his wife entered the room, as he knew she would, and asked what he was doing.

"Oh," he replied, "I didn't feel like turning in when I first came home, and I've been reading some favorite passages from this sterling old work."

"Well," said his wife, "it's getting late now. Shut up the valise and come to bed."—*Everybody's.*

* * *

A Canadian lawyer tells this story:

A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining-room was reached, the tally of furniture ran thus:

"One dining-room table, oak,

"One set chairs, (6), oak,

"One sideboard, oak,

"Two bottles whiskey, full,"

Then the word "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:

"One revolving doormat."—*Everybody's.*

* * *

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday school desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound'," replied the youngster.—*Everybody's.*

* * *

The waiter who bawls out his order to the cook in the kitchen may soon be as extinct as the dodo; but his cries should live forever.

"Mutton broth in a hurry," says a customer. "Baa-baa in the rain! Make him run!" shouts the waiter.

"Beefsteak and onions," says a customer. "John Bull! Make him a ginny!" shouts the waiter.

"Where's my baked potato?" asks a customer. "Mrs. Murphy in a sealskin coat!" shouts the waiter.

"Two fried eggs. Don't fry 'em too hard," says a customer. "Adam and Eve in the Garden! Leave their eyes open!" shouts the waiter.

"Poached eggs on toast," says a customer. "Bride and groom on a raft in the middle of the ocean!" shouts the waiter.

"Chicken croquettes," says a customer. "Fowl ball!" shouts the waiter.

"Hash," says a customer. "Gentleman wants to take a chance!" shouts

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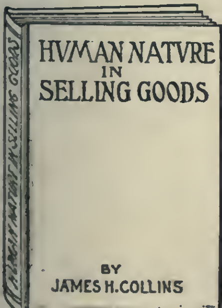

HUMAN NATURE—A BUSINESS ASSET

MR. James H. Collins in his entertaining and instructive book "Human Nature in Selling Things" maintains that the man with the best practical knowledge of Human Nature will make the most successful salesman. The work is full of interest to every seller of goods, because Mr. Collins is no mere theorist and every point made is illustrated from actual happenings. *Price, 50 cents.*

MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd., 143-149 University Avenue TORONTO

the waiter. "I'll have hash, too," says the next customer. "Another sport!" shouts the waiter.

"Glass of milk," says a customer. "Let it rain!" shouts the waiter.

"Frankfurters and sauerkraut, good and hot," says a customer. "Fido, Shep and a bale of hay!" shouts the waiter; "and let 'em sizzle!"—*New York Evening Sun.*

* * *

He had run up a small bill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt.

The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off, and so drew a diagonal pencil line across the book.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Sure."

"An' ye'll niver be askin' for it agin?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, then," said the other cooly, "an' I'll kape me money in me pocket."

"But I can rub that out," said the storekeeper.

"I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe ye'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank does not suspect a thing. I think he has even forgotten that to-day's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about seven o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his coat and put on his smoking-jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs I will call out suddenly, 'Oh, Frank, come down quick! The gas is escaping.' Then he will rush down here, unsuspecting, to find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went off exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The guests held their breath while Mrs. Westerleigh called out excitedly, "Oh, Frank, come down quick! The gas is escaping in the parlor."

Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, then a voice said, "I don't smell any gas."

"Better light the jet," Mrs. Westerleigh suggested tremulously. "Here's a match."

There was a sputter, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted.

For there in the centre of the room stood Westerleigh, attired only in a natty union suit, with a fresh pair of trousers carried over his arm.

Birthday parties still form a forbidden subject of conversation at the Westerleighs'.—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

A young gentleman of the colored persuasion had promised his girl a pair of long white gloves for a Christmas gift. Entering a large department store, he at last found the counter where these goods were displayed, and, approaching rather hesitatingly, remarked, "Ah want a pair ob gloves."

"How long do you want them?" inquired the business-like clerk.

"Ah doesn't want fo' to rent 'em; ah wants fo' to buy 'em," replied the other, indignantly.—*Harper's Magazine.*

* * *

A San Francisco woman whose husband had been dead some years went to a medium, who produced the spirit of her dead husband.

"My dear John," said the widow to the spirit, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," John replied.

"Happier than you were on earth with me?" she asked.

"Yes," was the answer; "I am far happier now than I was on earth with you."

"Tell me, John, what is it like in heaven?"

"Heaven!" said John. "I'm not in heaven."—*Lippincott's.*

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HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI AT WORK IN HIS STUDY

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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A Versatile Churchman

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, Not Only Directs the Affairs of Canada's Largest Catholic Diocese, but Can Find Time for Many Other Pursuits

By J. J. Gallagher

FROM pulpits in every quarter of the world Catholics have been advised of the Eucharistic Congress, which will be held in Montreal in September. Already thousands are traveling over land and sea from distant countries to attend this gathering.

Distinguished laymen, priests, bishops, cardinals, a special representative of the Pope, all are making Montreal their objective point, and each one comes to play his part in the proceedings incidental to this most important assemblage. One comes quite unnoticed, a humble layman, to participate in one of the grandest festivals of the Roman Catholic Church; another's coming is chronicled in the press of nations, for he is a world-figure. They have a common interest at heart—the welfare of the Catholic Church.

Nearly two hundred prelates, including numbers of the highest dignitaries of the church, and seven thousand priests, will attend. It is estimated that 250,000 to 300,000 people will visit the city during the Congress.

The attention of the entire Catholic world is focused on Canada, and on Montreal in particular. And to whom is this due?

Two years ago the Eucharistic Congress was held in London, England. A quiet, unassuming French-Canadian clergyman surprised the meeting by making one of the most eloquent addresses heard during the gathering. Incidentally, he spoke much of Canada, and of things Canadian, concluding with an invitation to the Congress to meet in Montreal in 1910.

Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, was the clergyman. Of course, his invitation was accepted. He knew that it would be.

It was characteristic of him to extend the invitation when it was most timely. It was another illustration of his foresight, and of his ability to

"strike while the iron is hot," to borrow a peculiarly applicable phrase.

His excellent judgment has proved one of his most valuable assets in governing over a half a million people who are under his care, spiritually, in the Archdiocese of Montreal, the largest, most important and most responsible diocese in Canada.

As accomplishments are reckoned, it is not surprising that His Grace secured the Congress for Montreal. He is a man of ceaseless activity along varied lines.

One would count it a good man's work to direct the affairs of an arch-diocese comprising 144 parishes, considering the responsibility, and the routine work entailed. But, while this receives every and careful attention, His Grace finds time to devote to numerous other affairs.

For many years education has been his favorite care, and he has wielded a wonderful influence in this sphere of activity for more than two decades.

While yet a priest he took a keen interest in teaching. He was for four years Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Laval University, Quebec. In 1891 he was made a Canon, and, shortly afterwards, was appointed chairman of the Catholic Board of School Commissioners of Montreal. On succeeding to the Archbishop's chair, in 1897, his field for good and telling work was greatly enlarged. That he made the most of the opportunities presented is evidenced by the fact that he has opened no less than fifty schools and academies. His disposition and his training enable him admirably to fill the position he has occupied in educational circles. As a boy he attended the schools of the Grey Nuns and of the Christian Brothers, in Montreal, which enabled him to obtain a valuable first-hand knowledge of their methods. His classical course was taken at the Montreal College, and subsequently he studied in France and Italy, being ordained a priest in Rome in 1871.

His tireless energy in the work of the archdiocese stands pre-eminent. He has created twenty-three new parishes and nine missions; established four new religious orders; founded twelve hospitals or asylums; and enlarged the Grand Seminary, and increased its efficiency; completed St. James Cathedral, at a cost of $100,000, and erected a $25,000 monument to Bishop Bourget. But there is something else he has accomplished. He founded the Home for Incurables, which accommodates two hundred and fifty people. Perhaps this may be considered a part of his routine duty, but it may more truly be placed to his credit as the grandest of all his charitable works. He maintains an active interest in the institution, devoting many hours to its affairs.

Yet he finds time for other pursuits. He has always been a scholar. He is a student of French literature, in which he is deeply versed, and a writer of no mean ability. His work on the catacombs of Rome is a gem, while his books on historical subjects, and his contributions to leading journals, have shown him to be possessed of a wide knowledge, as well as a facile pen. His nom de plume is "Louis des Lys."

He never attempts to treat a subject until he is familiar with it in all its details. In his present capacity he is called upon to write numerous pastoral letters. These deal with subjects of such complexity and wide difference as intemperance and theatres, the Christian spirit and the social evil, education and the labor question. They are all subjects of vital moment in which one cannot dabble. A thorough comprehension is as essential to their proper treatment as are infinite tact and great judgment.

His studies have won him recognition in many quarters, as he is a D.D.; a licentiate in Canon Law; an honorary Canon of Chartres and Clermont; Fellow of the Academie des Arcades, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

His views on public questions are broad, and he plays an important part

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

The Splendid Edifice in Montreal which was Completed by Archbishop Bruchesi. Bishop Bourget's Monument Stands in the Foreground

in the affairs of the day. At the time of the longshoremen's strike, the worst labor trouble Montreal has experienced in many years, he was appointed to the Board of Arbitration, which settled the dispute. Since then he has arbitrated a number of strikes, always justly, fairly, and to the satisfaction of both parties. In 1890 he was a commissioner of the Canadian Government at the World's Fair in Chicago.

No man has done more than he, in the past few years, to elevate the moral tone of Montreal. His campaign against intemperance was singularly successful, being planned in a businesslike fashion, and executed with precision and tact.

His versatility includes the ability to make friends everywhere. A child with children, he wins their hearts; quiet, gentle, kind and courteous, and of deep sympathies, his tact, keen intellect and wide experience make him a valued friend and a wise counsellor of men. He is highly esteemed by all classes and creeds as a true gentleman, and, above all else, a man at all times.

His reputation as a preacher is equalled only by his ability as a public speaker. He is eloquent, and speaks both languages equally well. His ability to improvise is marvellous, and he has often been called upon to speak in both French and English on solemn occasions. His success has been remarkable, and due in some measure, to a retentive memory, stored with all kinds of information. His style is simple, chaste and convincing.

Truly, he is a man of many parts, and of almost infinite energy. His thirteen years' occupancy of the Archbishop's chair have been busy ones, and all filled with noble achievements. Each year is marked by some material monument to his untiring efforts on behalf of the worldly welfare of his people, while surely there must be a spiritual wreath to crown each twelve months of care for the moral well-being of those over whom he rules.

A Striking Chain

The Remarkable
Macdonald,

By

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

IT has been no uncommon thing to trace resemblances among the great men of the earth, but it is extremely doubtful if a more striking chain of compelling likenesses has ever been observed than that which links Sir John A. Macdonald to Benjamin Disraeli. Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the former, and the youthful Premier of British Columbia to the Prime Minister of the Dominion. A close study of the four likenesses on these pages, always remembering that the Hon. Richard McBride is to-day only about half the age of the other three, will disclose this remarkable resemblance in decisive fashion.

It is, of course, an old story to say that Sir John A. Macdonald resembled Lord Beaconsfield (as Disraeli became) closely. When the great English statesman was living and Sir John visited England, many comments were made on the striking likeness of the two prime ministers, which the portraits here shown abundantly demonstrate.

The resemblance subsisting between Sir Wilfrid and Sir John has also been noted on more than one occasion, and it is even known that rabid Conservatives have forgiven Sir Wilfrid much, because he reminded them of their former chieftain.

When it comes, however, to placing Richard McBride in this immortal chain, a new link is forged. The Premier of British Columbia, amazingly popular as he is in his own province, is as yet an almost unknown factor in the rest of the Dominion. To demonstrate his wonderful likeness to

# of Compelling Likenesses

Resemblance Which Unites Disraeli, Laurier and McBride

Arthur Conrad

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and his still more astonishing likeness in looks and manner to Sir John A. Macdonald, is to bring in the prophetic element to a large extent. But, even so, there are not lacking numerous admirers of Richard McBride who are confidently looking forward to just such a consummation to his career, as is thus suggested.

Richard McBride took a forward step in his career when he stepped over the bounds of partizanship and arranged a public welcome for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the Province of British Columbia. By so doing he has won the respect of all the best Canadians. He has demonstrated a broad-mindedness which would have done credit to Sir John A. Macdonald himself.

That Mr. McBride possesses those characteristics which will ensure him a popularity such as Sir John A. Macdonald enjoyed, is attested by a recent visitor to Victoria from eastern Canada. This gentleman met Mr. McBride for the first time on this trip. He expresses his great astonishment at the resemblance to Sir John, not merely in looks, but especially in manner. In his little mannerisms, in the way he approaches and shakes hands, he was so like Sir John, as to make the visitor feel as if there was something uncanny about it.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

HON. RICHARD McBRIDE

JOHN CLAY

John Clay, Master of the Hunt

By

John J. Duffy.

IT'S a far cry from the stockyards of Chicago to the heather of Bonnie Scotland, but it is nothing to John Clay, millionaire business man of the great American city, and master of the North Northumberland Hunt. From spring until autumn Mr. Clay is a staid, conservative business man, who sticks close to his downtown office in the Rookery building, one of Chicago's tall skyscrapers, with a close eye on the live stock market. But with the coming of fall, the lure of the chase gets the better of the business man, and he packs his traps and hurries to Scotland to take part in the first hunt of the season.

For years Mr. Clay has made his annual pilgrimage to Kelso, his birthplace. He came to America in 1874,

but from the very first he put by a part of his earnings to pay for a return trip to his native land. He was a hard and conscientious worker and the earnings grew rapidly. Now he is regarded as a millionaire, and he goes back every year.

Some years ago Mr. Clay purchased "Sunlaw," an old and historic castle nearby his native Kelso, and in the heart of the hunting country. He rebuilt the parts that had fallen into disrepair, and now every winter he goes there with his wife and small son, and gathers about him his friends and boon companions of the chase, where the shooting is said to be the best in all Scotland.

And after years of regular attendance at the annual Northumberland hunt, word has come that Mr. Clay has been named for the mastership of the organization, an honor there none can gainsay. The announcement was a big surprise for the business, and even the social friends of Mr. Clay in Chicago. They knew him as a lover of hunting, a good horseman and a thorough sportsman. They knew of his home in Kelso, where he has the Duke of Devonshire for a near neighbor, but they knew naught of his prowess in the chase, or of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-huntsmen.

Mr. Clay is loath to talk about the honor that has come to him. In America he insists he is a business man among business men, and he vastly prefers to discuss short-horned cattle or some kindred subject. But even now he is figuring on the day when he sails for Glasgow, and the ides of September will see him ready to bid farewell to Chicago until after the middle of March—when the shooting season is at an end about Kelso.

But even while Mr. Clay is following the chase in faraway Scotland, his business will go on almost the same as if the master hand was at the helm. The head of the firm is a good business man, who knows how to take a vacation, and so thoroughly has he organized the forces of his enterprises, his absence means no interruption, and the outsider would not know but what he was out of the office for only a day or two.

Yet while he is in Chicago, John Clay is in every deal of the firm of John Clay & Co., live stock loan brokers, and Clay, Robinson & Co., live stock commission men.

This man Clay has had a remarkable career. Many Canadians, perhaps, will remember him back in the years between 1879 and 1882, when he was engaged in the Shorthorn cattle trade as manager of Bow Park, at Brantford, Ont. He was getting his start then, and when he came to Chicago in 1882, it was to begin a steady advance which has brought him to his present position of wealth and affluence.

He went to the stock yards, and even as Chicago grew as a cattle market, John Clay grew with it. He was careful and conservative in business, and endowed with a natural shrewdness and ability as a trader, he won where others lost. Mr. Clay devoted all of his time to business in those days—winter and summer were alike to him then—and he more than laid the foundation for his splendid fortune.

Now Mr. Clay is in almost daily attendance at his offices in the Rookery building, or out at the Union Stock Yards, where Clay, Robinson & Co. conduct their business, but of an afternoon he finds the opportunity to run out to the Midlothian Country Club for a game of golf. He plays a consistently good game, they say there, and he finishes an eighteen-hole course as fresh and unfatigued as a man much younger in years.

Down on Lake Avenue, in an exclusive residence section, in Chicago's south side, Mr. Clay has a handsome residence. Lake Michigan is almost at his front gate, and his lawns are kept with a care which attracts the immediate attention of the passerby. Inside the home is furnished with an exquisite taste, and there is something

"SUNLAW," THE SCOTTISH HOME OF MR. CLAY

MR. AND MRS. CLAY AND THEIR SON IN THE FOREGROUND

of an old-world refinement about it which immediately suggests Kelso and Northumberland.

About the rooms of the lower floor are trophies of the chase and pictures of famed horses and dogs. There are also photographs of Mr. Clay's own favorites; and in the reception hall is a monster painting, done in oils, of Mr. Clay in his riding togs, crop in hand, apparently waiting for his horse to be off for the hunt.

Over in "Sunlaw," Mr. and Mrs. Clay live in ease and comfort. The old pile has been brought down to date in a number of ways, but at the same time the air of the middle ages about it has been retained. But Clay in Chicago doesn't talk about Clay in "Sunlaw," and what one learns of him there must come from others.

"America is best," said Mr. Clay in his brief, almost abrupt way, the other day. "I'm glad I live in Chicago, for I am a business man. Scotland is the place to hunt, but the business man has no place there. Stay here and work. Then when you can take a vacation, come to Kelso, we've got the best shooting in all Scotland there—and I know what I am talking about."

Mr. Clay had almost become enthusiastic on something other than business for the moment, and his eyes were dreamy as he felt the longing for the heather and the glories of the chase. But it was only momentary, and he looked as if he felt guilty when he realized whither his thoughts had wandered.

"But I am busy—I haven't got time to think or talk about hunting," he said briskly, as he swung around in his chair and tackled a pile of papers before him on his desk. Then he touched a "buzzer," which brought a clerk hurrying to his side. He spoke of a deal to be closed and then dug with greater determination into the matters before him.

John Clay is master of the hunt in Northumberland, but in Chicago he is a business man.

The Eyes and Light

IT is an undoubted fact that people in general pay much more attention to the care of the eyes than was formerly the case, and it is well that this is so. A great deal more is demanded of the human eye to-day than in former times, even if one goes back only a very little way. It is not only the increasing strain of education, for in many ways the strain here is lessened, owing to better methods, bigger windows, clearer print, and growing knowledge of the limitations of the eye; but it is impossible to move without being impressed with the continuous and everlasting invitations to the eye to overwork itself unnecessarily. Every boat and train and trolley is lined with printed matter, and the eyes have to be jerked away like an unwilling child from a window of toys. If one flees to the real country, one finds every barn and fence plastered with admonition and advice. So that in a sense all have become involuntary and obligatory readers, even the least literary. The only way out of it all is to travel with shut eyes.

The worst danger, however, is not in the daytime. It is, in all great cities at least, after dark that the greatest risk is incurred. When the healing, peaceful night descends, then comes the assault of light, and many are beginning to realize that it is from dusk to bedtime that the eyes are put to their greatest strain.

It has always been recognized that excessive light can cause injury to the eyes. Snow-blindness is a conspicuous instance of this, as is also what is called eclipse blindness, meaning symptoms which follow an attempt to watch an eclipse of the sun. The same symptoms can be produced by watching any very bright light without protecting the eyes. The glare from the sand and waves brings about the same discomfort in susceptible eyes as that from snow, although mountain-climbers are said to suffer more severely because the light on high mountains is richer in the ultra-violet rays than the light in valleys.

These violet rays, which cause the trouble, may be offset by the wearing of amber-tinted glasses, which split up these rays before they reach the retina.

Now that lighting by electricity is becoming so general a fashion, it is advisable that people should learn how to protect their eyes from its glare; its light should always be arranged not to shine directly on the eyes, the bulb should always be made of ground glass, and several lamps of moderate power are better than one extremely powerful one.—*Youth's Companion.*

Lifters and Leaners

By

Courtenay Barber

THERE are just two kinds of people in the world—the people who lift and the people who lean. Some wise man described the leaner in these words:

"He ne'er made blunders in his speech;
He shunned the dangers of finance,
Nor sought some glittering prize to reach
Mid the uncertainties of chance.
He ne'er aroused the cynic's sneer,
Nor moved the flatterer's voice to song,
But placidly without a tear,
Observed the world that moved along.
He ne'er knew poverty intense,
That nerves the heart to eager strife,
Nor felt the ease of opulence,
But through an uneventful life
He journeyed on. A course exact
He marched with limitations small,
He ne'er made enemies. In fact,
He ne'er did anything at all.

I am trying to impress upon your minds how dangerous this leaning habit is. How it makes progress impossible up the Hill-of-Success that man was made to climb.

Did you ever see a man attempt to climb a hill leaning backwards? If he insisted upon leaning, he would turn around and lie down. The only attitude for climbing a hill is a lifting posture. It is the attitude which expresses self-control, concentration, confidence—a desire to do something.

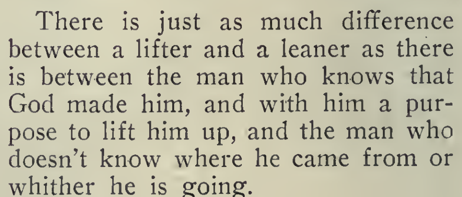
You can pick lifters out of the throng you pass on the street by looking into their faces. The lifter is going somewhere for something.

The leaner wonders what he will do next and then keeps on wondering. He is bound for nowhere.

This leaning habit sometimes appears among successful men, who have been lifters. They think they have established a reputation upon which they can lean, which relieves them from doing any more lifting. This is a dangerous thing to do. No man's reputation is big enough for him to lean on.

Down in Lower Canada, during a political campaign, there were two candidates seeking an office. One was a self-made man. He was proud of it, and submitted that to his constituents as his chief recommendation for their support. The substance of his speech was, "I'm a self-made man! You know me. I'm a self-made man!"

The other candidate had not yet established a reputation big enough to lean on. He could not attend the meeting in person, so he sent a substitute, a little French Canadian, who did not speak very good English. He got up after the first candidate had spoken and addressed the meeting. This is what he said: "I'm sorry my friend could not be here. I like you to see him. This man say he a self-made man. I believe dat. But my man, God made him, and, my friends, zere is just as much difference between ze men as zere is between ze makers."



There is just as much difference between a lifter and a leaner as there is between the man who knows that God made him, and with him a purpose to lift him up, and the man who doesn't know where he came from or whither he is going.

The Turning of the Worm

A Long Complete Story

By Sarah Grand

UNCLE OSCAR WILBRAHAM stood in the summer sunshine on the edge of the cliff, looking out to sea; and I, his faithful satellite, sat on a seat near by, gazing at Uncle Oscar.

Every girl has at heart a visionary hero, an ideal of whom she dreams. I was luckier than most girls in that I had always had a real live hero with whom I walked and talked. My hero was Uncle Oscar. I do not pretend that he was a hero by right of great deeds done; or that I knew him for a hero in my girlhood. It was only by very slow degrees that I realized that he was heroic at all. But he was. He was great in self-sacrifice; in the cheerful endurance of a life which was not a man's life, although Uncle Oscar was very much of a man.

We mourn the lot of women whose sad fate it is to be sacrificed by selfish men; women who have never had a chance to follow any single one important bent of their nature; women who, for their individuality, are made to suffer martyrdom in the cruel light of those who care only to have them moulded to their own uses, valuing their tender affection chiefly because it makes them plastic. And we think such a fate is peculiar to women; but occasionally a man is made to suffer so; occasionally a man is so caught by women, and constrained. This was the case with Uncle Oscar. He was my guardian, and I had been brought up in his house as one of the family, the family being Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia, for Uncle Oscar had not married. I was an orphan, rich in property, but poor in relations. My mother died at my birth, my father when I was two years old. Uncle Oscar became my guardian then. My parents had been his dearest friends, and he had accepted the trust from my father on his deathbed, promising that, in so far as it lay in his power to be father and mother to me himself, he would be father and mother—and he had been.

The first thing I remember in this world is sunshine and Uncle Oscar's finger to which I was clinging. It was he who helped me to toddle about the gardens; and waited patiently on my snail's pace, ready to catch me if I slipped, when it pleased me to climb upstairs on my hands and knees. It was he who came to the nursery two or three times a day just to see how I was getting on, or to fetch me when there were visitors, and carry me downstairs, all ribbons and lace, to be admired. And when I was in bed once, all hot and horrid, and didn't want to get up, it was Uncle Oscar, looking very grave, who brought another man to see me, and took him away again, and then came back himself, and sat beside me till I fell asleep, and when I awoke in the night, and was afraid and screamed, because the room looked strange in the lamplight, he was there beside me, and took my little hand and stroked it, and made me feel all nice at once. I always loved his touch.

He taught me to ride, too, and trusted me on a thoroughbred in spite

of Grandmamma, who said the animal was too valuable to be risked in that way—to which he replied that so long as I ran no risk, and was happy, the animal must take its chance.

Yielding in many respects, Uncle Oscar was always firm where I was concerned. Whatever he considered it right for me to have or to do, I had and I did. There had been a battle about it at first, I believe, and Uncle Oscar must have routed the enemy once for all, for, within my recollection, none of the family had ever ventured to interfere when my interests were in question. When Uncle Oscar chose to fight the family, he was sure to win; but the trouble was to rouse him to fight. The atmosphere of Seascape was enervating for a man. By the time I grew up, and began to understand, Uncle Oscar had become apathetic, and was inclined for the most part to let things go.

Seascape, the beautiful old family mansion by the sea, the only home I can remember, was his house nominally, his prison virtually, for he was tied to it by Grandmamma, his mother, and Aunt Lucretia, his eldest sister; tied by the bonds of natural affection, as people said admiringly; tied and bound for their own selfish purposes, as I now know, by women in whom self-interest was the predominant passion. To live with Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia was daily to suffer a yoke that was not easy, to bear a burden that was not light—the yoke of their wishes, the burden of their petty exactions. There is no time within my recollection when they did not make me feel the yoke and the burden, and, had it not been for Uncle Oscar, I never could have endured the galling harness in which it was their will to drive me whither they pleased—which was seldom, if ever, in the direction in which it would have pleased me to go. But from the first, in small things as well as in great, Uncle Oscar made life as easy and pleasant for me as it could be made. He was certainly everything to me that the most devoted father could have been. Never did I find him wanting in any respect; never did he fail me.

Healthy, happy people are not keenly sensitive to the sufferings of others. You may endure a martyrdom of acute mental misery under their eyes, and, so long as you do not complain, they will never perceive that you are suffering. This was my case with regard to Uncle Oscar. It was not until I was quite grown up that I realized all was not well with him. I remember the very moment when I first began to suspect that his life was not all that he would have made of it had he lived for his own happiness. Up to that moment it had not occurred to me that he also was under the yoke. He seemed to have everything that heart of man could desire, and it was not for a thoughtless young girl to perceive that although nominally he possessed so much, in reality he had very little that he could feel to be quite his own to make free with; all that he possessed being so clogged and encumbered by those exacting women.

I can tell the story now consecutively, but I have had to work back from the end to the beginning to piece it together. It began for me with a flash of insight, one of those flashes that are lit up by a casual remark.

But let me tell you how it was with Uncle Oscar up to the moment when he made that remark. He has told me himself since—everything—many times; so I know.

We had been wandering about the grounds together that morning, as we often did, after he had attended to his correspondence, been to the stables, and gone his usual round of inspection about the place. It was early summer, but somewhat too hot for walking, and I was glad to sit down when we came to that seat on the cliff which commanded the loveliest view of the bay. It was here that we used often station ourselves on fine mornings—I lazily content to do nothing; he usually smoking a cigarette. He lit one that day, but was holding it between his finger and thumb, as if he had forgotten it.

From an opaline sky the sun beamed down on the sea, and the sea flashed back a smile of delight to the sun. Uncle Oscar, standing on the edge of the cliff, was looking down at the long reach of buff sand up which the little waves came tumbling and bursting, with merry murmurs, as though they were glad to get back to the land. He might have been there to welcome the rising tide, so intent was his gaze at the progress it was making, so absorbed he seemed; or he might have been watching and waiting for something to come—some expected gift—floating in on the bosom of the sea. So a fanciful person might have supposed, who saw him standing there, standing at ease, with observant eyes, and an expectant face, full of thought. But there again, as usual, appearances would have deceived the fanciful. For Uncle Oscar consciously saw neither sky nor sea nor shore. He was waiting, it is true, but he was merely waiting, as was his wont at that hour on fine days, until it was time to go in to lunch; and he was thinking, but of nothing more romantic than the projected doings of the day in so far as they concerned the claims of his family upon his time. And his family made great claims upon his time, because he was the only man in it. A wife and children would hardly have been so exacting as the mother and sister within his gates, and the rest of his female relations in his immediate neighborhood, who insisted on their right to claim him upon every occasion when a man's company was essential, whether as an escort, a protection, a help, or for the general purpose of varying the monotony of the feminine point of view. Uncle Oscar was a bachelor of fifty, with seven thousand a year, unencumbered by land; a charming old house, and beautiful pleasure grounds, beautifully tended; a fine position in the county; and the respect and affection of all who knew him. For he was an attractive man, attractive both to men and women, but especially to women, for his unfailing courtesy and kindness. He was a small, well-made man, always well-dressed; indeed, he only escaped the reproach of dapper by a certain grace of virility in his character which made every outward expression of himself, whether in dress or manner, right with the rightness of manliness. As a baby his nurse had dubbed him "The Little Gentleman," and "The Little Gentleman" he remained to the end of his days—having inches enough to make the appellation inoffensive.

It was upon this quality of gentlehood that the ladies of his family habitually imposed, exacting from him every sort of service, as though he were theirs by right of purchase to be disposed of as should best suit their convenience at any time. Besides his mother and sister Lucretia, he had a widowed sister living near, and sundry nieces and cousins who, as they grew up, were taught to depend upon Uncle Oscar's good-nature and Uncle Oscar's purse in every emergency. And it was also understood that Uncle Oscar's fortune was for the family, inalienably; but whether it was to be shared amongst them, or left in a mass to some one lucky favorite, remained uncertain — which was a good thing for him in one way, the one thing that made his position pleasant, since it kept all of them alive to the necessity of making themselves agreeable to him to the best of their ability. But in another way it had not been good for him. It never is good for a man to find himself always the centre of everything, continually plied with delicate attentions, in an atmosphere dangerously charged with demonstrations of affection, an atmosphere of feminine cajoleries, far too sweet to be wholesome.

The little waves, tumbling over each other, gambolled up across the last narrow stretch of hard sand, and broke at the foot of the cliff with a shout of laughter. Uncle Oscar threw them the end of his cigarette, twirled the tips of his grey moustache, and, with a last comprehensive glance seaward, turned to go home.

"Come," he said, and I jumped up at once and hurried to his side.

On every hand the prospect, bathed in brilliant sunshine, was pleasing, and so also should have been the prospect of luncheon, yet there was a shade on Uncle Oscar's face as we slowly strolled back to the house—not a shade of ill-humor, but of depression. There was no sunshine in Uncle Oscar himself that day, no exhilaration. The weather in his heart was fine, perhaps, but grey, very grey.

"Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame," slipped from me involuntarily.

Uncle Oscar acknowledged the aptness of the quotation by flicking the head from a thistle with his stick.

We both knew pretty well what the day had in store for us. There was nothing in the prospect to which we objected, but, at the same time, there was nothing in prospect to which we looked forward with any pleasure; nothing that promised any change from the usual round of little happenings; the dead level of dull monotony only made endurable by habit, or a sense of duty. It was habit in Uncle Oscar's case, the habit of acquiescence; but that is not a habit that is bound to persist. To most people there come times of staleness to all accustomed things; times when our impulse is to break away, to fly, to do something desperate; times which are a preparation for change—if not actual harbingers of some change near at hand. I know now that it was so with Uncle Oscar just then. He could not have told anyone, because he did not himself realize what was the matter with him. He had come to a loose end suddenly. It was as if he had gone to bed one night a contented man, and had risen next day dissatisfied with himself and everything else, and what he wanted now to enable him to take up the dropped threads of life again satisfactorily, was a radical change.

This was the moment when he made the remark to which I have referred.

There had been intoxication for me in the exquisite air, the lovely peaceful scene, the sense of silence, which was in no way disturbed by the incessant murmur of the sea; and I had given expression to it. At twenty-one our spirits clamour for expression, our moods blatantly claim a response.

"Oh," I burst out at last, "what a heavenly day! Uncle Oscar, don't you love your life?"

"Live just to be alive," was what I meant; but I seized upon the first phrase that occurred to me, and he gave me no time to correct myself.

"Love my life?" he repeated. "Isn't it rather a lap-dog sort of life for a man?"

I was taken aback. He was wont to talk a good deal to me, and of many things, but never before had he said anything so intimate with regard to himself personally, and I was at a loss for something to say in reply.

We walked on for a little in silence, then at last I ventured to ask: "Why do you call it a lap-dog life? What should you say was a better life for a man in your position? Are you not doing your duty in the state in which it has pleased God to call you?"

"Candidly, no," he answered. "A man of means, with ample leisure, should be public-spirited——"

"But what could you do?" I broke in. "You might be on the Bench—— Why are you not on the Bench, Uncle Oscar?"

"Oh, well—my mother, you see," he replied. "She objects. She says it would bring disreputable people about the place at all hours, tramps, and policemen, and that sort of thing. And she thinks I should be sure to be drawn into municipal work, and help to spoil the place by doing things which would make it attractive, and bring crowds of visitors to it in the summer. She fears, too, that I should have fads about the housing of the poor, the treatment of paupers and criminals, the water supply, and especially the drainage; and that it would

Drawn by STEVEN SPURRIER

UNCLE OSCAR MADE LIFE AS EASY AND PLEASANT FOR ME AS IT COULD BE MADE."

all end in my being made mayor, and having no time to attend to her at all."

He spoke playfully, but there was a shade of apology in his tone, as if he were excusing his mother.

"But surely that would have been the very thing for you?" I said.

"That would have been the very thing for me," he answered, the lightness of his tone discounted by a smothered sigh.

II

The sound of the gong rolled out as we crossed the lawn, and we hurried straight into the dining-room by one of the French windows opening on to the terrace, which ran the whole length of the house. We were just two minutes late, and Grandmamma had begun luncheon. She was a severely punctual person, and never waited a moment, even for the master of the house, nor did Aunt Lucretia. Regular habits meant more to them than Christian principles. But neither of them ever expressed disapproval or found fault; a hurt expression, or a resigned smile, were their favorite weapons. It was the resigned smile they used on this occasion, and Uncle Oscar and I, oppressed with the sense of guilt, would have slunk apologetically to our places had it not been that there was a third person present, whom we were obliged to greet.

This third person was Cecily Carey. She was connected with the family by her late husband's will, he having made Uncle Oscar sole trustee for the property left her. But the two families had been near neighbors for generations, and Uncle Oscar had known Cecily all her life. At fifteen he had despised her as a baby in long clothes; at twenty he had patronized her as a little girl; at thirty-five he had seen her unhappily married to the most notorious scamp in the county; at forty he had had the pleasure of attending the scamp's funeral; and for the last ten years he had managed all her affairs for her, and generally befriended her like an elder brother. Under the circumstances their intimacy was so natural and inevitable, that everybody countenanced it as a matter of course, and Cecily came and went like one of the family. Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia shed sweetness, mingled with pity, upon her lavishly. The sweetness bore witness to their oft-expressed opinion that she was genuinely nice; the pity they poured upon certain defects, not of character so much as of manner, as they generously allowed—defects which they would probably never have discovered had it not been that her maiden name of Brand, with other obvious reasons, had drawn upon her in her childhood the inevitable sobriquet of "Monkey," and "Monkey" to her intimates she had remained. Not that she was monkey at all in appearance, for her milk-white face was of flower-like sweetness, and in the steady sapphire eyes that shone under her cloudy dark hair, a depth of character was foreshadowed, much at variance with her reputation for monkey tricks; a depth which to sympathetic insight, would have portended that the thing to expect of her would be the unexpected. It was always a wonder to me how she set at nought the terrible cloying sweetness from which Uncle Oscar and I suffered so helplessly; and said what she thought and did as she intended whatever the opposition. But she did; and her coming acted as a tonic upon both of us. Uncle Oscar's countenance brightened when he saw her now.

"Money again, I suppose?" he said in mock despair, but with some earnestness in the mockery. She had to draw on her resources through him, and he would have her careful of her money, as he was with his own, and she was not careful. "What a plague you are!"

"It isn't my fault if I am made a whip to scourge you with," she protested.

"Why should I be scourged at all?" he asked, plaintively.

"For leading an idle, useless, pur-

poseless existence," she hit back, not dreaming that she was hitting hard. She was looking straight at him too, yet did not see that he winced. I should not have seen it either, I suppose, had it not been for the glimpse I had just had of that raw place in his feelings.

He helped himself carefully from a dish a servant handed to him at the moment, and went on with his luncheon as if he had not heard. She looked at him a little more keenly when he made no attempt to retort, for they usually kept up a lively banter between them from the moment they met. This banter was a source of sorrow to Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia. They thought levity in a woman who had her troubles was unbecoming, and they wondered that Uncle Oscar could countenance levity —poor Uncle Oscar, to whom a chance to unbend came so rarely!

Grandmamma had resumed her expression of resignation when the little rally began. She looked very sweet and benevolent, sitting at the end of the table, in silver grey satin and fine, white lace. She wore her beautiful white hair arranged in those rolls the French call *anglaises,* on each side of her forehead, and had a trick of patting them gently, to gain time to find a reply, or to give a touch of finality to some decree which she had just pronounced. Aunt Lucretia was something like her mother in appearance, but it was the likeness of a bad imitation. Where Grandmamma was graceful in figure, Aunt Lucretia was gaunt. Her hair was of a lifeless, sandy color, which produced no effect of beauty, in spite of its abundance; and, however costly her clothes, there was always something wrong about them, so that she never looked well-dressed. Grandmamma, on the contrary, never looked anything else.

As Uncle Oscar let that little impertinence of Monkey's pass in silence, Grandmamma took off her resigned expression and put on her look of peace; and Aunt Lucretia ceased to study the contents of her plate, as if, by concentration thereupon, she could keep herself unspotted from the world. But the silence was becoming oppressive, so I broke it.

"What are we going to do this afternoon?" I asked, generally.

"What would you like to do?" Uncle Oscar replied, with a flash of animation.

"Drive us somewhere," I said. "It is such a lovely day! I should like to be out the whole afternoon. Monkey wouldn't it be nice if Uncle Oscar drove us on to the wolds? Let us take a tea-basket, and have a good time."

"Yes, let us," she said. "Oscar, it would be delightful."

"So it would," he agreed. "What time—"

But Grandmamma caught Aunt Lucretia's eye, and patted her *anglaises.*

"You cannot take them this afternoon, dear," she interrupted. "I am sorry, but I want to call on the Merryons, and you must please come too. If Cecily and Beatrice must drive, let Kemp take them."

"Are you going to the Merryons?" Uncle Oscar asked Aunt Lucretia.

"I am," she said solemnly, as if she were taking an oath.

"Then won't my cards do, mother?" he suggested.

"I want you to come yourself," Grandmamma insisted, as if terrbile things depended upon it.

Uncle Oscar said no more, but the brightness had gone from his face, and Monkey blurted out: "You're a model son, dear! What a loss you are to the married profession—if it be true that a good son makes a good husband."

Grandmamma looked pained at that, as though the doubt suggested were a reproach to Oscar, and Aunt Lucretia, after giving Monkey a rapid glance, set herself hard to reflect; but I had no clue at the moment to the sudden suspicion which had obviously occurred to her.

"Mamma is so nervous in the carriage, you know, dear, when you are

not there," she said to Uncle Oscar, with an affectionate smile.

This clinched the matter in the usual way. Uncle Oscar was condemned to spend the lovely afternoon doubled up on the back seat of the brougham, with one window a little way open; and we might go where we liked for all those gentle ladies cared, so long as we did not trouble them. Oh, that terrible cloying sweetness! If only they had done things disagreeably, it would have roused him, stung him into opposition, and been the making of him. But they always managed so cleverly to make him feel that anything but acquiescence would be boorish and brutal.

Monkey and I gave up the expedition as he could not come, and she immediately took her leave. She was walking, and Uncle Oscar went with her, bareheaded, down the drive.

"Shall you be at home this evening, at the usual time?" he asked her at the door, as he opened her parasol.

I did not hear her reply. But the question satisfied a little piece of curiosity I had sometimes felt. Uncle Oscar often went out immediately after dinner, and I used to wonder where he spent his evenings, but had not asked, of course, or tried to discover. Had he wished me to know, he would have told me. And he did tell me, too, eventually. He made me understand how, after a long day of Grandmamma's incessant little exactions, enforced by Aunt Lucretia's tender cajoleries, he had looked to an evening spent in Cecily's bracing atmosphere as to a means of escape, a safety valve. Without the relief of it, he must have exploded long before he did. If things had been allowed to go on as they were, without interference, he would probably never have exploded at all.

III.

The power of quiet endurance is supposed to be an attribute of woman only, but, like every other attribute, it is common to both sexes. The distinguishing difference lies, not in the possession, but in the way men and women exercise their common attributes. A long-uffering woman makes no pretence of cheerfulness, as a rule; a man when he makes up his mind to endure, does it pleasantly. This was the case with Uncle Oscar. Heredity had been unkind to him, by robbing him of the means of self-defence. Sweetness of manner in the other members of his family cloaked hardness of heart; in him it was a true index of character, which left him open to the assaults of those who did not scruple to impose upon his good-nature. Up to this time I had never seen him show impatience, and I used to think that he did not realize the extent to which he was imposed upon. His manner to his mother was perfect, whatever she exacted, and the other members of his family he treated with unvarying kindliness.

Now, however, I began to perceive that something in his habitual courtesy, which, at times, had seemed to me a little exaggerated, was the outcome of suppressed irritation. It was my own suppressed irritation, I suppose, that gave me the clue to his. It seemed to me monstrous of Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia calmly to set aside our plans, as they had done at luncheon, and to carry him off, regardless of his own expressed wishes, to pay an unnecessary call—monstrous selfishness; and I had not recovered my temper when we sat down to dinner that evening.

Aunt Constance, with Cousin Maud, her daughter, and another distant elderly cousin, Grace, were dining with us. Their company meant much melancholy talk about missions, mothers' meetings, bazaars, and the incorrigible improvidence of the poor. The conduct of one starving woman, in particular, was worrying them just then. She had been given a liberal supply of soup and bread when she first applied for help, but she had the assurance to return again the following week, as hungry as ever. And

they couldn't get over it. Good women they were, and charitable, but the kindliness which encourages people to be happy in their own way to do something else, and to do it differently. They insisted that it was the duty of the poor to be satisfied with what their betters thought good enough for them; and tried to make them believe that the power to work long hours for the rich, only eating and sleeping in order to keep up their strength for work, was the highest privilege to which they had any right to aspire.

I was well accustomed to this kind of talk, but it got upon my nerves that evening, and drove me to break in at last with the double purpose of causing a diversion and making myself as disagreeable to them as they were making themselves to me.

My usual seat was next to Uncle Oscar, and we used to talk to each other happily whoever was there, but latterly this had not been allowed. When Aunt Lucretia saw two people happy together, she seemed to suspect that something was wrong, and never rested until she had had the pleasure of making them both miserable. For this reason I had been moved away from Uncle Oscar. But that sort of thing, in those days, only made me the more irrepressible.

"You must have been bored to death in that horrible close carriage this afternoon, Uncle Oscar," I exclaimed across the distance. "I did pity you! Especially as there was no necessity for you to go at all. Weren't you just longing to be out with us all the time, in the fresh air?"

"I hope Uncle Oscar did not suffer more than your dear Grandmamma and myself," Aunt Lucretia put in, with gentle deprecation.

"Must have," I said. "You went because you wanted to go. He was dragged off against his will. You don't suppose he liked it—especially when the alternative was Monkey?"

This last shot hit home, I could see. Aunt Lucretia's set smile went out suddenly, and was only recaptured with an effort. Grandmamma patted her white rolls, first on one side, and then on the other, with quite an agitated touch. Grim Cousin Grace sniffed, and Aunt Constance compressed her lips as if she had something in her mouth that wanted to get out. I did not in the least know what I had hit, and I looked at Uncle Oscar to see if he were better informed, but there was not a hint in the expression of his face to help me.

"I suppose they were out, and you got no tea?" I went on, making another bull's-eye by accident.

"We had the happy sense of having done the right thing to sustain us," Grandmamma assured me, with her most seraphic smile.

"I expect Uncle Oscar would have found more stimulant in a cup of tea," I observed.

There was a momentary faint flicker of amusement on Uncle Oscar's face. Aunt Lucretia detected it, and blew it out at once.

"Be yourself, Beatrice, dearest," she said. "The original Monkey leaves much to be desired, but a bad imitation of her, poor dear, is unendurable."

"Indeed, yes, poor, dear child," said Grandmamma. "She is much to be pitied. But you have had every advantage, Beatrice, and you really do know better."

"Better than what?" I wanted to know.

"Never mind, dearest," said Grandmamma. "It is not a profitable subject."

She smiled at Uncle Oscar maternally, and rose from the table as she spoke. He hurried to the door, to open it for her and the other ladies. As they left the room, his face brightened for the first time that evening.

I was the last to go, and as I passed him he whispered, "Good-night, Bee. I shall make my escape."

"Thank goodness for you," I said. "Good-night!"

When I went into the drawing-room the three elder ladies had got their heads together, and Cousin Maud was looking all out of it, so I took charge

of her, to the best of my ability, for she was of an intellectual weight that bowed my spirits to the ground. The only way to entertain her was set her going on a subject in which she was deeply interested, and then to give her head. After that, one could let one's mind wander at will, so long as one looked her in the face and seemed to be listening. By a stroke of luck I hit upon the resurrection of the body, and got her safely off to Ancient Egypt, where she enjoyed herself thoroughly among the tombs with the mummies, until it was time to go home.

The confab at the other side of the room was being carried on in undertones, but every now and then a distinct phrase caught my wandering attention—if you can call it attention, which takes no interest in what is being said, and would rather not be caught. But Aunt Lucretia, who had been talking hard, as if in an effort to persaude the others to something, all at once wound herself up to a climax, on a high note, which reached me in spite of myself.

"Dearest Constance, I am afraid I am right," she exclaimed. "Mother dear, you remember what she said about him at luncheon? She said that he was a loss to the married profession. That was what opened my eyes.

"Not at all a nice thing to say," grim Cousin Grace observed.

"She is often not nice in her sayings," Aunt Lucretia sighed; "and one is forced to remember *qui peut tout dire arrive a tout faire*. We give her the run of the house, and every opportunity."

"You will have to be careful," Aunt Constance warned her. "All that is necessary is to keep them apart. With a little tact, you need never have her here when he is at home."

"Where is Oscar?" Grandmamma broke in plaintively. "Beatrice, dearest, where is your Uncle Oscar?"

I turned out my pocket to show that he wasn't in it, and was reproved for treating a question of Grandmamma's with unbecoming levity. But I wasn't going to give Uncle Oscar away—or Monkey either.

Aunt Lucretia left the room to look for him, and returned without him.

"I am afraid he has gone out, mother dearest," she said, mitigating the blow with a tender kiss.

"It really is a little inconsiderate," Grandmamma complained. "He must have known I should want him this evening."

"Never mind, dear," Aunt Constance said, soothingly; "we all know what men are."

"It's that horrid smoking," Cousin Grace declared. "I don't believe they would be half so selfish if it were not for that. Once they get together, smoking and talking, they forget everthing. I can't think how they can waste precious time as they do."

"If only men could be taught to work as you do, Cousin Grace, they would have the same profitable topics of conversation, and they how different they would be!" I ventured. (Hideous little bits of woolwork for bazaars represented the extent of her labors and interests.)

"They would, indeed!" sighed Cousin Grace, complacently.

I hurried back with Maud to Ancient Egypt for safety, and was resigned to sit there for the rest of the evening, but my heart was with Uncle Oscar. I was glad to think that he was happy with Cecily; but that kind of gladness does not cheer one, and my spirits went down, and down. Then, suddenly, just as they dropped to the lowest depths, I heard something, and up again they flashed to the zenith. It was Uncle Oscar's step in the hall. In a moment, to my inexpressible pleasure, he appeared at the drawing-room door.

"Beatrice, I want you," he called to me.

His tone was peremptory, so I knew that he had come to the rescue with something nice in store for me by way of a diversion, for that was the only tone to assume, in order to get me away without opposition. When Uncle Oscar was peremptory,

Drawn by STEVEN SPURRIER

"HE PLAYED ON, WANDERING FROM ONE THING TO ANOTHER."

the dear ladies always supposed that I had been up to some mischief, and was in for a lecture, a treat of which they would not have deprived me for money, much as they loved it.

Uncle Oscar withdrew when he had spoken, and I ran out to him in the hall.

"It's a pity to be shut up in that stuffy room this lovely evening," he said. "Put something on, and we'll go and see Cecily. Grandmamma has enough of the family to entertain her without us. We shall not be missed."

The dear one had returned on purpose to rescue me.

IV.

Uncle Oscar had never taken me out with him alone before in the evening; but everything had been different that day, and I was not surprised. New departures were in the air—so to speak.

We made for a little side-door in the wall that fenced the grounds from the high road. It was a short cut across a grassy space, thick-set with fine old trees, beneath which we walked in the soft, deep shadows so noiselessly that we might have been imponderable spirits. I slipped my hand through Uncle Oscar's arm, a trick of mine, when we were alone together, which he kindly allowed, but did not encourage. It was my wont to do all the caressing, and his to endure it, kindly but stolidly—so stolidly that it was hard to suppose that he was even aware of my customary demonstrations of affection. I loved to hang on his arm, and lean my head against his shoulder. I used to wear low-heeled walking shoes for the purpose, for, with high heels, I was taller than he was; and it hurt me, somehow, to be taller than Uncle Oscar.

In those days it was easy enough for me to understand what attracted Uncle Oscar to Cecily, for I felt the same attraction myself. Hers was an atmosphere in which my heart, not hopelessly dried and shrivelled, was bound to expand. She was so genuinely sympathetic, so tolerant, so free of all taint of that poison of the mind which blossoms into carping criticism. I never remember to have heard her hard on anybody, and yet she did not shut her eyes. She was too intelligent for that, too keenly interested in life in all its phases; but she never sat in judgment. What she did was to take conduct of all kinds into consideration, and then she tried to account for the different varieties. Kindly accounting for was her speciality. She could account for Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia, and excuse them on occasions when I had been worked up into a frenzy of impotent rage. But those were occasions, as I afterwards came to observe, when nothing affecting her own dignity and pride had occurred.

It was during the first year of her widowhood that Uncle Oscar had formed the habit of spending his evenings with her. The settlement of her husband's affairs, which had been left in disorder, and the trusteeship of her money, had necessitated many consultations, which it had often suited them both best to hold in the evening. Monkey frankly said that it varied the monotony for her to have him come then, and, when business was done, she would beguile him to stay and talk—if you can call that beguiling, which was too openly proclaimed to leave a doubt of her intentions.

"I'm bored to death, Oscar," she would say. "I'm sick of myself. Do stay and talk to me, and make me feel human. I do so hate to be alone in the evening."

And Uncle Oscar had stayed at first with the kindly desire to cheer her. So the habit had been formed. He had not thought of these evenings as of any particular pleasure to himself, or discovered that they were until her mourning was over, when she shut up her house and went abroad. Then he knew by the melancholy blank from which he suffered after her departure what a pleasant difference her

society, as a means of escape from his own family, had meant for him.

That was ten years ago, and their close intimacy, coming about, as it had done, insensibly, and as the result of circumstance, had roused neither question nor comment among their friends. Everybody had taken it for granted that it should be so, themselves included.

Uncle Oscar had looked depressed when we left home, but the balmy coolness of the summer night was refreshing, and by the time we reached the old red-brick Georgian house, fronting the street, in which Cecily lived, was whistling to himself softly, a sure sign in him of rising spirits.

Blackwell, the staid old servant who let us in, honored me with a stare of inquiry, but she smiled a cordial welcome to Uncle Oscar, and it was as if, when she relieved him of his cap and coat, she relieved him also of the last of his depression, and some of his years, for his step was buoyant as he mounted the broad, shallow stairs, and the smile with which he responded to Cecily's greeting was the smile of a happy man.

"I've brought Bee," he said.

Cecily was sitting beside a solid little ebony table, on which stood a shaded lamp. A book lay open on her lap. She put it down when we entered, and rose to receive us, smiling at us both impartially.

"Bee is welcome," she said. Then she glanced at the clock. "I was beginning to be afraid you could not come," she said to Uncle Oscar.

"Then you knew I should come if I could?" he answered, catching at the admission. "We had an interminable dinner to-night. I made my escape the moment I could, and was half-way here when I thought of Bee, and went back for her."

"And, oh, but I was glad to be rescued!" I exclaimed. "You can imagine what it was with Aunt Constance, Cousin Maud and Cousin Grace, added to Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia! And the talk."

"Mothers' meetings, I suppose?" she interpreted. "Do sit down."

When we were seated, she observed that they were dear, good, kind, charitable women. We were always reminding each other that they were dear, good, kind, charitable women; it made them easier to bear.

"Yes, they're all that," he broke out to my surprise, it was so unlike what I knew of him to criticise his own people harshly; "and enough to make any man shun dear, good kind, charitable women like the plague. Why can't they leave their dear, good, kind charitableness at home, or keep it for those who care for no other subject; and show an interest in something outside their own petty concerns? The duties of life must be attended to, of course, but they are none the better done for being discussed *ad nauseam*. But that is the way with women. They make a man dyspeptic."

"Sir," she said, "I am a woman."

"I don't believe it," he rejoined. "You're a freak — at least, I don't know another like you."

There was a faint, momentary quiver about her lips, as of a smile suppressed. She rose, and he made to rise also, but she stopped him: "At your peril," she said. "You know I like to do things myself."

Then she fetched a small table, and put it beside him. There were cigarettes and matches on it. "Smoke," she said.

He took a cigarette, and struck a match aggressively. The reflection of his grievances had ruffled him again; but I could see how grateful were her little, unobstrusive, feminine ministrations, coming, as they did, after a day of fetching and carrying incessantly for selfish, exacting women. After a few whiffs of the cigarette, the tension was relaxed, and he leant back in his chair, his equanimity again restored.

"You do as much as they do, but you never talk mothers' meetings; why should they?" he asked at last, but in an easy, interested tone, not carping.

"I don't talk anything much, do I?" she asked.

"N—no," he replied, considering; "yet you are never dull. There is always an atmosphere of pleasant thoughts about you. I feel it the moment I enter the house."

"That is good to hear," she said, looking pleased. "But I have always thought it was you who filled my house with a happy atmosphere when you came."

He let this pass, and smoked for a little in silence, thoughtfully. Afterwards he told me that he was thinking of what she had just said about not talking much, and that it was true in her own house. When she came to us, she was apt to be very much Monkey; but at home, alone with him, she was grave and quiet, not to say subdued—a nicer, more dignified woman than she never showed herself to any of his family—why? He suspected that the answer was to be found in the faults of his family.

I wondered. Cecily, as two different women, gave me for the first time a feeling of uncertainty about her that made me uneasy. It was as if I had awakened to the discovery that I did not know my dearest friend at all. Uncle Oscar laughed at the suggestion: "You must not confound tricks of manner with permanent characteristics," he said. "Our manners, like our moods, are often determined for the moment by the company we are in. Sensitive people of one kind betray involuntarily the feeling set up in them by the person they are with; and there is another sort of sensitive who detects and reflects the feelings of others."

"Which is Cecily?" I asked.

"Cecily is a mixture," he answered.

"That is what I feared," I said.

"But a good mixture," he maintained.

"Do you know all the ingredients?" I persisted.

"I think so," he said.

* * * * *

Cecily had rung the bell while he was thinking, and Blackwell had brought in a tray of eatables and drinkables. Uncle Oscar looked at the clock in alarm.

"Is that a hint to go?" he asked.

"No," Cecily answered. "It is a hint to stay late, if you like. I want you to play to me. And I don't want to keep Blackwell up this evening. She has had a rather long, hard day."

Uncle Oscar's face had clouded, but it cleared again at this. He went to the tray and helped himself to something-and-soda-water; then, sitting on the arm of a chair, he finished his cigarette deliberately, as a man does who is contented and at his ease. There was a very much-at-home air about all that he did that night, which it was good to see. In his own family he was usually kept too much on the alert to have time for pleasurable relaxation.

When he had finished his cigarette he went to the piano.

Cecily leant back in her chair and closed her eyes.

Uncle Oscar struck a chord here and there, considering; then ran his fingers lightly over the keys. "What shall I play?" he asked.

"Something—something uplifting," she said. "Take me right away up—out of all this——"

It was not a thing that I should have thought that he had in him to do, although I knew that he played well; and the request gave me another uneasy feeling—I don't know why uneasy, but it was; the feeling that Cecily knew more of him than I did. I told myself that it was natural that she should, and right, and good for him; but all the same I did not like it. And when he began to play as I had never heard him play before, I was not uplifted, whatever Cecily was; on the contrary, I was deeply depressed.

He played on, wandering from one thing to another, apparently without requiring from her any "Thank you!" or "How lovely!" or "What is that?" for his encouragement; she never once interrupted him; but her countenance, while he was playing, expressed all

and more than could have been said; and in her sigh, when at last he closed the piano, there was the best praise and thanks.

"One more cigarette, if I may, before we go," he said, returning to his untouched something-and-soda-water.

"By all means," she replied. "Come, Bee, come and have something to eat." She rose as she spoke, and held out her hand to pull me up out of my chair. "What is the programme for to-morrow?" she asked, when we had joined him at the tray.

"The usual thing in the morning, I suppose," he said, with a shrug. "I shall have to act as escort to that horrible bazaar in the afternoon. Shall you be there?"

She nodded.

"I don't know about the evening. What are you going to do? Can't you come to dinner?"

"If I'm wanted?"

"What do you mean by that?" he said, sharply. "You are always wanted."

She laughed.

"Tell me what you mean by that?" he urged.

But she put the question by, with another little laugh.

Uncle Oscar had no clue to what was in her mind, but I had; for I had become aware of a difference in her reception at Seascape lately, a something indefinable, but enough, if she noticed it, to make her feel that it was no longer possible to run in and out, as she had always been accustomed to do, just when she liked, without any special invitation from the ladies of the family.

Uncle Oscar did not press her again to explain, and she let him go—with his thoughts in a tangle of puzzled conjecture.

V.

There was that big, boring Charity Bazaar next day, to which we were dragged, Uncle Oscar and I. He made no objection. He never did. If a thing had to be done, he did it pleasantly. But I grumbled and sulked, with my usual bad taste, as Aunt Lucretia said.

"I don't see why we should have to go to a beastly bazaar," I protested.

"It is right that we should go, dearest child," Grandmamma admonished me.

"But why can't you and Aunt Lucretia go, and do what is right for the whole family?" I persisted. "You think it right, because you want to go——"

"That will do dear," Aunt Lucretia interrupted.

The carriage was pulling up at the Public Hall, and Uncle Oscar hastily alighted and gave his arm to his mother.

For half an hour he patiently piloted her from stall to stall, and at each she made liberal purchases for which he paid. She had quite a high reputation for the generous support she gave to all deserving charities, and this was the way she earned it. People said it was such a charming sight to see her with her beautiful white hair and fascinating smile, sacrificing herself on a hot afternoon by setting such an example for the benefit of the cause. But she was not sacrificing herself at all. She enjoyed every moment of such occasions, and sacrificed us that her goodness might be vouched for by the devotion of her family, the public display of which was needed to heighten the illusion.

Uncle Oscar not only had to complete Grandmamma's purchases by paying for them, but he had to do the porterage. I helped him with that, and we were soon covered with all sorts of horrors, chiefly woolly, which Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia declared would be just the thing to send to some other bazaar.

Aunt Constance and a sheaf of cousins had joined us, so that we formed quite an imposing family procession. At last, however, Grandmamma proclaimed herself exhausted, and sat down. I pitched the things I was carrying on the floor beside her,

and snatched Uncle Oscar's load to throw on the heap, but was not reproved, for the collection made a goodly pile in full view of the whole assembly, and could not but help to redound to the credit of Grandmamma's generosity.

I wanted to secure Uncle Oscar for myself and get away with him, but he was immediately despatched by Aunt Lucretia to get tea for their dear mother. "And Oscar, dear," she added, as an afterthought, "you had better get some for us all. It will help the good work."

While he was away, Cecily came up to speak to us for a minute, with a big doll in her arms, and a little child by the hand.

"I have charge of these two pretty things," she said, "and must take them to a place of safety out of the crowd. I shan't see you again, probably. But I'll come and dine with you this evening or to-morrow, if I may."

The proposition was received in dead silence. Cecily thought they had not heard: "I want to come and dine with you this evening, or to-morrow, if I may," she repeated.

Not a word. She looked in surprise from one to the other. Then a faint flush appeared on her sensitive white-rose face. Grandmamma patted her *anglaises,* and Aunt Lucretia stooped on the pretence of rearranging the heap of purchases. Aunt Constance was, apparently, in difficulties with her glove buttons. I would have said something, but, like Cecily herself, I was taken aback, and before I could recover myself she had gone. Immediately afterwards Uncle Oscar returned, carrying a table, and followed by sundry damsels with cups and saucers and cakes and tea. Then other people joined us, and general chitter-chatter became the next distraction. When at last we departed, and Uncle Oscar had put us in the carriage, he excused himself, and sent us home alone; and I did not see him again until we met in the drawing-room just before dinner, and then I had no opportunity of saying a word to him in private. Not that I had a word to say, for I did not understand what was going on at all.

He came down just before the gong sounded, and glanced round the drawing-room.

"Where is Cecily?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," Grandmamma answered, looking vaguely about her, as if Cecily had been there and had suddenly concealed herself.

"I had no time to talk to her at the bazaar," he said. "But I understood that she was coming to-night."

"So did we," said Aunt Lucretia. "But we only saw her for a moment."

"She had time enough to say that she would come to dinner to-night, or to-morrow night, if she might," I put in maliciously.

"And what did you say?" Uncle Oscar asked Aunt Lucretia, with a shade of suspicion in his voice.

"We left it to her," Aunt Lucretia replied, sweet as ever. "It makes no difference to us, you know, dear. She always comes and goes as she likes."

Uncle Oscar gave his arm to his mother and took her in to dinner. There was a fifth cover laid, which Aunt Lucretia ordered to be removed when we had taken our seats.

"She won't come now, I'm sure," she said. "We must expect her to-morrow."

Uncle Oscar made no remark upon this, and all through the meal, although he talked as usual, I could see that his thoughts were elsewhere.

I hoped he would escape after dinner, but Grandmamma captured him for cribbage before we left the table, and kept him prisoner for the rest of the evening.

Uncle Oscar was in good spirits when we met next day, but I did not see much of him, for Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia had a ladies' luncheon party, from which he was saved by his sex, and so left free to make off for a reviving day on some distant golf links. He would have saved me, too, if I had been by way of taking advantage of his good-nature; but I knew that his day would have been spoilt by the jar attendant on

Drawn by STEVEN SPURRIER

"'BLACKWELL,' SHE ORDERED, 'OPEN THE DOOR FOR THIS YOUNG LADY, AND SHOW HER OUT.'"

the inevitable struggle he would have had to go through in order to rescue me, and I refused. If I had not, Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia would not have let him go in peace, for they were bound to have at least one victim, especially after a bazaar.

The bad air, general discomfort, and crowding at bazaars, which exhaust most people, only stimulated these admirable women, and made them more actively exacting than usual; so that the release of one of us by the blessed accident of the luncheon party happening the next day, was an exhilarating relief, even to me, who had, for a holiday task, to help to entertain a party of ladies all suffering from a chronic sniff, brought on by the habit of disparaging everybody. But it did me good to think of Uncle Oscar out on the breezy links with nothing to trouble him, and something to look forward to. For I knew that he would be thinking, as I was, of Cecily, and this evening, which must surely bring her back to us.

Evening came, and Uncle Oscar returned. I heard him go to his room, whistling to himself softly. And dinner-time came—but no Cecily.

When dinner was announced, Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia would have gone in to the moment, as usual, but Uncle Oscar stopped them.

"Stay a minute," he said to old Johns, our butler.

Johns stayed by the door.

Then Uncle Oscar turned to his mother, and there was enough in his face to set her patting her *anglaises* quickly, first on one side, and then on the other.

"Where is Cecily?" he said.

"Really, Oscar, dear——"Aunt Lucretia interposed.

"It was my mother to whom I spoke," he said, silencing her.

Then he waited, and Johns waited, and I waited, all looking at Grandmamma; and Grandmamma rose to the occasion, calm and smiling.

"You were asking about Cecily, dear?" she said. "Do you know if she is coming, Lucretia?"

"I do not," Aunt Lucretia said, speaking, as usual in times of trial, as if she were answering upon oath.

"What did Cecily say yesterday?" Uncle Oscar asked me.

"Cecily said: 'I'll come and dine with you this evening, or to-morrow, if I may,' " I answered; speaking also, involuntarily, as if I were upon oath, and devoutly thankful that I was not one of the culprits.

"Well?"

The meaning Uncle Oscar put into that word made me quail, although I had nothing to fear. I had no idea that he could speak like that. But those two sweet women met the attack with innocent, uncomprehending smiles.

"That was all, dear," Grandmamma said. "That was all, I think?" she said turning to Aunt Lucretia.

"Yes, that was all," Aunt Lucretia declared.

"Nothing else was said?" Uncle Oscar asked, looking from one to the other suspiciously.

"No, nothing," Grandmamma answered instantly, not seeing, in her haste, all that the answer implied; but Uncle Oscar saw.

"I understand," he said. "Cecily asked if she might come to dinner, and neither of you said a word."

But Grandmamma was one of the dear, good, sweet, womanly women of a bygone day, who made a fine living by managing men. Those that are left of her way of thinking nowadays are anti-suffragist. Uncle Oscar, with his simple directness, was no match for one so well versed in the art of cajolery; give her time, and she would wriggle out of anything.

"No, dear," she replied, still smiling, but sighing at the same time wearily; "we neither of us said anything. There was no need. Silence gives consent, you know. A nod and a smile is enough for a child of the house like Cecily. You would not have us begin to treat her formally

now, surely? It would quite alter our relations." Her voice was flagging.

"You are exhausted, mother, dear," Aunt Lucretia exclaimed. "Oscar, how can you keep her here waiting for dinner until she faints! Cecily asked herself to dinner, and she has not come, nor has she been polite enough to send an excuse. This is the second evening I told Johns to expect her. She is really too casual. She has forgotten all about us, probably, and gone off somewhere else. We might drop the subject now, I think, and go in to dinner."

Uncle Oscar gave his arm to his mother. He had not looked either at her or Aunt Lucretia while they were speaking, but at me, keenly. It was not possible for him to cast a doubt upon the veracity of his mother and sister by asking for my version of the story, nor for very shame could I speak and show them both disingenuous; but he must have seen enough in my face to be sure that he was being cajoled, for, although he let the subject drop, he was evidently not satisfied.

During dinner Grandmamma said she would like him to play cribbage with her when he had had his cigarette.

"I am sorry I cannot," he answered, shortly. "Lucretia must play with you to-night. I am going out."

"But I play so badly," Aunt Lucretia remonstrated plaintively.

"You will improve if you practise," he said.

Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia exchanged disconcerted glances.

"But I would rather play with you, dear," Grandmamma persisted.

"I am sorry, mother," he answered, with decision. "I am going out directly after dinner."

The shock of this announcement silenced them, and I also was surprised, but I was glad too, very glad. The worm had turned. Uncle Oscar was for going his own way at last.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, there was no question of cribbage. Grandmamma patted an intermittent accompaniment to her thoughts on the arms of her chair. Aunt Lucretia knitted fiercely. She was in the habit of putting the energy into her work which, in other people, would have resulted in a display of anger or agitation very damaging to a reputation for sweetness and self-control. Their few remarks to each other bore reference to something that had been already well discussed. They spoke out before me, not caring, as I thought, whether I overheard them or not. Afterwards, however, it appeared that they had forgotten me. It was easy enough to do so in that big room, for I was sitting apart, beyond their circle of light, in the seat I preferred when I wanted to be quiet and read in the evening. Not that I was reading. I had tried, but I could not concentrate my attention. The scene before dinner had been unprecedented in my experience, and I still felt that there was agitation in the atmosphere. For the first time since I had lived with them, there seemed to be a difference of opinion between Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia, and presently something like an altercation began, a thing startling enough in itself to attract my shocked attention, even if I had had no special interest in the subject.

"It is quite possible," Grandmamma was saying, "that you and Constance are mistaken. You neither of you pretend to be infallible, I suppose. And certainly the result of your diplomacy was far from happy this evening."

"I am not mistaken," Aunt Lucretia answered emphatically. "Surely there was proof enough of that in what happened this evening? Would he have been so put out if it had been anybody else? She is not nice, and I have always said so. And I have always said that she was designing, but you would not listen to me."

"I have always heard you tell everybody that she is delightful, charming —I don't know what," Grandmamma querulously objected.

"To other people, yes," snapped Aunt Lucretia, unabashed. "So she is, in a way. But that only makes her all the more dangerous. She has set herself to fascinate him, and she will do it if we let her have the opportunity."

"But if this had been going to happen it would have happened long ago," Grandmamma argued.

"Not necessarily," Aunt Lucretia maintained. "And, at any rate, it did not happen long ago. It is only lately that there has been any change in their attitude towards each other. And the thing must be stopped"—her knitting-needles flew—"or, just think what the loss will be to the family!"

"But his happiness," Grandmamma feebly protested.

"Bother his happiness," Aunt Lucretia burst out, forgetting herself completely for once. "I mean——" She pulled herself up short. "He is happy enough. And, certainly she would not make him any happier. It would be altogether a most unsuitable thing——"

At this moment I thought I heard Uncle Oscar come in, and jumped up to go and meet him.

Aunt Lucretia and Grandmamma started guiltily. "Is that you, Bee?" Aunt Lucretia exclaimed. "What are you doing there?"

"Attending to the conversation," I replied.

"It was not intended for your ears," she said. "We did not know that you were there."

"I am sorry I did not know that you did not know. I came in after you, as usual," I explained.

"You are not speaking to your aunt in at all a proper tone," said Grandmamma. "You heard what we were talking about? Well, I must request you not to repeat the conversation."

"There is a great deal at stake," Aunt Lucretia supplemented, "and the loss may be as much yours as anybody's."

"If you mean money by that, Aunt Lucretia," I answered, "I have enough of my own, thank you. And, if I hadn't. I should not intrigue against the happiness of anybody in the hope of securing some of theirs."

"Intrigue! What do you mean?" Aunt Lucretia demanded.

But I would not answer. I just gave here a look and stalked out of the room.

In the hall I met Uncle Oscar.

"Have you seen Cecily?" I whispered.

"No," he answered, "Blackwell said that she was not at home."

"She refused to see you!" I exclaimed.

He shrugged his shoulders and went into the library. I followed him and shut the door.

"What does all this mean, Bee?" he demanded in a disheartened voice. "Why doesn't Cecily come as usual? Why did she refuse to see me tonight?"

"If you had seen the family at the bazaar, you'd know!" I exclaimed. "The way they looked at her! And the dead silence in which they received her suggestion that she should come to dinner! I don't believe she'll ever come into your house again. *I* wouldn't!"

"But why on earth should they insult Cecily? Why should she be driven out of my house?"

"They've got it into their heads that you're in love with each other," I blurted out.

Uncle Oscar looked stunned. Such a notion had evidently never suggested itself to him for a moment.

"That—we are—in love—with each other," he repeated. "Cecily—in love—with *me!*"

He looked in my face for a moment in his bewilderment, and then he began to walk up and down the room; and as he did so his countenance gradually changed. The trouble passed from his face, and was succeeded

by an expression that was new to me, an expression that wiped out years of his age, and changed him for the better, to an extent that I could not have believed possible had I not seen the change occur.

"But why should they object?" he said, stopping at last in his walk, and looking at me with a queer, embarrassed smile.

"Oh, your money, of course," I answered flatly. "They don't want to lose your money. And Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia would hate to turn out for Cecily. They've a fine position at Seascape so long as you're a bachelor you know."

"My happiness doesn't count then, I suppose," he said bitterly.

"Aunt Lucretia says you're happy enough."

"Bother Aunt Lucretia," he said; "there's one little person in the house, at all events, upon whom I can count to be disinterested. You don't know what you've done for me, Bee, you don't know what it means to me——"

His voice broke, and I ran out of the room for fear of seeing more of his emotion.

VI.

Uncle Oscar was up and out as usual early next morning, exercising his thoroughbreds. We all breakfasted at different times, which meant breakfasting alone, a privilege which Uncle Oscar and I valued dearly. He was always up and had breakfasted, and gone out to exercise his horses, before anybody else was down. Grandmamma breakfasted in bed, I in my own sitting-room, and Aunt Lucretia downstairs in the breakfast-room: "Not for my own pleasure, dearest, but that discipline may be maintained in the household," as she explained to me.

That was to make me feel ignoble, because I had just been clamoring for a sitting-room and the right to as much privacy in my life as I required. Those two dear women did give us a time about that sitting-room, but that was nothing new, for they were always in opposition to everything, and they never played fair. They knew it would make Uncle Oscar feel mean if they drove him to put down his foot as master of the house for my benefit, yet they did drive him to it, and I not only got a sitting-room, but *the* one I wanted, with the right to furnish it as I chose. Why they should have objected I cannot imagine. There was room enough in the place for us all to camp apart, with a separate retinue. It was change of any kind, I suppose, that they dreaded. They made me feel quite uncomfortable when I had to have my hair done up, and my dresses lengthened, they so evidently disapproved of my growing up at all.

We all met at luncheon for the first time that day. Uncle Oscar looked so well that Grandmamma commented upon it, and thought that his ride must have done him good.

"And, oh, by the way, Oscar, dear," said Aunt Lucretia, with the air of one who is frothing up things in general, to take the flatness out of them, "I have seen Cecily. It was as I thought. But she is coming to dinner to-night."

"What was as you thought, Aunt Lucretia?" I asked demurely.

But Aunt Lucretia had a fine flare for an impertinence, especially when to reply would have been to give herself away. She had mastered the useful art of ignoring anything inconvenient that might be said, and she put it in practice now. I longed to look at Uncle Oscar, but forebore, lest she should suspect that there was an understanding between us on the subject.

"I shall miss Cecily this evening," he said, in his usual quiet way. "I am sorry. I am dining out."

"Oh, what a pity," Aunt Lucretia exclaimed—as if she had forgotten.

So that was to be their tactics. Cecily was to be encouraged to come

to the house as much as possible when Uncle Oscar was out, and skillfully kept away at other times. And the plan was well worked—so well, that Uncle Oscar himself became uneasy. Things were so arranged that he and I seldom had an opportunity of speaking to Cecily for a moment alone at Seascape, and our visits to her house were made formal by the presence of an invalid friend, a new importation, who seemed likely to become a fixture.

"Why don't you come as usual?" I heard him question her in an undertone at dinner on one of the now rare occasions when she was with us, and he was at home.

"Don't I?" she said. "I am constantly here."

He was not satisfied, I could see, but conversation flagged round the table at the moment, and he could say no more.

On another occasion, when he was putting on her cloak in the hall, he said: "I suppose you will avoid me to-morrow, by not coming to our picnic?"

"I never avoid you, Oscar," she answered.

"It is odd, then, that I should see so little of you," he said drily.

"I can't bear to hurt people," she pleaded, rather piteously — "people who have been kind to me. I only want to keep the peace. Don't you understand?"

There was no time for more, for Aunt Lucretia swooped down upon them at that moment, and saw Cecily safely shut up alone and off in the carriage herself.

But Cecily had said enough to ease Uncle Oscar's mind. He believed that he understood at last, fully; and after that he was content to wait for a propitious moment. He could not bear to hurt people either, and his hope was that the family attitude would change of itself, in good time, if he waited.

Things went on like this for some few weeks, but it was a happy time for Uncle Oscar. It was delightful to see him, he looked so young, his step was so buoyant, and he became so keen to do things. The dull, apathetic indifference with which he had been wont to acquiesce in the arrangements made for him by his mother and sister was superseded by a lively disposition to resist their incessant exactions. He managed to evade them by making engagements for himself, and at unexpected times he caused consternation by interfering peremptorily in the ordering of his own house. Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia were alarmed by these strange departures at first, but before long they gathered hope from the change, and encouraged him to take up new interests. If his mind were occupied with things in general, they reasoned, it would probably lead to the exclusion of the one thing in particular which they dreaded.

Cecily's inconvenient invalid left her at last, and Uncle Oscar hoped to be asked to resume his evening visits, but she excused herself—in such a way, however, as to encourage his hopes. She wrote to him on the subject.

"I have not changed," she said, "but your mother and sister have. You must see that yourself. They would not approve now of your coming to see me at irregular hours, and I cannot allow anything of which they do not approve; so make it easy for me, Oscar, dear, as you have always made everything easy for me for so many years, by agreeing that it is better that you should not come. I shall miss you dreadfully in the evenings, more than I could bear if you did not cordially agree that there is nothing else for it, that it is best for us all that it should be so."

Uncle Oscar showed me the note with his new young smile of content and happiness. "You see what she says, Bee, that she will miss me dreadfully," he repeated several times. "But it won't be for long."

He went off whistling to himself softly. He was always either singing

Drawn by STEVEN SPURRIER

"I JUMPED UP, AND CLASPED MY HANDS ROUND HIS ARM."

or whistling now, when he was moving about the house. He made me think of the birds when their songs come back in the spring. Pursuits that he had dropped, he took up again at this time—his piano, for one thing. Latterly, we could scarcely persuade him to touch it, but now he needed no pursuasion. He played incessantly, and with such expression as I had only once (that night at Cecily's) heard him put into his music. Yet those ostrich women neither heard nor saw anything of the difference in him. The symptoms of what was threatening were sufficiently marked, one would have thought, but they remained blind to them, for the most part, and, for the rest, mistook them. Their self-complacency at this time was sickening. They gave the "dear Lord" the discredit of having favored their heartless manœuvrings, and blessed Him on their knees. They talked about healthy natural affection always prevailing in the long run against unwholesome fancies, provided wise friends interfered in time to prevent such fancies going too far; and they congratulated themselves upon being wise friends. What is called natural affection seldom suffices to fill the heart and round life with a satisfying sense of fulness and completion, and no one could say that Uncle Oscar's life had been so rounded by his relations; but that they ignored. What was his happiness to them, compared to the run of his beautiful place in the present, and the hope of a share of his fortune eventually?

An obvious change in Cecily's attitude towards the family also helped to confirm their delusion. She was so often "not at home" when they went to see her, so often "engaged" when they sent her invitations, that it became evident that she was avoiding them and their house.

Gradually, therefore, they concluded that she had given up what they coarsely called "the attempt," and their suspicions subsided. Thus they left themselves quite unprepared for the blow when it did come, and the effect was crushing—crushing to all of us, for we were all hard hit, and equally unexpectedly, although in different ways. It was a bolt from the blue, with a vengeance. One day, Uncle Oscar lunched with us in the highest spirits; the next he was gone—without warning, without explanation. A curt note to his mother merely to inform her that he would be away for some time, being all the news we had of him for a fortnight. He was the most open of men, and had never left home before, even for a day, without saying where he was going, and why; so that the effect of this new departure upon us all was startling. Aunt Lucretia boldly declared that "that woman had succeeded in her wicked designs, and had carried him off." She had the carriage out at once, and went to see for herself; and she found Cecily quietly presiding at a committee meeting in her own dining-room, and was promptly routed for putting in an appearance, as she was not even a member of the society which was holding its session, *"The Society for the Suppression of Silent Smiles of Slow Disparagement,"* a sub-society which had been formed to carry to completion the work begun by *"The Society for the Prevention of Evil Speaking."*

Uncle Oscar put an end to our suspense at last by walking in to dinner one evening, after we were seated, and taking his own seat, with an apology for being late, as if he had never been away. But it was a different Uncle Oscar—an Uncle Oscar whom even Grandmamma knew better than to question. The Uncle Oscar to whom we were accustomed had been genial, good-natured, easy-going to a fault; this was a hard, cold man, against whose stern decision it was plain that it would be useless to appeal.

I cannot remember how we got through that terrible meal; except that very little was said, and Grandmamma's fluttering little hand patted her white *anglaises,* first on one side,

and then on the other, incessantly. Aunt Lucretia sat pale and rigid, but made a gallant attempt to eat and talk as usual.

Before we left the table Uncle Oscar signalled the final extinction of their tyrannical sway over me, and the establishment of his own new dispensation.

"Go and get your things on, Beatrice," he said. "I want you to come out for a walk with me."

At any previous time such a proposal would have thrown Aunt Lucretia and Grandmamma into immediate opposition; but that night although they exchanged glances expressive of disapproval, they did not dare to say a word.

Once we were out of doors, and alone together, there was no need to tell me that Uncle Oscar was in trouble. I slipped my hand through his arm, and he pressed it to his side; but he did not speak, and I could not. After the strain of the tension at dinner, I was near to tears.

It was a moonlight night, soft and balmy as the one on which we had gone together to finish the evening with Cecily; and he started off at once in the same direction. What was his object, I wondered? But I did not care so long as he let me be with him to share it. A sensation of unreality began to lay hold of me as we crossed under the shadowy trees to the little gate in the wall, like shadows ourselves, our steps inaudible on the springy turf.

Uncle Oscar unlocked the gate, and we passed out on to the high road. He drew my hand through his arm again, and we walked on together into the town, the silence still unbroken. So we passed through the quiet streets, until we came to Cecily's house, opposite to which we stopped. We were on the other side of the road.

"Look!" he said.

I looked up at the drawing-room windows, which were lighted. On the blind of the centre window of the three there was a shadow, a clear black silhouette—of a woman with heaving shoulders and face covered with both hands, a woman sobbing in an agony of grief.

"Oh, come away," I cried, clasping Uncle Oscar's arm.

"It has been like that every night since," he groaned—"since she refused me. I have seen her so. . . . I rode in. . . . I've been staying at the Links Hotel. . . . She refused me because of some cursed intrigue that has been going on lately at Seascape to prevent our meeting. She's too proud to enter my family under the circumstances. And that's what she's been paying for her pride."

"Oh, but isn't there something to be done?" I cried. "Let us go to her. Surely she loves you?"

"Surely she loves me," he said. "But she won't marry me. They've treated her like a vulgar adventuress, and she resents it, naturally. Their whole attitude towards her lately has been an insult. She won't marry me, and she refuses to see me again."

"That's nonsense," I exclaimed.

And then I broke away from him, and ran across the road, and rang the door-bell, and pushed past Blackwell when she opened the door, and rushed upstairs.

The drawing-room was empty.

"Cecily! Cecily!" I called to her from the landing outside the drawing-room.

But Blackwell interfered. She had followed me upstairs, and spoke with the directness of anger.

"You've no call to come forcing your way in like this," she said; "and me ordered to keep you all out—and quite right too. We don't want any of you. We've money enough and to spare."

"Oh, Blackwell, you know I'm not like that!" I said. "And poor Uncle Oscar, he's broken-hearted."

"He didn't ought to have let himself be domineered over, then," she answered tartly. "A man what's not master of his own house isn't the man for us. And you can tell 'im so——"

She stopped short, and looked beyond me. I turned, and found that Cecily had come downstairs from her room. Her face was haggard and white, but she was quite collected.

"Blackwell, you forget yourself," she said severely. "And you forget yourself, too, Beatrice. You are intruding. Your family has insulted me grossly, and I will not see any of you again."

"It is Uncle Oscar you are punishing, then," I said; "and you are either a mad woman, or a wicked one, to do it. He has always been an angel of goodness to you. But you are all alike, you women, every one of you that he has ever wasted his kindness upon. You've sacrificed him, all of you, for your own petty purposes, your own contemptible pride."

"I hope he may be more fortunate in your affection," she said nastily.

"I hope he may. And, Cecily," I blurted out, "when you indulge your feelings in future, don't do it between the lamp and the window blind."

I had intended to warn her decently, to save her from making a public exhibition of herself, but this was the way it came out in my exasperation.

She colored crimson. "Blackwell," she ordered, "open the door for this young lady, and show her out."

And I went without another word, convinced that a stone wall was as likely to be softened by stroking, as her wrong-headed determination to be altered by anything that anybody could say.

VII

Uncle Oscar did not ask me how I had fared. He had walked on, and I had to run to overtake him.

"You are out of breath," he said. "I am sorry. I didn't know that I was walking so fast."

He spoke like himself again, to my great relief. In the short time since I had left him he had pulled himself together. He meant to bury his trouble in his own breast, so that I might not be grieved by the sight of it.

"I must just speak to your Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia," he said, "and then this must all be forgotten. Nothing will ever be the same again for any of us, but it is best that they should know at once what the change is to be. They will adapt themselves the more easily."

Many a man would have turned the mischief-makers out of his house, but Uncle Oscar could not do a thing like that. He was above all pettiness. He would not even leave his mother any longer in doubt as to what had happened, lest the suspense should try her. When we got in we went straight to the drawing-room. I had to be present at the interview. He insisted.

Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia looked up at us apprehensively as we entered the room. I sat down. Uncle Oscar remained standing. He began at once. Preliminaries were never much in his line if there were things to be said. All his dealings were characterized by simple directness.

"Mother," he said, "I wish you to know that I asked Cecily to marry me. She has refused me, not because she does not care for me, but because she is too proud to enter a family which is hostile to the match."

Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia tried in vain to conceal their relief under an affectation of concern, but their meek Christian spirits were not powerful enough to suppress the symptoms. There was no smile on their lips, but triumph shone in their eyes.

"Dear Oscar," Grandmamma said sympathetically, "I am sincerely

grieved at your disappointment. But I cannot pretend to be sorry for anything else. Women know each other's true characters better than any man can know them, and, believe me, Cecily has no heart. It grieves me to say it, and you know I always treated her like a daughter of the house until her obvious design to marry you gave me no choice but to discountenance her."

"How do you reconcile this accusation of a 'design' to marry me with the fact that she has refused me?" Uncle Oscar asked.

"I cannot pretend to fathom her motive for that, but, at any rate, my dear son, such a union would have meant nothing but misery for you. Cecily is mercenary. She cares for nothing but money. I have heard you tell her so yourself, again and again."

"Then she shall have money," Uncle Oscar declared.

"Wait, wait," Grandmamma interrupted, lifting her delicate old hand to pat her white hair nervously. "Time and change——"

Uncle Oscar caught up the word: "Change, that is what I came to tell you about—the change I intend to make in my life. I shall travel for a time—go round the world for a change——"

"Yes, do," Grandmamma said cordially; "go at once. It would do you more good than anything to travel for a time. A change of scene, and new ideas, will make a different man of you."

"I shall go at once," he said, "but I shall not return to live at Seascape. You and Lucretia can stay here if you like. You have ample means to keep up the place. I shall spend no more money upon it. I have lived the life of a gentleman-lackey here, dancing attendance upon women. For the future I shall live elsewhere, and differently. And before I go I shall alter my will. I mean to leave all that I have to Cecily unconditionally."

"That's no use," I exclaimed. "Cecily would not take what you left her. She doesn't want your money."

Uncle Oscar looked blank upon this. Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia smiled discreetly.

"And what about me, Uncle Oscar?" I went on passionately. "You're making all your arrangements without any reference to my happiness at all. What is to become of me here alone, when you are gone? It is cowardly of you to desert me."

"My dear Beatrice," Grandmamma exclaimed with dignity, "are we nothing to you?"

"Nothing to speak of," I said sincerely. "Nobody is but Uncle Oscar." I jumped up, and clasped my hands round his arm. "You can't go away and leave me here alone," I pleaded. "Take me with you. Let us make a home together."

"My dear Beatrice," Grandmamma put in again with her little air of finality, "you cannot go away alone with Uncle Oscar. You are a grown-up young woman now, and he is not related to you."

I dropped his arm, and recoiled. I had lived in the house since I was two years old. I knew that we were not blood relations, of course, but the fact had lapsed from my consciousness.

My first feeling was consternation, I looked at him. The color had mounted to his forehead, as if he, too, had been taken by surprise, and he was looking at me earnestly, looking at me, I could see, from quite a new point of view.

Suddenly I saw a way out of the difficulty. I was shaken with laughter.

"Oscar!" I burst out.

Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia jumped in their chairs.

"I shall never call him 'Uncle' again," I cried defiantly. "I don't want him—for an uncle. Oscar——" Again I was seized with happy idiotic laughter.

He was smiling, too, in sympathy. He was more than smiling. My

thought had reached him. New love, new life!

"Why not?" I hurled at them all. "You must take me," I said to him. "I cannot live without you."

And then I ran out of the room.

I took refuge in my own sitting-room, and sat on the edge of the sofa, listening. At first I feared he would follow me; then, as the moments passed, I feared he would not. How awful, if——! I cowered. I covered my eyes and ears with my hands to keep off the dreadful thought. How could I? How could I? I writhed in an agony of shame.

Then my hands were gently drawn from before my face. I had to look up.

"Oh, Oscar," I cried, "what must you think of me?"

"Pride and you have never been friends," he said. He was laughing at me. "When you wanted a thing, from a child, you always asked for it."

"And I always got it, too," I cried.

He sat down beside me, laughed again, and shook his head at me. Then some thought suddenly saddened him.

"I am many years older than you are, Bee," he said.

"Twenty-nine, exactly. Is that your only objection?" I demanded.

I was in deadly earnest, but everything I said seemed to amuse him. He hesitated a moment now, smiling, then he put his arm round me. I nestled up to him, and laid my head on his shoulder. I was so happy!

"I do love to be near you," I said. "But, Oscar—Cecily?"

He took my hand, and began to play with my fingers, looking at them one by one.

"Shall you feel false to your love?" I asked, with a pang.

"Do I love her?" he asked himself seriously. The shock of her pride and cruelty was beginning to tell. He sat for a while, playing with my fingers absently, and soberly thinking. At last he said: "There never was such a woman as the Cecily I thought her. The woman I saw was the woman you were always making her out to be. That woman was not Cecily. That woman was yourself, Beatrice."

"Then don't let us lose any more precious time," I burst out eagerly.

At that he laughed, and laughed again, and held me close.

It was late, and he rose to go, and I jumped up too, and kicked off my high-heeled shoes, that I might not be taller than he was, when he kissed me good-night.

"What do they say downstairs?" I asked, with my arms round his neck.

"What does it matter?" he answered. "They will never have any more say in our lives."

The Folly of Delay

"WHAT thou doest, do quickly," has been advice which, in its melancholy sarcasm, has been followed for eighteen hundred years when any special evil has been afoot in the dark. And yet surely the words apply still more urgently when the doing that is premeditated is good! What thou doest, do quickly, for even while we speak those to whom we feel tenderly grow old and grey, and slip beyond the reach of human comfort. Even while we dream of love, those whom we love are parted from us in an early hour when we think not, without so much as a rose to take with them out of the garden of roses that was planted and fostered for them alone. And even while we tardily forgive our friend, lo! the page is turned, and we see that there was no injury, as now there is no compensation for our lack of trust.—*Mary Cholmondeley.*

FAME POINT LIGHTHOUSE

An Important Beacon on the St. Lawrence Route

Lighting the Paths of Commerce

By

Charles A. Bowman

TO have an intimate knowledge of Canada's vast waterways one must voyage over the greatest stretch of navigable water held by any particular nation. Canada's coasts, with their magnificent barbors, her lakes and rivers and channels, go to form the basis of what may ultimately be the centre of the world's merchant shipping.

While yet only in its infancy, each year the volume of inland and ocean traffic increases. Immense canal and dock schemes are under way. Established shipping lines grow larger, and new navigation companies are stead-

THE LIGHTHOUSE DEPOT AT PRESCOTT

ily being floated. With coal and minerals in abundance, shipbuilding is forging ahead, in an effort to keep pace with Canada's ever-expanding wheat belt.

The Dominion's destiny clearly mapped out as the granary of the British Empire and wheat-grower to the world—with the grain-producer hard pressing the grain-distributor—the necessity of keeping our great highways of commerce well and truly lighted and defined, becomes apparent to all.

To ensure safe navigation so that the sailor may steer his vessel in perfect security out of the harbors and rivers, upon its voyage over "Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste," many interesting devices are in operation. Perhaps the best known of those aids to navigation is the lighthouse. The saying that "knowledge is power" is splendidly illustrated by the lighthouse, as it stands, often half buried in surge, converting hidden dangers into sources of safety, so that the sailor now steers for those very rocks which he formerly dreaded and took so much care to avoid.

Canada is a land of such immense distances one does not always realize the magnitude of her national undertakings. But a glance over the official blue-book, issued by the Marine Department, will provide food for thought. The lighthouse service already has an army of about twelve hundred keepers—giving all their attention to nearly twenty-five hundred lights. To give a fanciful idea of the wonderful illuminating power they develop, Canada's lighthouses could form a complete chain of signals around the world. Were they so placed, equator-fashion, it would be possible for a citizen of Canada to travel around the globe and never be out of the range of some Canadian lighting or signalling station. And the sun would never set on the Dominion's aids to navigation!

Surely if the attempt is ever made to signal to Mars, Canada, with her grand aggregation of lights, varying from small fifty candle-power beacons

to great flashes of one hundred-and-eighty thousand (180,000) candle-power, should cause the Martians to blink.

Many Canadians, and visitors from all parts of the world, look forward each year to the delightful pleasure cruises which our coasts and lakes and rivers afford. Sailing along on a gentle ocean swell, with sun smiling down on the trim green lawn around a white tower, it is difficult to imagine the same lighthouse storm-swept and threatened by the violence of a raging ocean; yet many of them have to bravely front the elements and battle with wind and wave in their most awe-inspiring moods.

These towers have to be built strong enough to withstand powers of nature which are subject to no calculation. When the Atlantic lashes itself into a fury, great waves, even forty-three feet high and measuring five hundred-and-sixty feet from crest to crest, hurl themselves upon the exposed lighthouse at intervals of sixteen seconds, with a velocity of thirty-two miles per hour. The force exerted by some of these waves is almost incredible. A mass of stone, nearly three tons weight, has been thrown from the top of a cliff eighty-four feet above the sea. On one occasion when a heavy jet of water struck the lighthouse tower, a 60-gallon cask, full of rain-water (weighing about 672 lbs.) was burst from its lashings on the balcony, at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the sea.

Huge blocks of thirteen tons have been *quarried out of the rock* by the waves at a level of seventy-four feet above the sea. But the greatest force which has been known to be exerted by the waves was at a breakwater in Scotland. During a storm a monolithic mass of concrete weighing 1,350 tons was moved bodily from its position in the work, and on a later occasion a mass of no less than 2,600 tons was displaced and moved inwards in a similar manner. In both of these cases the foundations on which the mass rested were not in the least disturbed. Fortunately (or unfortunately, according to temperament) few of us ever have the opportunity of studying the lighthouse under such tempestuous conditions.

Travelers are better acquainted with the picturesque lighthouses dotted along the lake-shores and rivers. Some of the inland stations are situated amongst most beautiful surroundings; such as the numerous lights among Thousand Islands, where the St. Lawrence emerges from Lake

A GAS BUOY

Located Off Halifax Harbor

MARTIN RIVER, GASPE
SHOWING THE OLD AND THE NEW

MACQUEREAU POINT LIGHT
3 FLASHES EVERY 15 SECONDS

BELLE ISLE LIGHTHOUSE
470 FEET ABOVE HIGH WATER

HEATH POINT, ANTICOSTI
IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION

Ontario. Or those among the wonderful Thirty-Thousand Islands in Georgian Bay. To be a lightkeeper amidst such peaceful scenery would surely appeal to the heart of a Wadsworth.

In many instances the lightkeeper combines with his government service a little farming or fishing, to provide for himself and family. Only in exceptional cases are the wages of a lighthouse keeper high; seldom exceeding fifty dollars per month. Where a station is situated near a farm or other dwelling, the light may only require small attention, and the farmer is usually willing to attend to it for five or ten dollars per month. The annual wage bill for all lightkeepers amounts to about $290,000.

"Efficiency" is the watchword of the Lighthouse Service Administration. Each year, as the shipping trade of Canada increases, every cent well spent on lighthouse work means insurance in the highest form against loss. It prevents loss. At present Canada is spending $1,500,00 per annum on lighthouse construction, piers, etc., while those already in existence cost about $700,000 per year for maintenance.

At extreme limits of the Dominion two powerfully equipped lighthouses have recently been erected. One on Little Hope Island off the Nova Scotia Coast. The other, three-thousand miles to the west, at Solander, B.C.

Travelers on the St. Lawrence pass a very interesting old lighthouse before entering the rapids between Prescott and Montreal. It is known as the Windmill Point Light, and marks the scene of a fierce battle on November, 1838, when Von Schultz and his rebel army made their tragic last stand around the ancient windmill. Hard pressed by the Canadian defenders, the rebels took refuge in the windmill tower. The tower was stormed and the invaders clambered to the top closely pursued by the cruel bayonets of the Imperial troops. There, cornered like rats in a trap, some of the hunted wretches fell be-

CAPE FORCHU LIGHT

At the Land's End of Nova Scotia, near Yarmouth

fore their conquerors, while others with desperate courage leaped from the parapet in a vain effort to reach the river. But such a terrible jump proved to be beyond human power and not one escaped the rocks below. They were picked up mangled or dead at the foot of the tower. At a later date when the Fenians invaded Canada, from Ogdensburg and Sackett's Harbor, an effort was made to capture the windmill, but the local troops repulsed them with great gallantry and the Fenian Raid came to an inglorious termination. The windmill is now equipped with a modern acetylene light which may be seen after passing Brockville, ten miles above it.

Acetylene as an illuminant has been developed in Canada to a high point of efficiency. It is especially used in a particularly effective automatic buoy—invented by a Canadian and manufactured in Canada. This buoy, a veritable floating lighthouse, is charged with carbide of calcium and floated in the lake, river, ocean or wherever it may be situated. Water makes contact with the carbide through a hole in the submerged part of the buoy. When the gas has generated to a certain pressure the water is driven back and generation of gas is suspended, until sufficient has been consumed to reduce the pressure and allow the water to once again make contact with the carbide—and so on until the charge of carbide is exhausted. One

GANNET ROCK LIGHT

Located at the Entrance to the Bay of Fundy

charge will suffice to keep the buoy working for five or six months without attention.

Travelers, or residents near Canadian shipping centres, may have noticed the floating buoy, as it flashes and extinguishes, every few seconds. The light is caused to flash by means of an ingenious device, termed an occulting appartus, which cuts off and re-admits the supply of gas to the burner at the desired interval. A small "pilot burner," which is alight all the time, does the operation of relighting.

For the acetylene lights on land the gas is usually supplied in large tanks from a generating station. Several maritime nations are copying the Canadian system, and acetylene buoys are being shipped to all parts of the world.

A very powerful illuminant is obtained from petroleum (coal-oil) for the larger lighthouses. The oil is pumped to a vaporizer at a pressure of forty-five pounds per square inch, and then passed to an incandescent burner. The burner, with its incandescent mantles, may be equal to about fourteen-hundred candle-power, which, in itself, is not sufficiently bright. There are two methods of magnifying the light and projecting it as a beam in the desired direction. So long ago as A.D. 1763, experiments were made with a reflector to collect the rays of light from the burner and project them in a parallel beam. This is the original method, and the principle is still in favor for small lights, up to about thirty-thousand candle-power. The reflector is made of sheet copper with a bright silver-coated surface, and is so shaped that no matter at what angle the rays of light from the burner strike its surface, they are all reflected in a perfectly parallel line.

At a later date a celebrated French mathematician, named Fresnel, devised a method whereby the light could be refracted through a lens, and this method, greatly improved, is now in universal use. The lens is not of solid

C.G.S. "SIMCOE"

READY TO LEAVE PRESCOTT WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE LIGHTHOUSES

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE RACE

WHICH SHOOTS OUT A ONE MILLION CANDLE POWER FLASH EVERY FIVE SECONDS

form, such as we meet in telescopes, cameras, etc., but is built up in prismatic sections, with the burner in the centre. Lighthouse lenses can scarcely be compared with camera lenses. Some of the great lights, such as Belle Isle, on the Newfoundland Coast, are fitted with a lens of nine feet diameter. Although a light of this magnitude is only "officially" visible at twenty-eight miles, on a clear night it is possible to see it flashing seventy miles away!

To obtain a revolving flash the lighthouse is fitted with very accurately balanced driving mechanism. The lens is mounted upon a large cast-iron table of circular form, which, in turn, rests upon a hollow cast-iron float. The whole is caused to revolve by powerful clockwork; thus obtaining a revolving flash. The revolving parts may weigh two tons, but by floating the lens, table, etc., in a circular bath of mercury, instead of running on rollers or ball-bearings, very little effort is required to turn this mass.

All this revolving machinery may be at the top of a tower four hundred feet above sea level, and it must be very carefully guarded from the elements. It is entirely enclosed in a circular lantern of perhaps eighteen feet in diameter. The lantern walls are made of heavy cast-iron plates securely embedded in the top of the concrete tower. Upon the circular cast-iron wall specially manufactured sheets of lantern glazing, ten feet high, are mounted in rigid steel and bronze frames. The lantern is roofed with dome-shaped copper sheets. Every part, inside and out, is kept scrupulously clean.

One can well imagine that the lightkeeper's position in a giant lighthouse is no sinecure. In a violent hurricane the wind pressure on the lantern may reach a pressure of forty pounds per square foot,—while wave pressure has been registered to *above three tons per square foot.* To the contemplative mind such energy allowed to spend itself fruitlessly, in these days of mechanical ingenuity, is a matter for regret. Could some of the force developed by wind and water only be harnessed, it would be possible to install powerful electric dynamos

sufficient to give the most magnificent light ever devised. And not only could there be motors for revolving the light, but it would open up a new field for fog-signalling apparatus. At present the fog alarm is obtained by compressed air blown through a diaphone. It requires an expensive outfit of boiler and steam engine before the air can be compressed. Even so the noise is far from rivalling thunder.

There is an ample field for brilliant young Canadians to devise improved aids to navigation. If the inventor could perfect a method of projecting waves of sound in parallel lines, similar to the projection of parallel light-rays, it is certain he would be received by the Lighthouse Administration with open arms. Or even if he could invent a perpetual motion device for revolving the light, he would surely make his fortune. In the meantime we may safely trust to the present lighthouse administration to keep Canada in the vanguard of the lighthouse world.

MARKING A DANGEROUS ROCK

THE LIGHT ON ALGERNON ROCK, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

Dreaming and Doing

NOTHING is commoner than to hear men say: "If the conditions by which I am surrounded were different from what they are, I should be such and such a kind of man and do such and such things." Now, the meaning of these words usually is: "If it were easy to achieve noble character and to accomplish worthy ends, then I should certainly aim at both." But what would be the merit of such conduct? Who deserves any credit for that which costs him no sacrifice and no labor? We never think of praising the idle boatman that simply drifts with the current, but all our admiration is stirred by him who, when it is necessary, rows against the stream, putting forth his full energy at every stroke till the muscles stand out like knotted whipcords on his arms. Instead of dreaming about what great things we should do if we only had a better chance, let us begin to do them now.

In the Dog Days

By

Carl H. Grabo

THE Junior Partner removed his feet from the desk with a bang, and tossed a roll of specifications to the Senior Partner, remarking, "The lunch is on you! Beddoes has made an error."

"No!" exclaimed his companion incredulously. "Well, I think the better of him. Now we know he is human, fallible, and trustworthy. Better raise his pay."

"What he needs," said the Junior Partner, "is a vacation."

"We might try him out on that Oregon contract in September," suggested the Senior Partner. "That would give him a change."

"We'll bear it in mind," said the J. P.

"By the way, what was Beddoes's mistake?" asked the Senior Partner.

"Forgot to take into account the weight of the snow on the superstructure."

"Why, man, they don't have snow in southern Texas."

"Government report," said the Junior Partner, "states two instances of a precipitation of three-tenths of an inch. It melted almost as it fell, to be sure."

"Astonishing aberration for Beddoes," murmured the Senior Partner. "Must be due to the heat."

Indeed, something was the matter with the "Errorless Wonder," as his envious fellows had dubbed him. What the matter was, he himself did not know, and, not being introspective, he was unlikely ever to find out. When the good-looking draughtsman who smoked the bulldog pipe drifted over to his desk and remarked, "Too cussed hot to-day to work, ain't it, Beddy?" an explanation seemed to be suggested. Yet heat had never before seduced him from his errorless way.

Returning the specifications, the Junior Partner remarked casually, "Better calculate the weight of the snow, too, Beddoes. There is a record of a light fall." Beddoes was too much surprised at his own oversight to feel any mortification.

In the late afternoon Beddoes, seemingly cool and fresh, clung to a strap in a packed and perspiring trolley-car. Still unaffected, he ate moderately of the hot and heavy supper—ham, fried potatoes, coffee and pie—prepared by his landlady, Mrs. Shorts.

"It ain't a day as makes you hungry, is it?" said Mrs. Shorts, as Beddoes refused a second quarter of pie. "This noon I felt that languid I couldn't eat nothin' but a piece of cold steak an' a cup of tea."

Later, as Beddoes sat on the front steps in shirt-sleeves, Mrs. Shorts appeared in the doorway for a breath of air. "This is the kind of a night a young girl wants her young man to take her to the park an' row her on the lagoon an' treat her to ice-cream. Don't you know any girls, Mr. Beddoes?"

"Come to think of it, I don't believe I do," Beddoes replied. "But the park may be cooler than this." He went into the house for his coat, put

Schmidt on "Structural Strains" into its place on the book-shelf, and turned down the student-lamp. Then, with an unwonted sense of freedom, he strolled towards the park and his favorite bench in a retired corner.

The only occupant was not unfamiliar. As usual, she sat well to the extreme of her end of the bench, and Beddoes seated himself at the other. His companion glanced at him almost with recognition in her eyes, and Beddoes quite automatically remarked, "It's very hot this evening, isn't it?"

"Very," assented the girl. "But the park is so much better than a stuffy flat."

Conversation languished, as Beddoes tried vainly to take up the chain of fancy where he had dropped it on other evenings: If one were to construct a viaduct over the boulevard and the lagoon beyond, a distance of two thousand feet, and this were made eighty feet wide and calculated to accommodate a solid stream of automobiles moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour—but it was no use. He was in no mood for dreaming.

"Do you live near-by?" he inquired suddenly.

"Three or four blocks from the entrance," the girl answered, with a touch of surprise in her voice.

"I live about the same." said Beddoes, in a burst of frankness, and added, "I like to come to the park on hot evenings."

"Yes," said the girl, in a tone inviting further conversation. But Beddoes felt suddenly that he had been very bold, and he relapsed into silence.

The girl watched with secret amusement the preliminary symptoms of his next conversational move. It took him ten minutes to make it, but its daring astonished her.

"My landlady remarked this evening," ventured Beddoes, in a rather strained tone, "that on a hot evening like this young ladies liked young men to treat them to ice-cream. Is that true, do you suppose?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the girl.

"There's an ice-cream parlor right beside the park entrance," said Beddoes hopefully.

"I know there is;" and she laughed, very pleasantly.

"Will you—you come with me and —a—have a dish?" asked he very stiffly—as he felt.

She hesitated, became serious, and then, after a glance at him, said graciously, "Thank you, I shall be glad to."

In the glitter of the "Refreshment Palace"—so designated by an electric sign—Beddoes first saw his companion to advantage. She had dark eyes that pleased him, and dark hair about a square face, and a chin pointed and resolute. Beddoes didn't know whether she was pretty or not, for he had no standards of comparison.

She, on her part, seemed quickly to overcome some constraint of manner, and treated Beddoes straightforwardly.

"I have, of course, often noticed you on our bench in the park," she said, "and I wondered who you were. Isn't a city strange? You know people by sight sometimes for years and never speak. I don't like it. I can't get used to the unfriendliness of it. You see, I lived in the country until I was sixteen."

"I suppose it is unfriendly," responded Beddoes, "only I never thought of it before. I've never had many friends, and I think of my own work mostly, so I don't feel the need of them. I'm an engineer," he continued, in answer to what he took to be a questioning look—"bridge-building."

"And I am a stenographer," said the girl.

They lingered at their table in the corner, saying little, but with a pleasurable sense of companionship.

"It is nearly ten o'clock," declared the girl, at last. "I must be going home."

She rose to go, and Beddoes, as of right, went with her. At the corner of her street, she stopped in dismissal.

"Thank you," she said, "I have enjoyed the evening very much."

"But you haven't told me your name," said Beddoes, acting on a resolution he had been slowly evolving.

"My name is Ruth Holmes," she told him, without hesitation.

"And mine is Harry Beddoes," he returned. "Good-night."

"Good-night."

On the next evening, somewhat earlier than usual, Beddoes was in his place on the park bench. He did not recognize her at first as she came near, for she was dressed in white, and he had always before seen her in dark gowns. The change struck even his blunted perceptions.

"I like you in that white dress," he remarked, but at this she became embarrassed, and conversation languished for the remainder of the evening. She would have no ice-cream that night. She felt too tired. However, she let him go with her to her corner, and she said good-night very pleasantly.

It became habitual, the evening meeting. Nothing was ever said by way of promise, yet each evening he looked for her, and each evening she came, talked, ate a chocolate "sundae" at the Greek "Refreshment Palace," and permitted him to take her to the corner of her street. She did not ask him to call, and the thought of it never entered his head.

The days were of unbroken heat, uniform, persistent. For three weeks the city gasped and prayed for a pitying rain or a reviving breeze. The nights were glorious, deep as blue velvet, with stars like sequins; and with the coming of a new queen moon the world after sunset became an enchanted place.

Beddoes bore the day's heat cheerfully, and looked so cool and fresh that his presence irritated the entire office. When he blossomed into a red necktie, a delegation waited on him and demanded an explanation. And Beddoes, move to an unusal lightness of spirit, told them that the tie was not new, but was an old white one which was suffering from sunburn.

But such was the pertinacity and prying curiosity of the office force that Beddoes's romance (he did not think of it as that) could not long remain undetected. His first intimation that he was found out came when he discovered on his desk a poster such as those used for advertising in the street-cars. It was bordered with pink cupids, and its chief feature was the portrait of a bird unknown to ornithology. Beneath in large letters ran the legend—

GREENBAUM FEATHERS THE NEST. FOUR-ROOM FLAT FURNISHED COMPLETE FOR $84.49. LONG TIME. EASY PAYMENTS.

He felt the eyes of the office upon him as he carefully read the poster, held it at arm's length to get the full beauties of its impressionistic art, and placed it in a conspicuous position on his desk. He evinced no embarrassment, much to the disappointment of the observers.

The handsome draughtsman drifted over to his desk. "Good ice-cream joint near the park entrance, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Very," answered Beddoes. "I don't remember seeing you there, though."

"You were much too busy to notice me," said the draughtsman. Then, confidentially and in a stage-whisper audible to the entire office; "She's a peach. Congratulations."

"You needn't be in a hurry," said Beddoes calmly.

Nevertheless, it was with a new expectation that he awaited her arrival that night. But she did not come. He remained in his accustomed place until ten o'clock, and then went home, feeling strangely desolate. In the office the next day the red-haired stenographer observed that Mr. Beddoes

had evidently been "thrown down," for he was "as glum as a boiled owl."

When *she* had not arrived at half past eight of the same evening, Beddoes resolutely walked to her street. He did not know the number, so he walked slowly, scanning the front of each apartment building. He saw her at last, seated on a doorstep in the shadow, and went up boldly.

"I'm glad you've come, she said.

"I missed you last night and to-night," he replied.

"The heat and my work have been too much for me. I've stayed home from the office two days."

She spoke listlessly, and Beddoes could see that her face showed signs of weariness.

"I'd have gone to the park had I felt able," she continued. "But I thought maybe you'd come.

"I waited in the park last night," he said simply. "To-night I knew something unusual must have happened."

They sat quietly for a time. Then she went on half to herself: "I wish sometimes I'd never left the country. If I could have got more education—enough to teach school—I'd have stayed. In summer I long to go back. But there is nothing to do, and I have few friends there, and none to whom I can go for help. But there are many worse off than I, I suppose. The poor girls that work in stores—they have a much harder time, and so little to live on. I can live decently, at least. But there is no future. I just go on and on, and there is nothing to look forward to. Is it like that with everybody, do you suppose? Does everybody feel that way?"

"I didn't use to feel so," said Beddoes, "but lately I've been getting restless, and I've been making up my mind to go West. I've half a mind to go to the Pacific Coast and start in to work for myself. There are many enterprises out there—water-power and irrigation projects—and I'm a good enough engineer to fit in, I think. I've been well trained. I'm tired of staying here, working in an office."

"When are you going?" she asked at length.

"I haven't decided, but I've been thinking of it for several weeks. Why don't you go West, too?" he added. "You have nothing to keep you and perhaps you'd like the new country better than the city."

"It's different for a woman," she answered. "A woman isn't so independent. I think I'll go in now. Thank you for coming."

"You will come to the park to-morrow evening?" he asked.

She hesitated. "If I'm not too tired."

"Please do," he urged. "I want to talk with you about my plans."

"I'll see," she replied. "Maybe."

"I'll count on you," he said eagerly. "Please come early."

She was not as early as he wished, and he walked up and down impatiently until he saw her coming slowly towards him.

"It is going to rain at last, I think," she said, looking not at him, but at the clouds. "Have you decided when you'll go away?"

He got up and stood before her. His voice was a bit tremulous. "I've decided to go to-night if you'll go with me."

"Go with you!" she faltered incredulously.

"Yes," he said. "I bought two tickets, and I have the marriage license, and there's a minister lives near here. I have the addresses of three, in fact." He took the license from his pocket and dropped it in her lap. She twisted it with trembling fingers and looked up at him, her face scared and white.

"And I have the ring, too," he added, pulling a box from his pocket."

"Oh, I can't, I can't," she said—"not this way."

"I know this is abrupt," he went on. "And I have no reason to believe you care enough for me to do it. If you

don't, I can't bear to stay. I'll have to go alone. If you do, why should we wait?"

"I care for you a great deal," she said softly. "But don't you see?—we can't be—be—married this way, so suddenly. It isn't right. And my place, too. And I haven't any clothes, and my things aren't packed, and—— Oh, we can't!"

"Look," he said. "To-night it's going to rain. The weather will change. Let's go now and keep the memory of these meetings here unchanged. We've been—I've been, at least—very happy meeting you here, and I'd like to go away before things are different."

"I've been happy, too," she said, and took his hand in both of hers. They were trembling, and her voice trembled, too. "Dear, don't you think we'd better wait? I'll marry you, truly I wili. Give me a few days—give me until to-morrow."

"I have the tickets in my pocket," he said resolutely. "And I have here all the money I possess—six hundred dollars. I have sent my valise to the station. It is only eight o'clock, and the train doesn't leave until midnight. We can be married, and you can pack enough things to take with you. The rest you can have sent along afterwards. Come, dear, there is plenty of time. Won't you do it?"

She began to cry. "You are so—so persistent," she sobbed.

He knew he had won as he lifted her from the bench and kissed her. The park policeman politely looked the other way when they went by him. She was dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief, but Beddoes had his arm around her.

The Junior Partner slowly read the last page of the letter before him, and then as slowly began at the beginning and reread the entire communication. Conflicting emotions were written on his face. Finally he leaned back in his chair, and faced the Senior Partner. "Well, Walter," he said, "the mysterious disappearance of Beddoes, or the wonderful error of the Errorless Wonder, is explained."

"Wasn't sick or hurt, I hope?" said the Senior Partner.

"Beddoes," explained the J.P., "is married and has gone West to grow up with the country."

"Whom did he marry?"

"He doesn't say, but from rumors which have come to me, but which I have not until now repeated, I fancy that she was a dark-eyed stenographer whom he used to meet in the park."

"The Errorless Wonder!" said the Senior Partner. "The man devoid of sentiment! The mathematical machine! Who'd have thought it! What's he going to do for a living?"

"Says he's going to start in for himself on the Coast. He is decent enough to add that he'll be glad to continue on those estimates for the Pecos ironwork, if by so doing he can be of any service to us. Furthermore, he does not ask for the month's pay due him."

"I think," remarked the Senior Partner, "that Beddoes is a man of possibilities. He has shown himself to be distinctly human. If you'll toss me the telegraph pad, I'll wire him to go to Portland and look over the ground for us on the Stevens project. Agreed?"

"Sort of a wedding present," assented the J.P. "Give him best wishes from me and the office."

ORIGINAL COLOURS OF 100th ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT

—Courtesy of John Ross Robertson

When Canada Raised An Imperial Regiment

The Story of the Old Hundredth

By Phil. Ives

WHILE changed in name and no longer a distinctly Canadian regiment, the Old Hundredth or Royal Canadian Regiment still preserves many of the special observances, handed down from past years, which render it of particular interest to Canadians.

The 1st Battalion of the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadian) was formerly the 100th Foot, the 2nd Battalion, the 109th Foot. The 1st Battalion was originally raised in 1760 and disbanded in 1763. Raised again in 1780, in 1781 it was selected to form part of an expedition against the Cape of Good Hope, but the troubles in India increasing at that time, it went on to India, where it was engaged for four years in the field. In 1784-85 it returned to England, when it was disbanded. In 1805, it was raised again and served with distinction in the war with America in 1813-14, at the storming and capture of Fort Niagara on the 13th of December, 1813, the 100th Regiment was very conspicuous by its daring, and for the part played by it in this action, the regiment was granted permission to bear the word "Niagara" on its colors and appoint-

ments. Again on 5th July, 1814, Major-General Riale advanced against the Americans 6,000 strong and attacked them with a force of British numbering only 1,500 of whom 400 belonged to the old hundredth regiment. Although their efforts were not crowned with the success they deserved, still they showed great courage under a heavy and destructive fire from the enemy in greatly superior numbers and position.

The regiment was disbanded in 1818, but was raised again by Canadians in 1858 who wished to give tangible proof of the devotion of Canada to their Queen and to the defence of the British Empire, when the whole world was shuddering at the atrocities of the Indian Mutiny and when British supremacy in the east seemed for a time to be trembling in the balance.

Canada previously, when the Crimean war was raging, had expressed her willingness to raise a body of troops to assist the mother country in her need. But their services in 1854-5 were not required, and the regiment was not actually raised until 1858, although a great many people still believe that they got as far as Gibraltar in 1855, when peace was declared with Russia.

The newly raised regiment was inspected on January 10th of that year, by His late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who conferred on it the highest honor in his power by attending at Shorncliffe Camp and presenting it with colors, this being his first public act, since he had been gazetted to a colonelcy.

It is worthy of notice that the first authoritative use of our national emblem—the maple leaf—by the Imperial Government was when it was embroidered on the regimental colors of the regiment and presented by the Prince of Wales. The maple did not come into use in Canada until September 8th, 1860, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Toronto. On this visit all native Canadians joining the procession, whether identified with the national societies or not, wore the maple leaf as an emblem of the land of their birth. *The Globe* of this date has the following paragraph in the report of the procession where it states:

"Then walked the Canadians some with silver maple leaves, and others with those supplied by nature."

Amongst the first officers of the Old Hundredth Regiment were Colonel, Major-General Viscount Melville and Lieut.-Colonel George de Rottenburg, C. B., serving in Canada at the time, Major Dunn, V.C., Brevet-Lieut-Col., was an old Upper Canada boy, son of the Honorable John Dunn, formerly the Receiver-General of the Province of Upper Canada. He received the V.C. in the Crimean war and an address and sword on his return home by the people of Toronto. Major Dunn previous to joining the 100th, had been in the 11th Hussars. He belonged to the Light Brigade, and was one of the famous Six hundred. On the retirement of Colonel de Rottenburg in 1861, he became commander of the regiment. Some years after he exchanged into the 33rd and in January, 1868 on the march to Magdala, in the Abyssinian expedition was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while deer shooting. He was buried at Senafe, much beloved and regretted by the rank and file. Capt. John Clarke, who was afterwards employed in Toronto, upon the recruiting staff, although not a Toronto man himself, was closely connected by marriage with one of the best-known Toronto families, having married Miss Widmer, daughter of the late Dr. Widmer, who served as surgeon in the Peninsular war with great distinction.

Captain C. J. Clarke was an Upper Canada College boy, son of Dr. Clarke who resided in Toronto. Previously to joining the 100th, he was captain of the Yorkville Cavalry.

Captains T. W. W. Smythe, George McCartney and Richard C. Price were all Canadians. Lieutenants Louis A. Cassault, L. C. A. L. De Bellefeuille, Philip Derbishire, Alfred E. Rykart, (Upper Canada College), Chas. H. Carriere, Brown Wallis, (Upper Can-

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 100th REGIMENT BY THE LATE KING EDWARD, WHEN PRINCE OF WALES.

— Courtesy John Ross Robertson.

ada College) and Hy. T. Duchesney were all Canadians. So also were Ensigns: Jno. Gibbs Ridout, (Upper Canada College), Hy. E. Davidson, Chas. A. Poulton, T. H. Baldwin (both Upper Canada College boys) and W. P. Clarke.

Lieut. Cassault served in the Crimea and afterwards became lieutenant-colonel of the Canadian militia, and was made C.M.G. for his services during the first Northwest Rebellion.

There was much excitement in Toronto during the formation of the Old Hundredth Regiment. The first detachment left Quebec for England early in the month of June, 1858, and two other detachments followed shortly afterwards. After being stationed at Shorncliffe Camp for a short time to receive the necessary training, they proceeded to Aldershot, and in June, 1859, the regiment sailed for Gibraltar, from there, in 1863, to Malta, returning to Canada in 1866. In 1863-64 there were no fewer than three officers of the regiment wearing the Victoria Cross, quite a record, we believe.

Whilst serving in Canada it took part in the celebration of the Confederation of Canada, now known as "Dominion Day," July 1st, 1867, and ever since the anniversary is regularly observed by all ranks of the regiments wearing maple leaves in their headgear; the regimental colors, as well as the officers' mess table being also decorated. These leaves are specially selected and sent out from Canada to the regiment, wherever it may be serving. Special athletic sports and a ball are also held.

When practical, the colors are trooped. The regiment, which has for its badge the plume of the Prince of Wales, and in each of the four corners a maple leaf, is one of the few regiments in the British army having a Dominion-beyond-the-seas or colonial title. The battle honors borne on the colors are to-day: "Niagara," "Central India," "South Africa, 1900-02." Uniform, scarlet; facings, blue; regimental district headquarters and depot, Bizz. The commanding officer, Colonel Alastair Macdonald, and the 1st Battalion is now stationed at Blackdown, Farnborough.

Its nicknames are numerous and curious, and are as follows: "The Crusaders," so called from the fact of its having been raised so that in case of it might assist in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny; "The Wild Indians," owing to the mistaken English idea that it was recruited from

the backwoodsmen of North America; "The Beavers," because in former years the "Beaver" of Canada was borne on the appointments of the 1st Battalion; "The Old Hundredth," on account of its rank and file being much older men than in other regiments at the time it was first raised, and from its being the "100th Foot," was named "The Centipedes," which title is supposed to be the invention of some witty Spaniards when the regiment was stationed at Gibraltar. Needless to say, all these queer and distinctive names are carefully preserved to this day by the regiment with pride.

The original colors of the 100th (now the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment,—Royal Canadians, having, with other infantry corps, lost its numerical distinction) were a few years ago presented to the Dominion of Canada, and now hang over the clock in the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa, serving as a mute memorial of the only colonial regiment ever raised for general service in the British Empire.

During the Boer war, the 1st Battalion formed part of the 8th Division, under Sir Leslie Rundle, and was brigaded with the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and the 2nd Battalion East Garshire Regiment.

Of Sir Leslie Rundle's operations Sir Conan Doyle speaks as follows: "So well, however, did he select his position (Wittebergen), that every attempt of the enemy (10,000 under De Wet and Painsloo), and these were many, ended in failure. Badly supplied with food, he and his half-starved men held bravely to their task, and no soldiers in all that great host deserve better of their country." Although De Wet and a certain number of Boers eventually slipped out, the exertions of our troops were rewarded by the surrender of General Painsloo and 4,150 men. Nine soldiers of the regiment won the medal for distinguished conduct during the South African campaign.

Very few members of the Old Hundredth remain alive to-day. Sergt. Chas. Seamore, late of the Toronto police, died three years ago; Carroll Ryan and Thomas E. Champion, who both took up journalism, died this year; Henry J. Grassett, late of 10th Royals, Chief of Police, still remains. He held a commission in the regiment for nine years, being adjutant for some long time. Hugh Rowlands, V.C., at one time Lieutenant-Governor, who distinguished himself in the Crimea, was for a short time junior major in the year 1860. Robert Ed. Colborne Jarvis was a subaltern in the 100th in the early days of his military career, and was with Lord Roberts on his march to Candahar. Henry A. Jones, one of the well-known Brockville family, was one of its junior officers, who died several years ago.

Faith and Doubt

"If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them; if you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bear it." Excellent rules for everyday practice. Too many reverse them and preach their doubts, while they bury their faith in silence, sharing their sorrows with anyone whom they can induce to listen to them, and accepting their joys as a matters of course, or even bearing them with resignation.

The Sire Lives in His Son

By

Patrick Vaux

"WE'LL smash 'em."

"We'll smash 'em all right. Our time's——"

A gout of brine had spurted over the weather screen of the bucketting bridge, and deluged the commanding officer's face. Spitting out a mouthful of salt water he moved closer to his subordinate.

"We'll smash 'em," he again croaked triumphantly. "The Flying Squadron is driving them down on our guns. We'll clear this side of the Atlantic of 'em. Rather!"

Without a light showing the destroyer was storming through the gusty night. Her officers and men on the brine-lashed deck, though alert on lookout, knew well what the wireless cabin below was saving them from. Not human eyes now, and human ears, but the electric spark crackling betwixt the antennae of the transmitter, sought for further news of the enemy's approach.

At last the long-threatened war had broken out.

In a whirlwind of blood and devastation Germany was essaying to crush the British Empire. While the enemy's High Sea's Fleet was seeking to wrest the command of the sea from the British Atlantic and Home Fleet, their Raiding Squadron had been sweeping British commerce off the West Atlantic till a Flying Squadron co-operating with the Canadian naval force, was at last bringing them to book for their wanton destruction.

At Halifax, Rear-Admiral Dickeson with the Canadian Squadron was now hurriedly re-coaling. His cruisers and a few intermediate craft he had flung out in a fan-shaped disposition, covering forty miles, from the northeast to east by south, against the enemy's sudden descent.

The northerly wind was blowing hard and raising a heavy sea, that hammered over the weather bow of the destroyer, and enveloped her fore parts in incessant spray and broken water.

From her three funnels, the belching smoke caught in the eddies of the squealing wind, swirled down, enveloping bridge and lookouts in its stifling, hot, filthy murk.

Coughing and cursing, the commanding officer leaped a few feet to starboard to evade a downward rush of fine, hot scoriae and small clinker aimed at his face, and stared, night binoculars up at his eyes, into the wavering darkness filling the northwest. But just then the junior officer had jammed the whistle back into the mouth of the wireless cabin voice-tube.

"C. I. C. in communication, sir," he reported. "News apparently comin' in to him."

As the lieutenant made his way aft to the chart table, to slip his head and shoulders under the weather screen and peruse the decoded message in the light of the shaded glow-lamp, the faint thunder of guns took his ear.

"Yes! We're at it, we're at it," he rasped to one of the men holding aside the chart-table flap.

"Topaz and Bellona report in touch with the enemy. Are falling back, much damaged. Units eastward to

cover them till ordered rejoin fast wing now moving out to reinforce."

These were the orders wirelessed by the Commander-in-chief's flagship, now enegetically slipping moorings to proceed to sea with her squadron.

The next minute the Reindeer had swung to eastward to aid in succoring her hard-pressed unarmoured consorts. At top notch of her speed, she hurried forward, strained in every inch of her taut steel hull. A mountainous sea careened her almost to the coamings of her after hatches. The following instant she was hove up, stern in the air and all screws racing madly.

Intently her bridge listened to the rapidly nearing guns, their deep rolling reports greatening on the ear.

"They are comin' down ahead," the sub-lieutenant jerked out, his lips close to the commanding officer's ear.

"Yes! Coming down ahead, and smartly. Our vessel's way to their starboard, somewhere. Being overhauled, too."

The lieutenant brushed the water out of his eyes, and again levelled his binoculars ahead. The hail rang from forward lookouts.

"Two steamers ahead."

He strained his sight. Excitement thrilled him in every nerve and fibre. It came to him he had rather the strangers were the enemy. The fighting instinct of the Anglo-Saxon had mastered him. His blood thrilled to heroic traditions.

The night was thick with small rain and spindrift driving before the squally wind. The destroyer rode low and obscure.

Her's it was to engage.

"Yes! . . . them . . .," the commanding officer jerked out incisively, as he threw off his oilers. "Two cruisers in line ahead . . . Our two right-way off their starboard bow. There, they're answering," as specks of fire gleamed momentary in the darkness far off the destroyer's port bow, and the thudding of 4-inch quick firers rang out faint, but emphatic.

"Something of a running fight for us," he added, "if we can make it. . . By heaven, though, I don't like boxing myself up in the conning tower."

Rapidly the warships coming down ahead loomed into the obscure silhouettes of Kaiserin Augusta and the Prinz Heinrich. With their port batteries gouting fire and destruction, they seemed as if heading for the Canadian's port bow.

As the lieutenant entered the conning tower the leading enemy flashed out her fore bridge searchlights and revealed the destroyer, and instantly the thundering of her starboard battery rolled through the night. Shell and projectile screamed about the Reindeer. There came fiery streaks, ear-splitting reports, as the Prinz Heinrich also opened her cannonade. But the enemy's elevation being yet too high, the British destroyer escaped destruction, having only her pole mast and wireless gaff shattered, and the top of her after funnel blown away.

The lieutenant was peering out at the sight slit, between the top and upper edges of the conning tower, at the swiftly nearing cruisers. Unconsciously he bit his lower lip in the stress of his sensations.

A shot from the Kaiserin Augusta smashed the base of his forward funnel, and the smoke and flame of hard-pressed furnaces, licking the deck, trailed in ruddy clouds to leeward. Two men crouching by the torpedo tube amidships dropped, hashed and tattered by slivers of bursting shell, and others, suffocated by the shattered funnel's gassy fumes, slid overboard to the heaving of the hull beneath them. One unit of No. 2 after tube had been almost cut in two by a small shell. As a man jumped into his place, a shot wrecked the quickfirer near by, and the wreck of it crushed him under.

The commanding officer shuddered. He gripped the smooth small wheel the tighter. Twisting and turning, the destroyer uselessly tried to escape the relentless searchlights, as she tore forward to the real encounter.

Below her ruptured deck her sweating stokers toiled before the furnace

fires—never questioning — never faltering. Louder than the hissing and the rumbling of their red-hot boilers sounded the rattle and thud of the guns. Again and again the destroyer lurched on, projectiles holing her. Bilge and circulating pumps and ejectors were already working full strength in a useless endeavor to keep the water under.

A splinter of steel had pierced the lieutenant's left shoulder, sticking like an arrow in the oozing wound. But in his tense state he was unawares. He only knew of the leading enemy, her great stem almost abeam of him. He jammed his wheel hard over even as he rang his port engines full speed astern, and then he closed the circuit, firing his amidship torpedo tube.

A little puff of smoke burst out on the destroyer's port beam, and with a glint of silver the torpedo shot into the swirling waters.

There came a stunning crash—it seemed just on his forehead. He found himself to be severely cut on his hands and face, his uniform ripped into rags, with the fragments of red-hot metal, which had bespattered him on a projectile demolishing the cap of the conning tower. It was with a supreme effort of will he kept conscious.

As he brought the destroyer on her course again, he wiped his blood-filled eyes and stared furiously at the Kaiserin Augusta.

With a huge gap in her unarmoured side, where hit by the 18-inch torpedo, forward a little of her port shoulder and beneath her protection belt, the cruiser was rapidly taking a heavy list. Her head was falling to port, lower and lower, amongst the seas. She was a doomed vessel

But along the Reindeer's deck everything but the conning tower had been shot away and wrecked. It stood entire, but dinted and cracked by the impact of shot and shell. From the guns, light and heavy, of the Prinz Heinrich, was hiccoughed destruction. Again projectiles smashed into the destroyer, for every second the enemy was getting back his nerve and securing alignment on the target.

Time was telling in his favor.

The British torpedo craft gave a downward lurch, but, recovering herself like a live thing unwilling to die just yet, she staggered onward. Her speed was falling. Death was coming to her in seconds. Her commanding officer moaned. He trembled a little, but was not aware of his recalcitrant body. Not his mind, not his heart, but his physical being rebelled against the pain—the anguish. The Real Man of him knew only of Duty. The Sire was living in his son, even as on Quiberon Night and Trafalgar Day.

Then the enemy cheered like maniacs when steam shot up from the ruptured stokehold of the destroyer. But her officer had shoved his rudder hard over, and slowly his sinking craft swung athwart the armoured cruiser. She was within torpedo range at last.

A broadside of shot and shell from her literally stopped the Reindeer. Under the weight of projectiles poured in upon her, she went apart, falling in pieces like something of brown paper and cotton wool.

Yet even as the missiles tore her asunder the lieutenant fired his two after tubes. And of the weapons, one went wide of the cruiser's bows by about four feet. But the other ruptured her amidships, and under her 4-inch armour. In her very vitals she was struck.

As the waters poured in an irresistible flood into her crowded stokeholds, the hubbub of hell raged on board her. With an awful outcry from her 879 souls, she went down—her bilges burst by the exploding boilers.

Next morning only fifteen survivors, including the sub-lieutenant of the Reindeer were picked up by the American schooner, Boston Ann, clinging to a quarter-deck grating and other pieces of wreckage.

But it was through the Reindeer that the two crippled cruisers of the North American Squadron made Bermuda in safety. In her sacrifice she had them succored.

FEAST OF THE DEAD IN A CHINESE CEMETARY

The Highbinders' in Canada

By

R. Bruce Bennett

WITH the suggestion of Bert Harte's "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar," the prevailing idea of the immigrant from Cathay, is that he is of intricate methods individually and secret societies collectively. When onehears of such organizations as the Highbinders' Society, this impression becomes more decided. It will be found, however, that human nature is little different in the Chinese than it is in the Caucasian, and the apparent mystery of the Chinaman is due to his reticence. This unwillingness to unfold himself to everyone he meets is not because of ignorance, but rather of a high intelligence, for the Chinaman, though he may be heathen from the Christian point of view, is accredited by people who know him, as being equal in anything which calls for the exercise of intellectual ability.

So the development of the Highbinders' Society has not been the result of any particular love of secret fraternities. It was instituted with the definite purpose of restoring a dynasty that had been deposed from the throne, but by the time it became known on the American continent it had degenerated into an organization not unlike the Italian Mafia or Black Hand, which has, of late, become so notorious. The record of the Highbinders in the Pacific Coast has been of blackmail and murder, which was the natural outcome of the quality of its membership. Still, every murder credited to Highbinders has not been committed by them. The remark has not been unusual when a Chinese murder occured, "It was done by High-

binders." A Chinaman may have been the criminal, but then every Chinaman is not a Highbinder. As the stiletto marks murder by an Italian, so there is distinction in the Chinese method of killing. It is a proved fact that while he may be vengeful, for uncontrolled human nature is always so, the Chinaman abhors the presence of blood on his person. For that reason he rarely uses a knife, or, if he does, the knife remains where it is placed. He prefers an axe, which will give him a safe distance from the spattering life-fluid, or a bludgeon. The revolver is also a handy weapon. This peculiarity is one which has few exceptions.

Tradition of the origin of the Chee Kong Tung, the English interpretation of which is Highbinders' Society, is that three hundred years or more ago, there existed in the South of China, near Nanking, a large institution presided over by monks. Over five hundred were in the castle, under which were all kinds of dungeons, trap doors and secret passages, none of which were known to outsiders. One day, a servant broke a sacred lamp in front of an idol, and being severely reprimanded and dismissed from the service for the offence, he revengefully decided to expose the secret tunnels which led to the castle. He led thither a large party of soldiers, who slaughtered without mercy and set fire to the monastery. All but twelve men perished, and seven of these were so badly injured that they died. The remaining five organized the Chee Kong Tung, which in China is now a branch of the Order of the Triangle, known as the San Hop Woy. The monastery was destroyed during the reign of the present dynasty, and as the soldiers were of the empire, so the object of the society determined itself into substituting a representative of one of the ruling families of the past for the occupant of the throne.

The average human dearly loves forms and ceremonies. This is evidenced in public, religious and even

CHINESE SMOKING OPIUM

A GROUP OF CHINESE WOMEN EN ROUTE TO CANADA

private life, but finds particular exemplification in the initiation ceremonies of the various secret benevolent societies. The Chinaman is not a whit different from his white brother, and the initiation ceremonies of the Chee Kong Tung are lengthy and impressive. The signs of secrecy are many and are constantly employed to make the union of brotherhood more binding and complete. Initiation begins at the mystic hour of midnight and continues till six o'clock in the morning. The candidate for membership, after successfully negotiating three red cloth gates, passes through a hoop, which has nine teeth in the top and twelve in the bottom, and this passage is supposed to indicate that he has been born again. As he is reborn, he leaves behind all earthly relatives, and is taken in hand by the "mother" of the lodge. Thirty-six oaths of secrecy are administered as he crawls through the gates once more, and, as he declares his adherence, lighted punksticks are snapped out one by one, to convey the terrible idea that if he breaks one oath, his life will be snapped out just as quickly. The same danger threatens if he fails to execute any command or commission. On towards morning, as the initiate becomes fatigued, come the more solemn ceremonies, such as drinking "holy water," in which is blood, secured by incisions in the finger; passing through burning paper, signifying the gates of hell, when a rooster's head is cut off, representing the fate of the traitor. (The decapitation of the rooster is the most solemn oath taken by Chinese in a court of law.) At six o'clock in the morning, the new brethren are received at a banquet, which they furnish, and the various signs and passwords are then bestowed.

Whoever secures a new member is entitled to a fee, never less than $1.50, and as much as the new member can be reasonably assessed. If a member who has money backslides, he is blackmailed, and if cash is not forthcoming, then murder is threatened and carried out if refusal is still persisted in. Five times during the year, feasts are held to celebrate the anniversaries of the births of the five original found-

ers of the Order, and to provide for these a levy is made. The custom has been to select for contributions violators of the law, such as prostitutes and gamblers. This was the prominent feature of the brotherhood, as it was known on the Pacific Coast, where it flourished in the past and is still not altogether unknown. Where these unlawful places were to be found, the Highbinders flourished exceedingly. Members were not molested, or if by mistake money was taken from a fellow-member, it was returned, which accounts for the degenerate quality of the membership, since all Chinese who required protection were quick to join to secure it. If violators of the law had particular friends among the members, the assessment for the feasts was comparatively light. If they had no friends, then the levy was as much as it was thought could be convently paid, and never was less than $20. Guards were appointed to see that the money was forthcoming, and, if it was not paid, the final order for murder was given, and, as a member of the order has stated, "there were always a few hatchet boys or axe wielders to do the necessary work, when assessment was refused."

This member has also made the statement that while initiates are advised not to get into trouble with any one and to live in brotherly affection with their fellowmen, such advisement meant nothing. He had never heard any discussion or any plan in the society for the good or benefit of any person, either in the organization or out of it. Promotion was not according to ability, but wealth.

Occasionally one hears of the dangers that threaten from Highbinders, sometimes when inside information is made public. If murder takes place because of such, the uninformed will mysteriously mutter "Highbinders," but a prominent Chinaman declares that it would be exceedingly doubtful if Highbinders would be implicated. Every murder of an Italian is not the work of a member of the Black Hand. The Highbinders are not organized for the special purpose of killing, but since the members are of the lowest order, they have no hesitation in taking life to attain their ends. The "hatchet boys" are murderously employed under oath to enforce the system of blackmail, and it is very doubtful if one were apprehended by the law, if vengeance would be wreaked by the organization, on any policeman or judge, if conviction were obtained.

Fifteen years ago or more, Highbinders' societies flourished in Victoria, Vancouver, and other cities on the Pacific Coast, but to-day strict enforcement of the law, and improvement in general conditions has resulted, if not in their effacement, at least in reducing the organization to a weak smoulder. With the desire of the Chinese for a higher plane of life, recognizing as they do that adoption of occidental manners and customs is a factor in success, such organizations as the Chinese Reform Society, are doing good work. Their motives are thoroughly good, they are aggressive and co-operative, and the Chinese that one sees on the streets, and in the life of western cities, in no way suggests the ways that are dark. Instead, they exemplify the progress that comes with education, and the adoption of a style of living, in the average case on an equality with that of the races which lay claim to the highest civilization. Such being the case, it can be easily seen why the Highbinders are disappearing from view. Since the immigrant Italian has no association which has for its object the advancement of its members to the high Caucasian standard, it can be just as readily understood why the only comparison to the Chee Kong Tung, namely, the Mafia, is evident in whatever part of the United States or Canada the laborer from Italy has found a place. On the other hand, less and less is heard of the organization which is distinctively Chinese.

The

Canadian Manufacturer's Vulnerable Spot

By

W. L. Edmonds

NO one now doubts the greatness of Canada's possibilities among the industrial nations of the world. Dissipated are whatever doubts that may have previously existed. Evidence of the vastness and richness of her natural resources are cropping up continually.

Expansion is the characteristic of our industrial life in all its phases. The grain crops of last year are officially valued at over half a billion dollars. And yet it is but the fringe of the enormous acreage of the Northwest that has so far come under cultivation.

The mines of the country last year yielded the handsome sum of $90,000,000. But large as this sum is no one conversant with the facts believes that it is anything but a small part of what it ultimately will be. No less an authority than Prof. Miller, geologist for the Province of Ontario, says, "we have the greatest undeveloped mining territory in the world, offering the greatest opportunity to capitalists and prospectors."

Nature has provided everything essential to the up-building of a great and prosperous nation. That the world is recognizing this is amply proved both by the teeming thousands, who are rushing to our shores and by the money which is being invested in mercantile and financial ventures in this country by British and foreign capitalists. Probably a billion dollars has been invested in this way. But whatever the actual amount may be, it is undoubtedly large enough to prove that both British and foreign capitalists believe in the future of Canada.

How are we in Canada showing the faith that is in us? We all hold high opinions of its natural advantages and its great possibilities, but do we show in a practical way the faith that is in us? Are we expecting that the Creator, who gave us so richly of these natural resources is in some mystical manner going to work out for us our commercial salvation? Some of us seem to act as if we were traveling on that assumption. We don't want to do anything more than we can possibly help doing for ourselves.

We take the raw material with which nature has endowed us and we manufacture it into finished products —iron, steel, furniture, boots and shoes, clothing and household furnishings of various kinds. But where are our aggressive and up-to-date selling methods? Where is our advertising? Ah, there's the rub!

The manufacturers of Canada have, with few exceptions, not yet learned the importance of national advertising.

It is not necessary for one to specify, but let anyone sit down five minutes and put on paper the names of the firms who are engaged in the chief manufacturing industries of the country. This done, take cognizance of those who are doing any national advertising or advertising of any sort beyond what is on their business stationery. You will not require any additional fingers and thumbs than you already have on which to do the counting. It is deplorable. These things ought not to be.

If there is any time when the manufacturers of this country should adopt an aggressive advertising campaign it is now.

As this country develops and the population increases, the desire of the manufacturers of Great Britain, the United States, and other countries to come up and possess its trade will become stronger and stronger. Already it is pretty strong. In the United States it has already become so strong that it has persuaded the administration at Washington to turn right about face in its attitude towards Canada, and sue for reciprocal trade relations.

But the manufacturers of the United States interested in the Canadian market are not sitting quietly by pending the outcome of the necessarily slow and protracted negotiations. They are getting after the business. Where the tariff or transportation difficulties stand in the way, many of them have established branch factories on this side of the border. A statement given out from Washington the other day estimated that over a quarter of a billion of American dollars were invested in Canadian financial and industrial ventures. And the end is not yet. Canadians traveling in the manufacturing centres of the United States have this fact repeatedly impressed upon them. The average manufacturer across the border recognizes a good thing when he sees it, and he certainly sees a good thing in Canada, to which so many of his fellow countrymen are migrating. "We are looking into the Canadian market and are thinking of starting a branch factory there," or, "We have decided to start a factory there," are expressions frequently heard.

They are welcome. To every one of them is extended the right hand of fellowship. Every factory they put up adds to the wealth-producing possibilities of this country. But while they produce wealth, it is to be hoped that they will also act as a stimulus to our own native manufacturers, who are not yet alive to their opportunities.

A tariff "as high as Haman's gallows" might keep out imported goods, but it won't keep out the enterprising foreign manufacturer who desires to establish a branch factory in Canada. It hasn't in the past, and it certainly will not in the future. The inducements are too alluring to be ignored by the enterprising manufacturers and capitalists of Great Britain, the United States and other countries.

Nothing that outside influences can do will, permanently, at any rate, protect the Canadian-established manufacturer from the competition of his foreign confreres. If the tariff or distance handicaps them they will, as they are doing, start branch factories here. The only thing that will "save his face" is the employment of up-to-date selling methods. And in this must be included an aggressive advertising campaign. There are already some Canadian manufacturers who are doing this, but they are, as I have already pointed out, few and far between.

Competition, either home or foreign, cannot permanently be eliminated. That is a fact which every manufacturer in Canada should clearly understand. The most effective permanent modifier of foreign or any other competition is advertising plus a good selling organization. And the better the advertising the greater its effectiveness.

Well-advertised goods bring better prices because the demand keeps the supply moving. It is the goods that are comatose or dead that lie on the shelves or in the warehouse or factory. Advertising not only moves goods; it imparts stability to values. Advertising, like fuel under the boiler, gets up steam. And the better the fuel, the better the results.

Advertising imparts value to the good will of a business. Advertising may, in fact, be said to be the creator of the good will. Reputation is the concomitant of the good will. If the reputation is bad the good will certainly cannot possess value. Quality is the chief foundation of reputation, but as long as quality is hid under a bushel it may just as well not have an existence.

Lift off the bushel and turn on the light of publicity. Then comes reputation and good will; and the better the light, and the more continuously its rays are focused on the firm and its products the more will reputation be enhanced and the value of the good will appreciated.

It is only the man who wants to "gold brick" the public who can afford to do fraudulent advertising. He who is in business for to-morrow and the next day and the next, cannot afford to endanger his reputation by fraudulent practices, and especially when he trade marks his goods. A trade mark, therefore, whether a design or a name, is a guarantee of merit. It is only he who is an imbecile who would trade mark an article that had not merit; and the average business man is by no means an imbecile.

Tariff protection is a good thing. Without it the manufacturing industries of Canada would not be where they are to-day. But protection alone will not carry an industry very far. Its fathers never intended it should. Their purpose was that it should be a shelter which would shield the young and growing industries of the country against the biting north wind of foreign competition and aid them in reaching maturity. It was never intended, as some seem to think it was, as a substitute for modern and progressive business building methods.

Protection plus publicity imparts life to trade and makes it strong, healthy and stable. The manufacturing industry that puts its trust in tariff favors alone and ignores advertising is a lame bird. It is traveling with one wing, and a wing, too, that a hostile Government might clip or even lop off at any time. The advertising wing, however, is not subject to the whim of government or any other adverse outside influence. Its usefulness and permanency is determined by the enterprise, aggressiveness and ability of the advertiser himself.

The old Government tax on advertising is dead, and no power on earth will ever be able to raise it. The only tax on advertising to-day is the ignorance and unbelief of the non-advertising business man.

Naturally, manufacturers who have not developed the publicity wing are in a partially pertrubed state of mind over a possible lower tariff on the products of United States and German factories.

Let them by all means, if they so desire, try to save their protectionist wing from being clipped, but in their concern for the one, it is to be hoped they will not continue to overlook the other.

The truth is that a man's life in his family, with his wife, with his children, with his mother, with his neighbors, is not made up of grandstand plays and all that sort of thing. It is made up by a series of little acts, and those little acts and those little self-restraints are what go to make up the same character.—*President Taft at Salt Lake City.*

A Pair of Spendthrifts

A Story of the Cumberland Dales

By Oswald Wildridge

HE was a tourist, by all the marks of the craft, and when he halted by the bridge at Burnfoot with a request for direction on his way, he informed us that ours was the third dale he had traversed since sunrise. He had also passed through the wilds of Black Sail—which may account in part for certain impressions of life that he had gathered—and he stated with pride that he had "seen everything and missed nothing." Afterwards, he perched himself on the parapet of the bridge, and favored us with a homily on the influence of environment, from which we learned that the severity of the mountains must make also for severity of character. He told us something of the slum life of great cities, and showed us how, by a natural process, the people who dwelled within their squalid depths were as graceless as their homes, their conduct void of beauty, and their hearts empty of love. He then proceeded to construct what he called "a parallel," and, swinging his pointing finger around the amphitheatre from Scawfell Pike to Crinkle Crags, he demonstrated to us how the men of the hill country must be strong men, but also hard and barren of all tenderness.

He was a young man, this tourist body, with a fine gift of speech, a brand new alpenstock, and Henry Jenkinson's "Guide to the Lakes," and we listened to him with the humility we always rendered to the voice of instruction; but when he had gone upon his way to explore the heights of Wrynose Pass we thought with gratitude of some of the men and women living their lives upon the foothills and in the inner solitudes of the fells, of Margaret Steele, of Grayrigg, of John Fletcher, of Hunday, of David Branthwaite, our doctor, whose manner was certainly as rough as the hills, but whose heart was as tender as that of the gentlest of the women. Also, we wondered whether it might be that in the slums of the great cities Love was, after all, more powerful than squalor and distress.

While we debated the problem, who should drive around the bend but David Branthwaite himself; and when he pulled up for a word, Andrew Matterson, of Nepghyll, mentioned the revelations made by the discursive tourist. David listened with obvious impatience, growled something about a "featherheaded gommeral," and declared that in the whole of the dale he was only acquainted with one really hard case—Martin Dockwray, of Brackenthwaite—and he was not even certain about the depth of Martin's hardness.

"But there," he added, "I've no time to stay and listen to such stuff. I've a mighty long round just now, what with Nicholson's work on top of my own. I've the full length of Kirkdale to go yet, with a call on the little schoolmistress at Down-in-the-Dale at the end of it."

And then, anticipating an assured inquiry, he added: "The lassie's bad,

and to-day I've got a hard job before me—the hardest of all next to telling a body that there's no hope for the one that canna be spared. I've got to pronounce sentence of banishment. It takes a strong man to stand the winters we get up here, and if she's to keep her life she'll have to leave the dale."

In David's day Kirkdale was a law unto itself in the schooling of its children. At the Twin Hamlets we had no difficulty, for our dale is one of the kindly ones, with a fine spread of homes on the foothills and a cluster in the valley itself, so that the school is large enough to carry a schoolhouse by its side. But over on the further side of the Screes the homes of Kirkdale are widely scattered; all told, there is only a handful of them, and in those other days the dalesfolk met the demands of the situation by making a portion of their payment in kind. A homeless wanderer, the teacher passed from house to house, and when he had been entertained for a term at each one, he began the circuit of the dale afresh. It was a hard life, even for a strong man, though not without abundant compensation; and when the men in authority promoted a slender slip of a girl from the south country to be the first schoolmistress of Kirkdale, we were stricken with amazement, and predicted disaster. There was offence also, for certain of the dalesfolk were persuaded that they were being treated with scorn, and at many firesides there were heard the mutterings of revolt.

As a matter of course, the spirit of opposition extended from the system to the individual, and Joan Naylor was threatened with a show of the cold shoulder because she was coming to attempt the work that only a man could perform. Never, however, did rebellion have so short a life. As one of the leaders of the movement, Thomas Fairish was deputed to meet the stranger at Dalefoot, and it was generally agreed that if any man was qualified to "put the madam in her proper place," and show her that "she'd cum where she wasn't wantit," Thomas was the one. But when Thomas found himself looking down into the wistful face of a tired and delicate girl he remembered his own daughter, and instead of a stern "Good-day, ma'am," it was a case of "I'se glad to see you." Afterwards he tucked her snugly in his gig, and when they passed through Nether Kirkdale he was telling her that she had come to a hard place, but the dalesfolk would do their best to smooth the road for her.

It was arranged that Joan should spend her first fortnight with Elizabeth Key at Down-in-the-Dale, and when the gig pulled up Elizabeth opened her door, armed with a dour manner and a battery of frigid words; but somehow the dourness melted, and the words of thinly-veiled hostility became words of the kindliest welcome.

"Eh, my bairn," she murmured, "thoo does luik tired, and I'se warrant thoo's hafe famished. Nivver mind your traps. Thomas mun see to them. Just you cum inside and rest yourself, and I'll have a cup o' tea ready in neah time." For the remainder of that eventful evening Joan found herself "mothered," almost as much as if she had been in her own home, and when her first letter went out of the dale it carried to the mother in the south an assurance that "if her girl wasn't looked after it wouldn't be the fault of Elizabeth Key." Among the others it was agreed by the end of the first week that the new schoolmistress seemed to be a "likeable lassie," and in the matter of her work judgment was suspended by consent. With a month gone by Joan Naylor could count on an open door at every home and a welcome at every hearth.

After the lapse of days, moreover, we learned that the mother in the south was an invalid and a widow; it was also noticed that the life of Joan Naylor had no luxuries; that her garments, though neat, bore the marks of hard wear; that she was a famous hand at giving to an old gown or an

old hat the grace of a new one; and it was observed that on the day she received her salary she never missed a visit to the postoffice at Nether Kirkdale, whence, according to the gossips, a large share of the money earned among the mountains of the north was transferred to the plains of the south. Another incident of note lay in the fact that, by certain devious means, some of the dalespeople managed to obtain the address of the invalid mother, and now and again a hamper carefully packed with real Cumbrian butter, eggs laid on fell-side farms, a cut from a native ham, or a chunk from a flitch of home-cured bacon, was despatched from Dalefoot, the gift being significant not only of sympathy for a suffering mother, but also testifying to affection for a daughter of quality.

And now, here was David Branthwaite, with his sentence of banishment and the task from which he shrank. It was made known to us later on by Elizabeth Key how he managed it, and from that day there was added another link to the chain which bound us to the doctor.

"He's a masterful man is David Branthwaite," said Elizabeth, "and a gey rough type with his tongue when he's got a cross-grained body to deal with; but his faithfulness is as steadfast as the hills, and his tenderness is past the power of words to tell. The schoolmistress says that he minds her most of the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

II.

One drab November night we gathered around the kitchen hearth at Nepghyll, and for an hour we did our best to extract the marrow from a few political bones. At the end of the hour, however, the talk began to flag, and the gathering was threatened with conversational failure until old Michael Scott, of Ellerkeld, came to the rescue. "I doot," said Michael, "that politics isn't seah verra tempting to-neet, and I'se thinking we'd better be talking aboot men—they're oalus interesting." And then, like the wily being that he was, he added: "I met Peter Waugh to-day, and he toald me a nice crack aboot t'oald doctor." This was quite enough. For the rest of the evening, until Mistress Matterson had supper on the board, we discussed David Branthwaite and his mixed manners. And while we all agreed with Michael Scott that David was "the most through-and-through man in all the dales," we also agreed with Robinson Graham that he was "a rare mak' of inconsistencies." Again and again had we found him professing indifference about many things which really cut him to the quick, and it was said of him that he would sleep like a top over his own troubles and worry through a sleepless night over those of his people.

About the time that the schoolmistress of Kirkdale tendered her resignation, the doctor appeared to strike a new vein of irritability, and there were certain of his patients who declared that there was no pleasing him. It was clear that he had something on his mind, and one day, as he drove out Hardknot way, with Dash in the gig by his side, he gave old Meg a loose rein and took the terrier into his confidence.

"I've been a bit too free with my money, laddie," he said, "and I'm beginning to feel the pinch. I must really try and save a bit, though saving's a stiff job at my time o' life. And I've had a lot o' calls lately. There was that operation on Martha Jackson. Sir Robert's fee ran to twenty pounds, and I hadn't the heart to let John know that it cost mair than ten, for I'll warrant the lad was hard put to it to find that much. I couldn't stand by and see the woman slip away and leave a houseful o' bairns, could I, laddie? And the look that John gave me when I told him that Martha would live was worth ten pounds of anybody's money. Then I bought that new electric contrivance to treat Jossy Adair with. And—oh,

dear me, this want o' money's a terrible thing." Then he smiled grimly. "Wish you and me could only tumble doon a gold-mine, Dash."

With another mile ground out he began again. "There's no help for it. I'll have to call on John Fletcher, though it's a shame, for I'm always getting my hand into his pocket. Still, he'd be hurt if I didn't do it, and the little schoolmistress must be given her chance and her mother must be saved from heart-break. So we'll call it settled, laddie. I think I can manage about twenty pound myself, and to-morrow we'll away to Hunday and I'll ask Fletcher for the rest."

Now it happened that just at this moment he glanced up the flank of the hill on whose breast the house of Brackenthwaite stands, and at once the corners of his lips tightened.

"The selfish carl," he muttered. "What a power of good lies in his hands, and he'll not use it. He's grown so near that he wouldn't part with the reck off his porridge if he could help it. He's just the man I want, but—"

The frown upon the doctor's face flickered into a sort of smile. This was followed by a chuckle of some significance, and David slapped his leg. "I'll let John Fletcher bide a day or two," he said; "just while I have a shot at Martin Dockwray." And then he again addressed himself to the terrier. "Dash, my laddie, to-morrow we'll have a night out. I'm going to sleep in one of Martin Dockwray's beds, and you shall stretch on his hearthrug. I've done a bit of blood-letting in my time, and now I'm going to see if I can fetch it from a stone."

Accordingly it happened on the following night that about the hour wherein most of the dalespeople sought their beds, the doctor's gig lumbered along the lonning to Brackenthwaite, and the doctor demanded the hospitality which no one in the dale ever denied him—a bed for himself, a stall for Meg, and house-room for his dog.

Among the homes of the dale we counted Brackenthwaite a place of quality, and its master might have ruled in our midst, a leader of men, if he would have paid the price which real leadership exacts. Instead, he preferred the way of the selfish life, with no interests outside the boundaries of his own acres, and no love except that which he concentrated on his only child. In his case, as in so many others, fatherhood stood for redemption.

He was perplexed by the doctor's visit, for he suspected that if David had followed his bent he would have picked an old grandfather's chair in a farmhouse kitchen rather than a seat of luxury in the Brackenthwaite dining-room; but it was not until the night was far spent that he delivered himself into his visitor's hands with a reference to the hardships of the doctor's life.

"Hard?" David pulled himself together for the blow he had prepared. "Ay, hard enough. Nobody but the doctor knows how hard—but—I canna help thinking that it's harder for the folk. I tell you what, Martin; ye should count yourself one of the lucky ones. You've had your share of sickness to battle with, but you've been spared the agony of poverty, and of all the agonies there's none so great as sickness and poverty when they go hand in hand. It's a fearful crucifixion when the best-loved is doon and in want o' things that cost money and there is no money to buy them with.

"As for the doctoring, it's simply a heart-break—when I order a woman body to rest if her life has t' be spared, and there's a pack of wee bairns calling for every minute of her time and every ounce of her love, and the mother's rest means neglect of them. And again, when I tell an over-worked man that it's no physic he needs, but chickens and soups and jellies to build up his strength, and all the time I ken that when the rent's paid and the bread-and-butter have been bought there's varra little left—I tell ye, man, that at times like these words seem to

be a mockery and doctoring a sham. If it wasn't for the men with the helping hand I've got about me I couldn't bide it. I'd be running away. Of course, I've never bothered you, Martin, but there's been no disrespect in that. I've known full well that you'd be having folks in plenty pulling at you, and there's reason in everything —even in charity and helpfulness."

Across the intervening strip of hearth Martin Dockwray threw a look of amazement. For the moment, indeed, resentment was disarmed by perplexity. This was surely a new David Branthwaite that he was entertaining. The old David was a man of the volcanic type—one whose scorn was brutal, whose blows fell hard like the beat of a sledge-hammer; but this was one of the crafty men who dealt in words of subtle irony.

"I've got a case on hand just now that's worrying me a lot." While Martin wrestled with astonishment, David was off again. "It's the little schoolmistress of Kirkdale. Mebbe you'll have heard that Nicholson's indoors with his bronchitis again, and I'm working his round. She's a fine lassie, is the schoolmistress. but she's not tough enough for life in the dale. Our keen winds and the hard round have nearly killed her, and I'm having to send her home till her mother. Worst of it is, the mother herself is a sickly sort of body who never has a day's health from year-end till year-end; and, bit by bit, I've wormed it out of little Joan that there isn't enough money for one of them, let alone the pair. You ken her, don't you?"

Dockwray nodded his head. He was frowning and fidgeting because of embarrassment, but he was losing none of the story.

"Ay, I thought you couldn't have missed her. Somehow, she reminds me of your own lassie; got a glint of the same blue in her eye, the same lilt in her voice; and when she looks up at you she's got that same wistful little trick that sets your own Mary off so fine. Man, what a mercy it is you've been able to give your bairn all she needs. What if she had been like the schoolmistress, who'll die if she stays up here and who's got to starve if she goes home!"

"A hard case, certainly—a very hard case—but," Dockwray floundered among his words badly, "but there ought to be some way of meeting it. Is there no organization—?" Here he detected the storm-signal as it flashed into being, and covered his blunder with a hasty question, "Is she going home?"

"That I can't tell ye at present. What she ought to have is a sea voyage; it'd set her up. But that's out of the question. Next best thing is a month on the south coast, with plenty to eat, nothing to do, and a free mind, so that she could pick up her strength and get fit to earn her living again, and I'm away in the morning to Hunday to beg another Good Samaritan turn from John Fletcher. He has a fine notion of using his money, has John, and I've never known him refuse me the help I've asked of him. It's true that I'd rather not do it, for I'm terrible hard on him, but I can't let the lassie slip away for the want of a few bits of gold and silver."

So far as direct application to the case of Joan Naylor goes this was David's last word. For a brief spell he lapsed into silence, only it was not the silence of surrender. After the manner of his own terrier, he was merely changing his grip. When he spoke again he had what appeared to be a new theme.

"It seems like old times, Martin," he said, "to be sitting in your room with yourself on the other side of the hearth."

"It's fine to see you here," Martin responded genially. "It must be quite a handful of years since you and I spent a night together."

David gazed reflectively into the fire, as though he might be reckoning up the time. He was a man without mercy when it suited his purpose, and he meant to be very hard now. "I'm just thinking," he said at last. "I

mind one time—when I was here alone for a while. It's one of the things that helps me to think well of humanity. That night, as I sat in this very corner, I looked straight into the heart of a woman and saw the store of love that lay within it." From this point David slipped deeper into the Doric of the dales—one of his tricks when he was strongly moved. "You were upstairs yersel,' Martin, and your life was hangin' by a wee bit thread. I'd been with you the day throo and I kenned full well that in another hour you'd be at grips wi' death. So I slipped away for ten minutes to prepare for what I knew was in front. And by an' by Margaret followed me intil the room an' doon she dropped by me side and, laying her hands on my knees, she tried t' beg for your life. It was mighty little speech that sorra had left her, but, eh, man, what she did say was full o' power. 'I canna do without him, David,' she cried, and then she told me a bit aboot the wonderful love you'd given her and your devotion to your bairn. And after this her voice grew quite awesome and a new sort of trouble crept intil her bonny eyes and she toald me of her hopes for you. 'He's a good man,' she said, 'but away fro his own home he's been a bit careless, not hard, but a little bit careless. He's missed his chances—that's it—he's just missed his chances—but he's young yet, and if he's spared I'm sure he'll grow into a man of power—One of those who help to keep the world sweet and clean. So, you'll do your best, David, won't you, if only to give him his chance?' Eh, man, it must be fine to ken that there's one body in the world who thinks of you as Margaret thought of yoursel'."

Dockwray made no movement. He was sitting with clasped hands, his head down-bent, a man bereft of speech. After a pause David began again:

"I mind another time I sat here. Your bairn had need of me then. And it was yourself who came and begged me to do that which I was willing enough to do without any asking fra anybody. I mind hoo you paced the floor in your agony of mind and hoo you opened your heart to me. You said you'd been living a selfish sort of life, with little thought for the weary and heavy-laden ootside your own walls, and you promised that if only God would spare the life of your bairn you'd use the power that had been given to you, so that the weary should be helped to their rest and the heavy-laden be eased of their load. No doot you've kept the promises you made. I haven't heard much of your benefactions, I'll own, but then you'll be just like other folk I could name, and not be for letting your left hand ken what your right hand is doing."

One more count in the indictment still remained. It concerned the night whereon Margaret Dockwray went home and the promises that were then renewed; but half-way through the doctor pulled out his watch and then rose sharply to his feet. "Good gracious, man," he exclaimed, "I've talked the morning in. Just get me my candle, and I'll away to my bed. I dinna ken hoo you can listen till my havers."

Now it happens that when the master of Brackenthwaite left the doctor at his bedroom door he himself returned to his sitting-room, and there remained until the light of dawn was breaking on the hills. It also happens that when David resumed his journey in the morning Martin Dockwray had a message for him.

"Thank you for your call, David Branthwaite," he said, "and I'm hoping that again you will make my home a resting place on your way. When Mary returns she shall come and see you and tell you the same thing. You have reminded be of many things I had forgotten, and I am making no more promises—only, in the matter of the schoolmistress, I have this to say to you: You shall not go to Hunday, nor shall you ask John Fletcher for his help. I have nothing more to say

—you are at least gifted with discernment. Now then, away with you to your sick folk."

Three days later David again drove up the hill to Brackenthwaite, and again was Martin Dockwray assailed with reproach, only this time the doctor's manner did not at all agree with the words he used.

"Ye're a downright spendthrift," he cried, "and a miserable schemer into the bargain. No doubt you think it was a clever trick going all the way to Netherport to carry out your plots and plans, but I saw through it all, even the mask of the Netherport postmark."

Here the doctor held out his hand. "I'll have a wag of your paw, Martin Dockwray, an' it's a joy to ken you. Eh, man, but it's mighty. A voyage to the West Indies and back for the little schoolmistress and her mother, and a bundle of crinkly-crankle Bank of England notes into the bargain. And you didn't sign your name till your gift. Just put a bit note inside which said: 'A Thank-offering from the Man who Forgot.' You've given the dale a rare puzzle; the folks 'll spend the winter in trying to guess the name of that man."

"You must never tell it, David—never," Dockwray begged. "You have saved me from myself—and it's just between you and me."

"I'd like to shout it from the walls of Gath and cry it from the roofs of Ascalon," the doctor gravely responded; "but—I think I understand ye, and I've no fancy for spoiling your reward." And then, as a sort of disconnected afterthought, he added: "I'm thinking of your wife's faith, Martin. Margaret kenned her man."

Joy-Makers and Kill-Joys

By

Dora Melegari

THE day will come when every sincerely good human being will be as careful not to be a maker of sorrow as not to commit deeds that are dishonest and cruel. . . .

There are those who, on their path through life, quietly trample under foot the little flowers that grow by the wayside. Their brutal hands break and bruise all that comes in their way, and put aside with scornful indifference obstacles that annoy or impede their progress. The violent, the sullen, the unjust, and the jealous, torture the lives of others quite unconsciously, so freely is it admitted that detestable dispositions of this class do not debar possessors of them from being esteemed. This is exactly a point on which humanity needs to be reformed.

Defects of character should be considered moral blemishes and treated as such. Public opinion alone can bring about a change in our manner of regarding these defects. The great essential is to change the current of thought, and, however feeble the beginning, it will with time grow and eventually will control men's minds. When once admitted that to torment one's neighbor is equivalent to stealing his purse, people will not so easily give way to their irritable, imperious, intolerant, and unjust tendencies.

Important Articles of the Month

To Keep Young and Vigorous

A HELPFUL article on Nature's laws for the preservation of youth and vigor is contributed by Dr. H. Lindlahr to the *Business Philosopher*. The writer admits that in years man does grow older, but he does not see any more reason for him to grow old in mind or heart, or to lose energy and suppleness of body, than for the animals, which maintain their vigor and beauty of form to the end of life.

In order to grow younger as you grow older, practice mental magic. The body is a materialization of your mental images. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

See yourself, in your mind's eye, always as beautiful, active, and vigorous as in the prime of youth ; for "a man is never older than he feels, and a woman never older than she looks."

"But," you ask, "how shall we keep our feelings and our looks young ?"

That is simple. Bathe daily in the sparkling waters of cheerfulness and in the milk of human kindness. Learn how to relax completely in body and mind. Never entertain discordant and destructive thoughts and emotions.

Mental magic alone, however, is not sufficient to prevent the aging of body and mind. We must also live in harmony with the laws of the physical plane.

No matter how good a watch you have, if you allow it to fill up with dust, dirt and corroding acids it will soon lose time and finally stop entirely. This is exactly what happens to the human clock when it "grows old."

Growing old consists in the accumulation of waste, and morbid matter, earthy deposits, destructive acids and alkaloids, causing the stiffening and hardening of joints, bones, veins and arteries and the gradual loss of physical and mental energy.

Do you ever stop to think how this clogging and corroding of the wheels of life is promoted and accelerated by wrong habits of eating and drinking ? Food chemistry as taught by the school of Nature Cure clearly shows that excessive use of starchy and proteid foods is the most prolific cause of disease and of premature old age. These classes of foods create in the body a large variety of destructive acids and alkaloids, such as uric acid, sulphuric acid, oxalic acid, xanthin, creatine and other poisons.

Flesh foods especially favor these morbid accumulations because they are already saturated with the waste products of the animal carcass.

The poisonous xanthins of coffee and tea are almost identical with uric acid. While at first they over-stimulate the organism, the second and lasting effect is to benumb and paralyze heart and nerves and to retard elimination, thus causing directly and indirectly retention and accumulation of waste matter in the body.

For these reasons, we realize that the only way to keep the system pure and sweet and its vibratory activities vigorous and harmonious, is to reduce in the daily dietary the allowance of starchy and proteid food and to use a larger proportion of fruits and vegetables, whose alkaline elements tend to dissolve and eliminate the acid crystallizations and deposits in the tissues.

This becomes more imperative as we grow older. A young and growing body physically active in play and sport, needs a great deal of proteid to build and replace the rapidly changing and growing cells and tissues.

When we pass the meridian of life growth ceases ; there is much less physical activity and therefore much less need of starchy, fatty and albuminous

foods. Therefore, as we advance in years these foods should be reduced in amount and replaced by the dissolving and eliminating fruits and vegetables. But conventional habits and some doctors' advice usually favor the opposite course.

"You are growing older," says the tradition-bound doctor. "You must have plenty of strengthening foods—meats, eggs, fish, and fowl. You need some form of stimulant. Coffee or tea, and an occasional glass of beer or of Somebody's Old Malt, won't hurt you."

Frequently we hear the statement, "All the young people in the house are now living on the natural diet. But, you know, father and mother are getting old, and they must have their soup and meat to keep up their strength."

Reverse the prevalent ideas on right living, and you are just about right.

The older we grow, the less we need of the heavy, clogging foods, and the more of the light and purifying.

The majority of people eat too much anyway. Habitual stuffing, practiced through many generations, has made it second nature. Many consume the best part of their vital force in endeavoring to digest and eliminate superfluous quantities of food and drink. Every ounce of food in excess of actual needs wastes vital force. That is why the ancients said, "Plenus venter non studet libenter," a full stomach does not like to study.

Vital energy required to remove useless ballast cannot be transformed into mental or physical energy. Vital force is a primary force. It cannot be eaten. It comes from the source of all life, and is independent of the physical body just as electricity is independent of the bulb which it fills with light.

Food can only furnish fuel material for the flame of life and keep the human organism in such condition that vital force can manifest itself in it and through it.

If food and drink could give "life" they should prolong it indefinitely. In that case the glutton and drunkard would live the longest. But common experiences teaches us that the man temperate in all things, best preserves his physical and mental vigor and lives the longest.

Keep in the light. Cultivate the air and light bath. Nothing sweet or beautiful grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its forms of expression; it is responsible for the greater part of human suffering. The only thing to fear in the world is fear.

Don't live to eat but eat to live. The cook is the chief executioner of King Death.

In the morning do not say, "I am another day older and so much nearer the end"—say, "I feel one day younger."

How can we grow old with all eternity before us?

The great masters or teachers tell us that in the future life, the blessed always appear in the vigor and beauty of mature manhood and womanhood.

Be as a child. Live simply and naturally. Steer clear of avarice and worry.

Cultivate the spirit of content. Nothing ages and furrows the brow so quickly as nagging discontent, suspicion, and jealousy.

Before going to sleep, throw off all the cares and anxieties of the day, and attune your physical and mental vibrations to harmonies of rest and peace and love.

The King of Manuscript Collectors

Sales from time to time at the auction rooms of Messrs. Sotheby in London, of portion of the Phillipps collection of manuscripts have led W. Roberts to set down in the *National Review,* some facts about this extraordinary collection, and the man who assembled it. Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., will remain for all time a striking figure in the annals of collecting, for he was by far the greatest collector of manuscripts who ever lived. He lived at a time when this particular branch of collecting was in its infancy, and when, by an extraordinary coincidence, the opportunities for purchase had never been so numerous. He was born in 1792, and died in 1872, and ever since his death, the work of dispersing his collection has been in progress, and is still far from completion.

He bought library after library of manuscripts; it is said that he would

purchase the entire stock of a bookseller, and it is a well-known fact that, on the receipt of a thick octavo catalogue of about 1,400 manuscripts from Thorpe the bookseller, he ordered the whole lot. At one sweep he acquired the famous Meerman library of Greek manuscripts; and large numbers of the book and manuscript sale catalogues of the earlier half of the last century, sent by dealers to Sir Thomas Phillipps, have passed through the present writer's hands, and these are freely marked with the initials "T.P." against various items. His orders to the dealers were usually written on half-sheets of note-paper, and of these I have a couple of interesting examples. One is dated "M.H. 21 N. 63," and it comprises an order to Boone the bookseller for 160 lots with the prices of each, the total amount being £156 17s.

It is possible, indeed highly probable, that Sir Thomas Phillipps preserved a record of his disbursements. A writer in the Quarterly Review of May 1843 questioned if "all Europe could produce another individual gentleman who, in his ardour for collecting books and manuscripts, has disbursed, like Sir Thomas Phillipps, £100,000"; and to this it may be added that he was collecting on all hands for nearly thirty years afterwards, his passion for books and MSS. being manifested up to the last days of his life. He was for upwards of sixty years an assiduous collector, and probably from first to last he spent a very large fortune on books and manuscripts. Whatever the amount of his actual expenditure may have been, it is quite certain that the prices he paid were ridiculously small as compared with those of to-day.

Private sales have been made from time to time to the Prussian Government, the Governments of Belgium and Holland, the British Museum and the Bodleian Library.

But apart from these private sales, and from the stacks which must yet remain to be disposed of—and we know from the obituary notices of Sir Thomas Phillipps that the spacious residence, Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham, was literally filled with the library of printed books and manuscripts—what has already been sold at Sotheby's will form more than sufficient material for a very long article. Including the portion to be sold during the present month, the almost incredible number of manuscripts on vellum reach a total of nearly 2,000! Sir Thomas himself has told us: "In amassing my collection of manuscripts, I commenced with purchasing everything that lay within my reach, to which I was instigated by reading various accounts of the destruction of valuable manuscripts. . . . My principal search has been for historical, and particularly unpublished manuscripts, whether good or bad, and particularly those on vellum. My chief desire for preserving vellum manuscripts arose from witnessing the unceasing destruction of them by goldbeaters; my search for charters and deeds by their destruction in the shops of glue-makers and tailors. As I advanced, the ardor of the pursuit increased, until at last I became a perfect vello-maniac (if I may coin a word), and I gave any price that was asked." But these MSS. are for the most part of interest to scholars only, and cannot evoke any very great interest in the general public.

In forming his wonderful collection, Sir Thomas Phillipps was doing a service of the highest character to students of all ages and countries. His collection may appear to be rubbish in the eyes of ninety men out of a hundred, but he has at all events conferred incalculable benefits on historians and students of the present and future times.

Time Saving in Trade Operations

A workman who performs some ordinary task, such as laying bricks or driving nails, mays waste a second or two every time he handles his brick or his nail. The amount is so slight that neither he nor any one else thinks of it, yet it may amount to a very considerable fraction of the operation, say one-quarter. Saving it would enable a workman to do in three hours what he now does in four, and that with less exertion, for the movements exe-

cuted by the workman during this wasted time often consume more of his energy than if it had been usefully employed. Frank B. Gilbreth, a New York engineer and contractor, has been making a study of the motions necessary to carry out various industrial operations, and he has succeeded, he thinks, in finding many points where saving of this kind can be effected. In an article on "The Economic Value of Motion Study in Standardizing the Trades," published in *Industrial Engineering* (New York, July), he takes up particularly the operations necessary in bricklaying. We read:

Laying brick on a wall from a floor, from the height of the floor-level up to 3 feet 8 inches high, can be done with greatest speed when the brick are each maintained at a height of 1 foot 3 inches plus two-thirds the height that the wall is higher than the level of the floor on which the bricklayer stands. The brick should never be higher than 3 feet 8 inches under any circumstances.

By maintaining the height of the brick in this relative position to the height of the wall, the brick will always be in a position that permits the bricklayer to accelerate the speed of transportation of the brick by using the path of the quickest speed.

While bricklayers know nothing about this in theory, they very soon discover it in practise. Greater outputs will be noticeable as an immediate result of maintaining the bricks as nearly as possible at the heights above stated.

Again, Mr. Gilbreth finds that bricklayers often make quite unnecessary motions, especially in a series of movements that have become automatic. Combinations of motions, in fact, deserve close study. He says, for instance:

The motion used to spread mortar may be combined with the motion used to butter the end of the brick laid just before the mortar was thrown. Thus, the two operations may be transformed into one and a saving of time and motions will result. In fact, so doing may have other distinct advantages, such as leaving better keying for plastering direct upon the wall.

This subject of combinations of motions can barely be touched here. Its full treatment involves all other variables, and it can never be considered standardized till each separate motion is a standard.

Another interesting thing that appears from Mr. Gilbreth's observations is that the time consumed in extra movement is often worth more than the advantage gained by the movement. For example, he says, a bricklayer should never stop to pick up dropped mortar. The mortar dropped is not so valuable as the motions necessary to save it.

Among the other factors considered by the writer in this study are the separation of motions into grades, and dividing the grades of work according to the skill required: the direction of a movement—often a very important item in time-saving; the reduction of the necessary momentum and inertia, as by minimizing starts and stops; the elimination of unnecessary distances, making motions as short as possible; and the determination of the path of economy and increase of output. He says:

The determination of the path which will result in the greatest economy of motion and the greatest increase of output, is a subject for the closest investigation and the most scientific determination. Not until data are accumulated by trained observers can standard paths be adopted. The laws underlying physics, physiology, and psychology, must be considered and conformed to. In the mean time, merely applying the results of observation will reduce motions and costs and increase output to an amazing degree.

The path most desirable is usually that which permits gravitation to assist in carrying the material to place.

The Mysterious Duke of Connaught

A stranger to the world. Such is the keynote of the numerous newspaper descriptions of the Duke of Connaught, who, it is expected, will succeed Earl Grey at Ottawa next spring. A writer in *Current Literature* has gathered together from various sources, much interesting material about the Duke, which serves to emphasize this characteristic of his nature. He has at all times shunned the crowd. He has brought up three children in complete seclusion. He avoids with an almost morbid dread anything calculated to render him the cynosure of the public eye.

The business in life of the Duke of Connaught is soldiering. He knows all about guns, uniforms, ammunition, ordnance and commissary stores. He has made a specialty of inspection. His task has for years past been to make sure that the standard of efficiency laid down by the army council is kept up. It is the knowledge of detail possessed by the Duke that has won him his peculiar distinction as the greatest martinet in the service. He will worry himself into fidgets over the shoes worn by a regiment. Time and again he has invaded a garrison in India to see whether the bayonets are clean. He is known by sight to thousands of private soldiers in the British army from Egypt all the way to India. His tours of inspection are never perfunctory. He has tasted the food, tested the medicine and even carried the accoutrement of the private soldier in performance of his perpetual inspection. Although not particularly popular with the officers, the Duke has won an enviable place in the affection of the privates in the ranks, to whose health he attaches great importance. The non-commissioned officers esteem him highly because of his unceasing efforts to improve their status.

The reserve for which the Duke is noted has been ascribed to an inveterate shyness. He is very easily discomposed.

In this respect he differentiates himself markedly from the royal family generally, all the other members of which seem to enjoy publicity. The Duke of Connaught, on the other hand, brought up his small family of two daughters and a son not only in great simplicity —necessitated by his comparative poverty—but in something very like seclusion. When his daughter, the Princess Margaret, married a Swedish Prince a few years ago, the curiosity of the British public was intense. The bride had never before emerged from the royal circle, her life, like that of her brother and sister, having been spent mostly in trips from Bagshot, the quiet home of the Duke, to Windsor, where the court was in residence, and from Windsor to Osborne. When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught went to India, their children were left in the care of Queen Victoria, who was then dwelling in the utmost seclusion. The Duke was well pleased with an arrangement that appealed so much to his own instinct for privacy. Few indeed are the Englishmen and Englishwomen outside the royal circle who can speak from personal knowledge of the traits of any member of the family of the Duke of Connaught. The Duke and his consort—who was a Prussian princess by birth, the third daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles—have been seen with their little family at the opera now and then. Since the marriage of the Princess Margaret with Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been extensive travelers in remote regions of the earth. They have remained comparative strangers to the British people.

The relations between the late King Edward and his brother were very close, and the Duke might almost be described as the censor of the King's life.

The two were somewhat intimately associated in their financial affairs. The late King Edward was notoriously deficient in the business instinct. For this reason he deferred very much to his brother, who never liked the tendencies of the late King to associate himself with financial magnates. The Duke of Connaught has always been a great stickler for the proprieties. It is an open secret that he viewed with disfavor the somewhat mixed coterie of his late brother's associates. King Edward received more

than one entreaty from the Duke to abandon the society of some favorite who for one reason or another was not deemed good company for a British sovereign. The late King always pleaded that the objectionable person was witty or interesting or good company. Disputes between royal brothers were apt to grow heated, according to the Paris Matin, but King Edward invariably yielded the point. In this fashion the Duke of Connaught had established for himself the position of a censor over his late brother's life. "His late Majesty occasionally rebelled, but in the end he was always glad to come to terms. He could not afford to risk an open rupture with the most esteemed of all the late Queen Victoria's children." King Edward was wont to refer to the Duke, it seems, as "sober, honest and industrious."

Some of the Duke's personal characteristics are described in interesting fashion.

One of his "fads," as the Figaro calls it, is early rising. Another is well polished boots. He has a peculiar dislike of slovenliness in personal attire. To a young officer who apologized for the state of his sword upon inspection, the Duke said : "Your excuse is so good that you must be an old offender, sir !" This is one of the royal jokes and upon it is based the inference that no excuses carry the slightest weight with his Highness. He has a well earned reputation for severity in dealing with the escapades of officers generally. He has a peculiar horror of divorce in the British army. He never recommends for promotion or for distinction of any sort an officer who is known to gamble or to be addicted to excess in drinking. He has likewise a decided contempt for the society type of military man who struts conspicuously in London ball rooms and makes his uniform a passport to exclusive functions.

The dry wit for which the Duke is dreaded rather than famed inspires an occasional anecdote in the Paris papers, but he is, nevertheless, not brilliant in conversation, as was his brother, the late King. "Sold tea, eh," he repeated, in his hard voice, when a subaltern's grandfather was alleged against him at an officers' mess, "well, that's not so bad as a grandfather who sold promotions." The words were spoken in the presence of a general whose grandfather had been notoriously venal. One of the Duke's disciplinary hobbies has to do with swearing. Military men must not say "damn" in the presence of a superior officer although they may employ the expletive in reproving a subordinate. A dispute as to the sobriety of a certain colonel was summarily settled by his Highness. "Just able to walk straight, was he," repeated the Duke. "That's sober enough for a civilian but it's very drunk for a soldier." To a Japanese Prince who wanted to know the best teacher of the art of war, the Duke replied : "The enemy." Of the Duke of Wellington. upon whose birthday the Duke of Connaught was born sixty years ago, his Highness once remarked : "He was a great soldier not because he knew how to fight, but because he knew when to fight."

Robbing the Thunderstorm of its Terrors

Why are so many people, brave under all other circumstances, so deathly afraid of thunder and lightning?

This is a question which Donald Cameron Shafer asks and answers in *Country Life in America.*

It is not because lightning is so dangerous, for it isn't half as dangerous as going out of the house on an icy morning, walking down the cellar stairs or a hundred other things we do every day without a thought of personal harm. More people are killed each year by falling building material, more die from fright, than are killed by lightning. The Census Bureau shows only 169 people killed by lightning in this entire country during the year 1906, and only thirty of these people were killed in the cities. Heat and the sun killed 763 during the same year ; 203 died from cold and freezing, and 4,395 were drowned.

But you will find it quite a waste of time during a thunder storm to try to ease the fears of a person who is afraid

by telling him, or her, that the chances of being killed by lightning are less than two in a million; they will remain just as frightened for all this mortuary knowledge. And after the storm has passed and nerves are steadied, the woman who was so frightened a few minutes before will start getting supper on the gas stove, smiling through her tears that the danger has all passed, and only laughing if you venture the remark that twice as meny people are killed by gas stoves as by lightning.

Mr. Shafer points out that lightning-fear is very much akin to the fear of the supernatural. They are really scared by the noise of the thunder.

Let us forget our inborn fears—a relic, perhaps, of prehistoric days—and analyze this thunder storm which makes the heart to quake and the nerves to tingle. The air is full of moisture, as is evidenced by the great, black, low-hanging clouds, which in mountainous countries float even below the mountain peaks. In a few moments, with the temperature rapidly dropping, these tiny drops of moisture condense and become too heavy to be supported in the air, and then we shall have a shower. This moisture, those clouds. this rain, anyone with eyes can see and understand.

But now the lightning begins to flash! Steady the nerves now, and remember that each minute particle of water up there in the sky also contains a tiny bit of electricity, and, as the water condenses into raindrops and showers to earth, even so the particles of electricity condense and unite until the air, or, better speaking, the water in the air. becomes overcharged, and we have a shower of electricity.

Look out and you will see the raindrops dashing to earth in a pleasing. life-giving summer shower. Watch and you will see come tearing out of the depths of a cloud. as black as night. a bolt of electricity which dashes to the ground and disappears. If the pent-up waters of the upper air were dammed back by some invisible force until the increased pressure forced an opening, then descended to earth in one mighty stream, it would mean certain destruction to everything it struck. Imagine a column of water, like a gigantic waterspout, striking a building, a village, or a city; the result would be as destructive as lightning, if not more so.

The particles of moisture accumulating in the upper air are free to drop to earth as soon as they condense and unite until they are too heavy to float. The particles of electricity gathered in the upper air, which is moist enough to be a good conductor, are effectively insulated from the ground by layers of more or less dry air, which is the best non-conductor of electricity in the world. This electricity is "dammed back" until it reaches a pressure sufficient to break down this resistance and dash to earth in a single gigantic spark or flash.

It is the gaseous particles composing the atmosphere, heated to incandescence by the electrical energy breaking down this resistance, which we see, and not the electricity itself. Electricity cannot be seen.

Lightning traveling from one cloud to another, or from a cloud to the earth. has no special direction any more than that it takes the easiest path. As the atmosphere, especially in a storm, is full of whirls, eddies, and waves like water, but unlike water being of different degrees of dryness and conductivity, the lightning travels in a rather zigzag path.

The closing of windows and doors to stop draughts during a thunder storm is ridiculed.

A great many people actually believe that lightning can be blown into a house with a strong draught. With the terrific speed of lightning—186,000 miles a second—there is no danger of its being blown aside from its course, only that the wind might, and probably does, change the direction of the air currents, but not to such a degree as greatly to affect the direction of the discharge and carry it into a building. There is absolutely no record that I know of where a discharge of lightning from the sky struck the side of the house and came into an open window or an open door. Houses are struck. but they are always struck on the roof first, and nearly always on the very highest point of the roof at that, unless the current leaps off a telephone or electric light wire. This is because, with the enormous voltage or pressure of lightning, dry wood is almost as good a conductor as copper wire is to a weaker current, and lightning, traveling always in the easiest paths, quickly leaves the air, which is a non-conductor, to run down the wooden timbers of a building.

The Efficiency of Scotland Yard

The Crippen case has brought the name Scotland Yard into prominence in American newspapers, and this has naturally given rise to some curiosity as to what Scotland Yard really is and what it accomplishes. A writer in the *New York Evening Post* gives an interesting account of the Yard and its methods.

Scotland Yard is the greatest crime-detecting organization in existence. Any person versed in detective work will admit as much. No country has a more effective bureau. The New York Central Office is not its equal—certainly not its superior, taken as a whole. Its men have many characteristics which seem unfitting—even absurd—from an American viewpoint ; but the things they accomplish are great.

Sir Edward Richard Henry is present commissioner of police in London, and receives £2,000 a year. He is the man who suggested thumb-prints as a means of identifying criminals. This system has been adopted in most of the countries of the civilized world.

Sir Melville Leslie Macnaughton is at the head of the detective service and receives £1,200 a year.

The police headquarters of the metropolitan district of London is at Scotland Yard, and from this fact the C. I. D., or Criminal Investigation Department, takes its name. Frank Froest, whose name has appeared frequently in the London cables on the Crippen case, is the superintendent of Scotland Yard.

Prevention is the key to much of the work of Scotland Yard. As the writer points out, there are not so many serious crimes committed in England as in America, and the police bend all their energies to prevent crime, so that they will not have to go to the effort of hunting down the criminal after the wrong has been committed.

It has a huge number of stool-pigeons and informants. None of these are ever known as being in the employ of "the Yard," but they go their accustomed way, mingling with their own sort, be they murderers, thieves, anarchists, or what not, and from time to time they give the police hints of what is going to happen, and the police see to it that the plot is frustrated.

Meetings are held in Hyde Park, and Socialists make violent speeches. There are always a few agents of Scotland Yard in the audience. They are not those tall, square-shouldered, square-toed fellows, such as a sophisticated New Yorker can pick out of almost any street crowd as "plain-clothes men." They look like all the others. Perhaps one of them is that very hothead who is going to get up presently and make a speech suggesting that the King be hanged and that the Parliament buildings be burned to the ground. He is the fellow who, if a plot ever is formed to put his advice into effect, will inform Superintendent Froest secretly in time to have the ringleaders clapped into irons.

There are hundreds, indeed, probably thousands, of these informants in the pay of the Crown, although their names never appear on any payroll. The existence of this great staff of stool pigeons is one important difference between the London and the New York police systems.

Scotland Yard is under the Home Office of Great Britain, and the Crown pays its informants liberally. So it comes to pass that most of the crimes in England never take place at all. They are headed off, and the criminal seldom knows how the police found out what was afoot. It is necessary to get ahead of the criminal, because, once a crime has been committed and a man arrested on suspicion, the arrested man has the benefit of all doubts. The entire burden of proof is on the police and the prosecutor.

The London detectives have one great source of assistance which is only in a small degree available in New York. This is the great army of public cabmen and expressmen.

By contrast, suppose a case in which the New York detectives arrive at a

steamship pier a half hour too late to apprehend Mr. Cadbury Thwaites, who has just arrived from Europe after swindling a confiding widow out of $25,-000. They go across West Street and ask John Eckhardt, the expressman, where he took the trunks of the elusive Mr. Thwaites. Perhaps he tells ; but, if he has been properly managed by Mr. Thwaites, he will be more likely to tell the wrong address. The detectives have no way to make him tell the truth.

In London the licenses of all the hackmen and expressmen have to be passed on by Scotland Yard. When a man from "the C. I. D." walks up to a London cab-driver, therefore, and says: "Hawkins, where did you drive that gentleman with the auburn hair and the bottle-green suit at 7.19 this evening?" Hawkins is very likely to answer correctly, as well as promptly, for he knows that one well-authenticated lie on his part is enough to cause the revoking of his license.

The Greatest Shipowner in the World

A good sketch of Lord Furness, one of the new Radical peers created by the Asquith Government, appears in the *Young Man,* from the pen of W. Manchester. Lord Furness, who was formerly Sir Christopher Furness, and prior to that plain Mr. Furness, has had a wonderfully successful career as a business man.

He was born in 1852, of humble parentage, though his mother belonged to a family of some distinction in the country. The future peer's first situation was as an errand boy. Thus he began at the very foot of the ladder. Deeming himself but ill appreciated, he quitted this post and joined his brother, who had begun in a small way to trade in foreign produce. From the first the trading instinct was strong in the lad, and at a very early stage in his career asserted itself. At that time, most of the foreign produce which came to the ports on the northeast coast came via Hamburg. When the Franco-German war broke out in 1870, young Furness was traveling on the firm's business in Sweden, Denmark and Germany. He was at Gottenburg when the startling news reached him, and in a single glance he read its importance and possibilities. There was neither time nor means to communicate with his brother. He acted on his own initiative and bought largely on the firm's account. It was a bold step for a youth to take, but it resulted in large profits. This established his reputation. At nineteen he was the firm's chief buyer, and in a short while he was a partner. Under his vigorous lead every day saw the business extend. They chartered vessels to import their produce from the United States. That led in a very short time to the purchase of their own vessels, and in 1874 the firm bought their first steam vessel. From that hour began a policy of extension with very few parallels in the history of shipping. Shipowning led to ship-building.

In 1883 Christopher Furness acquired a controlling interest in E. Withy & Co., shipbuilders, of Hartlepool. Prior to this the partnership with his brother had been dissolved, and the younger man identified himself with the shipping side of the concern. Ultimately Withy's business was amalgamated with that of Christopher Furness', and was known as Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd. It has grown enormously. According to the figures which were published at the beginning of the year in "The Syren and Shipping," showing British fleets of over 50,000 tons gross, it appears that in January, 1889, the Furness Line owned thirteen vessels with a gross tonnage of 16,217 tons, the average size of each being 1,300 tons. On January 1, 1910, the Furness Line owned 96 vessels with a gross tonnage of 268,399 tons, the average being 2,796 tons. Lord Furness may be spoken of as one of the largest, if not indeed the largest, shipowner in the world, controlling as he does some 135 vessels. Here also it may be mentioned that the firms he is directly interested in employ 40,000 persons, and the annual pay roll is over £2,000,000. In addition, he has large interests in other lines. At a very early stage of the development in modern vessels, Lord Furness saw the economic value of the big cargo-carrier, and about 1893 he began building vessels for the North Atlantic trade capable of carrying dead-weight cargoes of 10,000

to 14,000 tons, which have proved dividend earners of a very satisfactory kind.

Of his other activities and associations, a long list is given, showing a remarkable connection with all phases of British commercial life.

What is the secret of his success?

First of all and most conspicuously, foresight —an intelligent appreciation of coming events, a swift and accurate appreciation of their significance. He has never acted without seeing clearly; but then he has seen clearly the facts which count before other men. Then a certain daring in action. What he has seen he has acted on. Many men have the gift of foresight, but very few have the courage which permits vision to dictate resolution and command action. With most men "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; and enterprises of great pith and moment . . . lose the name of action." Linked with these two is an extraordinary mental "grasp," not only of a scheme as a whole, but of its details, a power of organization which enables him to "grip," as it were, with both hands a fresh proposition, and by sheer mastery to carry through what may have seemed to others an impossible scheme. A singular tenacity of purpose, method, thoroughness, mark his conduct of affairs, coupled with an almost unique power of concentration and sustained labor.

In a word, Lord Furness has proved himself to be one of those master-minds in the realm of practical affairs whose presence and active interposition at a critical moment turn defeat into astounding victory. He has not been invariably successful; but still so uniformly successful that men of lesser powers and courage have felt justified in pinning their faith to him. It is not too much to say that Lord Furness is a type of the successful business men whose peculiar physical organization pre-eminently fits them for the rough-and-tumble of commercial life, while their mental qualities, courage discernment, rapidity of judgment, are just those called for in the world of business. Lord Furness has exhibited these qualities supremely. He has not been afraid on occasion to risk largely on the soundness of his judgment, on his correct anticipation of events. What has occasionally, perhaps, seemed to men of lesser capacity, a veritable gamble has been, in very truth, merely a just forecast, by reason of which and depending on which he has acted, knowing all the while that a very trifling risk was really incurred.

The Womanly and the Feminine

A brilliant and audacious article, entitled, "The Eternal Womanly," is contributed by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart to the *Fortnightly Review*.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, after being disgusted by the fine ladies at Monte Carlo, recovered her balance by visiting Corsica, where she made her great discovery:

God had made us womanly for His purpose; man had made us feminine for his. The inferiority of Woman is in respect of her Man-made femininity, not of her God-made Womanhood. Woman is equal to the Man as touching her Womanhood—only inferior to the Man as touching her femininity. Male and female created He them—not masculine and feminine. In Nature there is neither masculinity nor femininity. Woman has been judged by that which is only a fringe tacked on to the real garment of Womanhood—by her femininity. This has become draggled out of place, of service mainly for the attraction of dust and dirt. But it is detachable, and Womanhood is still unsullied. It was not of femininity that Goethe dreamed when he wrote "das Ewig-Weibliche treibt (sic) uns hinan!" Not the eternal Feminine! Gott bewahr! But the eternal Womanly! This mistranslation has been almost as misleading to a true understanding of Woman's destiny as has been the rib-theory of her creation in Genesis.

The womanly characters are those which are essential for the preservation of the species; they are concerned only

with the primary functions of sex itself; they have been evolved; they are of germ-cell origin, and are inheritable in that sex only to which by Nature they belong; they are hall-marked by God for creative purposes; they are, in a word, the primary qualities of sex. The instincts of Mother-love, of self-sacrifice, of usefulness—these are in Woman essential for the fulfillment of the Idea of the species, without them the race would die—these are inheritable, ingrained elements of Womanhood. The feminine qualities have not, on the other hand, been evolved by God, they have been inculcated by Man for purposes of an artificial social life.

Before making this discovery Mrs. Stobart had been studying Lester and Geddes and others as to the evolution of sex. From them she had learned with emotion that the female is, indeed, "not only the primary and original sex, but continues throughout as the main trunk, while to it a male element is afterwards added as a mere afterthought of Nature"—a variation of the original female sex.

Pursuing her studies still further she found that by feeding frogs well nearly all their tadpoles were female, and in moths also if you want males you starve the caterpillar:

If higher and lower degrees of nutrition are symptomatic respectively of higher and lower grades of evolution, then the sex which is the result of the better nutrition which produces the higher grade must itself belong to the higher grade. If it be true that superior conditions produce—other things being equal—superior results, surely it must be true that the result of superior conditions, even though this result may be female, will be something which is superior to the result of inferior conditions—even though this result may be male.

A further study of the characteristics of sex in the lower creation led her to this discovery:

For I found that throughout nearly or quite the whole of the invertebrates, and to a considerable extent among the vertebrates, the male has remained an inferior creature. It is difficult to identify any qualities which by their universality of application to one sex alone can be recognized as fundamentally characteristic of that sex. Even such habits as those of incubation and care of the young—usually regarded by Man as inherent functions of femaleness—are not by any means so regarded by Nature. It seems clear, therefore, that many so-called characteristics of sex are not truly characteristic of sex at all, but are the result mainly of predominating habits due to circumstance and environment.

As creatures were once only female, multiplying by division without variation, it was necessary for Nature to create a male to give the monotonous female a chance of improvement, so citizens being monontonously male may need the female voter to improve the race. Mrs. Stobart says:

May not the failures of our social organization be equally due to the parthenogentic system of government—government, that is, by one sex only—which has hitherto prevailed? When Woman is no longer set aside as apocryphal, may it not be found that she is, equally with Man, a portion of the revealed Word of God, which is, to the loss of the world, now excluded from the sacred volume on the bookshelf of the State?

Inoculating Against Hunger

The problem of securing enough nitrogen to supply the ground with plant food, is one that is becoming more and more pressing, as the supply of natural fertilizers diminishes. Some interesting discoveries have of late been made, tending towards the solution of this problem, and these discoveries are explained by Katherine Newbold Birdsall, in *Harper's Weekly*. The principle is thus described.

Certain plants have the property of absorbing nitrogen from the atmosphere through the medium of millions of bacteria which gather the free nitrogen from the air, and this nitrogen can be used in place of expensive commercial fertilizers. The most beneficial nitrogen gathering bacteria form excrescenses

called "nodules" on the roots of certain plants of the pod-bearing family. These plants are called legumes, and include clovers, pease, beans, alfalfa, peanuts, etc. These bacteria have one function only to perform ; they form a copartnership with the plant to supply it with nitrogen. They gather in great numbers on roots of legumes, forming nodules, which are large colonies of bacteria stored with nitrogen. In exchange for sugar food which the legumes give the bacteria, and on which they thrive, the bacteria gather nitrogen from the air and feed it to the plants as desired. The plant, by giving two per cent. of sugar, receives ninety-five per cent. of nitrogen from the bacteria. When roots of legumes die in the ground, the nitrogen which the bacteria have already gathered and stored in these little bunches or nodules and the roots is given to the soil, which is then rich in nitrogen. When the next crop is planted in that soil, no matter what crop it may be, nitrogen is there. The more nodules, the more nitrogen. Therefore it is to the farmer's advantage, to the advantage of the world, to encourage the increase in growth of these nodules.

The more nodules that are formed on the roots, the more nitrogen is fed to the plant, and this makes the plant grow more healthily ; makes the foliage deeper in color, more abundant, and of greater food value ; the roots stronger and longer : and the stalks taller and sturdier.

Experiments in transferring nitrogen-rich soil from some sections of the country where these bacteria flourish to new localities, to mix with worked-out soil, have been made. Sometimes the experiment is successful ; more often, however, some harmful ingredient of the soil is also spread to the new soil. The only safe way is to apply healthy bacteria direct to the seeds of the crop before planting—to inoculate the seeds with bacteria which will gather nitrogen from the air to feed to the growing roots.

After much experimenting an American expert has got to the point where he can supply pure bottled bacteria, alive and healthy and ready for use. These bacteria will thoroughly fertilize the ground for at least three years.

Dr. Earp-Thomas collects healthy bacteria wherever he can find find them already flourishing, takes them to his laboratory, puts them into glass jars with a gelatinous plant food and legume seeds, and tests their power under scientific conditions. There he can watch the formation of the nodules on the roots and select only the healthiest bacteria for distributing. In preparing the bacteria for farm and garden use, a needle is thrust into this pure breed of bacteria, and comes out laden with thousands of them. These are quickly transferred to another bottle containing a bed of jelly, which preserves the bacteria for years. The neck of the bottle and the needle are, during the process, passed through flame, to destroy any foreign substance. The bottle is corked with a patent rubber cork through which a glass tube runs, so that air can reach the bacteria. The tube is stopped with cotton, which prevents the entrance of foreign germs. In this bottle millions of bacteria breed, exerting themselves to absorb nitrogen from the air which filters in through the cotton. The jelly contains no nitrogen—the bacteria work to get it from the air and so keep healthful and active.

The jelly soon becomes alive with bacteria, and the farmer can get his nitrogen fertilizer for all the clovers, all the beans, all the pease, all the alfalfa, all the vetches and peanuts—a different kind of bacteria for each, which can be purchased, like medicine, by the bottle. Pure cultures of active, vigorous nitrogen-gathering bacteria, which need simply to be mixed with sugar and a little water to be shaken well and poured on the seed before planting, cost less than $2 per acre. This process entails no waste of valuable time, no expensive nitrogen fertilizer ; but instead a maximum of benefit to the present crop and improvement to the soil for years to come, with a minimum of expense and labor.

The wonders of science seem limitless and even the most harmful bacteria may yet be shown to have their beneficial uses. The problem of fertilizing the soil will become more important in Canada, when the rich soil of the west begins to show signs of wearing out, and, if this discovery should prove to be all that the scientists claim, it will help to solve the problem.

The Royal Letter Bag

General interest usually attaches to the way in which public personages do things or have things done for them. For instance, it may be asked, how does the King get his mail, has he any privileges that his subjects do not enjoy, how does he answer his letters? To these and other questions, W. T. Roberts replies in the course of an entertaining article in *Chambers's Journal.*

On an average, close on six hundred letters are received every day by His Majesty, and rather less than half that number by the Queen. To facilitate the delivery of their Majesties' correspondence, special arrangements exist at the General Post-Office for the sorting and clearing of the letters for the King and Queen. Two sorting-clerks are always on duty at the Post-Office attending to the letters coming through what is called in Post-Office parlance the "royal road"—each particular branch of the sorting department being termed a "road." The royal letters are sorted and cleared at once when they come in; those for the King are delivered in a special post bag to Buckingham Palace seven times a day, and those for Her Majesty four times.

The first letter-bag for the King is delivered at Buckingham Palace at 7 a.m., and contains the greater portion of the day's letters. It is handed to two clerks of the household, by whom it is opened, and who sort the mail into two separate classes, termed official and private. Usually the King's private correspondents mark their letters "Personal" or "Private," and those not so marked are included in the batch of official letters. It takes about an hour to sort the letters into the two classes mentioned, and they are then sent up to the secretary's department to be dealt with by Lord Knollys and the assistant private secretaries.

All the letters in the official class are opened in this department. Every letter when it is opened is impressed with a rubber stamp bearing the royal crown, and initialled by the secretary who opens it, who also enters in a daily letter-book the name of the writer and the nature of its contents.

The official correspondence is sorted into three classes. The bulk of it is classified as home official and foreign official; but there are always a certain number of letters which do not come under either denomination, and these are put into a separate class termed miscellaneous. This class includes begging-letters, letters from people seeking the King's patronage for various charitable enterprises, and from autograph-hunters, and letters calling His Majesty's attention to a large variety of matters, such as the attainment of some person to very old age, to the performance of some conspicuous act of bravery, or some case of peculiar hardship or misfortune.

Occasionally the King's letter-bag contains a threatening letter. His Majesty receives fewer letters of this character than any European sovereign, and they as a rule come from people not altogether responsible for their actions. Such letters are handed to the detective department at Buckingham Palace.

All the other letters, together with the unopened private correspondence, are, after they have been dealt with in the secretary's department, sent to His Majesty's private writing-room, where the King goes through the whole correspondence with Lord Knollys.

Apart from the correspondence already mentioned, the King is daily in receipt of despatches sent from the chief Government offices. These are enclosed in despatch-cases bearing a white enamel tablet with the words "From the Treasury," or whatever the office may be, "to His Majesty the King." The case is locked by the chief of the department from which it is sent, and it is always delivered by the messenger into the hands of one of the King's assistant private secretaries, who possesses a duplicate key.

As a rule, the late King replied to his private correspondence personally.

When in London, if not otherwise engaged, he spent a couple of hours in the afternoon at the Marlborough Club an-

swering letters ; otherwise, he usually got through his personal correspondence in his private room before dinner, between half-past seven and half-past eight. One of King Edward's most regular private correspondents, by the way, was Prince Edward. It is not generally known that the sovereign is the constitutional guardian of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and is vested with complete control over his upbringing and education. Since the Prince left the royal schoolroom at Marlborough House, King Edward had written regularly to him, and received at least once a week a letter from the future heir to the throne.

The King's use of the telephone is considerable and of this Mr. Roberts says:

All the royal palaces are, of course, connected with the telephone. The King subscribes to the telephone service in the ordinary manner, but in the use of it a very special privilege is granted to His Majesty. Whenever a call comes through the trunk exchange from the King it is given precedence over all other calls. There are, for example, but four wires between London and Brussels, which are bespoken by callers in advance, and each gets a line in his turn, for which he has to wait as a rule about two hours. But when a call from the King comes through His Majesty is given the first line that becomes disengaged, no matter how many other people may be waiting to use it. No trunk line may be used by any person for more than six minutes, and the usual duration of a conversation is three minutes, so that the King has never long to wait for a clear line when he requires to make a long distance call. There is, by the way, no legal limit to the duration of the conversation when His Majesty speaks through the telephone.

Fruits That Need Washing

The best fruits to eat are those with inedible rinds or skins, because in removing these we remove all injurious matter that may have lodged on the outer surface. Fruits with skins that are occasionally eaten, like the apple, are not so good, from this point of view, because we are apt, in consuming the skin, to get with it much that is objectionable; and fruits with no skins, like most berries, are worst of all. These require thorough washing, and they seldom get it. All this and more we learn from a brief editorial in *The Lancet*. The writer falls foul, especially, of the popular strawberry, not only because it is skinless, but also because it grows close to the ground and hence is particularly apt to be dirty. We read:

Freshly peeled fruits are probably aseptic, and in this category may be included such familiar examples as the apple, pear, peach, apricot, orange and banana. The peel in these instances has obviously no part in the dietetic quality of the fruit, and few persons, we imagine, are tempted to consume the protective coating ; it has no attractive flavor, and it is commonly tough and indigestible. The strawberry, however, has no shield in the shape of a peel, and it would be very surprizing if the fruit as it reaches the consumer was free from external taint, considering that it is peculiarly liable to contamination. It matters little under what conditions the banana or the orange is picked and packed, because before these fruits are consumed they are skinned, and hence the impurities due to handling or to insanitary packing or environment are, to a great extent, removed with the peel, though we say this with reservations. The strawberry flourishes in a "bed" ; it is within splashing distances of the fertilizers used to encourage its growth and maturity ; it is picked by hands not necessarily under sanitary control ; and, lastly, in transit it may easily encounter surroundings which need no bacteriological proof to show them as hygienically objectionable. The strawberry should certainly be washed ; the process is simple and need not in recognizable degree detract from the highly esteemed characteristics of the fruit, while the small attention which washing involves may likely enough reap a great reward in averting a disaster to health. This injunction is not so absurd or superfluous as some may think, when it is

considered how liable the strawberry is to contamination. Most cleanly disposed people if they visited the strawberry-fields in full process of picking would soon regard the washing of the strawberry before it came to the table or before they consumed it as imperaative. Apart from the questionable cleanliness of the picker's person, it has to be remembered that the surface of the fruit is liable to be sticky, and therefore to hold on to any impurity with which it may come into contact. Further, the strawberry's exterior, in bacteriological parlance, affords an excellent nutritive or culture medium for organisms. "Never eat an unwashed strawberry" is therefore neither absurd nor unsound counsel, and those who think that to subject the fruit to such treatment would spoil its flavor are invited now, while strawberries are cheap and pleantiful, to make the experiment.

The Sundae and the Soda Counter

The soda counter is reputed to be an exclusively American institution. It has progressed to the stage when its numbers exceed those of the bar. Its patrons include nearly everybody, and its wares have multiplied to a bewildering extent. There was a time not many years ago when sodas and phosphates were the only things to be had. But now no fountain is without a large variety of offerings.

The New York Post publishes an entertaining article on the subject of the sundae. The origin of the concoction is thus recorded:

The story is told of the fastidious maiden who removed the fuzz off the top of her chocolate soda and asked the clerk why he couldn't "serve the old thing without all that sneezy, prickly hot-air." The clerk scoffed at her suggestion, but, hoping to cure her of her objections, gave her a sticky mass of ice cream and syrup. Instead of curing her, he converted her, and many millions after her. Why the concoction was called a "sundae," no one really knows, except that it was originally looked upon as too great a luxury for an ordinary day's treat. The fancy spelling is one of those historic things that grow out of ignorance, and an imitation of the foreign, among the uneducated. It was not a classical student, but a soda clerk, who invented that feminine plural ending. He probably did it in recognition of his feminine plural customers.

And who, it may be asked, is responsible for the divers inventions of the confectioner's art, with their numerous names?

Sometimes the ingenious mixer of drinks himself, in an idle hour—for, strange to say, there are idle times in this business, too—or the cashier behind the desk is blessed with an inspiration. Sometimes one individual can set the style, like the young newspaper woman, in the time of the "Merry Widow," who was in search of a story for the "Woman's Page" and decided that it was time to christen an ice-cream dish with the title of the play for which everything from shoe-buckles to hats had been named. She went from one store to the other, asking whether they served a "Merry Widow sundae." When the clerks looked curious and begged for enlightenment, she told them—after some coaxing, of course, just what it ought to contain to be authentic, until she had safely established her inventions all along her path of wanderings.

College students have always been great patronizers of soda fountains, and from college towns come many of the new drinks.

From Smith came the "chocolate mint" sodas; from Vassar, the "fudge sundaes." At Bryn Mawr, they first thought of adding marshmallows to the sauce, and from a New England institution comes the idea of using maple syrup extensively—as in the famous "maple wax." At Lawrenceville, there is a famous "jigger-shop," where one may obtain a wonderful and a fearful assortment of "jiggers," including an orange phosphate served with orange ice and a straw, and an inimitable fruit-

punch. But out in the dynamic West the inventions are far more wonderful even then they are here. At Wisconsin, for instance, in the famous "Pal," properly known as the "Palace of Sweets," one finds such things as the aforementioned "lovers' delight." This is composed of a banana, split lengthwise and laid on a foundation of lettuce leaves. On these are piled three little bunches of ice cream—a pink, a white, and a green one. They, in turn, are covered with cream, sprinkled with nuts, and garnished with green, white, and red cherries. As a final touch, hot maple syrup is poured over the whole thing. Some of the students call this "sure death," for short.

How to Keep Cool

Some practical rules for avoiding discomfort in hot weather are given by W. J. Cromie, instructor in gymnastics in the University of Pennsylvania, in an article in *Good Health,* which is favorably commented upon by the editor of the Literary Digest.

In the first place, says Mr. Cromie, we should be careful to avoid overeating, a fault to which those engaged in sedentary occupations are specially prone. It is true that the sedentary man needs food as much as the laborer, but owing to muscular inactivity he is not as capable of converting his food into assimilable materials. If he eats two or three times the amount the system requires, says Mr. Cromie, it will not be properly digested, and will cause fermentation, and if this be allowed to continue for some time, it poisons the system and eventually causes indigestion, nervousness, and sleeplessness. It is while in this condition that one suffers from extreme heat. Therefore:

In warm weather, meats, oils and fats should be reduced to a minimum or omitted entirely, and fruits, vegetables and cereals should be substituted. The first and best way to keep cool is to avoid heavy and stimulating foods, and to reduce the amount of other articles of diet to that merely required for the sustenance of the body. Refrain from intoxicants and decrease or avoid tea, coffee and condiments.

A large percentage of the deaths is caused by infantile diseases, many of which could be prevented if precautionary measures were adopted. Feeding, with many mothers is the panacea for all ills. When a child cries from the effects of having been overfed this surfeiting process is repeated—very often with disastrous results. A noted doctor has said that more babies are drowned in milk than sailors in salt water. While this is probably a radical statement, still the best baby-food, milk, can be given to excess, and prove injurious. It is positively criminal to feed babies in meats and unripe fruits, especially in the summer.

Next, the author takes up the subject of clothing, which he says should be light, both in material and color, during hot weather, although when one becomes overheated, heavy clothing, such as an overgarment or a sweater, should be put on to prevent catching cold. He goes on:

In occupations where one is subject to severe trials of strength, such as the army, farming, and boating, heavy clothing should be worn even in the summer. It is a very dangerous practice when one is overheated to ride in an open trolley or sit near an electric fan to cool off.

Linen underclothing gives a pleasant feeling of coolness to the skin, and the perspiration evaporates more quickly. Underclothing should be well aired at night if one does not make a daily change. Too much clothing worn by day or night has a tendency to enervate and make one more susceptible to sudden changes in temperature.

Sun and air-baths are esteemed of great value by the Germans in their nature-cure system. The sun has a very beneficial effect on the skin and it is found that its rays are far superior to the use of cosmetics. Many persons in

exposing their body to the rays of the sun take too much at one time and thus experience extreme annoyance. Air- and sun-baths when taken intelligently harden one's system and consequently enable one to withstand more easily the hot days of summer.

Daily, systematic exercise should not be omitted because the weather is warm. A little taken in the early morning followed by a cool bath will tend to make one cooler for the rest of the day. Muscular work is to the body what friction is to metal. The metal will rust if not used ; the body will become diseased if not exercised. A master mind in a weak body is like a good blade in a poor knife-handle. Therefore, one who deems it inconvenient on account of time or location to take a little daily exercise will eventually have to take time to seek the advice of a physician.

Proper dieting, sufficient exercise, rest and sleep, daily bathing and intelligent exposure to the air and sunlight, the avoidance of stimulants and a cheerful frame of mind, will insure one a strong resisting-power so that he need have no fear of the extremes of either heat or cold.

About the Prince of Wales

In the *Woman at Home* "Lady Mary" tells some pleasant stories about the Royal children—the Duke of Cornwall, his brothers and sister. Of the new Prince of Wales we are told:

Queen Victoria it was who first called the child "David," being firmly convinced in her own mind that her family had descended from the Psalmist, and was the tribe, of all others, of Israel. The name has stuck, and is likely to stick to the Prince for good.

Queen Victoria, strict enough in her own nursery, indulged her grandchildren, and positively spoiled her great-grandson, at whose command she is said to have stooped down to pick up his toys. Here are two excellent incidents:

When Queen Victoria died, the story told of her little grandson, that he "didn't think granny would like walking after the angels," was a true one ; and true also that when he saw his governess, Mme. Bricka, in tears over Her Majesty's loss, Prince Edward expostulated, "If Heaven is such a nice place as all of you have told me, why ever should you be crying now ?"

The late King Edward was known by his grandchildren as "Grandpapa King":

"Grandchildren," laughed the King, "are just as great a pleasure to one as one's children, whilst the responsibility of bringing them up is yet shifted on to other shoulders."

Among the stories the King told about his grandson, this may be mentioned:

Prince Edward accompanied His Majesty to Sandringham for the first time after his accession to the throne, and at St. Pancras Station among the crowd, an old woman cried out, "There goes little Prince Edward," and the child, turning quickly to his grandfather exclaimed, "Did you hear her ? She ought to have said, "There goes little King Edward !" Well, the speech delighted the King.

The boy had unbounded admiration for his grandsire, and, though glad to welcome his parents from their colonial tour, added to a dean, "But mother's rather tiresome sometimes. And I don't want to leave Grandpapa King." Prince Albert is said to resemble the late King, while Prince Edward takes after his mother's family. The Queen, shy herself, and knowing how much she suffered from her timidity, had thoughts of sending Princess Mary to a boarding-school, but the plan has fallen through, as also that of sending the Prince round the world next year with his brother.

About Princess Mary and the Prince the following very good story is told:

Princess Mary is not a little of a tomboy and the boon companion of her brothers. Prince Edward, asked if he relished the idea of one day becoming King, gave answer, "Yes! But all the same it would be a good thing if I could hand the job over to Mary. She is so very clever, you see." Princess Mary, then, is clever, and what is actually more important, has sweet manners, and makes herself liked wherever she goes.

Gold Eagles From Gold Fishes

Where do gold fish come from? Fulton G. Marshall, writing in the *Technical World Magazine*, explains that most of them are raised on a little farm in Iowa, where the Bruce gold fish hatcheries are located. The process of getting the fish ready for the market is thus described:

The young gold fish are not unlike ordinary, creek-variety minnows. When they are a fortnight old they are taken out of the pond in which they first saw the light of day and are transferred to a shallower pool, where the bright rays of the sun as it ripens the corn also burns upon the tiny scales the brilliant colors of the rainbow. The little wigglers expose their sleek, shiny bodies to the rays and as they dart hither and thither in search of food or in play Old Sol gets in his work. The coloring process lasts from a week to four months, according to the weather, the sun being aided by the use of especial food and by the occasional cleaning of the coloring pens or ponds. Gradually the bright red, deep orange, shining silver, glittering gold and the many and brilliant hues become permanently imprinted on the scales and the ponds become tremulous rainbows of shimmering water.

Once the coloring pens have been passed, the gold fish go into various ponds, according to their size, color, tribe, age and stage of development. The first pond, which gleams with gold, is inhabited by some 600,000 comets, which, when of a marketable age and color, bring from $10 to $20 a hundred. The next pond is fairly alive with Japanese fantails, running the color gamut from bright red to black, white, silver and orange. These are more valuable and bring on the market from $10 to $40 per hundred. To the left is a pond full of valuable and rare telescope fish, with eyes projecting half an inch from their awkward heads. In other ponds are other breeds and tribes, some beating out their prismatic glory on hidden rocks and roots, all at the mercy of the darting enemies of the air (the kingfisher, wild duck, heron, crane, cormorant and the water fowl) and all awaiting the day when they shall have passed the chrysalis stage in the home ponds and graduated into the display world, to the enrichment of the Bruce coffers. In one pond are fourteen old spawners, for which the owner will take no price. They are fine large fish, from ten to fourteen inches long and from twelve to eighteen ounces in weight. They are very rare varieties and supposed to be from 15 to 25 years old, for be it known that fish have lived to attain 200 years and still been active and useful enough to escape Oslerizing.

The market for gold fish is not decreasing, as the average person (missing the old-fashioned round bowls on the parlor centre table) might be inclined to think. The falling-off in the demand of individuals has been offset by the increased demand of museums and aquariums. Schools are good customers, while there are just enough old-fashioned folks scattered all over the country to want a dash of vibrant, iridescent color in their parlors and living rooms, and who take pleasure in watching the glowing little bodies glide through the water at the call of the crumb, bringing the beautiful in life into the home, even though it be in the limited confines of a small glass bowl.

Men Who Can't Quit

Henry M. Hyde once told a story of the business tenacity of the late Nelson Morris, in the course of an article in *Success Magazine,* which bears repeating.

Some years ago the family of the late Nelson Morris—one of the then three sovereign Princes of Packing and Provisions—wished him to retire from active business. Mr. Morris was very rich ; he had reared a family of able and energetic sons ; he was approaching the scriptural age limit. His boys knew how desperately hard the old man worked, and they feared the strain would shorten their father's life. With filial affection they urged him to give up hard work. Finally, as the result of much urging, he agreed to a "trial order." He would take a long and complete vacation and see how it agreed with him.

Accompanied by a few friends, Mr. Morris started to visit a famous resort in the mountains of the West. Arriving at their station the party disembarked. At one end of the platform a freight car was being unloaded. The keen Morris eye noted that the car contained provisions from Packingtown. A second glance realized the fact that the goods were being unloaded in two great piles, one containing nothing but Armour products, the other only hams and bacon from the Swift warehouses. All the old man's business pride flamed into instant fury. The car did not hold a single package marked with the Morris brand. A moment later the vacation seeker was at one end of a long-distance telephone wire, and the Colorado manager of the Morris interests was being asked in a rasping voice how it happened that a car of provisions could be unloaded anywhere on earth, one third of which was not loaded with the Morris products.

On the same trip Mr. Morris was taken out to visit a famous ranch. Its owner exhibited with pride his big herd of fancy cattle. Instinctively Mr. Morris ran his expert and professional eye over the bunch, and an instant later he was making the gasping ranchman a spot cash offer for the lot.

On the whole Mr. Morris found that his complete and absolute vacation did not bore him nearly as much as he had feared. A little later he was finally persuaded to make his retirement complete. Careful plans were made and carried out for turning over the control of the house to his sons. And, on a day, Nelson Morris woke to find himself entirely out of the game. That whole morning the old man fussed about the house—nervous, worried, and irritable. At noon he had no appetite. Half an hour later he disappeared, and shortly after one o'clock he was back at the yards to stay, with the reins again in his firm hands and a new twinkle in his eyes.

Mr. Morris was the type of the old school of business men who could not retire, because playing the game was the one thing in the world which most appealed to them. To quit meant—almost always—decay and death.

But while Mr. Hyde expresses admiration for the men who can't quit, he believes that it is the last test of greatness to look one's self in the face and admit that the indispensable man does not exist.

That is a wise old story which relates how the junior partner came to the head of the firm in distress. "Young Jones is going to leave us," he said. "Perhaps if we'd raise him a couple of thousand he'd stay. I don't see how we can get along without him."

"You say we can't get along without him?" questioned the senior.

"I don't see how we could."

"Well, give him two weeks' notice this afternoon. That'll give us a fortnight to look around and fill his place. Just think what shape we'd be in if he should up and die on us overnight."

Let any man realize how easy his place may be filled and it becomes comparatively easy for him to retire—provided that is what he really wants to do. Nor is it necessary, before embarking on his own private and individual search for happiness, that he shall have accumulated a sufficient competency.

Ten years ago a young man went to work in a large department store as a clerk at the ribbon counter. He was diligent, keen, clever. Presently his

work was noticed by the head of the firm, who was famous for the way in which he detected and rewarded modest merit. The young man's salary was twice raised. He was promoted. A little later he was raised to the position of usher. He was looked upon as one of the coming men in the big business. Then, suddenly, five years ago, it was announced that he had voluntarily resigned. He had bought a little fruit farm in Michigan, to which he and his family had retired. His fellow climbers on the ladder were inclined to think him a fool. Late in the fall he came back from the farm and took his old place of usher. In the early spring, when the holiday rush was well over, he disappeared again. Ever since he has followed the same routine—eight months on the farm, four in the city, at the old job. Voluntarily he has given up the very flattering possibility that sooner or later he might have become one of the many junior partners in the great business.

His philosophy of life is very simple—a surprising number of people are beginning to think it wise.

"My wife and I have always liked the country," he says. "We like to put in the spring vegetables, to watch them grow and to market them successfully. We like to work with the peach and apple trees ; to take care of the ducks and chickens ; to live out in the open, with lots of fresh air to breathe and a little lake to fish and swim in. At the same time we don't like to work too hard ; we enjoy life in the city, too. So we talked it over and decided that we couldn't afford to get rich. It would cost too much. Now we've got just about what we want most. Our farm brings us a good living every year and the store is glad to have me back during every rush season."

His former associates see, now, that he has come nearer than most of them to the realization of a definite ideal.

The retired business man, however, really never ceases working, for he merely transfers his activities into new and pleasant channels.

Thrice wise and blessed, then, is the business man who, in the years of his activity, finds and cherishes a pleasant hobby. And the hobby should be one in which its owner finds a real and compelling interest. A half-hearted hobby is almost certain to spill its rider.

A Chicago millionaire grew old and tired. His only child, a son, planned to persuade his father to retire by appealing to his love for trotting-horses. Out of his own funds he bought for five thousand dollars one of the fastest trotters in the country. But he knew full well that if he told the truth about the price paid for the animal the old man would look upon it as a piece of wild and criminal extravagance. So he told his father he had obtained the horse for six hundred dollars.

"There, father," he said, "is a present I've bought for you. The horse has a record of 2.18. I reckon he can throw dust in the faces of the fastest trick the boys have got over at the West Side Park."

That afternoon the old man won half a dozen brushes at the West Side track. He came home convinced that at six hundred dollars the new horse was a great bargain. He congratulated his son on the shrewdness he had shown in picking it up.

"And now, father," the young man urged, artfully, "I want you to give up business, for a while anyhow. I'll be on deck all the time, and there's nothing particular requiring attention just now."

"We'll see, Johnny, we'll see," was the nearest the old man would come to a promise.

For the next two weeks, however, he did not go near his office. Twice a day he took John R. out in the speeding buggy. It was great fun. Business seemed to be altogether forgotten.

The fond son concluded that his stratagem had been splendidly justified in success. The color came back to his father's leathery cheeks. With each day's sport he seemed to grow younger, stronger, more in love with life. Finally one evening, looking out of the big front windows of his ancestral home, the young man saw his father come walking up the street. There was a most youthful jauntiness in his springy gait. In his right hand he carried a long buggy whip. The old fellow burst into the house with boyish boisterousness.

"Well, Johnny, son," he cried, slapping his boy on the back. "I'm even with old Seth Bullock at last. I've been waiting twenty years for this chance !"

"What have you done father ?" the young man asked, with a fearful premonition.

"Done ? Done Seth ! Done him good, too. You paid six hundred dollars for John R.—the whole outfit, didn't you ? Well, I stuck Seth for twenty-five hundred for the horse and buggy. Here's his check for it, too. When he handed it to me I walked over and took the whip out of the socket.

'Course, you understand, Seth,' I said, 'that the horse and buggy don't include this?' 'Yes, I understand, John,' he said, and then he just laughed. But say, wouldn't he be sore if he knew he'd paid more than four times what the rig cost?"

Then the young man understood, finally, that his father was hopeless. So when the estate came into his own hands, in order to make sure that he should be easily able to retire from business, he very promptly announced that he never intended to enter it.

The Biggest Little Man in Canada

This is the title conferred on Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk, by Frederick A. Talbot, special commissioner of the *World's Work,* in the course of a lengthy article on the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific. To Mr. Hays he gives the credit for the working out of this gigantic project.

The rise of Charles M. Hays to the front rank of railway magnates of the twentieth century is as dramatic as his moves upon the transportation chessboard. He started at the bottom of the ladder, as a mere telegraph operator.

A characteristic story is related in connection with his upward climb. He had been engaged at his office in some clerical task which had soiled his hands, and he naturally went to wash them. It so happened the President of the railway, in the offices of which he was engaged, resolved to make an investigation that afternoon as to why the members of the staff always disappeared about half an hour before closing time. The President had a pretty shrewd idea as to the reason, and set out to confirm his suspicions. The first individual he dropped on was young Hays, washing his hands.

"Say, young man! What's the time?" asked the President.

Caught by surprise, the young clerk glanced all round the room before his eyes lighted on the clock. "Twenty minutes to six, sir," was his reply.

The President had narrowly watched the young man, and saw that the surprise was not feigned. With a "Oh, I didn't see the clock," the chief disappeared. Next day young Hays found himself suddenly promoted to a responsible position under the general manager. The fact that he did not happen to recall the position of the clock that particular afternoon was indeed a fortunate circumstance in his career.

The origin of the Grand Trunk Pacific idea is thus described:

"While working on the Union Pacific Railway upon the completion of my first term on the Grand Trunk system," remarked Mr. Hays, "it occurred to me that if the Grand Trunk Railway could launch out upon some large enterprise, a new lease of prosperity would result. It had pretty well covered south Ontario, and was suffering from cramp. Rivals had woven a fence of steel around it which prevented expansion. To me the obvious extension was towards the Pacific, which could be made a highly lucrative feeder to the old line. Then the thought struck me. Why not build a new line right through from ocean to ocean running entirely through Canadian territory."

Canada was just then giving signs of the present big boom, and the time was ripe for the idea. The President approached his colleagues who saw eye to eye with him. The scheme was then laid before Sir Wilfrid Laurier to ascertain how the Government would entertain such a proposal. It was absolutely necessary to proceed very warily as the slightest intimation of a new transcontinental line in negotiation would have brought down a veritable hornet's nest about the ears of Mr. Hays and his friends.

To ascertain how the project would be received by the populace in the country to be traversed west of Winnipeg the farmers were personally visited. These interviews had to be conducted at night-time with circumspection, for they were being held in what was considered hostile territory. The deeper President Hays dug into the subject the more firmly he became convinced that his idea was correct and in this he was supported by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, The broad scheme was carefully drawn up, and made all fast and tight. The former then came to London, fully explained the details to his English co-operators, and then upon his return to Montreal launched the bomb-shell of which we have spoken.

Self-Mastery

A striking series of articles are at present appearing in *Vanity Fair* on a system of mental culture practised by a cult in India, which is explained by an Indian writer, S. M. Mitra. One of the recent articles dealt with Self-mastery, and on this subject some valuable suggestions are made.

Men are all more or less creatures of impulse. The great ideal of the Yoga system of mental culture is to train them not to be the slave of impulse, but to keep the impulse under proper control, so that from an unreasoning instinct it turns into mature thought. Most of us do not enjoy a strong enough will to prevent an impulse from arising ; but if we try to prevent the physical expression of that impulse we can successfully kill the impulse itself. The guarding against impulses will guarantee to us our heritage and birthright of thoughtful action.

Now comes the question—how to prevent the impulse from arising. If you try to practise doing things which appear to you to be disagreeable, you train your mind to suppress impulses ; and an impulse that is checked dies away by degrees, as a pendulum that is arrested sinks gradually into immobility. If you do a disagreeable thing for a week, or abstain from something that you feel very much tempted to do, you will find that you have acquired mental muscle, which is another name for a strong will. You will then be able to take up still more uncongenial tasks than those that you have tried as an experiment, and gradually you will be able to perform positively disagreeable tasks with the minimum of effort.

Psychology nowadays goes more and more to prove that emotions are the effect of physical influence, not its cause. For example, music, the most emotional of all the arts, acts not through a mysterious influence exerted directly upon the mind, but physically by vibrations which affect the muscular system, the respiration, the circulation, etc. Therefore one secret of throttling an emotion is to be able to control the muscles by which that particular emotion expresses itself physically. For instance, when you feel lack of confidence in yourself, if you immediately give up a stooping attitude and take a good inspiration in the chest (not in the abdomen) you will find that the despondency disappears and you feel hopeful.

Mr. Mitra says that we should endeavor to make our minds one-pointed," to cast out all the mental odds and ends which are out of harmony with the idea in hand.

Constant repetition has a marvellous effect on the human mind. As continual dripping wears away the hardest of stones, so does constant repetition make an impression on almost every mind. Once more we have the principle of the survival of the fittest coming into play. In our minds ideas are perpetually struggling against one another for supremacy ; and the ideas that are constantly repeated to us become more fixed even when we do not want them. Constant repetition arouses interest, and thus adduces a greater degree of receptivity. First it invites attention, then it arouses interest, and afterwards it creates a desire to follow the subject. The strong-minded and the thoughtful do not soon succumb to the effects of contant repetition, but the weak-minded, who form the majority, take for granted anything that is often repeated, because their mind is weak and they are unable to resist the mental vibrations caused by such repetition. By constant repetition you hammer away till the weak wills are worried out, and no power of resistance is left. They then accept the suggestion in the repetitions simply to get rid of the repetition.

But in the case of repetition practiced by oneself for a definite object, each repetition strengthens the will and does not wear it away.

On control of your thoughts depends your success. You must remember that in the history of the world the transitory stage has ever been the most un-

pleasant stage. You have to struggle for success, but when you achieve victory you forget the struggles. You have to go through the struggles whether you like it or not. It is much wiser to command yourself first, so that in time you may learn to command your surroundings. You won't be able to command yourself in a day: Nature refuses to be hastened, and before you try to subdue your actions you must learn to control your wandering thoughts for wanderings thoughts are responsible for silly actions, and you must first be master of yourself before you can expect obedience from others.

Who is Lord Esher?

W. T. Stead, writing in the *World's Work,* describes in outline the character of one of the most interesting, original and influential of England's public men of the day.

Lord Esher is a man of original genius who has carved out for himself a unique place in the world of affairs, and who in doing so has discarded almost all the usual steps and stairs by which in this country men ascend to the highest positions. He runs after nothing, but all things seem to run after him. He accomplishes everything without any apparent exertion. He is not a soldier, but he has reformed the Army; nor a sailor, but he has done more than almost any landsman to keep up the strength of the first line of our defence.

Lord Esher is an incarnate paradox. In a country where eloquence is the easiest road to power he makes no attempt at oratory. He lectures sometimes, but never takes part in the tournament of political debate in which almost all men are compelled to win their spurs. No man ever played less to the gallery. He uses no burning words to sway the fierce democracy. He is seldom seen on a platform and never in a pulpit. He is in some quarters supposed to be a courtier par excellence, but few men whom I know are as free from the glamour of Courts or less fascinated by the paraphernalia and gold and silver stickery of Royal pageantry.

In a democratic age he has never identified himself with any popular movement connected with trade unions, popular education, or social reform. He has never been even an Under-Secretary of State, but he has refused the highest offices in the gift of the Crown. He might have been Secretary of War in place of Mr. Haldane, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, or Viceroy for India. But he would have none of these things. He has served and done excellent service, too, as the permanent official when the First Commissioner of Works was rebuilding London and burying and crowning monarchs. But no one is less of a bureaucrat. He stands outside alone, but not aloof from parties and their ambitions. He has made a place for himself which no one but he could occupy. Hence it is that all men say: Who the devil is Lord Esher?

And the answer to the enigma is: Lord Esher is the man who gets things done.

The true Lord Esher, au fond, is a man of letters—devoted to Plato, to Wordsworth, to George Eliot, with a strong penchant for the theatre, given to speculation upon recondite problems of faith and morals, but ever impelled into political affairs by the desire for power and knowledge.

When a young man he made this entry in his diary:—

"I went to the Louvre and spent a morning happily looking at the beautiful things. Then I went to the sculpture gallery, and passed through a stage of stormy emotion."

From which it will be seen that beneath the serene calm of Lord Esher's manner there glow subterranean fires. He well says on one occasion: "A man should dedicate himself to statesmanship and not be ashamed of enthusiasm."

Lord Esher has never lacked enthusiasm, although it is often not evoked by the most popular idols of the market-place.

His is, however, a Catholic and eclectic nature, and his spiritual training seems to have been shared between George Eliot on the one hand and Mill on the other hand, with a dash of Newman. In politics he was the son of a Conservative judge, who became a Liberal on other than foreign grounds

who was always strongly attracted towards Beaconsfield and repelled by Gladstone, and whose entry into active political life was, as Lord Hartington's secretary, at a time when, as he frankly said, "To remain a Liberal is a great trial to a disinterested patriotic politician."

There is in him, therefore, an atavistic tendency to revert to the false gods of the Beaconsfieldian tradition. This, coupled with a lack of touch with the rougher, ruder political forces of our time—with the personality of the Labor party, for instance, he has almost no point of contact—constitute the chief elements for which allowance has to be made in weighing the judgment of his singularly well-balanced mind.

Motor Cars for the Farmer

Writing in *Motor,* Messrs. Allen and Graham undertake to tell farmers why they should own motor cars. They should have them not only for their own good, but for the good of the country at large, and especially for promoting good roads and for the effect they will have on the nation's prosperity. The writers prepared the article for reading before the National Grange, by whom it will have extensive circulation among farmers. They believe that the car will perform an important service in rehabilitating farm life and in checking migration to cities. He quotes an estimate of the number of automobiles now owned by farmers as 76,000. In Iowa the farmers own 5,000 of the 10,000 owned by all persons in that state.

The farmer has some distinct advantages over the town man in owning a car. He is a man experienced in the use of machinery and hence not only needs no chauffeur, but can make the ordinary repairs himself. He can use his car in other ways than for transportation. It may become to him a portable power-plant, being as it is a 10, 20, or 40-horse-power engine on wheels. With it he can saw wood, chop feed, pump water, or shell corn. While his horse works in the field, the car can run to town with the milk or to the mill for flour. The cost of hauling a ton with horses in rural districts is about 25 cents per mile, but the cost by motor-wagon has been figured as low as three cents—a reduction which ought ultimately to means a reduction in the cost of living. Other benefits to the farmer from the car are specified as follows :

"Perhaps the most important would be the resulting change in the social character of country life. Man is a social being. His nature demands change of scene and companionship, new experiences and recreation. The bane of farm life hitherto been its isolation and hence its narrowness, and while good roads undoubtedly can do much to remove this curse, the automobile can do more.

"Now the automobile creates in this respect a new condition. It puts farm life on a new plane. Machinery does not tire. However hard a motor-car may have been used during the daytime, it is always at hand in the evening to take the farmer and his family to a re-union, a show, a friend's house, a Grange meeting, a party, a concert, a lecture, or what not. On Sundays and holidays long trips up to 100 miles can be comfortably made, and every day it puts within the reach of the farmer's children educational facilities equal to those of the largest cities. The day of the country cross-roads schoolhouse has gone. This is the era of large central schools, built and equipped at an expense of thousands of dollars, and only the automobile can render such schools easy of access to the scattered farms. . . .

"There is a growing feeling that farming properly conducted on scientific lines affords a future to fit the ambition of even the most strenuous. The narrow social and domestic life of the country is the only thing that prevents thousands of young men seizing the best opportunity open to them. Abolish these drawbacks by the aid of good roads and the motor-car, and the decentralization of the crowded urban populations will inevitably follow. No sensible young man will, other things being equal, prefer an employe's position at a limited salary, with the cost of living rising all the while, to independence and possible wealth. All he asks is not to be compelled to sacrifice his legitimate craving for companionship and recreation. And where the young blood leads the rank and file will follow.

What the Hague is Deciding

The Newfoundland fisheries case, now being tried before The Hague Tribunal is thus plainly explained by P. T. McGrath in the *American Review of Reviews*:

The questions involved are varied and important. The liberties conferred by the treaty of 1818 were ceded to the "inhabitants" of the United States. The first point to be decided is what is meant by the word "inhabitants." Can vessels flying the American flag employ fishermen not alone residing in the United States, but who may be shipped in Canadian ports or on the high seas off the Newfoundland seaboard, beyond territorial jurisdiction? Newfoundland holds that none but genuine "inhabitants" of the Republic residing in that country and shipped at an American port can be employed, while America takes the position that the flag covers all who may be on board, and that if a ship has her proper papers it is not within the competence of the British or Colonial Governments to inquire into the nationality of those who may make up her crew.

The second point that arises is what is meant by the liberty to take fish "in common" with British subjects. Does it give the Americans the same rights in every respect as are enjoyed by the colonists, and if so, does it render Americans liable to the same obligations as are imposed upon British subjects by the Colonial fishery laws? In other words, are American fishing vessels and their crews, operating in Newfoundland waters, bound by the local regulations that may be made from year to year by the island Parliament? Newfoundland contends that they are so bound, but the United States maintains that any such regulations must be by joint agreement, dictated solely with the object of preserving the fisheries, as if the colony were conceded the right to make regulations of itself, it could so frame them as to destroy the value of the liberties granted to American subjects by treaty.

The third question arising is as to whether inhabitants of the United States are required to report at the custom-houses, pay light or other duties, or be subject to any similar regulations. Newfoundland contends that for the maintenance of her rights of sovereignty, the prevention of smuggling, and the carrying out of ordinary jurisdictional powers, she is entitled to require that vessels of every nationality entering her waters must report at custom-houses, and, as they participate in the benefits of her lighthouses and other service, should pay light and harbor and similar dues, whereas the United States maintains that American fishing vessels are under no such obligations.

The fourth question is as to where the three marine miles off the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors, mentioned in the treaty of 1818, are to be measured from. This raises once more the whole "headland" question on which there will doubtless now be a definite pronouncement. Britain, as a general thing, maintains that territorial jurisdiction extends seaward for three miles from a line drawn from the outer headlands, no matter how wide the bay that is enclosed may be, and under the exercise of this regulation in bygone days American fishing vessels were seized for fishing in the Bay of Fundy, which is sixty miles across. The United States, on the other hand, maintains that the three-mile limit should follow the sinuosities of the coast, though in actual practice American authorities did not apply this construction to Boston, New York, and Delaware bays, or other wide inlets on the Atlantic coast.

The fifth question involved is whether Americans have the right to take fish in the bays, harbors and creeks of Newfoundland and the Magdalen Islands, as they admittedly have on the coast of Labrador. Newfoundland maintains that they have not, on the ground that the differing phraseology implies a difference in the liberties conceded, whereas the United States contends that the admitted practice since the treaty of 1818 was negotiated has been for Americans to fish in these inlets.

Such is the international problem that presents itself for solution at The Hague just now, and its determination will remove the last serious issue that exists between Great Britain and the United States.

Used Car Business Developing

E. S. Partridge tells in the *Herald Magazine* of the remarkable growth of the business of handling used automobiles.

Few persons realize to what an extent the handling and sale of used automobiles has developed during the last two or three years. Side by side with the general development and rapid progress in the selling of new cars there has gradually sprung up a persistent demand for used cars among a growing class of customers who are either unable or unwilling to pay the full price for the automobile of their choice, or who prefer to purchase an over-hauled high grade car one or two seasons old rather than a new car of cheaper construction and inferior quality and performance.

It is surprising to note the high character of the majority of the present day purchasers of used cars. It is a very common thing to be able to buy a used automobile at a reduction of from one-quarter to one-half its original price, and if it is a car of high-grade it may have been run but a few thousand miles, just enough to put it in the finest condition for all around touring.

This applies particularly to cars of high grade, ranging in original price from $4,000 to $5,000. Such a car is often in better running condition after one or two seasons' use than when at first purchased. It is usually equipped with several hundred dollars' worth of extras, such as additional shoes, top, etc., for which no extra charge is made.

The person buying such a car from a reliable house comes into possession of an automobile which gives him every comfort and convenience of a new car. There are those who each year buy the latest car and at the same time leave with the dealer the last season's model to be disposed of at a sacrifice. The used car buyer enters on the scene and reaps the benefit.

So important has this branch of automobile selling become that the leading houses now have well equipped used-car departments, as much attention being given to this branch of the work as to any of the other various ramifications of the automobile business, such as garage and storage, repair or supply departments.

Metals as Antiseptics

Dr. A. C. Rankin, demonstrator in bacteriology at McGill University, has been making some interesting experiments, tending to prove that in many cases bacteria are killed by the presence of metals in very minute quantities, so that water may be sterilized by merely allowing it to stand in a metal vessel. A writer in *The Lancet* comments on this.

Sundry metals possess not merely a distinct inhibitory action upon the growth of molds, bacteria, and other micro-organisms, but exert even a germicidal power. Water containing the typhoid bacillus and kept in a clean copper bowl becomes sterile. When air is passed through water containing abundant colon bacilli there is no inhibitory effect. Relatively large amounts of pure zinc with large surface area, placed in water contaminated with abundant colon bacilli and allowed to act for one hour, bring about a recognizable, but not extreme, destruction of the bacteria. Aluminum and copper, under similar circumstances, have no perceptible effect. The same experiment repeated, but with the oxygen driven out of the water by previous boiling, proved that none of these metals had any influence upon the subsequent growth of the bacteria. From this it would appear that such bactericidal activity of zinc as manifests itself is associated with the coincident presence of oxygen. A much more intense bactericidal action is produced when air is periitted to bubble for one hour through water holding the colon bacilli in suspension in the presence of aluminum, zinc, and copper. With a sufficiency of the pure metal it is thus possible to render the water completely sterile with all three metals, and that when it contains abundant bacteria.

System and Business Management

The Industrial Engineer

By Leonard W. Smith

From The Silent Partner

A CERTAIN manufacturing concern had an investment of $800,000. With this investment it was producing $900,000 worth of goods a year. The men at the head of the business knew that they were making a poor showing, but to save their lives they couldn't figure out why they didn't do better, nor could they see any way to make more efficient use of the investment.

Finally the concern called in an eastern industrial engineer. The engineer looked the plant over and studied it a while. Then he recommended that the concern spend $59,000 more and he gave his reasons. The concern did so. The next year it was able to show a production of $1,600,000 worth of goods—nearly twice what it had been doing.

The engineer had been able to see things that the owners could not see, simply because they were too close to their problem and because they did not understand the science of production.

Now, the average business man has an idea that nobody can possibly be as well qualified to solve problems of his business as he is. The average man reasons that he knows infinitely more about his plant and his product and his patrons than any outsider can know, and if he cannot, with all the data at hand, solve a problem, then no outsider possibly can.

But the average man's reason is silly. When a man is sick and in pain no other man in the world can possibly have so complete and vivid a knowledge of the intensity, location and character of the pain as the sick man has. Yet when the doctor comes a very few questions and a very few lame and halting answers enable the physician to diagnose the case.

The doctor knows the science of medicine—and the patient doesn't. And so the industrial engineer knows the science of production and of business—while the average business man does not. That is why the doctor surprises the patient by correct diagnosis and it also explains why the business man is surprised when the engineer solves the problem that the business man considered beyond solution.

Let us consider a few more concrete instances of the success of industrial engineers in solving industrial problems.

A certain concern was making eighty-nine different things, but its profit was only 6 per cent. The firm couldn't see why its profits should be so small. So the engineer was called in. His study showed him that the concern was making a great many items in small quantities and trying to sell all of them. He advised that the firm reduce its line to forty-six items. It did—and profits went to sixteen per cent.

In another plant they had 400 machine tools and were going to buy a lot more at a cost of $100,000. The engineer studied the production accomplished on various tools and decided that it was far below possibilities. He suggested a premium wage system to speed the workmen. It was adopted. The men began to receive higher wages than had ever been paid in the history of the business and the average output of the plant went up 30 per cent. The costs, in spite of higher wages, were reduced 22 per cent.

In the two instances given the engineer solved the problem because he knew about what to look for as the cause of the ailment that afflicted the businesses.

The engineer, in tackling the first named case, assumed the general proposition that with a fixed capacity the greater the variety of articles produced the less the efficiency of production per article.

In the second case the general proposition was simply that the more work per man and machine the lower the cost of articles produced.

Industrial engineers are successful in solving business problems simply because they are able to look at each problem as an abstract proposition.

The man who is close to a business is prejudiced, even when he thinks he isn't. If he is making a great many different things he is very likely to be proud of the completeness of his line, and so the idea of reducing the number of his products is not likely to come to him. Again, the man who has an immense number of machine tools thinks that he is carrying out division of labor and specialization to their logical ends, and that whatever may be the reason for his high costs it cannot lie in specialization.

Then, too, the man who sees things done every day in a certain way becomes incapable of looking at those things except as entirely proper and natural. Familiarity and habit prevent the man from seeing his own business simply as a business—he sees it always as his business, and he is as blind to its faults as he is to the snub nose and freckles of his favorite child.

Every industrial engineer can give scores of instances in which the trouble he was called upon to get rid of was absurdly simple. The average man is apt to think that the thing that baffles him must be a very deep problem—just as the men who tried to make the egg stand for Columbus knotted their brows and looked severely solemn as they searched their brains for some obscure fact about eggs that would put them on the right track. When Columbus dented the end of the egg just a trifle and it stood on its end, the wise ones wanted to throw him out of the door.

The industrial engineer is just becoming to come into his own. Now he is called in, in most cases, after everybody connected with a concern has taken a whack at the problem and has failed. But in a few years from now it will be different. Industrial engineers will be consulted as frequently as lawyers are now.

Industry must always be administered by men who are specialists, but the problems of industry will be solved by men who are scientists. This is only applying the principle of co-operation.

The industrial engineer is going to be the main factor in promoting industrial efficiency in the future. It is he who will really direct the world's industry so as to make it attain maximum value and effectiveness.

The world has waited a long time for its industrial staff officers—and the line officers are just beginning to make friends with them.

Getting a Grip on Customers

By Evans Chandler

From Geyer's Stationer

A RETAIL business without the element of personality in it is in danger from a variety of different directions. The "chain of stores" idea, for instance, is based on the assumption that the average man and woman care little about the personality of the merchant from whom they buy their goods, but rely entirely on price and the appearance of the store in the choice of the place where purchases are made. If a "syndicate store" is put up next door to a long established business dealing in the same class of goods, price-cutting is the weapon usually used to get the old trade turned into the new channel, and, if there is no strong personality back of it, the process of winning it away is usually successful.

Just take this example from a manufacture's experience as an illustration of what is meant. James H. Collins, that very able writer on business subjects, tells this story in the *Saturday Evening Post.* "Some years ago an Eastern wholesale house took one of its salemen from territory he had covered eight years and sent him down South to establish new connections. Within three months the purchases of several important customers in the old territory showed a marked falling off. The sales manager spent a week looking into the matter, and found that these customers missed the former salesman as a friend. He was a man with a good deal of sentiment and tenderness in his nature. He had a wife, three children and a comfortable home. After looking at samples all morning, he and one of these customers would go to lunch and compare families. He had new snapshots of his wife and youngsters. He would recall that only two weeks before, when he left the cozy little home, the birds were singing, the grass was green, the sky blue. He would look forward to the first week of the next month, when he could go home again, and to the day in the future when he could retire. He pulled the domestic stop way out, and that, apart from prices, goods and the character of his house, was the only advantage he had over other salesmen. Yet these customers had long been interested in his family, and they missed him as a friend and confidant when he was sent to other territory. The young salesman who took his place had no wife, no youngsters, no home. For all he ever said about it, the grass might be blue and the sky green. So he had to take his chances as an outsider with competitors' salesmen."

Mr. Collins sums up his idea thus: "Skilful personal interest in a customer's grandmother has probably sold more staple goods than all the special discounts and prices ever whispered."

Another direction in which this matter of personality touches the retailer is in meeting department store competition. The best means for the small dealer to use in holding his trade against his bigger rival is not to try to meet the prices, but it is to put into his smaller business a whole lot of strong individuality—add to it the personal element—and to make the people in his community trade with him rather than with the department store because they like the spirit of the place better, because they like the element

of sympathy and mutual understanding which is entirely lacking in the department store method of retailing.

Still another point where it affects the interests of the smaller retailer is in the relation which he bears to the great mail order houses, which continue to make tremendous strides in the sale of their goods in the rural communities and smaller cities and towns. Here again, price is not the best basis on which to compete. The element of service, plus personality, is the important thing. Every retailer in this country could get out into the middle of the street in front of his store and shout himself hoarse telling the people what a great curse the mail order houses are, but it wouldn't do much good. The thing which handicaps the mail order houses—and their owners realize the fact—is their inability to come into personal contact with their customers. They have to speak through the printed page, they have to sell through arguments in type, and the person who buys from them misses the confidence which he can place in the goods which he buys from John Brown, or some other local storekeeper—a man who shows him the article before he makes the purchase, and who will stand back of it after it is sold. Of course, if the local store entirely lacks these combined factors of personality and a high quality of service in customers, the advantage is lost, and the mail order house rushes ammunition to that spot and reaps the harvest.

Do you know that mail order houses pick out sections where there are no decent retail stores, kept by able merchants, and flood those particular sections with catalogues and other so-called "literature" realizing that their strength lies where the retailer is weak through his failure to press the advantage which he has?

If you are a retailer, suppose that your store was nothing but a big printed book—a pretty poorly printed one at that—and a desk where postal money orders could be filled out. Your customers would have to do all the work—turn over the pages of the catalogue, pick out the goods they want, fill out the orders and mail them —then wait a week or two for goods of uncertain value to arrive. How long do you think you would stay in that kind of business if, right next door to you, there was a neat modern store, with a smiling, good-natured fellow that everybody liked behind the counter—and perhaps a wife and two or three sunny little "kids" in the rooms above in whom everybody was interested? Do you suppose that lower prices alone would keep you going? Look at the mail order proposition from that point of view. Study your own strength, and then press the advantage which you have, and which the mail order merchant knows that you have, but hopes that you won't learn how to use.

Just as there are two sides to every question, there is another important phase of this proposition which ought not to be neglected. With a retail business which depends for its trade entirely on the personality of the man who runs it, and nothing in addition to that, there is always the possibility of something happening to that one man and the business going to pieces in consequence. There are a number of ways to prepare for that emergency, and one of them has to do with the idea that a business can be given a personality which reflects the personality of the owner, but which does not depend entirely upon him. In the appearance of the store, in the way the clerks treat customers, in the store's advertising, in the reliability of the goods which are handled, in fair dealing in the fixing of prices, in the promptness with which all agreements with customers are kept, in the care exercised in packing and delivering goods, in the endeavor to do all that is necessary and then a little bit more for the convenience of customers, in the uniform courtesy, kindliness and personal interest in every transaction between purchaser and dealer—all

these things, if properly attended to, give a store a personality, and make it the friend of its customers. A retail business which is run this way advertises itself, tells its own story to the public, and it presents the biggest problem that the price-cutter, the mail order man, and the syndicate store promoter has to contend with in his endeavor to strengthen his foothold. Trade won by these methods has permanent value.

Eliminating Guesswork in Advertising

By Thomas E. Dockrell

From Advertising and Selling

THERE is no greater testimony to the power of newspaper advertising than the fact that it is successful even under the abuses to which it is subject. In most cases it is handled on such "hit or miss" principles that it is a wonder that it can achieve results. Under the present system of paying singular attention to typographical effect, appearance of space and copy, and using only general instead of specific arguments suiting specific localities, the individual needs of each newspaper territory are entirely overlooked. It is decided by some one so omniscient that he (or they) can afford to ignore all statistics that a certain size of copy shall be used in all places. That certain size of copy is used, without any of the ordinary business attention which, in all other departments, is given to individual cases.

It is obvious that a small advertisement of aeroplanes for sale will be more thoroughly read than will the advertisements of a long-advertised patent medicine because there is a news attraction in the former which is lacking in the latter. It is also obvious that a 3-inch double-column advertisement set in the centre of an entire page of unleaded reading matter will demand more attention than the same advertisement set in the centre of a page of display advertising. Similarly, it is obvious that an advertisement will demand more attention in a 4-page paper of which only one page is advertising than in a 60-page paper of which 40 pages are advertising. It is also obvious that a quarter-page advertisement offering an unlimited amount of New York Elevated and Subway tickets for 1 cent instead of 5 cents will attract more attention and result in more sales of such tickets when placed in New York newspapers than will the same advertisement placed in the newspapers in Chicago. It is also obvious that an advertisement of an article which has no competitors need not be as large or as frequent as if competitors were also advertising.

It follows that the attention which an advertisement will receive, and the action which it will force from its readers are dependent upon the novelty of the matter advertised to the readers of the papers in which it appears. Also, upon the prominence of the advertisement on the page upon which it appears. Also, upon the proportion of the space used in the advertisement to the total amount of space used in the newspaper. And also, upon the harmony between the article offered and the needs of the people to whom it is offered. The volume of

space which must be used is also dependent upon the absence or presence of competitive advertising.

Since the conditions in every locality vary more or less, and since the volume of advertising carried by papers in different localities varies much, it is obvious that the space used in advertising a certain article at a certain time in different localities should also vary. In papers where only a small volume of advertising is carried, it is not necessary to use as large space as where a tremendous amount of advertising is carried. An advertisement segregated from other advertisements need not be as large as if buried in display advertising. An advertisement where there is much competition should be much larger than where there is none.

The amount of sales-energy which must be expended in any enterprise in order to produce its maximum at a minimum expense must, as nearly as possible, be that amount of energy which is required to make the greatest possible number of sales at minimum cost. In the many United Cigar Stores you find some equipped with one man at a time, some with two men at a time, some with five at a time. The sales-energy of the one store demands one salesman, the sales-energy of another demands two, and of another five.

Now, the unit of sales-energy in a newspaper is based on the agate line. In one locality 100 lines are necessary in another 200 lines, and in another 500 lines. Because there are two kinds of waste. A factory would be foolish to install a 20-horsepower dynamo if the maximum amount of electrical energy required never exceeded 10 horsepower. On the other hand, a factory would be foolish to install a 200-horsepower dynamo if the minimum electrical energy required was 210-horsepower. In the one case would be the waste from overefficiency and in the other would be the waste from incapacity to do the work required.

Look at the matter of localized advertising in another light. Look at it psychologically. Consider all the individual minds comprised in the circulation of each paper as one mind. Here is one mind in New York, here is one mind in the backwoods of Kentucky. Assuming each to have the same amount of money and the same desire for clothes, we must use more sales-energy to convince the mind in New York than to convince the mind in Kentucky, because the New York mind, being more highly educated, is less suggestible, and is also more subject to other influences in the shape of competition. There are many other differences between the two minds which could be taken into account, but this one suffices as an example. You, who read this, can work out the differences in individualities in different localities "ad infinitum." You cannot go wrong, because you are dealing with natural law. Some of these natural laws are so wonderful that we cannot follow them exactly, but we can at least allow them to guide us away from the frailty of our guess-work.

There are two well-known natural laws which the average man does not seem to apply at all in alloting advertising—one is Fechner's "Law of the Threshold," and the other is Weber's "Law of Sensation." An old German named Fechner discovered that a certain volume of stimulus to any one of our senses was necessary before we became conscious of sensation. For instance, he discovered that the eye needs to be exposed to a certain volume of light before it becomes conscious of light. He discovered that you must apply a certain volume of weight in the outstretched hand before the hand becomes conscious of weight. For instance, he discovered that if you stand in the open fields before dawn, when the sky is absolutely obscured and you are surrounded by absolute darkness, and wait for the dawn, the dawn will have appeared before you are conscious of it. There will have been light before you are conscious of

the presence of light. In other words, a certain threshold has to be crossed before your mind receives a sensation from your eye. He expressed the law another way. Blindfold a man, lay his hand stretched palm upward on a table. Lay a handkercheif across the outstretched palm, on the handkerchief put a small feather, put on another small feather, put on another, keep adding to their number, yet the man feels no sensation of weight until a certain amount of feathers have been laid upon the handkerchief upon his palm. He didn't feel the first feather, nor the second, nor the third, nor the fourth. There was weight upon his palm, infinitesimal of course, obvious to sight, but unrecognized by touch. There was more when the second feather was added, and so on. But it was necessary to attain a certain volume of weight before the blindfolded man became conscious of the presence of the weight of the feathers upon his palm.

It is easy to see the application of this law to newspaper advertising. Add all the minds in the circulation of one paper together and consider them one mind, then take the paper which you propose to use in your hand, look it over, see how much advertising it contains then look at the space you propose to use and the individual features of your own advertising, then consider the position in which it will appear in that paper, and ask yourself this question: "*Knowing the supply and demand in that territory, knowing the amount of competition, knowing the volume of advertising carried, is the volume of my advertising in this particular paper sufficient to cross the necessary threshold of consciousness in the one mind which I am attempting to reach, so that I shall make upon that mind the sensation I desire?*"

Another German, Weber, went still further. He discovered the "Law of Diminishing Sensation." He discovered that once the sensation of light was conveyed from the eye to the mind, afterwards the proportion of sensation of light received by the mind was not proportionate to the increase in the volume of light stimulating the eye. In other words, as the stimulus was increased the increase in sensation diminished. For instance, if you are seated in an absolutely dark room you immediately intensely feel the sensation of light when four electric lights are turned on. The sensation of light is intense and powerful. But, to give you the sensation of double the amount of light it is necessary to turn on possibly eight or twelve more lights. If you lighted four after the first four, that is if you increased the stimulus of light 100 per cent. you would possibly only get the sensation of 10 per cent. increase. To get an increase of 50 per cent. it is necessary to increase the stimulus 300 or 400 per cent. Similarly, he discovered, that, in the case of a blindfolded man with his palm upward covered with a handkerchief, possibly the application of 30 feathers gave the sensation of weight, but that if he first placed 60 feathers upon the man's hand he had to apply 60 more in order to give him an added sensation of weight, and that then the added sensation was only slight. So that the natural law is that, once a certain sensation has been conveyed to the mind, it is necessary to increase the stimulus which produced the sensation about 100 per cent. in order to get an increase of 10 or 15 per cent. in sensation.

There's the law that explains the complaint of the advertiser who says: "I increased the space without increasing the returns." It probably was not increased enough. There are many reasons for failure and many for success. But, there are other ways of handling advertising than by making it a guessing contest. Rather than let the rudder swing free because we have no compass let us guide ourselves by the stars. In the absence of an advertising compass 100 per cent.

perfect, let us use the 75 per cent. guides we have rather than swing rudderless in the wind of fancy. No man letting his mind rove loose in a guessing contest on an advertising campaign can hope to achieve the results that are obtainable when he uses data and natural law to help him. The "hot-air," the necromancy, the black magic and the witchcraft are being squeezed out of advertising, and like the rest of business, it is coming under the jurisdiction of Common Sense, the Cost System and the Auditor.

Personal Publicity for the Salesman

By O. J Vogl

From Inland Stationer

A GOOD deal has been said and written about the value of advertising to the salesman. That worthy explorer of publicity and salesmanship, Hugh Chalmers, has covered one phase of the subject so thoroughly that no further comment need be made. However, there is one form of advertising that has received little attention from all students of scientific salesmanship.

Salesmen often point with pride to their personality. A man will change houses and receive higher pay, simply on account of his ability to pull trade. Such men often call it "their" trade.

Houses which advertise extensively claim to own a large percentage of trade. They often appeal directly to the purchasing public, reaching over the head of the retailer.

Salesmen—up-to-date business- getters—are always full believers in advertising. Still, they often neglect that most valuable form of advertising—personal advertising.

There are men who call on their trade comparatively few times a year, and yet there will be something about their personality that paves their way to the private office. Salesmen who call as seldom as once a year often follow up their trade with personal letters, price quotations and similar literature.

A Chicago Board of Trade man calls on the large shippers of the Middle West once a year. His steady companion is a little book, in which he enters what would to some people seem to be the most ridiculous notes, such as: "Very fond of Old Style Lager," "Smokes William Penns," "Strictly prohibition," "Loves to talk about ball games," "Interested in local politics," "Golf enthusiast," "Dislikes broad stories," etc.

In every letter he writes to these buyers he manages to touch in some way upon their favorite topic. Once he meets a man he keeps him "indexed," and helps him ride his hobby as often as possible.

Salesmen who call on trade at intervals of from one to three months and oftener mostly fail to see the value of personality advertising. They mistake acquaintance for personality. When they call the proprietor by his first name, swap stories with the head clerk and jolly the cashier, they think they have made themselves solid.

Let them drop out of the territory for six months; will they be remembered? Most probably not. The new man comes, takes the orders, and, after a few trips, he calls the boss "Joe," the cashier "sister" and buys a smoke for the head clerk.

But you let Windy Jim or Grandpa Dean, Pickle Brown, Soapy Jack, Baggy Bill, Happy Heiny or Cracker John leave their territories and you will have inquiries from bank presidents to bell-boys. Why? Because they are advertised. Are you?

If you have been an unknown quantity in your territory, if you have not impressed your trade with your personality, be assured you have not advertised yourself sufficiently. Get popular. Be known by a nickname, a slogan, and you will be popular. Your orders will increase in numbers, new stores will know you from hearsay. The conductor, the busman, the boy on the corner, will all know you when you come to town. Your trade will be glad to see you, their handshakes will seem heartier and their "how-dee-do" more cordial.

An Eastern house has a representative call once a year on the Western trade in all county-seat towns of two thousand population and over. He resembles in appearance an English lord and, in his immaculate dress, would be welcome at any social function of the four hundred. His frock coat and high hat are his placard.

Another man whose business requires a good deal of figuring with his prospective purchaser carries a blue and red pencil. He figures with the blue pencil and then, as if by chance, he marks down the profit in big, red figures.

These seemingly small things are all a great aid in the art of order-getting. The studious salesman appreciates the *value of advertising*, and studies his own personality with the care of an actor, being constantly on the lookout for a catchy way to place himself conspicuously in the buyer's thought-directory.

As good flour suggests to some Gold Medal, and a good shirt, Cluett's, so through proper personality advertising the dry-goods buyer when short on flannels will think about Louis.

The buyer will always be caused to think, when short on certain lines, of the salesman doing the best personality advertising in that line, in that territory.

While successful advertisers have to keep everlastingly at it, placing themselves prominently in the buyer's way, a personality advertiser must be careful to never appear to be seeking notoriety. He must use diplomacy, tact and good-fellowship with the air of a disinterested third party, always keeping in mind that it is most advantageous to his purpose to have them talk and laugh about him after his departure. And the longer they do so, the better.

Hard Work and Great Men

WHEN we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labor they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, Francis Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities—were all renowned as hard-workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short, how hard they worked.

A Queer Mixture.

by J. J. Bell.

"WHO'S the blue-eyed little thing?" inquired the smartly-dressed, fat-faced man, tilting back his chair and his silk hat simultaneously.

"Who?" The younger man at the desk spoke absently, without raising his eyes from a broad sheet of paper crossed with red and blue lines and peppered, so to speak, with black figures. "Your pardon, Mr. Fashner—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing of importance. She's rather a pretty little piece—the girl who brought you that statement. Reminded me of my little friend Lottie Helm who's playing at the Octagon just now. You have some nice-looking girls around you, Locksley." Mr. Fashner laughed, and selected an Egyptian cigarette.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the other, making a pencil jotting on a slip of paper. "Excuse me for a minute, while I get out this percentage. . . . H'm! It's as I feared, Mr. Fashner—not very satisfactory." He repeated some figures, the results of his brief calculations.

"No," said Mr. Fashner, frowning as he struck a match, "it's as you say—not very satisfactory. You'll have to buck up, Locksley."

Locksley said nothing. Apologies and explanations did not come readily to him, and he was not the sort of man who makes airy promises. He was wishing Mr. Fashner would take his departure, and leave him alone to think things out.

"Of course," continued the older man, perhaps a trifle patronizing, "we must not expect too much all at once. Still, the business is two years old now, and we should be glad to see a start at profit-making. We are paying you a generous—but I need not refer to that, since I am sure you fully appreciate the fact. Well, I must be getting along. By the by, what is the name of the blue-eyed little thing?"

"I'm sorry I don't know whom you mean, Mr. Fashner," Locksley replied.

"Why, I told you; the girl who brought you the statement."

"Oh, yes—yes. But I didn't notice her. She came from the sales office. That's all I can say about her."

"I thought she might have been your secretary or stenographer," said Fashner with a laugh which was not unpleasant, but rather silly for a middle-aged man.

Locksley smiled in spite of himself. "I'm afraid you would not have called my chief stenographer a 'blue-eyed little thing,' though she does wear blue glasses. She stands nearly six

feet." He sighed. "Poor creature! She leaves us this week because of her sight."

"Hard lines, I'm sure," said Fashner, getting up and putting his hat straight, with deliberation. Then he extracted his pocket-book and took from it a five-pound note. "Put it along with her salary, when she gets it for the last time," he said, throwing the note on Locksley's blotting-pad. Then he held out his hand. "Buck up, Locksley, and let me have a better report of things next time we meet," he said. "I don't blame you, but the others are inclined to get rusty." With a nod he left the room.

"A queer mixture," said Locksley to himself. "Wonder if he'll do as much for me when I leave this place. Hardly—because I'll be sacked," he said. Leaning his head, which felt unusually heavy, on his hand, he began to examine the figures on the broad sheet with red and blue rulings. Presently his pencil stopped at a little block of figures. At the end of a minute's reflection he put out his hand and rang the bell.

Following a tap on the door, a girl entered. Locksley glanced up, and allowed his eyes to linger for a moment. She was not what he would have called "little." His eyes went back to the figures.

"Who is responsible for the making-up of this statement?" he asked.

"I, sir."

"Then can you assure me that these figures—these here"—he indicated them with his pencil—"are correct?"

"Yes, sir."

Locksley stroked his dark moustache, regarding the figures thoughtfully. They showed an appalling drop from the previous week in the lace department.

"Sure they're correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"No mistake in the figures supplied to you?"

"I thought there must be some error when I first got them, so I went to the lace department and made sure."

"Ah! You take an interest in the business!"

She smiled slightly.

"A great many people here take an interest in their own part of the business," he remarked, "but not many, I'm afraid, do so as regards the business. I'm obliged to you. Now I want the lace figures for the past thirteen weeks—it will do in the morning—also the figures for the corresponding weeks of last year. You understand?"

"Yes, sir." She scribbled on a tablet.

He looked up. "You write shorthand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good speed?"

"I believe it's pretty good," she said frankly.

It was here that he noticed her eyes.

"Take this down," he said, and read fairly rapidly from a circular which he took from a basket. "Bring a typed copy with the figures to-morrow morning. What is your name?"

"Mildred Harvey."

"Thank you. That is all just now."

The remainder of the afternoon saw him engaged in receiving callers, interviewing heads of departments, dictating letters. At seven o'clock he dined hurriedly in a restaurant, and returned to the office to wrestle with figures. The man's days were spent in talk, his nights, with rare exceptions, in thought and calculation. John Locksley was strong of mind, as well as of body, but he was beginning to suffer from discouragement; he was an eager worker, but the feeling was growing upon him that he was striving in vain. He could not get away from the fact that Locksley's Stores had failed to "catch on." For the first two months of its existence the enormous warehouse had certainly attracted the public; but now the people came in hundreds, instead of in thousands, and there were spells of actual slackness. Probably the average customer would still imagine that Locksley's was doing splendidly, but such an establishment was doomed un-

less the people came in their battalions. And Locksley knew it. He was tired of asking himself why the public did not over-run the place, why the daily flood of orders by post had dribbled to such a depressingly small stream. He was tired of trying to explain these things by "the general depression in trade," "over-competition," and so on. The cold and simple fact remained—Locksley's Stores had not "caught on" with the public. For the first time in his life—he was thirty-four now—he was losing confidence. Also, he was wishing that he had never come to London.

In a city in the Midlands Locksley had, a few years earlier, undertaken the management of an old-established but failing business, revivifying it and forcing it again to the very heights of prosperity. And then, whilst ambition sang in one ear, temptation whispered in the other. A syndicate comprising seven immensely wealthy men invited him to London. They had the money, he the ability and experience. They wanted his name also. Nominally he was the proprietor of the magnificent building that rose shortly afterwards in one of the western thoroughfares. He was really a figurehead, though, to be sure, he had all the responsibility, unlimited powers of management, and a yearly salary of £1,500. Already he was counting his income as at an end, and his good name as beyond redemption. He could have endured the former misfortune.

* * * *

Figures, figures, figures! Pounds, shillings, pence—and those silly farthings. Were the buyers or the sellers the bigger fools? What was business at all, except to take an advantage under the pretence of giving it?

Locksley literally sweated over the sheets of figures. He absorbed them, he analyzed them, he wrought with them. But he could not juggle with them. They were black figures; in no way could he make them golden. They represented a deplorable loss on the week's trading.

At one o'clock in the morning he left the office for his hotel, determined to inform the syndicate on the morrow that the game was not worth the candle. But it was not the first time he had gone to bed with that determination, only to wake, not so much with renewed hope as a fierce defiance of failure.

"The statements you asked for yesterday afternoon, sir." Miss Harvey laid the broad sheets at the side of his desk.

"Thank you," he said absently.

"And the typescript."

"The what? . . . Ah, yes; of course." He took it from her hand, and the circular, on which she had written her name, from a drawer. He compared the two, and laid them aside.

"Any customers in the leather department as you came through?" he inquired.

"Eight, sir."

He put his hand on the statements. "There is some work here," he remarked. "Did you stay late last night?"

"I came in early this morning, sir."

Then he looked up. By this time he knew she was pretty, but at that moment he was struck more by her freshness than by her features. In her regulation pale grey dress, with its collar, cuffs and belt of white, she would have attracted most men.

"What is your salary at present, Miss Harvey?"

"Fifteen shillings, sir," she answered, with a slight start.

"My chief stenographer is leaving on Saturday. Do you think you could take her place?"

She flushed, and a small laugh of delight escaped her. She bit her lip, and replied, demurely enough:

"Yes, sir."

"You think you can undertake the work?" Mr. Locksley was used to girls saying they would try.

"Yes, sir."

He looked at her again. She had the happiest blue eyes and the happiest yellow hair and the happiest red mouth he had ever seen. His gaze

Drawn by Leslie Hunter.

'LOOCKSLEY WAS TRYING TO TELL MISS HARVEY THAT SHE WAS LIKE NO ONE ELSE IN ALL THE WORLD."

went back to his desk. Opening a scribbling diary he wrote a word or two.

"On Monday, then," he said. "You will occupy room 44, next door to this. The salary is twenty-five shillings."

"Oh!" she exclaimed softly, and just managed to check a "really?" Recovering herself, she murmured a grave "Thank you, sir," bowed slightly, and left the room.

For the rest of that day Locksley felt unwontedly cheerful. Night, however, with its figures and facts, changed all that.

II.

Locksley, who was peculiarly sensitive in some respects, differentiated between quickness and sharpness. He admired the former quality and detested the latter. The predecessor of Miss Harvey, despite her poor sight, was what one would call a sharp business woman, and her manner annoyed Locksley, while her misfortune depressed him. Miss Harvey was merely quick-witted and alert, and—in a vague way at first—he found her refreshing. Later, he ascribed this effect to her healthy brightness, her daintiness and her pleasant voice. Later still, he put it down to what he was fain to call her sympathy—not that she had ever even suggested such a thing. Perhaps he thought of sympathy because he wanted it. He had had no time for making friendships in London; and his relatives had shown their regard principally by borrowing the bulk of his income for the last two years. Yet his relations with the girl were absolutely of the business sort. Doubtless she knew more about him than when she first entered his employment; that was inevitable; but he remained as ignorant regarding her as when he had asked her her name. Well, he didn't want to know any more—so he told himself one afternoon as he watched her face while she wrote to his dictation.

A week later Locksley had an unexpected visit from Mr. Fashner. As he entered the room from the corridor, Miss Harvey, a sheaf of papers in her hand, was leaving it by the door leading to No. 44. Fashner came forward with his lips shaped for whistling, which expression became a grin as the door closed behind the girl.

"What! Blue Eyes again, Locksley! Surely you have noticed them by this time."

Locksley had a wild desire to strangle the man.

"Know her name yet?" asked Fashner, placing his hat on one chair and seating himself on another.

"Miss Harvey, I believe," said Locksley stiffly.

"And is that all you know about her?"

"That is all I know about her."

Fashner went into a fit of laughter, which to the younger man seemed as idiotic as it was offensive. "Well, well," he said at last, bringing out his cigarette case: "Well, well. . . . By the way, Locksley, wish me joy, Miss Lottie Helm has done me the honor of promising to marry me." He made the announcement so bashfully, so boyishly, that Locksley's resentment fell away.

"Why, certainly, I congratulate you, and wish you joy, Mr. Fashner," he said, rising and holding out his hand.

"Thanks, thanks. . . . Only wish I had been twenty years younger, for her sake as well as my own. But I believe she does like me a trifle. She's a good, honest little woman. Had a rough time of it till she hit it off at the Octagon. But she's going to chuck the stage when she marries me, next month." He smiled, then sighed. "I've been a bit of an ass in my time, Locksley, but, thank the Lord, I've escaped being a blackguard." He lit a cigarette and fell silent.

"Queer mixture," thought Locksley once more. Aloud he said, going back to his desk: "You have all my best wishes, Mr. Fashner."

The older man nodded.

"There's another thing," he said at last. "I thought I'd tell you, lest the others should spring it on you when you haven't time to think. You see, I had a good deal to do with bringing you to London, and I'm afraid it hasn't been all you expected."

Locksley stared. "You mean," he said presently, "that I haven't been all you expected."

Fashner waved a podgy hand.

"What I have to tell you is this," he said slowly. "Locksley's Stores is probably on the eve of being floated as a public company. Have you got that?"

Locksley sank back in his chair.

"Well?"

Locksley said nothing.

"The prospectus is in course of preparation," the other continued; "the subscription list may possibly open some time next month."

"But—but it won't float! It can't!"

Fashner smiled. "My dear boy, wait till you see the prospectus! The prospectus at present being drafted by my colleagues would float a battleship!"

Locksley recovered himself. "It must be a romantic document," he said drily. "You believe the public will come in, Mr. Fashner?"

"Helter-skelter! My colleagues are anxious to get their money back, you know, and they'll get it back in this way with—well, interest."

"What's to be the capital?"

Fashner mentioned some figures that made Locksley raise his brows.

"They'll never pay a dividend on that, Mr. Fashner."

"Never is a big word. Locksley's is a big business, and its turn may come yet. The shareholders will have the odd chance, I fancy. Oh, yes, Locksley's turn may come yet."

"After they have got rid of Locksley himself," said the younger man, with a bitter laugh. "Are they going to change the name of the firm also?"

Fashner was watching the smoke rising from his cigarette.

"I understand that you, Mr. Locksley, will be invited to remain where you are, as managing director, at your present salary."

"Why should they want me to remain?"

"My dear fellow, a prospectus of Locksley's Stores without John Locksley in it would not charm the public. That's obvious!"

"I suppose it is. The public don't know, of course, that Locksley is a failure. I begin to see, Mr. Fashner. I might remain for a time as managing director—in name. How's that?"

Without replying, Fashner rose and took up his hat.

"I've mentioned the matter, simply because I thought you ought to have time to think it over. I have no advice to give you, but I'll be interested to know how you feel about it, say, a week hence. I'll look in this day week. This puts a good deal of responsibility upon you. And a bit of a problem, too. You can see that the company can't be floated without you. On the other hand, I'm not saying that the business would come to an end if you—er—left it. I hardly think my colleagues would let it go just yet. Your agreement, I believe, expires next February. I do not suppose you would be asked to—er—retire before then. But you might wish to do so—eh? Personally I am sorry—but we all know that business is business, don't we? However, you must think it over. You know better than I do what you have at stake." He held out his hand.

"You have something at stake yourself, Mr. Fashner," said Locksley, looking straight at him.

"I've twenty thousand in this show," he returned simply.

"Naturally you desire the flotation to—"

"Sorry; but I've an important engagement. See you a week hence." And Fashner hurriedly left the room.

"Queer mixture," thought Locksley again. Then he muttered: "What an infernal swindle!"

But it was a problem all the same—and a bigger problem than it would

have been three months earlier. Locksley had ever done the straight thing, but now it was more difficult than usual. Why should he beggar himself to save some scores of the silly public from losing money? And it was not absolutely certain that they would lose; they had, as Fashner had said, the odd chance of Locksley's Stores' turn coming yet. Beyond a few hundred pounds—a very few—he had no resources; and what sort of berth could he hope to obtain in the circumstances?

Suddenly, in the midst of his self-questioning, like an actual blow the great truth struck him—he loved Mildred Harvey.

III.

The week had passed. The day had come for Locksley to declare his decision. He had received a note curtly stating that Fashner would call at four o'clock. It was now three-thirty.

Locksley had not made up his mind. The temptation to accept the syndicate's offer was not so easily put aside. Again and again he had told himself that for good and all he was quit of it; again and again it had returned. Could he afford to reject the offer? Heavens! he might come to be a shopwalker in a fourth-rate drapery establishment. And would he not deserve it? Before him lay an opportunity that most men—respectable men, too—would snatch at. Why not? Never in his life had he so greatly dreaded poverty—or, at any rate, penury. It is one of the penalties of our civilization that love and money are inseparable.

He roused himself. Only twenty minutes remained. He must force himself to decide.

There was a tap on the door of No. 44. Miss Harvey entered.

"In the letter for Bullard & Co. you gave me the sum of £1,350 as our final offer. Is that correct, sir?"

"Why, no," he said, after a moment's reflection, "it should be £1,530. Yet I remember giving you £1,350. Thanks for letting me know. And—Miss Harvey, let me know if you strike anything else that doesn't seem right. I—I'm in the way of making slips to-day."

Involutarily she glanced at him. His eyes were on the papers before him.

"Yes, sir," she said, turning to her door.

"Miss Harvey—"

"Yes, sir?" She paused.

He rose and placed a chair near his desk.

"Miss Harvey, would you mind sitting down for a minute or two? I want to ask your advice."

Looking frankly surprised, she seated herself.

Locksley leaned against the side of the desk.

"What I shall first tell you, Miss Harvey," he began in a low voice, "is private and confidential—in the meantime, at least. Of course, you are quite used to things that are private and confidential in this office. Well, the owners of this business are desirous of converting it into a limited liability concern—selling, it, or a part of it, to the public. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps, you wouldn't mind dropping the 'sir' during our present conversation?"

"Very well, sir—Mr. Locksley." Her voice became just the least thing shy.

"Thank you. By the way, have you been regarding me all along as the owner of this business?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you why you have done so?"

"Why? Oh—because—because it has your name, of course. And, perhaps, because you always seem so worried," she added gravely.

"Ah! Well, I must tell you that I'm only the manager. I lent my name,

and—I'm afraid I can't get it back. I'm no lawyer, and I'm not sure that I'm much of a business man either, though I used to fancy myself as the latter. However, I must grin and bear that bit of it. The point is the the people who do own the business want me to become manager of the proposed company, chiefly because they believe that my name will induce the public to buy shares. Now supposing the shares were not, let us say, going to be very good for the public. Do I make it clear enough?"

She nodded. "Quite clear, Mr. Locksley."

"Then what should I do? I have to give my decision ten minutes hence."

"Oh!"

"What ought I to do, Miss Harvey?"

She half rose. "That is too big a question for me." Then she sat down again. "Supposing you refused the offer—"

"The probability is that there would be no company; and the certainty is that I should find myself unemployed, with little chance of getting anything but a—an ordinary job. You'll admit that I have something to make up my mind about, Miss Harvey?"

"Oh, yes." She rose with decision. "But no one can make up your mind except yourself, Mr. Locksley. May I go, sir?" There was pride but no unkindness in her voice.

"I had hoped," he said sadly. "I had hoped you might help me."

"I?"

"I—I would be guided by you."

"Oh, dear!" The words escaped her. "I am honored by your confidence, Mr. Locksley," she went on, soberly, "and I think that you are in a most difficult position, but—"

Suddenly he drew himself erect and faced her squarely.

"Miss Harvey — would you care whether I did the one thing or the other?"

The blue eyes fell before his grey ones; the fair face went rosy—then white.

"Oh, how unfair of you!" she cried, and ran to her room.

Locksley threw himself into his chair, a prey to many emotions. He would have given all he had then for the touch of her hand.

Four-thirty. Fashner was late Locksley did not care. He was consumed with misery, but he had made up his mind. Perhaps the blue eyes had helped him in spite of their owner. There would be no prosperous John Locksley. There would be no Mildred for him. With his head on his hands he tried to proceed with the heap of documents. Presently he pushed them aside, and wrote a letter.

"Well?"

Fashner had entered in his quiet way. He did not seat himself, but waited for the other to speak.

Locksley sat up. "Good-afternoon," he said. "I've just been writing my resignation."

Fashner's face betrayed nothing of his thoughts. "Sure you won't change your mind?" he asked.

"Quite sure, thank you."

"I see. Then I don't suppose there's anything for me to say. Besides, I'm pressed for time. Lottie is waiting for me in the motor." Fashner took an envelope from his pocket and threw it on the desk. "Look at it afterwards. By the way, have you found out yet who Blue Eyes is?"

Locksley's face turned dull red, but ere he could command his voice, Fashner, with a laugh, had gone. He rose and opened the door of No. 44.

"There will be no company, Miss Harvey," he said.

She raised her eyes from the typewriter and met his fairly. A very sweet little smile played on her lips.

"I didn't think there would be sir. I have found a doubtful point in one of the letters. I will bring it to you immediately."

The machine clicked, and Locksley retired, helpless, hopeless.

IV.

Mr. Fashner got into the brougham.

"Find what you wanted, Percy?" inquired Miss Helm.

"I did, my dear," he replied with unusual gravity. "Locksley is a straight man. He was ready with his answer. So I left him the note offering him seven-fifty a year to look after my affairs. I hope to goodness he agrees."

"Do you lose a lot through the company thing not coming off?" she asked.

Fashner made a grimace, but changed it quickly to a smile.

"If Locksley could face losing everything, surely I can face losing a bit. You shan't starve, sweetheart."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said warmly.

"Besides, it was you, Lottie, who really kept me off the crooked road. I've admired Locksley all along, but I couldn't have followed his example if I hadn't had you. Fact, my dear!" Then he laughed. "By Jove! some people will be mad when they get his resignation."

"But what about the girl you said was like me? Are you sure she is the girl you thought she was—the rich Miss Somebody who wanted to learn all about business?"

"Absolutely certain. I'm not sure, though, if I've succeeded in directing his attention to her existence. He got mighty red when I mentioned 'Blue Eyes' to-day, but I'm afraid it was with rage. The good fairy game isn't in my line, Lottie."

Lottie squeezed his arm. "You're just a dear!" she said.

He beamed on her. "Lord, but I am happy!" he whispered. "I'd give something to see Locksley happy, too. She's the very girl for him. I know what I'll do. I'll get to know her through her uncle, whom I've had deals with. Then I'll introduce—"

"You seem to think he won't be able to resist her, goosey!"

"Of course! She's so like you!"

But at that moment Locksley, with a letter in one hand, and Miss Harvey's fingers in the other, was trying to tell her that she was like no one else in all the wide, beautiful, wonderful, glorious, happy world.

The Telephone as a Salesman

HOW many goods does your telephone sell every day? The telephone is the best salesman some dealers have. It can be made valuable to all, if it is properly used. In the first place, accuracy is necessary. Customers hesitate to order goods over the telephone from a dealer who does not send them exactly the quantity of exactly the kind of goods that they order. Courtesy is just as necessary. A modulated voice, patience and tact are wonderful helps to selling by telephone. The telephone is frequently irritating—but it never shows in the manner of the successful telephone salesman. If your telephone isn't selling enough goods to more than pay for itself, start an investigation. The trouble may be a lack of accuracy, perhaps a lack of courtesy—or possibly a lack of real American enterprise. This much is sure—there is something wrong.

China Joe

By

Emma Sarepta Yule

WHAT his real name is, I do not know. But he lives in Alaska in the town of Juneau, and for a score of years has been known there to every man, woman and child as "China Joe." The "China" tells all that is generally known of his birthplace, and as he was the only Chinese that, for twenty years, was permitted to live in the town, it answered well for a distinguishing name.

For me "Joe" always had a fascinating interest. I never say him, never passed his old log bake-shop, but what a train of wonderings was started. I used to wonder where his thoughts were straying as I saw him standing in his doorway or leaning comfortably against its frame, looking into far distances with a Buddha smile. Was he again cook in the galleys of the Chinese junks, whose fantastically-shaped prows with the demon eyes painted on them look like some monster of fable as they sail the waters of the Yellow and China Sea? Or was he in a *sampan* with its odd-shaped sail riding over these same waters? Or was he in some narrow, noisome street in a Chinese port, where humanity resembles a disturbed ant-hill or a run of herring in Gastineaux Channel? Or was he digging in the muck of a rice field far from sea and sail? Or did memory fare no further afield than the mining camps in which his life in America had been spent? What was he thinking about?

But no one ever got behind that placid celectial mask. His best friend, "Mr. Jack," probably got the most glimpses. To him I am indebted for many of the following facts.

Joe's biography, as known, is soon told. Landing in Victoria, British Columbia, in 1864, he went to the Boise, Idaho, mining camp in the same year. The next entry in the record finds him in Wrangell, Alaska, in 1874. From here he joined the famous Stickine River gold rush—not as a miner—no, his was a more lucrative job: that of camp cook. For five years he was in the Stickine and Cassiar region so noted in Alaskan miners' lore. Then he came to Wrangell again in 1879 and opened a hotel in an old boat named the *Hope*.

Whether the inn-keeping was not profitable or whether it was just the tossing restlessness of the country, no one knows—at any rate the same year found Joe in picturesque Sitka, proprietor of a bakery. Oriental thrift and industry brought prosperity to Joe, so when the rush to Juneau came with the discovery of gold in Gold Creek Basin, Joe joined the crowd in '81. He bought property and opened a bakery in what is now Main Street, where he still lives. His present building he must have built in the eighties.

These are the prosy, plain, uninteresting known facts in Joe's life. But life is not made up of facts. Neither do they reveal all the man.

The rank "China Joe" should take among men is shown in one act of his while he was running his bakery in Sitka. It was during a flour famine

in the town, caused by the loss of a provision ship. Joe having the only supply of flour in town, was a flour trust all in himself. Did he regulate his price of flour on the principle of supply and demand? Not he. His fellowman's extremity was not his opportunity to fill his purse, but rather to play the man. Not one cent did the price of flour advance, and he sold to all who asked. From that year Joe was looked upon as the special friend and became a sort of ward of the white men in Southeastern Alaska.

Later, in '85, the Chinese labor troubles arose in Treadwell and Juneau, and the log bunk-houses in Juneau where the Chinese slept were blown up one night, but Joe's shop was untouched.

"Joe is one of us." "Just as good as a white man," said the miners.

Joe was exempt even when all the Chinese laborers in Treadwell and Juneau were loaded on a scow and sent to Wrangell, to be brought back to Treadwell by the doughty Captain Carroll, who, with a dash of the Viking and autocrat which stamped his years as master of the seas in Southeastern Alaska during the '80's and later, said to the terrorized Orientals:

"I'll land you at Treadwell from my ship, and no one will dare oppose."

When the ship came alongside the Treadwell wharf and the returning Chinese saw the miners lined up waiting, they became panic-stricken and would not even attempt, under threats, to land, and would not be put off. So the Samaritan captain was forced to give free transportation to Victoria or Seattle to his be-cued passengers.

During all this turbulence, Joe, by special dispensation of the white man, placidly baked his bread and made his famed "sinkers" in his log bakery in Main Street.

Many stories are told showing Joe's kindliness. The following is one: An old man in Juneau was sick and in great want. He had a nephew who was prosperous and whom he had helped. This ungrateful scamp paid no attention to his old sick uncle, but for one whole winter Joe carried food and fuel to him and cared for him as best he could. When remonstrated with on the ground that it was the nephew's duty and that the nephew would never pay him and that he was foolish, Joe said:

"Boy never payee me. No, no—that allee right. Him treat him allee same dog; me alle same white man."

In the memory of many a miner lives the picture of Joe trudging through the deep snow, carrying food to the sick or needy who, during the winter, called the little boxlike cabin, clinging to the hillside above Juneau, home.

Little children he loved, and they knew him for their friend. Even after his shop became the bakery for the Indians exclusively the toddlers would beg to be taken to their friend Joe for cookies. When the oldest child of his friend, "Mr. Jack," was only an hour old, Joe came with a present of a silver dollar to the "Little White Flower"—a name which he has always called her, though now she is in the ranks of young womanhood. Few, indeed, are the children who ever attempted to tease Joe. Not that they were afraid of him, but the power of the opinion of the majority of their own age and the sentiment of the community prevented such actions. Such is his character that I question if many children ever wanted to tease him. The man's dignity and kindliness forbade it.

One of Joe's special friends—"Billy"—died a few years ago. But Joe never forgets him. He cares for and decorates the grave as though it were that of his own kin. Last spring, when the white flowers with which he had covered the grave, were in bloom, he asked Billy's sister, "Mrs. Jack," if she would go with him to visit Billy's grave. He made it a pious pilgrimage. Though the distance from the town to the cemetery is not far, it is enough to make it a pilgrimage for Joe, who is no tra-

veler, not even having crossed Gastineaux Channel to Treadwell, only three miles, in many years.

When the Pioneers' Association was organized some years ago in Juneau, no one was more interested than Joe. He is always present at the meetings, and no noble ever wore a decoration from his king with more pride than Joe wears his ribbon badge of membership.

Said one pioneer to me: "Not a pioneer in Alaska would be better cared for in sickness or in want than Joe."

Through all the forty-five years of association almost exclusively with aliens, either white or Indian—for the Indians and Joe are warm friends—he has kept up the customs of his homeland. In one sense the man's inner self has dwelt apart. The fires kindled uncounted centuries ago on the other side of the Pacific, Joe has kept brightly burning before his heart's shrine through the almost half-century of isolation within the stranger's gates.

There is something morally heroic in thus alone keeping the sacred holidays, observing the sacred customs—even the New Year's dinner, to which special friends are invited, is provided for by sending to the fatherland for the candies and other special New Year's festal necessities.

Joe has all arrangements made so that when at last he is called to his long home, his dust shall mingle with that of the land of his fathers. So, in no sense, is Joe an expatriate; but his is an example of the place that true kindliness, true worth, true humanity, true brotherhood, regardless of race, will win in a community. And to live for twenty-five years in one little community during the times that try men out, and to be held in esteem and respect by all, and when known personally, to be given affectionate regard—surely this proves the man.

It is this and the man's fine fidelity to the altar fires of his soul that make "China Joe" to me a rare character.—*Pacific Monthly Magazine.*

Success by Struggling

"IT is hard to struggle. Often we meet with nothing but struggles, but I think this is nothing but a blessing. For it is through struggling that we become strong and courageous and win the good things of life.

Undoubtedly you all remember when you were kids and were taking your first swimming lessons. How hard it was at first to keep your heads above the water! I remember when I was a boy. It was over sixty years ago. I remember how hard it was for me to learn to swim. I had to kick and splash and struggle, but I was the happiest of boys. I have been struggling ever since.

If we do not struggle we will become weaklings; to be strong we must struggle always. This is the only path to success and to accomplishing anything in life. If we struggle manfully and push ahead all laws will work out and we will be successful.—*John D. Rockefeller.*

Some Elementary Ideas About Bonds

By

G. W. Brock

HAVING given some attention to the subject of stocks and pointed out how they are bought and sold, it is now in order to say something about bonds, which are so often spoken of in conjunction with stocks.

A bond is really nothing more nor less than a negotiable mortgage. In its best-known form as municipal debenture, it is a mortgage on the taxable property of a municipality. The people of a city or town, acting through the local authorities, wish, let us say, to put in a system of waterworks or to lay pavements. They might, of course, put on a heavy assessment and raise enough cash to pay for the work at once, but this is too severe and too unfair a procedure. After all, future generations are to benefit by the expenditure and they should bear their share of the cost. Accordingly the municipality proceeds to raise the necessary money by mortgaging its property. But instead of going to a money lender or mortgage company to secure the money, as an individual might do, the municipality issues what are known as debentures, important-looking documents, signed and sealed by the corporation, and representing on their face a certain value, usually one hundred dollars. These debentures to the required amount are sold in a lump by tender to the firm of bond dealers which offers the highest price for them. The latter then proceed to sell them to the public.

The debenture is really a note stating that at the end of a certain number of years the municipality will pay to the bearer the face value set down upon it and that meanwhile it will pay interest to the bearer at such and such a rate per annum. These interest charges are covered by a series of coupons attached to the debenture, which can be cut off as they fall due. They are in reality little cheques, dated ahead and ordering some specified bank to pay to the bearer the amount indicated.

So far as the municipalities are concerned, it becomes necessary for them to start what is known as a sinking fund, into which is paid each year from the taxes a sufficient sum to amount at the expiration of the time the bonds run, to enough to retire them. They must also provide enough money to cover the interest charges. In this way a municipality can raise quite a large sum of money without burdening itself unduly.

The dealer in bonds, having purchased the bond issue of some municipality, proceeds to dispose of them to prospective buyers. This he does by means of salesmen, who sell by personal canvass. The price is governed by the general market price for bonds and by the return on each particular issue.

As the municipal debenture has excellent security behind it in the form of a first claim on all taxable property, it becomes a most stable and ex-

cellent form of investment. The return is not very high, but the ample security more than makes up for this. It is a favorite form of investment for insurance companies and trust companies and is becoming more popular among individual investors.

There may be difficulties in negotiating such bonds for cash, in view of the fact that there is no open market for them, but it is an easy matter to raise money on them from the banks and the bond dealers can often find ways of disposing of them.

Their main advantage comes from the steady return they make on the investment. Dividends on stocks may be reduced or may even be passed, but the interest on the bond comes along regularly and without decrease and at the expiration of the time the principal is returned intact.

There are, of course, limits prescribed by statute to which municipalities must restrict their indebtedness. Yet, owing to diverse methods of accounting, such limits frequently vary. It is always advisable, therefore, when a purchase of bonds is contemplated, to see that the legality of the issue is sufficiently guaranteed. Should the legality be questioned and litigation result, the bond-holder may find himself in an awkward predicament. However, such a contingency is extremely rare and the possibility of any such trouble may be put aside.

The only other possible source of danger comes from the decrease of population and consequent decay of property in the municipality, which brings the value of taxable property below the indebtedness. This, too, is a very rare contingency and may be said to be almost impossible in this country.

Dominion government bonds are of course excellent security, but they are always floated in England and cannot be secured here. The same is true to a large extent of the flotations of the Provincial governments, as well as of the larger cities. But towns, villages and townships depend on local buyers and it is their bonds which are dealt in principally by Canadian dealers in bonds.

The bonds of industrial corporations and railroads differ to this extent, that they are actual mortgages on the properties and their holders are creditors of the companies. It is plain to be seen that, while the shareholder may have infinitely greater possibilities of making money out of his investment, it is the bondholder who is in the enviable position when trouble looms up. The bondholder must first be satisfied and then if there is anything over the shareholder comes in for it.

Industrial bonds are frequently dealt in on the stock exchanges and such as are listed may be purchased there.

The Joker

So you're 'way down in the dumps—
Blue, you say?
Think you've played out all your trumps?
Oh, go 'way!
Life's not a game of poker;
In this game you use the Joker.
It's the card you hold the longest;
It's the one you find the strongest;
Laugh, and drive the blues away!
Laugh, I say!

—*Jean Dwight Franklin in The Century Magazine.*

Take Things Easy

By George B. Spencer

From Office Appliances

NOW'S the time to take it easy. For—the weather may make you uncomfortable at times and it will be liable to try your patience unless you take it easy.

Taking it easy doesn't mean—lay off work and sit around thinking how hot it is and making yourself hotter by useless kicking.

Not by a long chalk.

That's not really taking it easy at all.

The more you think about the weather, the hotter it will seem and the less you think about it, the less you'll care.

Forget it altogether, keep busy and —you'll find you're beginning to take it easy without realizing.

Now—when I say "keep busy" don't think I'm going to tell you to hustle, and get all worked up so you will fuss with everybody around you, get in rows, probably lose some of your best friends and, at any rate, make a lot of new enemies.

That's no kind of advice for a man to follow in the summer.

And—that's not the kind of "taking it easy" that gets results—which is exactly what I'm going to talk about.

Yes sir! I'm going to tell you how taking it easy gets results.

Ever watch two fellows in an argument and notice how the cool one—the one who takes it easy—wins out?

Did you also notice how hot the other fellow got—what a lot of energy he wastes and—how he loses out?

It's the man who keeps cool—the one who relaxes—the one who does his work with a lot of reserve energy left over—who gets most results for least effort.

Summer is the very best time to get such results, because summer is the best time to relax.

In summer you aren't carrying around any excess weight clothes. You aren't apt to over-eat. You realize you need a lot of sleep and you take it. You are out-of-doors a lot in summer, breathing the fresh air and getting into condition. Your circulation is good in summer, your pores are all open and, if you go about your work sensibly, your summer health is the best health of all the year.

This is why men think easier and faster in summer time.

So—now is the time for you to do the thinking and planning which will produce a lot of results for you later on.

You've got a lot of problems to solve. Now's the time to ponder them. Now's the time to think and study out the solution of these problems. Now's the easiest and best time to find out how to do a whole lot of things you've been wanting to do for ever so long.

Take your time about it—take it easy but—keep thinking.

The rest will take care of itself. You'll get so interested thinking what you're going to do, that first you know, you'll be wanting to "try out" some of your new ideas.

Then—you'll find yourself getting into your coat and hat to go see some tough old codger you've been wanting to land for months so you can try your new plans with him and see how they work.

You'll find yourself approaching him from a different direction than any you've ever tried before, too.

You'll take a different way of getting at him and, when you do get him, you'll take it easy and, before you know it, you'll have him landed because your relaxation will tend to make him loosen up also.

That's the way to get results in hot weather—take it easy.

Don't add to possible irritation by asking any man "Is it hot enough for you?"

Anybody can ask such a question—most fools do ask it—and some fortunate ones (if they learn by experience) get kicked for doing it. The reason such a question is irritating is because it suggests an increase of heat which may already seem unbearable.

If you must say something about the weather—and you can conscientiously make such a statement—say you "understand there's a cool wave coming."

That will be a pleasant suggestion, at any rate.

Don't try to talk with a customer when he's manifestly "too hot." Tell him you see he's too busy—that you will come around some other time—and make your "get away" quickly.

That saves your time and his and he'll like you all the better the next time he sees you.

If you think a customer is not too hot to stand a little conversation, try to make what you say reduce his temperature.

This may sound impossible but—it isn't, as you can easily find out by trying.

Why—I know of an instance where just the appearance of a young man who called at a big business office seemed to reduce the temperature ten degrees.

It was out in Detroit one July morning—hotter than Tophet.

About ten o'clock, there "breezed" into the office of a big manufacturing concern a young man wearing a very light blue grey suit, white shirt with a very small blue figure, blue tie, straw hat and tan shoes.

He sat down to wait for the "boss" looking so cool and fresh that everybody in the office felt as if a nice young breeze had fanned in.

After the young man had finished his interview, "the boss" seemed a lot cooler, and pleasanter and he said to his private secretary "My! but it's a pleasure to meet a man like that on a day like this," and the private secretary's reply was "I should think so! When he came in, I thought a fresh breeze had blown up."

The clothes made a lot of difference. They always do. Cool colors—greys, and greens, and blues please the eye in summer and take the temperature down for those who look at you.

Your temper and manner make even greater difference. Keep sweet, keep a cool mind and—take it easy.

Buyers are thinking out their plans for the fall right now. This is the time for "missionary work" but—don't forget to keep your thinker relaxed so it may act freely.

Don't get "all het up."

That reduces your energy and your earning power.

Keep cool! Take it easy.

That saves your strength and increases your earning power.

The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original articles about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

SIR H. M. PELLATT is telling a good story at his own expense. He has recently completed what is undoubtedly the handsomest lay-out of garage, stables and conservatories in Canada, if not in America. For a water tower he copied a beautiful piece of architecture which he found in Europe. This can be seen from a long distance. Riding recently, he stopped to gossip with some workmen on the country road who did not know him, and he asked them what the tower was. The foreman said: "Oh, that is Sir Henry Pellatt's water tower. It is a magnificent thing, isn't it?"

Sir Henry said: "It seems to me a man must be a fool to erect such a building as that," to which the workman replied: "Well, some says he is and others says he ain't; I guess he is."

* * * *

At a certain church it is the pleasing custom at a marriage for the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young lady who was about to be married in the church did not relish the prospect, and instructed her prospective husband when making arrangements to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom did as directed. "Well, George," said the young lady, when he appeared, "did you tell the clergyman that I did not wish him to kiss me?" "Oh, yes." "And what did he say?" "He said that in that case he would charge only half the usual fee."—*Vanity Fair.*

An Englishman sat outside a cafe in an European city and remarked casually to a fellow-Englishman, "Oh, the Emperor is a hopeless idiot!" Instantly a man, who proved to be a plain-clothes policeman, rose from an adjacent seat and said: "Sir, I arrest you for lese-majeste. You say that the Emperor is a hopeless idiot." "My dear chap," said the Englishman, "I didn't mean your Emperor. There are other emperors in the world, surely!" "That may be, sir," replied the policeman; "but ours is the only emperor who is a hopeless idiot! Come with me."—*Vanity Fair.*

* * * *

The young evangelist with a pompadour was relieving himself of momentous thoughts.

"The Being that filled with surging seas the vast caverns of the oceans," he proclaimed, "also holds in aerial suspense the aggregations of tiny drops that give to each wondering eye the marvelous spectacle of a separate rainbow. The Omnipotence that made me made a daisy."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

* * * *

"When Mark Twain came to Washington to try and get a decent copyright law passed, a Representative took him out one afternoon to Chevy Chase," said a correspondent.

"Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but he consented to walk over the course and watch the Representative's strokes.

"The Representative was rather a duffer. Teeing off, he sent clouds of

earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion, he said to his guest:

"'What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?'

"'Best I ever tasted,' said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief."—*Washington Star.*

* * * *

Physician—"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

Patient—"Yes, Doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician—"All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that."—*Good Housekeeping.*

* * * *

William B. Ridgely, former Controller of the Currency, said of a certain speculator recently:

"The man is as ingenious as a horse-trader's son who was once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces.

"As he mounted he leaned toward his father and said:

"'Are you buying, or selling?'"—*Success.*

* * * *

"And what are we to understand by the Biblical expression 'the four corners of the earth'?" asks the instructor in theology.

"Rockefeller's corner in oil, Havemeyer's corner in sugar, Carnegie's corner in steel, and Patten's corner in wheat," answers the new student.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

* * * *

A Scottish lassie, asked by her teacher, "Why did the Israelites make to themselves a golden calf?" replied with the ever-ready and practical reasoning of her countrywomen:

"Well, ye ken, marm, they hadna as muckle siller as wad mak' a coo."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * * *

In *The Picturesque St. Lawrence,* published a few weeks ago, the author, Clifton Johnson, tells of a curious superstition of Montreal, which explains why the wind is always blowing at the point where St. Sulpice and Notre Dame streets meet, close by the towering cathedral. The situation is naturally breezy, like that of the Flatiron building in New York. But the people of Montreal have a miraculous explanation of the phenomenon that is more interesting than any scientific demonstration. "It seems that one day while the church was in process of building, the Wind and the Devil were walking down Notre Dame Street; and the Devil, after regarding with a frown of disapproval the graceful outlines of the new edifice rising before him, exclaimed:

"'What is this? I never saw it before?'

"'Very likely not,' responded the Wind, 'and I dare you to go in there.'

"'You dare me to do that, do you?' cried the Devil, with a sneer. 'Well, I will go in, if you will promise to wait here until I come out.'

"'Agreed,' said the Wind.

"So his Satanic Majesty went in. But he has not come out yet, and the Wind is still waiting for him at the corner."

* * * *

Gifted with a buoyant disposition, the late Hon. C. S. Rolls had a keen sense of humor, and one of his favorite stories concerned his motoring days when he won the nickname of "Petrolls." Touring in Cambridge, he gave a policeman a lift. Once aboard, the grim visage of the guardian of the peace relaxed. Mr. Rolls put on speed; the policeman beamed; he began to ask questions concerning the rate at which the car could go. Mr. Rolls went faster. Then at the crest of an inviting, long descent, the policeman cast scruples to the wind. Grasping his helmet with one hand and the car with the other, he became purely human. "Let 'er go 'ow you please down this 'ere 'ill," he said, "there ain't no one on the beat, not for another mile and a 'alf!"

The Publishers' Page

DURING the course of a month a great many manuscripts are submitted for the consideration of the editor of Busy Man's Magazine. These manuscripts range in theme from the lightest verse to the most abstruse theological essay. The great majority of them are quite unsuited to the requirements of the magazine and are therefore promptly returned.

It has occurred to the editor that it might be a kindness to some of those hard-working authors, who submit the results of their labor, were he to set down as briefly as possible just what sort of literary efforts would be most likely to secure a place in the magazine. While Busy Man's Magazine is a publication which aims to appeal to a very wide circle of readers, it does not do this by filling its pages with articles specially suited to a variety of different classes of readers. Each article is calculated to appeal to as large a proportion of readers as possible.

This may be explained a little more clearly by taking one or two concrete examples. For instance, an article on some literary subject might be read with a great deal of interest by possibly ten per cent. of our readers; the other ninety per cent. would not appreciate it. An essay on socialism might capture the fancy of fifteen per cent.; while the remaining eighty-five per cent. would see nothing in it to attract them. On the other hand, articles of wide human interest, such as stories of successful men, find an answering echo in the hearts of the big majority of our readers. It is such articles that we want, calculated to interest and please the greatest number possible.

Generally speaking, we do not consider verse at all, though naturally the editor would like to discover another Robert W. Service. Nor do we want abstruse articles. The practical must be an essential in anything we publish. Articles of an historical nature, scientific dissertations, controversial articles, political articles, and all writings addressed to class prejudices are avoided.

It would save writers considerable labor were they to submit to the editor a brief synopsis of any proposed article before they write it. If it is quite unsuited, they will be politely told so, whereas, if there are possibilities in it, a few hints on procedure may save them a great deal of trouble in revising later on. Of course, the editor does not promise to accept articles on the strength of a synopsis only, but he can save authors much useless labor in this way.

The circulation department of the magazine announces an interesting competition this month, the prize being no less than a trip to London, England. Full particulars will be found on another page.

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Drawn by GUNNING KING

SHE WAS GIVING THE CHICKENS THEIR AFTERNOON FEED OF CORN.

Illustration to "Buried Treasure."

See page 60.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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THE DAM AND ABUTMENTS AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE THE SUPERSTRUCTURE WAS PUT IN PLACE

The Damming of an Intractable River

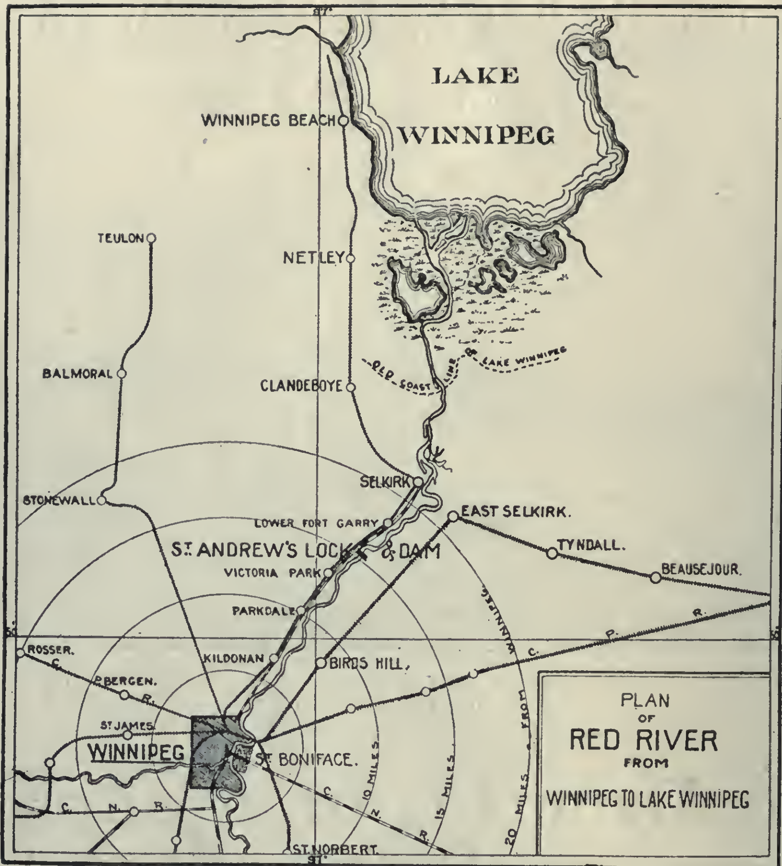
A New Method of Conquest

By R. A. Fraser

RIVERS, like human beings, have their tempers and, when the tamers tackled the Red River in Manitoba, they found that they had before them an unusual type of river character. The Red is a very pleasant looking river to all appearances and outwardly might be taken for one of the quietest and best-behaved streams on earth. But it has peculiarities all of its own and, given certain influences, it will misbehave itself in an alarming fashion.

The Red River is really a Yankee by birth, hailing from down in Dakota, which possibly may account for its vagaries. Passing northward through Winnipeg, it tumbles its waters down the St. Andrew's Rapids, some twenty miles north of that point and finally empties itself into Lake Winnipeg.

A warped disposition best describes the Red River. In the springtime, its sources thaw out long before its lower reaches and in consequence there is a bias or twist in its anatomy, which is sometimes most unpleasant in its effect. If the ice barrier fails to give way, floods result. In any



THE LOCATION OF ST. ANDREW'S DAM

case there is a vast difference in levels during spring and summer.

Now when the river tamers, or in other words, the engineers of the Public Works Department, received instructions to put the Red River into subjection, so that it should carry traffic on its back from Winnipeg right down to Lake Winnipeg, they realized that they had an unusual problem before them. To build an ordinary kind of dam at the St. Andrew's Rapids would be all right when the Red was sober, but, when the river went on a rampage, such a dam would never do. So the tamers cast around in their minds for some time for an instrument that would subject the river and finally they heard of a satisfactory device which the French had used successfully in the case of the Seine. This was a special kind of a dam, known as the "Camere curtain dam." The idea of this dam is that it can be put in place or removed without undue labor, or loss of time.

In the spring of 1909 work was begun and to-day the dam is complete—a magnificent structure and the only one of its kind in the Western Hemisphere. The Red stands tamed and ready to carry huge fleets from the city to the Lake, opening up great possibilities for western navigation.

The idea of the dam is something like this. Bedded on the solid rock, far below the bottom of the river, stands a permanent wall of concrete of immense strength and capable of holding up the waters of the river to

a depth of seven feet. At intervals, along this huge foundation rise solid concrete abutments, seen plainly in the illustrations. The concrete dam and the abutments form the skeleton of the finished structure.

Strung across from the tops of the abutments is an immense steel superstructure, known as a service bridge. From this bridge are swung down the ninety steel frames, required to hold the curtains, huge wooden constructions, heavily strapped and hinged with steel and weighing twelve hundred pounds each.

THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE BIG DAM

FROM THIS STEEL BRIDGE THE STEEL FRAMES AND WOODEN CURTAINS OF THE DAM ARE RAISTD' AND LOWERED

In the fall, when the period of navigation ends and the river steamers are tied up snugly for the winter, up come the curtains and the frames, leaving a clean channel for the water. The freshets and floods of spring, bearing down huge blocks of ice, can then pour unhindered through the spaces 120 feet wide between the abutments.

When the floods abate and the stream returns to its normal condition, the frames are replaced, the curtains lowered and the river is dammed back again to a depth of fourteen feet.

The reader who revels in statistics may like to know that the dam is 788 feet wide, which may be interpreted as pretty nearly one-sixth of a mile and that twenty-five thousand cubic yards of concrete were used in its construction. The mechanism employed in raising and lowering the frames consists of travelling electric cranes—four large ones for the frames and three smaller ones for the curtains, running on four steel tracks, stretching across the entire length of the bridge. These are operated from a power house located on the east side of the river.

Having the dam to give a uniform level of water from St. Andrew's to Winnipeg was one thing, but a no less necessary accessory was to have a lock to lower and raise vessels from one level to another. This has been built at the east side of the dam. It is 290 feet long, and 45 feet wide, affording a navigable depth of at least 9 feet at periods of lowest water.

The completion of these important

THE LOCK AT ST. ANDREW'S DAM

THROUGH WHICH SHIPS PASS ON THEIR WAY FROM WINNIPEG TO LAKE WINNIPEG

works at St. Andrew's was the first step in opening up a system of waterways, which will enable ships to be navigated right from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

Lake Winnipeg is a very large body of water, having an area between eight and nine thousand square miles, and a shore line of nearly eight hundred miles. There are some thirty steamers plying on its waters, and the opening of navigation up the Red River to Winnipeg has been a very great advantage to them.

Improving Spare Moments

IT is really wonderful how much can be gained by improving odds and ends of time in keen, analytical, observing, thinking, reading and studying. Think of the untold wealth locked up in the spare moments and long winter evenings of every life. It is possible to pick up an education in the odds and ends of time which most people throw away. If those who have been deprived of a college education would only make up their minds to get a substitute for it, they would be amazed to see what even the evenings of a few weeks devoted conscientiously to the college studies would accomplish. When a noted literary man was asked how he managed to accomplish so much with so little friction or apparent effort, he replied, "By organizing my time. To every hour its appointed task or duty, with no overlapping or infringements." There is a great deal of time wasted even in the busiest lives, which, if properly organized, might be used to advantage.

—*Great Thoughts.*

Hamar Greenwood
The Ever Conspicuous

By
A. L. McCredie

GOOD ideas are contagious. The world is still gasping at the prodigal imperialism of Sir Henry Pellatt in taking the Queen's Own Rifles to a summer drill at Aldershot, England. And now we are to have the King's Colonial Regiment, of London, coming to Canada for their annual twelve days!

This event is significant of the spirit which to-day increasingly moves all parts of our Empire toward better acquaintance. To some, however, other things are brought to mind. One of the originators of the King's Colonials—a regiment of colonials in London—was Hamar Greenwood, who, as Major of the regiment, comes to Canada with the rest. The present distinction in law, politics and under the colors, enjoyed by this stalwart Canadian, incites one to recall some incidents of his earlier history.

At one time a country school teacher, at all times positively gifted with a scorn for pettiness and for the regard for external appearances which we too often dignify by the name of conventionality, Greenwood is still remembered by all who knew him. It is said that when he enrolled at Toronto University as a freshman, his first appearance was in a disreputable "blazer" or tennis coat of many and glaring colors, trousers with a pronounced stripe and somewhat frayed at foot, and a dilapidated straw hat. One can imagine the opportunity "Tom"—as he was then best known—presented to the vivacious students, especially to those of the sophomore persuasion!

It is still recalled with secret pleasure by more than one stern professor that, despite all repressive measures, the school teacher "from the country" continued to sport his striking attire, even after winter had set in. The full flavor of "Tom's" satire, shown that first term in a silent half-smile, was not, however, appreciated until a year later. In his first Sophomore term he blossomed forth, dressed in frock coat of a delicate grey, the trousers always neatly pressed; flower in button-hole, patent leathers and silk hat!

It is worth reminding our readers that this was the same Tom Greenwood who, after braving the perils of the historic University students' strike, took ship for England—a cattle-ship by the way—to make his fortune at the heart of the Empire.

Using his remarkable talents as a platform speaker in lecturing, he won sustenance while winning his barrister's gown. Later, by virtue of that orator's gift and of a personality that has never failed to impress, he became a member of the House of Com-

mons in spite of the most difficult conditions. The country school teacher in the old straw hat has indeed progressed far enough and rapidly enough to vindicate the belief of his old friends that he was a man of exceptional individuality. He combines, indeed, three qualities, any one of which would go far to bring success: force of character almost cyclonic, suavity and judgment rare in one so virile, and a genius that is patient and far-sighted.

He is now kept—even for him—busy with important cases, chiefly before the bar of the Privy Council. Naturally, those cases are largely Canadian. Just now the Provinces of Quebec and British Columbia have him retained in their interest. Yet Hamar, as our English friends call him, will make time in his vacation to bring the regiment of London Colonials out to Canada for their annual twelve days' camp.

Some years ago the writer was invited by Robert Barr, the Canadian author of so many famous stories, to take lunch at Goldsmith's old tavern in Fleet Street, the "Cheshire Cheese." He took the liberty of bringing Greenwood along, and "Greek met Greek." After a long and interesting afternoon, Greenwood took his leave, Barr, the teller of tales, watching his disappearing figure, "I rather like that clean-cut friend of yours. In ten years, if he lives, he will be heard from," he said.

Barr was a prophet. But a prophet also had been that frock coat of Greenwood's second year at Varsity. From straw to silk!

A New Literary Luminary

MOST Canadians know very little about their country's literature, and, sad to say, seem to care still less about it. This is really not so much the fault of the people, as it is of the scarcity of authors of the first water. When a Ralph Connor emerges or a Robert W. Service is discovered, he receives a recognition of a most gratifying character. His books sell far up in the thousands and his fellow-countrymen take pride in his Canadian nationality.

But there is only one Ralph Connor, and no rival has as yet appeared to displace Service. In fact, apart from half a dozen authors, whose names have attained more than local fame, Canadian writers are almost a vanishing quantity. It is this very scarcity of outstanding authors that makes it so comparatively easy for a new writer to win a place for himself.

If all signs do not fail, a brilliant future is in store for the young clergyman, whose portrait appears on the opposite page. His first novel, "The Frontiersman," has just been published, with advance sales, which, for a new author's work, would seem to establish a record.

His field is the Yukon, where he spent seven years as a missionary, coming into close contact with the sterner elements of life as seen in that far-away field. The strange and vivid life of the far-away corner of the Dominion impressed him deeply and constrained him to picture its scenes and happenings in the form of a novel.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Cody is a great personal friend of Robert W. Service, and no doubt each owes to the other some of the inspiration which has gone into their respective work. The poet of the Yukon was Mr. Cody's vestry-clerk at White

Horse, and many were the earnest discussions they had together on literary topics in the log-built rectory.

Mr. Cody has a vivid recollection of passing the bank in which Service worked, one evening, and seeing the young bank clerk pounding away at the typewriter. At that time no one realized what he was doing, but these evening hours were spent in putting into shape for the printer, the stirring poems, which are so familiar today.

New Brunswick is the province which can lay claim to possessing Mr. Cody's birthplace. At a small village in Queen's County, called Cody's, after the family name, the future novelist was born in 1872. He was educated at St. John high school and King's College, Windsor, from which institution he graduated in 1895, being valedictorian of his class. He was ordained deacon in 1896 at Fredericton, and given charge of the parish of Greenwich. In 1898 he was advanced to the priesthood. After seven years of work as rector of Greenwich, he offered himself as a missionary to the late Bishop Bompas, and proceeded to the Yukon. His love and admiration for the Bishop were shown later on, when, after his death, he wrote an excellent biography of him.

To Charles G. D. Roberts, Mr. Cody owes no small portion of his literary ability. When an undergraduate at King's College, Roberts was the Professor of English, under whom he studied. Roberts was also

H. A. CODY, M.A.

president of the Haliburton Club and encouraged the members to write articles and stories. This club was a most interesting institution, entertaining from time to time men like Bliss Carman.

While resident in the Yukon, Mr. Cody entered a competition instituted by the Canadian Club of Dawson, and the directors of the Alaska-Yukon Exhibition, for the best essay on "The Resources and Advantages of the Yukon Territory," and won the first prize, demonstrating his ability to write.

The Highest Authority on Radio-Activity

Professor Ernest Rutherford, of Manchester University, is declared by *Current Literature* to be the highest living authority on radio-activity. Professor Rutherford is a Canadian and his services to science have but lately been recognized by the award of the Barnard gold medal, presented every five years to some illustrious scientist.

The work of Ernest Rutherford may be summed up as a demonstration that all matter, whether it be precious like gold

or common like the baser metals, is in essence, in its ultimate constituents, the same. That is to say, the minutest particles—be the scientific term for them what it may—of any element are the the same in ultimate essence as are the minutest particles of every other element. These infinitely small particles, however, are arranged in one way and in a certain proportion and quantity to make gold. They are arranged in another way and in another proportion to make lead. The idea might be conveyed by an illustration which the art of music supplies with fair fidelity. The notes that build up a popular air and the notes that build up a grand opera are in essence the same—do, re, mi, fa, sol and the rest. They are, however, differently arranged. In one case we have "Marching Through Georgia." Another mode of arrangement results in the "Carmen" of Berlioz. Now, in each form of matter, whatever the element, as the chemists say, the creator of the universe is playing a different tune, or drawing with the same pencils a different diagram, or building with the same bricks a different sort of structure. The name of one tune, to keep to the musical metaphor, is gold. The name of another, we will say, is silver. Yet the notes of the song —to put it literally, the minutest particles which pieced together make the thing called an element—are in their ultimate nature or essence identical. These illustrations are not intended as exact parallels, for they are mere analogies. But they indicate what Ernest Rutherford proved in his laboratory on the whole subiect of what is known in physics as radioactivity. He did not merely formulate theories after the fashion of the medieval alchemists.He demonstrated by experiment. The methods he employed are highly technical. The results he achieved are intelligible to the youngest pupil in physics.

Ernest Rutherford did more than solve the problem of the nature of matter. He proved that an element is forever transforming itself into some other element. Gold to put the matter in simple words, is striving all the time to become some other thing than gold. It succeeds in the long run—perhaps in a million years, more or less. Therefore the alchemists of the middle ages were theoretically correct. There does occur a transmutation of elements. Rutherford did not merely theorize about that. He demonstrated the fact. The base metals do not transmute themselves into the precious ones. It is the other way. There is "a breaking down," as physicists sav, of the precious into the base.

Herein we have the net result of the upheaval and excitement in the realm of the physical sciences due to the discovery of radium, or rather, to be quite precise, to the discovery of that property of matter which is styled radio-activity. It is due to the genius of Ernest Rutherford alone that the world realizes at last the meaning of the spontaneous emission of radiations or rays capable of passing through plates of metal. Science stood at first bewildered by cathode rays, Rontgen rays, X-rays. The immortal Becquerel discovered that potassium uranyl sulphate emitted rays which acted on a photographic plate enveloped in black paper. The Curies analyzed systematically the mineral pitchblende and dumbfounded phvsicists by isolating radium with its incredible emanations. J. J. Thomson investigated the conductivity through gases and split the atom into smaller particles. But what did it all mean? The old chemistry was exploded. The physics of the nineteenth century stood discredited. Rutherford explained everything. The series of experiments through the medium of which Rutherford established the fact of the transformation of elements supplemented the investigation of J. J. Thomson into the conductivity of electricity through gases. Both breathed the breath of life into the conception of this universe as a mass of what, for want of a better term, we may call entities. These entities were in their primitive state, minute, dissociated, chaotic. The old atom of chemistry would seem a mountain by comparison. These entities arranged themselves into elements. The force that impelled them was electrical. Matter, then, is a form of electricity, or a manifestation of electrical energy. Rutherford was not the first to suggest it, but his work in radio-activity drives the suggestion home. For the ultimate unit of matter, the essence of it, its indivisible particle, is the electron. One force in the universe tends to drive electrons together. There is a force in the universe which drives the electrons apart. The net result is an element. Only the expert could appreciate the labor and the learning with which Ernest Rutherford and J. J. Thomson proved so much.

Breaking the World's Tipping Record

And Cornering the Market in Tips

By G. W. Brock

WHEN trans-Atlantic trippers announce that a new record for extravagant tips has been established in the great tourist hotels of the continent, it is natural to assume that some rich American has been over there dealing out his gold with lavish hand. Yet it may surprise a good many stay-at-homes to learn that it is not an American millionaire at all who holds the blue ribbon to-day, but a Canadian—to be a little more precise, an ex-member of His Majesty's Canadian Cabinet—and that this gentleman has as a close second, another Canadian, a youthful multi-millionaire, of Montreal. These two travelers fairly paved their way with gold during a recent tour of the continent, leaving in their wake a gaping throng of astonished menials. The latter had been accustomed to lavish American visitors, but the munificence of these Canadians was beyond all precedent.

What a reversal of form this has been! Not so long ago Canadians were wont to express indignation at the way American tourists were spoiling servants at the summer resorts of this country. The tips bestowed at Murray Bay, St. Andrew's, Cobourg and Muskoka, not to mention other points, were deemed absurdly and quite unnecessarily large. But nowadays Canadians appear to have become educated up to the habit and they can even go their American cousins one better.

However much the custom of giving tips may be deprecated, it would seem to-day to be firmly established and it is really doubtful if it could ever be eradicated. Tipping, from being simply a haphazard, do-as-you-please affair, has developed into a system, run on business lines and protected by all the artifices of trust methods. While here in Canada the trust features have hardly yet emerged, in New York and other large centres they have now taken firm hold and are flourishing.

When the blissfully happy bridal couple, from some Ontario town, land in New York the morning after the great event and proceed to one of the big hotels, they naturally long to radiate happiness in all directions, and while the bridegroom, with lavish hand presses big silver pieces into the palms of bell-boy and porter, Mrs. Newly-Wed speculates as to the form of pleasure these lucky servants will purchase with their bounty.

Alas! If she only knew that the recipients of the tips are bound by the system to hand these gratuities over to their superiors, she would not have the same glowing sense of a kindly deed done and a poor worker made happy.

It was said of the late Edward S. Stokes that he required all the tips given his hotel employes to be turned over to him, and no employe was allowed to leave the house until he had emptied his pockets. New York city hotels of to-day now accomplish much the same thing by a different process. They sell out the tipping privileges at so much a month or year to trusted employes.

Coat room privileges in the larger hotels sell for from $5,000 to $10,000 per annum and one hotel is alleged to have received as high as $50,000 for its combined privileges, let to tip collectors. Notwithstanding the high prices paid, the men owning tip stands gathered in more than $100,000 from generous visitors.

Take a large hotel, entertaining only the wealthiest persons. Vehicles arrived at least two sides of it. At each entrance stands the man who helps persons out and calls their vehicles when wanted. He has a corps of assistants. The lowest price paid the hotel proprietor for the door privilege in New York is $75 a month, or $900 a year, for medium sized hotels. The highest price paid is $10,000 a year. The doorman has a day shift and a night shift. The day shift catches the big afternoon tea gatherings, the lunches and day entertainments, such as musicales and lectures. The night shift gets the diners and the after theatre supper eaters.

Every person arriving in a vehicle hands the doorman from twenty-five cents to $1, and some are even more liberal. There are also many residents of the city who go several times a week to teas or to dine. These, as a rule, do not hand the doorman a tip each time, but once or twice a year present him with sums of from $5 to $25. He knows personally all of these resident patrons and gives them his best service. All of the tips taken by the doorman's employes are turned over to him, the employes getting only regular wages.

It is the coat room privileges for which the hotel proprietor receives one of the highest rentals. There is a story that when the palm room of one of the big hotels was opened as a novelty several years ago the tip revenue of the hotel averaged $110,000 for two years from checking hats and outer garments alone. The very large price of $50,000 a year was said to have been paid by the owner of the tip taking privilege for checking garments alone.

Then other hotels built equally pleasant palm rooms, dividing the crowds and patronage, so that the palm room dwindled as a money-maker, and now pays the corporation and the owner of the checking privilege only one-fifth the former revenues.

The afternoon tea is quite the biggest tip gatherer of to-day. A large orchestra is the drawing card, and women find it just the place to display their latest costumes. At the door of the tea room stands a corps of valets in English knickerbockers, who remove wraps from women and take hats and coats from men. Elsewhere there is a woman's cloak room with women valets.

One man owns this check priviledge both at the restaurant doors and the women's room, for which he pays the hotel corporation not less than $10,000 a year, his revenue being two and one-half to three times that sum. Every tip paid to any of his employes is turned over to him. He and all other men owning hotel and restaurant tip privileges are employes of the hotel or restaurant, receiving small salaries, and the hotel is responsible for them and for all garments confided to their care. The owner of the tea room privilege stands among his men, his watchful eye taking in constantly the progress of tip gathering.

The tips received vary from ten to twenty-five cents per person, but these are often increased by liberal spenders and on special occasions. Women pay the smallest tips and the privilege owner depends on the men

who are striving to make a show of wealth for his principal revenue. The "good old summer time" would be bad for him but for the fact that he has got an iron in the fire at some big summer resort. For about seven months, however, things are all his own way.

The bootblack privileges are divided in different hotels. In some the shoe stands are owned by Italians, who are gradually getting a monopoly of them. In other hotels the head porter owns the shoe stand outfit. It is predicted by some hotelmen that the porter must go, that is, retire to the privilege of handling baggage only, which is quite enough for him as a money getter. It is better for a hotel, it is asserted, to sell the shoe stand to an Italian, who is always there with his assistants, while stands run by the head porter may be deserted time and again by all the porters being busy in various parts of the house handling baggage.

With scarcely an exception all head porters of hotels have retired wealthy from tips, which they take from all the under porters. No matter who gets the money the tip goes to the head porter. When a patron on departure seeks out the head porter and hands him a bill of from $1 to $10 he also pays the porter who handles his trunks a quarter or half dollar, and this ultimately gets into the head porter's pocket.

The bellboy privilege is also drifting into the hands of one man, although this system is not yet general. Where a man buys the bell hop privilege from a hotel he must take in green boys and train them for their duties in order to get the tips they receive. No experienced boy who has been accustomed to receive tips would consent to work for mere wages. Some day, it is believed, all the latter class will be run out of hotels and the new regime will take possession, so that when one fees the boy for ice water or stationery one will be really tipping the owner of the privilege.

Dining room tip privileges are absolutely in the hands of the head waiters, who, while not taking all the gratuities received by waiters, receive a liberal share. Enter almost any dining room in New York of the first-class, and it will be seen that the best tables are always occupied by the best spenders, and the same waiters always attend these tables. These are the preferred waiters of the dining room who are giving up the largest percentage of their tips to the head waiter.

New York has a large and growing class of spenders of whom every first class dining room keeps a list. No matter what the occasion, even the New Year's Eve dinner, when all the tables in New York are reserved, let one of these spenders telephone for a table and he will get it, and a good one, too. A spender means from $15 to $25 a plate for each one of his party for the hotel. It means $5 to $10 for the head waiter personally, $2 to the captain who takes the order and $2 to the waiter who serves. The coat man who checks the party's outer apparel and the door man who opens their vehicle before the collation and helps lift them in after it get at least $1 each. A sample midnight dinner for four persons at one of the most prominent hotels means $100 for the hotel and $16 for tips.

Down in the kitchens of many hotels an entirely different regime is in vogue. Not many tips drift downstairs, except as some departing or permanent patron sends a contribution to the chef. Light, however, has been let into the regions of the kitchen in a pamphlet issued in Boston by James M. Bishop, who charges that in every city is a chef's club, and that all employes of kitchens are engaged solely through these clubs, which take at least ten per cent. of their wages. These employes must also pay the chef who takes them on $25, except the second cook, who is left immune on condition that he agrees not to take, or strive to take,

the chef's position. Mr. Bishop charges that $2,000,000 is annually taken in "kitchen graft."

Even the elevator men in many big hotels are now syndicated by one tip taker. On Christmas every elevator gets a full box, contributed to by every patron in the house. The permanent patrons put up various and large sums, the transients pay as they come and go. All this money now goes to one man who has purchased the privilege from the hotel.

Tips received in big hotels range from $100,000 to $250,000 a year—tidy sums to be divided up among several men owning the privileges to collect them. In other words, a round sum which cannot be estimated, but which must run into millions, represents the annual incomes of syndicated tip takers in New York.

In addition to the hotel system the tip taking privileges of large opera houses and theatres are often sold outright to one man. In many apartment houses, too, one cannot get a card taken up to a resident without first tipping the elevator man.

In such large hotels in Canada as the Windsor in Montreal, the King Edward in Toronto and the Alexandra in Winnipeg, which are patronized by wealthy travelers from all parts of the world, tipping has reached big proportions. A waiter in the King Edward bar will average $15.00 a day, according to report, and this sum is usually made up principally of dimes. While as yet tipping privileges have not been farmed out in Canada, yet no doubt the day is not far distant when this very modern system will be introduced here.

A variety of views on the subject of tipping are held by different people, from the man who disapproves entirely of the practice, to the man who believes in going everybody else one better. It is said of one Toronto financier, whose name is probably more frequently in the mouths of Canadians than that of any other man, that the only tips he will bestow are on waiters and he limits his gratuities to them on principle, believing that they are the only class deserving of such consideration.

Quite the reverse is true of a notorious promoter, hailing from the same city, who was also very much in the public eye not long ago. He, it was, who went to the extent of tipping a carriage agent two dollars simply for beckoning a coachman to drive up to a hotel door.

There is a proper course to pursue, of course, and it will probably be found to lie within these limits.

Plenty of Time

TIME is something almost everyone wants more of, while few make good use of what they have. The man who has least time is the man who does least with his time; and the man who always has time for one thing more is the man who has already done several things more, to-day, than most men. We need to remember Addison's warning: "We are always complaining our days are few and acting as if there were no end of them." A concentrated, purposeful, terribly in earnest use of every minute of one's abundance of time will solve the problem of "more time" for anyone. Without that, the more time one had, the worse off for time he would be.

—*Great Thoughts.*

The Inspiration of Work Well Done

By Orison Swett Marden

DID you ever notice how much better you feel after having done a superb piece of work, how much more you think of yourself, how it tones up your whole character? What a thrill one feels when contemplating his masterpiece, the work into which he has put the very best that was in him, the very best of which he was capable! This all comes from obeying the natural law within us to do things right, as they should be done, just as we feel an increase of self-respect when we obey the law of justice, of integrity within us.

There is everything in holding a high ideal of your work. For whatever model the mind holds, the life copies. What we think, that we become. Never allow yourself for an instant to harbor the thought of deficiency, inferiority.

A famous artist said he would never allow himself to look at an inferior drawing or painting, to do anything that was low or demoralizing, lest familiarity with inferiority should taint his own ideal and thus be communicated to his brush.

Reach to the highest, cling to it. Take no chances with anything that is inferior. Whatever your vocation, *let quality be your life-slogan.*

Many excuse poor, slipshod work on the plea of lack of time. But in the ordinary situations of life, there is plenty of time to do everything as it ought to be done, and if we form the habit of excellence, of doing everything to a finish, our lives would be infinitely more satisfactory, more complete, there would be a wholeness, instead of the incompleteness that characterizes most lives.

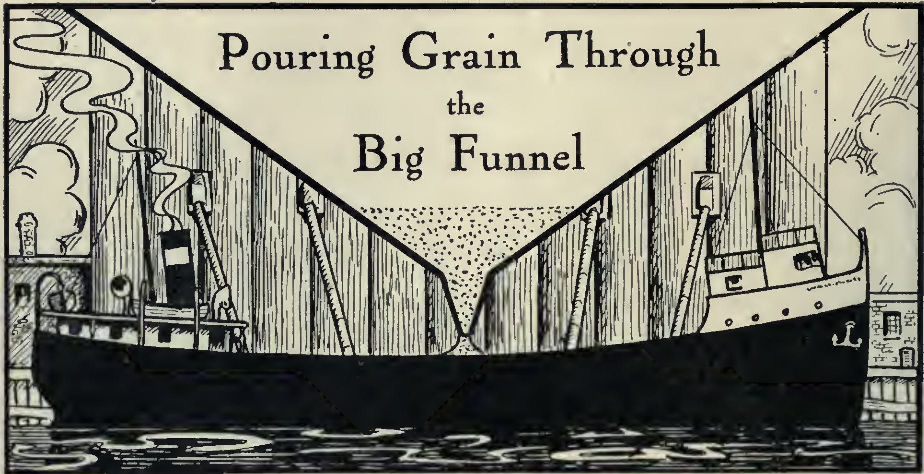
There is an indescribable superiority added to the very character and fibre of the man who always and everywhere puts quality into his work.

There is a sense of wholeness, of satisfaction, of happiness, in his life which is never felt by the man who does not do his level best every time. He is not haunted by the ghosts or tail-ends of half-finished tasks, of skipped problems; is not kept awake by a troubled conscience.

When we are striving for excellence in everything we do, the whole life grows, improves. Everything looks up when we struggle up; everything looks down when we are going down hill. Aspiration lifts the life; groveling lowers it.

It is never a merely optional question whether you do a thing right or not, whether you half do it or do it to a finish, there is an eternal principle involved, which, if you violate, you pay the penalty in deterioration, in the lowering of your standards, in the loss of self-respect, in diminished efficiency, a dwarfed nature, a stunted, unsuccessful life.

Don't think you will never hear from a half-finished job, a neglected or botched piece of work. It will never die. It will bob up farther along in your career at the most unexpected moments, in the most embarrassing situations. It will be sure to mortify you when you least expect it. Like Banquo's grost, it will arise at the most unexpected moments to mar your happiness.



How the Western Wheat Crop is Handled by the Elevators of the Twin Cities

By T. M. Ralston

IN the short space of time between the commencement of the western grain harvest and the sealing up of the Great Lakes by King Winter, last fall, forty three million bushels of grain were handled through the great terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur and started on their journey oceanward.

Forty-three million bushels! The entire wheat crop of the Canadian West last year was about one hundred and twenty-five million bushels, so that in this short space of about eighty days one third of the yield of Canada's great granary passed through the twin cities at the head of the Great Lakes.

Forty-three million bushels! The words scarcely tell the tale to the uninitiated, because it is hard to realize just what they mean. But forty-three million bushels means just forty-three thousand cars, as each freight car has a capacity one thousand bushels.

Forty-three thousand cars! What does this mean? The average train of grain coming to these ports brings from sixty to seventy cars, so good are the facilities provided for the handling of this immense business by the railroad companies. Say seventy cars for the sake of brevity and it will at once be seen that over six thousand trains loaded with grain came into Fort William and Port Arthur in the brief period mentioned.

At the first opportunity count the number of cars of an ordinary freight train. There may be fifty, but the chances are that thirty will be nearer the number. Then figure if you can how long a train of seventy cars will be. Figure again and see if you can by any stretch of the imagination determine how far six thousand trains of seventy cars each will reach. If you can do this you will be able to form a faint idea of the magnitude to which the grain handling business at the head of the lakes has grown.

Official figures for the past year have just been completed and show that during the year eighty-nine million bushels of grain have been handled through the immense terminal ele-

vators at Fort William and Port Arthur. Eighty-nine million bushels means eigthy-nine thousand cars, or nearly thirteen thousand of those trains of seventy cars each.

The transporting of these almost innumerable cars to the head of the lakes is only the beginning of the story, however. After the grain leaves the cars it must be transhipped to the lake boats, immense leviathans, three, four, five and even six hundred feet long, waiting to carry it to the ocean and even across the ocean.

Stepping off the train or boat at Fort William or Port Arthur, the giant grain elevators are the first sight that strikes the eye of the stranger and these great storage houses reaching skyward, bear elequent testimony to the important part in the industrial life of the Dominion that the wheat fields of the west have assumed.

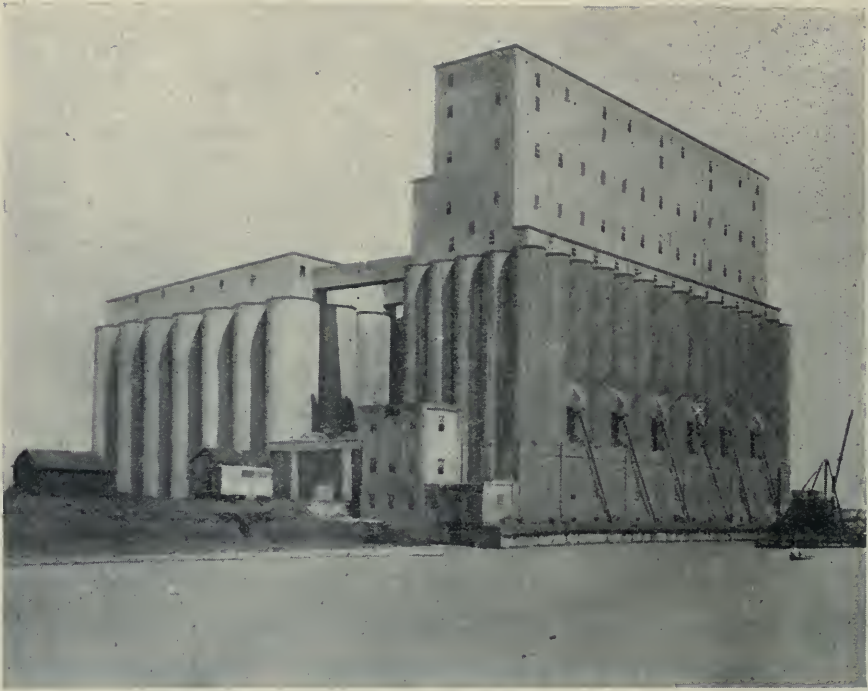
There are sixteen big elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, sixteen big storage and loading houses with a total storage capacity of nearly thirty million bushels; sixteen elevators that can unload fifteen hundred cars of grain every day and that could, if the occasion required it and if enough boats could be secured, discharge through their spouts into the holds of vessels nearly ten million bushels in the same few hours.

Fort William and Port Arthur, although in the near west, have the true western spirit. Step off the train or boat and a dozen citizens are always willing to tell you of the present greatness of these cities and the still greater things to come. But the huge elevators are there now, and one of the first things that will be told the visitor will be that, "we have the biggest grain elevators in the world." It's true, too. Over in Port Arthur the Canadian Northern's "A" and "B" hold seven million bushels, or a seventeenth part of last year's crop. The visitor will be told, "IT" (with special emphasis on this word) "is the biggest elevator in the world."

But go over to Fort William and some citizen of that city will have a fund of information for your benefit. He will take you gently, but firmly by the hand and lead you over to the Mission where the Grand Trunk Pacific has ready for the handling of this year's crop, an elevator to which he will point with pride and will say,

ASSEMBLY YARDS AT FORT WILLIAM

Here the Grain is Inspected as it Arrives from the West



NEW ELEVATOR OF THE G.T.P. AT THE MISSION, FORT WILLIAM

This is the Largest Single Elevator in the World, now Ready to Store Grain. Capacity Four Million Bushels

"There is the biggest elevator in the world. Holds four million bushels and is the first unit of a string of ten which the Grand Trunk Pacific will have here in a few years. Their plans call for ten of them with a total capacity of forty million bushels. In other words one railroad company will have storage capacity at Fort William for a third of last year's crop.

If the visitor protests, remembering the word of his Port Arthur friend, and intimates that the other city has a seven million elevator, your guide will smile pityingly and say, "Why there are two elevators together there and they hold three and a half million bushels apiece," dismissing with scorn the suggestion that a building capable of storing thirty-five hundred cars of wheat has any claim to distinction.

The Canadian Pacific also has a few elevators in Fort William, no less than five, the largest, "D", with a three and a half million capacity being strung along the harbor front.

This tells the story of what has been provided at the Canadian head of the lakes for the storage and transhipment of grain. But until one goes into the figures or visits these cities at a busy season the magnitude of the business is hard to realize. The busy times are the spring and fall when anywhere from twenty-five to forty of the great lake freighters are either in the shadow of the elevators, with grain pouring into the holds of each from a dozen spouts or awaiting their turn at these same elevators. A trip down the Kaministiquia, the river on which Fort William is situated, at this time is a revelation. Right from the Consolidated, three miles up, to the Empire at the river's mouth will be seen a string of boats, all big and all waiting for, or already loaded with that same commodity, wheat.

TAKING THE GRAIN FROM ELEVATOR TO BINS
A View of the Belt which Carries the Grain to the Bins

THE CIRCULAR BINS THAT HOLD THE WHEAT
A Scene in One of the Big Elevators, Looking Down on the Tops of the Bins

LOADING A GRAIN BOAT AT ELEVATOR "B," FORT WILLIAM

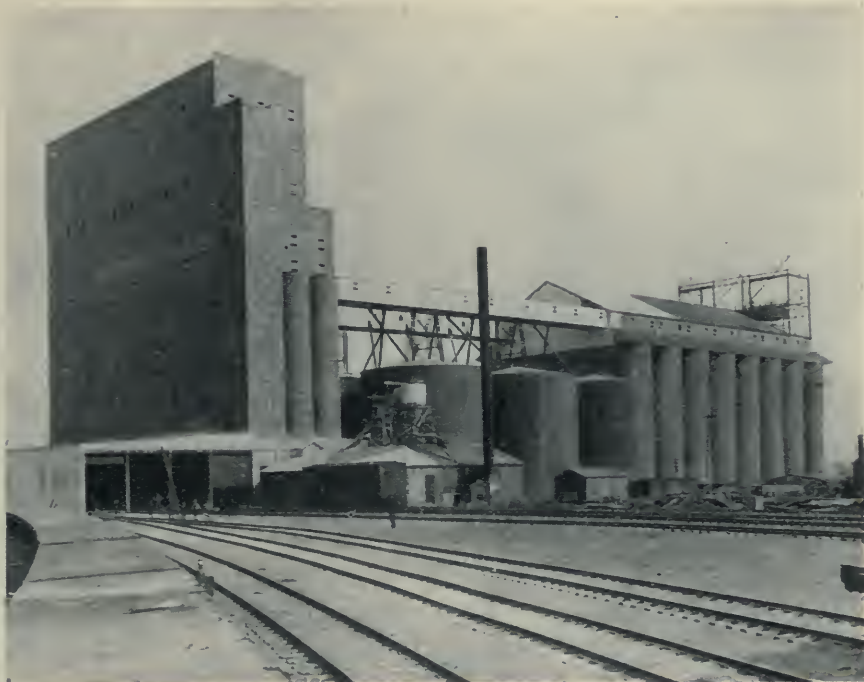
TEN MILEION BUSHELS EVERY TEN HOURS CAN BE LOADED BY THE TWIN CITIES' ELEVATORS

In the handling of the grain at the head of the lakes, the Canadian Government plays an important part. At the present time there is an increasing agitation throughout the west for Government ownership, or at least Government operation of terminal elevators, and allegations of graft in connection with the business are flying thick and fast. How true these charges may be it is not the purpose of this article to find out, but it does seem as if the Government had taken every possible precaution, except perhaps the absolute taking over of the houses, to secure a square deal for all concerned.

The various grades of the grain are set by act of Parliament and everywhere around the yards and elevators are Government inspectors and their assistants. A train load of grain reaches the assembly yard and before it goes to the elevator to be unloaded the inspectors pass on it. The grain has already been through one Government inspection in the west and a car is first examined to see that it has not been tampered with since the western inspector sealed it. Then samples are taken from a dozen different places and levels in the car and inspected and the western grading either confirmed or changed, generally the former, as it is seldom that the officials at this point find it necessary to dispute the judgment of their brothers further west.

Then the car is resealed and goes to the elevator. Here another inspector is waiting and the seals are again examined and if everything is found all right the car is unloaded, its load being carried by endless belts, to the scales where another inspector is waiting to see it weighed and from there it is carried on to the top of the building and dumped into the storage tanks.

The inspectors are on hand again when the grain is shipped out. They watch the weighing once more, then

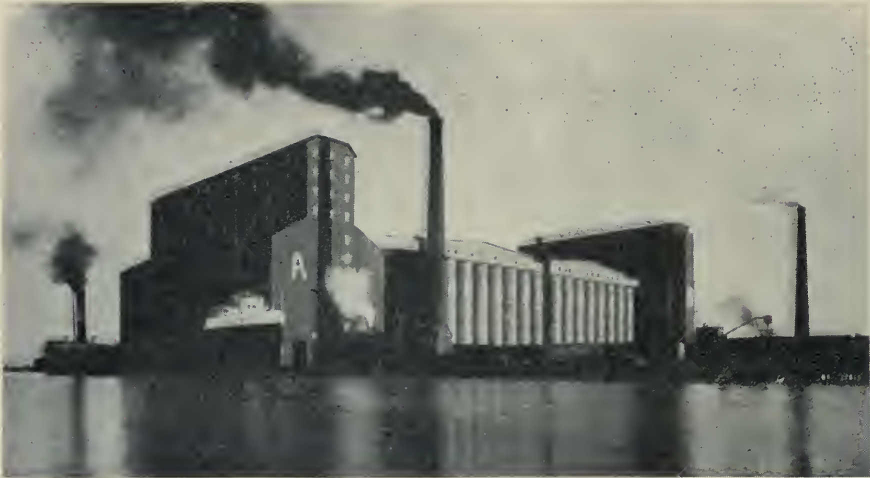


ELEVATOR "D" OF THE C.P.R.

RECENTLY REBUILT, WITH A CAPACITY OF 3,500,000 BUSHELS. THE PICTURE SHOWS WHERE THE CARS ARE RUN IN TO BE UNLOADFD

A SECTION OF FORT WILLIAM HARBOR

IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE DECK OF A BIG LAKE LINER, SHOWING THE LENGTH OF THE BOATS



THE CANADIAN NORTHERN ELEVATORS "A" AND "B" AT PORT ARTHUR

THESE ELEVATORS HAVE A TOTAL CAPACITY OF SEVEN MILLION BUSHELS

see that the grade is what is called for and finally when a boat clears it carries a certificate signed by the officials of the Canadian Government showing the quantity and quality of the cargo carried.

Not a bushel of grain is handled at the terminal elevators at the head of the lakes except under the direct supervision of Government inspectors.

One tank of these great elevators may hold grain belonging to a dozen different firms. A buyer in the west may ship fifty thousand bushels of wheat down to the lake front for storage, but so soon as it reaches this point and is placed in the houses it loses its identity. For when the owner delivers it for storage he is given a receipt calling for fifty thousand bushels of grain of the grade he has stored. When the time comes for reshipment and he presents his storage receipt he may be given grain from an elevator two miles away from the one in which his original purchase is stored. But it is grain of the same grade, "Number one Northern" or whatever it may be and alike as to quality and value.

To make this possible the Lake Shippers' Clearance Association came into being a year or so ago. This is simply an organization of the grain shippers and they maintain an officer in Fort William to look after their interests. A shipper sends down a quantity of grain and the storage receipts go to this association of which he is a member. A boat is chartered to carry it down the lakes and the association designates from what elevator it shall be taken.

But this is not the chief value of the association to the grain shippers. Formerly when a boat received her loading orders the captain would probably find that he was to take perhaps fifty thousand bushels from one elevator, five from another, twenty from another, and so on, but perhaps all of the same grade. This meant going to several different elevators, two or three miles apart likely, perhaps to every elevator in the two cities, thus losing much valuable time changing berths. But now the association, having the storage receipts, knows just what is in every elevator and directs the boat where to go for its load. In consequence it is generally the case now that a boat can go under the spouts of a single elevator, receive its full load, whether

consigned to one or a dozen firms, and the captain can proceed on his way rejoicing.

It is a big business the handling of the wheat crop of the west at the head of the lakes. Its growth marks the growth of the west, for one does not have to be the "oldest inhabitant" to remember when the first elevator was built in these two cities.

The rapid growth is best told by the figures given out from the chief Government Inspector's office. The total for the year just passed, handled through these ports, that is from September 1st, 1909, to August 31st, 1910, was a few bushels short of eighty-nine millions. For the preceding year it was sixty-five millions and for the year before that, forty-seven millions. These are figures that tell of the development of the Canadian West.

What will another decade show?

Readiness

By Rev. S. Baring Gould

READINESS demands great agility of mind, quickness of apprehension, and promptness of resolve; and it is this quality that is not largely developed in Englishmen.

Their maxium is Slow and Sure, and too often they stand on the river brink waiting for the water to run away before venturing to cross over. In conversation it is readiness that gives sparkle. In modern novels the dialogue is full of vivacity and repartee. But in real life there is little of that. The author lays aside his pen and thinks, and as a result of thought sets down a witticism in the conversation he is giving. Actually, how often we lie awake at night thinking what a *bon mot* we might have said when the occasion offered, but we lacked the promptitude to bring it out.

Readiness enables us to extricate ourselves from difficult positions. The fifth Earl of Berkeley often declared that he would never yield to a single highwayman, though he did not profess that he could hold his own against numbers. One night, when crossing Hounslow Heath, his traveling carriage was stopped by a horseman, who put his head in at the window, and said, "I believe you are Lord Berkeley?" "I am." "And I have heard that you have boasted that you would never surrender to a single highwayman?" "I have." "Well"—presenting a pistol—"I am a single highwayman, and I say: 'Your money or your life.'" "You cowardly hound," said Lord Berkeley; "do you think I can't see your confederate skulking behind you?" The highwayman, who actually was alone, looked hurriedly round, and Lord Berkeley shot him through the head. That was readiness. An Irishman and a Frenchman have much more agile brains than the ordinary Englishman; they are able to make a compliment or turn aside anger with a happy remark, where an English or Scotch man would be dumb. The other day a man carrying on his shoulder a grandfather's clock ran against a Frenchman as he turned a corner, and knocked him down. The Frenchman picked himself up and said, "Monsieur, next time you do walk the streets, put your watch in your pocket." An Englishman would have stormed.

A couple of Jews were in a railway accident. Some time afterwards they met. "Well," said one, "what did you make out of the accident? I got a hundred pounds damages." "I," replied the other, "made a thousand pounds by it." "Why, how did you manage that, Nathan?" "Oh, Samuel, I had the presence of mind to jump on my wife Rachel's face."

Demoralization of Inferior Work

By Orison Swett Marden

NOTHING kills ambition or lowers the life standard quicker than familiarity with inferiority—that which is cheap, the "Cheap John" method of doing things. We unconsciously become like that with which we are habitually associated. It becomes part of us, and the habit of doing things in an inferior, slovenly way weaves its fatal defects into the very texture of the character.

We are so constituted that the quality which we put into our life-work affects everything else in our lives, and tends to bring our whole conduct to the same level. The whole person takes on the characteristics of one's usual way of doing things. The habit of precision and accuracy affects the entire mentality, improves the whole character.

On the contrary, doing things in a loose-jointed, slipshod, careless manner deteriorates the whole mentality, demoralizes the entire mental processes, and brings down the whole life.

Every half-done or slovenly job that goes out of your hands leaves its trace of demoralization behind, takes a bit from your self-respect. After slighting your work, after doing a poor job, you are not quite the same man you were before. You are not so likely to try to keep up the quality of your work, not so likely to regard your word as sacred as before. You incapacitate yourself from doing your best in proportion to the number of times you allow yourself to do inferior, slipshod work.

The mental and moral effect of half-doing, or carelessly doing things; its power to drag down, to demoralize, can hardly be estimated, because the processes are so gradual, so subtle. No one can respect himself who habitually botches his work, and when self-respect drops, confidence goes with it; and when confidence and self-respect have gone, excellence is impossible.

It is astonishing how completely a slovenly habit will gradually, insidiously fasten itself upon the individual and so change his whole mental attitude as to thwart absolutely his life-purpose, even when he may think he is doing his best to carry it out.

One's ambition and ideals need constant watching and cultivation, in order to keep the standards up. Many people are so constituted that their ambition deteriorates and their ideals drop when they are alone, or with careless, indifferent people. They require the constant assistance, suggestion, prodding, or example, of others to keep them up to standard.

Johnnie

The Fulfillment of a Young Man's Ambition

By Fayr Madoc

I.

JOHNNIE, walking home from his office one cold evening in the merry month of May, looked down into the kitchens of the fine houses in Queen's Gate, and wished that he were going to dine in one of the handsomely-curtained dining-rooms above. It was seven o'clock, and the most savory odors came floating up from the areas, and in one kitchen the wayfarer could espy a splendid joint hanging before the fire, and in another the cook could be seen beating a toothsome custard. But whether the viands were visible or not, it was evident that, all along the line, people were going to dine, and to dine well, too.

It was a tantalizing thought for a hungry man, and Johnnie was a very hungry man. True, he had dined off a mutton-chop about half-past one, but he had had no extras to this simple fare, and of the luxury of afternoon tea he knew nothing. Indeed, of any gastronomic luxuries he was ignorant. Breakfast of coffee and bread and butter, with perhaps a dried haddock or a slice of cold bacon, dinner at a restaurant, and when he got home, a meal which was called supper, but which consisted of tea and toast, garnished with a sardine or a spoonful of grated cheese; this was what Johnnie had grown tall upon.

He was abnormally tall—a great deal too tall for his width, and he did not look robust. Nevertheless, he was five-and-twenty, and his health had never yet failed him, and he had worked hard since he was 16, and had supported himself and helped to support his mother and his delicate sister.

Johnnie never complained. He had his day-dreams, of course, and his fine aspirations. He wanted to dine in great houses, he longed to associate with gentlemen; in fine, he craved society, but he never showed any signs of discontent. He came of the grand old stock that has made England what she is, and though he could not count a hundred earls among his forbears, he was as staunch and brave as if his shield had had 24 quarterings.

But on this evening, as he walked through Queen's Gate to his mean little home beyond Lillie Bridge, he was seized with what he was wont comically to call "the tenth commandment disease." He was restless; his heart was full; his intellect was quick. In short, he coveted.

He saw other young men, fresh from their Bond Street tailors, dashing about in hansoms, and he envied them. He longed for some of their opportunities, their possibilities. If he could change places with one of these only for a week! If he could only go in and out of these high, wide houses, call a hansom a dozen times a day, wear a good hat and neat boots, above all, dine at such a table as he had read of in novelettes, and talk on equal terms to the gilded youth, whose easy chairs he so much

admired! Nay, nay! He must not be a prince unless his mother, who worked so hard in her wretched little "Select School for Young Gentlemen," which was attended by the sons of greengrocers and fishmongers, might be a queen and cease from her labors, and unless Bessie might be a princess, with a fur boa around her neck and guineas in her pocket to get advice for her cough.

He was a good fellow, unselfish to the core, and his mother and Bessie reigned in his heart. He was cultivated enough, being an assiduous reader of newspapers, and a frequenter of the free library, and he felt that he could hold his own intellectually among the rich and educated Queen's Gaters; but to climb, like Jack, up the beanstalk, and leave his mother and sister behind—oh, no!

Suddenly, as he pondered over these things, the door of a house opened, and a man came rushing down the steps.

"Hullo, Vincent, old man! You're just the fellow I want."

"You mistake. My name is Wright," said Johnnie mildly.

The stranger recoiled. He was a handsome man, of the vulgar type, flashily dressed, about ten years Johnnie's senior. He stared at Johnnie for a moment. Then he put his hand on his arm again.

"Surely I can't be mistaken," he said earnestly. "Hang it, man, there can't be two Vincents! I never saw such a likeness. You're pulling me by the leg, my boy!"

"My name is Wright," repeated Johnnie.

Again the stranger went backward.

"Odd!" he muttered. "And the very fac-simile! Might be his twin. Well, can't be helped. I'm in a pretty fix." He glanced at his watch. "Must be off in a couple of jiffs."

"What is it?" asked Johnnie, good-naturedly.

"A deuce of a nuisance," said the man. "I'm all alone in here with a little kid of mine that I can't leave, and don't want to take hanging around a station. Fact is, I've got to go and meet my wife at Victoria, and I don't know what to do with the youngster, and when I saw you coming along, I said to myself, 'Vincent's the best chap alive. He'll stop with Percy!' And then blest if you say you're not Vincent!"

"I'm not Vincent. But if I could be of any use," began Johnnie, unguardedly.

"Could you? Would you?" cried the man eagerly. "Would you stay with the kid while I fetch his mother?"

"How long?" asked Johnnie.

"An hour. An hour and a half at the outside."

"All right."

"A thousand thanks." The stranger drew Johnnie inside the house, and shouted, "Percy." Then a little boy of four years old came running out of the back room, holding his finger shyly in his mouth. The man took him up and kissed him. Then he put him into Johnnie's arms.

"Be a good boy, and do what this gentleman tells you till daddy comes back," he said. "He won't be any trouble," he added, looking at Johnnie. "There's supper somewhere about; help yourself. In two hours, at the very stretch. Au revoir, Mr. Wright."

In a moment he was gone. The door slammed behind him, and Johnnie, making a dash after him, saw his disappearing round a corner. He turned to the child in his arms

"Who was that?" he said.

"Daddy."

"And where's mammy?"

"Dunno."

There was no information to be extracted from the child, and Johnnie proceeded to search for the supper. But the cupboard was bare He could find nothing but a crust of bread, and for this little Percy held out his hand.

"I want it," he said, distinctly, and Johnnie gave it to him.

"He must be back by nine o'clock," he said, trying to reassure himself; and he amused the child till the little

fellow fell asleep. Then Johnnie laid him on the bed in the back room. The rest of the house was empty.

"Daddy," Percy explained, with the astuteness that the children of adventurers often acquire, "Daddy's keeping the house, but he ain't much good. He owes a lot. It's because of them things," and he pointed to a pack of cards.

"So I'm dished!" thought Johnnie, as he sat beside the sleeping child, and the hours glided by. For Percy's daddy did not return, and about midnight, Johnnie, cold and exhausted for want of food, fell asleep himself in an uncomfortable, straight-backed arm-chair.

How long he lay there, dreaming uneasily that he was always swarming down areas with delicious smells in his nostrils, only to find when he reached the bottom that the kitchen was empty, he did not know; but he awoke suddenly at the sound of a violent knock at the door, and he started up.

"Mother and Bessie have wired," he said to himself, as he crossed the vestibule. Then he recalled to mind that they knew nothing about him, and he laughed as he undid the door.

The postman looked at him suspiciously. With that queer-sounding laughter on his lips, with his hair dishevelled and his dress in disorder he looked like a lunatic.

"Anyone of the name of Wright?" said the functionary.

Johnnie grasped the letter, and, in his eagerness, he let the man go without asking for any information concerning Percy's father.

The letter was addressed to— Wright, Esq., and it ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I must apologize for leaving you stranded with my young hopeful, but as I have overrun the constable and am obliged to cross to the Continent to-night, I was compelled to look around for someone to take the poor little devil, and when I saw you I saw you were a soft-hearted sort of fool, and I acted accordingly. I've got no wife, and I know no one of the name of Vincent, and I'd never seen anyone a bit like you before. But I'm what they call a physiognomist, and I saw you weren't one to let a child starve. So I did the trick, and I apologize, as I said above. Yours, awfully pressed for time, R. Stevens.

"P.S.—My wife was well-connected, and the little beggar's grandfather is Lord Weybourne. If he won't do anything for the kid, and you aren't so soft as you look, he must go to the Foundling."

II.

Late that afternoon Johnnie presented himself at the town residence of the Earl of Weybourne, and he requested to see his lordship on important business. He was a very different man from the Johnnie who had walked through Queen's Gate barely 24 hours before, looking down the areas and breaking the tenth commandment. Then he had been light-hearted and happy; now a weight of dreadful responsibility had settled upon him. Then he had been well, if hungry; now he had caught a fearful cold in that night spent fasting in an armchair, and he felt ridiculously ill.

He had concealed his feelings as much as he could from his mother, who was always anxious if he so much as sneezed—as a mother is apt to be whose husband has died of consumption at less than thirty, and one of whose two children is already in a decline—but he had felt scarcely able to crawl to Lord Weybourne's house across the park, and when he reached the door he was ready to faint. He pulled himself together, however—considering that it was puerile to be knocked up by one night out of bed—and spoke sternly to the footman.

It is not always easy to gain access to a great man, but Johnnie, by his mother's advice, had written to announce his coming, and something in his manly simple address had touched the earl, and he had given orders that Mr. Wright should be admitted. So

Johnnie was shown into a comfortable little room, where a fire crackled and to which the east wind did not penetrate, and he threw himself down upon a couch and gave himself up, for the first time in his life, to entirely comfortable surroundings. He was warm; he lay soft; no smells or sounds assailed him; he slept for an instant and thought he was in Heaven. But he was only in a rich man's simplest apartment.

While he awaited the interview he thought of little Percy, who was a pretty child, with winning ways, and he wondered whether Lord Weybourne would let him come sometimes to see his grandson. He never thought of the possibility of the child being repudiated. His mother, poor as she was, had gathered the little one to her heart, and Bessie, coughing more than usual because of the agitation and anxiety of that night of watching for the absent brother, had never reproached him for bringing home another mouth to feed. They had made a joke of it; they had bantered Johnnie on his credulity, he, a Londoner, and so easily taken in! The laughter had helped Johnnie to conceal his illness, and he had gone off to his office owning to be "tired." He was more than tired now. He was so much fatigued that his weariness amounted to pain. But he threw it from him; he was angry. Tch! that one night of discomfort should upset him thus. It was not to be borne.

When the footman came for him he followed the servant slowly, for his feet were heavy and his head ached; but when he reached Lord Weybourne's presence he suddenly became alert and forgot that he was weary. In a large and beautiful room, furnished as Johnnie had never conceived possible, stood a young man, scarcely older than himself, with his back to the fire, a bright light in his eyes and a pleasant tune upon his lips. He came forward, and as he drew near Johnnie stood still.

"There is some mistake," he said, blankly. "You cannot be anyone's grandfather."

"No," said the other, laughing gaily. "Didn't you want to see me? You wrote."

"I wanted to see Lord Weybourne," said Johnnie.

"Well, I am Lord Weybourne."

"And there is no other?"

"No."

"But," said Johnnie, grasping at a straw, "you have only been Lord Weybourne for a short time?"

"For fifteen years—since I was eleven. But sit down, Mr. Wright. You look ill and tired. What did you want of Lord Weybourne?"

Then Johnnie handed him Stevens' letter.

"I never had an aunt," said Lord Weybourne. "This is an entire fabrication. How did you come to be so taken in?"

Then Johnnie told him, and the earl laughed long and loud. He was strong and wealthy, and the story tickled him. But Johnnie rose impatiently.

"I need not detain your lordship any longer," he said. "I was indiscreet, and must suffer for it; but it is hardly a jest."

"You were awfully indiscreet," said Lord Weybourne frankly. "But since you've got the child—my grandchild," and he laughed again, "what are you going to do with him?"

"Bring him up as best I can," replied Johnnie, grimly.

"Won't you think of the Foundling, as the fellow suggests?"

"No," said Johnnie, "he is too sweet."

Then he turned his head away, for a man must not be seen by another man to weep.

"Look here!" said Lord Weybourne. "Is it a matter of importance to you? May I help you? He is my grandson, you know."

"No," said Johnnie firmly. "I was an idiot; but I don't see why I should shift the consequences of my idiotcy on to another man's shoulders."

"At least, stay and dine with me," said Lord Weybourne, "I dine at home to-night, and I hate dining alone."

I don't know what impulse dictated this invitation, nor do I know what impulse dictated Johnnie's acquiescence. But he accepted, and for once he sat at Dives' board and fared sumptuously. He forgot that he was ill. The generous wine invigorated him, the dainties tempted him, the luxury of the service and the surroundings made him feel like a man. He laughed and talked; he was excellent company. Lord Weybourne never guessed that he was poor.

"You must come again," he said, when Johnnie rose to go. "And about the brat? You are sure he won't be a burden on you?"

"Nay," said Johnnie, with rather a peculiar smile, "the fool's folly is surely his own."

Then he went out into the bitter east wind, and the door of Paradise closed behind him, and all at once he was weary again and sick unto death.

III.

"Darling, did I ever tell you of an original whom I fell in with in the spring, just before we were engaged?" said Lord Weybourne, one autumn day at the close of his long, sweet honeymoon.

"You've told me so many things," replied Lady Weybourne, smiling. "But I don't remember anything about an original."

So Lord Weybourne told her about Johnnie, and of how he had scorned any idea of help.

"I suppose he didn't want it," said the young man. "He was all right as to dress."

"But, my dear," cried the beautiful bride, "I expect he did want it."

For she was a clergyman's daughter, and though her father was a dean now and lived in clover, time was when he had been a poor vicar, and Lady Weybourne had felt the pinch of poverty and knew what it was to pretend that an extra knife and fork made no difference, though it did—it did, she said passionately to her husband.

Lord Weybourne was quite surprised. He was not selfish, nor thoughtless, nor hard-hearted; but he had been rich all his life, and he simply could not imagine what it was to be poor—even when his bride took pains to explain to him that some people have only £200 or £300 a year, and that every leg of mutton and every loaf of bread, and even every potato, costs a definite sum. "I asked him to come again," said Lord Weybourne, apologetically.

But Lady Weybourne knew also what it was to be proud, and she teased her husband till he took her back to London, and to call at the little house beyond Lillie Bridge, whose address Lord Weybourne had preserved. There they heard a story which made Lady Weybourne weep unaffectedly, and caused Lord Weybourne to look out of the window with his back to the company.

"Yes, my boy is very ill," said Mrs. Wright. "I was always uneasy about him, because his father died young; but he kept well enough till that terribly cold night he passed with little Percy in that empty house. He got a bad cold and a pain in the chest, which he didn't tell me of, and when he came away from dining with you, my lord, he had no great coat, and he increased his cold, and next day he was down with pneumonia. Well, I needn't tell you all the details. He stuck to the office when he got better, but I saw how it would be, and a month ago he had to give it up."

"But is he so very ill?" cried Lord Weybourne, wheeling round.

"He is dying," said the mother quietly.

"Why didn't he come? Why didn't he write?" cried Lord Weybourne, distractedly.

"My Lord, it had nothing to do with you," said Mrs. Wright. "It was his own doing, and it was mere chance you knew anything about

it. It isn't the expense of little Percy I think of, it's my boy's life. But no one could save that. It was his deathblow when that man Stevens put his hand on his arm. He couldn't stand privation, and the cold and the hunger did it. Oh, no, don't you be sorry! But will you come and see him?"

Lord Weybourne found Johnnie in the next room, dressed, but emaciated, and too feeble to rise. The strong young man took a seat by his side and attempted to express his sorrow and contrition.

"I oughtn't to have let you bear the burden alone," he said. "But I never thought of it. You held your head so high, my dear fellow, you—."

"I didn't want to seem poor," said Johnnie. "Now I begin to think it's a false pride. Why shouldn't you know a man's poor as well as that he's consumptive. However, if I'd told you, you couldn't have saved me. It's my own stupidity," he said, "but it isn't every piece of folly that's punished so straight and so soon."

"Wright," said Lord Weybourne, "when I look at you I can hardly bear to think of my own happy, jolly life. Why didn't you let me do something for you?"

"But you did," said Johnnie, laying his wasted hand on the other's arm. "I used to walk through Queen's Gate every day, and I used to long—oh, you don't know how I used to long!—to dine once in one of those houses and be a gentleman, if only for one evening. And you gave me my heart's desire, and I enjoyed it. I enjoyed it," he repeated, smiling. "Don't you think I owe that fellow Stevens something for having given me my chance?"

A Sense of Humor

THE sense of humor may, of course, like any other good gift, be perverted to unworthy use. It may be turned upon the peculiarities and frailties of others until it loses sight of real worth or pathos in the petty caricature of its own evolving. But real humor is usually kindly as well as keen-sighted; it makes the heart tender as well as sunny; it can smile at idiosyncrasies and be just as ready to help the real need that lies beneath them. Its eyes are apt to turn whimsically upon its own vagaries, too, and note its own inconsistencies.

The ability to see the funny side is a great preventive of quarrels. A hearty laugh banishes anger and brings peace and good nature out of many a tense moment. "If I can laugh," said one who was learning to control a hot temper, "I begin to cool down at once, and if I can get the other fellow to laugh the flurry is all over. Most quarrels are absurd if you can only get far enough outside of them for a minute to take a look at them." Standing outside of anything in which we have a share long enough to get a clearer view of it tends to unselfishness, and it is an undue estimate of self—of its rights, its wisdom and its desert—that lies not only at the root of ill temper, but at the root of most of our grievances and complainings.

The spirit that can whistle down its discomfort and smile at its mishaps is not seeking pity from others nor wasting strength in self-pity. It is saner, stronger, braver and more useful for its cheery outlook on life.

The breezy, cheerful life—not shallow nor frivolous, but with the "saving sense of humor"—has a far better prospect not only for happiness to itself, but also for honoring God and helping its fellow-men than the gloomy, discouraged soul that magnifies and mourns over every ill.

—*Great Thoughts.*

Building Up Loyalty Between Employer and Employee

By Walter Dill Scott

From System

DELAYED by a train of accidents, a big contractor faced forfeiture of his bond on a city tunnel costing millions of dollars. He had exhausted his ingenuity and his resources to comply with the terms of his contract, but had failed. Because public opinion had been condemning concessions on other jobs on flimsy grounds, the authorities refused to extend the time allowed for completing the work. By cancelling the contract, collecting the penalty and re-letting the task, the city would profit without exceeding its legal rights.

In his dilemma, he called his foremen together and explained the situation to them. "Tell the men," he said. Many of these had been members of his organization for years, moving with him from one undertaking to the next, looking to him for employment, for help in dull seasons or times of misfortunes, repaying him with interest in their tasks and a certain rough attachment.

On his side he had been unsually considerate, adopting every possible safeguard for their protection, recognizing their union, employing three shifts of men, paying more than the required scale when conditions were hard or dangerous.

A score of unions were represented in the organization: miners, masons, carpenters, plasterers, engineers, electricians, and many grades of helpers. Learning his plight, they rallied promptly to his aid. They appealed to their trades and to the central body of unions to intervene in his behaif with the city officials.

As tax-payers, voters and members of an organization potentially effective in politics, they approached the mayor and the department heads concerned. They pointed out—what was true—that the city's negligence in prospecting and charting the course of the tunnel was partly responsible for the contractor's failure. They pleaded that the city should make allowances rather than interrupt their employment, and that the delay in the work would counterbalance any advantage contingent on forfeiture. They promised also that if three additional months were given the contractor, they would *do all in their power to push construction.*

The mayor yielded; the extension was granted. And the men made their promise good literally, waiving jealously guarded rights and sparing no effort to forward the undertaking. The miners, masons, carpenters and specialists in other lines in which additional skilled men could not be secured, labored frequently in twelve-hour shifts and accepted only the regular hourly rate for the overtime. With such zeal animating them, only one conclusion was possible. The

tunnel was finished complete before the ninety days of grace had expired.

Here was loyalty as staunch and effective as that which wins battlefields and creates nations. It increased the efficiency of the individual workers; it greatly augmented the effectiveness of the organization as a whole. It was developed, without appeal to sentiment, under conditions which make for division rather than co-operation between employer and employe. The men were unionists; wages, hours and so on were contract matters with the boss. Yet in an emergency, the tie between the tunnel builder and his men was strong enough to stand the strain of the fatiguing and long-continued effort necessary to complete the job and save the former from ruin. Like incidents, on perhaps a smaller and less dramatic scale, are not uncommon; but the historian of business has not yet risen to make them known.

As with patriotism, business loyalty needs some such crisis as this to evoke its expression. In peace the patriotism of citizens is rarely evident and is frequently called in question. In America we sometimes assume that it is a virtue belonging only to past generations. But every time the honor or integrity of the country is threatened, a multitude of eager citizens volunteer in its defence. Likewise, many a business man who had come to think his workmen interested only in the wages he pays them, discovers in his hour of need an unsuspected asset in their devotion to the welfare of the business, and their willingness to make sacrifices to nurse it past the cape of storms.

Study of any field, of any single house, or of any of the periods of depression which have afflicted and corrected our industrial progress, will convince one of the unfailing and genuine loyalty of men to able and considerate employers. So generally true is this, indeed, that "house patriotism," "organization spirit," or "loyalty to the management" is accepted by all great executives as one of the essential elements in their day-by-day conduct of their enterprises.

Striking exhibitions of this quality may wait for an emergency. Unless it exists, however, unless it is apparent in the daily routine, there is immediate and relentless search for the antagonistic condition or method, which is robbing the force of present efficiency and future power. Co-operation of employes is the first purpose of organization. Without loyalty, team work and the higher levels in output, quality and service are impossible.

The importance of loyalty in business could not readily be over-estimated even though its sole function were to secure united action on the part of the officers and men. Where no two men or groups of men were working to counter purposes, but all united in a common purpose, the gain would be enormous, even though the amount of energy put forth by the individuals was not increased in the least. When to this fact of value in organized effort we add the accompanying psychological facts of increased efficiency by means of loyalty, we then begin to comprehend what it means to have or to lack loyalty.

The amount of work accomplished by an individual is subject to various conditions. The whole intellect, feeling and will must work in unity to secure the best results. Where there is no heart in the work (absence of feeling) relatively little can be accomplished, even though the intellect be convinced and the will strained to the utmost. The employe who lacks loyalty to his employer can at least render but half-hearted service, even though he strive to his utmost and though he be convinced that his financial salvation is dependent upon efficient service. The employer who secures the loyalty of his men not only secures better service, but he enables his men to accomplish more with less effort and less exhaustion. The creator of loyalty is a public benefactor.

Such loyalty is always reciprocal. The feeling workmen entertain for their employer is usually a reflection of his attitude towards them. Fair wages, reasonable hours, working quarters and conditions of average comfort and healthfulness and a measure of protection against accident are now no more than primary requirements in a factory or store. Without them labor of the better, more energetic types cannot be secured in the first place or held for any length of time. And the employer who expects, in return for these, any more than the average of uninspired service is sure to be disappointed.

If he treats his men like machines, looks at them merely as cogs in the mechanism of his affairs, they will function like machines or find other places. If he wishes to stir the larger, latent powers of their brains and bodies, thereby increasing their efficiency as thinkers and workers, he must recognize them as men and individuals and give in some measure what he asks. He must identify them with the business, and make them feel they have a stake in its success and the business an interest in the welfare of each. The boss to whom his employes turn in any serious perplexity or private difficulty for advice and aid, is pretty apt to receive more than the contract minimum of effort every day and is sure of devoted service in any time of need.

It is on this personal relationship, this platform of mutual interests and helpfulness that the success and fighting strength of many one-man houses are built. As in the contractor's dilemma already cited, it bears fruit in the fighting zeal, the keener interest and the extra speed and effort which workers bring to bear on their individual and collective tasks. All the knowledge and skill they possess are thrown into the scale; their quickened intelligences reach out for new methods and short cuts; when the crisis has passed, there may be a temporary reaction, but there is likely to be a permanent advance, both in individual efficiency and organization spirit.

On the employer's side, this feeling is expressed in the surrender of profits in dull seasons to provide work, in the retention of aged mechanics, laborers or clerks on the pay roll after their usefulness has passed; in pensions, in a score of neighborly and friendly offices to those who are sick, injured or in trouble. A reputation for "taking care of his men" has frequently been a bulwark of defence to the small manufacturer or trader assailed by a greedy larger rival.

Personality is, beyond doubt, the primitive well-spring of loyalty. Most men are capable of devotion to a worthy leader; few are ever zealots for the sake of a cause, a principle, a party or a firm. All these are too abstract to win the affection of the average man. It is only when they become embodied in an individual, a concrete personality which stirs our human interest, that they become moving powers. The soldiers of the Revolution fought for Washington rather than for freedom; Christians are loyal to Christ rather than to his teachings; the voter cheers his candidate and not his party; the employe is loyal to the head of the house or his immediate foreman and not to the generality known as the house. Loyalty to the individuals constituting the firm may ultimately develop into house loyalty. To attempt to create the latter sentiment, however, except by first creating it for the men higher up is to go contrary to human nature—always an unwise expenditure of energy.

In developing loyalty, human sympathy is the greatest factor. If an executive of a company is confident that his directors approve his policies, appreciate his obstacles and are ready to back him up in any crisis, his energy and enthusiasm for the common object never flag. If department heads and foremen are assured that the manager is watching their efforts with attention and regard, approving, supporting and sparing them wher-

ever possible, they will anticipate orders, assume extra burdens, fling themselves and their forces into any breach which may threaten their chief's programme.

If a workman, clerk or salesman knows that his immediate chief is interested in his personally, that he understands what service is being rendered and is anxious to forward his welfare as well as that of the house, there is no effort, inconvenience or discomfort which he will not undertake to complete a task which the boss has undertaken. Throughout the entire organization, the sympathy and co-operation of the men above with the men below is essential for securing the highest degree of loyalty. No assumed or manufactured sympathy, however, will take the place of the genuine article.

The effectiveness of human sympathy in creating loyalty is most apparent in one-man businesses where the head of the house is in personal contact with all or many of his employes. This personal touch, however, is not necessarily limited to the small organization. Many men have employed thousands and secured it. Others have succeeded in impressing their personalities, the reality of their sympathy, upon large forces, though their actual relations were with a few. The impression made upon these and the loyalty created in them were sufficient to permeate and influence the entire body. Potter Palmer, the elder Armour, Marshall Field and Andrew Carnegie were among the hundreds of captains who made acquaintance with the men in the ranks the corner-stone on which they raised their trade or industrial citadels.

When the size of the organization precludes personal contact, or when conditions remove the executive to a distance, the task of maintaining touch is frequently and successfully entrusted to a lieutenant in sympathy with the chief's ideals and purposes. He may be the head of a department variously styled — promotion and discharge, employment, labor—but his express function is to restore to an organization the simple but powerful human relation without which higher efficiency cannot be maintained. In factories and stores employing many women this understudy to the manager is usually a woman, who is given plenary authority in the handling of her charges, in reviewing disputes with foremen, and in finding the right position for the misplaced worker. Whether man or woman, this representative of the manager hears all grievances, reviews all discharges, reductions and the like, and makes sure that the employe receives a little more than absolute justice.

Many successful merchants and manufacturers, however, disdain agents and intermediaries in this relation and are always accessible to every man in their organizations: holding that, since the co-operation of employes is the most important single element in business, the time given to securing it is time well spent.

Even though human sympathy may well be regarded as the most important consideration in increasing loyalty, it is not sufficient in and of itself. The most patriotic citizens are those who have served the state. They are made loyal by the very act of service. They have assumed the responsibility of promoting the welfare of the state and their patriotism is thereby stimulated and given concrete outlet. A paternalistic government in which the citizens had every right but no responsibility would develop beggars rather than patriots.

Similarly in a business house ideally organized to create loyalty, each employe not only feels that his rights are protected, but also feels a degree of responsibility for the success and for the good name of the house. He feels that his task or process is an essential part of the firm's activity; therefore important and worthy of his best efforts. To cement this bond and make closer the identification of the employe with the house many firms encourage their employes to purchase stock in the company. Others have

worked out profit-sharing plans by which their men share in the dividends of the good years and are given a powerful incentive to promote teamwork and the practice of the economies from which the overplus of profit is produced.

The stability of a nation depends on the patriotism of its citizens. Among methods for developing this patriotism, education ranks as the most effective. In the public schools history is taught for the purpose of awakening the love and loyalty of the rising generations. The founders, builders and saviors of the country, the great men of peace and war who have contributed to its advancement, are held up for admiration. From the recital of what country and patriotism meant to Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, and a host of lesser heroes, the pupils come to realize what country should, and does, mean to them. They become patriotic citizens.

In like manner the history of any house can be used to inspire loyalty and enthusiasm among its employes. Business has not been slow to borrow the methods and ideals of education, but the writer has been unable to discover any company which makes adequate use of this principle. That this loyalty may be directed to the house as a whole, and not merely to immediate superiors, every employe should be acquainted with the purposes and policies of the company and should understand that the sympathy which he discovers in his foreman is a common characteristic of the whole organization, clear up to the president. The best way to teach this is by example—by incidents drawn from the past, or by a review of the development of the company's policy.

To identify one's self with a winning cause, party or leader, also, is infinitely easier than to be loyal to a loser. For this reason the study of the history of the firm may well include its trade triumphs, past and present; the remarkable or interesting uses to which its products have been put; the honor or prestige which its executives or members of the organization have attained, and the hundred other items of human interest which can be marshalled to give it house personality. All this would arouse admiration and appreciation in employes, would stir enthusiasm and a desire to contribute to future achievements and would foster an unwillingness to separate from the organization.

Some companies have begun in this direction. New employes, by way of introduction, listen to lectures, either with or without the accompaniment of pictures, which review what the house has accomplished, define its standing in the trade, analyze its products and their qualities or functions, sketch the plan and purpose of its organization and touch upon the other points of chief human interest. Other companies put this information in booklets. Still others employ their house organs to recall and do honor to the interesting traditions of the company as well as to exploit the successful deeds and men of the moment. An organized and continuous campaign of education along this line should prove an inexpensive means of increasing loyalty and efficiency among the men. To the mind of the writer, it seems clear that the future will see pronounced advances in this particular.

Personality can be overdone, however. Workers instinctively give allegiance to strong, balanced men, but resent and combat egotism unchecked by regard for other's rights. Exploitation of the employer's or foreman's personality will do more harm than good unless attended by consideration for the personality of the employe. The service of more than one important company has been made intolerable for men of spirit and creative ability by the arrogant and dominating spirit of the management. The men who continue to sacrifice their individuality to the whim or the arbitrary rule of their superiors, in time lose their ambition and initiative; and the organization declines to a level of

routine, mechanical efficiency only one remove from dry-rot.

Conservation and development of individuality in workers may be made an important factor in creating loyalty as well as in directly increasing efficiency. Great retail stores put many department heads into business for themselves, giving them space, light, buying facilities, clerks and purchasing and advertising credit as a basis of their merchandising; then requiring a certain percentage of profit on the amount allowed them. The more successful of Marshall Field's lieutenants were taken into partnership, and, as in the case of Andrew Carnegie and his "cabinet of young geniuses," were given substantial shares of the wealth they helped to create.

Some industries and stores carry this practice to the point of making specialized departments entirely independent of the general buying, production and selling organizations whenever these fall short of the service offered outside. While the principle of stock distribution or other forms of profit-sharing has been adopted by so many companies that it has come to be a recognized method of promoting loyalty.

Regard for the employe's personality must be carried down in an unbroken chain through all the ranks. It may be broken at any step in the descent by an executive or foreman who has not himself learned the lesson that loyalty to the house includes loyalty to the men under him.

It is not uncommon, in some American houses, to find three generations of workers—grandfather, father and apprentice son—rendering faithful and friendly service; or to discover a score of bosses and men who have spent thirty or forty years—their entire productive lives—in the one organization. Where such a bond exists between employer and employes, it becomes an active, unfailing force in the development of loyalty, not only among the veterans, but also among the newest recruits for whom it realizes an illustration of what true co-operation means.

This double loyalty—to the chief and to the organization—is not a plant of slow growth. Few mine accidents or industrial disasters occur without bringing to merited, but fleeting, fame some heroic superintendent or lesser boss who has risked his own life to save his men or preserve the company's property. The same sense of responsibility extends to every grade. Give a man the least touch of authority and he seems to take on added moral stature. The engineer who clings to his throttle with collision imminent has his counterparts in the "handy man" who braves injury to slip a belt and save another workman or a costly machine, and in the elevator conductor who drives his car up and down through flames and smoke to rescue his fellows. Such efficiency and organization spirit is the result of individual growth, as well as the impression of the employer's personality upon his machine.

On the other hand, lack of loyalty on the part of employers towards their men is almost as common as failing devotion on the part of workers. Too many assume that the mere providing of work and the payment of wages give them the right to absolute fidelity even when they take advantage of their men. The sales manager concerned in the following incident refused to believe that his attitude towards his men had anything to do with the lack of enthusiasm and low efficiency in his force.

An experienced salesman who had lost his position because of the San Francisco fire applied to the sales manager for a position. He was informed that there were fifteen applicants for the Ohio territory, but that the place would be given to him because of his better record. The manager laid out an initial territory in one corner and ordered the salesman to work it first. Working this territory the salesman secured substantial orders, but refrained from "over-sell-

ing" any customer, gave considerable time to missionary work and to cultivating the acquaintance of buyers. His campaign was planned less for immediate results than for the future and for the effect on the larger field of the state. Having no instructions as to pushing his wider campaign, in about sixty days he asked for instructions. In answer he was ordered home and discharged on the ground that business was dull and that he had been a loss to the house. During the sixty days he had been working on a losing commission basis with the expectation of taking his profits later. Investigation disclosed that he was but one of five salesmen to whom the Ohio territory had been assigned simultaneously. Of the five, one other also had made good and had been retained because he could be secured for less money.

This multiple try-out policy is entirely fair when the applicants know the conditions. But to lead each applicant to believe that he has been engaged subject only to his ability to make good is manifestly unjust. The facts are bound to come out sooner or later and create distrust among all employes of the house. Loyalty is strictly reciprocal. If an employe feels that he has no assurance of fair treatment, his attitude towards the firm is sure to be negative. Even the man who secures the position will recognize the firm's lack of candor and will never give his employers the full measure of co-operation which produces top efficiency.

The "square deal," indeed, is the indispensable basis of loyalty and efficiency in an organization. The spirit as well as the letter of the bargain must be observed, else the workmen will contrive to even up matters by loafing, by slighted work or by the minimum production, which means loss of potential larger earnings. On the other hand, employes never fail to recognize and in time respect the executive who holds the balance of loyalty and justice level between them and the business.

Fair wages, reasonable hours, working quarters and conditions of average comfort and healthfulness, ordinary precautions against accidents, and continuous employment are all now regarded as primary requirements and are not sufficient to create loyalty in the men. More than this must be done.

The chief executive should create such a spirit that his officers would turn to him for help when in perplexity or difficulty. The superintendent and officers or bosses should sustain this same sympathetic relationship toward their men that the executive has toward his officers. A reputation for taking care of his men is a thing to be sought in a chief executive and also in all under-officers.

Personal relationships should be cultivated. In some large organizations the chief executive may secure this personal touch with individuals through an agent or through a department known as a department of "promotion and discharge," "employment," or "labor." In others, occasional meetings on a level of equality may be brought about through house picnics, entertainments, vacation camps and so on, where employer and employe encounter each other outside their usual business environment.

It is not worth while to attempt to develop loyalty to the house until there has been developed a loyalty to the personalities representing the house. Loyalty in business is in the main a reciprocal relationship. The way to begin it is for the chief to be loyal to his subordinates and to see to it that all officers are loyal to their inferiors. When loyalty from above has been secured loyalty from the ranks may readily be developed.

The personality of the worker must be respected by the employer. "Giving a man a chance" to develop himself, allowing him to express his individuality is the surest way of enlisting the interest and loyalty of a creative man.

To identify the interests of employes with the interests of the house, various plans of profit-sharing, sale of stock to employes, pensions, insurance against sickness and accident, and so on have been successfully applied by many companies.

So far as possible, responsibility for the success of the house should be assumed by all employes. In some way the workmen should feel that they are in partnership with the executives. We easily develop loyalty for the cause for which we have taken responsibility or rendered a service.

A perpetual campaign of publicity should be maintained for the benefit of every man in the employ of the house. In this there should be a truthful but emphatic presentation of acts of loyalty on the part of either employers or workmen. Everything connected with the firm which has human interest should be included in this history. This educational campaign should change the loyalty to the men in the firm into loyalty to the firm itself. It should be an attempt to give the firm a personality and one of such a noble character that it would win the loyalty of the men. This could be accomplished at little expense and with great profit.

The "Touch of the Shoulder"

By A St. P. Reynolds

THE science of war develops curious traits among men, and none more curious than the "touch of the shoulder."

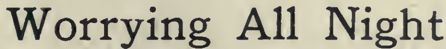
A battle cry, full-throated and awful in its meaning, such as "Remember the Maine," "Remember the Alamo," and other deep, vengeful slogans, the shrill bugle call urging men on when the cries of the officers are lost amid the din of the battle, are all of them but fleeting, passing inspiration when compared with the solid, comforting, resolute, firm pressure of a comrade's shoulder against your own. It has won more battles than any other factor and it helps men to put up more stubborn defence against tremendous odds than any other thing that can be done.

The brilliant, flashing charge against the enemy is like the lightning of genius, spectacular and uncertain of success, but the old reliable, plodding advance, shoulder to shoulder, with elbows touching is the manoeuvre that bears the brunt and wins the day in time of strife, and it is these same tactics which "bring home the bacon" in these piping times of peace.

It is "co-operation," this "touch of the shoulder," co-operation, the knowledge that there are others beside, before and behind you to see you through, to pick you up when you fall, and to bear the brunt of the load if you get down.

It is the secret of organization-success. In the ranks of any institution this practical sentiment thrives like a green bay tree, and welds the scattering units into one stout whole.

It is like a pile of fine steel filings, useless and impotent in their divided condition, yet strong enough to drive a giant steam engine, or a great ocean liner when welded into a solid shaft, and each part made to co-operate, or to touch the shoulder of each other part.



Worrying All Night

MANY people lie down to sleep as the camels lie down in the desert, with their packs still on their backs. They do not seem to know how to lay down their burdens and their minds go on working a large part of the night. If you are inclined to worry during the night, to keep your mental faculties on the strain, taut, it will be a good plan for you to keep a bow in your bedroom and unstring it every night as a reminder that you should so unstring your mind that it will not lose its springing power. The Indian knows enough to unstring his bow just as soon as he uses it, so it will not lose its resilience. If a man who works hard all day, works his brain a large part of the night, doing his work over and over again, he goes to his work in the morning weary, jaded. Instead of a clear, vigorous brain capable of powerfully focusing his mind, he approaches his work with all his standards down, and with about as much chance of winning as would a race horse who has been driven all night before the contest.

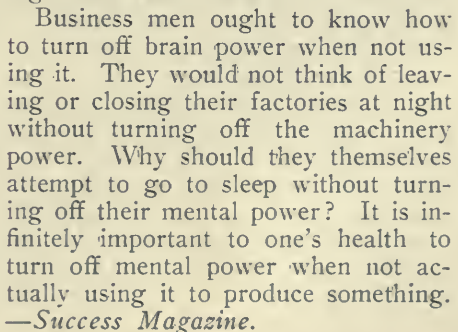
It is of the utmost importance to stop the grinding, rasping processes in the brain at night and to keep from wearing life away and wasting one's precious vitality.

The imagination is particularly active at night. All unpleasant, disagreeable things seem a great deal worse then than in the day, because the imagination magnifies everything in the silence and darkness.

I know people who have a dread of retiring at night because they go through so much mental suffering during the torturing wakeful hours. They toss about and long for the daylight.

It is fundamental to sound health to make it a rule never to discuss business troubles and things that vex and irritate one at night, especially just before retiring, for whatever is dominant in the mind when one falls asleep continues its influence on the nervous structure long into the night. This is why so many people age so rapidly during the night. They grow older instead of younger, as they would under the influence of sound, refreshing sleep.

I know people whose lives have been completely revolutionized by this experiment of putting themselves in tune before going to sleep. Formerly they were in the habit of retiring in a bad mood; tired, discouraged over anticipated evils and all sorts of worries and anxieties. They had a habit of thinking over the bad things about their business, the unfortunate conditions in their affairs, and their mistakes. They discussed their misfortunes at night with their wives. The result was that their minds were in an upset condition when they fell asleep, and these melancholy, black, ugly, hideous pictures, so exaggerated in awful vividness in the stillness, became etched deeper and deeper into their minds, and the consequence was that they awoke in the morning weary and exhausted, instead of rising, as every one should, feeling like a newly-made creature with fresh ambition and invigorated determination.



Business men ought to know how to turn off brain power when not using it. They would not think of leaving or closing their factories at night without turning off the machinery power. Why should they themselves attempt to go to sleep without turning off their mental power? It is infinitely important to one's health to turn off mental power when not actually using it to produce something. —*Success Magazine.*

The Vice of Too Much Work

By The Business Philhosoper

WHAT this country needs is more vacation. Our idolatrous worship of work is an abomination. Work is good in its place, for its worthy ends. Work for its own sake is a vice that hardens the heart, narrows the mind, stifles the spirit. Work is a poor religion. There grows up in it a peculiar immorality. It develops greed and selfishness. It makes for all uncharitableness. We don't get to be really kindly until and unless we get more or less away from work.

There is work to be done, of course, but there are other things, too, and an excessive devotion to work tends to drive those other things, beautiful things, mostly, out of our lives. That this lesson needs persistent preaching there are many signs.

The work-mad husband is one of the influences that tends to disrupt the American family. He is estranged from his wife. He neglects his children in ways that are not atoned for by the generosity with which he indulges them, to their own hurt.

Ellen Glasgow makes this vice of work a theme of her latest novel. "The Romance of a Plain Man," and a most delightful novel it is. Her hero is a man who resolves to be not "common." He will do a great work in the world to make himself worthy of the aristocratic little girl who said he was "common." How he does this is most charmingly told.

Ben Starr remains, to a degree, "common" until the end of the book, when he makes the discovery that to save his wife's love and life he must forego the place to which he had aspired all his days. He remained "common" because the only way in which he conceived he could demonstrate his worth and his love to "succeed," pile up money, to give her all the luxuries she might crave.

And all the while that wasn't what she wanted at all.

What she wanted was the man himself.

Ben Starr is a type of the average man of to-day. What he did other men by the hundreds of thousands are doing as insanely, as insensately. They work and work and work, originally, of course, to benefit those they love, but gradually those they love become subordinate to the work itself.

They become perverted in their objects.

They miss the real values in work.

They become victims of the fixed idea, and, therefore, as truly insane as if they thought themselves fried eggs who couldn't set down except upon a piece of toast. Their devotion to work becomes a vice just as prudence becomes avarice and material success dismalest failure. Their dread is to be poor. They place poverty at a figure which to the poor is wealth.

They forget that not failure, but low aim is crime.

When will the American man learn the truth that was laid down by Aristotle of old, the "end of labor is to gain leisure?" And leisure is only good when used to the development of ideality.

Buried Treasure

The Story of an Old Miser's Queer Joke

By Annie S. Swan

JOE GARRETT, whipped up the old grey mare and left the market-place of Seaminster where he had brought what he considered a very satisfactory bit of business to a successful conclusion. He had sold a bit of his land—a small and unproductive waste piece about half a mile from Garrett's Mill, set like a wedge at the awkward junction of two fields. This waste ground had long been a thorn in his flesh. He had tried several crops on it without success and had thereafter, in a passion of resentment, left it wholly neglected, not even troubling to cut down the nettles and the other noxious weeds which choked the ground. At one corner of the wedge there was the remnant of an old wall regarding which there was some superstition in the neighborhood. The very old inhabitants remembered a house, or at least rumors of a house, that had stood there—a house of evil omen and repute. There had been murder done in it, they said—an old man had been killed in his bed for the sake of gold he was supposed to have, but which had never been discovered. He was not a Garrett, though he might have been, since the outstanding characteristic of the Garrett family was their miserliness. Joe himself was, as the neighbors expressed it, "not just with greed." He was chuckling now, because he imagined he had got the better of the man to whom he had sold the land, a quarter of an acre for sixty pounds. Now, good land in the vicinity of Seaminster could only command a hundred pounds an acre, and was then considered dear.

Joe did not wish particularly to sell the land, but was tempted by the offer, and thought the man a fool who had made it. What the newcomer was going to do with it he had not asked, though now that he was on the way home and had time to consider it, he began to wonder.

"Ge up, Molly, lass; that's it, go it strong, ole gel. It deserves a glass, only you an' me don't drink. Ay, ay, it's money makes the mare to go."

He kept humming the refrain of the old song as he jogged along the white highway towards his home, which was about five miles from Seaminster. Presently the grin broadened on his face as he came near the Slat, which was the inexplicable title that had been given to the land in question, and which had now passed from the hands of Joe Garrett into those of Peter Clodd.

"Easy, Molly; you and me'll stop 'ere and hev a look at Peter's bargain. Dang, if I kin see what he wants wi' it, an' he warn't drunk neither. T' man's a fool, no doubt about it."

He jerked Molly up sharp at the corner of the road, which turned up to the mill, and upon which the Slat jutted oddly, like a wedge with the piece of tumble-down dyke at the one corner. It was the month of July and all vegetation after a warm and moist summer had grown rank and strong. Some of the great nettles were nearly

five feet high; they almost overtopped the wall at its lower end, and the wind swept through the long grass with a sigh as if it could tell a secret but refrained.

The Slat was an ugly blot on Joe Garrett's snug little estate, the only unproductive breadth it possessed. It was as if a blight or a curse had passed over it, ordaining that nothing but poisonous and noxious weeds should grow thereon. It was damp and marshy, too; and at night the hoarse croak of the frogs was sometimes mistaken by the passers-by for the evil sounds of a haunted spot.

"Sixty pounds of good money; yes, lass, it's more money than sense Peter's got. You an' me has the best of the bargain. Wonder what the missus'll say."

Joe Garrett was a very ugly man. There are plain faces that are pleasant to look upon, by reason of their kindly expression, by the goodwill and loving-kindness that shine from them; but Joe's was not one of these. He was a very large, loose-built man. His features were harsh and his eyes shifty and cruel. Selfishness, greed, and general mulishness had set their seal on his unlovely countenance, which was one from which strangers and children naturally shrank. He had no children of his own, but his wife's niece had been adopted by them, and had been kept in strict subjection. Of money she had none, not even a penny for her pocket, and the girl, naturally sweet-natured and wholesome, had grown up reserved, timid, miserable, only longing for the day which should release her from the bitter bondage of Garrett's Mill.

She was giving the chickens their afternoon feed of corn when the rumble of wheels smote her ear, and the rickety old trap trundled into the yard. Her aunt, sitting on the bench by the kitchen door, knitting busily, looked up with interest. She, too, had been destined for better things than to be molded by Joe Garrett into a pattern approved by him. She was very comely yet, and had grown stout and matronly on a diet that ought to have kept her the reverse. Her eyes were a mother's eyes, and nobody except Mary Garrett herself knew how keen and bitter was her heartache over her childless state. She loved her brother's daughter, the winsome Peggy, and did what she could to ameliorate her hard lot. But she could not do very much, for Joe absolutely ruled the place, and ordered human destinies as he would order the outgoings and incomings of the beasts of the field. Even now he gave a great shout to the girl, to be less lavish with her scattering of the corn. She flushed painfully, withdrew hastily to the barn with the half-emptied measure in her hands, while her aunt rose and walked forward to meet her lord and master.

"Had a good day, Joe?" she asked, as she stroked Molly's rather emaciated sides, feeling sorry to see the poor old thing so spent with the heat and the exertion of pulling the heavy trap over the hilly road.

"Prime day, lass. Got something to tell you, something that'll tickle you to death. Now wheer has that minx got to? She must hear it, too. It consarns a friend o' her'n, Mister Peter Clodd."

"What's he been doing? asking you again for Peggy?" asked Mrs. Garrett, eagerly.

Joe's lips parted in a slow and not attractive grin.

"No, he knaws better. I gave him my mind too free last time. She shan't marry a Clodd if I can help it, nor while she's stoppin' in this house. An' ef she elects to leave it, why then we washes our hands of her, old gel, see? But though Peg's a fool, she ain't a silly fool. She's been too well brought up fur that. Hi, Peg, come 'ere. I've got a bit ov news fur ye."

The girl did not hasten. There were moments when she hated her uncle intensely, and when the strength and bitterness of her feelings made her shrink from herself. She was just twenty-one, a winsome maiden, and naturally craved for the sweetness of

life which such as she are entitled to by every right. Most of all, she wanted love, and it had come to her only to be banned. She loved Peter Clodd, and he loved her, but they had been forbidden to meet. They had met, however, and would meet again, for when did love do aught save laugh at the ban that is placed upon it?

"Come 'ere, lass. I saa the yoong spark t'-day, an' a silly fule he be, to be sure. Got a legacy, they tell'd me, fra his Grandfer Bowen, a hunder pounds. Does 'e put it in the bank, like a sensible lad, worth a woman's while to look at, to make a nest egg for the day to come? No; what d'ye think he does wi' it?"

Peggy shook her head. The color was high in her cheek, and her eyes somewhat downcast. Yet she seemed to smile.

"He gies sixty good pounds of it to me, lass. See, there be the silly fule's cheque."

He took out his shabby old leather pocket-book, and showed her the pink slip of paper bearing Peter's name and his.

"An' what for, lass, think ye? For the Slat—no less, aha the Slat!" he cried, and, slapping his leg with his hand, went off into a fit of uncontrolled laughter. "A fine crop o' nettles an' were-weed there be theer, to be sure, so tha can go help him to harvest 'em."

"Mercy me, Joe, whatever has come to Peter Clodd? and whatever did you take his money for?" asked Mary with real concern. "Seems like as if he weren't quite right in his head."

"It seems like it, and I believe that's what has happened the lad," replied Joe more soberly, "Anyways, I've got the money and 'e's got the Slat, and it's easy I am what he makes of it. Maybe, it's buried treasure he's after, but if it's that, as I told him, better men nor him as been ower the ground more'n a dozen times."

All this time Peggy never spoke, and presently when her uncle addressed no more words to her, she stole away. Her aunt looked after her with a somewhat wistful expression in her eyes.

"She'll take on about Peter. I wish the chap had a bit o' money, Joe. I dew believe they're fond o' one another."

"If she marries Peter Clodd, Mary, out she goes empty as she came. I've told Peter that not a penny he gets wi' her; whereas," he said, with a large gulp of self-importance, "if she lets 'erself be guided, and encourages a decent man like Farmer Brainerd, for instance, it might be a different tale. We canna take the brass wi' us, Mary, more's the pity, but no Clodd that ever stepped in boots shall have a penny of mine. Sixty pounds for the Slat! The whole market was agog wi' it the day, and Peter was fair roasted ooten it."

Mary faintly smiled, but was inwardly perplexed. She liked young Clodd, and, moreover, knew him to be no fool. What could he mean by spending more than the half of his legacy on a piece of waste ground? Either he was not quite right in his head, or he had very good reasons for his strange action.

"Oh, Peggy," she said to her niece, when they went out at milking time together, "do you know anything about why Peter has bought the Slat? It seems like a fule's doin', and your uncle's fair chuckling over it."

"I don't know anything, aunt," replied the girl dully; "and I'm sorry Uncle Joe took Peter's money. It was mean and horrid, and I very nearly told him so."

But Mary was loyal to her husband.

"Your uncle had something to sell that Peter Clodd wanted, and the money changed hands, lass; that's honest business, so mind what you say."

After dark that evening Mrs. Garrett missed Peggy from the house, but made no remark.

She was not actively hostile to the love affair between her niece and Peter

Clodd, though she did not think him a good match. But she did not say a word as to her suspicions to her husband, who would have made a great noise had he dreamed that Peggy, in full face of his prohibitions, had gone out to keep a clandestine appointment with Clodd.

Across the dusky fields sped Peggy, with a little wrap about her shoulders, and none at all on her head. And presently at the trysting place at the corner of Boreham Wood she saw her young lover waiting, a comely enough figure in his tweed suit and gaiters, his cap pushed far back on his head, showing up his honest, good looking face.

"I'm sorry to be late, Peter," she murmured, her color flaming at the ardor of his glance, "I'm afraid you've been waiting a long time, but I thought supper would never come to an end."

"Waiting! what's waiting when you come at the end of it, Peggy?" said Peter, and took her in his arms.

"Oh, Peter, what's all this about the Slat? Is it really true that you've bought that horrible little piece of waste land, where the frogs croak, from Uncle Joe for sixty pounds? Far better you had given me the money to keep for you safe at the very bottom of my box."

"It's true, darling, and I have my reasons," replied Peter with dignity. "Tell me where is that sweet specimen, your Uncle Joe, to-night? Is he by any chance likely to be wandering about the fields?"

"Oh, no, his boots are off and he's settled for the evening. He was up at four o'clock this morning to put in three hours' work before breakfast on account of its being market day. So more than likely he's asleep by now."

"Good! then we'll go to the Slat, my new estate, Peggy, and take an inventory of its dimensions."

Peggy lifted her head from her lover's shoulder, and eyed him with a sudden ruefulness.

"You are quite right in your head, aren't you, Peter? I could see very well that both Uncle Joe and Aunt Mary thought you had gone off, and upon my word I hardly know what to believe myself."

Peter Clodd laughed loud and long. It was a good laugh, a clean, healthy, merry sound, which never could fall from the lips of a man not to be trusted. It reassured Peggy even more than his words.

"There's one thing you can be sure enough of, anyway, Peggy, and that's what I feel for you. I'll have you in spite of all the Garretts in Christendom. Come, give me another kiss, and tell me you'll be true, my lady of the Slat."

They both laughed then, and, like children who had got something fresh to amuse them, turned through the dewy fields towards the farm road which led from the turnpike up to Garrett's Mill. The field path would bring them out almost opposite the piece of ground that was such a bone of contention.

"Now, as you've been such a good girl, and your Uncle Joe, bless him, has gone to sleep, I'll tell you the meaning of my bargain in the market to-day."

"Yes, Peter," said Peggy, a little breathlessly, full of pride in her lover, yet acutely anxious regarding the incident of the day.

"You remember when I told you about Grandfather Bowen's legacy, I told you there was a clause in the will which left it to me that I was chary of accepting."

"Yes, what is it?"

"I'm coming to it, dear, Honestly I would have preferred the hundred clear. It would just have paid our passages to Canada, Peggy, where I would have made a fortune for you. But I've just kept enough to pay my passage out, and if the Slat doesn't turn up trumps, why, then, you'll have to content yourself a year or two at the Mill till I get the lie of the land out there, and the little homestead built."

Peggy's lip quivered.

"Oh, Peter, you'll never go to Canada without me," she said with a broken note in her voice which instantly needed comforting.

"Well, you see, it'll be the only way, if, as I say, the Slat don't turn up trumps. But I'm in great hopes, for Grandfather Bowen knew all about it. There isn't a foot of fenny soil he didn't know in these parts, nor an old story he hadn't sifted to the bottom."

"But I don't see what the Slat has to do with it. Nasty, horrid place. When I have to go by it of a night, I always run and throw my apron over my head."

"Poor little lass, much good that would do you," said Peter absently. "Well, now, let me explain. My Grandfather Bowen left a letter to be given with the legacy, and what do you think was in it?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say."

"Well, it said that I was to have a hundred pounds only on condition that I offered your Uncle Joe fifty pounds for the Slat. I was to increase it to sixty if he didn't seem inclined to sell."

"What a strange thing! Perhaps your grandfather was a very old man, not quite right in his head."

"That's what some might think," assented Peter; "but hear the rest. I was to make the bargain tight. Get a proper deed of sale, signed and sealed and delivered, so that there could be no drawing back on Joe's part. It's freehold ground, every foot of it, you see, Peggy, and nobody can interfere with Joe. He's absolutely master of the soil."

"Yes, but why buy the horrid place? That's what seems so foolish," persisted Peggy.

"You know the old story of the Slat, about the house and old Lemuel Pearse, the miser, that lived in it about a hundred years ago. Well, you know how they said he had buried all his treasure there."

"I've heard, but you may be quite sure that Uncle Joe, if not his father before him, turned out every bit of the ground. Indeed, Uncle Joe said so. He's just laughing at you for your pains."

"Let them laugh that win," remarked Peter equably. "Grandfather says positively in his letter that the money is there. He says it's under the foundations of the old wall that is under the gable."

"There isn't any wall," said Peggy quickly. "Just the old gable standing on the mound of grass.

"But the wall's below the mound, little girl," said Peter patiently, as one might explain to a child. "Very deep, too. It seems that the whole face of the ground has changed. I know the mound has been dug up. I've heard all about it and asked a good many questions since I began to be interested in this thing. Of course, I never mentioned to a soul what my grandfather said in his letter. That would have been to give the whole show away."

"Of course. Then what are you going to do now? Knock down the ruin and dig the mound?"

"Precisely."

"How they'll laugh at you, Peter! for I don't believe that you'll find anything."

"Don't you, sweetheart? Then you ought to, because it'll mean such a lot to you and me."

"If it had been anybody's land but Uncle Joe's," she said ruefully. "You know how hard he is, and how hard all the Garretts have been. I've heard that every one of them has had a shy at the Slat, and I'm quite sure that if old Lemuel had ever hidden any money there a Garrett would have found it. They're as keen on money as a fox on the scent. I can't be very hopeful, Peter, and I shall hate beyond everything having everybody laugh at you, and listening to Uncle Joe going on about it all the time."

Peter merely laughed again. The prospect did not appal him in the least.

"Here we are, then, sweetheart, and there's the moon just coming up behind the Squire's Wood. It'll help

us to see. What are you trembling for? Are you afraid of the Slat, little girl?"

"It's a horrid place, and listen to the frogs now. They're all at it, millions of them," she said, shivering and holding tight to her lover's arm. He reassured her, and they crossed the farm road, and stood at the padlocked gate which gave admission to the field. Joe Garrett had put a high fence of barbed wire and a formidable gate on the place to keep out the tramps who had been very fond of using it as a shelter from the storm.

Indeed, even yet they made use of it, dragging down the wire fence, to the extreme ire of Joe, who sometimes threatened them with his own stout horse-whip, seeing the authorities were so slack in punishing trespassers.

"I'm going to begin to-morrow, Peggy. I'll start with the ruin first and knock every bit of it down. I'll sift every brick as I move it, and if there's a coin among the rubbish it shan't slip through my fingers."

Peggy was silent a moment.

"What are you thinking, little girl?" he asked tenderly.

"You won't be angry if I tell you," she said, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve.

"Angry? Could I be angry with you, Peggy, whatever you did?"

"Well, I don't think it's right to dig up for an old miser's money like that. I'd rather even you went to Canada and worked for me. I'd be happier here, waiting, than living on Lemuel Pearse's money. I don't want it, Peter, so there."

Peter laughed, not taking her seriously, and said that as he had paid the sixty pounds for the right to probe the secrets of the Slat he might as well have a shy at it.

They parted for the night a few moments later at the gate of the Mill House, and Peggy slipped quietly up to her room. She felt bitter at her Uncle Joe, judging that he had led the young man on to put his slender legacy to such foolish use. She felt it more keenly still when, soon after breakfast, Joe looked in with a sour grin on his face, to tell her to come out and watch her lover beginning the siege. She did not go out then, but later in the day, and for many days after, she could see him slowly demolishing the ruin. She had to listen, too, to all the neighbors' comments, most of them facetious, regarding Peter's search for Lemuel Pearse's gold.

But at last, after three weeks' hard labor, Peter seemed to come to the end of his operations. The ground was leveled up again, the gate locked, and he quietly disappeared without saying a word to anybody. He did not even come to say good-bye to Peggy, but somehow she did not not feel very hurt or sad about it. Something told her that he would come, and that things would turn out all right for them both yet. Her anxious, wistful look, however, touched her aunt's heart so much that she absolutely forbade her husband to mention the Slat or Peter Clodd to her, and for once he obeyed. One morning Peggy received a letter addressed in Peter's handwriting, delivered in the ordinary way, through the post. There was very little in it, simply a request that she would meet him that evening at the corner of Boreham Wood, as he had something of supreme importance to say to her. He did not hint that it was good-bye.

She was happier all day for that letter, and looked it. At milking-time a sudden womanly desire to confide in her aunt overtook her, and as they passed into the dairy she gave it voice.

"I heard from Peter this morning, auntie. I'm going out to see him tonight. I expect that it'll be to say good-bye. I've been feeling all the week that he's going away, quite far away, likely to Canada."

Mrs. Garrett set down her pail, and wiped her hands on the corner of her apron, at the same time looking with real kindliness into the girl's face.

"Do you mind much, Peggy? Are you set on Peter Clodd?"

"Yes, I like him, auntie, but it's

all going to come right, I don't know how, only I know God's like that. He lets us poor women know things sometimes when He thinks we've had enough."

The mystery and the strange presumption of this speech, albeit it was so quietly delivered, laid an odd hush on Mary Garrett's spirit, and on her tongue. She simply turned away without speaking a word. Peggy had led such an isolated life, communing so much with nature that she had got very near to the heart of things. Sometimes even Mary herself, a religious woman, according to her lights, felt that her niece was familiar with a world she knew nothing of. She took care that nothing hindered Peggy's outgoing that evening, and that nobody questioned her. Peter was waiting at the trysting-place, and Peggy noted, womanlike, that he had a new overcoat on, quite long, reaching to his knees, and that he looked very handsome and fit.

"My own girl, it seems ages and ages since I had you here!" he cried as he took her in his arms.

"It is a long time," admitted Peggy, though she refrained from adding that it was entirely his own fault.

"I've felt so beastly about all this ghastly business, Peggy, and having everybody jeering at me I simply couldn't bear to come near the place. Of course, you knew I didn't find anything."

"I never expected you would, Peter, nor anybody else," she answered quietly.

He laughed a trifle bitterly. "But I did find something, after all," he said, with a curious note in his voice. "Lemuel Pearse must have been a bit of a humorist in his way. He liked the idea of getting the better of the fools that might come after. Grandfer Bowen was right after all. The treasure was actually hidden in the wall under the mound. Here it is. I've brought it for you to keep safe for me, and to bring with you, when you come out to me in Canada next year."

He stepped back to the hedge, and took a box from under it—a tin box, rusty and battered, but otherwise in good preservation.

He lit a small lantern he had brought with him, and, lifting the lid, took out a book, a small square book, with leather covers and brass clasps, quite intact, only smelling a little moldy after its years in the bowels of the earth.

"Why, whatever is it, Peter?" asked Peggy interestedly; "it looks like a Bible."

"Exactly what it is, my girl," replied Peter, a trifle grimly. Then, dropping the tin box, he opened the book at the fly leaf, and drew out a small slip of paper, yellow with age, on which some words were written in a crabbed, almost illegible hand. Peggy, peering over his arm, managed to make it out.

"See Matthew, Chap. sixth, verses 19 and 20."

"I know them," said Peggy when Peter with the same somewhat sardonic grin on his face would have turned over the pages.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

"A bit of a humorist, old Lemuel must have been," reiterated Peter as he closed the book and would have thrown it on the ground, only Peggy caught it and clasped it rather tenderly in her hands. "But don't let us talk any more about Lemuel and his accursed money, and don't you tell anybody what I've found. I've come to say good-bye, Peggy. I wonder, did you guess?"

"Yes, of course," the girl answered very quietly. "You're going to Canada. I've known it all day. I woke up in the morning knowing it. When do you sail?"

"On Saturday, but I'm leaving Seaminster to-morrow, for my mother's sister lives at Birkenhead, and I've promised to stop the night with her before I sail. What I've been wondering all day, Peggy, is whether I

have the right to ask you to wait for me, seeing the particular kind of fool I've been, and that if I hadn't been led away by the idea of that miserable old shank's buried treasure, I might have had the money to take you with me." Here he would have kicked the tin box, only Peggy drew him gently back.

"I'll wait, Peter," she answered softly, "and never think the days long till you send for me, because I know you'll be true to me."

"So help me, God, I will, and work like a Trojan too! I've had my lesson, Peggy. The money that comes over the seas to bring you to me will be clean money, earned by the work of an honest pair of hands. But it's hard leaving you, darling; by God, it's hard!"

There were tears in his young eyes, and they did no dishonor to his manhood. Peggy kept hers back. There would be plenty of time to shed them when the loneliness of the one who is left behind was hers, meanwhile she must play the woman's part, to cheer, to comfort, to uplift. And she did it with such tenderness, such power, that poor Peter Clodd, a very ordinary young man, a little weak in parts, felt himself capable of any achievement. And Peggy had no idea of the greatness of the work she was accomplishing in helping Peter Clodd to rise to the full height of his manhood. Only at the last she broke down, and that was well. For the memory of Peggy's tears, and her clinging arms, went with Peter across the seas, a last poignant memory pushing him on towards the home of his heart.

"I want the tin box, too, Peter," she said, smiling, at last when they turned to go. "This book will be a comfort to me. I'll read in it every day, because I want you to read in mine. I brought it with me, Peter. It's only a poor cheap little Bible, but it's got my name and all my marks in it."

Peter took it reverently, put it to his lips, and laid it in his breast pocket, where it would lie, he told himself and her, until they met again. So they parted, poor young things, a little woebegone and sick at heart, yet sustained by the hope of the brighter days to come.

Mary Garrett lying awake by her snoring husband's side heard the girl enter softly, and slip up to her room, and a little later she thought she heard her sobbing. But she did not disturb her even with an offer of sympathy, realizing that it was better for her to be alone.

Next day she had recovered her quiet cheerfulness, and for one year and eight months she continued at Garrett's Mill until Peter Clodd sent the money to bring her out to the home he had made in the far land across the sea.

It was an exquisite evening in the early summer when Peggy arrived at the little wayside station in the middle of the great prairies which was now to be her home. She was not alone, for Peter had met her at the port of landing, and they were now husband and wife.

"How big it is, Peter!" she said with a little wistful flutter of the lids as they drove across the level stretches, green with wheat, and variegated with the bloom of the early prairie flowers. "Don't you feel sometimes as if you were lost, or rather as if you were very near to heaven?"

"It's a grand country, Peggy. I hope you won't be disappointed in our little shack. It's very small, not bigger than the dairy at Garrett's Mill. But some days when we get on a bit, I'll build you a bigger and a better house, but I want to buy the land first. I owe two hundred pounds on it yet, and the mortgage is heavy. When we've paid that off we'll begin to live."

She smiled a little tremulously, and slipped her hand in his under the linen cover of the buggy, and so they rode on into the land of hope and promise, as happy as two children. It was a very small house and very crude and bare, but it was her very own. Here love could work out its miracles,

and the woman's heart be wholly at rest.

In the late evening, after the sun had gone down, as they sat on the little platform which Peter laughingly alluded to as the verandah, Peggy suddenly got up and went into the house. When she came out she had in her hand a small bag she had used on the train, and which contained her few personal belongings. From it she took out the brass-bound book which Lemuel Pearse so long ago had buried among the ruins of the Slat.

"You've taken care of it, Peggy, but why bring it out now, little girl? I'm not particularly needing to be reminded of that old folly of mine which has often made me gnash my teeth."

She turned over the pages lovingly, with a curious look on her sweet face.

"Listen, Peter, it's such a wonderful story. I began to read it every day after you left, and one day, inside its pages I came on something thin and fine like a piece of parchment. When I looked at it, I was afraid because it was a Bank of England note for a hundred pounds. I found other five like that, all good and clean and crisp. I hid them away for quite a long time, afraid to say a word to anybody, for if Uncle Joe had known about them he would have taken them away from me, I am sure. After a while I went to see Mr. Woodburn, the lawyer at Seaminster, and I told him everything from the very beginning—all about you paying sixty pounds to Uncle Joe for the right to dig up the Slat, and asked him what I should do, who the money really belonged to, and what was the law and the right to it. He was so kind and helpful, he told me exactly what to do. He said the money was absolutely yours, and that nobody could interfere with it or take a penny from you. And he advised me to keep it safe—indeed, he kept it for me until you should send for me, then I could take it out to you, and here it is! So now you'll be able to buy the farm, and build a little bit on to the house."

The moon rose up, and the stars peeped out, and grew brighter in the wonderful crystalline sky. Not a sound broke the stillness but the far cry of the coyote, for it was a land of songless birds.

"It's wonderful, Peggy," said Peter Clodd at last, and his young, eager voice shook, "But it's all yours, Peggy, every penny of it. But for you I should have thrown that old book into the Minster. It was what I wanted to do, I was so mad that night when I found it. So you've given me everything, my dear, from yourself downwards; and you are the most wonderful and most precious gift of all. Keep the money. Do what you like with it. I don't care for anything now I've got you."

The tears in Peggy's eyes were tears of joy, because now she knew beyond all doubt that her young husband's heart was purged of the greed of gold, and that she held it in the hollow of her hand.

Take Time to Live

By Arnold Bennett

More time is one of a very few things that nobody can get. You can neither buy, beg, nor lose your quota of time. No matter how shamefully you misuse one hour, another undeviatingly follows. The thing to do, then, is to cease wishing for the impossible, and to realize that if you work, let us say, eight hours, sleep seven or eight, you still have eight or nine hours a day in which to live, with mind as well as body.

At Work with the Business Doctor

Curing Sick Industries

By James H. Collins

A FOUNDRY in the States had been so busy for two years that, despite overtime work, it was constantly from a month to six weeks behind orders. Conservative advance estimates of the business that was being done placed the volume at $500,000 easily, and when the next annual accounting was made the gross output exceeded that amount. Yet it was learned that the profits for twelve months had been less than $20,000. This discrepancy was so surprising that the concern called in a firm of production engineers to make a study of the business and find out where the profits had gone. Investigation showed that most of the loss came from congestion in the molding shop, where castings were turned out.

This foundry makes a wide assortment of machine parts for other manufacturers. Its business was secured chiefly on bids. The latter were based upon rough estimates. With no accurate cost system for following each order through the plant, it was necessary to use averages calculated from last year's general cost of labor, materials, and so forth. The prices at which work was secured usually afforded a fair margin of profit. But that margin was frittered away in the processes, and for lack of a cost system which would show actual expense on each job it was impossible to locate the leakage. As each job came in it was numbered and sent through the plant in the order of its number. Thus, a lot of small castings would be followed by some very heavy ones, and those in turn by a dozen miscellaneous parts intended for a certain machine, all handled together under the same job number. As a result, the molders worked on a hodge-podge of stuff, big and little being cast side by side, and there was loss through confusion.

The production engineers laid out a system by which orders for several days were classified according to size. That made it possible to work the men on about the same size castings each day, giving the facility that comes in handling uniform work, simplifying the handling of flasks, pouring molten metal, and so forth. This immediately relieved the congestion that had put the foundry behind its orders. Overtime work became unnecessary. Quality of output improved. Most important of all, it was possible to keep accurate cost records on each job, giving a surer basis for bidding.

For several weeks after this system was installed the engineers supervised its workings. The first definite information it yielded sent them to the management with suggestions about a certain kind of castings.

"You are losing money on them; raise your prices."

"Oh, we wouldn't dare ask higher prices for those," was the reply. "Our competitors crowd us too closely. It would put us out of business."

"Well, then, go out of business," said the engineers. "This work will

put you into bankruptcy eventually, for you are losing money on all you turn out."

Investigation in the sales department demonstrated that contracts during the past two or three years had been made below actual cost of production, a condition brought about by lack of knowledge of true costs, coupled with intimidity in the sales end. By sharp tactics customers had scared salesmen into meeting purely fictitious bids alleged to have been received from competitors. When prices on these castings were eventually raised little business was lost, showing that the competition had been largely imaginary, as a good deal of competition always is. At the end of a year this foundry was turning out $650,000 worth of work. The machinery had not been increased, nor was overtime labor necessary. Yet profits under the new system had been brought up to more than $100,000 a year.

Some months after the system was running smoothly the production engineers were called in again. The foundry's percentage of defective castings had suddenly begun to assume alarming proportions. In the finishing-rooms many flaws were revealed, despite most careful inspection of work turned out in the molding department, while some of the costly machine parts sold to customers under guarantees of quality were coming back almost daily, showing failures. For two weeks the engineers studied the establisment's whole routine, yet did not find anything that seemed to be out of the ordinary. The character of the work was just as good as ever—better, in fact. Inspection of raw castings was very thorough, every piece that revealed the slightest defect being set aside as soon as it left the flask.

The engineers were puzzled. Finally a young fellow on their staff, who had just left college, was told to stay at this foundry until he ran the trouble down, and he made it a point not only to work with the men in various departments, but to come down an hour or so before the whistle blew in the morning. One day he asked the superintendent a question:

"Mr. Walker, why did that molder over there take some castings from his pile before he started work and place them on that pile?"

"Did he do that?" asked the superintendent, surprised.

"Yes—and other men did the same thing."

The trouble was cleared up immediately. Several molders, coming in early, had adopted the trick of lifting rejected castings off piles set out to be weighed and deducted from their day's work, reducing the defective pieces charged against their wages. Those defective castings had gone into piles of work inspected and passed, and a number had been shipped to customers. This is a typical instance of the production engineer's work in simplifying routine and saving profits.

The "business doctor" has long been familiar to the general public as a man called in when something is obviously wrong in a factory or mercantile house. Very often his service went no further than clearing up some specific trouble. Usually his chief interest was in accounting methods, and he departed after installing a card system of book-keeping. But the production engineer takes the whole business as his province. He tests flue gases and coal, installs systems in the boiler-room and saves cost. In the engine-room he saves on lubricating oil. In the factory he tests materials, synchronises processes, ferrets out costs, trains employes to better methods. At the executive end he takes routine work off the shoulders of the management, and at the same time gives them more facts about their business from day to day.

The old-fashioned business doctor might be compared to the physician who is called in a hurry once or twice a year when some member of the family is sick, whereas the production engineer is like the Herr Doctor, common in Germany, who visits the fam-

ily at least once a month, spends part of the evening chatting with its various members, and makes quiet studies that enable him to keep the family in pretty good health.

One of the best-known production engineers in America began applying card systems to business years ago, when cards were hardly known outside of libraries. At the outset he adapted his cards chiefly to accounting. But soon he became interested in extending their usefulness. Making card-system pay-rolls, for instance, led naturally to recording miscellaneous data about labor and its costs on cards with different colors. That led, in turn, to gathering information about materials, processes, and so forth. By and by he woke up to the realization that the thing most needed in business is information—facts about men and management, materials and methods. Ninety per cent. of the concerns he investigated were operating on guesswork. So he began gathering business facts for others, interpreting them, carrying out improvements indicated by them. To-day he has a large organization.

In a certain Government department recently an inquiry or other bit of routine business was referred to so many persons, who had offices so arranged in a large building, that before the business was finally disposed of it had traveled, perhaps, several miles, criss-crossing back and forth in a most confusing fashion. Production engineers studied those operations exactly as though they were factory processes, planning the routes taken by business, moving some departments nearer together and cutting others out of certain routine work. When they finished, the detail had been amazingly simplified and shortened.

This same Government department kept the records of each of their district offices in a set of twenty-one different books, weighing upward of a hundred pounds. When the production engineer finished with that detail, each office kept all its records in a single loose-leaf volume, so that there were only a hundred and four books, as compared with nearly twenty-two hundred. These engineers are factory experts, and after making a typical factory study of the Government department in question, treating its business largely as a product, they made suggestions by which its operating expenses will eventually be cut down not less than $500,000 yearly.

A prosperous company in the States, making fine store fixtures, had developed its business along quality lines. When a merchant wanted a store fitted up men were sent to make careful measurements, and the fixtures were built to original designs, like a fine residence. Costly woods and ornamental metal-work were employed, and very often a handsome instalation would never be duplicated elsewhere. This high character paid—the company's reputation had been built upon it.

When production engineers studied that business, however, they saved the management hundreds of pounds yearly by drawing up standards for doors, drawers, panes of glass, handles, knobs, screws and other parts. No matter what these might carry in the way of ornament or of what materials they were made, they conformed to a standard table of dimensions, saving cost of manufacture and also enabling the merchant who bought fixtures to order repairs without trouble.

An old pottery, established more than half a century, had hundreds of designs in finished goods stored in its warehouse. An order for one hundred dozen pieces of a certain design was received, and the shipping clerks hunted it up in the warehouse. Maybe they found only half enough goods to fill the order, so it had to wait while the machinery turned out the other half. At the same time, perhaps, five hundred dozen extra pieces of this particular design would be made up for stock and stored in the warehouse in readiness for future orders. After several months, however, the shipping department, searching for that design again, would fail to find these

extra goods, and another order was delayed while the machinery made still more of them.

This situation was put up to production engineers as a genuine puzzle, and they solved it very simply by installing a modern record of stock which facilitated orders by making it possible to make up goods before they ran short, and reduced the amount of stock on hand by showing the frequency of orders for all designs. One very important item of saving was that effected by discarding designs that had not been ordered for years.

In locating a disappearing margin of profit in a large foundry, it was found that all castings turned out were figured by weight, and bids made on that basis. Weight is no guide to cost in such products, for two different castings containing just the same quantity of metal may be of such dissimilar character that the labor-cost of one may have actually been twice that of the other. This foundry was operating under a cost system that made it dangerous to raise the quality of its products, for its high-grade castings were being turned out below cost, and sufficient increase in the sort of patronage that should have been most desirable would have sent it into bankruptcy. The difficulty was overcome with a simple cost system that kept time, wage, and material records on each job. In a few months the old margin of profit was not only restored, but increased, for the foundry secured more profitable contracts by being able to bid with absolute knowledge of costs, and thus had decided advantages over competitors.

These are typical accomplishments of the production engineer. Yet they are merely details. His study of a business extends to every department and function, and his conclusions are embodied in a complete report, usually a large, typewritten book with blue prints, forms, and diagrams, each department having its separate chapter, with suggestions for economies.

In another case the production engineers went through a large mill, making their report, and when it was submitted they called the managing director's attention to a little detail of counting-house reform, the profit and loss account.

"In two or three months you are going to be very much interested in this account," said they, and the managing director found it true.

Up to that time his plant had been operated wholly on information derived from an annual inventory This mill turns out several different kinds of goods. Going in the dark from one year's end to another, the management might be under the impression that they were making more money than last year, only to find that they had made less. Even if they gained in profits it was never definitely known which kinds of goods had earned the extra money, while if a loss were shown they could not certainly put their finger on the item that caused it.

The year is too large a unit upon which to transact business in these times—there are only twenty or thirty of such units in the average business man's life at most. When the production engineers gave the manager of the mills referred to a profit and loss account, he had definite knowledge of each class of goods from day to day. Reports came from every quarter of the mill, were tabulated, and he could compare a given day's output with that of any other day, not merely in quantity, but from the standpoints of labor, raw materials, time consumed in processes, and so forth. If he wished, this information could be presented to him in such ways that he alone understood the whole story.

At the outset this system was regarded with suspicion by foremen. Those exact reports, calling for detailed statements of each minute of time, every ounce of materials and every item of completed work, seemed a sort of spy system. But when results began to come in to the chief and go back to the foremen in the shape of orders and suggestions, the

latter became as interested in the profit and loss account as himself.

In the old days, after an annual inventory, if there were a gain in profits the chief would, perhaps, increase each foremen's salary, going largely by the number of years Tom and John and Bill had been with the mill. If there were a loss he called them all together and gave them a lecture on the importance of economy, diligence, and other abstract virtues, and sent them back to work to find the cause of trouble and correct it. They had no means of finding it, naturally—he couldn't find it himself.

But the profit and loss account changed all that. It showed definitely that on this batch of goods, made last week, the cost of manufacture had been three-half-pence per hundred higher than the cost of identically the same quantity and kind a month before. The foreman responsible for those goods could be called in and given a chance to explain matters.

"Why, Mr. Smith, that low cost last month was on account of the way our enamel worked. We never had such a fine lot of enamel. Everything seemed to run like clock-work. But this month we're having trouble. The last job didn't go through as smooth."

"Well, now, suppose you experiment a little with your enamel. Send down to Biggs' laboratories and get a chemical analysis. If we can get that kind of enamelling right, it will mean a good deal to us in the way of contracts."

This gave the foreman something definite to work upon. Under the old inventory system there were a thousand or more rat-holes down which that three-half-pence a hundred might have disappeared and nobody have been able to locate it. But the profit and loss account showed precisely the rat-hole to be investigated, and usually the foreman succeeded in plugging it up and trapping the rat. If he set a standard of quality or economy he was held to it. But the chief knew how great an advance such new standards meant, and knew who was entitled to credit. Soon there was a different spirit on that staff, because the men knew they were now working on accurate information, and that credit for good work or blame for bad would fall exactly where they belonged. The engineers had planned a profit and loss account, but what developed when it was put into operation was a broad human principle that facilitated management from top to bottom.

The capable production engineer is far more than a systematizer.

Nine times in ten, after making his study and drawing up a scheme of administration, he stays with the latter until it is installed and running smoothly. If the new-fangled routine were all drawn up on paper and handed to Bill Jones in the boiler-room, with the statement that by following that method the company could save three per cent. of its fuel costs, Bill Jones might not think the matter important. But when there is somebody right on the job to insist that about $40 a week is being wasted up the chimney, Bill Jones is interested.

He may also be called upon to take charge of business enterprises on behalf of creditors or heirs, to lay out large firms where capital is creating them from the ground up, to apportion different kinds of manufacturing among a number of firms following a large consolidation, to advise as to increase of capital, or find the valuation of property in disputes or settlements.

So he is more than an expert in accounting, costs, industrial chemistry, systems, or any other restricted specialty. In the course of the year he employs many such experts, and supplements their work with broad administrative experience drawn from manufacturing, trading, banking, Government business. For in dealing with production he is dealing with pretty much all industry.

—*The Organizer.*

Mr. Sterling's Sister

A Simple Tale of a Woman's Devotion

By Thomas Cobb

MR. HAMILTON STERLING was a man of the world. He flattered himself that there was not any nonsense about him. His opinions were formed by the light of common sense, and he had a horror of anything which resembled "sentimentality." At the age of thirty-six he had met with considerable success at the bar, and now at the beginning of the Long Vacation, he was on the point of going abroad for some weeks.

Before leaving England, however, he thought that he must see how Eleanor was getting along at Broadwater. His father had been vicar of the parish for several years, and since his death eighteen months ago, she had stayed on in the village.

Eleanor Sterling was Hamilton's only sister, twelve years younger than himself. To do him justice, he had offered to give up his comfortable bachelor's rooms and take a house for her benefit, but he had felt immensely relieved when she declined the self-denying proposal. She had been born at Broadwater, and spent her whole life there; no doubt she was deeply attached to the place, as well as being a little slow and old-fashioned. A pity, because even a brother must admit that, in her way, she was a remarkably attractive girl; too diminutive, perhaps, too unassuming, but yet with a better dressmaker and more experience of society, quite capable of doing Hamilton credit. However, for his own sake, it was just as well she should prefer to stay amongst the folk she knew so well in the country.

The vicarage, of course, was occupied by the Reverend Alfred Sterling's successor, a married man with a large family, but Eleanor had found comfortable quarters with Mrs. Churchill, a widow, who let lodgings to such visitors as might be attracted every summer by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Fortunately, Mr. Sterling had been able to leave her an income of five hundred pounds a year.

Having dressed with his usual care in his somewhat formal way, Hamilton set forth soon after breakfast, reaching Broadwater Station at a quarter to twelve. A few minutes' walk, past the vicarage, where his boyhood had been spent, brought him to Mrs. Churchill's picturesque house, with its shingle roof and front of beams and plaster. To his disappointment, Eleanor was not at home; she had gone out for a walk and might not return until just before luncheon at half-past one. Some men might have filled in the time by a visit to the churchyard, as Mr. and Mrs. Sterling both lay there, but after all, what was the good? Hamilton having found the sun hot, elected to sit down and wait in Eleanor's sitting room on the ground floor; a light, pleasant room, containing several articles of furniture which had been brought from the vicarage; familiar to Hamilton as long as he could remember. There was his mother's old escritoire between the two windows!

What arrested his attention, however, was something aggressively new;

nothing but a typewriter, in its metal case, which stood on the oak sideboard. Now, what in the world could Eleanor want with a typewriter? It was of a well-known make, and must have cost her twenty guineas at the least. It could not be that she wrote many letters, or that she found it necessary, living her secluded life, to add to her income. Surely, it was not a case of *cacoethes scribendi!* Eleanor could not be developing into an authoress; why on earth should she have invested in a typewriter?

On a small table Hamilton discovered some written sheets, which showed that she had attained a certain proficiency. No doubt she had been copying leading articles for practice from the daily papers. Rather uncongenial work, one would think.

Having been told of her brother's presence by Mrs. Churchill, she entered the room at one o'clock, with both hands outstretched, and holding them for a moment, Hamilton stooped to bestow a kiss on her cheek. In her white straw hat and light cotton frock, she looked prettier than ever, but after the first greeting, when she had asked how he was and told him that she was perfectly well and contented with her surroundings, he fancied that she glanced a little apprehensively at the typewriter, as if she were not very pleased that he should see it.

Although their tastes and temperaments were uncongenial, and she would not for the world have lived with Hamilton, she was unfeignedly glad of his visit, while she knew that Mrs. Churchill would do the best in the short time at her disposal to provide a meal suitable for a man who thought a great deal about his food.

"What," asked Hamilton, when she returned from taking off her hat, "is the meaning of this?"

"Oh!—my typewriter," answered Eleanor, with a blush.

"Yes, I see it's a typewriter," said her brother. "But why in the name of Goodness did you buy it?"

"I thought I should rather like to learn to use one," she murmured.

"I hope," exclaimed Hamilton, "you have not taken any absurd idea into your head."

"Oh, dear no!" she returned, and then the youthful maid entered to prepare the table. Hamilton confessed that the luncheon was excellent in its way. The chicken was cooked to a turn; the tart was delicious, the cream almost enough to reconcile one to a country life, and the ale which Mrs. Churchill sent up was clear as a bell!

"Upon my word," cried Hamilton, "you might be in worse quarters."

"Suppose you stay for a day or two," suggested Eleanor.

"Is there a room to be had?" he asked.

"Anyhow, there's Mr. Elliott's—"

"Who is Mr. Elliott?" demanded Hamilton quickly. Eleanor always thought she should hate being cross-examined by her brother.

"Oh, well! he has lived here the last three or four months."

"Good heavens, what can a man find to do?"

"You see, Mr. Elliott writes," she explained.

"What does he write?"

"All manner of things—at least he used to do when he lived in London; short stories, sensational novels—he was a journalist, Hamilton."

"You seem," was the answer, "to know all about him."

"Why, yes," said Eleanor with the shadow of a smile. "He began by bowing when we met in the hall; then he bade me 'Good morning'; two persons can't live in the same house without speaking."

"Bless my soul!" cried Hamilton, "I have lived in the same house for years with men and never taken the slightest notice of them. Is this man young?"

"Oh, yes, quite young; about five or six and twenty. I think he is fairly well known—"

"Then why should he bury himself here?" asked Hamilton.

"I think the reason is rather interesting," she returned. "He began his career as a journalist when he was eighteen."

"Not a 'Varsity man!"

"No; you understand he had his own way to make, and a good deal of difficulty in making it for some years. Then he began to get along, until one day, he says, he seemed to grow sick of it all."

"My dear girl," said Hamilton, "a man doesn't grow sick of success."

"There are different kinds of success, Hamilton."

"Oh, nonsense. I call the man successful who earns a good income."

"David Elliott doesn't. He was earning a good income, but by means of work which he felt wasn't the best he could do."

"I can never swallow that kind of rot," said Hamilton, taking out his cigar case, as the maid came to remove the cloth. "The fact is," he continued when his cigar was lighted, and he was alone with Eleanor again, "you ought to be careful whom you associate with, though one would think you were safe at Broadwater."

"Anyhow," she answered. "David Elliott made up his mind to devote a year to doing the best that was in him; to turn out just one book to please himself without an eye on the British public. He worked harder than ever, lived frugally and saved enough money to enable him with a good deal of pinching to exist in some quiet country place for twelve months."

"The man must be a rank sentimentalist!" cried Hamilton.

"You wouldn't say that if you could see him!" said Eleanor.

"As well if I could, perhaps!"

"Unfortunately, it's impossible. Mr. Elliott met with an accident five or six weeks ago."

Hamilton smoked his cigar with his forehead wrinkled and his eyes on his sister's face. He felt that he was on the way to account for the possession of the typewriter, although he had not actually found the clue as yet.

"What sort of accident?" he demanded.

"Oh, it was terrible," she explained, an expression of pain crossing her face. "Mr. Elliott works every morning and evening, and the rest of his day is spent roaming about the country. One afternoon, about three miles from here, he was in a wood with a railway line running through it. There was a level crossing, and the gate was open. Two tiny mites of children from one of the keeper's cottages were playing on the line, and David saw a train coming towards them. One child ran off when he shouted, but the younger of the two—a girl—seemed paralyzed with fear. She stood still between the rails and must have been killed if David hadn't run forward and just succeeded in thrusting her on to the six-foot way in time. But," added Eleanor, with tears in her eyes, "he was too late to save himself. The engine knocked him down; it went over his right arm. He was picked up by the keeper and taken to the cottage hospital at Warchester."

"A case for amputation!" suggested Hamilton, gazing intently at the tip of his cigar.

"Two inches below the shoulder."

"You—you haven't seen Elliott since?" asked her brother.

"N—no," she returned. "Of course, I have inquired at the hospital—I went this morning, and I send flowers and grapes. He has had the most dreadful time, but still, he is much better," she added. I hope he will soon be out again."

"Devilish unfortunate for a man," Hamilton, half-reluctantly, admitted.

"You see," she continued, "the worst of it is, that his book is not much more than half written. There are about a hundred and twenty pages not begun, and, of course, what's finished is useless without the end. If it had been the left arm—"

"Look here, Eleanor," said Hamilton, "no doubt it's all very sad and

that sort of thing, but I don't want to see my sister make a fool of herself."

"Shall I tell Mrs. Churchill you will sleep here to-night?" asked Eleanor.

"Now," her brother exclaimed, "why did you buy that typewriter?"

"I should be immensely pleased if you would stay," said Eleanor.

"You haven't answered my question," he persisted, biting hard on his cigar.

"Well," she retorted, with a smile, "I have no intention to answer it."

"You tempt one to think you have something to be ashamed of!"

"Nothing in the world—as far as that goes," she said. "But there are things one doesn't care to talk about, and—and if I can persuade you to stay, I ought to tell Mrs. Churchill."

On the whole, Hamilton came to the conclusion that he would return to London in time to dine at his club, but not before he had bestowed much sound advice on Eleanor. She had, he reminded her, seen little or nothing of the world. She was scarcely more experienced than many a modern child; fortunately, her income was strictly tied up, but still Hamilton trusted she would exercise a little common sense. David Elliott must be little better than a fool; Hamilton knew the type of man thoroughly; he was one who spelled art with a capital "A"!

Eleanor saw her brother off by the London train, then walked slowly back to Mrs. Churchill's, where her life ran on very smooth lines. After dinner that evening she uncovered the typewriter and spent an hour tapping out words—much more accurately and rapidly than she would have believed possible six weeks ago. Several hours a day she practised, and one afternoon, about a week after Hamilton's visit, she was sitting before the machine at the oblong dining table, copying a page out of the Fortnightly Review, completely engrossed by her occupation, when suddenly her fingers ceased their movement and she half rose from her chair.

She had scarcely noticed the ringing of the front-door bell, but it was impossible to mistake David Elliott's voice in the hall. The next moment Mrs. Churchill entered the room. Poor Mr. Elliott had just come home and might he speak to Miss Sterling for a few minutes?

"Oh, yes; please bring Mr. Elliott here," she answered, and snatching the newspaper from a chair and hastily unfolding it, Eleanor threw it over the typewriter.

She had last seen David seven weeks ago on the afternoon of his accident. Eleanor had gone after luncheon to the front garden and was standing at the gate, when David approached it. They had stayed some time talking in low voices before he set out on one of his long tramps across country.

He had fallen into the habit of talking, with an egotism she could easily pardon, about his uncompleted work, but this afternoon he seemed preoccupied. He hinted, not for the first time, at throwing it up and going back to his former life in London. The game was not worth the candle; already, no doubt, he had dropped out of things, and, perhaps, the sooner he devoted himself to the task of earning a decent livelihood again, the better. Because, he could not feel confident that his book would achieve a financial success:

"But I understood," suggested Eleanor, "that nothing for the present was farther from your mind."

"Ah, yes," said David, "that is true—at least, it used to be true. But a change has come over the spirit of my dream since I told you that,"

Eleanor saw that he was restraining himself from saying more, and indeed she had a perfect understanding. The world seemed that afternoon seven weeks ago a more contrarious sphere than she had hitherto realized. She knew that David had voluntarily renounced an income

Drawn by Fred Pegram

BUT YOU MUST LET ME HELP YOU TO FINISH THE BOOK!"

which might have justified his marriage, and she would not on any account wish him to relinquish his ambition "just for a handful of silver."

Had their positions been reversed; had he possessed a fair income and she nothing, he might nevertheless have invited her to share it; but as things were, Eleanor felt that her tongue was tied, whilst he could not declare the love (about which she now felt certain) without either returning to what he regarded as his too common task of achieving a new success.

She had stood at the gate looking after him as he strode along High Street: a tall, broad-shouldered man, with fair hair and a cleanly shaven face; frank and handsome. He seemed always to wear the same blue serge suit, well made, yet a little out of shape. After he passed out of her sight round the curve of the road, she had never seen him since, but now he was on the point of crossing the threshold of her room. He entered with his left hand out, a brave smile on his face, and Eleanor, although almost broken down when her eyes fell on his empty sleeve, strove to meet him with a calmness which even Hamilton would have commended.

"I hope I haven't done wrong," he began, retaining her hand for a moment. "But anyway I felt bound to thank you for all those flowers, and —well, there won't be many more opportunities."

"You are not going away!" faltered Eleanor, as they stood side by side, close to the oblong table.

"I'm afraid," David gravely answered. "I mustn't stay now." He glanced down at his empty sleeve.

"But—surely—until you have finished, your book," she suggested.

"How in the world," he exclaimed, "can I finish it?"

"Never?" she asked.

"Oh, well, never's a long day, you know. Later on, perhaps. It can scarcely be for some time to come, and meantime I shall find all my work to make ends meet."

"Don't you feel capable of beginning again just yet?" she inquired.

"My head's all right, if that's what you mean," said David, "although when I lay in a fever at the hospital I wondered whether it ever would be."

"Wouldn't you soon get used to dictating?" asked Eleanor, nervously. The fingers of her right hand were resting on the newspaper which hid the typewriter.

"Oh, yes. I've no doubt I should soon get into the way of it," he answered. "But, frankly, it's out of the question. As things were at the best I reckoned I should only be able to get through with the skin of my teeth. You see I couldn't afford an amenuensis day after day."

"Then, what," cried Eleanor anxiously, "do you think of doing?"

"Doesn't it seem that the most obvious thing is to learn to write with my left hand?" he said, with a smile which wrung her heart. Her eyes grew dim, and for a few seconds there was silence between them. Eleanor's face turned crimson, and then it grew paler than David had ever beheld it; there was a suspicious quaver in her voice when next she spoke.

"Oh, by the by," she murmured, with a great deal of embarrassment, "I have something to show you." Taking the newspaper between her finger and thumb, she drew it shyly away from the typewriter.

"Whom does that belong to?" he asked.

"Why, it's mine," answered Eleanor. "I have already become quite skillful. I scarcely ever make a mistake, and my speed is increasing day by day."

She broke off abruptly, lowering her eyes, as she felt his upon her face, but as he did not speak, she raised them again, and they looked long at each other. At the first, David had

not succeeded in grasping her meaning, but suddenly it flashed upon him, and he drew in a deep breath:

"Eleanor," he exclaimed, "I meant to hold my tongue, but upon my soul, you've made it impossible. I was going away simply because I couldn't tantalize myself by living near you unless there was a prospect of your becoming my wife. I saw I ought to wait until I had pulled things round a bit, but if you can see your way, my darling, if you will take the risk—"

"I will not admit there is any," she answered.

"Eleanor, will you marry me at once—as soon as I can arrange things?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she replied, and David's arm was around her body, and it was quite a long time before she could whisper, with her lips very close to his face: "But you must let me help you to finish the book!"

It was true that David Elliott left Broadwater the same evening, but he returned shortly to take her to the church, in which her father had ministered so many years. The letter which explained matters to Mr. Hamilton Sterling was signed:

"Your affectionate sister,

"Eleanor Elliott."

She thought there was an agreeable alliteration in the name.

Take the Next Step

Do not be too anxious to see all the way ahead of you. It may not be best for you. The man who carries a lantern on a dark night can see perfectly to take the next step. He does not need to see all the steps, for he can take only one at a time, and when he takes that step the light moves forward for the next one.

The trouble with most of us is that we want to see too far ahead. We want to be sure that we are going to do some great thing. Then we will not be afraid to make a great effort.

But keep "pegging away," as Lincoln did. Keep your trust in the Great Unseen Power which somehow brings things out infinitely better than you expected.

How many times in our past lives the way has seemed so dark that we could not see a gleam of light? How many times failure has seemed absolutely inevitable and yet we kept hoping, working, doing our best, and the Unseen Power, which makes things good for those who do their level best, came to our rescue and brought us our heart's desire?

Never mind if you can not at once obtain the thing you long for. No matter how far away or how impossible it may seem to you, just keep your mind, your purpose, fixed on it. There is magnetic power in focusing the mind on the thing we long for. Ways we never dreamed of before will open up in a marvellous manner.

Just keep trying, keep pushing, keep thinking—thinking hard all along the line of your ambition, and doing your level best to attain your desire, and you will be surprised to find how the way will open of itself as you advance.

—*Success Magazine.*

MR. EDMUND BURKE

A Canadian's Success in Grand Opera

The Career of Mr. Edmund Burke

By Jean Milne

IN the British musical world, which has its centre in London, and of which the High Temple may be said to be the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, nothing is more remarkable in recent years than the change in the taste of the music-loving public. Perhaps the former fashion was set by the late Queen Victoria and the entourage of her somewhat old-fashioned court, but up till recent years it was extremely difficult for a singer of British birth in any part of the Empire to obtain a footing on the operatic stage. Italians, French, Germans and others had a monopoly of grand opera presentations to British audiences. Now, that is all changed, largely owing to the influence extended by the late King Edward and his court and continued by his son, George V.

Readers will easily recall the names of many of the famous singers of the day who were born in the British Isles, or within the British Empire. Of these the most widely-known is Madame Melba, who, as Miss Nellie Mitchell, was born and brought up in Victoria, and takes her stage name of Melba from Melbourne, the capital of that Australian state. A Canadian singer who has achieved great success of recent years is Madame Donalda, who was born and brought up in Montreal, and took her stage name of Donalda from the first name of Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, and veteran High Commissioner of Canada in London. It is generally understood that Lord Strathcona, as a patron of Canadian art, has taken no inconsiderable part in assisting Madame Donalda to her present high position in the operatic world.

Although our present King, with great thoughtfulness, decreed that the theatres should only be closed for as short a period as was consistent with the respect due, and willingly tendered, to the memory of a great and well-beloved King, the only place of pleasure that had its usual good season amidst the general mourning was the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in London, England. Musical comedy seemed too flippant—even the players, who are ever ready to overlook for the moment an entirely personal sorrow, were unable to rise above a national one, and seemed to have lost their power of making merry—while the more realistic plays were impossible to sit through at such a time. Therefore, the beautiful music of grand opera soothed, uplifted and cheered a sorrowing people. And the fact that the audience did not present the usual brilliant kaleidoscope of color made it very apparent how greatly the opera season is appreciated, apart from the fact that it is enjoyed as and considered representative of society with a capital S.

This season London welcomed enthusiastically a Canadian bass-bari-

MR. BURKE AS SCARPIA IN "LA TOSCA."

MR. BURKE AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST."

tone in the person of Mr. Edmund Burke, who seems likely to make his name as famous in the musical world as did his namesake in the world of politics. Mr. Burke's career, although short in the operatic sphere, is noteworthy for hard work and full of interest and achievement in that in four short years he has reached that singers' El Dorado, Covent Garden, and not only reached it, but made an unqualified success of his debut, which was in the role of the High Priest in "Samson et Dalila." His fine presence, allied to a voice of rare timbre and extended range, which is even and beautiful throughout, made his "High Priest" a thing to be remembered. Mr. Burke was the first British subject to sing Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust," and he was also heard to advantage as the Count in "La Sonnambula," as Nilakantha in "Lakme," and as the Count in "Gli Ugnotti."

Mr. Burke's career will be watched with great interest by all Canadians, and by Torontonians especially. He is identified closely with Canada by birth, education and family connections. Born in Toronto thirty-two years ago, he is a type of the finest Canadian—very tall, broad, lean and virile, combining a kindly, courtly manner with very evident power, energy and determination to "get there."

A story is told, illustrative of his "get there" propensity. It happened in the south of France, where he has sung a great deal. He was due to sing in opera at a neighboring town and arrived at the station, from which he was traveling, just in time to see the train ready to start, and an aggressive official bolting the wicket gate as if it were the portal of Doom. But Mr. Burke had to keep his engagement with the public, and, unfortunately for the conscientious official, he got into the train as it was steaming out of the station, while the St. Peter at the gate fell over a trunk when pushed gently out of the way. Mr. Burke had to catch the train, and he "got there."

Mr. Burke is a grandson of the late Thomas Maclean, who edited the Canadian "Scotsman," and the Canadian "Irishman," some fifty years ago in Toronto, and is a son of David Burke, who was for twenty-five years general manager of the New York Life Insurance Company for Canada, and whose brother was manager of the same company for twenty years previously. Thus it seems that Mr. Burke gets his energy, determination and character from his paternal antecedents. His artistic temperament and musical talent he derives from the maternal side of his family. He speaks with pride of his mother's beautiful voice, and her sisters all sang well. Of the present generation two cousins are singing professionally, the most noteworthy being Harold Jarvis, now of Detroit, and formerly of Toronto. As boys, Mr. Burke and his brother used to sing in a choir and headed the procession into church, gradually changing places as they grew older, until they finished up at the end of the procession—to use Mr. Burke's own words—they "ran down the scale from high soprano to low bass." His brother is still closely connected with church music and is organist to a leading church in Montreal, in the choir of which two other brothers also sing.

Originally intended for the bar—which profession, to all appearances, has lost a distinguished and upright judge, Mr. Burke was educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and subsequently graduated at the McGill University, Montreal, where he spent six years. Three years were given to the arts course and three to law, from which he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law.

While at the university Mr. Burke conducted the chorus, which comprised some twelve hundred voices. It was after singing with unparalleled success in "Elijah" at Montreal that he decided to turn his natural talent to professional account, and on his graduation went to Europe. In 1902 he studied under Signor Visetti, at the

Royal College of Music, London, and later for operatic work, became a pupil of Lherie, Furnetz, Le Pierre, and the celebrated Duvernoy, in Paris, and made his debut publicly at Monpellier in 1906, as principal bass, after which he sang at Algiers and other places, finally gaining laurels and most of his stage experience by playing many parts in royal opera at The Hague, where he was for three years. No young singer has more quickly gained appreciation and the hall-mark of Covent Garden recognition, and Mr. Burke is now enjoying a much-needed rest after the strenuousness of an operatic season, but Londoners are looking forward to hearing him in "Elijah" at the Albert Hall early in November.

Upon the "don'ts" that do hedge a great singer Mr. Burke posted the sign — "moderation" — therefore, he eats, drinks and is merry in moderation, but his maxim is, "Avoid overfatigue." "You've got to work and you've got to take care of yourself if you are to do any good as a singer," is Mr. Burke's opinion, and this advice may be commended to his strenuous working, strenuous playing, brother Canadians, in every walk of life, if they wish to "get there."

Dependable People

By

Henry Lee

THE world depends upon dependable persons. They create a feeling of great security and confidence. All their undertakings, whether in business or social life, are honestly and faithfully performed. They possess great force of character, are useful and influential members of the community, and make those good citizens who can do so much towards the ennobling of civic life.

They are a treasure, the value of which we can scarcely estimate; and to find such people is to strike a gold mine. They are not confined to any particular class or sphere of society, but are to be met with in most unexpected places, and under many circumstances. They also have a magnetic influence and power, which invokes wonder and delight.

The dependable man has no compunctions of conscience for duties neglected or deeds of wrong done. He is punctual as to his promise, trustworthy as to his work, true in detail, and has a great reputation for being reliable, which is the key note to most of life's success. It is a great thing to be trusted, but it is far greater to be worthy of trust.

It is not easy to be reliable and dependable. It is work!—hard work! —and requires much self-denial and self-control, for it means the fashioning of other people's lapses, the picking up and straightening out of many a tangled skein, the sticking to a post which others have left in indolence or despair, the being ever ready at the call of emergency, and the supporting and inspiring of that vast band of non-dependable ones.

"I LOOKED UP IN SURPRISE TO SEE A TALL, GOOD-LOOKING CHAP, LEANING AGAINST THE FENCE."

"Macgregor"

By

W. Hastings Webling

Chapter I.

ELLISON is a most erratic chap; you are never quite sure of him. In fact, he is never quite sure of himself. Therefore, I was not altogether surprised to hear his genial voice over the 'phone explaining with evident embarrassment his inability to play me that morning in consequence of a sudden call out of town. Of course, it could not be helped, but I must admit these "sudden calls out of town," experienced by Ellison and some of the other fellows, are most annoying.

"Of course," they sometimes remark with a certain amount of sarcasm, "they have to work for their living," but that is no reason why they should let their enthusiasm run away with their sense the night before, hurry me out to the links early next morning, all primed up for a match, and then get one of those "sudden calls out of town" excuses, or "an important client is expected," etc., leaving me to knock around alone, or wait an hour or so for some of the other fellows to turn up. I don't like it.

On this particular day I was much disappointed, and started out for a "lonesome" in rather a bad state of mind. However, after trying a few putts, I played up to number four, which is a blind hole, corner of the meadow, close by the Blair Road. I lofted a nice approach and, climbing the hill, found my ball well on the corner of the green. I tried for the putt, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of watching it win all the way, and take to the hole like a rabbit.

"Pretty work, sir—pretty work, indeed!" exclaimed an enthusiastic voice. I looked up in surprise, to see a tall, good-looking chap, leaning

against the fence, and watching me with evident interest.

He was dressed in a light grey suit, showing the dust of travel. His face, well bronzed by the sun, beamed with great good nature, and his eyes of honest blue attracted instant confidence and regard.

I acknowledged his friendly remark with that affected air of unconcern which one usually adopts after a particularly lucky shot.

"A rare canny putt," he continued pleasantly; "cleverly judged—there is no doubt about that!"

"Not bad," I admitted, carelessly. "Do you play the game?" I inquired, much interested in the stranger's manner and appearance.

"Eh, I have played a bit in my time," and I noticed he spoke with a slight Scottish burr, "but it's a while back since I handled a club."

"How would you like to try a few holes now?" I asked him, eager for an opponent. "I have enough extra clubs with me to fix you up."

"I would be glad to give you a game," he replied with alacrity, whereupon, lightly vaulting the fence, he joined me and we cordially shook hands.

"My name is Macgregor," he said, "and I might tell you I was born not much more than a stone's throw from Thistlemuir, one of the finest links in Scotland, as you may well know."

"I have heard of them often," I replied, "and I am glad to meet you, Mr. Macgregor. My name is Bamford, Stanley Bamford. Shall I drive first? There is some rough ground to the right, so I advise you to keep a little bit to the left, if anything, but I will give you the line."

Chapter II.

Macgregor was a powerful man with a wonderful swing and great style. It did not take me long to discover this fact.

He was on the sixth green (about 450 yards) with his second shot, and again at the "eighth" he drove the bunker, which is easily 175 yards, and made the hole in 3, one under bogey.

Yet there was nothing "chesty" about Macgregor; you couldn't wish for a better opponent; courteous, modest, and very keen on the game.

Once or twice he stopped and threw back his broad shoulders, inhaling with unaffected delight the glorious pine-scented air, for which our links are far famed.

"Man!" he cried with enthusiasm, "this is simply grand! You are giving me a great treat, Mr. Bamford, and you have a course of which any golfer might well be proud. The turf is good, the holes are sporty, and the scenery—well! it's a wee bit like Paradise. And mind you, Mr. Bamford, I would not think overmuch of Paradise if they have not marked out a bit of turf there, so that a man can keep up his golf."

"Now what might the distance be to yon green?" he asked, pointing to the "tenth."

"It's about 200 yards, and a bad actor," I replied, "for the 'tenth' is surrounded by all sorts and conditions of trouble, and is generally known as the 'graveyard'—so many fine scores and noble ambitions lie buried there."

My companion gave it one swift glance, then taking an iron, he landed a beautiful ball, dead on the green, within easy putting distance of the hole.

"Well, that settles it," I exclaimed in astonishment. "You had better let me caddie for you, Macgregor; I am not in your class! By Jove! I would like to match you against Fluffy Thomas; he's our best man, you know. I bet you could give him half a stroke a hole, and beat him at that."

Already visions of innumerable balls won in honest wager floated before my eyes. Then, what a jar it would be to the invincible Fluffy—Jove! how he would beef!

Considering his lack of practice, and the fact that he was playing with strange clubs, and in ordinary walking shoes, Macgregor was a star of the first rank, and you can well

"WITH ONE PRODIGIOUS SWING HE CARRIED BALL, TURF STONES AND EVERYTHING BEFORE HIM."

imagine that I was deucedly curious to know something of his personal history. But he volunteered no information on that point, and, of course, I could not suggest the subject.

So we played on with increasing interest to me until we reached the "fourteenth." Here, Macgregor got a good drive, and used a brassie on his second with fine effect, but, striking the branch of a distant tree, his ball dropped dead, and we found it in an almost unplayable position.

Do you think that phased Macgregor—not much! He considered the proposition for a moment, and then borrowed my niblick. With one prodigious swing he carried ball, turf, stones, and everything before him, cleared the bunker, and after the clouds of flying debris had cleared away there was the ball safely reposing on the green. A stroke undoubtedly worthy the great Braid himself.

I simply gasped; but Macgregor roared: "Man, but that's a bonnie club of yours; I like it well! Never part with it, laddie." And I never mean to.

He finished the round by playing a perfect running-up approach at the "home" and holed out in "3."

I grasped my new-found prodigy by the hand and tried to express what I really felt, but words failed me. It had been, under the circumstances, one of the finest exhibitions of golf I had ever seen, and I have watched a few good ones, you bet!

Chapter III.

After a welcome shower we made ourselves comfortable on the cool verandah, and I ordered the drinks and smokes. Very pleasantly did the time pass, chatting over our morning's play, in good old golfing manner. Macgregor was evidently conversant with most of the "Old Country" links and many of the best players. He was most interesting, but he spoke little of himself. Our conversation by chance veered round after a while to flying machines, and their latest development—the press being full of it at that time. I don't remember who introduced this topic, but think it was

I. Anyway, no sooner had the subject been broached than my companion's manner changed, and, casting a furtive glance around, he drew his chair closer, and said in a low, tense voice: "Are you interested in aerial navigation?"

"You bet I am," I replied, "and I hope it won't be long before we can take a flying trip to St. Andrews, for a week-end visit—what do you think?"

"Mr. Bamford," he said mysteriously, "you have given me a glorious day and treated me like a prince. I am going to tell you a secret that will appeal to you. I, Ross Macgregor, have invented a machine that has solved the problem of aerial navigation."

"You don't say," I exclaimed, with growing interest.

"It's truth I'm telling you, Mr. Bamford. I have perfected an aeroplane that can fly over a hundred miles an hour for a week, without pressing—what do you thing of that?"

I looked at Macgregor, attracted not only by his words, but by the strange glitter of his eyes, fevered with intense excitement.

"Is the secret known?" I asked, after a wondering pause.

"They know I have succeeded where the Wright Brothers, Graham Bell, Edison, and the rest have failed; but they don't know yet the fundamental basis of my achievement. It's condensed electricity," he whispered in my ear.

"Why! you will revolutionize transportation and make millions!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I shall make millions," he replied indifferently, "and I'll let you in on that; I won't forget you, be sure of that! But it is not for the mere money I have studied, struggled, and worked these many weary years—it is not for the money—it's for the power! To fly like an eagle on the wing, to strike off the trammels of earth, to soar through space, to roam the world at my own will and pleasure, discover regions unknown to mortal ken, and maybe"—here his voice seemed to soften, "to find someone who

"I HEARD APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS AND TURNED TO SEE A DIGNIFIED LITTLE MAN COMING TOWARDS US."

is far, far away. Oh, I tell you the possibilities will be unlimited, and the secret is mine!—the power is mine!"

Macgregor had risen, and was now pacing up and down the verandah, while I watched him in bewildered amazement, trying my best to follow his voluble description of how he first discovered, developed, and finally perfected his marvellous creation.

Presently I noticed with surprise that he stopped suddenly in his nervous perambulation; his ruddy face turned pale, and his whole appearance seemed to change from one of power triumphant to almost childish helplessness.

It was then I heard approaching footsteps, and turned to see a dignified little man, in black frock coat, coming towards us—eyes fixed on the face of my erstwhile friend, with strange concentration.

"Ah, here you are at last, Macgregor," he exclaimed crisply. "You have led us a merry chase, but thought we should discover you somewhere near a golf course, eh?"

"Pardon my intrusion," the newcomer said, turning with a bow to myself. "I am Dr. Wyman Brown, of the Wyman Brown Sanitarium. Mr. Macgregor is one of my most interesting patients."

Here the Doctor beckoned to two burly attendants, who were evidently waiting his instructions, and between them poor Macgregor was silently escorted to an automobile standing at the club gates.

I was naturally much upset, but managed to collect my scattered senses, and asked the Doctor if I might offer him any refreshments, at the same time introducing myself.

"Thank you, no, Mr. Bamford, but I will take a cigar if you don't mind —thanks, very much."

"Sad case, indeed!" he continued, lighting the cigar I had given him. "Poor fellow, to lose his bride in a railway accident, and his money in a bank failure about the same time, was too much for him; besides which, I understand, there is a certain hereditary weakness. However, I have hopes—I have hopes!"

"He is a great golfer," I said regretfully, "one of the best, and he has got them all licked to a frazzle round here."

"Ah, yes," rejoined Dr. Wyman Brown; "I have heard our poor friend was what they call 'plus four' man at Thistlemuir, which, I understand, is a very enviable position on those famous links. But, of course, you know more about that than I do. Unfortunately, I have always been too busy to acquaint myself with the attractions of your splendid game.

"Well, I must return to my duties," said the Doctor, drawing on his gloves, "and again apologize for my intrusion, and thank you for your courtesy. Good day, Mr. Bamford, good day!"

Presently the honk, honk, of the horn told of the Doctor's departure, but I had no heart to watch them go, for it was impossible to shake off the sad sensation of my morning's experience, and I felt mighty blue.

Refusing all inducements for any further golf that day, I wended my way sorrowfully back to town.

"Poor Macgregor!" I muttered to myself, "'plus four' at Thistlemuir, and 'bunkered' at Wyman Brown's! That's what I call an inexcusable foozle on the part of Providence!"

Time and Energy

Success is strictly a thing of energy and hours. Enough energy and enough hours and you may shake hands with success. You've got to keep at both to reach her. You've got to keep at both to keep her. You've got to work harder to keep her than to reach her.—*Lee Shubert.*

THE HOMER PIGEON

Showing the Powerful Pinions which Enable these Birds to Travel Two Miles a Minute.

The Modern Noah's Dove

The Marvellous Achievements of Homing Pigeons in Sport and in Business

By C. Lintern Sibley

AMONG the working-class districts of many Canadian cities—and particularly of Montreal and Toronto—the sport of pigeon-flying is coming to be much in favor. Indeed, if it continues to make the headway it is doing at present, the time may not be far distant when special trains will be run to convey racing pigeons to the starting points, just as is done in Europe.

The sport was first brought into prominence in Canada by Major-General Cameron. He offered many encouragements to the breeding of successful racers, and brought about a few remarkable demonstrations of the powers of these birds. But after he retired, and went to live in England, the sport rather dropped out of public notice. Now it is being re-introduced, not only in Montreal and Toronto, but in various towns and cities right across Canada, by English immigrants. So great is the interest shown that there is some talk of forming a National Carrier Pigeon Association, for the registration of birds,

and the encouragement of long-distance racing.

All the natural conditions of Canada pre-eminently fit this country for the homing pigeon fancy. Moreover, it is not one of those fancies which is confined to country houses; city dwellers and country people, poor and rich alike, can indulge in it on equal terms.

The reason why Canada affords such a field for this fascinating hobby is because of its vast territory. Extraordinary as it may sound, England is not big enough to test fully the homing powers of pigeons. Pigeons can fly with ease from one end of England to the other, and to send them further afield is attended by much risk, for the birds do not care to face hundreds of miles of open water. To get them to fly across the English Channel is a feat that has caused the loss of many good birds of late years. On this side of the Atlantic, however, there is a whole continent to experiment upon, and breeders south of the border line have many birds that will fly 1,000 miles. Indeed, there is a well-authenticated record of a bird having flown from Denver, Colorado, to Pittsburg, Pa., a distance of 1,325 miles.

The homing instinct of these birds has been made use of by mankind for thousands of years. The dove which returned to Noah's ark is the first instance on record, and there are many allusions in the classics to the services these little messengers have rendered their owners in carrying the news of the death of a king or the approach of an enemy. Some of these references, it is true, are obviously fabulous, for some poetic writers have been under the delusion that a messenger pigeon is a pigeon that can be sent on errands. The truth is that pigeons cannot be sent anywhere, except in a cage. All they can do is to return to their home when liberated, and this they will do with a speed and a certainty which no other creature can approach.

So passionate is their love of home that a well-trained homer will never voluntarily stay away from his loft. Every fancier knows of instances where such pigeons have been captured on a journey, and kept in captivity for years, and yet the first time they have been liberated, have gone straight back to the loft in which they were hatched. Thus it is useless ever to expect to buy homer pigeons and start at a bound into the sport of racing. The fancier has to buy old birds, breed from them in captivity, and train up the young ones from his own loft. The only other alternative is to buy squabs that have never been flown. The old ones he can never hope to keep if he liberates them, but the young ones will never willingly leave him. It is this that makes the achievements of the birds a matter of such intense personal interest and pride. Money cannot buy great racers, for the simple reason that they will not stay with new owners. The birds a man breeds are his very own, passionately and devotedly his, and no inducements will keep them away from his loft as long as life lasts.

The vogue which pigeon racing has in England, and in Europe generally, is astonishing. Races are everyday events, and this is how they are conducted. The birds within the scope of some association are sent to headquarters and duly entered, each bird being identified by means of a registered steel ring put on its leg soon after it is hatched, and impossible to remove.

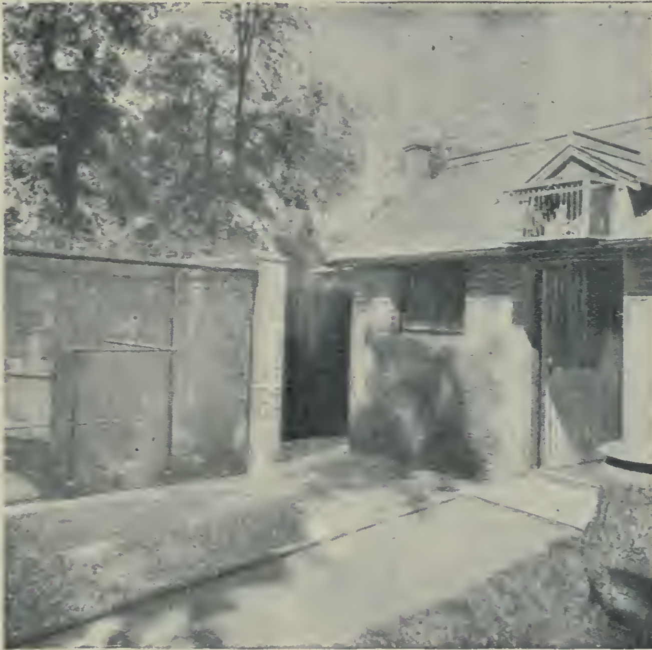
The competing birds are then put into crates and despatched by rail to some distant railway station, with a label asking the station-master to release the birds on arrival (supposing it is daylight, of course), enter up on an attached form the time of release and the weather conditions, and return the empty crates on the next passenger train. When the birds are released they will fly around in ever-widening, and ever-higher circles until they have located themselves. Then suddenly they will shoot off in some direction at tremendous speed, each bound for his own particular loft and

determined to get there in the shortest possible time. As each pigeon arrives home, the owner rushes off with it to the association's headquarters and registers the time of arrival, allowance being made in each instance for the distance between the individual loft and the racing headquarters. So numerous are the pigeons entered in some of these races that in one competition in England last season there were so many entries that five special trains, consisting of eighty cars, containing nothing but crates of pigeons, were required to carry the birds to the starting point.

Statistics prepared by various pigeon clubs show that there are close upon 100,000 pigeon fliers in the British Isles. The National Flying Union—the Jockey Club of the pigeon-flying world—has this year no fewer than 20,000 members. King George himself is president. He has a homing loft at Sandringham, with not a few champion birds in it.

In Belgium, pigeon-racing is a national sport, and to the Belgians is due the chief honor for the wonderful development of this bird during the past half-century. One Belgian in every five is an ardent fancier, and one Belgian province alone sends into France every year for liberation over a million birds.

But it is not only for sport that the pigeons are used. They have their practical uses, as is shown by the fact that until recently the British navy maintained pigeon services at all their principal naval stations—and still do at Malta. The birds were used for bringing messages from warships at sea. For this purpose they have now been largely superseded by wireless telegraphy. The governments of France, Germany and Belgium still maintain large lofts of these birds,



THE KING'S AVIARY AT SANDRINGHAM

WITH A VIEW OF THE TRAP IN WHICH THE PIGEONS ARE CAUGHT ON RETURNING FROM THEIR FLIGHTS.

THE TRUE TYPE OF RACER
CORRECT METHOD OF HOLDING THE BIRDS

which are now used for military purposes. Official record is kept of every bird in these countries, and outside birds sent in for liberation are allowed to enter only when the authorities have assured themselves that there is no likelihood of their being kept in the country and used by a possible enemy in time of war. The use to which such pigeons may be put, supposing they are kept in the country, has an historic illustration in the pigeons that let the outside world know how Paris was faring during the Prussian siege. Pigeons have now been found to be an invaluable adjunct of ballooning parties making reconnaissances for military purposes, while the German military authorities can take successful photographs of an enemy's country by means of tiny, automatic cameras carried by homing pigeons.

Outside of military purposes, the most practical use to which pigeons are put is in taking messages home to newspapers. Some of the larger American newspapers use pigeons for this purpose. Indeed, the Toledo Blade, of Toledo, Ohio, has not only used them for taking home messages, but also for bringing back to the office photographs of important events at a distance, taken by a midget camera, and afterwards enlarged in the office. In this way, for instance, not only has the Toledo Blade been able to get detailed reports of yacht races for printing in the same evening's paper, but it has been able to reproduce photographs of the different manœuvres in the same issue.

In England much greater use has been made of pigeons for newspaper purposes than on this continent. The Evening Argus, at Brighton, on the staff of which the writer was engaged, had a loft of over 100 highly-trained homer pigeons, that were in constant use for bringing messages back to the office. As the Argus had editions coming out every hour from eleven o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night, every day in the year, except Sundays and holidays, it was highly important that news events should be brought in with all possible speed, to provide material for each successive edition. In this work nothing could equal pigeons—not even the telegraph itself—and nothing, by the way, was

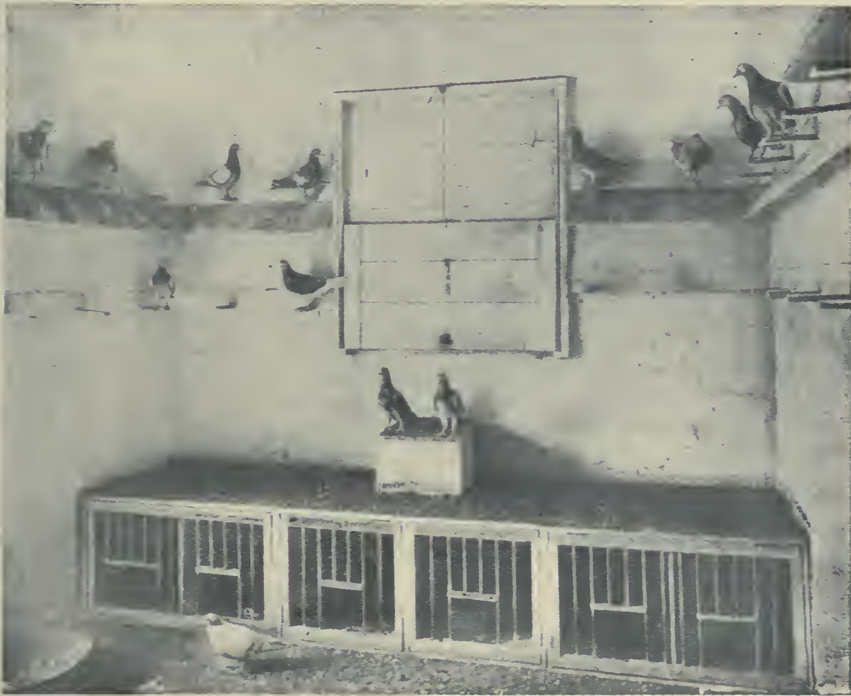
THE MESSAGE ATTACHED
SHOWING HOW THE MESSAGE IS FASTENED ON THE TAIL FEATHER.

so cheap. Thanks to pigeons, the Argus was constantly enabled to "scoop" all rivals in all events occurring within a fifty-mile radius, for rivals lost much precious time in taking news to the telegraph offices. Of course, in the city itself pigeons were not required, but for all outside events, whether on sea or on land, the reporters always had to take pigeons with them.

For events not of outstanding importance, two pigeons were usually sufficient, and these were carried by the reporter in a neat, little, partitioned basket. If more than two pigeons were ordered by the editor, then a boy was sent with them, to accompany the reporter. Sometimes as many as twenty pigeons would be sent, to bring back reports of important events by instalments .

The speed of pigeons is astounding. Birds have flown one thousand miles in two days, ten hours. They have flown seven hundred miles in a single day, but five hundred miles a day is considered excellent work. On distances up to two hundred miles or so, good birds will travel at the rate of a mile a minute, while on shorter flights up to fifty miles, they will travel at the terrific speed of two miles a minute.

This statement may seem incredible, but it can be readily proved. On one occasion a reporter was sent from Brighton to Worthing, a distance of ten miles, to report some aquatic events. He despatched a pigeon fifteen minutes before each edition, allowing five minutes for the ten-mile flight to the office, and ten minutes for the news to be set in type, cast into the plates, and put on the machines. In each instance the bird brought the



THE KING'S RACERS

INTERIOR OF ONE OF KING GEORGE'S PIGEON LOFTS AT SANDRINGHAM, SHOWING SOME OF THE BEST RACING BIRDS IN ENGLAND.

news back in time for the edition it was intended for.

To accomplish such results the birds have to be kept in good training. If they are sent into a strange locality it will take them longer to find their way home. The young birds are trained by easy stages for long flights, and in the Argus office there was a man whose duty it was to look after the pigeon loft, and to see to the training of the birds.

Then, of course, the birds vary a good deal. The best bird in the Argus loft was a little, under-sized, mean-looking creature. Wherever he was sent, this bird was always in first. No matter from what direction he was despatched, his arrival back at the office could be timed with the certainty of an express train.

The other birds could not be absolutely depended upon. Now and again they would take hours to accomplish a journey that ought to be done in as many minutes, and less frequently they would stay away for a day or two at a time. To guard against loss of copy by this means, all pigeon despatches were written in duplicate, the second copy to be forwarded by another pigeon, or by wire or train, in case a message from the office announced that any portion of a running report sent by pigeons was missing.

On a fine day, a bird would sometimes take a day's outing, and come home in the evening. Sometimes, again, it would come back to the office, but instead of coming into the loft, would stand on the roof for hours preening its feathers. No greater torture was ever invented for an editor than to see such a bird, which he knows has brought important news, idling on the roof, and refusing to deliver up its important message.

In newspaper work, the copy is written on very thin, oiled tissue paper, and rolled up into a parcel about two inches long and the size of the stem of a clay pipe. This is tied with waxed thread on the underside of one of the strongest of the tail feathers.

When the bird arrives back at the office, it enters the loft by a trap door, which, falling behind it, holds it a prisoner in a small cage. Its weight on the floor rings an electric bell in the office of the editor, who at once sends a boy to the loft to get the news and release the bird. The birds are perfectly well acquainted with these proceedings, and not the least bit frightened.

The greatest interest is always manifested in the despatch of these birds. The writer has even known a judge to stop the trial of a case in order that he might watch the reporters in court tieing a despatch on a pigeon, and when this was done, leave the bench to go to the door and see the bird released. And always the question was: "Do you think he will find his way from a place like this?" or, "Is it possible he will find the office among all the maze of buildings when he gets back to the city?"

Such questions make the pigeon fancier smile.

Many instances could be given of the astonishing sagacity and tremendous physical powers of these birds, but enough has been said to show how fascinating is the sport of pigeon-flying, which is now growing up amongst us, and how useful it may become for military purposes, and for carrying messages in Canada from places where no other means of communication is possible.

Success

Some men act upon the principle that in order to be successful in business it is always necessary to compel other people to wait in the ante-room.

By Special License

The Story of a Woman's Love and of a Man Who Played the Game

By L. G. Moberly

SHE looked at him silently, into her sweet eyes there came a sudden wistfulness.

"You know," she said, "you know—the best of me isn't here—any longer."

"I know," he answered, his voice very gentle, his head bent a little towards her. "I don't expect you to give me what you gave—the dear old fellow—but—I want to try and give you all the hapiness I can—and I—want you so, Nancy."

It was the sudden break in his voice, the sudden boyish appeal of those last words that made her put out her hands to him impulsively.

"I can't bear not to do what you ask me," she said, "and—you have done me such an honor in asking it—and if—if you are sure you can put up with the second best—I will try to bring you happiness."

They stood together in the little library facing the garden. Through the open window there drifted up to them on the warm June air the fragrance of roses, and the mingled sweetness from the great border that ran along one side of the lawn. The summer night was only dim and shadowy—not dark, and a faint luminousness seemed to fill the atmosphere, overhead in the clear sky the stars twinkled out one by one. Down in the park, where the shadows lay thickest among the trees, the song of the nightingale thrilled out upon the stillness. The girl's hand went out and gripped at the mantelpiece close beside her. That thrilling voice shook her pulses, it made her remember—just as the sweet, warm scent of the roses made her remember—another night in June, when she had stood out there with Nigel, when Nigel had laid his first kiss on her lips—when she had promised to be Nigel's wife. And now—Nigel was lying far away in that great, dark Africa which had seized him in her ruthlessly cruel arms, and devoured his manhood and strength. And she, Nigel Martley's promised wife, was still alive in the fragrant summer world where he walked no longer; and—another man—Nigel's friend and hers—was asking her to give him happiness. The cold marble hurt her fingers with its carved surface as she gripped it, but its touch helped her to rally her forces. She drew her thoughts away from the shadowy woods where the nightingales sang, and lifted her eyes once again to Giles Dennaway's face.

"I wish—you had cared for a woman who could give—all—that I cannot give you," she said impulsively; "it seems so unfair that you who are so good, so unselfish, should not have the very best—instead of——"

"Instead of what I most want in all the world," he answered gently, though his voice was shaken. "Give me—what you can—little Nancy—I—only ask for that."

"It isn't fair," she repeated, looking still into his downbent face, whose expression was one of overmastering tenderness for her. "Fate—plays such cruel tricks. Why should you be put off with a woman's second best when —nothing is really too good for you?"

He laughed gently, the kindly, tender laugh which seemed to mean so much, and his hand rested caressingly on her shoulder.

"I am not really anything much of a chap," he said; "the dear old fellow always rated me far too highly. I'm afraid you are taking your view of me from his."

"Perhaps I have my own view of you too," she answered, "Nigel and I have said, often and often, that you were the best person we knew—the very best, and I think," her voice shook a little, "I think he would be glad that I am going to try and make you happy." She put out her hands to him as she said the words, and Giles took them both into his strong and tender grasp, and drew her into his arms very gently, stooping to kiss —not her lips, but her forehead just where the soft tendrils of her hair strayed in little wayward curls.

"Poor little girl"—so ran his loving thought of her—"I mustn't frighten her by kissing her lips—yet. Some day, when time has healed the old sore, and when Nigel is only a loving memory—some day she will learn to be used to me. And, please God, I will be very good to her."

"You are so strong," she said wistfully. "You will take care of me."

"I will do my best," he answered, "little Nancy; I will do my best. I wonder if you will ever begin to know how much I love you?"

She looked at him with troubled eyes—sweet eyes that seemed to reflect the blueness of the June sky, and as the wind ruffled the soft gold of her hair, Giles touched it caressingly with his hand.

"Don't look at me so sadly, dear," he said. "Remember, I mean it when I say I will be content with very little. Just to have the joy of taking care of you and making you happier will be enough for me. And if some day I can see your eyes less sad, I shall have my reward." She let him kiss her again, she even put up her face to kiss his. She had a very grateful soul this little Nancy Brereton, who had won the love of two good men. She knew the sterling worth of the man who was offering her everything now, and asking so little in return, and her heart overflowed with gratitude to him. And there, in the dim twlight, she made up her mind to show him how grateful she was by giving him all that was in her to give—all that was left from her great and abiding love for Nigel.

"I won't even think of Nigel any more," she said to herself that night, when, alone in her own room, she looked out at the velvety darkness of the woods, and heard the nightingales sing. "I shall only remember him as my dear friend, who is dead and I will just live for Giles, who was his friend, and who is so inestimably good to me. I will do my very utmost to give him happiness!"

* * * * *

"I can't bear the thought of rushing you, dear; but—some muddle in the post delayed my receiving the orders that should have reached me days ago. Our wedding will have to be at once. I sail on Saturday. It is a case of special license—or postponement!"

Giles Donnaway stood in the drawingroom of Nancy's house, and looked down at the girl with deprecating eyes.

"I—want to take you with me," he said. "You will like India, Nancy— and the change; the life there, everything, will do you good. But—I know it is asking a great deal of you to suggest that our wedding should be the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow?" Nancy's voice shook.

"Yes, the day after to-morrow, instead of an indefinite three months hence. I never dreamt of being sent out like this, and there would not

"I THINK HE WOULD BE GLAD THAT I AM GOING TO TRY AND MAKE YOU HAPPY."

have been such a rush if my orders had reached me as they should have done. They were delayed, as I say, and now—it must be the day after to-morrow—or postponement, Nancy!"

The quiver in his voice as he pronounced her name turned the scales in his favor. Nancy could not bear to hear that quiver—Nancy, who hated to hurt any living creature, would not give a moment of extra pain to the man she had promised to marry.

"I made up my mind to do my best to make him happy," she thought, "and I will keep my promise—even if it hurts."

Her eyes were very brave, very bright, as she lifted them to him. She resolutely thrust from her the sense of shrinking dismay that swept over her. She put from her the vision of Nigel that rose before her with almost startling vividness, and putting her hand into Giles's hand, she said gently, but very firmly:

"We won't postpone it, Giles. I will be ready for you the day after to-morrow."

The man who loved her with such a great love looked deep into her eyes, and, reading the truth there, knew that though she was giving herself to him, the best of her heart was still with his dead friend, and knowing it, went away from her with an ache to his own heart.

"And yet—I believe I am doing what is happiest for her in making her my wife," his thoughts ran, as the train bore him back to London. "Some day I shall give her happiness; some day, perhaps, she will learn to love me, and—until then, patience."

Until then, patience. The words echoed in his mind again as he mounted the stairs to his sitting-room, but with those words there seemed to mingle a little song of thankfulness, because, after all, Nancy would be his. The day after to-morrow he and she would be man and wife, with nothing to come between them any more; and patience would be easier to practice when Nancy was his own. To-morrow he must arrange about the special license; and then—then——

The glad thought stopped suddenly, as though snapped off at its root. Giles stopped on the threshold of his room, the door he had just opened still held in his hand; his eyes stared fixedly at a figure that stood beside the window—a figure that turned sharply at his entrance; his lips moved, but for a moment no words came from them. And the figure by the window moved across the room and came swiftly to his side.

"Why, Giles, old man," a voice said gaily, "you look scared out of your wits. Did you think I was a ghost? It's all right. I'm—I'm—myself—Nigel Martley."

The dimness cleared suddenly from Donnaway's eyes—the room steadied itself again. For a moment it had seemed to him as though the floor rocked, as though everything about him was whirling round in a dizzy hideous dance. Now it all grew steady once more, and out of the haze that had crept over his senses, he saw Nigel's face—thin, worn, lined—but unmistakably the face of Nigel Martley, his old friend. The brown eyes were there, eager and bright; the smile that held such infinite charm hovered over the lips whose slight moustache scarcely hid their mobile sweetness; the wave of hair that had always had a trick of falling over his forehead lay there now. It was the old Nigel—with the same cheery voice, the same firm hand clasp, the same loving friendliness of look and touch; the same Nigel—come back from the dead.

And he—Nigel's friend—was going to marry Nancy—the day after to-morrow!

The hands of the two men grasped each other firmly. Giles's confused thoughts ran on in a bewildering undercurrent, whilst he listened to his friend's explanations of all that had happened. He dimly understood what Nigel said; dimly realized that though he had not been killed by the savage tribe by whom he had been captured,

Nigel had been their prisoner for months and months—suffering torture, starvation, and unspeakable misery. And then his escape had been possible—and Nigel had made his way home at last, coming straight, as had always been his wont, to Giles Donnaway, his old and faithful friend.

"And I am going to marry Nancy the day after to-morrow," the thought went dully through Giles's brain, whilst still he listened to Nigel's story.

"Nancy is going to marry you the day after to-morrow—but Nancy loves Nigel—and—Nigel has come home!" Backwards and forwards in his mind ran those persistent words, and though he heard and even answered what his friend was saying, the image of Nancy rose before him, and blotted out Nigel's thin eager face.

Nancy—as she had looked that day in the room overlooking the terrace when he asked her to be his wife—he could see every line of her slim young form, could see the dainty features with the briar rose tints that came and went so softly whilst he urged his suit; could see the eyes, speedwell blue like the wee flower in summer meadows—and the rippling loveliness of her hair shining like a halo about her shapely head. The little wistful smile on her lips, the wistful sweetness of her eyes—these came between him and Nigel's face, and again that whisper floated across his brain:

"She is to marry me the day after to-morrow!"

Her name, spoken in Nigel's voice, broke into the train of his thoughts, and he forced himself to put aside her haunting image, to listen to what his friend was saying.

"I can't get down to Ratherley to-morrow. I have no end of reporting myself, and worrying round generally to do; but on Thursday I shall go to Nancy, I thought I would take her by surprise. She is at home—in the old place—isn't she?"

"Yes—she is at home, in the old place." Giles said the words mechanically, his throat felt parched, his mouth dry, he articulated with difficulty. "Then you have not let her know yet that you are in England?"

"I wanted to go down myself to break the news to her. Was it foolish of me" Nigel spoke with boyish impetuosity. "I wondered if I should find her on the terrace. It was just there that I asked her to be my wife—and—I expect you think me a sentimental idiot, old chap; but I had a sort of fancy for meeting her there again."

"I don't think you a sentimental idiot," Donnaway answered mechanically. "The roses are out on the terrace now, and there are lilies on the lawn below the library windows."

Nigel's eyes brightened; he did not notice the level monotony of the other man's speech; he was too absorbed in his own happy reminiscences to realize what a sudden look of suffering had leapt into his friend's eyes.

"I know," he said. "I know—those lilies smell like nothing else in the world. I thought of them when we were camping among some of those pestilential swamps that smell of every conceivable horror. I used to see the lilies standing white and tall in the moonlight, and it seemed as if their very fragrance came to me across the sickening stench of the swamp. And sometimes I could almost declare I heard the nightingales sing—just as they sang in the woods beyond the garden."

"Yes—they still sing in the woods beyond the garden." Giles answered slowly, and in his heart he cried out fiercely:

"Nancy is to marry me the day after to-morrow—whatever you say. Nancy is to marry me!"

"I'm glad I got back in June," Nigel's voice went on. "There is nothing for us to wait for. We can be married straight away—and Nancy and I——" His sentence broke off abruptly, but Giles's thoughts ran on.

"Nancy and I are to be married the day after to-morrow by special license. You have come back too late—too late! She is to be mine—now—mine—the day after to-morrow!"

"You'll come down, too, old man?" Nigel began again. "You've always been our best friend, Nancy's and mine. Come with me to Ratherley—and wish me luck!"

Giles laughed, a strange, low laugh that brought Nigel's glance sharply to his face.

"Why do you laugh like that?" his visitor questioned. "You—you will be glad to come down with me, and see Nancy? We can't do without you, old man. We have always said you are our best friend—Nancy's and mine. You will come?"

"Yes." Giles curbed his desire to break into laughter again. "Yes, I will come down to Ratherley—the day after to-morrow—and—"

"I knew you would," Nigel interrupted, putting both mands on the other's shoulders, and looking affectionately into his face. "You were never the fellow to fail a pal. You've always helped me through tight places. Now I want you to see me through the happiest bit of my life. There's no one like you, Giles, old man—you always play the game!"

"You always play the game." After Nigel had left him, Giles Donnaway stood by the window looking out across the chimney tops to the blue sky beyond, those words ringing in his ears. "You always play the game."

And the day after to-morrow he was going to marry the girl who loved Nigel, whom Nigel loved!—the girl, who as yet did not even know that her lover was alive. Who would not know it until—the day after to-morrow—when the knowledge would come too late.

"You always play the game." Well! He had played it. He had done what seemed best for Nancy, when he thought Nigel was dead; and now—now it was too late for Nigel to reassert any claims. Nancy was pledged to him, Giles Donnaway. She could not go back on her word to him—and he—

"You always play the game!" The words sounded so clearly in his ears, it was almost as if he actually heard Nigel speaking them in his eager, boyish voice; he could almost see the light in Nigel's brown eyes, the light of affectionate admiration that never failed to leap into them when they looked at him. He turned away from the window abruptly, trying to turn his thoughts into other channels. But as an accompaniment to all his packing, to all his letter writing, to all the multifarious things which had to be done—ran those double lines of thought—the memory of Nigel's face and Nigel's words—the remembrance of Nancy as she looked when she stood on the terrace amongst the roses, and promised to be his wife.

"To-morrow I shall get the special license," he said aloud at last, when the thronging thoughts became too persistent. "And the day after to-morrow—Nancy and I will be married!"

* * * * *

She stood on the terrace, a slim young figure in trailing draperies, white as the tall lilies that stood in stately rows along the grass plot below. Over the parapet roses grew in a delicious tangle of color and their petals, crimson and pink and orange, fell at her feet—and some dropped softly—vivid patches of color—upon the whiteness of her gown. Her face was white, too, very white and very still; and in her eyes was a look of wistful sadness, from the heart of which looked out a great fear. The sun lit her golden hair into a crown of light; she looked out across the shadowy woods beyond the garden—and her hands suddenly wrung themselves together, because she remembered the nightingales' song.

"I can't do it," she whispered under her breath. "Oh! Nigel—I can't do it, and yet I must! Giles was your friend; he has been such a good friend to me—and I can give him happiness, and he wants me so. I—will try to be good to Giles for your sake. But

—oh! It is so hard to do it—so very hard!"

She leaned against the parapet, the roses brushing against her gown, and her hands gripped at the parapet and the touch seemed to help and brace her. She was waiting for Giles—waiting for him to some with that special license, which was to hasten their marriage. When he came, they would go to the little church across the park together—she and Giles—and her father—and she and Giles would be made man and wife. And though Nigel lay far away in the darkness of that terrible land which had slain him—surely, he would be glad that she was making this great sacrifice for his friend—that she was going to try and bring happiness to Giles!

Nigel's face looked at her from across the tall white lilies. Nigel's brown eyes looked into hers from amongst the roses; Nigel's voice, tender and gay, seemed to ring in her ears; and she turned away with a resolute step, determined to bury the past for ever; to think only of the future.

Behind her on the gravel came the sound of a quick footstep—a footstep that seemed to make her heart stop beating for an instant, and then send it on again at racing speed; and she stopped with a breathless feeling that she must be asleep and dreaming.

"Nancy!"

The voice, tender, gay, eager, was not a dream voice, it rang with life and vitality; and she looked round to see the man who was filling her thoughts coming towards her along the terrace. The color flowed over her face in a crimson tide, but she neither moved nor spoke. Whilst a great joy seemed to shake her very pulses, she was smitten by a paralysing sense that she must be in a nightmare if this was Nigel, and she belonged to another man! Nigel? It could not be Nigel, who lay dead in that far, dark land. It could not be Nigel, when she was waiting here to pledge herself for life to Nigel's friend.

"Nancy!"

Again his voice fell on her ears, ringing with passionate gladness, and by now he was at her side, his hands stretched out to her, his brown eyes alight with love, looking into the depths of her eyes, that shrank under his gaze.

"Nancy—sweet—has it been too big a shock? It is I—your own Nigel—come back to you. Nancy—my dear—my dear!"

She tried to draw her hands from his, but they only clasped her closer: and before she could answer his eager words he had gathered her to him in a vehement embrace from which she had neither the will nor, indeed, the power to free herself—whilst his lips rained kisses upon her face.

"Nigel," she whispered breathlessly, "you mustn't—I—oh! try to understand."

"I can only understand that I am here again, on the terrace amongst the roses—with you," he answered. "I can only understand that you are in my arms again—my Nancy—my sweet—and—everything else you must tell me about later. I have no room in my heart for anything but the happiness of this hour—with you and the roses and the lilies."

"But, Nigel!" She made another attempt to free herself, but he only drew her closer with masterful touch, saying gently:

"I—thought I should have brought Giles with me to-day. But at the last moment he sent me a letter—

"A letter?" She started, and looked up at him.

"Yes—a letter—with a sealed enclosure which he says I am to give—to you. I cannot understand the letter, but he says you will explain it to me."

"Show it to me," she answered shakily, as he drew from his pocket

and put into her hand a thick packet. She read Giles' letter first. It was very short:

"DEAR OLD NIGEL,—Go down to the terrace amongst the roses to-day—and find your heart's desire. I am obliged to start earlier than I thought. I leave England to-night. Give Nancy the enclosed. She will explain it to you. May it bring you both all your happiness. Yours ever,

"GILES DONNAWAY."

With hands that shook, Nancy opened the sealed envelope, and from it drew a special license—made out in the names of Nigel Martley and Nancy Brereton!

"I don't understand," Nigel said slowly, whilst Nancy looked from the printed sheet to his face with tear-filled eyes, "I can't understand."

But when, with faltering voice, Nancy told him of all that had come and gone in the past few weeks, his own eyes grew misty, looking across the lilies to the shadowy woods, and with a voice not wholly steady, he said very softly:

"Bless the dear old fellow—bless him! bless him! Was there ever a chap like Giles Donnaway? He has played the game."

Half-Doing Things

By

O S Marden

THOUSANDS of people are held back all their lives and obliged to accept inferior positions because they cannot entirely overcome the handicap of slipshod habits formed early in life, habits of inaccuracy, of slovenliness, of skipping difficult problems in school, of slurring their work, shirking, or half doing it.

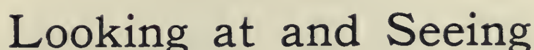
These skipped points in business or in life, the half-finished jobs, the problems passed over in school, because they were too hard, are sure to return later in life and give endless trouble and mortification.

Half doing things, "just for now," expecting to finish them later, has ruined many a bright prospect, because it has led to the habit of slighting one's work. "Oh, that's good enough, what's the use of being so awfully particular?" has been the beginning of a lifelong handicap in many a career.

I was much impressed by this motto, which I saw recently in a great institution, *"Where Only the Best is Good Enough."* What a life motto this would be! How it would revolutionize civilization if every one were to adopt it and use it; to resolve that, whatever they did only the best they could do would be good enough, would satisfy them!

Adopt it as yours. Hang it up in your bedroom, in your office, or place of business, put it into your pocket-book, weave it into the texture of everything you do, that your life-work may be what every one's should be—a masterpiece.

—*Success Magazine.*



Looking at and Seeing

By The Silent Partner.

ON the day that young James Watt became so interested in the bobbing lid of his mother's tea-kettle, there were probably a million other kettles boiling in England.

Probably young Watt was day-dreaming of something and a little gust of steam blew into his face. At any rate, though millions of people had seen kettle lids bob before, the fact had made no impression on any mind until young Watt began to ponder over it.

So, too, millions of people had seen apples and other things drop, but until an apple fell into the meditations of Sir Isaac Newton nobody ever thought it worth while to ask why they fell down instead of up.

Doubtless, if anybody had asked the average man of that day why down and not up, the man would have said that they fell earthward so people could get them and eat them.

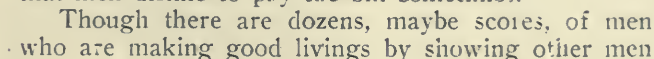
The point is simply that the oftener a thing happens the less attention it gets.

Thousands of people had seen the hanging lamps swing in the churches, but nobody saw that the oscillations were accomplished in equal times until Galileo watched them swing.

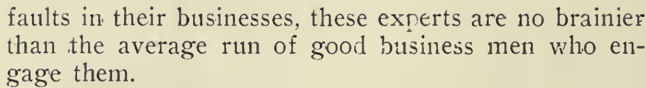
Yet upon that little observation depends all modern time-keeping.

Any man who has ever called in a business doctor will tell you that the outsider picked out things right under the eyes of the owner, superintendent and employes—things that everyone had seen hundreds of times without really seeing.

In fact, the things pointed out seem so obvious that men dislike to pay the bill sometimes.



Though there are dozens, maybe scores, of men who are making good livings by showing other men



faults in their businesses, these experts are no brainier than the average run of good business men who engage them.

They see things that the other men cannot see, simply because the impressions they get are comparatively unfamiliar and therefore are not automatically shunted out of the way by the mind.

For the mind, having so many thousands of sense impulses to take cognizance of, gets into the habit of switching the ones it recognizes, and paying attention to new or unfamiliar ones.

There is good reason why it should. The mind gains knowledge by storing varied impressions and comparing them. But if it is to hold fast to all the new ones, familiar ones must be side-tracked.

So we form the habit of switching all familiar impressions, though the chances are that we have never at any time given the impression thorough examination in the past.

Though this habit is necessary, nearly all human beings allow it such great exercise that they lose the power to inhibit or forbid it at will.

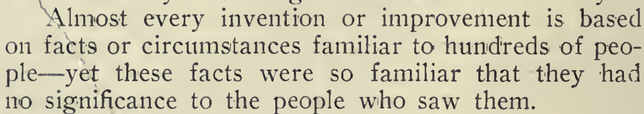
Some few people by training are able to suspend the shunting process, and we say of these people that they have keen faculties for observation. Children have not formed the shunting habit and that is why they are invariably curious. Savages having fewer impressions, and depending for existence on most of those they do have, are always better observers than civilized men.

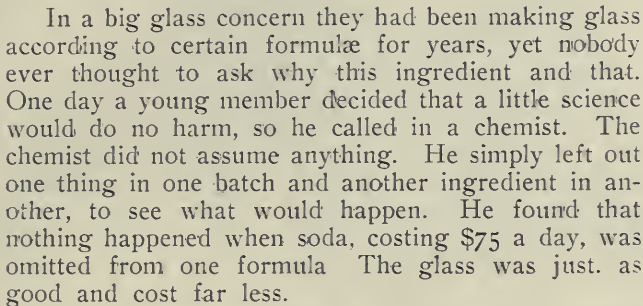
But while habit of not attending to impressions springs up without effort, effort will enable us to form the habit of attending when we will.

Everybody can cultivate the observation in some degree and it pays to do so.

In every store and shop and factory there are many things that could be changed for the better, but which remain as they are, though hundreds see them daily.

Almost every invention or improvement is based on facts or circumstances familiar to hundreds of people—yet these facts were so familiar that they had no significance to the people who saw them.





In a big glass concern they had been making glass according to certain formulæ for years, yet nobody ever thought to ask why this ingredient and that. One day a young member decided that a little science would do no harm, so he called in a chemist. The chemist did not assume anything. He simply left out one thing in one batch and another ingredient in another, to see what would happen. He found that nothing happened when soda, costing $75 a day, was omitted from one formula The glass was just. as good and cost far less.

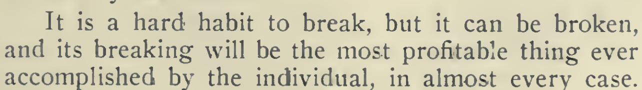
A certain hook with eyes, used on women's clothes, had a little hump that made a spring catch and prevented the parting of the hook and the eye. It was a fine thing for the plaquets of ladies' skirts—it gave a feeling of security that was especially gratifying to the woman in front. Hundreds of clerks throughout the country explained the advantages of the new-style hook and started out by saying, "See that hump," but only one man out of the hundreds who said it recognized that there was a trade-mark phrase worth exploiting.

Hundreds of successes in business have had no other foundation than this—that the man behind them saw the true significance of facts and circumstances familiar to hundreds of others, but which the others saw without seeing.

It has been observed that people in the sorting rooms of various industries will, after handling a large number of exactly similar things, overlook the slightly different article they are supposed to cull out, and even when their attention is called to the fact will stare at the different article without seeing that it is different.

With regard to a great many things most human beings are like the sorters mentioned. They see without thinking so much that when they should see and think they do neither.

It is a hard habit to break, but it can be broken, and its breaking will be the most profitable thing ever accomplished by the individual, in almost every case.



Important Articles of the Month

The Egoism of John Burns.

A BREEZY sketch of the Rt. Hon. John Burns appeared in a recent magazine section of the *New York Evening Post*. The author believes that Mr. Burns is the closest analogue to Mr. Roosevelt, in the British Cabinet.

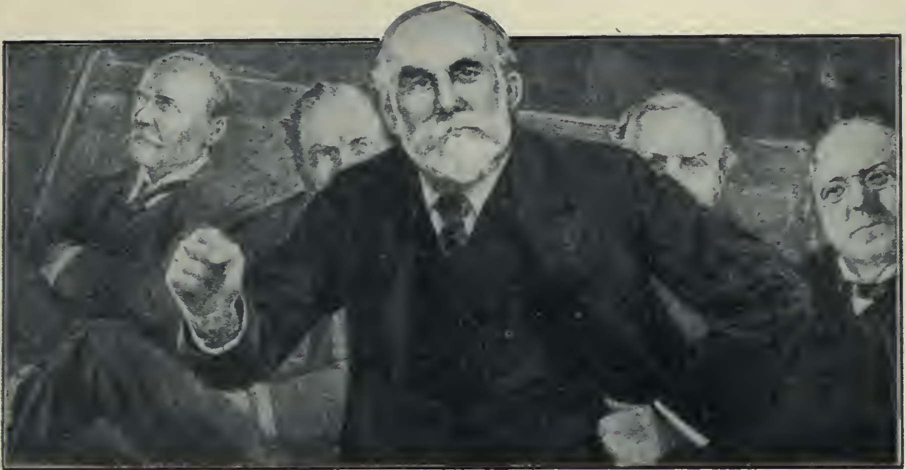
His physical energy seems inexhaustible. Politics to him are a huge romp, which he enjoys as naively as a child. Academic politicians are his natural enemies. Although he loves to give a literary air to his speeches, he is essentially an out-of-doors man. He lives the strenuous and the simple life. He does no bear or lion hunting, but hardly a day passes without his performing some prodigy of physical energy, walking in the country, playing on the cricket ground in Battersea Park, boxing in the gymnasium with Burns, jr., or running along the bank of the Thames, keeping pace with the crews practising for the boat race. He seldom takes a holiday. At this season of the year, when other Cabinet ministers are scattered on the grouse moors or at German spas, when London is deserted, save for some 5,000,000 of ordinary people, Mr. John Burns is almost invariably to be found in his native city, popping in at the Local Government Board before the charwomen, raiding outlying hospitals and workhouses, hailing old schoolfellows in the slums, rendering first aid to the wounded in street accidents, and doing amateur salvage work with the fire brigade.

This year, however, Mr. Burns is taking a short holiday away from London, and he is taking it characteristically in the form of a cycle tour through France. It is safe to say that during this little tour many things will happen to him which will find their way into the newspapers. Things have an extraordinary way of happening in his immediate vicinity. London fires seem to wait for his proximity before they break out, and the insurance companies might be excused if they raised their premiums in his neighborhood. These things began to happen even when he was an urchin. He could not run after and capture an old man's hat on the Chelsea Embankment without the old man revealing himself as Thomas Carlyle and patting his shoulder. He had hardly entered the chapel at Windsor, on the occasion of King Edward's funeral, when the representative of one of the Australian colonies fainted beside him, and had to be carried out by the ministerial handyman.

Egoism is a distinguishing characteristic of John Burns' conversation.

He is the hero of his own drama. He sings his own Odyssey, and he is a sincere hero-worshipper. Fastidious people are often repelled by these evidences of conceit, or, as some do not hesitate to call it, "swelled head," and certainly Mr. Burns is at no pains to propitiate them by any affectation of modesty. After some critic on the Labor benches in the House of Commons had made what was intended to be a scathing attack upon the conceit of the president of the Local Government Board, that minister rose in his place and said that his sole reply would be : "Modesty is meant for the plain," As he walked down Whitehall with a friend a flower girl pressed him to buy a bunch of volets. "No ! No ! my dear," said Mr. Burns, "the granite column needs no adornment."

Such things stick in the gizzards of prigs and of people whose knowledge of



RT. HON. JOHN BURNS SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Mr. Burns is only superficial. But on closer acquaintance the very frankness and childlike naivete of his egoism disarms criticism. His hero is really a very wonderful person. His "conceit" is no more than the confidence of a man of profound capacity who is sure of himself. His judgment and his native shrewdness are not to be biassed by flattery as many who are now his bitterest critics have found. No successful politician ever suffered less from "swelled head" than John Burns.

The article concludes with a number of anecdotes about Mr. Burns which bear repeating.

It was after the Trafalgar Square riot in 1884, when, as "the man with the red flag," he had led the mob, that John Burns had his experience of prison life. A reminiscence of the recent general election harks back to the same episode.

"Shortly after taking office I addressed a meeting of my constituents in Battersea. At the end of my speech a disgruntled socialist, one of the Sea-green Incorruptible sort, got up to ask questions and to give me the dressing-down that the Social Democratic Federation had promised themselves I should have at my first meeting.

" 'Do you mean to accept a salary of £2,000 a year?' he asked.

" 'Yes,' I said, 'it is the Trade Union Rate of pay for Cabinet Ministers. Not being a blackleg like you I could not accept less.'

" 'What do you mean to do with it?' he demanded.

" 'Hand it over to my wife as I used to do with my week's pay,' I said.

" 'Is it true,' he continued, with a wink to his friends, 'that you are going to wear court dress when you go to Windsor.'

" 'Certainly I will,' I answered. 'It will not be the first time I have worn the King's uniform.'

"He simply tumbled into it. 'When did you ever wear the King's uniform,' he asked.

" 'I wore it in Pentonville prison when you occupied the next cell,' I replied. You would have thought every man in the room had received an electric shock. That was the last of the Sea-green Incorruptible."

Nothing delights Mr. Burns more than his chance encounters in the street with old school fellows, not too proud to slap a Liberal minister on the back; with an old employer for whom he used as a boy to run errands; with strangers who discuss him unwittingly in his presence. His anecdotes of such encounters are unending. I have room for one only.

"Some years ago my wife and I were going to a garden party at Sir John McDougal's. We were got up for the occasion. I won't attempt to describe Mrs. Burns to you. The more I see of her, the more I wonder how she ever took up with a man like me. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like my 'missis.' And, as for me, humble though my attire was, I flatter myself that I looked fairly respectable.

"At one stopping place a poor draggled woman with two children got off the

car. She had a black eye and the other one seemed just to be recovering from a previous blow. She was in rags and looked as miserable and disreputable as a woman could look. Two young chaps, probably bank clerks, were sitting opposite, and as the woman got off one remarked to the other: 'There, now, I shouldn't wonder if that were John Burns' wife and children. And they put a man like that into the Cabinet! I've heard that she's quite a decent woman, too. Fancy her tied to a drunken ruffian like that.' You should have seen the conductor's face, for he, and most of the passengers, knew me quite well.

" 'Allow me,' I said, tapping him on the knee, 'to introduce you to Mrs. Burns and to Mr. John Burns, with regard to whose habits you seem to be under some misapprehension. Now, look here,' I continued, 'why does a fellow like you behave like that? Do you know that I am a life-long teetotaler? Do you know anything more about my policy than you know about myself?' They left the tram without waiting for the next stopping place."

Runaway Trains on "The Big Hill."

When Dr. James Hector was exploring the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia, he happened to pass too near to the heels of an ill-tempered cayuse. The animal, probably not realizing the future significance of his action, kicked the explorer with such vehemence as to break three of his ribs and apparently kill him. So convinced were the Indian guides of Doctor Hector's demise that they dug a grave near a mountain torrent and were proceeding to bury him when he recovered enough to protest against any undue haste. When at last Doctor Hector was able to travel, he investigated the course of the stream near which his premature grave had been dug, and found the pass to the west for which he had sought earlier in vain. After him the Hudson Bay Company put a trail through, which was followed years later by the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Doctor Hector's experience with the cayuse was, however, only a preliminary to incidents of which "The Big Hill," as railroad engineers know it, was the scene. The grade here varied between 3.5 and 4.5 per cent. for an eight-mile stretch. Four engines were required to haul a train up, and on the way down the trainmen walked alongside, to be sure that the brakes were not "heating" or wheels sliding. The very first train down, writes C. F. Carter in *The World's Work,* ran away, climbed a curve, and plunged into the river below, and "it was counted a dull day when something as original as it was startling did not happen."

It was here that Engineer Dad Ames achieved the truly remarkable feat of losing a snow-plow. Any one who has ever seen a wing-plow will concede that something akin to genius would be required to lose such an unwieldy piece of property, for it weighs about forty tons, is about the size of a box-car, and has wings that cut a swath sixteen feet wide through the snow-drifts.

Dad started up the Hill with Tommy Cod Conger as lookout in the cupola of the snow-plow and the usual crew inside to work the wings and the flanger. He bowled along at the usual speed for a couple of miles, with the usual clouds of snow flung back against the cab windows and obscuring the view. He knew by instinct when he reached the tunnel, two miles and a quarter from Field, and there he eased up on the throttle and the cut-off. When he emerged from the tunnel he "dropt her down" and opened the throttle for the encounter with the drifts to be expected there; but things did not seem to be going right, so he opened the window and looked out.

The snow-plow was gone.

Dad stopt, got down, and walked up to the pilot and felt of the draw-bar before he could convince himself of this incredible fact. Then he started back slowly, he and the fireman keeping a sharp lookout on both sides. He backed up all the way to Field without finding any trace of the lost plow or its crew. It was so astounding that Dad went into the telegraph office and asked if

any one could tell him whether he really had started out with a snow-plow or not.

With a volunteer searching-party in the cab, Dad started up the Hill again in quest of the lost plow. Near the west portal of the tunnel a voice was heard. Tommy Cod was discovered floundering laboriously up the Hill, bewailing his hard fate with many a picturesque invective. The snow-plow, he reported, was lying at the river's edge three hundred feet below. When it had left the rails he had been thrown out of the cupola window on to a rock, from which he ricochetted to another, from which he went bouncing down the Hill in a series of graceful parabolas with the snow-plow in hot pursuit, until both landed in a deep drift from which he had great difficulty in escaping. None of the crew was hurt to speak of, but they would all be much obliged to any one who would kindly dig them out.

Just how that snow-plow came to leave the track, and how it managed to disappear without attracting the attention of the engineer or fireman on the locomotive behind it is a mystery that no one on the Canadian Pacific has ever been able to solve.

More frequently the down-trip was the exciting one, in spite of innumerable precautions. Three or four safety-switches were set in the main line, which were never opened until the engineer signaled that he was coming in good order at a speed less than eight miles an hour. By these switches a train exceeding the limit was turned on to short lines up the mountain side, where wrecks could take place without hindering traffic, but the circumstances of their operation were not always foreseen.

One day in January, 1909, for instance, an engine coming down the Hill with only a caboose got beyond control just below the first safety-switch. As soon as he realized that his engine was running away, the engineer decided to get off and walk ; pausing long enough to yank the throttle open as he yelled at his fireman, he let himself fall out of his window. The engine was already reversing in order to use the water-brakes ; when steam was admitted to the cylinders the drivers began to spin impotently backward, thus decreasing their holding power as the engine shot down the mountain at a speed which increased every instant. The conductor and brakeman lost no time in following the example of the engineer and fireman by disembarking with more celerity than dignity. As everything had been done that could be done, it would have been folly not to jump.

A runaway on a 4.5 per cent. grade can cover nine-tenths of a mile, the distance between safety-switches, in a very short time. The switch-tender, seeing the runaway tearing down the mountain with the drivers encircled by halos of fire, leapt over the bank and fled toward the river.

The engine broke away from the caboose just above the switch. Being light and having its brakes set to the limit of effectiveness, the caboose slowed down the instant it was released from the heavy locomotive. The engine ran up on the spur to the very end. The forward trucks even went off the rails a distance of six feet before the runaway came to a standstill. All this time the driving-wheels were turning backward to the accompaniment of a violent sputter from the exhaust. When the engine came to a standstill, the great wheels had their first chance to get a good grip on the rusty rails. After a pause that seemed hardly perceptible to the spectators at a construction-camp just below, the engine pulled its trucks back on the rails, then, under the full head of steam, rushed backward down the steep incline toward the caboose which was loitering at the switch.

There was a crash as one hundred and fifty-four tons of steel leapt upon the helpless little caboose. There was not enough of the caboose left to provide souvenirs for the crew. As for the engine, it contrived to derail a tender-truck and so to bring the incident to a close with a minimum delay to traffic.

To Engineer Jimmy Fidler belongs the doubtful credit of having ridden a runaway engine the length of the Hill. The railroad officials evidently thought the credit wasn't Jimmy's.

Jimmy started down the Big Hill one summer day a dozen years ago with a light engine. He let the engine get away from him and found himself approaching the first safety-switch at much more than the eight miles an hour prescribed by the time-card for light engines. The runaway was already reversed to use the water-brake, so all that Jimmy could do was to attempt an emergency application of the air-brake and give it sand. Having done

this without producing any visible effect, Jimmy turned to the fireman with a sickly grin and shouted :

"Here goes for Field !"

He reached for the whistle-lever and sounded four imperious yelps to inform the switch-tender that he wanted the main-line. Fearing that the signal might not be taken seriously, Jimmy repeated it and then gave it a third and a fourth time. The switch-tender saw that the approaching engine was unmistakably running away, and the rules warned him in big, black-faced type that under such circumstances he was to leave the switch set for the spur to trap the runaway. But here was a man clearly going to destruction who wanted to meet his fate on the main-line. As between obeying the rules and humoring a dying man, the switch-tender allowed Jimmy to tear down the main-line, sounding a continuous succession of signals to the next switch-tender.

Such frantic reiteration was not to be disregarded. Number two switch-tender obeyed the command, then number three did the same. The three profoundly astonished switch-tenders gazed open-mouthed after a trail of smoke disappearing in the distance. The sound of a whistle came faintly up from the direction of the smoke, for Jimmy seemed to have formed the habit.

The fireman's first impulse had been to jump, but the rocks looked hard, and Jimmy's grin caused him to hesitate until he had become too terrified to act. The engine took the sharp curves with a violence that called for the fireman's undivided attention to keep from being thrown against the boiler head and having his brains knocked out. As for Jimmy, the grin had frozen upon his face. He sat upon his seat-box staring straight ahead, working the whistle-lever like an automaton.

Two miles and a quarter from Field is a tunnel which marks the bottom of the steep grade. On emerging from this tunnel the runaway began to respond to the efforts that had been made to stop it. Then the two men recovered their self-possession and looked out upon the bright world in pleased surprise at finding themselves still in it.

When they reached Field the fireman, with an earnestness born of conviction, assured the excited group awaiting them that they had come down the Hill at the rate of 480 miles an hour. The unemotional records, however, showed that the actual time consumed in covering the eight miles from Hector to Field, including a stop below the tunnel, was seventeen minutes. Even this seemed to Jimmy Fidler a feat to be vaunted, for no engine had ever made the descent of the Big Hill in such fast time ; and, it may be added, none has ever done it since, for the average engineer is thankful for the time allowance of forty-two minutes for light engines.

The company, though, did not reciprocate Jimmy's sentiments. Instead of being dismissed in the usual way, Jimmy was discharged by wire ; and as if that action were not quick enough, the message was marked "rush."

A Century of Savings-Banks.

The story of how the first savings bank was started is told in the *Scrap Book*, by Arthur B. Reeve. It was just one hundred years ago in May that in the little Village of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, the parish minister, Rev. Henry Duncan, established the first bank. In the first year its deposits amounted to seven hundred and fifty-five dollars.

Henry Duncan, though scarcely heard of to-day, was one of the great men of his time. He came of a long line of clerical ancestry, and was born at Lochrutten in 1774. His father gave him an excellent education, and at the age of fourteen he entered St. Andrew's University, where he was a hard-working but not brilliant student.

After he graduated the young man was undecided what to do, but finally entered the banking offices of the Heywoods, of Liberpool, and in three years learned all the details of the business. This training came in well twenty years later. But banking did not suit his literary tastes, and for several years he studied philosophy and theology at Edinburgh and Glasgow, entering the Presbyterian ministry and being ordained at Ruthwell in 1799.

A MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF THE SAVINGS BANK

SCHOOL BOYS AT WORK IN THE PENNY BANK, WHICH IS TO-DAY ESTABLISHED IN MANY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Things were very different in those days from what they are to-day even in the most degraded parts of the country. It was the dark period following the French Revolution, when English credit was low. Even the great Bank of England had suspended cash payments.

Food was at famine prices. Money was scarce, and it took over one hundred dollars to open a regular account at a bank. If a man was fortunate enough to have less than that in a lump, it was usually squandered. Ruthwell was a hard parish, too, about the hardest in Scotland, with few well-to-do people and no profitable industries. Moreover, it was disorganized. The country folk lived in constant terror of the press-gang. Housing was wretched. Never was the country at a lower ebb.

So the young minister set out to find a remedy that would be social as well as spiritual. In 1805 a Friendly Society for men had been started at Ruthwell, and another for women later. These societies had been springing up all over. They were good so far as they went in caring for accident, sickness and death, but they were not as yet on a businesslike basis. They taught insurance, not thrift.

There had, however, been banks of deposit and savings of a kind before in England, but none had yet been placed on a permanent, scientific, self-sustaining basis. DeFoe has proposed a sort of savings bank. Jeremy Bentham had suggested "frugality banks," and even the pessimistic Malthus had seen the only ray of hope for the working classes in somewhat the same idea.

In 1797 Rev. Joseph Smith, of Wendover, had offered to take cafe of savings during the summer and repay them at Christmas with a bounty of one-third added, and Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, at Tottenham High Cross, had tried a savings scheme in connection with a friendly society. In Germany the idea was taking root in the sparkassen, and in France in the caisses d' epargne. Still, historians do not dispute the claim that Duncan was really the first to succeed with a truly modern savings-bank.

Duncan stands out, therefore, as the commanding figure in the origin and organization of self-supporting savings-banks—the real father of the institution. He had already started and was editing

the Dumfries Courier, and in his paper he explained and exploited his idea of a savings-bank. Finally the bank was founded in 1810, and during the first four years deposits slowly increased from $755 to $880, to $1,205 and $4,610. In the last year, 1814, largely by Duncan's efforts, the Edinburgh Savings Bank, now one of the largert and most thriving of these banks, was founded. In 1816, the London Savings Bank was opened, and by 1817 savings-banks had become so numerous as to be the subject of legislation and regulation by Parliament.

In 1816, also, the idea was transplanted to America, and the first savings-banks were opened in Boston and Philadelphia. Their progress had been continous since then. The little bank of Ruthwell has become world-wide in its power. In some respects it may be said truly that Duncan did more to change the world's history than the great Napoleon, whom his parishioners so feared.

The first savings-bank at Ruthwell had some quaint rules. It received for deposit anything over sixpence—probably the origin of the "dime savings-bank" idea. No sum of less than a pound drew interest, and if less than four shillings were added per year a penalty of one shilling was exacted.

Interest was given at five per cent., though it was only four if withdrawals became too large. A week's notice was necessary to make a withdrawal, and if the depositors did not attend the annual meeting in July they were fined sixpence.

The bank was a success from the start, and so numerous were the inquiries as to its methods that only at great sacrifice of time and money could Dr. Duncan keep up with his correspondence. He used his newspaper to spread his views, and after his idea was established he devoted himself to making his manse a model farm, which is still shown. He wrote many books and was a keen curler and author of a great Scotch curling song. Later he was moderator of the General Assembly and, when the split in the church came, resigned to go with the Free Church. He died suddenly in 1846 while conducting a prayer-meeting. Carlyle paid him the highest praise when he wrote: "The kindliest and amiablest of men, in those young years the one cultivated man whom I could feel myself permitted to call friend as well."

The Strength of Our Weaknesses

Pride, vanity and conceit are all conceded weaknesses of character, and yet they give an outward appearance of strength to a man. Moralists condemn them, but they serve us at times for our own good. To illustrate this, a writer in *Harper's Weekly* refers to the experience of Ponce de Leon, the famous Spanish general of the middle ages.

De Leon was commandant of an important fortress on the border-line between Christian and Moor. One night, after a heavy rain, the foundation gave way, and a part of the outer battlement suddenly crumbled and fell. When the startled soldiers and their gallant captain took account of the mishap it was grave indeed, though not, as at first supposed, either an earthquake or a fierce onslaught by the Moors. But how prevent these vigilant and eager foes from discovering the defenceless plight of the garrison? De Leon, fertile in contrivance as he was invincible in the field, soon thought of a device by which to deceive the enemy. He had a piece of cloth painted to represent a wall, and then ordered it to be stretched across the yawning chasm, through which, had they but known it, the Moors might easily have entered. Then workmen, steady as beavers, toiled day and night to repair the breach. Meanwhile de Leon, at the head of his command, with flying banners and sounding trumpets and drums, marched and countermarched, drilled and deployed, upon the narrow esplanade just outside the make-believe wall. And the Saracen warriors, all unconscious of the victory that nature had placed within their reach, eyed from afar the military manoeuvres of the redoubtable captain, and kept a respectful distance between themselves and what they deemed an impregnable fortress.

Applying this idea to practical life, the author gives some examples where weaknesses of character take the place of the painted cloth and protect a man from the enemies which would bear him down in the battle of life.

One evening, in a large city, a young medical student called upon a certain publisher and bookseller. It was long after visiting-hours, and from behind his big spectacles the publisher quietly eyed the eager-faced young man. His story was a simple and not uncommon one. He had just so much money, which must be made to go so far ; but there was no margin left to purchase the necessary books. Some of these might be borrowed from obliging and not too studious comrades perhaps, but others he really ought to possess. Would the bookseller advance him these desired volumes, and take a note for the sum of their value? There was a brief pause. "Perhaps you didn't notice my card, sir," said the young man handsomely, drawing himself up. "I'm one of the Anthors of South Carolina." "Did you ever hear of the Anthors of South Carolina ?" asked the publisher's sister, when later, he told her the incident. "Never," returned her brother, smiling, "but evidently he had ; and it was his truth, his honor and manliness which were in question, not my social knowledge." Hard to tell, in this instance, whether the wall was real or pretended ; but the bookseller knew instinctively what to trust, if only family pride. And to-day, in a flourishing Southern city, Dr. Anthor, no longer young, stands at the head of his profession. He tells the story of that kindly loan to his struggling youth, and hardly realizes how unerringly true was the quick estimate of character that prompted it. But in dealing with the young, the immature, the weak, and the easily led, it is everything to understand the paradox of weakness, and to be able to turn it to account, not only for the safety of the individual, but for the good of the community as well.

Another story follows, also bearing on the same point.

One dismal afternoon, a bank president was surprised by a knock at the door of his private office. A young assistant cashier came in, whose people and belongings the president knew. The young fellow's face was pale, and his whole look was harassed and anxious. After a moment of nervous silence, he blurted out : "I—I'm beginning to be afraid of myself. The change is tremendous, from that small country bank, where things are so different. The responsibilities are too great, the opportunities to go astray are—are—greater still ! I don't know what has got into me, but it's like a temptation at my elbow to—to—go wrong, to try, just to see how easy it would be. And—I'm telling you." The president had wheeled round upon him, and was regarding him steadily. "You're leading your life too wholly and persistently along one line," he said quietly. "I'm neither afraid of you nor for you. Your mind and thoughts are too closely concentrated upon your work, and they need to be diffused over a wider area of interests in order to enable them to work well, and with ease to yourself, at just this particular juncture. But you must let me help you out. Report to me every evening, no matter how late. That will give you poise, and tide you over the day, so that you need take but one day at a time, and not keep looking into a far and fearful future. And—I'm going to enter you at the Country Club—that's to be between you and me—and I want you to use it. You're getting yourself on your mind."

Wasn't he wise, this president, thus at a moment to recognize the paradox of weakness, the weakness that felt itself tempted, the strength that perceived the temptation, and openly admitted it to self and another ? And was he not doubly wise thus to turn it to account ? He knew there was fine material in that young man, capacity and ability both ; but he needed peculiar help at just this time of his life and work. That president's charities were many, his public spirit was unquestioned, and such opportunities for good as came in his way he seemed amply to fulfil. But he also knew that to stand face to face with a soul, and aid it at its most need, is a rare privilege, and he was making that privilege good. And he took no high ground. He did not, seemingly, admit the full significance of the moment. He did not further shake the young man's will by implying that there was a great moral strain ; no, he dwelt, rather, upon a painted cloth of physical and mental monotony, in order to give the young fellow time to regain breath and grip and courage. Yes, it's a great thing to be able to use, both for ourselves and for others, the strength of our weakness, and the weakness of our strength.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AT PARIS UNTIL HIS SEVENTY-NINTH YEAR

The Achievements of Old Age

A vindication of the place of the old man in the work of the world is to be found in the September *Strand*. The author of the article fancifully assumes that he is about to establish a periodical, to be known as "The Old Man," and to it he invites famous octogenarians and nonagenarians to contribute.

It was not so long ago that we were told that a man was useless after sixty,—that he was incapable of further great achievement, and might, for all the good he could do in the world, just as well enter the lethal chamber. "Sixty is the age limit of usefulness," said Professor Osler; "a man has done his work at sixty, and is thereafter a negligible quantity." Could anything be more fantastic than this opinion nowadays? There is more than one public man who, like Lord Strathcona, if he had died at sixty, would have been absolutely unknown to fame. Lord Strathcona may be said to have begun his Imperial renown at seventy-five. At ninety he is at his office daily at ten

o'clock, and after working diligently all day attends on an average three public banquets or dinner-parties a week, and is often not in bed before 1 a.m. William de Morgan was sixty-five before he thought of writing novels. Pierpont Morgan was the same age before he thought of his colossal scheme of finance. Mr. Chamberlain was sixty-five before he suggested tariff reform. Earl Roberts was nearly seventy when he was sent out to supersede the young generals and retrieve disaster in South Africa. "Had I died at threescore years and ten," said Gladstone, "fully half my life-work would have remained undone."

There is no fact more striking than the way modern life is pushing back the period of old age. Less than a century ago a man was old at forty. You have only to pick up Jane Austen's novels to find gentlemen of thirty-five described as middle-aged. At sixty they were gabbling in their dotage. And there is Mr. Pickwick—that dear, delightful, benevolent old gentlemen of forty-five! —just seven years younger than Mr. George Alexander, and five years younger than that leading juvenile, Mr. Lewis Waller!

Fifty years ago, when a man reached the age of forty-five he grew a beard under his chin, bought himself a pair of drab gaiters and a white neckcloth, and spoke with anxious concern of the rising generation, whose manner were so different from those he had known as a "young man." Nowadays the popular notion of irresponsible, irrepressible youth is illustrated by Mr. Lloyd George, who is forty-seven. In our generation forty-seven is outwardly indistinguishable from twenty-seven, save in that the former has a slightly more youthful tint in its cheek and its waistcoat.

Some further examples of the deeds of old men in various walks of life are appended.

Lord Roberts,—Britain's greatest general since Wellington—after forty years' service in India, had returned to England, apparently to spend his latter days in retirement. In his sixty-eighth year there came the news that the army sent to South Africa to punish the Boers had failed; that Buller had met humiliating defeat at Colenso, and that Roberts's only son was among the slain. At this critical juncture the veteran general was summoned once more to action, and speedily reversed the situation. Within a few weeks Kimberley was relieved and Cronje captured, and a few months later Roberts had swept irresistibly over the veldt, scattering the enemy before him and occupying the capitals of both the Boer Republics.

The story is told of "Bobs" that while riding in company with General Buller, on the outskirts of Pretoria, they came upon a fairly high rail fence.

"What about taking that fence?" asked Roberts.

Although seven years younger than his chief, Buller replied:—

"I am too old for that, sir."

Whereupon Lord Roberts, setting spurs to his horse, cleared the fence as though he were the youngest huntsman in a field at home. It is to Buller's credit that he followed.

Of statesmen who became noted in their later years one famous instance is that of Benjamin Franklin, who was in his seventy-first year when he arrived in Paris as the first American Ambassador to the Court of France. He was

LORD ROBERTS

WHO UNDERTOOK HIS GREATEST WORK, THE CONQUEST OF THE BOERS, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-EIGHT

VICTOR HUGO

WHO WROTE HIS GREAT NOVEL, "HISTOIRE D'UN CRIME," AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-SIX

seventy-seven when he helped to negotiate the treaty that secured American independence; Minister at Paris until his seventy-ninth year; and after his return to his own country, serving in various public capacities, Franklin proved fully that a man may be of use when he is past sixty.

Since Pitt, England has had no "boy Premier." The "Iron Duke" was Prime Minister at sixty-one, and held a Cabinet portfolio at seventy-seven. Of his thirteen successors to the present day, all but three held office beyond sixty, all but five beyond seventy, and two—Palmerston and Gladstone—beyond their eightieth year, Palmerston dying in harness two days before his eighty-first birthday, and Gladstone retiring still vigorous, at eighty-four.

Carlyle, writing of Sir Charles James Napier, said: "A lynx-eyed, fiery man—more of a hero than any modern I have seen in a long time." Napier was brave to rashness, and inspired by an energy which ill brooked control. He was sixty when he took command of the British Army in India and conquered the province of Sind. In one fierce battle he hurled his force of two thousand men upon a native army of twenty thousand, and literally hewed them down, fighting himself in the forefront of the battle; for Napier was a General of the older type, assailing the enemy sword in hand. After the war was over he served as Governor of the province for several years, quelling the hill tribes and bringing order out of chaos. At sixty-six he was sent out once more to India to put down an insurrection of the Sikhs.

At seventy-six Victor Hugo completed his "Histoire d'un Crime." At the age of eighty-three, when death summoned him, he was working upon a tragedy with all the energy of youth. Herbert Spencer was forty when he resolved to write a series of books covering the whole field of philosophy. Ill-health and lack of means hampered but could not distract him from his self-appointed task. For upwards of forty years he labored at the task, completing it just before his death, in his eighty-fourth year. The only work he left unfinished was a volume of reminiscences, undertaken as a relaxation from his more arduous labors. Tolstoi is another distinguished example of mental fertility in old age.

Bad Teeth vs. Good Health.

A serious article on the prevalence of disease and decay in teeth, with all its attendant ills, appears in *Pearson's Magazine,* from the pen of J. J. McCarthy, M.D. It makes the reader sit up and think, and, if it serves to direct greater attention to this matter, it will be doing a good service.

The first paragraph of the article is alarming. It refers, of course, to the United States.

There are in this country eight factories devoted to the manufacture of artificial teeth. Last year the manufacturers sold over 60,000,000 of these teeth and this year they expect to sell be-

tween 78,000,000 and 80,000,000; and every one of these teeth goes to replace a natural tooth which, if given proper care and attention, should last out one's lifetime. Unclean mouths and teeth are responsible for these conditions, for it is a fact fully established that less than 8 per cent. of the American people use a tooth brush or make any effort to keep their teeth and mouths clean. In order to have good health, we must have sound teeth, yet we are permitting our teeth to decay at a pace that is alarming, which, if unchecked, will lead to a nation of broken-down, dyspeptic men and women.

After describing the coming of the teeth in children and pointing out the dangers of allowing infants to use so-called aids to teething, Dr. McCarthy refers to the habit of bolting food.

The great American habit, the "bolting of food," is one of the most serious conditions of our modern life. Dr. Osler has said that the American nation could be divided into two classes, bolters and chewers, with the bolters leading by a large majority. Dr. H. C. Sexton of Shelbyville, Ind., at a recent meeting of the Indiana Dental Association, delivered an interesting address in which he deplored this habit, and advised that a national movement should be organized to be known as the "Chewing Movement." He said: "The education of the average man, woman and child has been sadly neglected. They have been taught to eat, but have not been taught to use their teeth. When we bolt our food we ignore one of the most important ferments, ptyalin, in our saliva, that has much to do in the process of digestion. But the American habit is to spit, and Americans are the greatest spitters of the world. Between meals they will spit out the invaluable saliva; then when they eat they wash down every unchewed bolus of food with copious draughts of water, coffee, or in summer iced tea. What a foolish, disgusting habit it is and more than foolish, more than disgusting, it is killing in its hurtfulness. An habitual spitter at middle age will have the broken down digestive apparatus of an old man at seventy-five. Men who bolt their food, who put their saliva out of business, are drug shop chasers and slow suicides."

Dr. Henry C. Ferris, recording secretary of the New York State Dental Society, recently presented an illuminating report showing the effects of the bolting of food. Dr. Ferris addressed a letter to one hundred and fifty of the prominent medical men of this country in which he asked them if they considered imperfect chewing and salivating of food an aetiological factor in diseases of the stomach and intestines, and, if so, what pathological conditions resulted from such neglect? Out of the hundred and fifty replies that Dr. Ferris received 98 per cent. of these physicians said that chewing of food was an important factor toward good health and that the bolting of food frequently caused cancer, catarrh of the stomach and gastric ulcers. If food is not thoroughly chewed and is permitted to reach the stomach in large lumps or masses, there is no question that it must injure the soft lining of that organ, producing many of the cases of ulcer and catarrh that need careful and consistent medical attention.

It has been stated that fully 75 per cent. of the people of this country bolt their food. This habit is usually acquired during the early years of childhood and carried on during one's whole life. In many of the homes, the early morning hours are given to preparing the children for school. Very frequently they are permitted to sleep late and in the hurry and bustle to get them to school on time, the breakfast is bolted. These same conditions of hurried meals apply to the lunch hour and supper time. From day to day this is permitted, until the habit is firmly established, carried up to manhood, and then down through old age. We have a lesson every day of the bolting of food. Walk into the quick-lunch rooms of the cities and see these "hustlers" at work. Look down the long row of tables, see the rapid movement of the diners, and you will liken it to a quick-eating contest, for which prizes are offered to the fellow that gets through first. Many of these lunch rooms advertise how quickly you may be filled from their larder and take a pride in the number that can be served in a given time. No doubt much of their trade comes from people who want their eating over in a hurry. The average business man almost begrudges the time given to eating; it is rarely a pleasure with him, especially the lunch hour repast, and he goes at it in a vigorous, may I call it a pugilistic, way, and fights the food to a finish. As he walks out he seems to say, "well, that thing is over." When his stomach, as all stomachs will when given such bad treatment, rebels and he becomes a chronic sufferer from indigestion, he wonders how it all happened. The doctor knows, but the advice many times is too late, and, if given, is often forgotten.

A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE TEETH OF CHILDREN IN THE DEVOTION GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BROOKLINE, MASS., IS MADE AT REGULAR INTERVALS

An explanation of just what disease of the teeth is and how it affects health is given.

The common cause of all our dental troubles is decay of the teeth, known technically as dental caries. It is a disease known to have existed for centuries. In the British Museum is a skull of a mummy dated 2800 B.C., showing evidences of well marked caries. Dr. L. M. Waugh, of Buffalo, quoting from Guernis' History of Dentistry, calls attention to a collection of Egyptian writings dating back to 1550 B.C., in which are mentioned a number of remedies for this disease. Decay or caries of the teeth is largely due to neglect or failure to keep the mouth and particularly the teeth properly cleaned. If food particles lodge between the teeth and are not removed, they eventually ferment. During this fermentation process the mouth bacteria acting on the carbo-hydrate foodstuffs produce acid fermentation. These acids dissolve the lime salts of the teeth, exposing the dentine to the action of microbes which rapidly destroy the tooth structure. It is the general supposition that teeth always decay from the outside, as a matter of fact, the change takes place from within outward, and goes on rapidly until there is quite a large cavity. Frequently toothache or extreme sensitiveness to hot or cold food or drink are the first intimations that decay has taken place. Sometimes there is no pain at all and a chance examination discloses the cavity in the tooth.

These tooth-cavities are ideal incubators for all kinds of bacteria. Many of the pathogenic bacteria require heat and moisture for their development and the unclean mouth and teeth offer all these conditions. It is not uncommon to find the pus-producing organisms, the bacillus of diphtheria and tuberculosis, in these tooth cavities. Commenting on the danger through infection from tuberculosis through neglect of teeth, Dr. W. R. Woodbury, of Boston, had this to say at the recent International Congress on Tuberculosis: "There is a growing conviction that tubercular bacilli pass through the intestinal wall. There is every reason then why the teeth and mouth should be given closest attention. They are not receiving proper consideration; they have never received it. One-fifth of the entire population are in this way becoming easier victims of tuberculosis." It is not uncommon to find many children, particularly those of the delicate type, afflicted with enlarged glands of the neck. These glands are in nearly every instance of tubercular origin, and it is now supposed that the infection in the beginning is due to defective teeth. The bacilli finding lodgment in decayed or ulcerated teeth work their way into the circulation and find a home in these glands. Tonsilitis is another disease that is frequently traced to unclean mouths and teeth, and many authorities are of the opinion that a number of cases of diph-

theria and measles can be traced to the same sources. It is a fact well established that diseased mouths and teeth are responsible for diseases of the digestive organs. This is easily explained. The constant swallowings of pus from diseased gums and teeth have many bacteria and these frequently set up irritations in the stomach and intestines. It has been estmated by careful painstaking authorities that only two in a hundred persons suffering from indigestion have sound teeth.

The unhealthy mouths and teeth of children are not only a menace to their own health, but also to the health of teachers and the children who are compelled to sit with them in overcrowded and ill-ventilated school-rooms. In this day of modern education it is the aim to secure for school-houses a system of ventilation as nearly perfect as possible, yet in many of these sanitary school-rooms there are children with unhealthy and disgusting mouths and teeth polluting the air with their offensive breath, thus endangering the health and lives of their companions. There is also another source of danger to children who exchange pencils and other school accessories, which after being in unclean mouths are placed in the mouths of innocent children, thus transmitting many infections to some unsuspecting child.

The cases of unclean mouths are legion; not only among children, but among adults. It is estimated that only 8 per cent. of the people in this country take care of their teeth. The statistics so far obtainable, especially among the school children of this country, are alarming as well as sensational. An examination of 187,000 children in the public schools of New York City, shows that defective teeth exceed all other physical disorders, 65 per cent. of them having diseased teeth. Dr. Arthur Merritt of New York City, recently examined 500 school children who came to the dental clinic of the Children's Aid Society Industrial School, and found only fourteen of that number who had sound teeth; even these needed some dental attention. While there were found 2808 unsound teeth, Dr. Merritt's examination showed that 2551 could be saved by proper dentistry. Out of this large number of children, only 25 had ever received dental attention and then only for extraction.

Untying Hymen's Knot

Some interesting statistics on the subject of divorce have been brought together by a contributor to the *Strand Magazine*. He has worked out the divorce rate for a number of countries and gives the result of his investigation as follows:

The distinction of having the highest national divorce rate belongs to Japan, America only following at a considerable distance. Switzerland, which has the highest rate of any European country, reported last year 32 divorces per 100,000 inhabitants, being only about three-sevenths of the number occurring in the United States.

A most significant tendency is the marked persistency of the increase in the divorce rate. The movement, although occasionally checked or retarded by commercial crises, periods of business depression, or other causes, has been almost without exception upward. In only four years, 1870, 1884, 1894, and 1902, was the divorce rate for the United States as a whole lower than it was in the preceding year, while the rate was greater than in the preceding year in twenty-nine cases. The upward movement, moreover, although varying in intensity in different sections, has been general, not merely in America, but in Europe.

The professions in which divorces are of most frequent occurrence and the critical period in married life are next referred to.

The statistics of every country clearly demonstrate that the stage is of all callings most favorable to divorce. Actors and professional showmen are at the head of the list of divorcing couples. After these come musicians and teachers of music, and then—but longo intervallo—commercial travelers. One would expect to see sailors close at hand, but they are far down the list. A divorced sailor is a great rarity, almost as great a rarity as a divorced butcher. And fewer than three farmers are divorced for every seventy-three actors, a most striking instance of the influence

of rural occupation upon the emotions. And clergymen are, as they should be, at the very bottom of the list.

And now we come to the critical period in the matrimonial career, when the gathering clouds may suddenly burst in fatal thunder. Sir Arthur Pinero has lately called this critical period "Mid-Channel," likening matrimony to the navigation of troubled waters. Nearly twenty-five per cent. of all divorces take place before the parties have been married a twelvemonth ; while thirty-eight per cent. have been married two years. But the crucial time is when couples have been married four years, for there are more chances of separation then than at any other period. From that point onward these chances fluctuate, until at ten years married the odds are the same as at two years. After ten years they diminish annually, until a point of comparative safety is reached ; although there are instances of divorce after forty and even fifty years of married life.

In the writings of foreign statisticians attention has frequently been called to the fact that suicide is apparently more prevalent among the divorced than among the single or married. Figures would seem to prove conclusively that in certain countries (Baden, Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, Saxony, Switzerland, and Wurtemburg) suicide is more prevalent among the divorced than any other class.

Suicides per 100,000 population—

	Single.	Mar'd.	Divorced.
Denmark	44.8.	6.0	498.9
America	32.0	47.0	20.0

Obtaining a divorce is a more normal, everyday affair in America than it is in Europe, and resorted to by a more normal element of the population. It is true that there exists a theory that divorce and suicide are not related to each other as cause and effect, but that the apparent connection between them exhibited by the figures for European countries arises because in Europe both have their source in some abnormal condition. If such is the case, as divorce becomes more usual it will be accompanied by a decrease in the suicide rate shown for the divorced classes.

The Conservation of the Individual

That the human body manufactures energy as it is required, is the theory of Dr. Newton, who contributes to the *Forum* an interesting article on this subject. Taking Weston's famous walk from San Francisco to New York in 105 days, as his text, he asks, whether the walker is a unique person or has he done something which others might do equally well.

The answers to these questions are really fraught with the most serious meaning for all mankind. If we say that Weston is possessed of unique and extraordinary power, and that no one need expect to equal his feats of endurance, we quite clearly beg the question, because not enough persons of his age have tried such experiments with their bodies as he has tried with his to afford conclusive answers to the questions we have just propounded.

It can be safely asserted that the average man has practically no conception of the bodily or mental capacity which he might individually develop by the proper training. He only knows, or fancies that he knows, that certain habits and indulgences seem to injure him, and certain others seem to benefit him. These practices, however, are, generally speaking, only matters of the moment. That a person is under any obligation so to order his life that he may develop a high degree of efficiency in the present and retain it in years to come, and that he may by this means prolong his years and increase his usefulness, seems to be a matter about which the average man knows little and cares less.

Although it is unfortunately true that in some respects we have not as yet been able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the man in the street a complete series of rules by which he may regulate his life habits, still some notable experiments have been carried out from which much may be learned with regard to the endurance and capacity of the human body. Mr. Weston's last walk of about 3,500 miles in 75 walking days, or an average of about 46 miles a day, stands as probably the greatest walk in history. Were it not that the

evidence is irrefutable, that he actually did accomplish all that he asserts that he did, we might well doubt the truth of his claims.

Admitting, however, that these are well founded, certain questions at once confront us, e.g., whether it is possible for other men to do with their bodies what he had done with his, and whether there is reason to suppose that he can make good his boast that he will be able to walk upon his one hundredth birthday.

I have long been convinced that the well-trained human body is a dynamo or magneto which manufactures its energy according to the demand, and does not, like a storage battery, contain a fixed quantity of stored up energy or power. A little reflection upon the great adaptability of the body to many varying conditions of existence tends strongly to confirm this view. It is well known that no other animal can exist under such a variety of climates and conditions, and upon such a diversity of foods, as man. But it is not so well known, for example, that no other animal possesses the endurance and capacity for labor which man possesses. Yet it is inconceivable that any other animal than man could have performed Mr. Weston's task in the time he accomplished it. Whenever a horse's endurance has been tried against man's, the victory has seemed to lodge with the biped.

The average man's endurance of fatigue, like his endurance of heat and cold, fasting and feasting, great exertion and absolute rest, can be almost indefinitely increased. The only satisfying explanation of this phenomenon is the preponderating influence of his spiritual nature. Man can train his body to do his bidding to a degree hitherto considered impossible, and evidently far beyond the capacity of a brute. As a test of my theory in this regard, I determined to try an experiment upon myself. To restate the theory, it is that the body, when properly trained, manufactures the energy it needs as it expends it. Our energy is not stored up within us to be drawn off as a man draws water out of a cask, nor is our co-called vitality a fixed quantity. Great bodily strength, huge muscles and a deep chest do not necessarily indicate endurance, or a capacity for long sustained exertion. These attributes merely indicate the muscular and osseous foundations upon which an athelete's prowess may be developed. Man trains himself to great physical or mental efficiency by practice and care. He succeeds in endurance tests largely by will power.

Dr. Newton holds that the dynamic quality, which we call endurance or energy can be developed and increased, in varying degrees, at any age of a man's life.

Anyone may do this to an extent hitherto considered impossible, if he be willing to pay the price. The latter includes a careful consideration and adjustment of the entire method of life down to its minutest details. No one expects good work from an automobile that is not most carefully looked after; the lubricating oil and the gasoline used must be of the best quality and must be supplied in just the requisite amounts ; the machinery must be carefully inspected at frequent intervals and the adjustment and bearing of every bolt and every nut must be right. Why should the human body, which is a far more complicated machine than an automobile, not receive the same careful and unremitting attention ?

A discussion of the intake and excretion of food, the physiology of digestion and assimilation, the functions of the skin and the glands, the building up and waste of the body, would be out of place in this paper. The laboratories have taught us a great deal. They have not taught us the essential and fundamental truth that the fons et origo of human efficiency is an indomitable spirit which controls the body and uses it as an instrument ; that the body develops energy as it spends it, and that training of the body is preparing it by exercise and by the utmost attention to food, drink, fresh air, sunlight and bathing, so that it will develop, when called upon, the requisite quantity of energy.

The ordinary training for physical contests is merely an improvement in metabolism brought about by exercise, diet, massage, deep breathing, etc., so that assimilation and elimination are nicely balanced and extraordinarily large intakes of food can be assimilated and converted into energy as required.

Good and careful training is simply bringing the body to that state of efficiency in which there are no stoppages or hitches in its machinery, when all the food ingested is assimilated and put to good use. As Parkes has said, "training is simply another name for healthy and vigorous living." Instead of being looked upon as an ordeal to be endured for a few weeks or a few months for a special purpose, training should be our habit of life. Mr. Weston's recent performance has proved that this state of bodily efficiency can be produced at an advanced age. In fact, it is entirely reasonable to assume

that with the acknowledged great adaptability and elasticity of our bodily functions, we can train ourselves to endurance at any age. If a man of 72 instead of lying down and dying, as is generally expected of him, can perform a feat, never hitherto accomplished by any man, young or old, why cannot the average man so train his body as to make himself far more efficient, far longer lived and far happier than he now is?

Even if the price of this efficiency does seem a little high at first, the result is worth a thousand times more than the effort. No man or woman can be said to have ever truly lived who has not developed the body and learned to control it, and who has not experienced the satisfaction of the bodily and mental uplift thereby acquired. A great many people have learned by prayer and fasting to control their passions and emotions, yet very few have learned like Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Weston so to control their bodies that they can do at a comparatively advanced age much more than they could accomplish as younger men.

While we compare our bodies to machines, they differ from mechanical contrivances in this important particular, that they are developed and perfected by use, and the more they are used in any manifestation of skill and endurance, the more perfectly adapted they become for that especial work. Every teacher of instrumental music, every swordsman, billiard player and wing shot knows that the greatest skill in these pursuits is usually only acquired by those who take up in childhood, while the nerves that control co-ordination are growing, and are especially plastic. Yet the great truth that the endurance of the body in exercises to which it is already well accustomed, like walking, can be indefinitely increased up to and beyond seventy years of age, is not generally believed. This physical excellence will be accompanied by a capacity for sustained intellectual effort and by a state of mental alertness and cheerfulness unattainable by any other means.

The Motor Rage and Its Good Effects

Maurice Low compares the present rage for the possession of automobiles in the United States to the gold boom in California and the discovery of the Pennsylvania oil fields. These three have been the great sensations in America. A writer in the *Nation* takes the automobile as his text and adduces some reasons why the motor mania is a good thing and is going to have a good effect on society. But first he shows how the demand for cars has grown by leaps and bounds until to-day there is a car for every 160 persons in the United States.

The demand is from the middle class and more prosperous artisans of the cities, and from the farmers of the vast spaces of the West. The demand of the Western farmer is entirely intelligible, and the conditions here not paralleled in Western Europe. The motor-car for the first time allows these, who are still in some sense pioneers, to triumph over space, and, in triumphing over space, to be also victorious over time. The railways—about which the Tennysonian age broke into poetry of doubtful quality, but undoubted sincerity—are seen here to be but the first clumsy attempts of a mechanical intelligence still in its infancy. The trains, conveyed along these narrow, shining slips through thousands of miles of prairie and desert, could not stray one inch to left-hand or right. Thirty, fifty, a hundred miles from their margin, you were practically cut off from the mental stimulus of civilization on the one hand, the material access to markets on the other. And the railways, again, speedily passed into the control of some corporation, with no kindness or compassion, who lured out the farmer into the wilderness and then milked him as dry as the ground landlord of the city. In the one case the increase in industry and business was skimmed off as rent; in the other, as freight. To-day, the automobile, as a kind of good fairy, may be pictured as defying the operations of those two Titans of monopoly. On the one hand, in the town, the struggle for the particular piece of land at the centre, flung upward into enormous land value because everyone wants to live there, is being lightened by the fact that "everyone" is coming to be satis-

fied with a villa on the outskirts, and a quiet, simple, daily journey to town in the £100 automobile. On the other hand, the country farmer, with a machine so subtly devised that it can carry him on a visit to a neighbor forty miles away one evening, and carry his milk to a market forty miles in the other direction on the following morning, is coming more and more into the position that he can defy the "octopus" and meet it with equal fighting weapons. The real fury of the American demand comes from the West. In Nebraska, we read, there is already an average of one machine to every 100 of the population. In Los Angeles, in California, the average is one in forty—the highest in the United States. Of every eight or ten families, one possesses a motor. There are those still who profess no enthusiasm for this achievement of human genius, who ask where is the gain in the real things that matter. Thoreau denounced the excitement over the Atlantic cable, proclaiming that the only effect of it was to pour into "the broad, flapping American ear" the news that "Princess Adelaide had got the toothache." But to the majority these victories over Space and Time—which, at best, are blind, brutal, earth-bound gods—mark an epoch, not of criticism, but of rejoicing. What is to-day being achieved in Western America will to-morrow be achievable in all the waste, lonely spaces of the world—in Canada, Australia, the South American plain, the vast Siberian steppes. It means an enormous advance in the possibility of community, human fellowship, and the amenities of living; it means, incidentally, the rolling of the Malthusian spectre finally—or, at least, for any conceivable future time—into the cavern of dead bogeys. It means also—let us hope something more important than either—a reversing of that steady, slow drift of the rural populations into the cities, which a great writer nearly a hundred years ago branded as "the graveyards of civilization; a drift which in Europe was the cause of a cosmopolitan anxiety, and in new lands like Australia had become a menace." The "railway age" has lasted something near a century; the "motor age" may fill up the century to come; after which aviation will probably make our rejoicings over the automobile themselves look ridiculous, as a man will easily rise on his monoplane from his back-garden to take dinner with a friend a hundred miles away, and return comfortably by midnight.

And, in addition to this demand of the "farmer," there is, as we have said above, the demand of the suburban city. Mr. H. G. Wells, after picturing in the story of the "Sleeper" the nightmare vision of the future town, a covered-in, artificially lighted human hive of millions, came, in his "Anticipations," to throw over such a prophecy of desolation. The new machines, traveling freely in all directions from the city's centre, and directed, not by some incredibly muddling board of British railway directors, but by the free caprice of each individual owner, were to scatter the city far and wide over the surrounding counties. And a kind of shopping, social, and business centre was alone to remain, serving as the connecting link of radiating strands of lesser cities, manufactories, villages, to which easy access was to be given by the new cheap mechanical traction.

The Automobile's Effect on Other Industries

William Harley Porter is a writer with a thoughtful turn. He has been considering the influence which the automobile industry has had on other industries, and has collected information for an article, which is to be found in *Harper's Weekly*. First of all, there is the rubber industry, and here conditions are growing serious.

One year ago, if you were so indiscreet as to remark aloud that you needed a new set of tires, a score of rubber salesmen would soon be on your trail.

To-day an automobile manufacturer may pass the word that he is in the market for ten thousand sets and he will not have one caller. In fact, his rubber-selling friends would avoid meeting him if they decently could do so.

The tire market is on a friendship basis to-day. The manufacturer who has good connections with the industry will be taken care of, if possible. But the rubber manufacturer is in hot water from both sides. He sees a diminishing supply with a never-ceasing increase. American money is paying for shiploads of rubber annually, but it does not go as far, seemingly, as the much smaller imports of two or three years ago.

And so the price of rubber soars. It is worth to-day, before the factory cleans it, one-half its weight in solid silver. If an automobile owner were to get along with only two wheels on his machine it would be cheaper for him to use silver—had it the needed characteristics—because the silver market is fairly stable, but rubber is going higher.

To-day thirty-five per cent. of the world's rubber goes into automobile tires. There are between thirty-five and forty factories in the United States devoted almost exclusively to tire-making, while the total number of rubber factories in the country in 1905 (latest available United States census statistics) was two hundred and twenty-four with a capitalization at that time of $46,297,537. Though the proportion making tires is small, many of them are busy with articles made necessary by the coming of the automobile.

In other directions the great growth of the automobile industry is being reflected in increased business for other industries.

Of really greater importance, in point of wages earned by workmen, is the influence of the automobile in iron and brass foundries—in creating, that is, entirely new business, thereby requiring great additions to the number of men employed.

It must be understood that the percentage of automobile manufactured, or built, is very small in comparison with those that are assembled. Strictly speaking, of course, every automobile-maker must buy some parts, otherwise he would be obliged to manufacture his lamp lenses and rubber tires, and to smelt aluminum, run a steel-mill, a brass-factory, carpet looms, an electrical-apparatus establishment, a wood-working plant, an asbestos-cement mill, steel-ball, steel-rod, and steel-plate factories, a tannery, a woollen-mill, and a few other odds and ends.

As a matter of fact, the great majority of forged-steel front axles meets on the assembling floor other parts which have had their origin in nearly every part of the Union, to say nothing of from three to seven foreign lands.

Wood-working plants are getting some of the good things, too. Carriage men who are wise enough and smart enough to make good automobile bodies are making more money than they ever did in their lives before, and paying bigger pay-rolls. Even lumber-yards, which have never done any mill work, are turning out bodies.

In Cincinnati a wagon-maker was recently amazed and delighted to have dropped in his lap an order for 2,000 commercial truck bodies—a larger plum than ever came his way before. And the auto-truck, by the way, is only an industrial baby—but it is growing very rapidly.

The leather market is almost as much demoralized as the rubber trade. The tendency to higher prices is entirely natural and to be expected. Automobile makers, however, complain bitterly of the quality of leather they are getting ; their specifications, they say, go for nothing. They take what they can get.

Have you thought of the quantity of glass that has been absorbed by automobile wind-shields ? A very respectable quantity it is ; enough to stiffen materially prices on the grades demanded. Fortunately the glass-supply can be increased almost at will in this country. It is just a question of hiring the capable labor required and paying the wages. This country can stand a lot of that.

Tin-workers are getting their share, a very generous one, too. There are entire factories in the tin and granite ware business that have put in large departments to make automobil radiators, hoods, and fenders.

Umbrella-makers have increased their plants in order to make automobile tops. An Ohio umbrella-factory which for years had a national sale of advertising-sun-shades for delivery wagons, and was not swamped with orders at that, now makes automobile tops and is employing several times its old number of men. Its community, a small one, appreciates the resultant prosperity. In Jackson, Michigan, there is another concern that will turn out this year 100,000 tops, and that is going perceptibly.

Speaking of 100,000 lots, a Milwaukee establishment is making that many pressed-steel frames for automobile bodies this year. Some factories would rather use wood for their car backs, but the automobile industry has helped to

devour the visible supply of poplar. Hickory, for automobile spokes, is going rapidly, if not already virtually gone, so far as desirable grades are concerned. It is no wonder that a special sort of raw material goes rapidly, if it can be used for any of the purposes suitable for the insatiate automobile, when entire factories are now making one single article required by it, as is the case with a Michigan wood-working plant which has been making nothing but steering-wheels for months.

Occasionally something turns up in this wonderful business to show that the law of compensation is not nodding. A Cleveland factory, that was doing only fairly in the manufacture of currycombs, now finds that it cannot keep up with its orders for pressed steel from the automobile manufacturers. Farewell, Horse ; thrice welcome, Automobile.

How Newcastle Utilizes Waste.

A striking example of the utilization of waste is furnished by the City of Newcastle, in England, where so many of the big ocean liners are built and from which great quantities of coal are shipped. It is pointed out by L. Lamprey in the *Technical World Magazine,* that the power used by the firm, which built the great Trans-Atlantic liner, Mauretania, was all derived from what would otherwise have been waste matter.

One of this company's generating stations is at an iron works on the river Tees, where a tremendous amount of live steam is used in blast furnaces. For years this steam was allowed to blow off as exhaust, even though it contained an incalculable amount of energy. In devising methods for conserving the resources of the district, the power company set about to utilize the waste steam from these blast furnaces by transforming it into electrical energy. So now, when the steam has done its work in the blast furnace, it is not turned loose to shower the passer-by, but is piped across the yard into a steam turbine, where it becomes electric power, to be used perhaps fifty or sixty miles away in some Tyneside shipyard.

This new utilization is of no inconvenience to the iron works. In fact, it is a help, for now the steam is condensed by the power company and returned to the iron works as water, where formerly it exhausted into the air and was not recoverable in any form. The iron works, therefore, not only makes a profit on the steam sold, but has its water bill reduced as well, and the power company, of course, makes a profit on its own use of the waste steam. Thus, this live steam used in making the plates and ribs for the Mauretania, has become as valuable as those plates and ribs themselves. And, it still passes on to do other work and achieve other results quite as profitable as, though perhaps less spectacular than the construction of a mammoth steamship.

In other cases—at collieries, for example—the waste gases in the manufacture of coke are captured and burned under boilers, creating steam which is turned into electricity. The utilization of these gases affects in no way the value of the coke, but it extracts enough energy, which formerly went to waste, to produce hundreds of thousands of horse-power to be used in the industries of the northeast counties. There is not a single shipyard on the river Tyne to-day which is not operated by electric power generated from waste heat. Every bit of mechanical power used in the construction of the Mauretania was created by forces which, ten years ago, were permitted to escape without any effort at utilization ; every rivet was hammered by a force as intangible and elusive under old conditions as the fanciful Afrites and Genii of the Arabian Nights.

The result on social and industrial conditions in Newcastle has been remarkable.

Newcastle has become the most cosmopolitan industrial city in the world. Instead of being simply a coal town, it has chemical works, shipyards, blast furnaces, rolling mills, machine shops, a dozen minor industries and the use of power is the displacing of the dollar-a-day man by the skilled mechanic. A town in which electricity is the motive power does not develop, nor use, the human being of the type of the "man

with the hoe." In short, the utilization of waste power prevents the waste of human blood and bones and muscle in the old-time brutal fashion. Further than this, it tends to prevent the rolling up of a debt for the next generation to pay, in the shape of a crop of degenerates whose fathers and mothers were so overworked and underpaid as to raise children fit only to fill workhouses, hospitals and jails.

Thus it has come about that Newcastle has become a great industrial centre, and in becoming so, is using less coal in proportion to the power produced than is used anywhere else in the world, except perhaps under some of the great waterpowers. Newcastle's industrial supremacy to-day is due to its utilization of waste. Millions of tons of coke are being shipped, just as before, but before that coke is shipped it gives up great quantities of energy to turn the busy wheels of factories, shipyards, railways, and the city's thousand industries.

All this advancement has gone on without affecting the district's chief exports—coal and coke. The toll taken by Newcastle's industries does not lessen the value of the exports—it merely increases the usefulness of England's too few natural resources.

A Labor Union that Uses the Golden Rule

An article in praise of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which he claims has done more for its members than any other labor union, is contributed by C. F. Carter to the *Century Magazine*. It seems that the Brotherhood has adopted the Golden Rule as its fundamental principle.

While there may be workmen that earn a higher rate per hour while actually employed, the annual income of the average locomotive engineer is larger than that of any other man who works with his hands, though it may not always be commensurate with the service rendered. Moreover, the locomotive engineer holds his job for life or during good behavior. He can obtain leave of absence for any length of time, and, upon returning, begin exactly where he left off. This enviable position has been accomplished by means that, judged by accepted ideas of union methods, seem revolutionary.

On January 1, 1910, the brotherhood had a membership of 64,392, embracing ninety per cent. of all locomotive engineers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. It had contracts governing rates of wages, hours, and conditions of service with one hundred and eighty-two railroad companies, including every system of importance on the continent. Rates and conditions specified in those contracts govern the movements of every train that turns a wheel in North America, for non-members get the benefit of all that is gained by the brotherhood. No labor-union ever before achieved so much, because no other labor-union ever had the courage to expel members who violated a contract, or to revoke the charter of an entire subdivision for the same offence. Yet that is what the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers does. A notable instance was the revocation of the charter of the subdivision in New York City, and the summary expulsion of its 393 members, for violating their contract by participating in the strike called by another labor organization on the subway and elevated lines in 1905.

Not being omnipotent, the brotherhood sometimes makes an unsatisfactory contract; but in the eyes of its officers a bargain is a bargain, even if it is a bad one, and its terms are scrupulously fulfilled. Heeding Washington's admonition to beware of entangling alliances, the brotherhood will not allow a member to belong to any other labor organization, and it never engages in "sympathetic strikes." Being thus free to attend to its own affairs in its own way, and that way being always to concede, as well as insist on, a square deal, since 1888 the brotherhood has had no strike save a few trifling affairs involving only a few men. Yet, to quote the words of its grand chief engineer, "there

THE IMMENSE OFFICE BUILDING IN CLEVELAND ERECTED BY THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

are eighty-five million people in this country that don't know we are on earth.''

The membership, Mr. Carter points out, is made up of exceptional men. A long apprenticeship as a fireman is necessary and even the firemen are picked men, for they must pass certain physical tests, while the test for courage is no less severe.

Every other day, on an average, an engineer is killed on duty somewhere in the United States or Canada. To be exact, 384 locomotive engineers were killed on duty in the two years ending December 31, 1909. The average age of this devoted band was thirty-nine. They died in their prime, when life was sweetest, and when they were most useful to society. Often death comes so swiftly that they scarcely have a glimpse of the cause before they are hurled into eternity, as in the case of an engineer on a limited train which was rushing through the night at seventy miles an hour when a negligent towerman threw a cross-over switch barely a hundred feet in front of him. In other cases they have time to realize what they are doing, yet lay their lives on the altar of duty with a calm deliberation that is sublime.

As to the Brotherhood's standard of morality, this is very high.

The character of the applicant must be vouched for by three members before he can be voted upon. Once elected, he must live up to the high character given him by his sponsors, conducting himself like ''an officer and a gentleman,'' to borrow a military phrase that fits the case, or out he goes. There is never any question about the expulsion of a member who misbehaves, for if he is not expelled, the charter of the subdivision that harbors him is revoked. So the law

provides, and the laws of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are inexorable. In the year 1909, thirty-six members were expelled for "unbecoming conduct." More than that, the fact of their expulsion and the reasons therefor were proclaimed to all the world in the official "Journal of the Brotherhood," which goes to every member, and has a general circulation as well. It is safe to say that no other union, club, or organization of any sort applies quite such heroic treatment to undesirable citizens.

One thing that the brotherhood most strenuously insists upon is that its members shall not drink. Thirty-five members were expelled for getting drunk in 1909, and their shame was publicly proclaimed in the "Journal." The treatment does not stop here, by any means. The brotherhood will not risk the lives of its members and the general public by permitting a drinking man to run an engine. When a man has been duly convicted of drinking, and punished according to the laws of the order, the facts are laid before the proper authoriities on the road that employs him, and his discharge is demanded. In one notable instance the engineer of a fast train got drunk during his lay-over and disgraced himself. He was tried, convicted, and expelled, the management was informed, and the offender's discharge requested in regular form. But as the engineer had been a good man, the railroad company demurred, saying that he had not been drunk while on duty.

W. S. STONE
GRAND CHIEF OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

"But," said the brotherhood, "there is no telling when a man who gets drunk off duty may take a notion to get drunk on duty; and we do not intend to take any chances on having a drunken man tearing through the country at sixty miles an hour, endangering the lives of others. It is unfair both to the employees in your service and to our patrons."

The culprit was discharged. He can never be empolyed on a railroad again.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers a "deadbeat" is abhorrent. When a member refuses to pay his debts, he is summarily expelled.

A man may have a giant's strength, intrepid courage, and the most exemplary character; he may fire his allotted time and get his engine, yet still be ineligible for membership in the brotherhood. The fact that the master mechanic considers him fit to run an engine has no weight with this exclusive order. The newly promoted one must run an engine for a year as a practical demonstration of his skill and intelligence before his application can be considered. A traveling-card of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, therefore, is an unequivocal guarantee that the possessor is a fully qualified engineer, who is also a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen.

In view of these facts, it is not at all surprising to find railroads sending to brotherhood headquarters whenever they require more engineers than can safely be obtained by promotion; nor is it strange to find that such requests often go begging because brotherhood men all have satisfactory jobs. Also it is easy to understand why some railroads, instead of disciplining offending engineers, prefer simply to report the facts to the brotherhood and leave the culprits to the stern justice of their fellow-members.

Towards non-members a tolerant spirit is shown. Those who do not recognize the advantages of membership in the order are not subjected to

ostracism, persecution or annoyance but are shown consideration and courtesy.

The Brotherhood is a great business organization and has a surplus.

Good management enabled the Brotherhood to dedicate its own building in May, 1910. It is a fireproof structure, twelve stories high, of white glazed tile, and cost $1,250,000, and is probably the finest office building in Cleveland. Besides the offices of the brotherhood and an auditorium, seating 1,500, there is enough space available for rental to yield a net return of one hundred thousand dollars a year, which is to be devoted to the charitable work of the order.

This building is the materialization of a young engineer's day-dream. Years ago while running a freight engine across the Iowa prairies, he became possessed of the idea that it would be a fine thing for the brotherhood to own an office building, and devote the revenues therefrom to the support of crippled engineers and to the relief of the families of those who had been killed. The idea became a hobby. No one took him seriously at first, but this did not discourage the dreamer. At last came the opportunity to lay the plan before the biennial convention. It was rejected. At the next convention the building plan was proposed a second time, only to be again rejected. But when for the third time in six years he brought up the old familiar scheme, it was accepted unanimously for by this time the whole organization knew the dreamer, and had faith in him, for he was none other than Warren S. Stone, now Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Common sense and common fairness have wrought wonders under the guidance of the leader to whom the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers owes much. A born leader, he looks the part; for he is six feet tall and weighs 226 pounds, and is well proportioned. His features are regular, his hair and moustache are nearly white, his expression is that of inexhaustible good nature, earnestness, and sincerity, tempered by a dry humor without which such virtues sometimes pall. His voice is musical; but the pleasure of listening to him lies less in the manner than in the matter, for all he says is tinctured with sound common sense.

"My men believe in me because I never tell them anything that is not true," said he. "I never raise false hopes by promising them impossibilities, but always show them both sides of the shield. I always advise against unjust demands and fight for what is just. I believe in fair play for foe as well as for friend.

"Most labor troubles are the result of one of two things; misrepresentation or misunderstanding. Unfortunately, negotiations are sometimes intrusted to men who were never intended by nature for their mission, since they cannot discuss a question without losing their tempers. I have known of labormen who, when placed on a committee to adjust wages or working conditions, reminded me of the man who beat his horse; he didn't hate the horse, he only wanted to show his authority. However, by no means all such men are members of labor unions.

"For such success as I have had there are two reasons: I control the men as the constitution provides, and we carry out our contracts. It may be laid down as a fundamental principle without which no labor organization can hope to exist, that it must carry out its contracts. No employer can be expected to live up to a contract that is not regarded as binding by the men."

From India comes this message:—

"If you would walk on water as on the unyielding ground;

"If you would fly through the air, as birds fly;

"If you would have your eyes open to see the spirits;

"If you would have your ears opened to hear the divine messages;

"If you would see clearly into the hearts of men, perceiving the false to be false and the true to be true;

"If you would command the sky and the earth and the sea,

"Live on the highest planes of thought and be much alone."

The Publishers' Page

AFTER reading this number of Busy Man's, some one may ask, "But why devote so much space to the National Exhibition, which is now a thing of the past?" In view of the possibility of such a question, it may be opportune to explain our reason for adopting this policy. While the attendance at the Great Fair was huge and while many thousands of Canadians were present in person to view the exhibits, yet after all, the number of people who did not see the Exhibition was far greater. Among them may be numbered a great many readers of this magazine. To give them an opportunity to see pictures of the more prominent exhibits and to read about these displays, Busy Man's has arranged to publish in this number as many reproductions and descriptions as possible. It is, therefore, for the benefit of those who were unable to come to the Exhibition that this feature has been introduced into this number.

Busy Man's is making special arrangements for the publication of some of the brightest short stories of the day. For the November number, among others, we shall publish a clever story by Burton E. Stevenson, whose detective tales have been so popular in the United States. "Flaherty's Promotion" is its title and it tells how a New York police captain secured advancement in an unexpected way.

The advisability of publishing a serial story in Busy Man's is under consideration and an important announcement in this connection may be expected before long. It has been felt that such a feature would be appreciated by our readers, giving as it does a continuity to the various numbers and maintaining interest throughout the year.

The various competitions which we are conducting for the securing of new subscribers are all being well patronized and competitors seem to experience very little difficulty in getting together sufficient numbers of new subscribers. We would urge those who feel inclined to do a little canvassing for us to examine the various propositions contained in this number. In a short time now we expect to have our prospectus ready for the New Year and this will be found of considerable assistance when making calls on prospective subscribers.

Expressions of opinion regarding the magazine are always appreciated. It is a great help to any editor to know how his work is being received, and whether or not he is hitting on the most satisfactory policy. It is quite impossible for him to visit all his readers personally and get their views. Consequently, whenever a reader can contrive to communicate his opinions to the editor, a great service is done.

An Easy Chair Trip to the Fair

A Great Exhibition Pictured by Pen and Camera for the Stay-at-Homes

By G. W. Brock

TIME was, and that not so long ago, when a reference to the success and growth of what used to be known as the Toronto Fair, was received with a shrug of the shoulders and perhaps a derisive word or two. Other cities were jealous of Toronto and its over-grown country fair.

But now that the Toronto Exhibition has demonstrated its permanency and its national scope, now that Toronto has taken its place as the second city of the Dominion, a different attitude is manifested by Canadians towards the big annual show. It is not looked upon now as something belonging to Toronto. It has taken on a national significance and every Canadian begins to feel that he has a share in it and that it is only by the chance of circumstance that the exhibition grounds lie within the limits of the city, on the shores of Lake Ontario.

It is because of the national scope of the Toronto Exhibition, because it draws to it people from all over the Dominion, that no apology is necessary for making a special feature of it in a magazine circulating in all parts of Canada. As a national publication, is is surely not inappropriate to feature a national exhibition.

This year's Exhibition demonstrated its popularity in more ways than one. Despite snatches of disheartening weather, the attendance exceeded that of all previous years, beating 1909 by 85,000 and 1908 by 200,000. This, in itself, was a triumph, proving that the place of the Exhibition in the national life has become so fixed that the mere accident of rain could not keep the public away.

Then again, the national character of the exhibits was a conclusive proof of the permanence of the Exhibition. All parts of the Dominion were represented, from the fruit farms of British Columbia and the prairies of the west to the factories of Ontario and Quebec and the forests and streams of the Provinces-down-by-the Sea.

Progress is bound up in growth. The Exhibition must be better and better every year, if it is to maintain its position. Of this fact, the directors seem to be fully aware and so long as they proceed to improve grounds and buildings, to introduce more and more new features and to give visitors something fresh to interest them each year, they will undoubtedly see the Exhibition advance to a position that perhaps few can realize as yet.

There is considerable stir just now over the proposal to celebrate in 1914, in Toronto, the hundred years of peace between Great Britain and Canada on the one hand and United States on the other, and it is suggested that the grounds and buildings of the Canadian National Exhibition be utilized as the site for a World's Fair under the supervision of an International Commission representing the countries named.

It is claimed that from an historical standpoint the suggestion is a good one. For it was on the grounds on which the National Exhibition is annually held that one of the bloodiest engagements of the war of 1812-14 was fought. At the close of that struggle the capital of Upper Canada fell into the enemy's hands, and its public buildings were burned, an act that led to the historic justice meted out in the burning of the public buildings at Washington by a British squadron. The mingled dust of British soldiers, United Empire Loyalists, and stout New England Republicans who fell at the battle of York rests to this day beneath the soil over which every year hundreds of thousands of pleasure-seekers walk unheeding. It is therefore sacred soil fit to teach the highest lessons of patriotism to those who may attend the Fair of a Century of Peace.

Busy Man's Magazine, ever on the alert for the things that mean information consistent with the name of our publication, had a special man at the Toronto National Exhibition. One of the stories he told us was so worth while that we decided to tell our readers about it.

One Friday afternoon with a humid barometer and a high temperature, he was busily endeavoring to reach the Lake Shore by the South exit of the Manufacturers Building, when at a booth just in front of the doorway, and fanned by the cooling breezes of the Lake, he bespied the striking exhibit of the American Multigraph Sales Company, which was surround-

Where the Multigraph was Demonstrated.

ed by a crowd of business people, exhibiting virulent enthusiasm under the demonstrations of the Multigraph and Universal Folding Machine, by P. J. F. Baker, Canadian Division Manager of the Company, who, surrounded by a corps of busy assistants, advanced the claims of the machines. Our representative saw actual typewritten letters done with typewriter type, composed at the rate of a line a minute and written at six thousand an hour, also school examination papers, price lists and various other forms of typewritten work. He also saw office forms, that an expert printer would be proud to acknowledge as his effort, printed with real printers' ink, with electrotypes at the same speed, and was informed that the users, which included some of Canada's largest and most representative concerns had installed the equipment on a demonstration of a clear, net, actual saving of no mean amount.

Mr. Baker informed us that the largest rubber company in Canada is saving several thousand dollars per year by the use of the Multigraph and that his list of several hundred users numbered amongst others, Canada's largest departmental stores and numerous mail order, wholesale and bond houses, who wished to get real typewritten letters, price lists, office forms, letterheads, etc., in quantities at a saving of around 60 per cent. The proposition looked to be worth the consideration of every firm who was a believer in personal, unique, and direct advertising or who had office printing of any amount to do.

Leaving the Multigraph he led us to a folding machine now in use by many large concerns, which would reduce a sheet of 18 inches by 12 inches, or smaller, to any desired fold and which was then folding half a million run for a large departmental store. In the Universal Folder he demonstrated a power machine occupying small space, cam actuated, and gear-driven, that every patent medicine concern, large advertisers, departmental stores or printers that has forms of this size to run, would hail as an assistant of no mean value, because the equipment meant the elimination of many assistants, and therefore more dollars in the yearly profit.

Mr. Baker, Canadian Manager of the Multigraph Company, which controls the Universal Folding Machine for Canada, and the money-saving Multigraph, is located at 129 Bay St., Toronto, and he tells us his method of selling the product is to show application and a net profit over the cost of the installation of the equipment in the first year's use. His method looks good to us, and to the people whose business would suggest this equipment we think the appliances well worth the looking into.

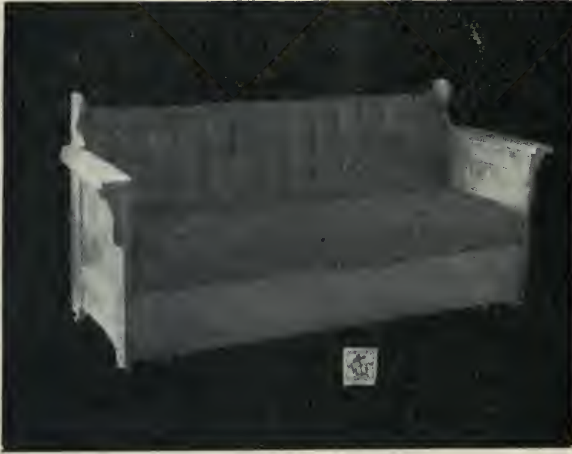
After which the scribe sauntered down to the edge of Lake Ontario and watched the evolutions of "Dixie," a motor boat of the record-breaking type with a 38 mile record and one of the best of its type seen on Lake Ontario.

ANCHOR MFG. CO.

Our readers who visited the Industrial Building at the Fair will, no doubt, recollect the beautiful exhibit of the Anchor Manufacturing Company, the well-known Toronto manufacturers of brass and iron bedsteads, springs, mattresses, cribs and Davenports. The display attracted a good deal of attention, especially seeing that it was the only exhibit of all brass beds on the grounds. The well-known "Anchor" standard of quality was very much in evidence, and from the remarks dropped by the visitors, it seemed as though the combination of beautiful designs, brilliant finish and perfect workmanship met with their entire commendation.

The Anchor Manufacturing Company made a special display at this year's Exhibition of their new line of "Anchor" Davenports. Several new and patented features have been included in the construction of the Davenport, and go far towards

making it the best Davenport on the market to-day. For instance, the back of the Davenport is used *only* as a back, and it is, therefore, possible to keep it looking nice and neat. It stands to reason that if you use the back to lie upon, it will sooner or later get out of shape and look shabby. The Anchor Manufacturing Company have not only overcome this point, but realizing the difficulty of taking a Davenport up the stairway of a house "set up," they have so arranged the construction of the "Anchor" that it can be taken to pieces and set up again "just as easily as an iron bed," and just as simply. Anyone—even a child—can do this in a few minutes.



The Anchor Davenport.

The all-important point, however, we have omitted to mention. There is absolutely no mechanism used in its construction, therefore, it cannot get out of order. You won't have to get a mechanic to adjust it when you want to use it.

The Anchor Brass Bed.

There are several designs to choose from, and an ample range of coverings. One design is pictured on this page. If you are interested, drop them

a postal, and they will be glad to send you on a beautiful three-page catalogue, giving full descriptions of their various designs.

ONWARD M'F'G'. COMPANY.

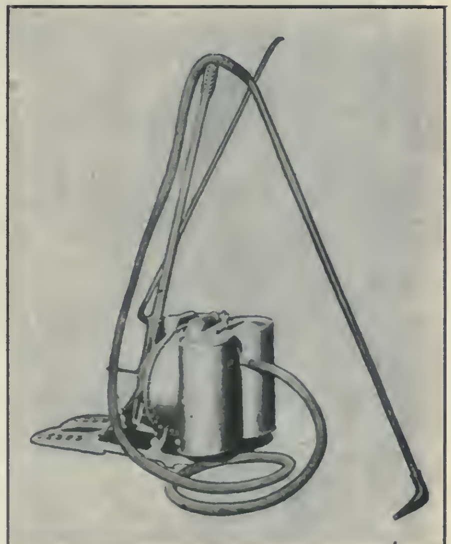
A thoroughly clean home is the pride of every woman, but the woman is deceiving herself who imagines that

Onward Sliding Shoe.

the old-style broom and duster can completely clean any carpet or piece of furniture. Brooms merely stir up the dust to settle again on every article in the house, at the same time forcing the fine dust into the fibre of your carpets and crevices of your furniture, there to remain to become alive with all kinds of vermin. Such a sweeping condemnation of old-time methods would carry but little weight where there no remedy at hand. The Onward Manufacturing Company, Berlin, Ont., who were demonstrating their Automatic Hand-power Vacuum Cleaner in the Manufacturers' Annex at the Exhibition, have certainly solved the problem of effective and rapid house-cleaning. The "Automatic" has a great air displacement, giving powerful suction and strong blow. Being built of malleable iron and steel it is very durable, yet light in weight. It is easy to empty because the exclusive double-tank device separates and catches ninety-five per cent. of the dust in the bottom of the tank without screens, baffles, or water. It is easy to carry, being light, compact and perfectly balanced, and the screening device mentioned above makes it easy to pump.

Another article made by the Onward Mfg. Co., which came in for a considerable amount of attention, was the Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe, which is rapidly superseding the old-style wheel caster, because it does all that a castor will do without its defects. These shoes are made with glass base and Mott metal base, in all sizes and styles, suitable for all kinds of furniture and metal beds. They are easily attached, neat in appearance, move easier than a caster, perfectly noiseless, and do absolutely no damage to the most highly polished hardwood floor, nor destroy carpets.

Any readers interested in either the Vacuum Cleaner or the Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe should not fail to write to the Onward Manufacturing Company, Berlin, for booklets and prices.



Onward Vacuum Cleaner.

REGAL MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

It is no easy matter from amongst the large number of excellent cars on the market at the present day to select the car that will give you the best service in smooth, continuous running, in durability, comfort and reliability. But a minute's inspection of the merits of the Regal automobile, shown in the Transportation Building by the Regal Motor Car Company, would convince even the most skeptical that here is a car which has few equals. The clearest evidence of the height of perfection which Regal construction has attained is evidenced by the fact that for two years only minor changes have been made, each successive season's outfit being a carefully revised addition of its predecessor.

The Regal "30," at $1,450, is perhaps the most popular of this firm's cars, and has a wheel base of 110 inches, with sliding gear transmission, three-speed forward and one reverse, a cone-clutch and semi-elliptical springs.

The proprietors of the Regal car have long been convinced that the automobile has come to stay—that it is destined to play an important part and hold a permanent place in the economic life of the country—and it is on the lines of a car that will travel all roads in all weathers at a minimum cost of running and a maximum amount of comfort that the Regal cars have been built.

In manufacturing, results of the highest order are insured by up-to-date factory methods and organization, which has been infused by the thorough business ability of Mr. R. D. Aldrich, manager. All the important work is accomplished in the firm's own plant, under a most rigid system of inspection, and elaborate precautions make certain the accuracy of every part, and every manufacturing operation does its full and complete duty in the production of the easy-riding and powerful Regal "30."

The firm's plant at Walkerville is working at high pressure to meet the demand for Regals, sixty-five per cent.

Exhibit of Regal Motor Car Co. of Canada, Limited.

of whose output has been to the farmers of the country. This speaks volumes for the Regal, for it means that the Regal has been selected because it so well withstands bad roads and hard usage.

For long-distance endurance, the Regal is in a class by itself, having won more cups than any other car during the season of 1910. Regal popularity has so increased in Canada, that every Regal agent has contracted for the season 1911 three times the number of cars that he did for 1910.

In appearance the Regal car yields first place to no car on the market. The body is large and upholstered in genuine buffed leather, and its design renders it very easy, roomy and comfortable in riding.

"Accessibility," and in this respect the Regal meets every requirement.

We learn that further additions to the factory will enable the company to keep pace with the demand for Regal cars. A fully-illustrated and artistic descriptive booklet is issued by the company, and a copy will be mailed to any interested party or intending purchaser on application to the head office of the Regal Motor Car Co., Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

TISDALE IRON STABLE FITTINGS,

Again occupying their old stand in the Process Building was the Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Company, Limited. Their exhibit, as usual, attracted considerable notice and favorable

Interior of Sir H. M. Pellatt's Stable, Toronto, fitted up by the Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Co.

The motor is of the four-cycle, four-cylinder type, well-balanced and free from vibration at any speed.

A matter of importance to every owner, whether his car is taken care of by himself, chauffeur or garage, is

comment. The display embraced both full-sized box and open stalls, with every requisite in simplest and most carefully-considered styles.

This booth has become the rendezvous of horsemen. They know that

here they can secure the latest ideas in stable outfitting. This year there was no diminution in the interest displayed by horsemen and lovers of the horse in inspecting the newest designs and latest ideas for the increased comfort and safety of their favorite animal.

Much of the credit for the success of the company is due to Mr. Harry G. Hammond, the general manager, whose varied and lengthy experience in the furnishing of stables has made him an authority in this line, and has caused his advice to be sought from Atlantic to Pacific by architects and private individuals who contemplate building or remodelling.

The name "Tisdale" has always been synonymous with "quality." The aim of the company is now, as it always has been, to give the highest measure of efficiency at prices that will agreeably compare with those of other standard makers. This policy has given the Tisdale Company a premier position in their line, a fact borne out by the knowledge that they have carried off the exhibition prizes for some years past.

In all their designs sanitation is given first consideration. All stables are fitted out so as to carefully guard the health of the horse.

A notable feature was the large number of inquiries received from visiting Americans. The excellent Tisdale catalogue, showing model stables and giving a complete list of fittings, should be in the hands of every architect and horseman. This catalogue is a work of art and will be sent free on application to the Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Company, 17 Temperance Street, Toronto.

W. D. BEATH & SON, LTD.

Every manufacturer and merchant realizes that the cost of handling goods in his factory or store amounts to a very considerable sum, but there are only a comparative few who are aware how this expense may be minimized.

In the Manufacturers' Annex the firm of W. D. Beath & Son, Ltd., had

The Beath Carrier System.

erected a complete arrangement of their overhead carrying system and many were the enquiries made and encomiums passed on this wonderful labor and space saver.

The Standard carrier consists of a single overhead track, placed at any desired height above the floor, on which travel two trolleys, each having two grooved wheels. Suspended to these trolleys is the apparatus for attaching or holding the goods to be carried, and a simple chain hoist raises the goods from the floor sufficiently to clear any desired obstacle. Especially in cases where heavy merchandise is being handled, the Beath carriers are wonderful savers. Although the goods could not be stocked by hand more than three feet above the floor, with the Beath carrier they can be placed with ease twelve feet or more high, thus giving four times the floor space before possible. The carrier can turn corners on a three-foot radius. In short, the Beath carrier will not only reduce the cost of handling goods to an extraordinary extent, but will increase the efficiency of your building in many ways. Special equipments designed to meet conditions. A very large instalation has just been completed at A. Davis & Sons' tannery, Kingston, and numerous other satisfied users, including the Steel Company of Canada, Belleville, Frank H. Flew, Toronto, etc., etc., testify to the value of the carrier.

The firm also manufacture a patent steel keg, which they claim to be the ideal shipping package. It is remarkably strong, and is used by all the varnish, oil and chemical companies in Toronto, and among its users may be mentioned the Canadian Milk Products, Canadian Calcium Carbide Co., Bug Death Chemical Co., and others. One firm is taking two carloads each week.

Mention must also be made of the firm's system of concrete reinforcement, which produces a remarkably coherent, strong and fireproof building. The fact that Messrs. Beath & Son, Ltd., among other contracts, have concrete work in hand for seven schools in Toronto and four bridges in Brockville, will give some indication of how well known and appreciated is their system of reinforcement.

They will be pleased to send descriptive catalogue and full details to anyone enquiring at 193-195 Teraulay Street, Toronto, Ont.

DEATH & WATSON.

Of all modern business methods for obtaining publicity for merchandise, either manufactured or handled, there are none more convincing, more lasting than the electric sign. No device

This electric flag, designed by Death & Watson, attracted much attention at the Fair.

at once rivets and holds the attention and familiarizes the onlooker with the product advertised so rapidly and forcibly as the flashing and motion sign, and no firm has done more to popularize this twentieth century method of advertising than Death & Watson, of 23-25 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

An example of their work is shown on the previous page, a bright colored flag, with appropriate sign, placed above the Manufacturers' Building at this year's Exhibition. Another remarkable example was the flashing and motion publicity erected over the booth of the Toronto Electric Light Company, in the Industrial Building. The length of the frame of the flag is no less than 66 feet, and its height 36 feet, whilst the flag itself is 15 ft. by 30 ft., and the letters are 3 and 4 ft. high. No less than 116 lamps are used in producing the natural waving motion, which is extremely lifelike, and reproduces the ripples noticable in a gentle breeze with the short whipping effect at the end of the flag. It may be remarked that the flashers employed in this device were specially designed for the purpose.

The sign advertising the electric iron on the Toronto Electric Light Co.'s booth is 13 feet wide and 25 feet high, and contains about 650 lamps. The flat iron burns steadily, whilst the ellipse surrounding it revolves, the wreaths waving meanwhile. Rockets then shoot up on either side, bursting centrally into many-colored stars. The wording then appears and the rockets go out, leaving the words standing. This order is automatically repeated. This sign came in for a large amount ot attention and favorable comment.

During the past six months many leading Canadian business houses have awakened to the value of the electric sign as a publicity medium, and pioneers of this industry, Death & Watson, have been simply deluged with orders.

Amongst others in Toronto of recent erection may be mentioned, Wilson's Smokers' Sign, Adams Furniture Co. (60 feet in length with 1,350 lamps, the largest panel sign in Canada), Pullan's Coats and Suits (20 feet high and 10 feet wide, with 630 lamps), Bredin's Bread, Ryries' (with a remarkable border effect), Fairweather's, Red Rose Tea, three for "Saturday Night," on Yonge, Adelaide and College Streets;. Mogul Cigarettes, My Valet, Magic Baking Powder, and two other large signs for Sellers-Gough, in Montreal, and A. E. Rea & Co., in Ottawa. Death & Watson are open to submit suitable designs for any business and invite enquiries. Simply write their head office, 23-25 Jarvis St., Toronto, giving the line of business engaged in and they will submit, free of charge, designs which will prove profitable business-getters.

PATTERSON & HEWARD.

In the business world a smart, well-groomed appearance is deemed a considerable asset. The modern business man is careful that his stationery shall be of a quality to reflect his standing and stability. But the business sign—the most valuable kind of publicity obtainable—is often entirely overlooked. Nothing creates a better impression than a well-made brass sign on the entrance to your premises. Patterson & Heward, of King Street West, who were showing samples of their products in the Industrial Building at the recent Exhibition, have made a specialty of this line of work.

Patterson & Heward have manufactured a very large number of memorial brasses and monumental bronzes, a style of lettering in which they are specialists. They are ready to quote for memorial or commemoration bronzes of every description. They also make wood printing stamps (brass cylinder press type), brands and embossing dies, machinery name plates, book stamps, tools and rolls, brass rule, small metal stamps for novelties, soap dies, etc. Photographic reproductions of work done, with

Display of Patterson & Heward Signs.

price, may be obtained by addressing the firm at 319 West King St., Toronto.

A new departure shown by this firm was their aluminum letters of various sizes, which fit into a holder in such a manner that any desired name can be made up very quickly. These letters have a black face, but white metal sides, black letters with white frosted ground, producing an extreme contrast that is most attractive. One of the chief recommendations of these letters is that they absolutely will not change color, and will last a lifetime.

THE DOMINION REGISTER COMPANY.

In these days of keen competition, the most successful business man is generally the man who has cut his expenses down to a minimum and has eliminated loss from omissions to charge or other mistakes in his store system.

This is precisely what the McCaskey Account Register is doing for thousands of merchants. It is a perfect register of every business transaction made, and in addition it is an automatic collection, stops forgotten charges, abolishes the necessity of keeping a set of books, obviates disputes with customers, prevents errors and does away with night work.

A leading feature of the McCaskey is that every credit account is totalled and forwarded at last purchase and disputes and loss of trade are avoided because every customer has an exact copy of your charges. Every transaction is completed at the time it is made and the balance is brought forward with every purchase, showing the total to date. The greatest bene-

fit of this system is derived from the possibility of being able, at any time, and in a few minutes, to find the exact total of one's credit accounts, instead of the old-style, laborious method of balancing all accounts and taking out a trial balance.

A necessary part of the McCaskey system is the sales pads made by the firm, the favorite pad being the multiplex with which the carbon is on the back of every other sheet. The advantage of having no loose carbon sheets to handle is three-fold—time is saved, better copies are made and it is impossible not to make the necessary copy for your customer because there is no loose leaf to forget to insert. These sales slips or pads can be carried in the pocket, laid on the counter or taken out by the driver—in fact they can be used anywhere.

The great value of the McCaskey Register is that it has placed the doing of a credit business on a solid basis. Theoretically, a cash business is best for the merchant, but there are many points in favor of doing a credit trade if it can be done on the right lines. The cash buyer is sometimes a bargain fiend or a haggling purchaser and the merchant has no hold on him. The charge customer on the other hand, simply 'phones, brings or sends his order and the whole family buy more because it is easy to do so. They remain permanent members of the business family, with the McCaskey, however, to limit their purchases and assist them to settlement with the merchant.

The McCaskey can be suited to every kind of business and will literally pay for itself in a very short time.

The Dominion Register Company, will send further particulars to any one interested, on application to their head office, corner of Spadina Avenue and Adelaide Street, Toronto.

The McCaskey Register.

STROMBERG-CARLSON TEL. COMPANY.

The world is not as large as it used to be. Improvements in the transportation systems and methods of communication have practically annihilated space. It is as easy to communicate to-day with a man in London as it was to reach a town one-

tenth of the distance a quarter of a century ago. The invention of the telephone put the commercial centres of the country at the finger-tips of the business man. A few years ago the telephone was considered the economical method of communication between towns or centres of population. Now, however, when time is an asset to be reckoned with, the business man realizes that a telephone system installed in his own office, in his warehouse or in his home, is an investment which yields mighty satisfactory dividends. The manager of the factory remembers well the many times he had to traverse the flat or ascend the stairs in order to get in touch with the head of a certain department. Many times the journeys were rendered useless, owing to he head of that department being in another quarter of the building. This meant a waste of time and energy.

The Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company, Rochester, New York, whose display was to be seen in the Industrial Building, make a specialty of Inter-communicating Telephone Systems for hotels, offices, hospitals, factories, stores, public buildings and residences. Theirs is a quality apparatus, designed to give improved, efficient service, at the same time possessing special features which make it the most economical.

With the Inter-communicating Telephone System installed, the executive has his departments at his finger-tips. Simply pressing a button establishes a connection between any two stations. A button is mounted on the set for each instrument connected with the system. Opposite each button is furnished a name-plate for designating the names or location of the instrument connected to the button. The same button is used for ringing the desired station, as well as making the connection. As long as you are pressing the button you are ringing the other instrument. Releasing the pressure restores the button to the talking position. This does away with necessity of an operator. There is no operating expense. The line is never "busy" and the entire equipment is available for use at all hours of day or night. The Inter-Communicating Telephone is so simple that anyone whether accustomed to using a telephone or not can operate it.

The telephone may be equipped for

Display of Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.

local service only or additional apparatus can be supplied which will provide for outside telephone connection with the nearest independent operating exchange.

The improved form of the Stromberg-Carlson Inter-Communication Telephone System has made the work of installing a telephone system easy and economical. It is possible to design a telephone for Inter-Communication Systems that can be instantly connected to a circuit without having to remove or re-arrange any of the instrument's parts.

It is a recognized fact that in Inter-Communicating Telephone System is an essential in every business house, factory, and warehouse. The large number of leading houses which have installed the Stromberg-Carlson System is a mighty strong recommendation in its favor.

The number of hospitals, public buildings and private residences making use of the System testify to its value.

By sending a floor plan drawing of factory, office or residence showing the locations of the various stations and the approximate distance between them, the head office of the Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company, Rochester, N.Y., will give you detailed estimate of what the entire equipment will cost. They will also give you convincing proof of the economics effected by their system.

George J. Beattie, 109 Victoria St., Toronto, is the Canadian representative of the Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company.

NORTHERN ELECTRIC.

Among the many marvellous inventions of the last century, a Canadian holds the pride of place for having invented the telephone, the instrument which has done so much to advance the business of the country and to make the lives of pioneers and farmers more congenial. The utility

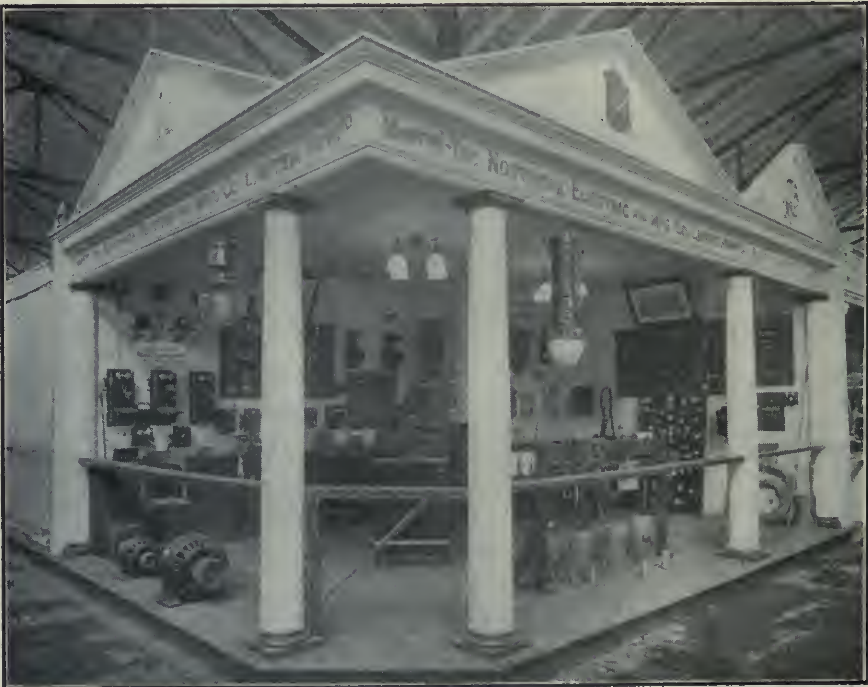


Exhibit of Northern Electric Mfg. Co. Limited.

The advertiser would like to know where you saw his advertisement—tell him.

of the telephone is unquestioned, but the average man does not realize at what little cost he can have an efficient telephone service. When a special circumstance arises that something is wanted in a hurry, he does not have to go into town himself for it. Over the 'phone he can describe just what is wanted, make sure his dealer has it and send a boy for it. He has produce or stock of any kind to sell, he always stands to lose unless he is acquainted with the latest market stands and sell his goods at top prices.

Just think what the phone means when sickness arises—getting the doctor quickly often resulted in the saving of a valuable life. And when especially in outlying place, fire, violence or accidents happen, the settler can summon his neighbors to his help with the aid of the telephone.

Then again, what a boon the telephone is to the women folk. How their little social chats brighten the day and lighten labor, and in spite of the distance between homes, visits can be arranged, parties gotten up and other social and business intercourse carried on in a manner undreamt of by our forbears.

But the only way to get the right service is to get the right telephone—one that can be depended upon day in and day out—that will give you perfectly reliable service. A reliable telephone is of inestimable value, a poor telephone is worse than none.

Northern Electric apparatus and equipment is recognized the standard of efficiency. The Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Limited, manufacturers and suppliers of all apparatus and equipment used in the construction, operation and maintenance of telephone and power plants, demonstrated their various appliances in the Industrial Building at the recent Fair, and their staff of demonstrators were kept busy explaining to the visitors the advantages of a perfect telephone service.

The Northern Electric Company supply apparatus to 300 rural telephone systems, to the Bell Telephone Company, and to the Manitoba, British Columbia and Nova Scotia Systems. They are also prepared to instal inter-communicating systems for use in factories, warehouses, offices, etc.

An interesting exhibit at their stand was the first paper insulated power cable in Canada, and this attracted considerable attention.

The Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., are also agents for the Wire and Cable Co. and exhibited some of the products of that company at the Fair.

In addition to telephone, the Company manufacture a fire alarm apparatus, and have installed the system so effectively in use in the City of Toronto.

They have also installed in Toronto the system of police patrol telephone boxes, the success of which has exceeded even the most sanguine expectations. The operating department, whilst physically consisting merely of a switchboard telephone and a number of paper ribbons that jump forward spasmodically bearing printed marks is possessed of an electric intelligence that has caught criminals in the act before they even looked for suspicion.

As an instance of its efficiency, the automobile of Mr. D. D. Mann, on the Kingston Road, has twice been stolen recently, but by getting in touch with the constables on beats all over the city the thieves were captured, in the first case, in less than one hour and in the second case, in three and a half hours.

The Northern Electric Co., maintain offices in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and will gladly send particulars to any interested parties on request. Application for details should be sent to their nearest branch.

MADE IN CANADA STAMPS.

An exhibit that on account of its variety was interesting to almost every visitor was the combined dis-

Exhibit of Hamilton Stamp and Stencil Works, Limited.

play of the Hamilton Stamp & Stencil Works, and Superior Mfg. Co., Limited.

Here there was something for every business whether it was name plates, brass signs, seals stencils, stencil machines, steel dies, steal stamps, rubber stamps, etc. The display of the die sinker's and engraver's art was particularly good.

They also presented a splendid souvenir of "Canadian National Exhibition" in the form of a penny with the bust of King George on the face.

We take the liberty of suggesting that they present another souvenir of a similar character next year as many were disappointed in being unable to procure one on account of the supply running out.

An exhibit of this class is sure to give these enterprising firms an increased patronage among the many enquirers both on account of the high class work shown and the numerous lines they manufacture, an idea which can be had from the cut of the exhibit which appears in this issue and Busyman's Magazine is always ready to give impetus to the business of these "Made in Canada" exhibitors.

THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM.

Bicycles and Motor Bicycles in the Transportation Building!

That exclamation might be excusable if used by the Exhibition visitor of years ago, but to-day the bicycle must be regarded as one of the most important factors in the solution of the most pressing problem in the development of Canada—the problem of transportation, the perfecting of means of communication in the cities and in the rural districts.

That part of the problem which concerns what may be called internal

Bicycle Display of Canada Motor and Cycle Co.

communication is of vital imporance to the busy man—whether commercial or professional—from both a personal and a business point of view.

Street railways and radial lines serve only to emphasize the extent of the problem, and, even if they were thrice as complete and efficient, could only, so to speak, perform service in bulk.

The bicycle serves individual needs. It is as independent and self-dependent as a guerilla in warfare.

The Bicycle Revived.—The phenomenal rapidity of development in Canada, the inability of urban and radial lines to handle traffic adequately, and their limited scope, the necessity for a moderate-priced, personal means of transit, together with a general return to healthy, out-of-doors conditions of life, have brought about the bicycle revival. It is distinctly a case not merely of the survival, but the revival, of the fittest.

This season the bicycle business of the Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited, of Toronto, has been double that of last year, and even now there is scarcely an indication of a cessation of orders.

This enormous increase is the more impressive, and, so far as the company's products are concerned, significant, when it is stated that only high-grade wheels have been manufactured. Cheapness in construction has been consistently barred; protection of quality and reputation have been guiding principles, with the result mentioned.

The public demand for a necessary article of merit, and the meeting of that demand with such a high-class bicycle family as is represented by the Massey "Silver Ribbon," the "Cleveland," the "Perfect," and the "Brantford," constitute the outstanding features of the 1910 revival of bicycling.

The C. C. M. Motor Bicycle.—Until the present year the company has not seen its way to placing a motor cycle on the market. From its experience with the pedal bicycle as an easily-manipulated instrument of utility, it realized that there could never be any general demand for the heavy, cumbersome, noisy motor cycle, which must, of necessity, remain the plaything of the athlete. But the company was alive to the demand for a motor-driven bicycle that could be ridden by anyone, and, accordingly, purchased the Canadian rights of a light motor with a ten-year European reputation

and a popularity predominating over all other light motor cycle engines.

In its first season the C. C. M. motor bicycle has been a distinct success. Its exclusive features of lightness, quietness, cleanliness, and all-round practicability have appealed to the business man, the professional man, the minister, the city traveler, for whom it solves the problem of effecting quick, easy communication with a minimum expenditure of physical force and nervous energy.

The Skate Exhibit was unique in its excellence and range. The lightness characteristic of skates of the "Automobile" class should appeal to busy men who hold that "all work and no play" may have a dulling effect upon their business energy. In adding to its other activities, the production of high-grade skates with hitherto unknown features and designs, the company set a new standard in skate manufacturing, and advanced a step in the maintenance of Canadian supremacy in this line of industry.

DOHERTY PIANO EXHIBIT.

The accompanying illustration conveys some idea of the Doherty exhibit this year in the Manufacturers' Building, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, in charge of the general manager, Mr. D. S. Cluff, of Clinton, and M. G. L. Stanwood, manager of the western branch, at 280 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.

The superb tone, touch and finish of the Doherty instruments have been obtained solely through the ability, experience and responsibility of the experts employed in their construction. Nothing which skill or care can suggest has been omitted in the manufacture of Doherty Pianos and Organs. They may indeed lay claim to the title of Canada's Best, so widely are they known and appreciated in thousands of Canadian homes from coast to coast. The Canadian National Exhibition would not be complete without this well-known firm's exhibit. This year the display was superior to

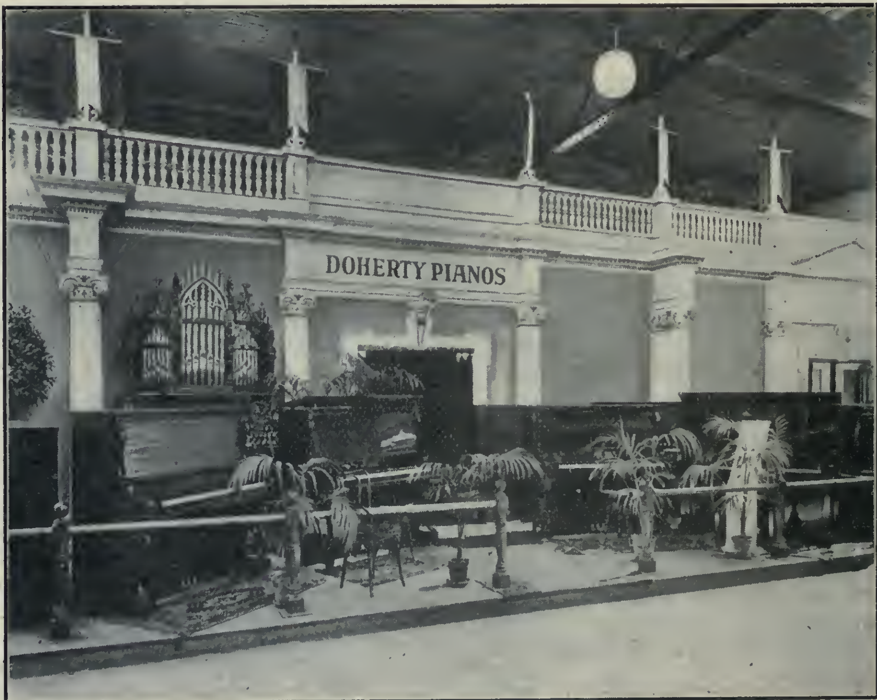


Exhibit of Doherty Pianos.

former years, being fully representative of the firm's immense line.

Considerable interest and admiration was evoked by the Doherty Player Pianos, occupying central positions in the stand. These instruments contain the famous Doherty Repeating Action, the best for imitating the touch of the world's greatest pianists. These instruments can be operated by persons unacquainted with music, with the most pleasing effects.

Pianos, Player Pianos and Church and Parlor Organs find full representation, made in elaborate or soberly plain styles, but all bearing that inimitable stamp of excellence and beauty making the Doherty instrument "A Joy Forever."

Over 60,000 Doherty instruments have been sold since the firm's inception in 1875. They are to be found delighting the ears of music lovers in every country throughout the civilized world.

Requests for catalogues or information addressed to the head office, Clinton, or to the western branch office, Winnipeg, Man., will receive prompt attention.

MURRAY-KAY, LIMITED.

Even to the man with no pronounced artistic tastes, there is something restful and soothing in the atmosphere of a tastefully-furnished and decorated room, that appeals irresistibly to him. Though the majority of the large crowds who viewed the suite of rooms in the Manufacturers' Building, furnished as part of the exhibit of Murray-Kay, Limited, would be unable to say exactly what they were admiring, yet the harmonious blending of colors and the beauty of the furniture left an impression on the average visitor that was extremely pleasant.

A very handsome apartment, which doubtless caused many infractions of the tenth commandment, was the Jacobean dining-room, the decorations of which were copied from a chamber in Hampton Court Palace, England.

Murray-Kay Exhibit.

Murray-Kay Exhibit.

These decorations, with the suitable furnishings, gave the visitor an impression of quiet dignity and refinement not easily forgotten. The tapestry-covered walls, the dark oak woodwork, and handsome tufted rug in soft illuminated green made a fitting background for furniture adapted from designs of the stately Elizabethan period.

The furniture included a sideboard of goodly length, and low of back, with quaint spiral supports and well-braced below, a dinner wagon cabinet and chairs, the latter covered in tapestry, matching the wall hangings. These were all built of oak, finished a rich nut-brown shade, and enriched with inlay of dark-colored woods.

The dining table called for special notice. It differed radically from the orthodox extension table in that it could be lengthened to provide additional space by pulling out leaves at each end, a clever contrivance credited to the inventive genius of some old-time work. A few beautiful engravings and artistic lighting fixtures completed one of the handsomest rooms ever shown at the Exhibition.

The drawing-room provided a very striking contrast to this, the period represented being that of Louis XV. Here a well-considered scheme has been carried out with charming effect. Wall hangings and window draperies of rose DuBarry silk, and a magnificent Sutherland rug, in tones of the same beautiful color, stand out in fine contrast to the doors and cornices in ivory enamel. It forms an effective setting for a suite of walnut furniture, exquisite in modeling and delicate in carving. The whole effect is one of lightness and grace, and with the other sections of the exhibit bears witness to the ample resources of the Murray-Kay establishment.

The large warerooms of the Murray-Kay Company, at 36-38 King St. West, are replete with a very extensive stock of carpets, rugs, furniture, draperies, wallpapers, pottery, etc.

The company invite enquiries, and are prepared to submit suggestions and prices in connection with the furnishing and decoration of residences, hotels, etc., in any part of Canada.

R. S. WILLIAMS COMPANY.

In the rush and fret of modern business, any device or machine that will help to lighten labor and lessen expense is welcomed, provided, of course, it can make good. And it is

under this head that the Edison Business Phonograph comes to the aid of the business man, and does his work more expeditiously, just as effectively and with much less expenditure of mental and physical effort. It will positively cut the time occupied by the stenographer in two by allowing her to proceed with other work, whilst it permits the manager to answer his heavy mail by one reading. He can dictate in absolute seclusion, at any desired speed, free from interruption and with the conviction that his exact words will be recorded—not guessed at—and the labor or duty of correspondence ends there.

It is not surprising that many of our leading firms have realized the bene-

fits to be derived from the Edison Phonograph, and have installed one or more machines. Among their number may be mentioned the Massey-Harris Co. (10 machines), Canadian Bank of Commerce, Monarch Knitting Co., Dunnville, Ont.; Temple, Patterson Co., Union Life Assurance Co., Imperial Bank, Toronto Daily Star, F. F. Dalley, Hamilton, Ont.; Toronto Type Foundry, International Varnish Co. Indirectly, a striking compliment to the utility of the Edison Business Phonograph was paid recently by Dr. Lemmasch, president of The Hague Tribunal, who said he considered it his duty to place on record the names of the reporters, amongst whom was Mr. N. R. Butch-

er, representing Canada's interest, for the accuracy, intelligence and punctuality with which they had reported the case. Mr. Butcher used the Edison Business Phonograph throughout the case with the happiest results.

The R. S. Williams Company, of 143 Yonge St., will install the Edison Business Phonograph in any office to prove its merits. There is no obligation whatever incurred in this trial offer. Every business house should take advantage of it. The Edison will prove a money-saver.

In its own sphere the Edison Amusement Machine has made, and is still having, a big say in contributing to the education and amusement of the people. From the first crude efforts at human voice reproduction, a machine has at length been evoked

which renders in the most life-like manner any desired sounds, either vocal or instrumental.

The Edison Home Phonographs are made in sizes and styles to suit every pocket, and it seems probable that Mr. Edison's expressed wish to see a phonograph in every home may one day become an accomplished fact. The latest development of this machine, shown with the above-mentioned instruments in the Williams booth in the Manufacturers' Building, was the cabinet machine, a handsome piece of furniture, reproducing the higher-class performers without the necessity of the somewhat unsightly horn.

KINDEL BED COMPANY.

Amidst the hurry and bustle of modern business, the importance of sufficient nourishing sleep often is overlooked, and this absolute essential to the tired human organism seriously curtailed. How well did the Bard of Avon realize its necessity, "Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care, chief nourisher of life's feast," there is nothing more conducive to refreshing and undisturbed slumber than the bed you lie on.

Modern life tends towards flat dwelling, and rents make the conservation of space necessary. Where a really good bed is desired, no other combination piece of furniture can approach the Kindel bed. At the recent Exhibition the Kindel kind of bed was demonstrated in the Industrial Building, and came in for a very large amount of attention and favorable comment. The Kindel bed seems to have completely supplanted the dangerous and unsightly folding bed, and, unlike ordinary davenport beds, one does not have to sleep on uncomfortable upholstery, but on a downy ticking-covered mattress. The Kindel Davenports are made with either steel or wood frames, the steel frames having detachable cushions and the wood frames being upholstered in de Luxe style.

The utility of the Kindel bed is un-

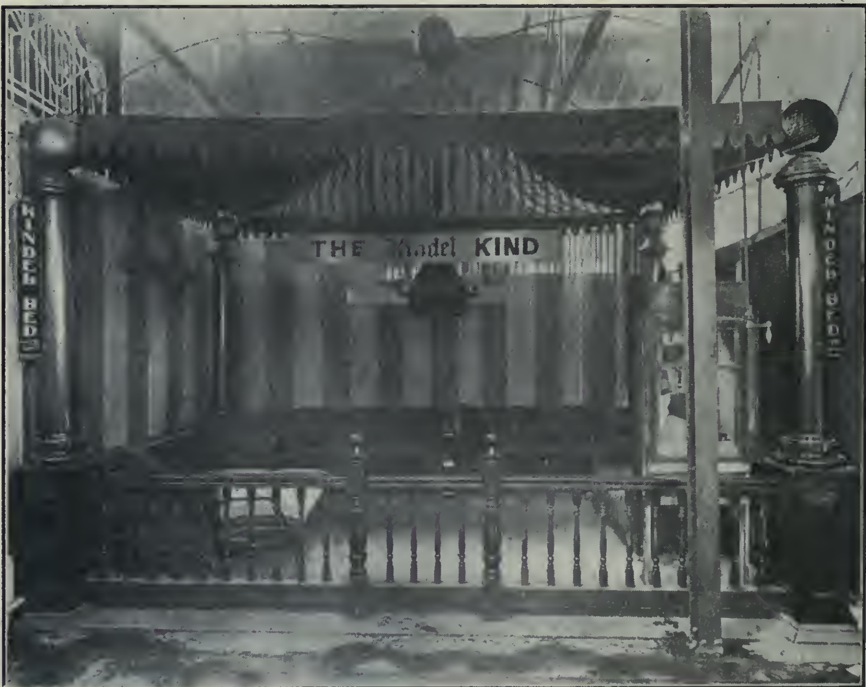


Exhibit Kindel Bed Co.

questioned—it is always ready to be changed from a perfect Davenport to a perfect bed without moving from the wall, and it can be readily taken apart for moving and readily set up again. It is so simple that a child can operate it, and there are no complicated parts to get out of order. It is upholstered and protected by cushions automatically reversible, bringing the mattress uppermost as a bed. The bedding is always in place, concealed from view during the day, but ready for use at night.

The acme of comfort is attained by users of the Kindel bed. The old saying that "A bed can be no better than its strings" has been fully realized in the case of the Kindel bed. Only the best oil-tempered steel wire Lond cone coil springs are used in its construction. You need the Kindel in your home; it is made in a variety of styles and coverings to suit any taste or purse. Its economy is undoubted, for its costs no more than the antiquated Davenport, nor as much as the ordinary bed of equal grade, notwithstanding its unquestioned supperiority. The office and factory of the Kindel Bed Company is situated at Clifford and Stanley Terrace, Toronto. An illustrated booklet fully describing this remarkable, yet simple, invention, will be mailed free on request.

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The anuual visitor to the Fair cannot fail but be impressed by its rapid growth. Although additional space is added each year, yet it falls short of the demand. The increased demand is explained by the large number of new industries that are being established in this country. Older and well-established firms, too, are beginning to realize the publicity offered by the Fair.

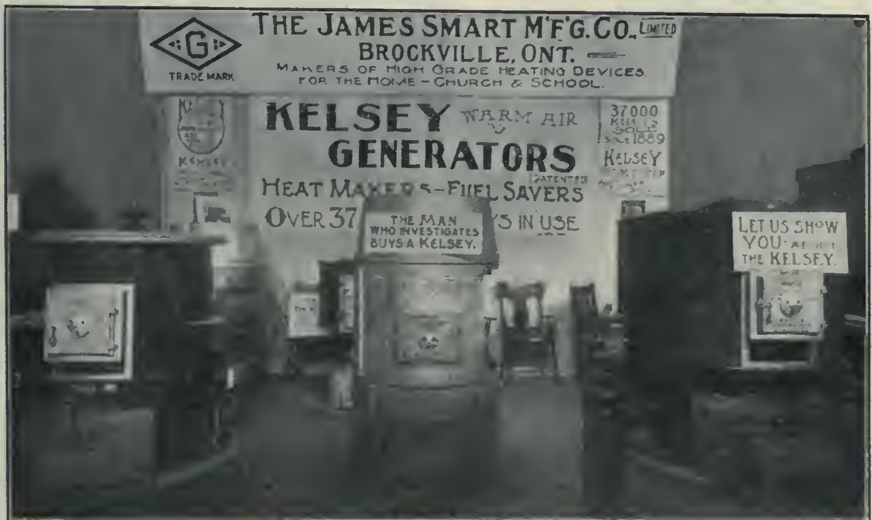


Exhibit of Kelsey Heating Systems

The James Smart Manufacturing Company exhibited for the first time the Kelsey Systems of heating and ventilating. The first week was convincing proof to them of the wisdom

of this move. J. C. Thomson, manager of the publicity department of the company, who had charge of the well-arranged exhibit, was particularly well pleased with the results which the Fair was giving them.

The Kelsey System generates warm fresh air in separate currents through zig-zag heat tubes, which surround the fire and form the fire cylinder and combustion chamber. The heat tubes are in contact with, and overhang the fire, and are heated on all sides by conduction, by radiation and by burning gases, all the heat being utilized. Each heat tube has eight square feet of heating surface and there are from six to eight in each heater, according to its size and capacity. This construction gives the Kelsey more than double the weight and heating surfaces of the ordinary furnace with same size grate. This means economy in fuel.

Almost everybody has realized the difficulty in heating rooms exposed to the wind. Many, no doubt, have declared it impossible. The Kelsey System has solved the difficulty.

It positively does heat any room, regardless of location. The Kelsey pattended positive cap attachment, which is placed over two or more heat tubes, forms a direct connection with the room. This Kelsey is the sanitary system. It not only heats, but ventilates at the same time. The air, therefore, does not become stagnant and injurious.

This is an age when articles are purchased on merit solely. What better testimony can be given in favor of the Kelsey than the fact that over 37,000 have been sold since 1889. The sales increase through the recommendation of users. The purchaser who considers first cost only and who fails to investigate the merits of the different heaters, pays dearly in the end for his negligence.

The James Smart Manufacturing Company will mail free from their office at Brockville, Ont., their book, "Opinions," giving the experiences of those who have installed the Kelsey system. It is well worth reading.

GENDRON MFG. CO.

Away out in sunny Vancouver there is a happy, healthy baby, who is the joy of his parents' hearts, and in the eastern gateway of this vast Dominion —Halifax—there is another baby equally healthy and equally happy. In the thousands of cities and towns scattered broadcast between these two widely-separated points there are thousands of laughing, crowing "prides" and "joys," because their comfort has been assured in the purchase of Gendron go-carts and baby carriages and cradles.

The Gendron Mfg. Co., whose exhibit was located in the Industrial Building, make a specialty of baby vehicles, and showed a varied range, which received a great deal of attention from visiting parents, who will, doubtless, look for the Gendron trade mark when next buying.

New features introduced by the company this year are leatherette hoods attached to sleighs for children, Artillery cars, painted grey, similar in color to color of gun wagons, with new handle for coasting purposes. The latter are built either with ⅝-in. rubber tire or iron tire.

In the line of rattan goods, the Gendron people are prepared to design chairs and other furniture for dens, living rooms, clubs, etc. They also manufacture a complete line of bathroom fixtures.

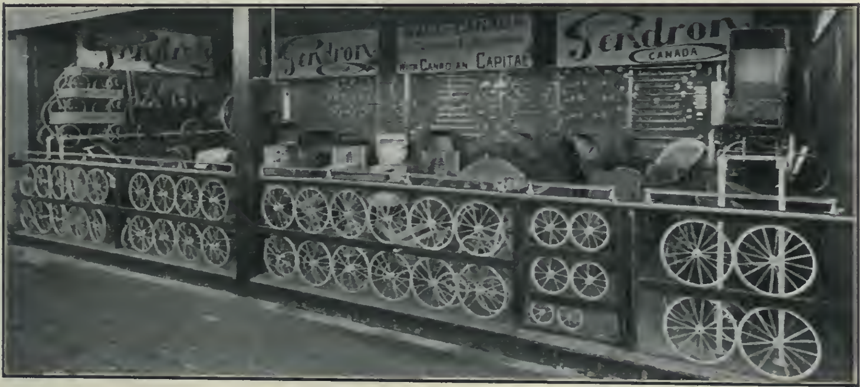
Another specialty of the Gendron Company is their invalid chairs and this firm's long experience, both in construction and design, has resulted in the production of rolling chairs and other invalid chairs, that are strong and comfortable for the human form and are proof against accident from breakdowns.

The Gendron Company are the oldest manufacturers in the Dominion of all classes of reed and rattan goods.

Their designers and large force of skilled reed workers enable them to turn out the very finest class of reed goods, and their facilities are unsurpassed for making all kinds of reed chairs and other reed goods.

The large variety of kindred goods made by the Gendron Company are fully described in catalogues as detailed below, and it would save time and unnecessary correspondence if any of our interested readers would ask for the catalogue they require by letter: Grade A—Baby Carriages, Gocarts and Carriers, B—Reed Furniture, C—Invalid Chairs, D—Velocipedes, Tricycles, Express and Children's Wagons, Toy Barrows and Carts, Toy Carriers, etc., E—Doll Cabs, Doll Go-carts, F—Children's and Doll's Sleighs, G—Bathroom Fittings and Hardware Specialties.

A request for any of these catalogues to the office, Duchess Street, Toronto, will receive prompt attention.



Display of Gendron Goods.

SUPREME HEATING CO.

It is a tribute to the stove manufacturers to have a special building at the Fair devoted to that industry. The interest manifested by the visitors in heating and cooking apparatus warranted the management in doing so. The booth of the Supreme Heating Company, Welland, Ont., was second to none in the building, both in artistic appearance and from the interest shown by the visitors. The Supreme Range manufactured by this company claims many points of superiority over the average range and John D. Meister, Vice-President and General Manager of the Company, ably demonstrated these claims to the thousands of visitors to the booth.

The Supreme Range is built to save money every hour it works. The manufacturers go farther and claim that it will cut the fuel bill in two. The construction of the range demonstrates the truth of this assertion.

The great feature in its construction is the patent device known as the secondary combustion tube. That's the fuel saver. By this the monoxidized or unconsumed gases are ignited and carried down under the oven, up the back of the oven, and across the top of it to the smokepipe, thereby making a complete circulation. Heated air carried up through the fire makes a perfect combustion on top of the fire as well as the bottom, adding intensely to the heat as well as the radiation.

In addition to this its large water reservoir, holding nine gallons, is so

located that the water can be brought to boiling point at the minimum expenditure of time and fuel.

In design, workmanship and construction the Supreme Range is the latest product of the stove makers' art. It embodies the correct idea of domestic heating.

The superiority of the Supreme Range is the result of the work of experts engaged in its manufacture, also of the thousands of dollars spent annually in experimenting and testing. The latest patents for Canada covering the Supreme Range were issued Aug. 9, 1910. The Supreme Heating Company, Welland, Ontario have agencies in all the leading centres of Canada. The company will be glad to give you the names of their agent in your district where you may examine the range for yourself. They will at the same time send you, free of cost, their book, Supreme Features.

Exhibit of Supreme Heating Co.

WAGSTAFFES, LIMITED.

The insistent demand for pure foodstuffs, now voiced in no uncertain manner by every section of the community, has resulted in the all-round betterment of the food products of the nation, and Wagstaffes, Limited, of Hamilton, whose artistic and convenient booth was situated in the centre of the Manufacturers' Building, were one of the first to realize the importance of purity in their manufactures. As the firm proclaims, their pure jams, jellies and sealed fruits, are prepared in copper kettles, boiled in silver pans and packed in gold-lined pails, whilst throughout the various processes the closest attention is given to sanitary conditions. Their premises in Hamilton is one of the most up-to-date and modern fruit-preserving plants in Canada. In short, the remarkable progress made by Wagstaffes is due to the fact that they have studied the health of the people. The firm have their own chemist, who tests everything coming into the factory, all being registered that is not of the freshest and best. All fruits are tested for their acid properties and just the right proportion of sugar is added. By placing large orders with farmers with reputations for producing the best crops, the firm were able to obtain the pick of the year's berries, and Wagstaffes New Season Strawberry, Raspberry and

other jams should find a place on the tables of all particular folk, because they retain to a remarkable degree the natural flavor of the fruit. These goods are obtainable from every reputable grocer and must be tried to be appreciated.

Exhibit of Wagstaffe's Limited

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE EXHIBIT BY THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY.

An unusual degree of interest was shown in the exhibits made by the National Cash Register Company.

In its own building specially equipped for the purpose, alongside the Women's Building, illustrated lectures were given hourly, which virtually took the audience on a "Trip to Dayton" and through this company's model factories, famous all over the world for their many unique features. Some idea was gained of the wonderful organization, which produces a daily output of 375 registers, or one every minute and a half, more than 97 per cent. of all the cash registers made and sold in the world.

The exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building was given up entirely to a display of the various styles of National Cash Registers, and the interesting literature describing them. The newest model exhibited was the Multiple Cash Register, which we illustrate. Like many of the best cash register improvements, this multiple drawer idea was suggested by a storekeeper, and perfected at an expense of thousands of dollars to meet the demand of merchants for a system which will fix responsibility and increase the efficiency of clerks.

The Multiple National Cash Regis-

ter is six registers in one. Separate adding devices and separate cash drawers are provided for each clerk. A clerk has access to his own drawer only. The individual drawers protect proprietor and clerk alike. They centre responsibility and enable storekeepers to locate and correct mistakes. They protect clerks from being unjustly suspected or charged with others' mistakes. The Multiple National Cash Register tells how many customers each clerk waited on, showing the number of Charge, Received on Account and Paid Out transactions. Many other improvements have made this National 100-principle multiple drawer machine the king of systems, highest achievement of the cash registers art.

Progress has been the policy of this company from the beginning. A large corps of experienced agents, instructors and inventors is constantly studying the needs of merchants throughout the world and devising new systems to supply these needs. The company guarantees to furnish a better cash register for less money than any other house in the world. With its big Canadian plant, a 30 per cent. duty is saved Canadian merchants, and prices have further been reduced from $10 to $100 each through big savings in the cost of manufacture. The registers now manufactured are equipped with every known improvement and meet every requirement for all classes of stores, large or small, at prices as low as $20.

STEEL TROUGH & MACHINE COMPANY.

Year by year conditions of life in small towns and the country and in all places not provided with drainage and water facilities are improving, because modern inventions have enabled these great questions to be dealt with satisfactorily outside the regular city service areas. Among these inventions the Rowe Sanitary Lavatory takes a prominent place. It is a perfect modern lavatory without plumbing expense, costs less than washstand, bowl and pitcher, and is infinitely more convenient. The Steel Trough & Machine Company, of Tweed, Ontario, makers of the Rowe Lavatory, showed a variety of their products in the Manufacturers' Annex, at the recent Exhibition. Their general utility and quality received considerable attention and favorable comment, especially from the country visitors. The "Rowe" consists of a rustless, galvanized iron tank, with plate mirror front, white porcelain basin, galvanized iron pedestal, enameled white inside and out, and nickelplated brass fittings. There is nothing to break or rust, and it is perfectly sanitary. It can be placed anywhere without injury to walls or floors.

The "Rowe" makes running water a possibility in any place without plumbing connections. For use in hotel bedrooms it is unsurpassed. Mr. Conruyt, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, Vancouver, in ordering a further ten "Rowes," writes: "I am very much pleased with the first shipment of ten. They are all that you represented them to be. They are certainly a very convenient article and add much to the appearance of a room." High praise, indeed. The company are prepared to send a "Rowe" Lavatory on 30 days' free trial, proof positive of the merit of the article they manufacture.

The Steel Trough & Machine Company also manufacture "Parkyte" Sanitary Chemical Closets, which have successfully fulfilled every requirement in schools and other public buildings, as well as private residences. The "Parkyte" is perfectly odorless, easily fitted and so inexpensive that it may be installed into the humblest home.

With the "Rowe" Lavatory, the "Parkyte" Closet and a special steel enameled bath tub that this company make, a bathroom can be fitted up at a very low figure. A postal will bring a free booklet to every inquirer.

Exhibit of Steel Trough and Machine Co., Limited.

AN IDEAL TOWN FOR FACTORY LOCATION.

There is a town in western Ontario whose enterprise would put to shame many Canadian cities. That town is Harriston. Anyone watching its remarkable growth cannot but be impressed.

Month after month new industries are established, and a scrutiny of the present list of manufacturing establishments located there, impresses one with the fact that Harriston must have real merit to persuade these leading houses to locate there. Harriston is literally smothered in the breast of the richest farm country in western Ontario. It has ideal shipping facilities. Fifteen passenger trains daily, with ten freight deliveries, give it a direct connection with the leading towns in Canada and the United States. Unlike many inland towns, they are favored with both G. T. R. and C. P. R. railways, thereby getting excellent freight service. Having two railroads is a very important point to consider when establishing an industry. It was noticeable during the recent G. T. R. strike, when many large industries which could ship only by one railroad had to close down, the Harriston industries were not affected, in fact, were busier than ever.

These are the conditions that make Harriston attractive to business men. A merchant or manufacturer in Harriston does not fret about opportunities. He has certainties. Capital and labor alike find ideal conditions there. An enterprising council is seeking to make the town more attractive. It does not aim at selling town lots or factory sites, but to make conditions perfect for business interests and industries, which are operating there

The telephone service is of the best, the town having, in addition to the Bell Telephone Co., the Hinto Rural Telephone Co., with an all-night service on each.

A few of the industries already located there are given herewith: The

Say you saw the ad. in Busy Man's.

Davies Packing Co., Limited, Harriston Stove Co., Gunns Limited, P. B. Wallace & Son, Harriston Casket Co., J. E. Merrian & Son, manufacturers of woodenware, John Howe's sawmill and electric light plant, Hastie Carriage Works, the Harriston Planing Mills, Harriston Furniture Co.

The secretary of the Harriston Board of Trade will gladly give further information concerning the inducements which this town offers.

The Harriston Stove Co. is one of the leading industries of the town. They had a very attractive exhibit at the National Exhibition. A complete line of Royal Stoves and Ranges were shown. The most striking feature of the stove business during the past two years has been the decidely growing preference for cooking stoves and ranges of a plain, sanitary finish and substantial construction. The Royal ranges are remarkable for their durability and the satisfaction given every purchaser. The flue construction of a range is often overlooked by dealer and buyer, when, as a matter of fact, it is entitled to the most careful consideration, for upon the even and effective distribution of heat depends the baking efficiency and fuel economy of the range.

The Royal flue construction has four distinct advantages. By reason of heating five sides of the oven, instead of four, it gives an even temperature in every part of the oven, insuring perfect baking on the oven rack and over bottom at the same time. Heat is carried direct from fire box over the oven top in one solid sheet, so that all six holes in cast top can be utilized for cooking. It is less liable to become choked up with soot than the old-style, half-size flue constructions, and it is at all times easier to clean out. By even distribution of heat it insures maximum fuel economy and quick baking. The back flue is one large flue. It is not divided by a centre strip.

Leading hardware merchants in every town handle the Royal Ranges. Descriptive literature concerning the ranges will be gladly sent on request by the Harriston Stove Co., Limited, Harriston, Ontario.

Display of Royal Ranges.

Exhibit of Ruby Rub Metal Polish.

J. A. FRENCH & CO., LTD.

Comfortably ensconced in a roomy tent near the grand stand was to be found the exhibit of J. A. French & Company, the manufacturers of the famous "Ruby Rub Metal Polish." This polish not only beautifies all metals and glassware, but it preserves them from rust and corrosion. It will not scratch the most delicate surface and will not evaporate, nor will it stain leather, wood, stone, metal or glass. Ruby Rub will polish everything from a gold watch to a tin pan and will give a brilliant, lasting polish, unequalled by any other metal polish.

This enterprising firm were also showing their Glisten piano polish, which, for rejuvenating all kinds of woodwork and giving it a new lease of life, stands alone. Glisten takes off the dirt, wipes out the stains and finger marks and puts on a rich, smooth finish. Glisten will be found to dry rapidly and will not leave any stickiness.

A line also exhibited by this firm which attracted considerable attention from the farmers, was Naphtho-Germ Disinfectant and Sheep Dip. Naphtho has thoroughly proved its efficiency, not only in ridding all kinds of stock of the insects, vermin and germs which infect them, but it also has been very successfully used for spraying fruit and other trees. Should any reader find any difficulty in obtaining a supply of these "Made in Canada" specialties, a postal addressed to J. A. French & Company, Ltd., 14 Teraulay Street, Toronto, will receive immediate attention.

DOWN DRAFT FURNACE CO.

Situated in the Stove Building in a prominent position was the exhibit of the Down Draft Furnace Co., Ltd., of Galt—a firm of national fame, owing to the excellence of its products. They exhibited this year an entirely new stove, to which the name of "Art Banner" has been given.

Among the hundreds of stoves on exhibition it was extremely difficult

The Art Banner Range, Manufactured by The Down Draft Furnace Co.

to find one to surpass the "Art Banner" in point of quiet, artistic design and finish. The "Art Banner" is the height of stove architecture, and no detail has been omitted that could in any way tend to improvement in convenience, ease in keeping clean, freedom from repairs and perfect cooking.

The "Art Banner" is as perfect in material, workmanship and finish as human skill and care can make it.

In addition, this firm manufacture the Down Draft Furnace, which has been well and truly tried and found to be one of the most efficient warming furnaces on the market.

The Down Draft Furnace Company are authorities on the heating systems. They will gladly give anyone who anticipates instaling heating systems of any kind the value of their years of experience. A letter to their head office at Galt, Ontario, will solve the heating problem for you.

CLARE BROS.' EXHIBIT.

Many householders have learned by bitter experience what it means to buy the wrong range, because it is

Exhibit of Peninsular Ranges by Clare Bros. & Co.

impossible to tell what it is going to cost before you are through with it. The cost in health and time, its waste of food and fuel, these are not included in the first cost, and every day that the wrong range is kept in the kitchen you are further adding to its cost.

Among the many excellent exhibits in the 1910 Fair, that of Clare Bros. & Company, Limited, Preston, Ont., and Winnipeg, deserves special mention for their display of Peerless Peninsular Ranges, "the right range," as they so aptly term it.

Every feature in modern stove construction which makes for efficiency and economy appears to have been embodied in the Peerless Peninsular Range. It is, moreover, exceptionally handsome in appearance and design. It may be described as the range which saves where others waste, which bakes to perfection, which roasts to a turn, boils perfectly, saves fuel, saves time, and saves labor and health. The Peerless Peninsular is a proposition that holds many points of interest for every householder. A delightfully chatty and instructive booklet, descriptive of the virtues and features of the Peerless Peninsular Range, will be sent by Clare Bros. & Co., Preston, Ont. The reader is invited to call at his hardware dealer and inspect for himself the many points of merit of the Peerless Peninsular Range.

MOTORSUNDRIES EXHIBIT.

With the perfecting of the internal combustion engine and the accompanying development in existing methods of locomotion by land, water and air, a large demand has sprung up in the sundries and accessories incidental to the successful running of motors, boats and yachts, and among those who are specializing in these lines, a leading place has been taken by two enterprising Torontonians, Messrs. Codd and Hunt, of Motorsundries, 43 Victoria St., Toronto.

In the centre of the Manufacturers' Annex, Motorsundries showed a full line of sundries for motor boats, automobiles, electric lighting and power supplies. The interest taken in these goods by the majority of 'gasoline-users' bore good fruit in the volume of sales effected.

Motorsundries also feature non-carbon oil, specially recommended and compounded for use in cylinders, crank cases and transmissions. This product certainly interested many who had experienced trouble with other oils.

The firm has also most successfully introduced the Peter Pan 11, a steel motor boat that in point of finish, design, utility, capacity, safety and cost will be very hard to beat. It carries a 3½ h.p. "Detroit" Engine, speeds 10 miles an hour, and carries ten persons at a minimum cost for gasoline. A leading feature is that it *cannot sink*. The price is only $255.00 f.o.b. Toronto. "Excello" Flame Arc Lamps, "Tate" Storage Batteries, "Almstead" Panel Boards, "Michigan" Steel Boats, "Chestnut" Power Canoes, "Woodworth" Improved Self-Adjusting Treads were all exhibited and had their good points duly demonstrated by those in charge.

The "Woodworth" tread, in particular, came in for the attention of hundreds of the visitors, its remarkable utility and safety being apparent. The "Woodworth" is guaranteed to give good results in every way and every motorist who desires insurance against skidding accidents and reduction of his tyre expense can do no better than order a set of "Woodworth" treads at once.

Mention must also be made of another of the firm's agencies, the Tate Bifunctional Accumulators, for ignition purposes and automobile lamps, were invented by Canadians, and have greater capacity for given weight, longer life, and higher efficiency than any others on the market. The plates

Exhibit of Motor Accessories.

may be changed very rapidly. There is no sediment in the jars and no washing required.

JAMAICA TOBACCO COMPANY

The Horticultural Building is always of special interest to visitors at the Fair. Until they visit this section of the Exhibition, few Canadians fully realize the productiveness of Canadian farms. Here they are certain of seeing the best that Canada yields in farm products.

The Horticultural Hall this year was of double interest owing to the large exhibit from the West Indies. One of the wings of the building was devoted entirely to products of these islands. Those who had the good fortune to see this display at this year's fair could not fail but be impressed by the developments and resources of the West Indies.

A very interesting part of the exhibit was that of the Jamaica Tobacco Company, the largest company of its kind in the West Indies. The company is anxious to open up trade negotiations with Canada and took advantage of the National Fair to bring the products of their factory before the smokers of Canada, as well as the wholesalers and retailers in the tobacco trade. Mr. S. deLisser, President of the Jamaica Tobacco Company, was in attendance and was highly pleased with the outlook for trade in the Dominion. He is thoroughly convinced that Canadians will fully appreciate a high grade line of cigars.

One of their leading brands is the Golofina Cigar, one of the best selling high-grade cigars made in Jamaica. The fact that it obtained the Grand Prize at the Colonial Exhibition in London, in 1905, illustrates its superi-

Exhibit of Jamaica Tobacco Co.

ority over all other brands of cigars manufactured in the island. The Golofina is made in 24 distinct shapes with Jamaica fillers and Sumatra wrappers.

Another brand which the company are now featuring, and which is also of their own manufacture, is a specialty with a Jamaica shade-grown wrapper. This is a distinctly high-grade proposition. All the Jamaica wrappers and fillers are grown from Cuban seed, and as Jamaica is only eighty miles from Cuba, there is no reason in the world why the Jamaica Company should not produce quite as good quality cigars.

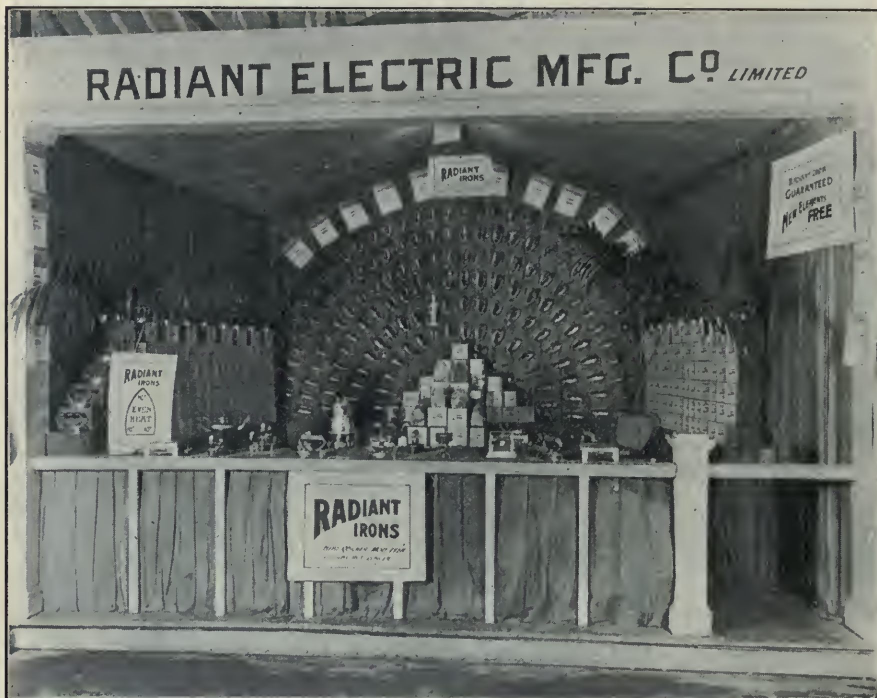
This company has a large well-equipped and most up-to-date cigar factory in Jamaica, They own the finest cultivated tobacco lands in Jamaica,. at Colbeck, Norzrood, Temple Hall and Halse Hall. They employ only up-to-date methods in curing grading and packing tobacco in the field. The smoker, therefore, is certain of securing uniform smoking cigars. The Jamaica Tobacco Company are desirous of getting in touch with the retail and wholesale trade of Canada. They will be pleased to send samples to intending purchasers. Communications addressed to Jamaica Tobacco Company, 4 Princess St., Kingston, Jamaica, will receive immediate attention.

RADIANT ELECTRIC IRONS.

Civilization and refinement are not a matter of changing human desires so much as of changing the manner in which they are gratified. Everything which makes life daintier, and frees it from the gross, the clumsy and the disagreeable, raises the scale of living, and advances the human race. Nothing has gone further toward this end than the employment of electrical energy in the home.

Among the many devices introduced in recent years, with the object of lightening housework, none have been so well received as the electric iron.

A careful scrutiny of the destinctive merits of the Radiant Electric Iron, on view in the Industrial Build-



Display of Radiant Irons.

ing this year, convinces us that the Radiant surpasses anything that has been offered in electric irons, not only in economy of operation, but in efficiency and durability they absolutely overcome every objection which has ever been made against the electric iron. The reasons are that the cost of operation is no greater than that of gas or other fuel, and that the heating element can be renewed by the user and may be installed without the slightest difficulty, also, that all heating elements will be renewed free of charge if they burn out within one year.

A very strong feature of the Radiant is that directly the iron has reached any desired heat, the connection may be removed and the ironing continued for some time with no further expense of electric current.

Back of every iron sold, the purchaser has an unqualified guarantee of perfection and the company is here to make it good. The fact that the heating element is removable does away with all necessity of even returning the iron to the factory for repairs. The Radiant is becoming better known each day, and we feel confident that the day is not far distant when one of these irons will be found in every household. The Radiant Electric Mfg. Co., 35 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, will, upon receipt of $5, forward the Radiant electric iron prepaid. If at the end of ten days you feel that you can do without it, the company will pay the expense of its return and refund purchase money.

THE ARCHER LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.

In the Industrial Building The Archer Light, Heat and Power Co., Limited, had a very interesting exhibit of their heaters and burners.

The Archer Boiler is constructed so as to use gas as well as coal for

fuel. The advantages of a furnace constructed as a self-feeder must be apparent to all interested when we consider the matter of only attending to it night and morning. Especially in these days when help is so scarce, this alone must commend it for general use. But again, how bitterly the housekeeper complains of the dirt and dust from the ashes of a coal furnace. When she realizes that this is done away with by using gas, and how easy it is to regulate the heat from zero weather to chilly days of early fall and late spring—when the advantage of gas as fuel is fully recognized. It is no wonder that a gas furnace is being asked for. To use it satisfactorily, a furnace must be so constructed as to use it in the most economical manner, and this is the case with the Archer Boiler. Do not be put off by other influence, but first satisfy yourself of the merits of this boiler.

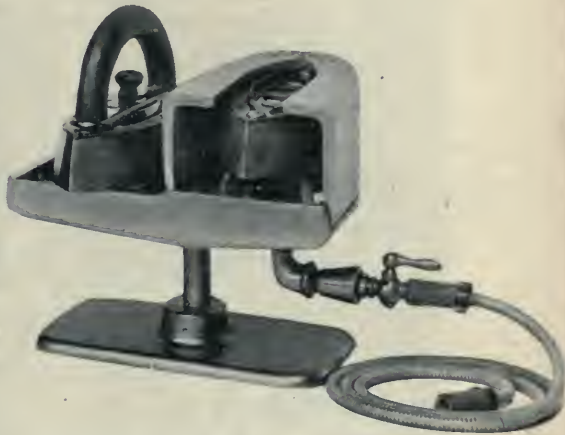
It is no idle boast to state that the Archer Bath Tank Heaters, equipped with the Archer Mixers, are at present without a rival, for simplicity of construction, durability and price. Examine these to satisfy yourself.

The Archer Sad Iron Heater is the latest addition to their gas appliances. To use one of these is to appreciate it.

Archer Furnace.

The cost of gas is less than half a cent per hour. It is absolutely clean, easy to handle, and in every respect a boon to the family. Can also be used to heat water, food, etc.

Gas Grates, which are being used so largely of late, require of all things to be odorless. This is accomplished in Archer grates by using the Archer



The Archer Iron Heater.

Mixer. These also reduce the cost of gas to the lowest possible amount.

Similar remarks apply to gas stoves as to the grates. The most objectionable feature of a gas stove has been the unpleasant odor from it. This is overcome by the Archer Mixer. This feature, and the great saving in the gas consumed, makes them attractive.

To manufacturers using gas in any quantity, it will surprise him to find what savings have been made by using the Archer Burners, with the Archer Patent Mixer attached. A cut of this burner is shown herewith.

Burners constructed and estimates will be given for special purposes. Parties using natural gas should not fail to make enquiries regarding the Archer Gas Burners. It is all-important to reduce the consumption of gas, and their appliances will help you in this respect.

Further particulars can be secured from local dealers or The Archer Light, Heat and Power Co., Limited, 36 Lombard St., Toronto.

COLLIER ELECTRIC CO. EXHIBIT.

The greatest boon that has come to the housewife in the present generation is the electric iron. No other household device saves so much labor and at the same time affords such comfort.

But there are degrees of quality amongst the many electric irons on the market which make careful selection essential. In the Industrial Building was located the striking exhibit of the Collier Electric Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont. To all interested was explained in an extremely lucid and convincing manner the many points of superiority of the Collier Automatic Electric Iron.

The Collier iron is covered with sheet nickel with a brilliant polish like mirror silver. This prevents rust. No dirt adheres and there is no fear of spoiling the linen. It is ready for use in five minutes—sooner than the clothes can be made ready. Attach it to any lamp socket, whether in kitchen or bedroom, cellar or attic, and it is ready for use. It works any hour of the day or night. Turn it upside down and it may be used to boil a kettle, heat food or otherwise to serve the purpose of a stove.

Archer Burner.

Another feature to be taken into consideration is the comfort in using a Collier. No over-heated room, no vitiated air. The handle is kept cool by the scientific Collier construction.

The Collier has another feature possessed by no other iron. By simply standing the iron on its heel the current is cut off. This gives perfect control of the heat at all times and saves electricity. You use the current only when actually ironing. In actual operation it costs less than 2 cents an hour on the average. A stove means 15 cents to 25 cents per ironing. Here is a saving of at least 10 cents on every ironing. Then there is the saving of time, no running to and from the stove. The Collier is hot all the time.

The Collier Iron costs $6 and there is value in every cent. Figure its purchase on purely a business basis, and through the saving of ten cents per ironing, the Collier pays for itself in less than a year, and, besides, the old time strenuous work of ironing is converted into a pleasure.

The purchaser of the Collier takes absolutely no risk. A guarantee is given with every iron. The iron itself can be returned if not entirely satisfactory. Six dollars sent to-day to the Collier Electric Company, Peterboro', Ont., will solve all your ironing difficulties.

DUSTO VACUUM CLEANER.

One of the surest ways of preventing the spread of disease and infection is by eliminating all dust in the house. One of the surest ways of obtaining a dustless sanitary home is by cleaning it with a Vacuum Cleaner. But hitherto the prohibitive prices asked for portable vacuum cleaners and the inconvenient electrical attachments required have militated against the use of the vacuum machine in many homes. The Dusto Cleaner, exhibit-

Where the Collier Electric Iron was Shown.

ed by Mr. Hills, in the Manufacturers' Annex, is an improved suction device for removing dust and dirt from carpets and rugs. It weighs less than five pounds, is operated by hand, and requires no electrical attachments. There is nothing to get out of order, and every machine is guaranteed against imperfections of manufacture. It is so simple that a child can work it, but it is at the same time one of the most durable and practical machines on the market. Its simplicity and low price bring it within the reach of all.

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The Dusto Cleaner.

Fire Protection

in

Schools, Colleges, Factory and Home

By Walter Higgin

STUDENTS of fire losses throughout the world agree that the annual destruction of property by fire in the United States and Canada is in excess of that recorded in any other country. Publications on the subject have appeared from time to time in the Consular reports. A committee of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, reviewing fire losses per capita, declares that the "Per Capita" loss of America is appalingly greater than in any other country. The average annual "Per Capita" loss in Austria, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and England being only 33 cents, against an average of $2.47 in the United States and Canada. In accounting for the excessive fire loss in this country the national carelessness is commonly put forth as a comprehensive explanation. It must be admitted that until very recently recklessness as respects fire danger has been a national characteristic, but, fortunately, a movement is under way to check by scientific methods the needless waste of lives and wealth. How little attention has been paid to fire prevention, even among a very intelligent part of the public, is shown in a special report of over 300 educational institutions relative to the conditions that affect the safety of scholars and students. We learn the lessons (some paid for dearly) from colleges and universities, that precaution against fire has been neglected generally, so if the question were asked, "Are the children, young men and women, who attend the schools, colleges and universities, well taken care of as respects protection from fire dangers?" the answer must be, "They are not." Unnecessary dangers and serious menaces exist. Instalation of better systems of fire protection, public and private, must take place if conditions are to improve.

Educational institutions assume grave responsibility in offering dormitory accommodation to students. From the point of architectural beauty, the buildings may lack nothing. They may supply every home comfort, they may be in attractive localities, far from city noise, but that is not enough; the beautiful buildings may be tinder boxes, fire escapes may not have been provided, suitable apparatus for fighting even incipient fires may not have been supplied, there may not be a nightwatch service to guard against a fire making headway unnoticed. There may not be fire hydrants or extinguishers near at hand. There may be no means of calling outside help by automatic or manual fire alarms quickly. There may be no means of knowing a fire exists until the building is enveloped in flames and all exits of escape cut off. The question is, "How safe or unsafe are the hundreds of homes, schools, and especially the dormitory buildings attached to universities and colleges?" The report received by the American National Board, respecting 674 dormitory buildings in the United States, and the same thing no doubt applies to Can-

ada, 21 per cent. are of frame construction, the others are mainly of brick construction, but brick walls do not make a building safe from fire; wooden floors and partitions burn as quickly when enclosed in brick walls as when the interior building is entirely constructed of wood. One hundred and fifty colleges report that their dormitories are provided with fire escapes of one pattern or another, never tested or looked after, and in winter are found blocked with snow and ice, 132 three storeys and more high, do not have any fire exits of any kind, and fifteen of them are frame construction. When a dormitory or college building has no fire escape, the stairs are the only means of exit, if fire happens, unless the occupants choose to risk their lives by jumping from windows. Men and boys may be able to escape in some manner, but young women and girls are likely to be hampered by their clothing, and, where the stairs are the only exit, how many of them would resist fire long enough to allow the occupants to escape? where, if a reliable alarm system had been installed, all would be safe before even the "smoke" could interfere.

Stairs should be of incombustible material, even if there are fire escapes, or outside stairs, cut off by fire doors. If a fire starts at night in a dormitory and spreads, say, in the basement, or some unprotected corner where refuse is liable to gather, or on one of the lower floors, what is likely to be the result? Will the sleeping students have sufficient warning to escape from the building? Judging from the construction of the majority of buildings, it is not improbable that a fire would spread too quickly to permit even two or three students to arouse the entire building; this is where alarms requiring any human agency fails.

Every college should have a competent nightwatchman to make his hourly or half-hourly rounds, the same as is done in any commercial establishment, or still better, an alarm that never sleeps. Educational and public buildings should be equipped with fire appliances, such as, chemical extinguishers, one to each 2,500 square feet; safety water buckets, fire axes; but above all a reliable automatic fire alarm signal service, that will call outside help, notify the occupants and require no manual attention, immediately the temperature rises from fire heat.

The disasters caused to life and property by fire, 90 per cent. of them can be traced back to the loss of time in notifying the fire brigade. No matter how good the inside equipment, you should never take a chance to fight fire yourself before calling outside help first; then, with the aid of your extinguishing appliances you will be able to keep the fire in check until the brigade arrives, if not, have it extinguished by being notified in time.

No college building should be without a well-trained emergency brigade, thoroughly drilled to the handling of fire appliances and the removing of all occupants. Some women, in a great many cases of danger, are more level-headed than men, and think faster. Fire invariably starts in mostly out-of-the-way places, such as old vaults, clothes closets, under stairways, if enclosed, you will find them full of rubbish, furnace rooms, clothes lockers, between floors and ceilings, where sweepings usually get in if the floors are not kept in good repair. Mice carry matches and other inflammable material through holes cut around steam and water risers. These should be protected by floor plates, "but the greatest" fire traps in nearly all the large buildings and some of the best in this city, is the vacant and waste space between ceilings of top floor and roof. They are usually made a dumping place for all kinds of material and get least attention of any other part of the building. Lots of inflammable stuff is carried to the basement, because it is too far to carry it to the roof, commonly called the "Cock Loft," but if there was an elevator handy to get it all there, some of the insurance companies would go

out of business, caused by the fires started in these places, to say nothing of the lives endangered. Hundreds of thousands of feet of punk, dry lumber, Georgia pine, electric wires and fixtures of all kinds and shapes, standard and not standard. Think of the supposed-to-be fireproof and semi-fireproof buildings covered with bonfires like this, just waiting to be kindled, one spark is all that is required. I would be safe in saying that not 5 per cent. of them has an entrance that the fire brigade could go through to fight a fire.

The great danger to valuable property contained in buildings like this, as well as to adjacent risks, is very seldom thought of, either by owners or occupants. When a fire takes place if the roof does not collapse to make the loss complete, the water damage will do the trick, and the greater headway the fire gets the greater danger to the firemen. Basements, top floors and empty lofts, should be the first places given consideration, instead of the first, second and third floors, which are always kept clean for the gaze of the public. The fire brigade and the insurance people, as well as those in charge, should give these traps their best consideration before it is too late.

A man who recently turned two houses into one by cutting doors into a party wall, protested against the recently-adopted city building law, which required him to install tin-clad fire doors as a fire stop. He gravely declared that a fire was no more likely to start in one house than the other. This plainly demonstrates the recklessness, and an act of want of care which is done unknowingly by thousands. When one stops to think, that the annual average fire waste in the United States for the six years ending 1909 of $452,000,000, this is burning up $500 worth of property for the past six years every minute, day and night, the figures are appaling. The losses in Canada, of course, are not so large, but proportionately so for the size of the cities, towns, villages and population. If the losses were stolen out of the Dominion treasury, or a loss as great in the wheat crop of the west, or any other commercial commodity, there would be a financial panic.

There is no doubt that 50 per cent. of the fire waste of the country is from easily preventable causes, which indicates the entire country might well be taught lessons in individual responsibility and timely precaution. Correction of careless habits is certainly possible in grown-ups as children. Is it too much to expect that our people in their impetuous haste and rush will in the very near future cease to erect the inflammable shells they now put up and filled with equally inflammable contents, endangering the lives of their families and those under their care. If the French status were used, which makes a property owner liable for damage if fire spreads beyond his premises, people would be more careful regarding care and construction.

If insurers would demand a more rigid inspection of their premises from the insurance companies carrying their risks and then to make the necessary requirements, as pointed out by their inspectors, they would then be in a position to demand better rates and, no doubt, would get them, as it is, there is too much suspicion of one trying to sell out to the other.

The May-Oatway System of fire-detecting alarms, recently brought to Canada from England, is one of the greatest blessings of the present century for the protection of life and property against the awful dangers from fire, it never sleeps, nor will it allow the occupant to sleep where fire heat raises the temperature 25 degrees above the normal.

The May-Oatway System is based on the principle that a little fire is easily trodden out. Its nerves feel out the fire whilst it is puny and harmless, it sends an automatic alarm to those on the premises, whether asleep or awake, it directs the way to the exact point of fire and telegraphs simultaneously to the fire brigade. It consists of five parts or units: A—the Detec-

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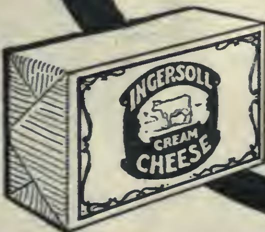

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tor; B—the position indicator, which shows where the fire is located; C—the Local Gongs, which give the alarm inside and outside the building; D—the Telegraphic Outfit, which sends for the fire brigade; E—the Receiving Apparatus at the Fire Station, from which the brigade gets their signals.

The detectors are sensitive to a sudden rise of temperature, and act in a few seconds, but are not affected by ordinary fluctuations of temperature, such as occur under manufacturing conditions or variations of temperature caused by change in weather, heat, etc. The detectors have no fixity of alarm point. They detect a fire with equal promptness, whether the thermometer stands at 10 below zero, or at 200 degrees Fahrenheit, or higher. False alarms are made impossible through the compensating action of the steel channel, which adjusts itself to the nerve in ordinary rising or lowering of temperature. The action of the detector is governed by the laws of nature, and cannot fail in the performance of their duty, any more than water can avoid flowing down hill. It depends upon no springs, no mercury column, no chemicals, but natural and inevitable expansion by heat of the single copper wire. The sensitive nerve and the steel channel operating together, expanding and contracting uniformly under ordinary fluctuations of temperature. To obtain this result the correct ratio of mass to heat collect service of both wire and channel has been determined by the simple method of mathematics and proven thousands of times in practice, and is being proven in their show rooms now. The effect of expansion of the nerve is to cause a brass weight, which is suspended in the centre of the nerve, to drop. When this suspended weight drops it makes an electrical contact with the wires that control the system. The contact or circuit closing is made by the irresistible law of gravity, there is no alternative, it must make contact with the terminals as certainly as stone must fall to the ground. Having responded to the heat and made the contact, the duty of the detector has been promptly and faithfully performed, it only remains for the electrical appliances to flash the alarm to the points intended.

The alarm gongs may be placed at such points in the building or outside it as will ensure them being heard by the watchmen, police or householder.

The indicator is placed in a conspicuous position and directs the way to the portion of the building on fire and shows exactly the location.

The telegraphic apparatus has notified the fire brigade of the fire without the possibility of error, and all has been accomplished within a space of a few seconds.

There is no anxiety about water pipes being frozen or valves being left closed, city water being shut off or gravity tank being empty or partly filled with water, or a $10,000 water damage caused by fifteen sprinkler heads opening, where one would have done, if it had opened in time with this system. The fire brigade would be on the job and have the fire out before a sprinkler head could possibly open.

Every part of the plant can be protected, from the "coal shed to the dry kiln," with the same effect. No second-hand message to the fire brigade from a central station. No watchman to rely on, or a ticker to watch the watchman. No air compressor to look after. It accomplishes all this itself as sure as the sun rises, because it depends upon no human aid or effort. This is the only system of fire protection in the world that has been granted direct connections to the central fire station by the underwriters.

Business men would be well repaid if they gave this wonderful "system" a thorough investigation before the "fire" season opens, which will be very soon now.

How long will ignorance of fire *protection* and *prevention* continue to exonerate conflagration breeders before the Bar of Public Opinion?