

# June COSMOPOLITAN

15 Cents



What are you going to do about it?

The Shame of Wisconsin

By Alfred Henry Lewis



The worse  
the paint or the  
floor looks the louder  
the call for that big cake of

# SAPOLIO

It never shirks work. It never fails to clean. It will take care of marble, mosaic or kitchen floors, paint, bath-rooms, pans, kettles, etc. Experiment if you will, but you know Sapolio will do it!

*The big, solid, compressed cake is most economical.*

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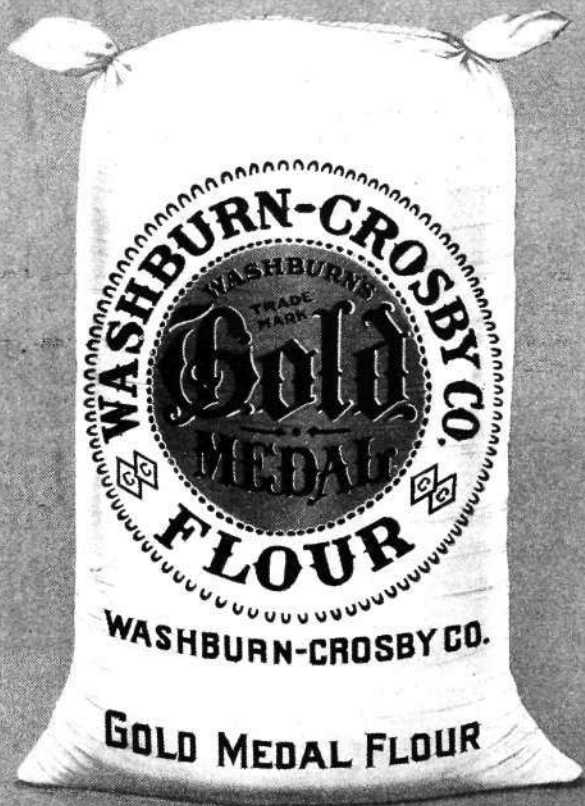
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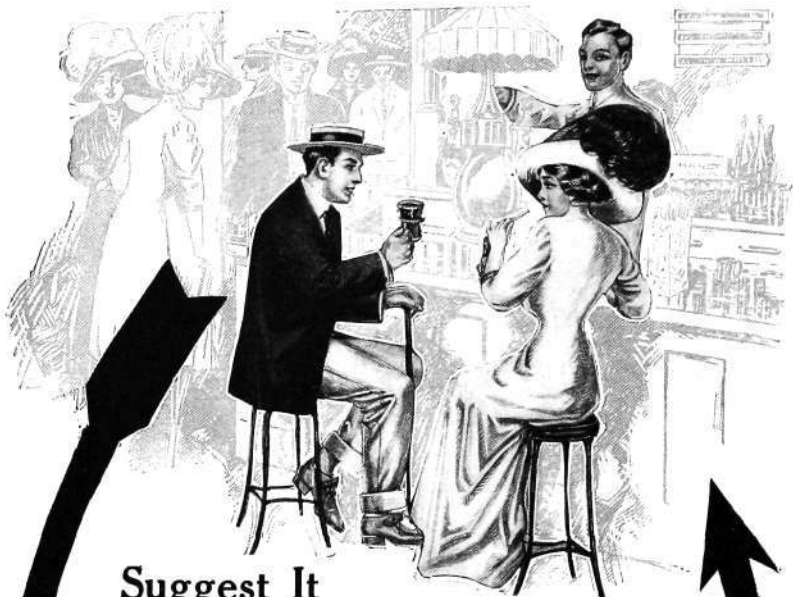
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## Suggest It

There never was a walk yet that was n't made more enjoyable by dropping in at a soda fountain for a bit of a rest and

A Glass of

# Coca-Cola

And it fits in so well with the joy of the walk  
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you see an  
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of Coca-Cola



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- SWITZERLAND
- ITALY
- ROME
- VENICE
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- KOREA
- JAPAN
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How often you have wished that you could visit the countries of the world and see with your own eyes the foreign peoples, their strange customs, their countries and cities and all the magnificent scenery and wonderful sights of which you have read. But lack of time or money has kept you at home.

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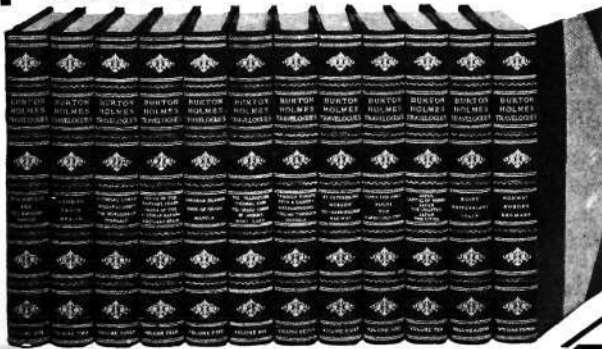
Burton Holmes, in his TRAVELOGUES, pictures the interesting places of the world so vividly, so accurately, and so true to life that a mere reading of them gives you the same intimate knowledge, the same lifelike impressions and thrills that you would experience were you to undertake his hazardous travels.

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- ENGLAND
- GERMANY
- OBERAMMERGAU and the Passion Play
- MONTE CARLO
- AUSTRIA
- THE YELLOWSTONE PARK
- GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA
- MOKI-LAND
- ETC., ETC.



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New York City

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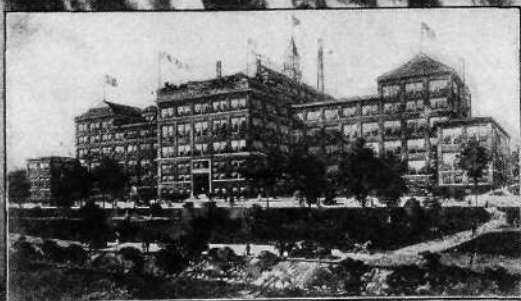
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Gentlemen—I am interested in the Burton Holmes Travelogues and will be glad to receive specimen pages in colors and to learn the terms upon which I can secure the twelve handsome volumes referred to in the foregoing advertisement.

Name.....

Address.....

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The Cleanest, Finest, Most  
Hygienic Food Factory  
in the World

In this beautiful, sunlit bakery are baked every day in the year two million Shredded Wheat Biscuits, made of the whole wheat, nothing added, nothing taken away. Deliciously nourishing, wholesome and strengthening. Try them for breakfast.



# If Not a New One, Then Buy a Good Second-hand Automobile

We have during the several months that these columns have been used for automobile articles, very often used the expression: "Resolve then to buy an automobile; if not a new one, a good second-hand car." This month we set down two questions which in one form or another have recurred most often in the many letters that have come to this department."

By Charles Edwin Jones

THESE articles have been mainly inspired by a desire to have our readers think correctly about the automobile. To have them place it properly among the things of this world that will help them, and to the end that they might do so easily and with facility we have besought them to talk over the use and service that an automobile gives with some friend of theirs who already drives.

To listen to his claims—for and against—and his estimate of maintenance.

We have, we feel confident, judging from the big correspondence that has ensued, created almost a new market for the automobile.

We have certainly interested many people who never before thought correctly about the automobile and we have apparently hurried many people in buying, who would not have bought for several years. Putting the automobile on an utility basis, and taking it out of the mere luxury class, has settled their minds.

There is one question, and it has several

forms, that seems to vex our readers to answer for themselves. As indeed, it does us. One of our readers writes:

"Have \$2000 to invest in automobile. Would you recommend the purchase of a new car at about that price or a rebuilt car of a make generally selling for a much higher price?"

Another of our readers writes:

"I feel competent if I were to choose a new car, but how can I know that a used car is O. K.?"

The writer's first desire to own a car came from the enthusiasm of an experienced owner—who then was driving for the first few times his fourth car. (This was six years ago). The driver was as tickled over his latest purchase as the traditional little boy with the traditional red top boots.

He made the car go fast and he made it go slow. It had many features new at that time, and there was no other car on earth that looked so good to him.

He had bought this car after no little experi-

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## If Not a New One, Then Buy a Good Second-hand Automobile

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ence with cars. He had picked all the cars over, and this car was his choice.

He had no reason for buying it except it was the best he could find. I listened to his raptures until, I was convinced that if I bought a car it would have to be a car like his. Then I wondered what he would recommend to me, and asked him.

Imagine my astonishment when he said, "You should not buy a car like this—be content with a —. It is one of the best low-

priced cars made. It will give you a taste of automobiling. With it you will learn to use, and if you in ignorance abuse it—you will not be much out. If you find you do not care for the sport, you can quit—without much loss."

That's good common sense—but, on the other hand—is not the strong appeal of the manufacturer who has "factory rebuilt cars" to sell, one worth considering? We copy from a pamphlet issued by a maker of \$3000 cars.

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**“For my friendly neighbors  
nothing is too good.  
Few things good enough—  
this is one of them.”**

“That *diagonal* stroke, that clean, easy, *smooth* action which you only get with a Durham-Duplex Razor will answer the whole shaving question for you.”

You don't have to “adjust” it. It is “right there with the shave” you have long desired!

*No Hoeing*

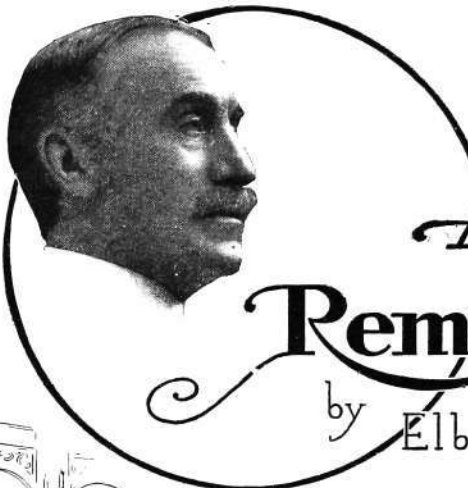
*No Scraping*

**DURHAM-DUPLEX  
RAZOR**

Standard Set, including Stripping Attachment and 6 Double-edged Hollow-ground Blades, \$5.00. Extra Blades, 6 for 50 cents.

Send for illustrated booklet

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO. . . . . New York  
DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., LTD. . . . . London



# About Remembering

by Elbert Hubbard



Without his notes he is helpless



The lessons you learn are rot unless you retain them by memory



He never misses a face



OR some long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, whichever you choose to call it, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

MR. DICKSON teaches Memory.

Good Memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is fifty-five years old. He is a student. He is a graduate of three colleges, and he carries more letters after his name than I care to mention. But this man is neither bright, witty, clever, interesting, learned nor profound.

He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER. Without his notes and his reference literature, he is helpless.

This man openly confesses that he can not memorize a date or a line of poetry, and retain it for twenty-four hours. His mind is a sieve through which sinks to nowhere the stuff that he pours in at the top.



EDUCATION is only what you remember. The lessons that you study into the night and babble about the next day in class are rot, unless you retain them and assimilate them by the slower process of memory. You can not gulp and discharge your facts and hope that they will do you good. Memory only makes them valuable.

EVERY little while in business I come across a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

He can tell you when, where, why, how much, what for, in what year, and what the paper said the next morning.

Like this man is another, the general manager of a great corporation in a Western City. He never misses a face. If he sees you once that's enough. The next time he'll call you by name, inquire about the folks at home, and ask if you have recovered from that touch of rheumatism.

He told me how he did it. He told me that he studied memory-training with Professor Dickson of Chicago. Also, he said a lot of nice things about Professor Dickson, that I hesitate to write down here lest my good friend Dickson object.



THIS Dickson System of Memory-Training, as I understand it, and I do understand it, is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm to increase the power and strength of your muscle, you exercise it. The same with your mind.

You must put your brain through a few easy exercises regularly to discover its capacity. You will be surprised, when you go about it the right way, to know how quickly it responds to you.

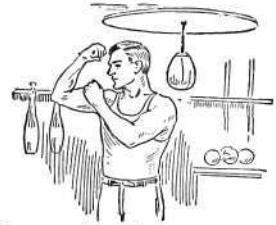
To the man or woman whose memory plays you tricks, I especially recommend that you write to Professor Dickson to send you his literature. It will cost you nothing, and if his credentials and recommendations and the facts he sets forth, do not convince you, you are not to be convinced—that's all.

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YOU'VE sympathized with the little girl who stuttered her "piece." But you've wept for the strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice-water and forgot, and sat down in the kindly silence. In the child it was embarrassment, but in the adult it was a bad memory.

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The man whose memory plays tricks



The little girl who stuttered her piece

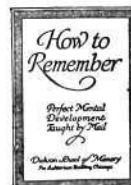


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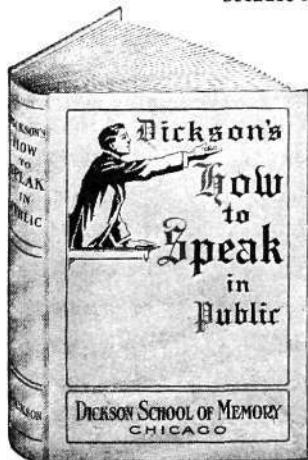
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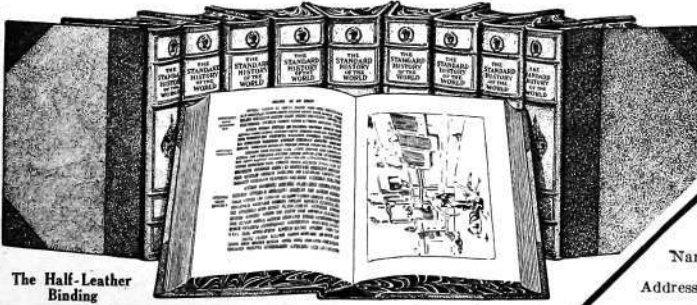
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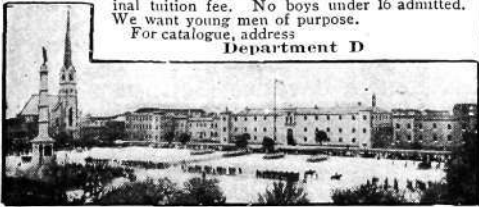
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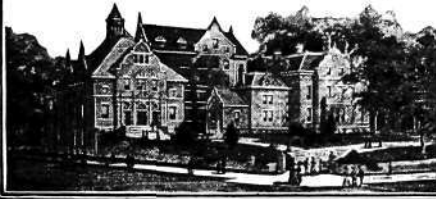
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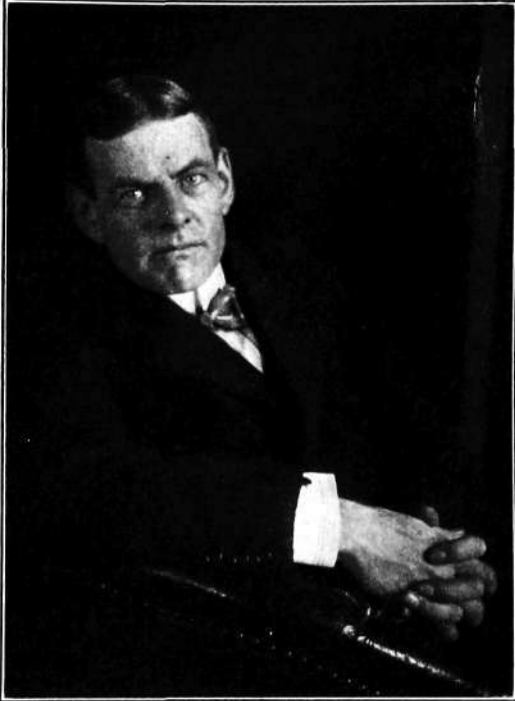
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**Immediate Success** of the original announcement in November, 4,157 applications being received in the first 30 days, made it apparent very soon that all preliminary estimates of the probable early demand would have to be disregarded. The printing order was then increased to 17,000 sets, all of which had been subscribed for by the end of February. Undoubtedly the

**Low Price of \$4.00** a volume was the chief factor which called forth so many early subscriptions. The old 9th Edition (25 volumes, 850 pages each) cost \$7.50 a volume in cloth, and \$10.00 in Half Russia. The new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica averages

**1,000 Pages** a volume, and contains more than 40,000,000 words. In view of its broad usefulness as an instrument of popular culture and as a trustworthy guide to sound learning, the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press (the English University of Cambridge having taken over the copyright) regarded it as an especial part of their obligation to the public, in giving the new work the *imprimatur* of the University, to offer it at a popular price.

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There was always something formal, if not almost repellant about the old Encyclopaedia Britannica. All its qualities were of the massive kind, including its physical make-up, and in taking down one of its volumes one had a good deal of the feeling of a schoolboy settling down to do his lessons. After all, the main purpose of a work of reference is to be referred to, and of a work of information to be read, and both are largely defeated under such circumstances. Incomparably the greatest benefit resulting from the innovation of India paper is the more INTIMATE character of the new format. The delightful handiness of the India paper volumes, their readableness, the fact that they can be picked up and held in one hand and (in either of the leather bindings) bent back as easily as a magazine, are a sure guarantee that when people come to discover for themselves how absorbing a story these volumes have to tell, they will fill the void of many an otherwise empty and wasted hour. It was Thackeray who said that the great sacrifices of life were comparatively easy, but that it took a hero to face its minor discomforts. On the same principle a book that is uncomfortable to read is only too likely to end up by not being read at all.

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of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica will, it is believed, impress anyone who compares its contents both as to size and character with those of the general run of books. While a collection of 40,000 articles written by 1,500 specialist authorities and constituting a complete inventory of knowledge can be had in no other form so convenient and so accessible (the India paper volumes being easy to hold and therefore easy to read), the same information, if presented in separate books, would make a library of some 400 volumes, and would cost not less than four times the price of the present work. Its cheapness at the price at which it may be had until May 31st is further emphasized by the fact that the

**Editorial Cost of \$815,000** and the total cost, including typesetting, plates, maps, etc., of \$1,150,000, are yet to be recovered, so that the distribution of the Encyclopaedia Britannica at the present prices is *absolutely without regard to profits*, and it is necessary that the publishers shall charge for the second distribution considerably more than is now asked. The low

## Advance-of-Publication Price

will, however, have served a useful purpose if it shall prove to be the means of effecting a distribution of the work quickly among the more intelligent bookbuyers and among libraries, institutions, and learned societies, for the reason that their endorsement of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica will give it ultimately the same position in public estimation that has always been accorded to the work in ten previous and successful editions since the first edition appeared in 1768-71.

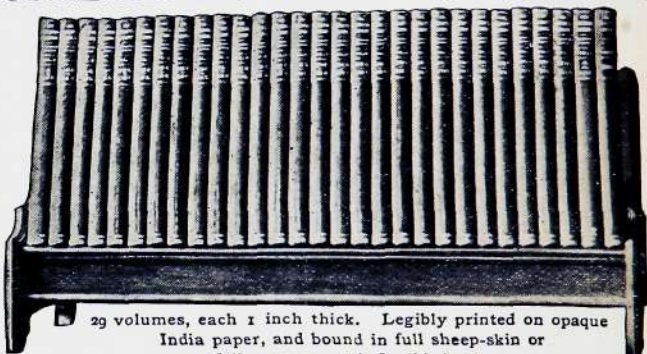
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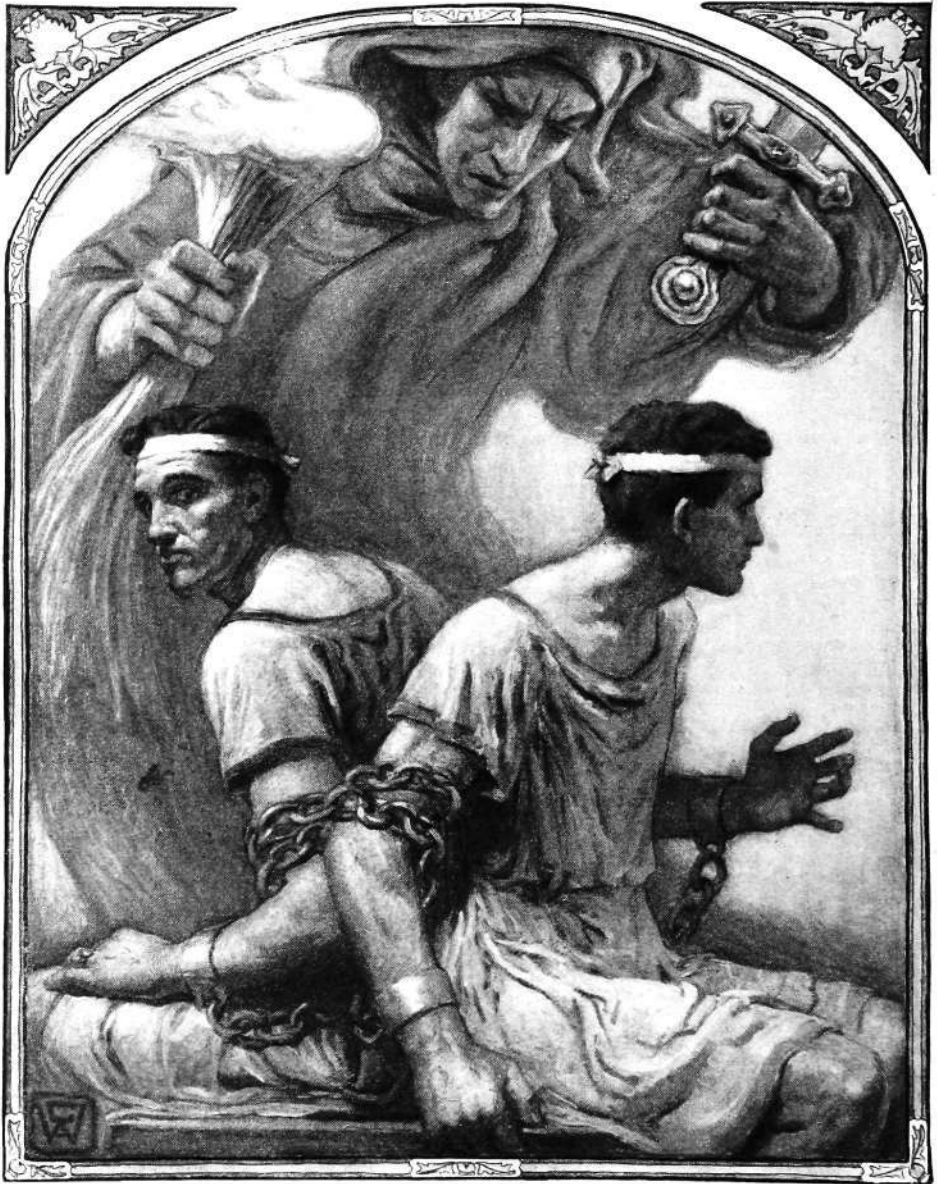
BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN

SINGER, sing! The hoary world  
Needs reminder of its youth;  
Prophet, tell! The darkness lies  
On the labyrinths of truth;  
Builder, build! Let rocks uprise  
Into cities 'neath thy hand;  
Farmer, till! The sun and rain  
Hearken for the seed's demand;  
Artist, paint! Thy canvases  
Patiently convey thy soul;  
Writer, write! With pen blood-dipped  
Trace no segment, but the Whole;  
Teacher, teach! Thyself the creed—  
Only this a child may know;  
Dreamer, dream! Nor hide thy face  
Though thy castles crumble low.  
Where the toiler turns the sod  
Man beholds the living God.

# THE BEAUTY OF COMPROMISE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



Compromise is never anything but an ignoble truce between the duty of a man and the terror of a coward. It binds where we should be free and leaves its problem still to be settled





LD sophistries die hard—the older the harder. Before the will-o'-the-wisp expires, it has a moment of exceeding brightness; and just now, throughout this country of ours, there are teachers political and teachers moral—since, good or ill, politics and morals are one—fanning afresh the flame of that old death-lantern which they call

## THE BEAUTY OF COM- PROMISE

The Beauty of Compromise. They want us to go softly, they want us to go slowly—which is to say that they want us to stand still.

There is no such thing as The Beauty of Compromise. Compromise is inherently ugly. It is unethical and extravagant. Personally and socially it has always been bought, and always will be, only at the expense of our own souls and our own pocketbooks. There is a perfectly credible legend that pictures Judas as quieting his conscience by the argument that if his Master were God, betrayal would reveal him to all the world, whereas if he were not God, betrayal would be merited. Judas compromised. What Judas did, you do—you, man or woman, who read this.

In your shop or your house you say that you might pay your servants higher wages, but "can better afford it" next year: either they are entitled to higher wages or not, and your quibble is a quibble over whether you want to be wholly just with what you have, or tardily generous with what is theirs. You cast your ballot for a party that you know to be corrupt, because you say that "things will work out all right in the end," and that the "working out" had better be done by your own party; but you know that things won't work out all right unless helped, and you know that no party inherently corrupt can bring forth good fruit.

From 1787 to 1863 this nation compromised with chattel slavery, and the compromise cost us close upon \$8,000,000,000 and 900,000 lives. We have compromised with the sin of war. "What I want," said our Colossus of Compromise, "is a Senate that will give me peace-treaties and a House that will give me battleships"—and our peace-armament for 1909 cost more than our war-armament for 1864. We have compromised with the railroads, and the railroads have raised the cost of living sixty-five per cent. in fifteen years. We have compromised with the trusts, and the trusts govern America.

Compromise carries the seeds of its dissolution in its own belly. It is a means of postponing an inevitable action until the powers opposed to that action have gathered enough bitterness, not to prevent the action, since what must be will be, but to make the performance of the action a thousand times more difficult and a thousand times more dangerous. Compromise is never anything but an ignoble truce between the duty of a man and the terror of a coward.

Don't you think we had better give it up?



Rita found a place where, with lamplight behind her, she could read a book which Burleson had sent her. It was a large, thick, dark book, weighed nearly four pounds, and was called "Essays on the Obvious."— See page 62

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson  
Illustrating "The Common Law"  
By Robert W. Chambers

# COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. LI

JUNE, 1911

No. 1



"Having held the posts of legislator and representative—and done nothing—Mr. Stephenson counted his money and asked to be made senator; for he measured himself by his millions—which were thirty—and suffered from no humiliaties"

## What Are You Going to Do About It?

### 7. The Senatorship that Cost \$111,385 Plus

By Alfred Henry Lewis

EDITOR'S NOTE.—No more vicious and flagrant example of selling out the public for the benefit of the "Interests" has occurred in this country for years than the successful raid on a seat in the U. S. Senate by the millionaire Stephenson, of Wisconsin. The way he did it is not new—we have grown accustomed to political thievery of the kind. But for brazen disregard of public opinion this millionaire lumberman of Wisconsin—now a senator representing a great and supposedly free state at the national capital—must be granted the palm. The Senate has refused to unseat Lorimer—Stephenson is still there. What are you going to do about it?

**H**OW many men are in the Senate on their merits? How many on their money—or some corporation's money? Had merit, had popular worth or popular preference, been the test, would a toga have been given to the vacuous Guggenheim?—the unspeakable Root?—the dingy Kern?—the inadequate Pomerene?—the oily Bailey?—the frigid Lodge?—the meager Wetmore? But why extend an inquiry that should run through half a Senate roll-call?

The trail of the serpent is over us all—

especially Wisconsin. Not that in Wisconsin the trail of the serpent is altogether new. Who cannot remember those fat days about the Ashland Land Office, when flourished such combinations as the Superior Lumber Company, the Mississippi Land and Logging Company, the Keystone Company; and the Sawyers and Spooners and McCords and Vilases and Algiers and Dickinsons piled up the gold?

Most of these have departed—both men and companies—but the evil which men and companies do lives after them, and

# What Are You Going to Do About It?

## STATEMENT OF ELECTION EXPENSES.

Statement of Isaac Stephenson, a candidate for the nomination for the office of United States Senator from Wisconsin, at the primary election held on the 1st day of September, 1906.

1.	Total amount placed in the hands of E. A. Edmonds, J. H. Puelicher, J. A. Vanderve, Rodney Sackett, H. J. Brown and others, -----	\$111,385.49
2.	Of the above amount, the following have been reported to me as expended:	
	To L. Breithaupt Printing Co., Mandel Engraving Co., Whitehead & Hoag, Keystone Printing Co., Vandenberg & Leberter and others, for printing sample ballots, lithographs, circulars and other stationery, etc., -----	\$7,347.89
	To paid for postage stamps -----	11,339.00
	To C. H. Hambright, John C. Miller, F. H. Mc Mahon, E. J. Rogers, U. S. Keller, and others, for services rendered in organizing outside Milwaukee Co., -----	53,729.56
	To traveling expenses, contributions to associations, cigars, etc., -----	1,420.63
	To paid Koch Advertising Agency and others for newspaper advertising, -----	16,485.24
	To W. H. Knell, expenses incurred in organizing Milwaukee Co., exclusive of items not otherwise accounted for, but including organization on primary day, -----	8,417.36
	Getting signatures to nomination papers, -----	225.06
	For office rent, expenses, including employees' wages -----	4,070.76
	Posting and distributing lithographs, -----	824.00
	Telephone, telegraph and express charges, -----	735.10
	Advertising, printing etc. covering bills received after Sept 15, -----	3,188.65
	<b>Total, -----</b>	<b>\$107,798.05</b>



torial Primary Investigation Committee and members of the Senate Investigation Committee, have in said report found that Isaac Stephenson did commit acts of bribery and attempted bribery, and did commit other acts in violation of the corrupt practice laws of Wisconsin, and further that the managers, agents, and workers of Isaac Stephenson in said primary campaign did, by acts of bribery and attempted bribery, and other acts in violation of the corrupt practice laws of Wisconsin in conducting his campaign, obtain for the said

Isaac Stephenson votes without which he would not have been elected, and that for such reason the election of the said Isaac Stephenson to the United States Senate should be annulled,

Resolved, that a copy of the report of said Senate members of the joint Senate Investigation Committee and the members of the Senatorial Primary Investigation Committee, together with a copy of this resolution, be certified to the United States

in this instance a crying expression of that evil is to be found in Isaac Stephenson, multimillionaire, lumberman, banker, newspaper-owner, and junior senator from Wisconsin, this last through—so says a legislative investigation committee—the black ungrace of corruption. That same committee, being a commission of three named by the Wisconsin State Senate, has recently filed a report of its findings—one hundred and fifty typewritten pages, backed by a full transcript of the testimony taken to the typewritten extent of six thousand pages more.

Also, the committee concretes action in a joint resolution which, among other matters, carries pertinently and to the point the following:

Whereas the Senate members of the joint Sena-

ISAAC STEPHENSON being first duly sworn on oath says,

That the amount placed in the hands of E. A. Edmonds, J. H. Puelicher, J. A. Vanderve, Rodney Sackett, H. J. Brown, and others, as set forth in paragraph 1 of the foregoing statement, is true and correct, to the best of affiant's knowledge and belief.

That of said amount there have been reported to affiant expenditures as set forth in paragraph 2 of the foregoing statement.

Subscribed and sworn to before me

This 8th day of February, 1907

*Isaac Stephenson*

Notary Public for Wisconsin.

*My Comm. expires Dec 7-07*



The price—is it the whole tale?—of a senatorship from Wisconsin. Facsimile of Senator Stephenson's affidavit that the primary nomination cost him \$111,335. His salary for the term is \$45,000. How (some) men love their country!—Portrait of Senator Stephenson

Senate, for its action thereon, with the request that that body investigate the manner and means by and through which Isaac Stephenson secured his election to the United States Senate.



Snapshot of Senator Stephenson (left) and Knell who erroneously allowed Stephenson to use the canvass.—Three Stephenson supporters—J. H. Puelicher, who helped disburse the money, one of the Democratic assemblymen while the voting was going on, made

ex-Governor Davidson, who while governing used the administration machine in his primary—Ex-Sheriff W. R. Knell (top) and Stephenson's money, and John T. Farmer who, by leaving the chamber possible Stephenson's election

The Senate of the United States must light its lamp of inquiry and discover the truth concerning those claims of bribery and corruption. And because the battle will be one not only between good and evil, white and black, in politics, but between Mr. La Follette and Mr. Stephenson—with his thirty millions—Mr. La Follette must and will act in the rôle of prosecutor. Nor should the upcome in the Lorimer case daunt honest men and teach them hopelessness. The bribe-produced senator from Illinois escaped unseating by no more than three votes—the paint on his planks, as it were—and, thanks to the last election, the average of Senate decency since then has been vastly advanced.

Let me give the tale in story-telling style,



pulled at a cross-cut saw, and "Gee-hawed!" the reluctant ox in getting his logs to the

to the end that it may be more easily known and understood of men. Away back in the year 1829, Isaac Stephenson was born. The scene of this disaster was bleak New Brunswick, its immediate theater the village of Fredericton, County of York. In 1845, Mr. Stephenson, having reached the understanding age of seventeen, evinced his intelligence by leaving New Brunswick and settling in Milwaukee.

Sixty-six years ago every Wisconsin male was either a hunter, a trapper, or a lumberman. Mr. Stephenson became a lumberman, and Green Bay tradition relates how he swung an ax,

landing. And when the snows melted and the spring drive came on, no one than he could more alertly ride a log or—pike-pole in fist—unlock a jam.

#### A CHRONIC SEEKER AFTER OFFICE

By instinct and native bent, Mr. Stephenson was a money-maker. Sober, steady, rugged, incessant, most sons of New Brunswick are. Being a money-maker, Mr. Stephenson soon abandoned logging for the sawed-lumber trade, into which traffic he plunged, with Escanaba as a base of operation. His profits came rolling in; for while he could show no college sheepskin, he had had a handful of months at common school, enough to enable him to make change and avoid the wild-cat currency of the period, and what more should he have needed in the pursuit and capture of that wild beast called a dollar? Mr. Stephenson stayed with lumber in Escanaba until 1858, and when in that year he moved to his present hometown of Marinette his balance in the bank showed him steadily advancing toward the thirty millions which make the present yellow measure of his wealth.

The Civil War broke out, but Mr. Stephenson was torn of no desire to go. Mr. Stephenson was born to be rich; and, than a dollar, nothing is more readily frightened by a drum. As I've said before in these pages, the natural-born soldier is ever the natural-born poor man, and I make no doubt but what, had the Olympian records been preserved, they would show Mars to have been a bankrupt. The Carnegies, the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Havemeyers, the Vanderbilts, are never soldiers. Wherefore, when others of Wisconsin rushed Southward to fill graves, Mr. Stephenson remained at home to fill his pockets.

Until 1866, Mr. Stephenson had been in its simplest sense a money-grubber. He dreamed only of dollars and how to overtake them. In that year, however—by what error of politics has long ago been forgotten—he went to the Legislature. He was given a second term. It was enough; while in Madison he contracted that appetite for office which is tenfold worse than an appetite for whiskey, and has burned with a thirst for office ever since.

And now and then—albeit there have come many parched and arid years when a callous electorate neglected him—Mr. Stephenson has succeeded in gratifying it.

Notably was such the refreshing case when his district, either off its guard or careless to the point of crime, permitted him to represent it in the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth Congresses.

It is a question often put by philosophers why some people so yearn to hold a seat in Congress. They moil, and sweat, and creep on all fours, and spend money like water, forswear and abase themselves, to get it. And having got it, they do nothing, propose nothing, aid in nothing. Mental bats, they cannot see a public need. They wouldn't know how to meet it if they did. They but hold a seat in Congress. They occupy their posts in House or Senate, the merest prairie-dogs of place, and their public performances are restricted to chirruping requests for "leave to print" or twittered motions to adjourn. Such is the sum of their "statesmanship."

Having held the posts of legislator and representative—and done nothing—Mr. Stephenson counted his money and asked to be made senator. He would have asked for a White House had it not been for that unconstitutional New Brunswick cradle; for he measured himself by his millions—which were thirty—and suffered from no humilities. Mr. Stephenson mentioned his Senate appetite—it would be wrong to call it an ambition—to what Spooners and Sawyers constituted a Wisconsin Republican control. They gave him nothing, not even hope. The Spooners turned their backs, the Sawyers swore.

#### LA FOLLETTE SPURNS AN ALLIANCE

Over in Madison Mr. La Follette, loathed because feared by the Spooners and the Sawyers, was struggling into uphill notice. Mr. Stephenson, thinking not on Mr. La Follette, but on himself, sought a La Follette alliance. Mr. La Follette declined the alliance, understanding its motive. None the less, Mr. Stephenson for a time gave Mr. La Follette his countenance and help, although there exists no evidence that Mr. La Follette reaped profit from either. The countenance of some men is a setback; their help but digs a pit for one's feet.

About this time Mr. Stephenson bought a paper in Milwaukee; and because body and soul he owned it, and it owed him money besides, it was naturally called the *Free Press*. With this paper he began speaking ill of the Spooners and the Sawyers,

Oct. 14	Paid L. Breithaupt Ptg. Co.	\$22.50
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" 16	" Plankinton Estate Rent	31.00
" 16	" Geo. Hatton	70.00
Jan 18	" H. S. Clark	115.00
	5,000 copies Adl. J1	50.00
	Paid F. W. Hodden	25.35
Feb. 15	" C. K. Lush	1000.00

Incidental expenses estimated \$100.00  
\$50258.05

There was returned by Mr. Lush also by Mr. Nelson of all sums from the amounts paid them.

State of Wisconsin  
SS  
County of Waupaca.

William H. Hatton, being first duly sworn, on oath says that he was a candidate for the office of United States Senator at the primary election held in said state of Wisconsin on the 1st day of September A. D. 1908; that the foregoing is a statement, together with the report of the investigating committee, which is made a part of this statement, sets forth in detail all sums of money contributed, disbursed, expended or promised by him and to the best of his knowledge and belief by any other person or persons in his behalf, wholly or in part in endeavoring to secure his election, or expended in any way in connection with his candidacy for said office, and that the same is as full and explicit as affiant is able to make it.

*William H. Hatton*

Subscribed and sworn to before me  
this 2nd day of April A. D. 1908.

*D. D. Ritchie*

Notary Public.  
My Commission expires July 16, 1911.

Facsimile of affidavit made by William H. Hatton, a candidate for the senatorship, who didn't spend quite all the hoped-for salary—and ran fourth. William H. Hatton (right) and Thomas Morris, who, as lieutenant-governor, worked for Hatton, and then was a member of the Senate committee which declared Stephenson guilty of bribery

well of Mr. La Follette, and enthusiastically of himself. Mr. Stephenson had asked specifically that he be made senator, and was rapped over his thirty-million-dollar snout by the Spooners and the Sawyers. Therefore, he would print ill of them by way of revenge. Also, he would strengthen

Mr. La Follette, to the poignant end that the latter become as a thorn in the Spooner-Sawyer side. Mr. Stephenson foresaw not a day when that same Mr. La Follette—honest, trenchant, uncontrollable by money—would become a thorn in his own. He foresaw not that Mr. La Follette, from his

own seat in the Senate, would one day act as prosecutor to unseat him, Mr. Stephenson, on charges of bribery.

Now when the Spooners and the Sawyers were politically no more, Mr. Stephenson, occupying though not filling with his lean proportions their wide place in affairs, usurped the Spooner-Sawyer war-cry and called himself a "Stalwart." What is a Stalwart? Commonly he is one who makes a merit of piracy and insists that rogues are virtuous. Robin Hood, pillaging some fat-pursed prior on the fringe of merry Sherwood, was a Stalwart. Rob Roy, lifting Highland cattle, was a Stalwart. Dick Turpin, stopping stages on Shooters Hill or Bagshot Heath, was a Stalwart. Wherefore, with a sense of the eternal fitness of things, for which he cannot be given too much credit, Mr. Stephenson called himself in politics a Stalwart, and, per incident, declared war against Mr. La Follette.

Whenever his separation from Mr. La Follette is discussed, Mr. Stephenson wants it understood that he did not quarrel with Mr. La Follette, but Mr. La Follette with him. He says that the *casus belli* came when he, Mr. Stephenson, declined to part with and put up \$250,000 in furtherance of Mr. La Follette's ambitions to pull down a Presidential nomination.

Those who should best know brand this statement as false. Mr. Stephenson, in the beginning, went over to Mr. La Follette because he had been refused a Senate seat by the Spooners and the Sawyers. He left Mr. La Follette because he discovered that Mr. La Follette thought no better of his demands for a Senate seat than had the Spooners and the Sawyers.

There could be no close, no near, agreement between Mr. La Follette and Mr. Stephenson. Mr. La Follette was moved of principle, Mr. Stephenson of a blind hunger to have a senatorship; Mr. La Follette possessed brains, Mr. Stephenson had only money; and so, because Mr. La Follette did not believe in pelting pigs with pearls, and saw no reason why a multimillionaire should be chosen senator simply for that he was a multimillionaire, Mr. Stephenson and Mr. La Follette fell out. That is to say, Mr. Stephenson, bag and baggage—the one being his hopes for the senatorship and the other his bank-account—turned his back on Mr. La Follette, and got politically as far from that honest man as the topography of Wisconsin Republicanism would permit.

Not that the separation has resulted or is likely to result in good to Mr. Stephenson. Mr. La Follette is by blood a Huguenot. A Huguenot has certain chilled-steel characteristics. He never flees and always fights. You may kill, but you cannot conquer him. Also, it is part of his religion to hate where he is hated, love where he is loved.

Mr. Stephenson had asked to be made senator when Mr. Mitchell was chosen; he had asked to be made senator when Mr. La Follette was chosen; he had asked to be made senator when Mr. Spooner was chosen. There was something feline in that Stephenson appetite for a Senate seat; it had nine lives, and no number of defeats appeared equal to its destruction.

In 1907, Mr. Spooner resigned his place in the Senate, and Mr. Stephenson was instantly a wide-mouthed applicant for the unexpired term. Those on the bridge of Wisconsin events considered among themselves. In the end they told Mr. Stephenson that if he would promise on his honor—which was his money—not to be a candidate in 1909, and would set his horny—horny from much counting of gold—thumb to an agreement never to ask for a Senate seat again, they would give him that two-year remnant of the Spooner term. Mr. Stephenson promised, and in accordance with such understanding was sent to the Senate.

Not, however, without a battle. Many there were whose honest stomachs couldn't abide a Stephenson in the Senate, even for two years. There befell a struggle, a deadlock. The latter was at last opened, but whether by keys of diplomacy or keys of gold does not appear, and Mr. Stephenson entered in upon that one-third fragment of a Spooner term.

In Wisconsin they vote for senator at a primary election. The choice of the primaries is supposed to morally—while it does not legally—control the choice of a Legislature. The primary election to indicate a successor to Mr. Stephenson fell in 1908. Mr. Stephenson, because of his promises, was not expected to run. Vain thought! In Mr. Stephenson appetite swept aside agreement, and he offered himself as a candidate. He said that he was absolved from his promises by the deadlock action of what honest-stomached folk had in 1907 refused to vote for him.

In the primary canvass of 1908, Mr. Stephenson had three rivals. These were mil-



lionaire Cook, of Neenah, who owned a white-paper-mill; millionaire Hatton, of New London, who—like Mr. Stephenson—had found a gold-mine in lumber; and lawyer McGovern, of Milwaukee, who, while not a millionaire, showed symptoms of becoming one. Mr. Hatton and Mr. McGovern wore the LaFollette colors. Mr. McGovern, by the way, is the present governor of Wisconsin, succeeding Governor Davidson, who—dragged in by head and ears—made but a limp witness before the legislative committee which investigated, for its briberies and corruptions, Mr. Stephenson's campaign.

It was shown to Mr. Stephenson, at the campaign threshold, that he need not hope to win on any record of his merits. There existed no single Congressional reason in his hungry favor. He had been in the Senate a year; he had done nothing, attempted nothing, beyond an owlish winking and blinking from his place on the floor. In no wise had he contributed to Wisconsin's grace and illustration. The very Senate committees to which he had been assigned exhibited the poor estimation in which he was held by his colleagues. Of those Senate sub-bodies, whereof he was a member, that on Revolutionary claims was perhaps the most violently lively, and the array at best afforded Mr. Stephenson nothing beyond a chance to be great without being dangerous.

The Senate has a score or more of these non-perilous committees. They serve as legislative padded cells, in which, committee-wise, are confined what irresponsible ones are not to be trusted with power, and whom it is expedient senatorially to place where they may not hurt themselves nor offer hurt to others. To five of these Senate padded cells had Mr. Stephenson been assigned, and the folk at home were far from thinking it redounded to Wisconsin glory.

Mr. Stephenson, I say, was told that no reason of the popular pointed to his selection, and thereupon, murmuring, "If not merit, then money," he sadly, yet no less sufficiently, rolled out his barrel. He drew, money-wise, to his banners, bankers, labor leaders, preachers, and country newspapers, and at the head of the machine he knocked together he placed such choice spirits as E. A. Edmonds, H. J. Puelicher, J. A. Van Cleve, Rodney Sackett, H. J. Brown, Game Warden Stone, and ex-Sheriff Knell.

Some glint of how these patriots regarded

Mr. Stephenson's canvass—and it should throw a side yet no less certain light upon the methods they employed—may be gained from the investigation-committee testimony of Mr. Knell. Said the worthy Knell:

Now I will tell you: I look at politics probably in a different light than many other people. I would compare the campaign in Milwaukee, for instance, with a department-store. Mr. Stephenson was the owner, and I was the manager. I had to get my department managers; I had to get my department salesmen; I had to get my solicitors; I had to get my advertising men; I had to get my people to keep up that institution and do the work required to keep it up. Now that is just the way this campaign was fought, and the way all the work in every campaign was done in the last ten years, with one distinction. In all the other campaigns I spent my own money, and in this I did not have to spend my own money. That is the only difference.

Q. You looked at the campaign as a plain business proposition?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And paid a corps of workmen to get the best results?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You hired men and paid them to work?

A. Because of their being well acquainted, having a large circulation of friends and being able to get those people. There were a lot of my friends who came to me and they said, "Billy, if you were a candidate for office we would not only devote our own time but spend our own money; but why should we do it for Stephenson, who is advertised broadcast in this state as being worth thirty millions?"

Having organized his campaign, Mr. Stephenson knocked in the head of his barrel—he confessed that it contained about \$112,000—and told Mr. Edmonds, Game Warden Stone, Mr. Puelicher, and the others to get busy. They got busy, as appeared by the evidence taken before the Senate Investigation Committee, in every corrupt fashion known to politics and politicians. The vote-count resulted:

Stephenson . . . . .	52,002	votes
Cook . . . . .	43,933	"
McGovern . . . . .	40,373	"
Hatton . . . . .	32,611	"

Mr. Stephenson, by the census of primary noses, was declared victorious. It also came out, when their accounts of expenditures were filed by the several candidates, that far and away he had spent the most money. Not that the others—to lapse into the colloquial—should be regarded as pikers. Here are the statements as they modestly made oath to them:

Stephenson . . . . .	\$111,385.49
Cook . . . . .	42,203.29
Hatton . . . . .	30,002.07
McGovern . . . . .	11,063.88

# What Are You Going to Do About It?

The aggregate expenditure, you see, was \$104,654. The aggregate poll was 168,019. A trifle over a dollar a vote. Should Wisconsin be proud or ashamed?

While Mr. Stephenson—by "bribery and

the House named a Stephenson quintet, who stood ready to attack the integrity of the Scriptures themselves, should it be found necessary to the Stephenson exculpation.

Even the effrontery of that brazen five, however, faltered and fell back in the black face of the facts. Even they lacked the hardihood to find Mr. Stephenson innocent. So they did the next best thing, and declared him no worse than the others. Also, they

corruption" the investigation committee declares—was hailed the "people's choice" for senator, it remained for the Legislature to reaffirm that election. Before such action could be taken, Senator J. J. Blaine moved that a joint committee be named to probe those malodorous charges of bribery and corruption, against Mr. Stephenson and his managers, wherewith the Madison air was burdened.

The Blaine resolution was agreed to, and a committee of five members of the House and three of the Senate were selected. But behold: The Senate in its majority was La Follette; that is, honest. The Assembly in its majority was Stephenson; that is, Stalwart. The Stephenson speaker in



being expenses, except the sum of three hundred dollars, which were personally incurred by me, and what known to me, and the items which compose them, including organization on primary day, and other incidental expenses, except the sum of three hundred and ten dollars disbursed by me personally from the fund.

Receipts.

Of the foregoing amount of \$11063.88 extended in my campaign, the sum of \$1059.15 was contributed by friends, a majority of whose names are unknown to me, mostly in amounts of less than ten dollars each. The balance of the expenses of my campaign I have borne personally.

State of Wisconsin, )  
County of Milwaukee, ) ss.

*Francis E. McGovern*

first duly sworn, on oath says that he was a candidate for the office of United States Senator at the primary election held in said State of Wisconsin on the first day of September A.D. 1908; that the foregoing is a statement setting forth in detail all sums of money contributed, disbursed, extended, or procured by him and to the best of his knowledge and belief by any other person or persons in his behalf, wholly or in part in endeavoring to secure his election, or expended in any way in connection with his candidacy for said office, and that same is as full and explicit as an affiant is able to make it.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of September A.D. 1908

*Francis E. McGovern*

*Norman L. Bates*

*Notary Public*

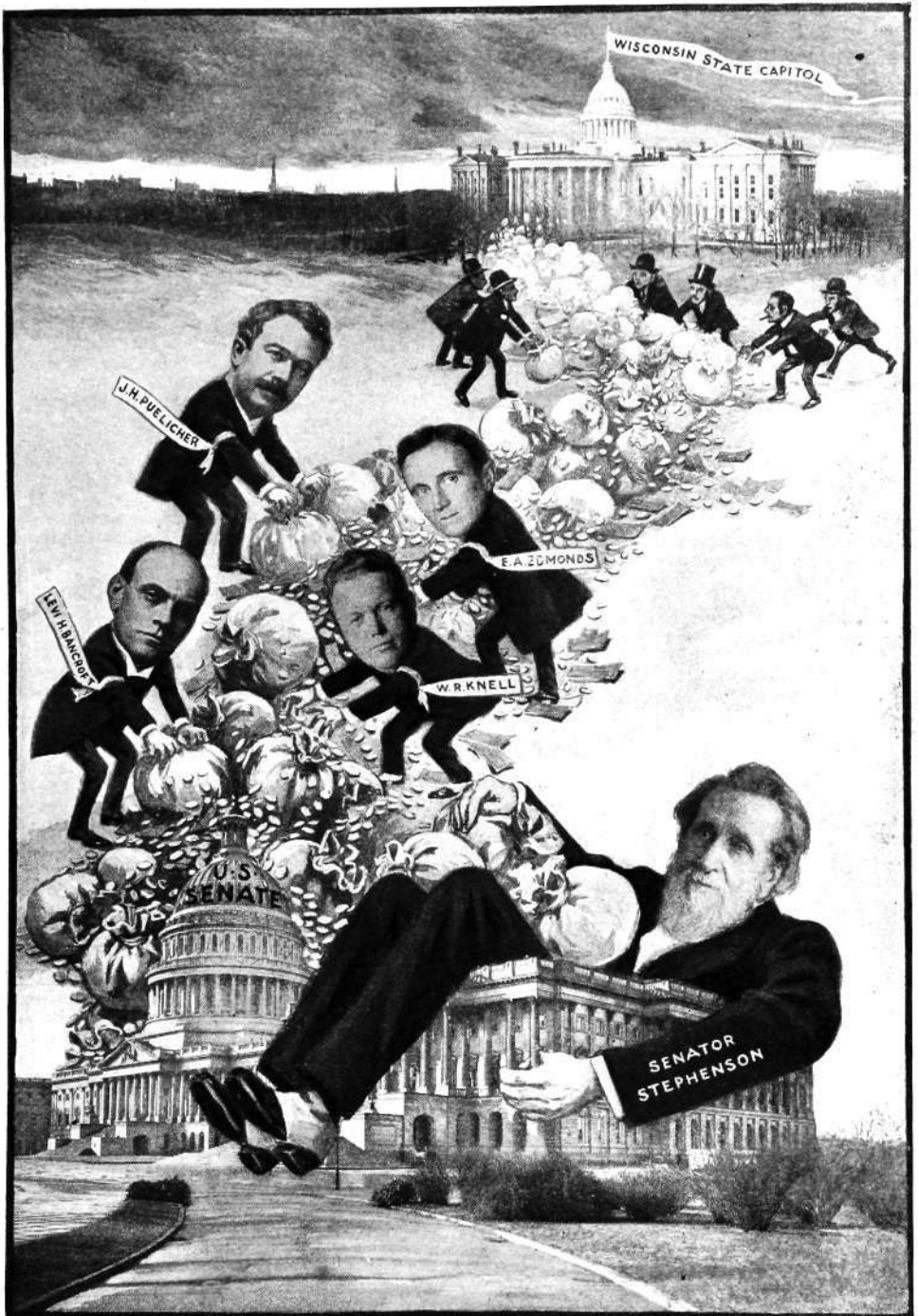
*Wisconsin*

Facsimile of affidavit of primary expenses incurred by Francis E. McGovern (portrait), who is now governor of Wisconsin. He spent the least of the four candidates and ran third

Statement of the expenses of Francis E. McGovern, a candidate for the office of United States Senator from Wisconsin, at the primary election, held on the first day of September A.D. 1908, made pursuant to Section 3443, Revised Statutes of 1907.

Paid to Oscar (House) Co., Publishing Printing Co., 2102.11	
Advertising Printing Co., 1820.00	
Perkins Printing Co., 195.00	
For other printing, 680.25	
For other for printing platforms, 740.39	
Paid for postage stamps, 1270.14	
Paid John Paul (House Speaker) for services and traveling expenses, 1629.53	
Paid to J. A. Thomsen, Henry Curtis Thomsen, L. A. Thomsen, in arranging public meetings in various parts of the state, and for hall rent, bands, refreshments, etc., 1074.86	
Paid in salaries to William L. Bogue, J. William Grubb, John J. Mackay, and others to carry on other work, all office employees, 865.75	
Paid to J. A. Thomsen, J. J. Pearson, and others, 505.54	
Travelling expenses of myself, J. J. Pearson, Joseph Pearson, Joseph Pearson, and others, 1063.15	
Paid Superior Telegram, P. S. Huber Printing Co., Chicago, La Crosse Leader Press, Milwaukee Journal, newspaper advertisements, 232.95	
Telephone, telegraph, and express charges, 1074.86	
Posting and distributing literature, 187.11	
Paid John Wolfe for Office Rent and Office Expenses, 565.75	
Expenses incurred in organizing Milwaukee County, including organization on primary day, 505.54	
Stamps and other incidental expenses, 1063.15	
<b>Total,</b> \$11063.88	

wound up their own special report by an assault upon Mr. La Follette. To do this—as said the Frenchman—was and is that thing worse than crime, a blunder. It brings Mr. La Follette legitimately into the war. It justifies in advance whatever bitter part he may determine to take in it. Speaking of governors, and what parts they play in mire-



"Having organized his campaign, Mr. Stephenson knocked in the head of his barrel—he confessed that it contained about \$112,000—and told Mr. Edmonds, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Puelicher, Mr. Knell and the others to get busy. They 'got busy,' as appeared by the evidence taken before the Senate Investigation Committee, in every corrupt fashion known to politics and politicians"

## What Are You Going to Do About It?

stained politics, consider certain excerpts from the testimony of Governor Davidson—a thick-and-thin Stephensonite. As introducing his excellency, however, hear first from Game Warden Stone. He is speaking of money paid to Governor Davidson:

Q. There were three different payments?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What were those payments?

A. Two \$500 payments and one \$200.

Q. To the governor?

A. Yes, sir. I walked in there, and found the governor there, and we had a little conversation about some other matters, and I laid the envelope on the table; and he says, "What's this?" I says, "Don't ask me any questions, and I won't tell you any lies."

Q. That is when you made the first payment?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What was the conversation when you made the second?

A. I just laid it on the table. I says, "Here's a package for you."

Q. And the third payment?

A. The third payment was the same thing.

Q. Did he follow instructions and never ask any questions?

A. Yes, sir. It never has been mentioned between him and I from that time to this.

When Governor Davidson appeared before the committee he explained after this manner:

Q. Governor, when Mr. Stone came to the office the first time and laid down an envelope, you say he walked out of the room?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And how long after he left before you examined the envelope?

A. Well, I couldn't say as to that, Senator. I think it was quite a while, however; I had a great many papers laying on my desk, and besides that I was very busy with a gentleman on some business matters. I wish I could remember who it was.

Q. What I mean is, did you examine the envelope?

A. Yes, I did. I am not positive. I think it was in the forenoon, and I am not positive whether I picked that up before I went to dinner or after I got back from dinner. I wouldn't swear to that. I was of the impression that it was after dinner. I didn't suspect that there was any money in the envelope.

Q. But after examining it, you discovered that there was money in the envelope?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And was the envelope sealed or open?

A. Well, I don't remember. I don't think it was. I think it was—maybe it was sealed. I wouldn't say positive as to that. It is something, you know, a man can't—I don't want to swear to something unless I know it.

Q. And how long did it lie in your desk before you discovered there was money in it?

A. Well, I couldn't say as to that.

Q. More than a day?

A. Oh, yes, yes, undoubtedly. I think it was a good deal longer than that—weeks, I think.

Q. You say you left that currency on your desk for weeks?

A. Oh, no, no; I didn't leave it on my desk, no.

Q. You deposited it?

A. Yes.

Q. How long afterward—the same day or—

A. No, I think it was after election before I deposited the money.

Q. Where was the money kept during the interval?

A. It was laying there in a tin box.

Q. In the desk?

A. No, it was laying out in the back part of the office. You know, there is a vault there, with a door, iron door, on it; you know where we keep our documents. It was in there. It wasn't a very safe place either. You know, it slipped my mind, and the reason that I didn't feel that I wanted to use the money was simply because I didn't know where the money came from.

Q. Well, you knew that it came from State Game Warden Stone?

A. Yes, sir, I knew that it came from him, yes.

Q. Now, I should like to ask you, Governor, whether Mr. Stone owed you any money at the time?

A. Not a dollar. Never owed me a cent.

Q. Well, what did you suppose then this money was for?

A. Well, I couldn't tell what it was for. I supposed it was a campaign contribution, but I didn't know where it came from.

Q. Did you suppose that Mr. Stone contributed this personally?

A. I didn't think so.

Q. And didn't you ever demand an explanation of him?

A. I sent for Mr. Stone several times—he was out of the city after this.

Q. Well, has he been out of the city continuously since August or September?

A. No, I suppose not.

Q. You could have found out, could you not, Governor, where the money came from?

A. I couldn't find out when he refused to tell me where it came from. And, furthermore, I want to say this: that the incident completely slipped my mind for a long time; in fact, I didn't think of it because I had a good many other matters to think of, Senator.

Q. Mr. Stone told you to ask him no questions and he would tell you no lies?

A. Yes—well, he didn't—I don't know he said that exactly that way, but the fact is he went right out of the office so quick and I had no chance to talk to him about it.

Guileless Governor Davidson! Such innocence deserves a place in Mother Goose! Was ever such another Little Red Riding Hood? What a miracle he lasted politically as long as he did, and no wolf came to gobble him up!

While the investigation was pending, the Madison Legislature took up the election of a senator. There were quorum-breaking and deadlocking, and the days dragged on. If a quorum were in the room, a majority of that quorum would elect. But always and ever Mr. Stephenson lacked that majority.

At last there came a tired day, when many



Four determined anti-Stephenson men who are leading the fight to unseat him—Charles A. Ingram (left), ex-speaker of the Assembly; Senator J. J. Blaine, who formally accused Stephenson of bribery; Senator S. M. Marsh, chairman of the investigating committee which charged Stephenson with bribery; and Senator La Follette, who will urge the Senate to unseat Stephenson

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Democrats and anti-Stephenson Republicans—of the sort that fall asleep at the switch—were absent. In all one hundred and twenty-six were present and voting—a quorum. If Mr. Stephenson could but poll a majority, sixty-four, he would win. But the most he could muster, and do his best, was sixty-three. So the vote stood.

Then the unexpected, not to say the suspicious, came to pass. Three Democrats arose—looking like sheep-killing dogs—and left the chamber. The whole vote following this desertion was one hundred and twenty-three. Mr. Stephenson, still polling his sixty-three, was declared elected.

Assemblyman Zimmerman, testifying before the investigation committee, told the tale of that election. Said he:

It was interesting. About half-past twelve or one o'clock, when I walked down here with Dick White, he chuckled in his sleeve because he said that he was responsible for the scheme, and the boys had patted him on the back for such a brilliant idea.

Q. When was that in reference to the balloting?

A. Just before we commenced balloting. I had counted noses, and figured that we were even up; but when I seen these fellows pick up and walk out—of course, that settled it.

Q. Now, what was the situation in the joint assembly that day, with reference to the effect of three men staying in or walking out? What was the situation?

A. Well, if they had stayed in and voted for Neal Brown, as they should have done, it would have been a tie vote for Stephenson.

Q. How so?

A. There were one hundred and twenty-six votes.

Q. One hundred and twenty-three, were there not, actually cast?

A. One hundred and twenty-three actually cast, yes. Yet there would have been one hundred and twenty-six men there, had these three remained; and Stephenson got but sixty-three votes.

Q. And these three men had been voting for men other than Stephenson during all the time they had been there?

A. Yes, sir; for Brown.

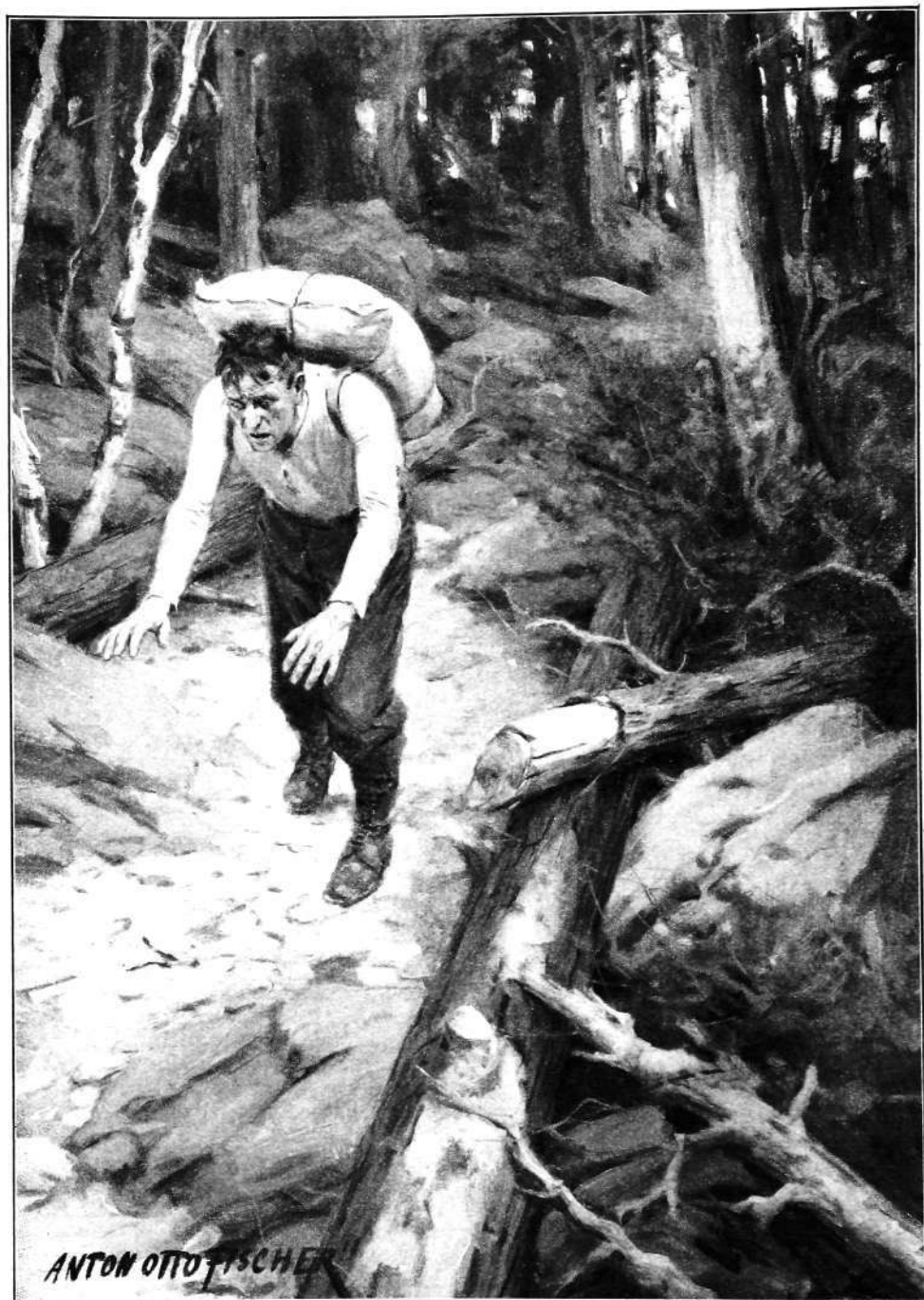
Q. They were Democrats?

A. Supposed to be Democrats.

Mr. Stephenson should lose his place in the Senate. There is little question as to the bribery and corruption by which he compassed his election. The present is not a Lorimer Senate. To be sure, its membership cannot be described as altogether virtuous. Considered for its honesty, it isn't wholly snow-white. And yet it will refuse to applaud corruption, and by endorsing those Stephenson briberies declare that seats in its own sacred body may be bought and sold for money.

Mr. Stephenson will go.

And in that going, criminal money will lose a senator, the people will gain one. The Senate will be relieved thereby of a futility, Wisconsin washed of its disgrace, Mr. La Follette granted a new colleague. Wisconsin Stalwartism will be given its death-stab, and no more preach—and practise—its pet tenet of politics, *videlicet*, that rapine is the synonym of righteousness and only thieves are pure.



He and the sack of beans became a perambulating tragedy. It reminded him of the old man of the sea who sat on Sindbad's neck

(*"Smoke Bellew"*)

# Smoke Bellew

This is the first of a series of six Western, red-blooded stories in which Jack London "prints the thunder." The character of "Smoke Bellew," at first a tenderfoot and then a "sour-dough"—and a match for the best of them—appears in all the stories. We know you will agree with us in considering this series the best work Mr. London has done in many a long day

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

Tale One: The Taste of the Meat

IN the beginning he was Christopher Bellew. By the time he was at college he had become Chris Bellew. Later, in the Bohemian crowd of San Francisco, he was called Kit Bellew. And in the end he was known by no other name than Smoke Bellew. And this history of the evolution of his name is the history of his evolution. Nor would it have happened had he not had a fond mother and an iron uncle, and had he not received a letter from Gillet Bellamy.

"I have just seen a copy of *The Billow*," Gillet wrote from Paris. "Of course O'Hara will succeed with it. But he's missing some tricks." Here followed details in the improvement of the budding society weekly. "Go down and see him. Let him think they're your own suggestions. Don't let him know they're from me. If you do, he'll make me Paris correspondent, which I can't afford, because I'm getting real money for my stuff from the big magazines. Above all, don't forget to make him fire that dub who's doing the musical and art criticism. Another thing. San Francisco has always had a literature of her own. But she hasn't any now. Tell him to kick around and get some gink to turn out a live serial, and to put into it the real romance and glamour and color of San Francisco."

And down to the office of *The Billow* went Kit Bellew faithfully to instruct. O'Hara listened. O'Hara debated. O'Hara agreed. O'Hara fired the dub who wrote criticisms. Further, O'Hara had a way with him, the very way that was feared by Gillet in distant Paris. When O'Hara wanted anything, no friend could deny him. He was sweetly and compellingly irresistible. Before Kit Bellew could escape from the office,

he had become an associate editor, had agreed to write weekly columns of criticism till some decent pen was found, and had pledged himself to write a weekly instalment of ten thousand words on the San Francisco serial—and all this without pay. *The Billow* wasn't paying yet, O'Hara explained; and just as convincingly had he expositied that there was only one man in San Francisco capable of writing the serial and that man Kit Bellew.

"Oh, Lord, I'm the gink!" Kit had groaned to himself afterward on the narrow stairway.

And thereat had begun his servitude to O'Hara and the insatiable columns of *The Billow*. Week after week he held down an office chair, stood off creditors, wrangled with printers, and turned out twenty-five thousand words of all sorts. Nor did his labors lighten. *The Billow* was ambitious. It went in for illustration. The processes were expensive. It never had any money to pay Kit Bellew, and by the same token it was unable to pay for any additions to the office staff. Luckily for Kit, he had his own income. Small it was, compared with some, yet it was large enough to enable him to belong to several clubs and maintain a studio in the Latin quarter. In point of fact, since his associate-editorship, his expenses had decreased prodigiously. He had no time to spend money. He never saw the studio any more, nor entertained the local Bohemians with his famous chafing-dish suppers. Yet he was always broke, for *The Billow*, in perennial distress, absorbed his cash as well as his brains. There were the illustrators, who periodically refused to illustrate; the printers, who periodically refused to print; and the

office-boy, who frequently refused to officiate. At such times O'Hara looked at Kit, and Kit did the rest.

When the steamship *Excelsior* arrived from Alaska, bringing the news of the Klondike strike that set the country mad, Kit made a purely frivolous proposition.

"Look here, O'Hara," he said. "This gold rush is going to be big—the days of '49 over again. Suppose I cover it for *The Billow*? I'll pay my own expenses."

O'Hara shook his head. "Can't spare you from the office, Kit. Then there's that serial. Besides, I saw Jackson not an hour ago. He's starting for the Klondike tomorrow, and he's agreed to send a weekly letter and photos. I wouldn't let him get away till he promised. And the beauty of it is that it doesn't cost us anything."

The next Kit heard of the Klondike was when he dropped into the club that afternoon and in an alcove off the library encountered his uncle.

"Hello, avuncular relative," Kit greeted, sliding into a leather chair and spreading out his legs. "Won't you join me?"

He ordered a cocktail, but the uncle contented himself with the thin native claret he invariably drank. He glanced with irritated disapproval at the cocktail and on to his nephew's face. Kit saw a lecture gathering.

"I've only a minute," he announced hastily. "I've got to run and take in that Keith exhibition at Ellery's and do half a column on it."

"What's the matter with you?" the other demanded. "You're pale. You're a wreck."

Kit's only answer was a groan.

"I'll have the pleasure of burying you, I can see that."

Kit shook his head sadly. "No destroying worm, thank you. Cremation for mine."

John Bellew came of the old hard and hardy stock that had crossed the plains by ox-team in the fifties, and in him was this same hardness and the hardness of a childhood spent in the conquering of a new land. "You're not living right, Christopher. I'm ashamed of you."

"Primrose path, eh?" Kit chuckled.

The older man shrugged his shoulders.

"Shake not your gory locks at me, avuncular. I wish it were the primrose path. But that's all cut out. I have no time."

"Then what in—?"

"Overwork."

John Bellew laughed harshly and incredulously.

"Honest."

Again came the laughter.

"Men are the products of their environment," Kit proclaimed, pointing at the other's glass. "Your mirth is thin and bitter as your drink."

"Overwork!" was the sneer. "You never earned a cent in your life."

"You bet I have, only I never got it. I'm earning five hundred a week right now, and doing four men's work."

"Pictures that won't sell? Or—er—fancy work of some sort? Can you swim?"

"I used to."

"Sit a horse?"

"I have essayed that adventure."

John Bellew snorted his disgust. "I'm glad your father didn't live to see you in all the glory of your gracelessness," he said. "Your father was a man, every inch of him. Do you get it? A Man. I think he'd have whaled all this musical and artistic tomfoolery out of you."

"Alas! these degenerate days," Kit sighed.

"I could understand it, and tolerate it," the other went on savagely, "if you succeeded at it. You've never earned a cent in your life, nor done a tap of man's work. What earthly good are you, anyway? You were well put up, yet even at university you didn't play football. You didn't row. You didn't—"

"I boxed and fenced—some."

"When did you box last?"

"Not since, but I was considered an excellent judge of time and distance, only I was—er—"

"Go on."

"Considered desultory."

"Lazy, you mean."

"I always imagined it was an euphemism."

"My father, sir, your grandfather, old Isaac Bellew, killed a man with a blow of his fist when he was sixty-nine years old."

"The man?"

"No, you graceless scamp! But you'll never kill a mosquito at sixty-nine."

"The times have changed, O my avuncular. They send men to prison for homicide now."

"Your father rode one hundred and eighty-five miles, without sleeping, and killed three horses."





The Dyea beach, congested with the thousand-pound outfits of thousands of men

"Had he lived to-day he'd have snored

over the same course in a Pullman."

The older man was on the verge of choking with wrath, but swallowed it down and managed to articulate, "How old are you?"

"I have reason to believe—"

"I know. Twenty-seven. You finished college at twenty-two. You've dabbled and played and frilled for five years. Before God and man, of what use are you? When I was your age I had one suit of underclothes. I was riding with the cattle in Coluso. I was hard as rocks, and I could sleep on a rock. I lived on jerked beef and bear-meat. I am a better man physically right now than you are. You weigh about one hundred and sixty-five. I can throw you right now, or thrash you with my fists."

"It doesn't take a physical prodigy to mop up cocktails or pink tea," Kit murmured deprecatingly. "Don't you see, my avuncular, the times have changed. Besides, I wasn't brought up right. My dear fool of a mother—"

John Bellew started angrily.

"—as you once described her, was too good to me, kept me in cotton wool and all the rest. Now, if when I was a youngster I had taken some of those intensely masculine vacations you go in for— I wonder why you didn't invite me sometimes? You took Hal and Robbie all over the Sierras and on that Mexico trip."

"I guess you were too Lord-Fauntleroyish."

"Your fault, avuncular, and my dear—er—mother's. How was I to know the hard? I was only a chee-ild. What was there left but etchings and pictures and fans? Was it my fault that I never had to sweat?"

The older man looked at his nephew with unconcealed disgust. He had no patience with levity from the lips of softness. "Well, I'm going to take another one of those what you call masculine vacations. Suppose I asked you to come along?"

"Rather belated, I must say. Where is it?"

"Hal and Robert are going in to Klondike, and I'm going to see them across the pass and down to the lakes, then return—"

He got no further, for the young man had sprung forward and gripped his hand. "My preserver!"

John Bellew was immediately suspicious. He had not dreamed the invitation would be accepted. "You don't mean it?" he said.

"When do we start?"

"It will be a hard trip. You'll be in the way."

"No, I won't. I'll work. I've learned to work since I went on *The Billow*."

"Each man has to take a year's supplies in with him. There'll be such a jam the Indian packers won't be able to handle it. Hal and Robert will have to pack their outfits across themselves. That's what I'm

going along for—to help them pack. If you come you'll have to do the same."

"Watch me."

"You can't pack," was the objection.

"When do we start?"

"To-morrow."

"You needn't take it to yourself that your lecture on the hard has done it," Kit said, at parting. "I just had to get away, somewhere, anywhere, from O'Hara."

"Who is O'Hara? A Jap?"

"No; he's an Irishman, and a slave-driver, and my best friend. He's the editor and proprietor and all-around big squeeze of *The Billow*. What he says goes. He can make ghosts walk."

That night Kit Bellew wrote a note to O'Hara. "It's only a several weeks' vacation," he explained. "You'll have to get some gink to dope out instalments for that serial. Sorry, old man, but my health demands it. I'll kick in twice as hard when I get back."

## II

KIT BELLEW landed through the madness of the Dyea beach, congested with the thousand-pound outfits of thousands of men. This immense mass of luggage and food, flung ashore in mountains by the steamers, was beginning slowly to dribble up the Dyea Valley and across Chilkoot. It was a portage of twenty-eight miles, and could be accomplished only on the backs of men. Despite the fact that the Indian packers had jumped the freight from eight cents a pound to forty, they were swamped with the work, and it was plain that winter would catch the major portion of the outfits on the wrong side of the divide.

Tenderest of the tenderfeet was Kit. Like many hundreds of others, he carried a big revolver swung on a cartridge-belt. Of this his uncle, filled with memories of old lawless days, was likewise guilty. But Kit Bellew was romantic. He was fascinated by the froth and sparkle of the gold rush, and viewed its life and movement with an artist's eye. He did not take it seriously. As he said on the steamer, it was not his funeral. He was merely on a vacation, and intended to peep over the top of the pass for a "look see" and then return.

Leaving his party on the sand to wait for the putting ashore of the freight, he strolled up the beach toward the old trading-post.

He did not swagger, though he noticed that many of the be-revolvered individuals did. A strapping, six-foot Indian passed him, carrying an unusually large pack. Kit swung in behind, admiring the splendid calves of the man, and the grace and ease with which he moved along under his burden. The Indian dropped his pack on the scales in front of the post, and Kit joined the group of admiring gold-rushers who surrounded him. The pack weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, which fact was uttered back and forth in tones of awe. It was going some, Kit decided, and he wondered if he could lift such a weight, much less walk off with it.

"Going to Lake Linderman with it, old man?" he asked.

The Indian, swelling with pride, grunted an affirmative.

"How much you make that one pack?"

"Fifty dollars."

Here Kit slid out of the conversation. A young woman, standing in the doorway, had caught his eye. Unlike other women landing from the steamers, she was neither short-skirted nor bloomer-clad. She was dressed as any woman traveling anywhere would be dressed. What struck him was the justness of her being there, a feeling that somehow she belonged. Moreover, she was young and pretty. The bright beauty and color of her oval face held him, and he looked overlong—looked till she resented, and her own eyes, long lashed and dark, met his in cool survey. From his face, they traveled in evident amusement down to the big revolver at his thigh. Then her eyes came back to his, and in them was amused contempt. It struck him like a blow. She turned to the man beside her and indicated Kit. The man glanced him over with the same amused contempt.

"Chekako," the girl said.

The man, who looked like a tramp in his cheap overalls and dilapidated woolen jacket, grinned dryly, and Kit felt withered, though he knew not why. But anyway she was an unusually pretty girl, he decided, as the two moved off. He noted the way of her walk, and recorded the judgment that he would recognize it after the lapse of a thousand years.

"Did you see that man with the girl?" Kit's neighbor asked him excitedly. "Know who he is?"

Kit shook his head.

"Cariboo Charley. He was just pointed out to me. He struck it big on Klondike. Old-timer. Been on the Yukon a dozen years. He's just come out."

"What does 'chekako' mean?" Kit asked.

"You're one; I'm one," was the answer.

"Maybe I am, but you've got to search me. What does it mean?"

"Tenderfoot."

On his way back to the beach, Kit turned the phrase over and over. It rrankled to be called tenderfoot by a slender chit of a woman. Going into a corner among the heaps of freight, his mind still filled with the vision of the Indian with the redoubtable pack, Kit essayed to learn his own strength. He picked out a sack of flour which he knew weighed an even hundred pounds. He stepped astride it, reached down, and strove to get it on his shoulder. His first conclusion was that one hundred pounds were real heavy. His next was that his back was weak. His third was an oath, and it occurred at the end of five futile minutes, when he collapsed on top of the burden with which he was wrestling. He mopped his forehead, and across a heap of grub-sacks saw John Bellew gazing at him, wintry amusement in his eyes.

"God!" proclaimed that apostle of the hard. "Out of our loins has come a race of weaklings. When I was sixteen I toyed with things like that."

"You forget, avuncular," Kit retorted, "that I wasn't raised on bear-meat."

"And I'll toy with it when I'm sixty."

"You've got to show me."

John Bellew did. He was forty-eight, but he bent over the sack, applied a tenta-

tive, shifting grip that balanced it, and with a quick heave stood erect, the sack of flour on his shoulder.

"Knack, my boy, knack—and a spine."

Kit took off his hat reverently. "You're a wonder, avuncular, a shining wonder. D'ye think I can learn the knack?"

John Bellew shrugged his shoulders. "You'll be hitting the back trail before we get started."

"Never you fear," Kit groaned. "There's O'Hara, the roaring lion, down there. I'm not going back till I have to."

### III

Kit's first pack was a success. Up to Finnegan's Crossing they had managed to get Indians to carry the twenty-five-hundred-pound outfit. From that point their own backs must do the work. They planned to move forward at the rate of a mile a day. It looked easy—on paper. Since John Bellew was to stay in camp and do the cooking, he would be unable to make more than an occasional pack; so to each of the three young men fell the task of carrying eight hundred pounds one mile each day. If they made fifty-pound packs, it meant a daily walk of sixteen miles loaded and of fifteen miles

light—"Because we don't back-trip the last time," Kit explained the pleasant discovery. Eighty-pound packs meant nineteen miles travel each day; and hundred-pound packs meant only fifteen miles.

"I don't like walking," said Kit. "Therefore I shall carry one hundred pounds." He caught the grin of incredulity on his



A young woman, standing in the doorway, had caught his eye

uncle's face, and added hastily: "Of course I shall work up to it. A fellow's got to learn the ropes and tricks. I'll start with fifty."

He did, and ambled gaily along the trail. He dropped the sack at the next camp-site and ambled back. It was easier than he had thought. But two miles had rubbed off the velvet of his strength and exposed the underlying softness. His second pack was sixty-five pounds. It was more difficult, and he no longer ambled. Several times, following the custom of all packers, he sat down on the ground, resting the pack behind him on a rock or stump. With the third pack he became bold. He fastened the straps to a ninety-five-pound sack of beans and started. At the end of a hundred yards he felt that he must collapse. He sat down and mopped his face.

"Short hauls and short rests," he muttered. "That's the trick."

Sometimes he did not make a hundred yards, and each time he struggled to his feet for another short haul the pack became undeniably heavier. He panted for breath, and the sweat streamed from him. Before he had covered a quarter of a mile he stripped off his woolen shirt and hung it on a tree. A little later he discarded his hat. At the end of half a mile he decided he was finished. He had never exerted himself so in his life, and he knew that he was finished. As he sat and panted, his gaze fell upon the big revolver and the heavy cartridge-belt.

"Ten pounds of junk!" he sneered, as he unbuckled it.

He did not bother to hang it on a tree, but flung it into the underbrush. And as the steady tide of packers flowed by him, up trail and down, he noted that the other tenderfeet were beginning to shed their shooting-irons.

His short hauls decreased. At times a hundred feet was all he could stagger, and then the ominous pounding of his heart against his eardrums and the sickening totteriness of his knees compelled him to rest. And his rests grew longer. But his mind was busy. It was a twenty-eight-mile portage, which represented as many days, and this by all accounts was the easiest part of it. "Wait till you get to Chilkoot," others told him as they rested and talked, "where you climb with hands and feet."

"They ain't going to be no Chilkoot," was his answer. "Not for me. Long before

that I'll be at peace in my little couch beneath the moss."

A slip and a violent, wrenching effort at recovery frightened him. He felt that everything inside him had been torn asunder.

"If ever I fall down with this on my back, I'm a goner," he told another packer.

"That's nothing," came the answer. "Wait till you hit the Canyon. You'll have to cross a raging torrent on a sixty-foot pine-tree. No guide-ropes, nothing, and the water boiling at the sag of the log to your knees. If you fall with a pack on your back, there's no getting out of the straps. You just stay there and drown."

"Sounds good to me," he retorted; and out of the depths of his exhaustion he almost meant it.

"They drown three or four a day there," the man assured him. "I helped fish a German out of there. He had four thousand in greenbacks on him."

"Cheerful, I must say," said Kit, battling his way to his feet and tottering on.

He and the sack of beans became a perambulating tragedy. It reminded him of the old man of the sea who sat on Sindbad's neck. And this was one of those intensely masculine vacations, he meditated. Compared with it, the servitude to O'Hara was sweet. Again and again he was nearly seduced by the thought of abandoning the sack of beans in the brush and of sneaking around the camp to the beach and catching a steamer for civilization.

But he didn't. Somewhere in him was the strain of the hard, and he repeated over and over to himself that what other men could do he could. It became a nightmare chant, and he gibbered it to those that passed him on the trail. At other times, resting, he watched and envied the stolid, mule-footed Indians that plodded by under heavier packs. They never seemed to rest, but went on and on with a steadiness and certitude that was to him appalling.

He sat and cursed—he had no breath for it when under way—and fought the temptation to sneak back to San Francisco. Before the mile pack was ended he ceased cursing and took to crying. The tears were tears of exhaustion and of disgust with self. If ever a man was a wreck, he was. As the end of the pack came in sight, he strained himself in desperation, gained the camp-site, and pitched forward on his face, the beans on his back. It did not kill him, but

he lay for fifteen minutes before he could summon sufficient shreds of strength to release himself from the straps. Then he became deathly sick, and was so found by Robbie, who had similar troubles of his own. It was this sickness of Robbie that braced Kit up.

"What other men can do we can do," he told Robbie, though down in his heart he wondered whether or not he was bluffing.

#### IV

"AND I am twenty-seven years old and a man," he privately assured himself many times in the days that followed. There was need for it. At the end of a week, though he had succeeded in moving his eight hundred pounds forward a mile a day, he had lost fifteen pounds of his own weight. His face was lean and haggard. All resilience had gone out of his body and mind. He no longer walked, but plodded. And on the back-trips, traveling light, his feet dragged almost as much as when he was loaded.

He had become a work animal. He fell asleep over his food, and his sleep was heavy and beastly, save when he was aroused, screaming with agony, by the cramps in his legs. Every part of him ached. He tramped on raw blisters; yet even this was easier than the fearful bruising his feet received on the water-rounded rocks of the Dyea Flats, across which the trail led for two miles. These two miles represented thirty-eight miles of traveling. His shoulders and chest, galled by the pack-straps, made him think, and for the first time with understanding, of the horses he had seen on city streets.

When they had moved the outfit across the foot-logs at the mouth of the canyon, they made a change in their plans. Word had come across the pass that at Lake Linderman the last available trees for building boats were being cut. The two cousins, with tools, whipsaw, blankets, and grub on their backs, went on, leaving Kit and his uncle to hustle along the outfit. John Bellew now shared the cooking with Kit, and both packed shoulder to shoulder. Time was flying, and on the peaks the first snow was falling. To be caught on the wrong side of the pass meant a delay of nearly a year. The older man put his iron back under a hundred pounds. Kit was shocked, but he gritted his teeth and fast-

ened his own straps to a hundred pounds. It hurt, but he had learned the knack, and his body, purged of all softness and fat, was beginning to harden up with lean and bitter muscle. Also, he observed and devised. He took note of the head-straps worn by the Indians and manufactured one for himself which he used in addition to the shoulder-straps. It made things easier, so that he began the practice of piling any light, cumbersome piece of luggage on top. Thus he was soon able to bend along with a hundred pounds in the straps, fifteen or twenty more lying loosely on top the pack and against his neck, an ax or a pair of oars in one hand, and in the other the nested cooking-pails of the camp.

But work as they would, the toil increased. The trail grew more rugged; their packs grew heavier; and each day saw the snow-line dropping down the mountains, while freight jumped to sixty cents. No word came from the cousins beyond, so they knew they must be at work chopping down the standing trees and whipsawing them into boat-planks. John Bellew grew anxious. Capturing a bunch of Indians back-tripping from Lake Linderman, he persuaded them to put their straps on the outfit. They charged thirty cents a pound to carry it to the summit of Chilkoot, and it nearly broke him. As it was, some four hundred pounds of clothes-bags and camp outfit was not handled. He remained behind to move it along, despatching Kit with the Indians. At the summit Kit was to remain, slowly moving his ton until overtaken by the four hundred pounds with which his uncle guaranteed to catch him.

#### V

KIT plodded along the trail with his Indian packers. In recognition of the fact that it was to be a long pack, straight to the top of Chilkoot, his own load was only eighty pounds. The Indians plodded under their loads, but it was a quicker gait than he had practised. Yet he felt no apprehension, and by now had come to deem himself almost the equal of an Indian.

At the end of a quarter of a mile he desired to rest. But the Indians kept on. He stayed with them, and kept his place in the line. At the half-mile he was convinced that he was incapable of another step, yet he gritted his teeth, kept his place, and at

the end of the mile was amazed that he was still alive. Then, in some strange way, came the thing called second wind, and the next mile was almost easier than the first. The third mile nearly killed him, but, though half delirious with pain and fatigue, he never whimpered. And then, when he felt he must surely faint, came the rest. Instead of sitting in the straps, as was the custom of the white packers, the Indians slipped out of the shoulder- and head-straps and lay at ease, talking and smoking. A full half-hour passed before they made another start. To Kit's surprise, he found himself a fresh man, and "long hauls and long rests" became his newest motto.

The pitch of Chilkoot was all he had heard of it, and many were the occasions when he climbed with hands as well as feet. But when he reached the crest of the divide in the thick of a driving snow-squall, it was in the company of his Indians, and his secret pride was that he had come through with them and never squealed and never lagged. To be almost as good as an Indian was a new ambition to cherish.

When he had paid off the Indians and seen them depart, a stormy darkness was falling, and he was left alone, a thousand feet above timber-line, on the backbone of a mountain. Wet to the waist, famished and exhausted, he would have given a year's income for a fire and a cup of coffee. Instead, he ate half a dozen cold flapjacks and crawled into the folds of the partly unrolled tent. As he dozed off he had time for only one fleeting thought, and he grinned with vicious pleasure at the picture of John Bellew in the days to follow, masculinely back-tripping his four hundred pounds up Chilkoot. As for himself, even though burdened with two thousand pounds, he was bound down the hill.

In the morning, stiff from his labors and numb with the frost, he rolled out of the canvas, ate a couple of pounds of uncooked bacon, buckled the straps on a hundred pounds, and went down the rocky way. Several hundred yards beneath, the trail led across a small glacier and down to Crater Lake. Other men packed across the glacier. All that day he dropped his packs at the glacier's upper edge, and by virtue of the shortness of the pack, he put his straps on one hundred and fifty pounds each load. His astonishment at being able to do it never abated. For two dollars he

bought from an Indian three leathery sea-biscuits, and out of these, and a huge quantity of raw bacon, made several meals. Unwashed, unwarmed, his clothing wet with sweat, he slept another night in the canvas.

In the early morning he spread a tarpaulin on the ice, loaded it with three-quarters of a ton, and started to pull. Where the pitch of the glacier accelerated, his load likewise accelerated, overran him, scooped him in on top, and ran away with him.

A hundred packers, bending under their loads, stopped to watch him. He yelled frantic warnings, and those in his path stumbled and staggered clear. Below, on the lower edge of the glacier, was pitched a small tent, which seemed leaping toward him, so rapidly did it grow larger. He left the beaten track where the packers' trail swerved to the left, and struck a patch of fresh snow. This arose about him in frosty smoke, while it reduced his speed. He saw the tent the instant he struck it, carrying away the corner guys, bursting in the front flaps, and fetching up inside, still on top of the tarpaulin and in the midst of his grub-sacks. The tent rocked drunkenly, and in the frosty vapor he found himself face to face with a startled young woman who was sitting up in her blankets—the very one who had called him a tenderfoot at Dyea.

"Did you see my smoke?" he queried cheerfully.

She regarded him with disapproval.

"Talk about your magic carpets!" he went on.

Her coolness was a challenge. "It was a mercy you did not overturn the stove," she said.

He followed her glance and saw a sheet-iron stove and a coffee-pot, attended by a young squaw. He sniffed the coffee and looked back to the girl.

"I'm a chekako," he said.

Her bored expression told him that he was stating the obvious. But he was unabashed.

"I've shed my shooting-irons," he added.

Then she recognized him, and her eyes lighted. "I never thought you'd get this far," she informed him.

Again, and greedily, he sniffed the air. "As I live, coffee!" He turned and directly addressed her: "I'll give you my little finger—cut it off right now; I'll do anything; I'll be your slave for a year and a



The pitch of Chilkoot was all he had heard of it, and many were the occasions when he climbed with hands as well as feet.

day or any other old time, if you'll give me a cup out of that pot."

And over the coffee he gave his name and learned hers—Joy Gastell. Also, he learned that she was an old-timer in the country. She had been born in a trading-post on the Great Slave, and as a child had crossed the Rockies with her father and come down to the Yukon. She was going in, she said, with her father, who had been delayed by business in Seattle and who had then been wrecked on the ill-fated *Chanter* and carried back to Puget Sound by the rescuing steamer.

In view of the fact that she was still in her blankets, he did not make it a long conversation, and, heroically declining a second cup of coffee, he removed himself and his quarter of a ton of baggage from her tent.

Further, he took several conclusions away with him: she had a fetching name and fetching eyes; could not be more than twenty, or twenty-one or two; her father must be French; she had a will of her own; temperament to burn; and she had been educated elsewhere than on the frontier.

## VI

OVER the ice-scoured rocks and above the timber-line, the trail ran around Crater Lake and gained the rocky defile that led toward Happy Camp and the first scrub-pines. To pack his heavy outfit around would take days of heart-breaking toil. On the lake was a canvas boat employed in freighting. Two trips with it, in two hours, would see him and his ton across. But he

was broke, and the ferryman charged forty dollars a ton.

"You've got a gold-mine, my friend, in that dinky boat," Kit said to the ferryman. "Do you want another gold-mine?"

"Show me," was the answer.

"I'll sell it to you for the price of ferrying my outfit. It's an idea, not patented, and you can jump the deal as soon as I tell you it. Are you game?"

The ferryman said he was, and Kit liked his looks.

"Very well. You see that glacier. Take a pick-ax and wade into it. In a day you can have a decent groove from top to bottom. See the point? The Chilkoot and Crater Lake Consolidated Chute Corporation, Limited. You can charge fifty cents a hundred, get a hundred tons a day, and have no work to do but collect the coin."

Two hours later, Kit's ton was across the lake, and he had gained three days on himself. And when John Bellew overtook him, he was well along toward Deep Lake, another volcanic pit filled with glacial water.

## VII

THE last pack, from Long Lake to Linderman, was three miles, and the trail, if trail it could be called, rose up over a thousand-foot hogback, dropped down a scramble of slippery rocks, and crossed a wide stretch of swamp. John Bellew remonstrated when he saw Kit rise with a hundred pounds in the straps and pick up a fifty-pound sack of flour and place it on top of the pack against the back of his neck.

"Come on, you chunk of the hard," Kit retorted. "Kick in on your bear-meat fodder and your one suit of underclothes."

But John Bellew shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm getting old, Christopher."

"You're only forty-eight. Do you realize that my grandfather, sir, your father, old Isaac Bellew, killed a man with his fist when he was sixty-nine years old?"

John Bellew grinned and swallowed his medicine.

"Avuncular, I want to tell you something important. I was raised a Lord Fauntleroy, but I can outpack you, outwalk you, put you on your back, or lick you with my fists right now."

John Bellew thrust out his hand and spoke solemnly. "Christopher, my boy, I believe you can do it. I believe you can

do it with that pack on your back at the same time. You've made good, boy, though it's too unthinkable to believe."

Kit made the round trip of the last pack four times a day, which is to say that he daily covered twenty-four miles of mountain climbing, twelve miles of it under one hundred and fifty pounds. He was proud, hard, and tired, but in splendid physical condition. He ate and slept as he had never eaten and slept in his life, and as the end of the work came in sight, he was almost half sorry.

One problem bothered him. He had learned that he could fall with a hundred-weight on his back and survive; but he was confident that if he fell with that additional fifty pounds across the back of his neck, it would break it clean. Each trail through the swamp was quickly churned bottomless by the thousands of packers, who were compelled continually to make new trails. It was while pioneering such a new trail that he solved the problem of the extra fifty.

The soft, lush surface gave way under him, he floundered, and pitched forward on his face. The fifty pounds crushed his face into the mud and went clear without snapping his neck. With the remaining hundred pounds on his back, he arose on hands and knees. But he got no farther. One arm sank to the shoulder, pillowing his cheek in the slush. As he drew this arm clear, the other sank to the shoulder. In this position it was impossible to slip the straps, and the hundredweight on his back would not let him rise. On hands and knees, sinking first one arm and then the other, he made an effort to crawl to where the small sack of flour had fallen. But he exhausted himself without advancing, and so churned and broke the grass surface that a tiny pool of water began to form in perilous proximity to his mouth and nose.

He tried to throw himself on his back with the pack underneath, but this resulted in sinking both arms to the shoulders and gave him a foretaste of drowning. With exquisite patience, he slowly withdrew one sucking arm and then the other and rested them flat on the surface for the support of his chin. Then he began to call for help. After a time he heard the sound of feet sucking through the mud as some one advanced from behind.

"Lend a hand, friend," he said. "Throw out a life-line or something."





PHOTO BY JAMES OTTO FISHER.

The tent rocked drunkenly, and in the frosty vapor he found himself face to face with a startled young woman who was sitting up in her blankets—the very one who had called him a tenderfoot at Dyea.

It was a woman's voice that answered, and he recognized it.

"If you'll unbuckle the straps I can get up."

The hundred pounds rolled into the mud with a soggy noise, and he slowly gained his feet.

"A pretty predicament," Miss Gastell laughed, at sight of his mud-covered face.

"Not at all," he replied airily. "My favorite physical-exercise stunt. Try it some time. It's great for the pectoral muscles and the spine." He wiped his face, flinging the slush from his hand with a snappy jerk.

"Oh!" she cried in recognition. "It's Mr.—ah—Mr. Smoke Bellew."

"I thank you gravely for your timely rescue and for that name," he answered. "I have been doubly baptized. Henceforth I shall insist always on being called Smoke Bellew. It is a strong name, and not without significance."

He paused, and then voice and expression became suddenly fierce.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he demanded. "I'm going back to the States. I am going to get married. I am going to raise a large family of children. And then, as the evening shadows fall, I shall gather those children about me and relate the sufferings and hardships I endured on the Chilkoot Trail. And if they don't cry—I repeat, if they don't cry, I'll lambaste the stuffing out of them."

### VIII

THE arctic winter came down apace. Snow that had come to stay lay six inches on the ground, and the ice was forming in quiet ponds, despite the fierce gales that blew. It was in the late afternoon, during a lull in such a gale, that Kit and John Bellew helped the cousins load the boat and watched it disappear down the lake in a snow-squall.

"And now a night's sleep and an early start in the morning," said John Bellew. "If we aren't stormbound at the summit we'll make Dyea to-morrow night, and if we have luck in catching a steamer we'll be in San Francisco in a week."

"Enjoyed your vacation?" Kit asked absently.

Their camp for that last night at Linderman was a melancholy remnant. Every-

thing of use, including the tent, had been taken by the cousins. A tattered tarpaulin, stretched as a wind-break, partially sheltered them from the driving snow. Supper they cooked on an open fire in a couple of battered and discarded camp utensils. All that was left them were their blankets and food for several meals.

Only once during supper did Kit speak. "Avuncular," he said, "after this I wish you'd call me Smoke. I've made some smoke on this trail, haven't I?"

A few minutes later he wandered away in the direction of the village of tents that sheltered the gold-rushers who were still packing or building their boats. He was gone several hours, and when he returned and slipped into his blankets John Bellew was asleep.

In the darkness of a gale-driven morning, Kit crawled out, built a fire in his stocking feet, by which he thawed out his frozen shoes, then boiled coffee and fried bacon. It was a chilly, miserable meal. As soon as it was finished, they strapped their blankets. As John Bellew turned to lead the way toward the Chilkoot Trail, Kit held out his hand.

"Good-by, avuncular," he said.

John Bellew looked at him and swore in his surprise.

"Don't forget, my name's Smoke," Kit chided.

"But what are you going to do?"

Kit waved his hand in a general direction northward over the storm-lashed lake. "What's the good of turning back after getting this far?" he asked. "Besides, I've got my taste of meat, and I like it. I'm going on."

"You're broke," protested John Bellew. "You have no outfit."

"I've got a job. Behold your nephew, Christopher Smoke Bellew! He's got a job. He's a gentleman's man. He's got a job at a hundred and fifty per month and grub. He's going down to Dawson with a couple of dudes and another gentleman's man—camp-cook, boatman, and general all-round hustler. And O'Hara and *The Billow* can go to the devil. Good-by."

But John Bellew was dazed, and could only mutter, "I don't understand."

"They say the bald-face grizzlies are thick in the Yukon Basin," Kit explained. "Well, I've got only one suit of underclothes, and I'm going after the bear-meat, that's all."

The next Smoke Bellew story, "*The Meat*," will appear in the July issue.

# The Troubles of Lazarus Abrahamovitch

by  
Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Franklin Booth



"Please, teacher," said Lazarus, in a loud whisper,  
"are you got troubles, too?"

**A**BRHAMOVITCH was a Russian Jew, a Socialist, and a garment-worker. He lived in the Ghetto and he had many troubles. He had only one child, a boy of eight, who had red hair, freckles, and a strong tendency to inflammation of the eyelids, which the doctor who came to the school at irregular intervals always confounded with trachoma. The boy's name was Lazarus—Lazarus Abrahamovitch. At times the father found satisfaction in the thought that his son was eligible to the presidency of the United States. This eligibility lay in the fact that

No one knows how to make the tear follow the laugh in telling of life in New York's tenement-crowded East Side better than Bruno Lessing. In this story he selects a small boy, a phonograph, a school-teacher and a piece of pie—and weaves a romance out of it

Lazarus was born in Hester Street. Until his seventh year, however, the lad spoke nothing but Yiddish. It was only in the last year at the public school that he learned to speak English. There was also a Mrs. Abrahamovitch, who grumbled all day long and frequently at night, too. Being a Socialist—and therefore, to a certain extent, a philosopher—Abrahamovitch was able to bear his burden of troubles. Mrs. Abrahamovitch, however, was not a Socialist, had not an iota of philosophy, and consequently could do nothing but groan. All this, however, is mere preface. This story concerns little Lazarus alone.

He was a shy lad, affectionate if advances were made to him, but extremely slow to make friends or to approach strangers. In school he was somewhat backward, not so much through lack of intelligence or application as through his reluctance to ask questions or to admit that he did not understand. His teacher, Miss Gillespie, was patient with him and kind, but, on the whole,

## The Troubles of Lazarus Abrahamovitch

paid but little attention to him. To be perfectly truthful, Miss Gillespie paid but little attention to any of her pupils, for she was engaged to be married and was looking forward with relief to a complete separation from her class of young Yiddishers.

One day Sammy Rosinsky whispered to Lazarus, "Are you going by the fair to-night?" "What fair?" asked Lazarus.

"They's a big fair by the Sons of Benjamin where they got raffles. My uncle is by the door, and I'm going to sneak the fellows in. Ask your mother to give you a quarter and come along."

That was not only Lazarus's debut in society, it was the first time he had ever heard of society. Hitherto he had known only work, home, school, and the sidewalks. When he asked his mother for the quarter she stared at him.

"A quarter? Are you crazy?" She said no more. Later in the evening he asked his father, who took him upon his lap.

"A quarter? What for, sonny?"

"All the boys are going by a big fair to-night, and I want to go, too. Sammy Rosinsky gets us in free for nothing."

His father counted out ten cents. "This is all I can give you, dear," said he.

So Lazarus went to the fair with ten cents. Of all that happened that night Lazarus never had a clear recollection. It all was such a glorious and dazzling conglomeration of music and lights and motion and so wonderful that nothing but a confused jumble remained in his mind afterward. He did remember, however, that a woman took five cents from his tightly clenched hand and gave him a colored ticket, which he guarded carefully for more than an hour, and that afterward the same woman came running toward him in great excitement, dragged him to a group that stood around one of the enchanted booths, and placed a big, bulky package in his arms.

"You've won the phonograph!" she said.

Seeing his look of bewilderment, she asked him if he did not know how to play it. Lazarus not only did not know how to play it, but did not even know what it was. The woman then opened the package, placed

the mechanism in position, and explained it all to Lazarus, and the next moment there issued from the thing a human voice, singing:

Come, all you rounders, if you want to hear  
A story about a brave engineer:  
Casey Jones was the rounder's name—



Lazarus Abrahamovitch almost fainted with joy, seized his prize, and ran home as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"Mama! Papa! Look!" he cried excitedly, placing the wonderful mechanism before them. He wound it up and then, with sparkling eyes, he watched their faces while the machine poured forth that wonderful song. Mrs. Abrahamovitch opened her eyes for a moment and seemed interested. But her interest quickly died out, and she resumed the burden of her troubles.

Mr. Abrahamovitch, however, allowed Lazarus to play it twice before he resumed the book on Socialism that he was reading. Lazarus continued to play that single record over and over again until bedtime. Then he carefully wrapped the instrument in its original paper covering and placed it under his bed. The next morning he played it twice before he went to school.

Fortunately Sammy Rosinsky had won a pair of roller-skates, so that their classmates had two wonderful achievements to discuss instead of one. Lazarus invited a dozen of the boys to come to his home after school and listen to the phonograph. For more than an hour they gathered around the instrument, listening, with awe, to "Casey Jones" sung over and over again:

Come, all you rounders, if you want to hear  
A story about a brave engineer:  
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,  
On a six eight wheeler he won his fame.  
The caller called Casey at half-past four,  
Kissed his wife at the station door,  
Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,  
And he took his farewell trip to that promised land.

CHORUS

Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,  
Casey Jones with his orders in his hand;  
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin.  
And he took his farewell trip to that promised land.

Mrs. Abrahamovitch could finally stand it no longer and packed them all off. After that Lazarus could not play the phonograph in the room during the afternoon, but had

to wait until his father came home at night. Mr. Abrahamovitch, being a philosopher, was more indulgent than his wife, and even though "Casey Jones" began to wear somewhat upon his nerves he realized the enjoyment that Lazarus derived from it and was willing to stretch a point. But there came an end even to his endurance. He wanted to write a letter to the Yiddish *Arbeiter Zeitung* about the high cost of living, and not being accustomed to writing at great length found that the music annoyed him.

"For Heaven's sake, take that thing out of the house!" he cried.

He did not mean to be harsh, but his tone made Lazarus tremble. The boy took the phonograph to the street and played it on the steps of the house, to the great delight of the children of the neighborhood. When bedtime came he could think of no better place to leave his instrument than the cellar of the tenement. There, under a pile of rubbish, he carefully concealed it. The next day it rained, and Lazarus played it in the cellar. The cellar was quite dark, but a tiny window in one corner admitted just enough light to allow him to work it prop-

erly. For the rest, it seemed to sound even better in the darkness. For two weeks, every afternoon and every night, Lazarus gave his little concert in the cellar, sometimes with a boy or two to listen, but usually alone, and the words of "Casey Jones" burned deep into his soul. He never smiled when he heard them, but listened solemnly as to the recital of a litany.

One day Sammy Rosinsky, the privileged audience of Lazarus's afternoon concert, said: "They's other songs you can get by the store. Why don't you get something new?"

Sammy's answer was simple and effective. "I ain't got no money," said he.

Miss Gillespie, his school-teacher, also had troubles of her own. These troubles were all intimately connected with the behavior of the young man to whom she was engaged, and while the rest of the world would never have taken them seriously they were serious enough to her. Her pupils observed that she became absent-minded at times, and that her eyes were often red, as if she had been weeping. It happened one afternoon that Lazarus, who had been deficient in spelling that day, was kept in after school as a punishment. He sat in his seat awaiting the teacher's pleasure, but Miss Gillespie seemed to have forgotten all about him. She stood with her hands clasped behind her back, gazing absently out the window, and presently Lazarus observed a big tear roll slowly down her cheek. His eyes opened wide. What could make teacher cry? Was she not the happiest creature in the whole world? He

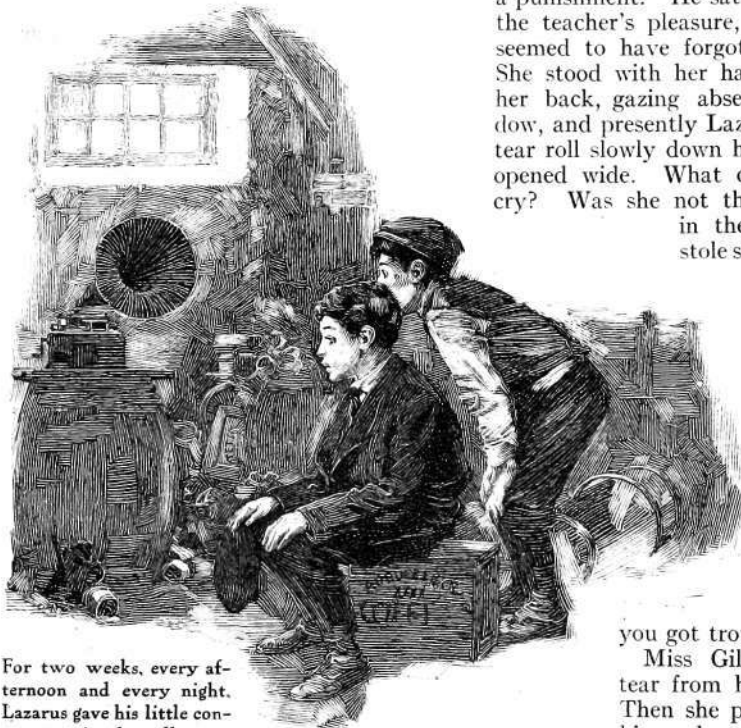
stole softly to her side and,

very timidly, laid his little hand upon her arm. His touch startled her, and she looked down and found two great brown eyes staring earnestly at her.

"Please, teacher," said Lazarus, in a loud whisper, "are

you got troubles, too?"

Miss Gillespie brushed the tear from her face and smiled. Then she put her arm around his neck and kissed him.



For two weeks, every afternoon and every night, Lazarus gave his little concert in the cellar

"Yes, dear. We all have our troubles. Now you can run home."

Lazarus went straight to his cellar and played "Casey Jones," but somehow or other the music had lost some of its charm. His mind was sorely puzzled to realize how so wonderful a woman as teacher could have troubles. She was so beautiful and so smart and her clothes were always so nice—how could such a person have troubles? And he rubbed his hand on the spot where she had kissed him and felt quite a glow of pleasure. If only he could do something to make her happy. Suddenly he remembered something. A boy had brought her a pie that his mother had made, and teacher had said,

"You have no idea how happy your little gift makes me!"

Perhaps if he brought her a pie! He knew where he could buy a fine, big pie in a kosher bakery for ten cents. But where was he to obtain the ten cents? He ran upstairs and asked his mother.

"Ten cents?" she repeated. "Are you crazy?"

When his father came home he tried again, but Mr. Abrahamovitch shook his head.

"I'm sorry, son," he said, "but I cannot spare it to-day."

Lazarus lay awake a long time that night, thinking hard, and before he fell asleep his efforts were rewarded. The next afternoon he carried his phonograph to Levy's pawnshop. His mother had once sent him there with a shawl, and he knew how to proceed.

"I want ten cents," he said. Mr. Levy had to lean far over the counter to discover his customer. He examined the instrument very carefully.

"That's about all it's worth," he said. Pawnbrokers, you see, are not inclined to be sentimental—it would hardly pay in their business. But he made out a ticket and handed Lazarus ten cents, and Lazarus went away happy. He bought the biggest pie he could find and kept it in the cellar overnight. The next morning he handed it to his teacher.

"This ought for to make you happy," he whispered.

It would be difficult to describe the sensations of Miss Gillespie upon receiving this gift. "Did your mother make it?" she asked.

Lazarus shook his head. "I bought it by

the baker." Then he leaned toward her and whispered, so that no one else should hear, "You shouldn't go for to cry no more about troubles."

Miss Gillespie's eyes grew dim. She understood this little chap, and she appreciated perfectly the spirit of his gift. In addition to all of which the troubles that had oppressed her soul had all vanished, and her sun was shining once more.

When Lazarus went home that afternoon he missed his phonograph. He wandered disconsolately about the house, crooning "Casey Jones" and not knowing what to do with himself. Mrs. Abrahamovitch was more unhappy than usual and more peevish.

"For Heaven's sake!" she cried, in Yiddish, "stop that 'Kissy Chones' song or I go out of my head."

So Lazarus went down to the street and sang and whistled it there. It was an unhappy Lazarus Abrahamovitch that went to bed that night and an unhappy Lazarus Abrahamovitch that arose the next morning. It seemed to him that there was a great void in his life, and he did not know what to do. Once the thought occurred to him that he had been too hasty in sacrificing his happiness for his teacher, but he dismissed the thought with scorn. Whatever happened, teacher must not cry. But as the days went by his load of sorrow, instead of lightening, grew heavier. At nights he softly cried himself asleep.

One afternoon he went to the pawnshop. "Please, mister," he said, "could I play once on my phonograph?"

Unfortunately Mr. Levy was busy balancing his books and had no time to waste on sentiment. "Get out!" he said.

The next afternoon Miss Gillespie kept Lazarus after school.

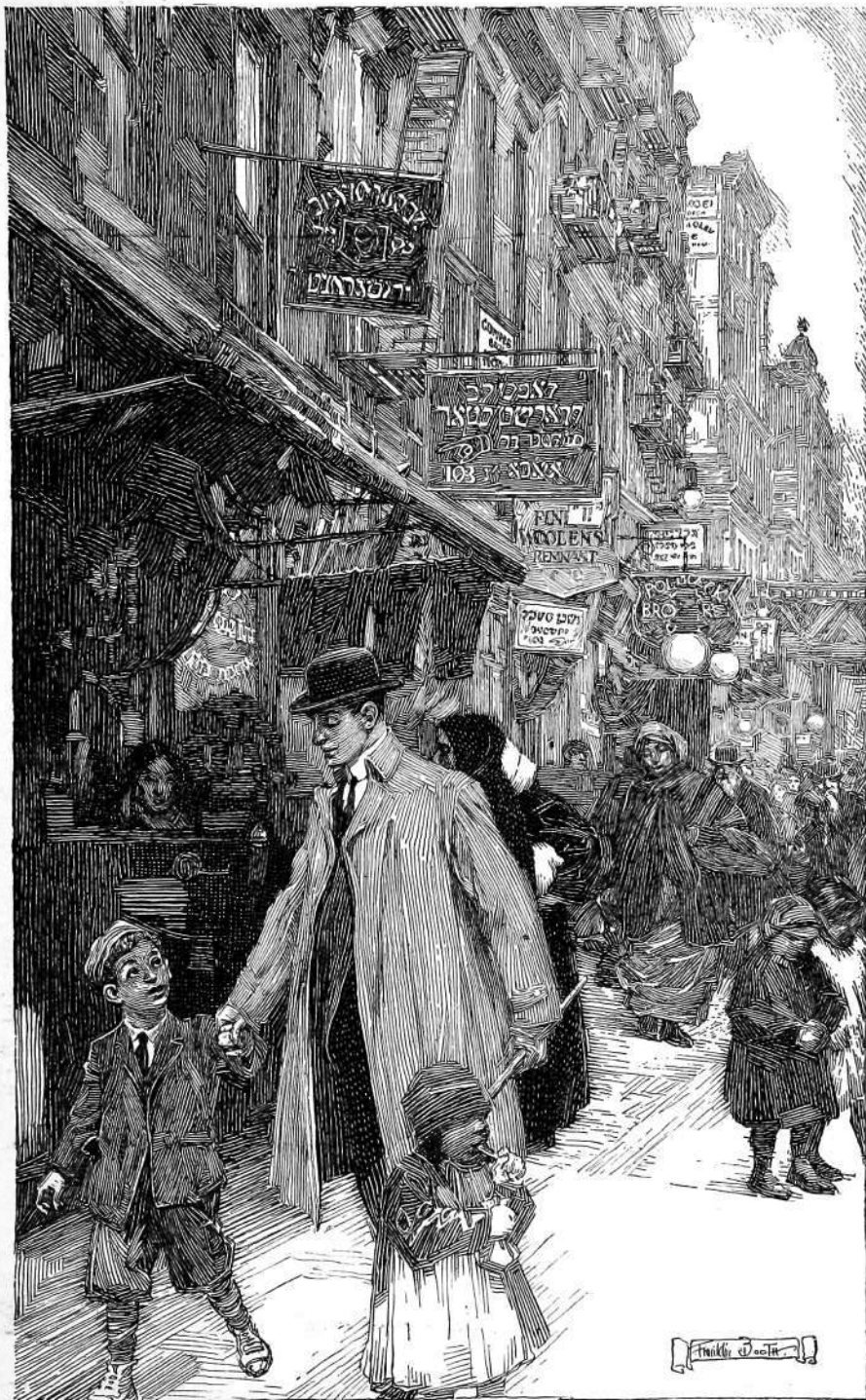
"Lazarus," she asked him gently, "don't you feel well?"

"Sure I do," replied Lazarus stolidly. But the teacher shook her head.

"You've grown quite thin, and you don't look at all well. I think I'll run around and see your mother. I have an idea that you need a tonic of some kind."

Then there came to Lazarus one of those inspirations which, as Balzac says, "require only a vaster theater in order to become immortal." "Teacher," said he, "are you still got troubles now?"

Miss Gillespie smiled. "No, Lazarus," she replied. "I'm very happy."



DRAWN BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

The tall and good-looking young man took Lazarus by the hand and asked him to lead the way to the pawn-shop

An eager light shone suddenly in the lad's face. "Listen, teacher," he said. "Maybe if you got a happy now you can give me a dime for the pie so I can get my phonograph out of hock. If you get troubles again I'll get you another pie."

The teacher looked at him in amazement. Then, with lips firmly pressed together, she took him upon her lap and placed his head upon her shoulder in such a manner that he could not see her face. "Now tell me all about it," she said.

Lazarus recited his story in all its simple details, from the night of the fair to that fatal day when he took "Casey Jones" from his hiding-place in the cellar in order to pawn him. It was fortunate that he could not see Miss Gillespie's face, for had he beheld how the tears coursed down her cheeks at that pathetic narrative nothing in the world could have convinced him that she had not troubles of her own. When he had finished she held him firmly for a long time. Then, when her eyes were dried,

"Run home," she said. "Teacher will see what she can do about the pie."

That same afternoon a tall and very good-looking young man stood in the hallway of the tenement where Lazarus lived, bawling at the top of his very lusty lungs,

"Somebody tell Lazarus Abrahamovitch to come down-stairs."

Presently he heard the patter of tiny feet and then, "That's me," said a wizened little figure before him. The young man gazed at him with a very curious expression.

"Lazarus," he said, "if you'll come along with me we'll get that 'Casey Jones' of yours."

Lazarus flushed red. "Did teacher send you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man. He took Lazarus by the hand and asked him to lead the way to the pawn-shop. At

the door Lazarus stopped, smitten by sudden doubt.

"Ain't teacher got no more troubles?" he asked.

"Not one," the young man assured him. "In fact, she told me this afternoon that she's the happiest woman in the world."

"Then it's all right," said Lazarus.

The phonograph was redeemed. Lazarus was quite shocked to see the young man pay not only the ten cents but three more for interest. When they left the pawn-shop that young man led him in another direction than his home, and Lazarus held back.

"Teacher said you must come with me," the young man explained, and without another word Lazarus trundled along. He found himself, a few minutes later, in a store that was filled with phonographs of all kinds. The young man whispered to the proprietor, and when they emerged from the place they were carrying several very bulky packages. At the door of the tenement the young man stopped.

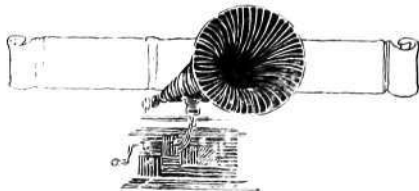
"Now, sonny," he said, "here are two dozen records. A present from teacher. She says you mustn't have any more troubles, but you must get fat and have red cheeks. And she says she's much obliged for the pie and she'll let you know if—if she has more troubles, so you can get her another one."

Lazarus beamed upon him. "Sure I will," he said. "I'll tell her to-morrow."

The young man hesitated a moment, then, "No, Lazarus, you won't see her to-morrow," he said. "She's going away. But she says she'll let you know. If she doesn't I will. If she's ever unhappy and needs a pie I'll come straight to you and let you know."

He turned and walked off. Lazarus, his packages in his arms, stood looking after him for a moment, and then he called out,

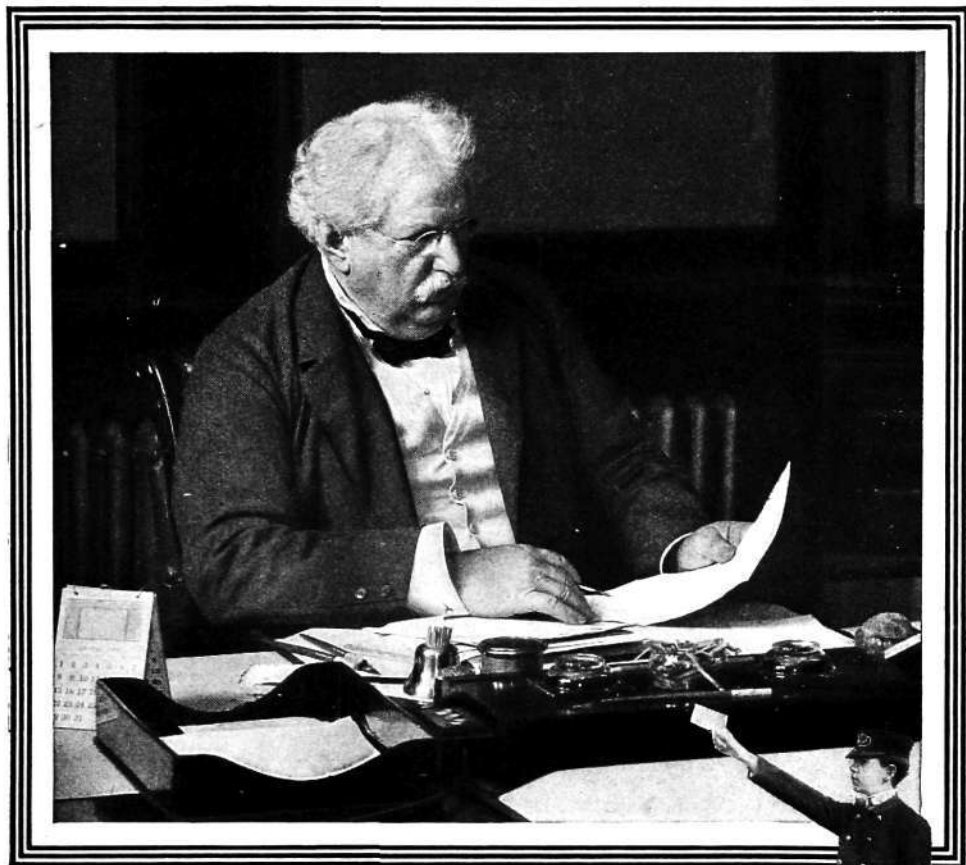
"Don't forget!"





# The Master of Wires

By Herbert Corey



This man is a wizard at time-saving. "Don't write—wire" is his slogan for hastening the day when only lovers and lawyers will use the mails—others will write night and day letters

**D**ROP in to see Theodore Newton Vail some day. You will be received as though your coming were a social event. The master of American wires will lean back in his chair, and tell a good story and laugh at another, and squander time that is measured by a meter as though he had nothing else to do. He is apt to talk about the telephone and telegraph business—which isn't so wonderful when you consider that he dominates that net of wires which covers the country and has its fringes reaching out under the sea—and he will talk with a complete candor that leaves you gasping.

"One might as well tell the truth," he

observes philosophically. "It doesn't pay to try to fool anyone. You only fool yourself."

But if you wait your turn in the outer office, and watch him dispose of the chiefs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Union—he is president of both—you gain a different idea of the man. Fifty or sixty masterful men meet him daily, each on some matter of importance. Interviews of that sort run about three minutes to the man, and the welcome and the good-by overlap. They



have neither preface nor appendix. Question and answer rattle out as from a vocal gatling. His eyes gleam through the thick spectacles. His big body is erect, and his white hair and snowy mustache fairly bristle. That's the business side of the man.

In fact, there are two Vails. One is the nephew of the Stephen Vail who built the engines for the *Savannah*—America's first ocean-going steamship—and the cousin of that Alfred Vail who was Samuel Morse's nearest aide, and actually invented the dot-and-dash alphabet. Theodore Vail at the age of thirty perfected the system of distribution which makes our fast mail delivery possible to-day. At thirty-three he created the first Bell Telephone Company, and at forty built up the national organization. And at the age of sixty-five he secured for his associates control of the Western Union Telegraph Company, made a friendly contract with the Postal, and realized his declaration of a generation before that "the telegraph and telephone are not competitive but complementary." The other Vail revels in wide spaces and sunshine and roaring winds. He is a lover of books, an adept in rare editions. He is a constant attendant at the opera, and a connoisseur of art. Stenographers take dictation in his motor-cars in Boston and New York, but on his four-thousand-acre farm near Lyndon, Vermont, he dawdles along well-kept roads behind good horses, and watches his sleek dairy cattle, and chucks his Welsh ponies in their shaggy ribs. There he dresses in blue denim and wears a broad-brimmed hat, and runs up and down the wide stairs in his old-fashioned farm home as though he were the farmer he declares himself at heart. Every week-end finds him there, directing the agricultural school he has established for the youth of Vermont.

"I'll father no 'back-to-the-farm' movement," he declares explosively. "Only failures come back. I believe in sticking to the farm, because all that is good springs from the soil."

He has an odd fashion of diagramming his talk. Given a wide-paged pad, a soft pencil, and a listener, and he falls to drawing straight lines, kinked lines—lines that run from things that look like stars to things that look like circles. As he talks at top speed he jabs the page with his pencil point, tears it off nervously, and goes on

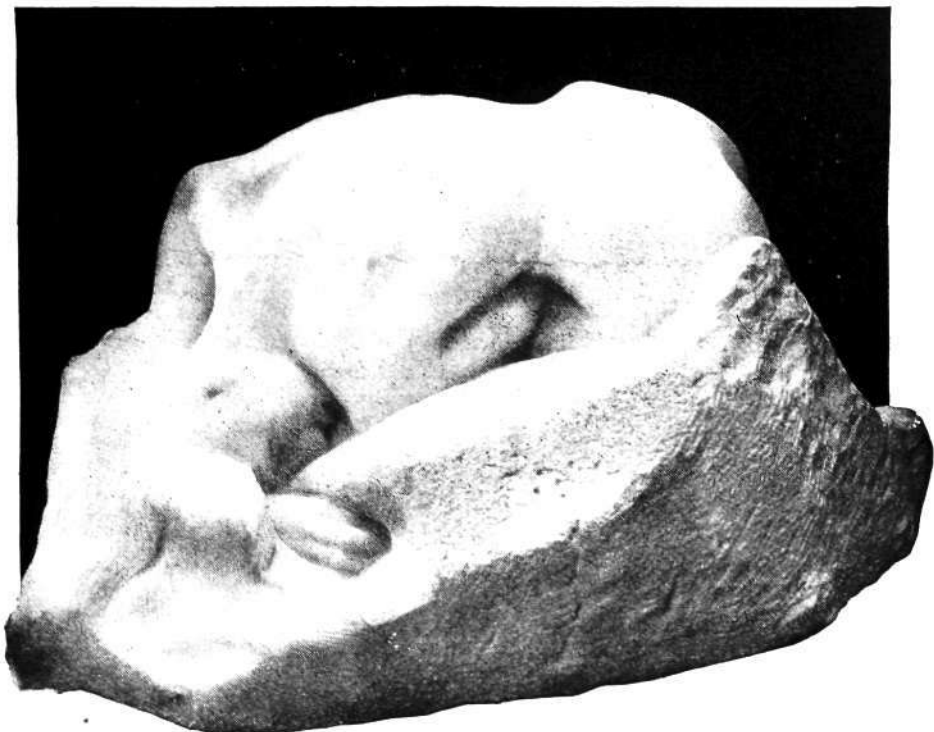
faster than ever. Considered coldly and apart these penciled hieroglyphs are quite absurd. Under the inspiration of the man's energy they are vivid with meaning. One sees at once why Denver is the farthest Western point on the long-distance lines, and why Cudahy, the packer, leases for half an hour each day a line over which to talk with his widely scattered chiefs.

"It isn't his faculty for concentration or the tremendous driving force he exerts that distinguishes him above others," said one of his near associates. "Other men successful in big business can concentrate and drive—but Vail can look twenty years ahead."

It is that ability to vision the future in to-day's mirror that led him to declare that "the day is coming when only lovers and lawyers will write letters. Others will use the wire." Something of that is genial exaggeration, but for the most part he meant it. To hasten the coming he planned the night letter, and then the day letter, and is tightening the meshes of the interlocking telephone and telegraph systems to eliminate delay in delivery. He has laid sixty telephone wires in conduits between Boston and Washington, that the national capital may never again be cut off from the world.

Just once he tried to rest. That was in 1890, when he resigned his position as executive head of the telephone organization and started to go around the world. Fourteen years later he got back to New York, having made a fortune in Buenos Ayres in the meantime. And then he looked up from directing the carpenters at work on his new barn one day, to find a group of directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company waiting for him. It was in vain that he declared himself too old at sixty-two to go back in harness. "Your work is not yet done," they told him. "Come back and complete the system you planned."

That scores of millions of dollars went to that completion is merely an item of administration, as is the pension system he is planning now. Of greater practical and ethical importance has been his recognition that control of the two great companies is vested in the man who holds but a handful of stock, and his determination to deal with that man with absolute candor. And he phrases that policy in his own half-humorous way—"If we don't tell the truth about ourselves," he says, "some one else will."



"The Danaïdes." For the murder of their husbands the daughters of Danaüs were condemned in Hades to fill a sieve with water, and Rodin here shows one of them bowed down by the hopelessness of the task.

# Rodin—Apostle of Realism

By Gardner Teall

AN INTIMATE SKETCH OF THE GREAT MARBLE-MASTER WHOSE DARING CONCEPTIONS, IN SPITE OF OPPOSITION AND WORLD-WIDE CRITICISM, HAVE TO-DAY PLACED HIM ON THE HIGHEST PINNACLE OF FAME

**T**HAT Balzac? That is a grain-sack!" The Parisians stormed, shrugged their shoulders, would have none of it; they turned Rodin's statue of Balzac out.

"You have made one of the most marvelous works in sculpture of any age!" Rodin's friends insisted. "Its rejection is an insult to the very genius of sculpture!" "Your commission for it is a definite contract; force them to take it by law."

"What they have not the minds to receive," Rodin answered quietly, "the law cannot help them to accept, as my Balzac must be accepted or not at all." Firmly he refused their counsel. "I will give you

twenty thousand francs for the statue, M. Rodin," said M. Auguste Pellerin. "Thank you," Rodin replied, "I will wait!"

This is the sort of stuff France's greatest sculptor, one of the supremest artists of all time, is made of. "I will wait!" But it was France that waited, waited until her academic blind should see what all the world was seeing with eyes as keen to the marvelous in Auguste Rodin's sculpture as were the eyes of Robert Louis Stevenson, who, long before, had written of Rodin: "The public are weary of statues that say nothing. Well, here is a man coming forward whose statues live and speak things worth uttering."

So they did; so they do, and at last France awakened to the fact; to-day Rodin wears the cordon of a *commandeur* of the Legion of Honor; he is also vice-president of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts.

Auguste Rodin is an old man, as time measures men, yet his seventy-one years have meant just this to him, the preservation of the enthusiasm that is youth's, the energy that is early manhood's, the experience of middle age, the wisdom of the gentler years. He is our Michelangelo, our era's Titan of the chisel.

"When I began," he will tell you—half a century ago!—"I did skilful things; the things I did then were clever enough, if you choose, and yet there was what to them? Thin, dry! But I felt there was something beyond—everything!"

There *was* something beyond—everything! But Rodin did not mean it that way, though thus it has come to pass; what he

did mean was this, that the future held everything if he would but reach out for it, strive for it, and develop himself so he would recognize it when he met it; he has done all this.

"I was born," Rodin will tell you, "in

Paris, in the old Rue St. Jacques; that *was* old Paris."

This was the fourth of November, 1840, before "Hausmannized" Paris, the Paris of new streets and beautiful avenues, came forth at the command of the third Napoleon.

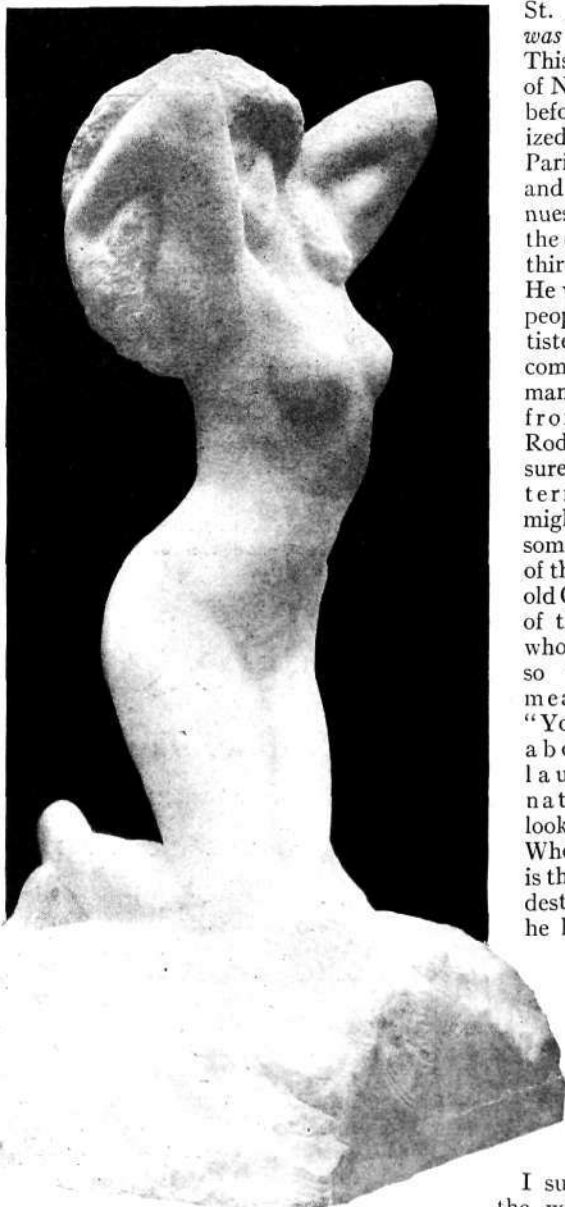
He was a son of the people, Jean Baptiste, his father, coming from Normandy, his mother from Lorraine.

Rodin is not just sure that his maternal heritage might not have been some of the spirit of those anonymous old Gothic sculptors of the middle ages whose work has had so tremendous a meaning to him.

"You are curious about me," he laughs good-naturedly, "but look at their work! Who were they? It is the signature that destroys us!" and he laughs again as

he points out to you his own, carefully chiseled here and there, perhaps; he knows you will understand.

I suppose no artist the world over has been more jealously written about by his friends than Rodin; I



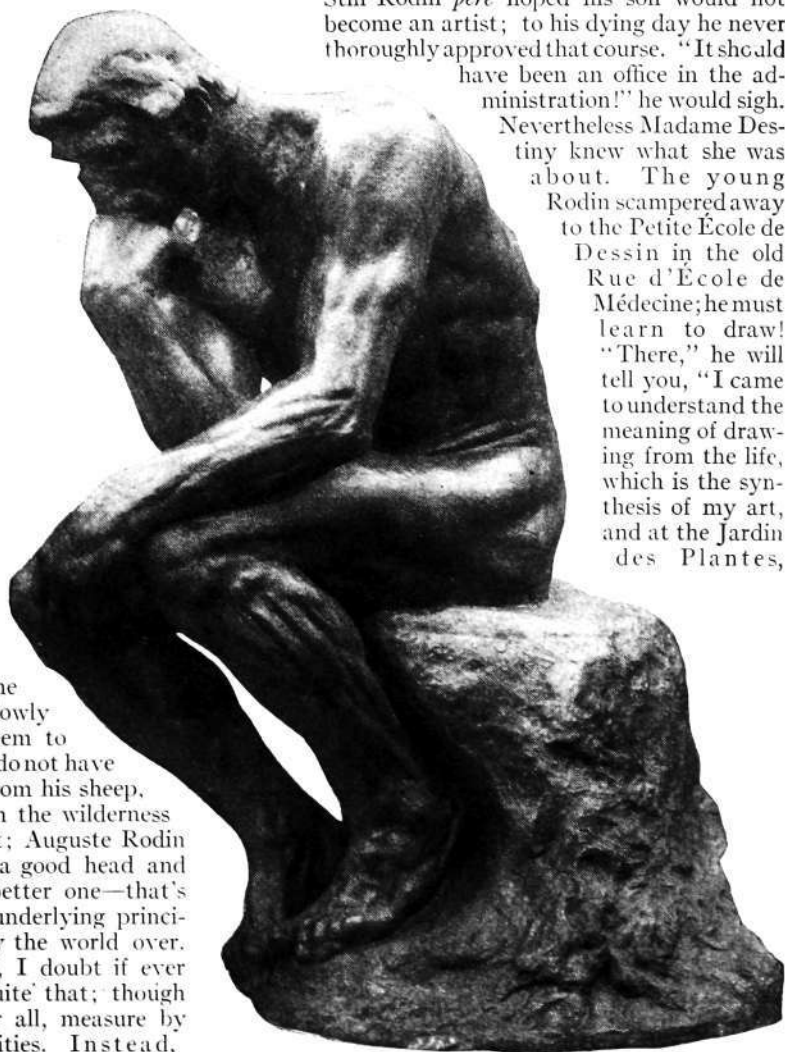
"The Awakening." This chastely modeled female form is considered to be one of the most exquisite single figures that Rodin's magic chisel has freed from marble

often wonder if he reads a word they say! One result of it all has been that among his own countrymen the years of his early life have often come to be less understood—that is, in the sense of their significance—than conditions surrounding them should have led them to be. I think Rodin himself would tell you this is so. Camille Mauclair, for instance, believes no story of Rodin's life could render comprehensible how "the brain of a lowly born and poor child was able, amid poverty and incessant manual labor, to grow into a wide and deep brain of a thinker familiar with the synthesis of art." That these are, indeed, secrets of personality need not preclude the record of their impress being helpful in clearly indicating their evolution. In the first place, the minds of the lowly born grow into wide and deep brains with the astonishing frequency that marks the fact that as often the minds of the unlowly born do not seem to grow at all. We do not have to call Giotto from his sheep, or Lincoln from the wilderness to insist on that; Auguste Rodin was born with a good head and he made it a better one—that's the important underlying principle of mentality the world over. As for poverty, I doubt if ever he met with 'quite' that; though one must, after all, measure by a man's necessities. Instead, Rodin was a well-fed youngster and appears to have no unhappy memories of the days when, a

small lad, he was sent to his uncle's boarding-school in Bayeaux. These were impressionable years, too. The old city must have meant much to him; he was meditative in disposition and loved to walk along the shaded promenades, through the aisles of the proud old Cathedral, and around the ancient Bishop's Palace. He believed then he might become a painter. Then, at fourteen, he returned to Paris. With rare understanding the father of the young Rodin said, "My son, you are not fitted for a business life." Still Rodin *père* hoped his son would not become an artist; to his dying day he never thoroughly approved that course. "It should

have been an office in the administration!" he would sigh.

Nevertheless Madame Destiny knew what she was about. The young Rodin scampered away to the Petite École de Dessin in the old Rue d'École de Médecine; he must learn to draw! "There," he will tell you, "I came to understand the meaning of drawing from the life, which is the synthesis of my art, and at the Jardin des Plantes,



An interpretation of the power of thought. "The Thinker" is a colossal figure, rough and rugged, in decided contrast to "The Awakening." It is one of Rodin's best known works

where I would hurry at six in the morning to make drawings, there I learned the rhythm of animals."

#### GENIUS AND THE MIDNIGHT OIL

In his last summer at the Petite École, Barye was teaching him also at the Jardin des Plantes. "Barye," he explained one day in his studio, "did not teach us much; he was always worried and tired when he came. Poor Barye! He always told us it was very good!" And yet there was inspiration in it all; more, perhaps in the camaraderie that now sprang up between himself and other pupils of Barye, Barye's son among them. They sought out an unoccupied corner in one of the museum cellars and fitted up a Robinson Crusoe sort of an atelier for themselves; tree-trunks for benches, an old box for a modeling-stand. The young student did not have a spare *sou*, but he was decently fed, and clothed, and housed, and if he did not have enough to pay the purchase price of a certain anatomical model of a horse that he and young Barye coveted, at least he could obtain permission to copy it, bit by bit, and that is just what he did. There was, then, not only that capacity for work which marks his splendid labors to-day, hour by hour, but likewise his concentration upon it. "I would go home evenings," he tells you, "and pore over Homer, and Æschylus, and Plato." It was thus Rodin acquired an understanding of the Greek philosophers, dramatists, and epic poets, of the culture that broadened his vision and clarified it, until he could look through the ages right back to the very inspiration of Phidias, of Praxiteles, of Lysippus.

Then came a change. Rodin the youth was becoming Rodin the man; it was necessary for him to contribute to his own support, and high time, too, according to the notions of the day. At seventeen, therefore, he went to help an ornament-maker. There were rough things to do. "Hard work to think about, but happy work when one is young and sees he is learning useful things against to-morrow!" Rodin will tell you; and yet it must have been a relief to him to turn, at twenty-three, from all this, as he did by entering the studio of Carrier-Belleuse (a sculptor of the day much in fashion for public works). It was then the young sculptor bethought himself of a wife, and in Rose Beurre he

won a helpmeet who was also a sympathetic companion. In his house at Meudon, Rodin has a bust of Mme. Rodin which he made in those days of their honeymoon. If he shows it to you, he will probably regard it lovingly, but will touch the cheek critically and tell you it is, perhaps, too plump! He will be seeing her now as she was then!

#### AN ABSENT-MINDED, HUSBAND

Mme. Rodin became his companion as well as his wife, the reader of his moods, the discernor, too, of his spiritual needs. She had some delightful tales to tell of her Auguste! They were planning a day at Waterloo, for instance. "I shall be detained, my love," said he, "but you go on ahead and order the luncheon; I shall follow." So Mme. Rodin found her way to the appointed café and gave directions about the luncheon. One o'clock arrived, but no Rodin; two o'clock arrived, but Auguste was not in sight. "He has forgotten again!" cried Mme. Rodin to herself. "I must go after him!" She did, but Rodin remembered before she reached him. "There!" exclaimed he, "here I have been walking up and down this lovely *allée* dreaming about a *caryatide* and my Rosa must be waiting lunch for me!" Off he hurried for the little battlefield café. Of course he crossed Mme. Rodin on the way and missed her. When he had arrived at the meeting-place they had agreed upon there, he chanced to spy a lady seated at a table, her back to him. "I am late, my love!" he cried, seating himself at the table, still wrapped in contemplation of the *caryatide* he contemplated coaxing from the silent marble that must be somewhere for it. "Have you ordered the luncheon?" At that moment the lady, an utter stranger, looked up frightened and surprised to find some one addressing her in this ultra-gracious manner. "At which moment," Mme. Rodin always added with mischievous delight, "I returned and saw them there!"

Another anecdote: One day, it is related, Rodin said to Mme. Rodin, "Rose, my love, I think I shall take a little journey." "Where will you go, Auguste?" "Oh, I don't know; somewhere near Paris, I think!" On the way Rodin got to thinking about Michelangelo and other masters of past ages. For a week Mme. Rodin received no word from him. Then there came a



PHOTOGRAPH OF RODIN BY

GEORGE DE KASHEFF

letter from—Italy! Such are the flights of genius! Pegasus does not run away with the poets alone!

All the time Rodin remained with Carrier-Belleuse, he was devoting his odd moments to modeling. Already, when he entered upon his term there, Rodin had modeled the head known as "L'Homme au nez cassé"; that is to say, "The Man with the Broken Nose." The young man of twenty-four sent it to the Salon; it was promptly rejected, for the jury of 1864 could not see that it was a masterly work, inspired by the spirit of the



Auguste Rodin, and a view of one corner of his studio at Meudon, crowded with unfinished designs. Many works have gone from here to the world's greatest museums

antique, a work which truly gave one a glimpse of what Rodin's future achievements might prove to be. There were other disappointments, too, at this time; among them the third refusal that had been given him to compete for admission to the *École des Beaux-Arts*. This great man, who, years after, was to declare that "genius has no professors," was disheartened, for he felt, at that time, he could have little hope, by reason of his limited means, to obtain the training he felt it necessary to have to achieve anything



"Adam," a work which Rodin destroyed because he thought it was of less merit than its companion piece, "Eve"

worth while; he never overestimated himself.

Finally a happy opportunity came to Rodin. Carrier-Belleuse had been entrusted with a commission in Brussels to do the sculpture work on the Bourse. He did not care to undertake it, and generously threw it Rodin's way. "I worked very hard over there!" Rodin says of these days, but they were pleasant and profitable ones.

After seven years in Brussels Rodin found himself seeking work elsewhere and turned once more toward Paris. He was not empty-handed; the since-famous statue, "The Age of Bronze" (of which America is fortunate in having the replica now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York), was all ready to send to the Salon. He had been encouraged in this idea by the fact that "The Man with the Broken Nose," now in marble, had been admitted the previous year. Then it seemed as though he had stepped upon the very center of the hornets' nest of official prejudice and ignorance. Though the members of the jury admitted "The Age of Bronze" they solemnly declared no bit of statuary like that could have been achieved by any modern *except by casting it from the life!* Despite his protest and the proofs Rodin submitted that the work was entirely built up from his own brain by his own hand, the jury clung obstinately to its imperious attitude, even though M. Turquet, under-secretary of the Beaux-Arts, purchased it, and the state placed it in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where, perhaps, it stood as too galling a reproach to the gentlemen of the Salon jury, for afterward it was removed and placed within that treasury of Modern French art, the *musée* of the Luxembourg itself. It was then that Rodin, to use Pierre Roche's expression, opened a large window in the pale house of modern French sculpture, and let in a little fresh air of sure ability and the sunlight of perfect art. However, another great obstacle lay in his way. "When Turquet wished to buy my 'St. John the Baptist,'" said Rodin, "the inspectors of the Fine Arts declared it cast from life. Then Bloucher, who had seen me modeling, was stung with a sense of the indignity, and he declared for me." He won the day; M. Turquet bought the statue, and, best of all, gave Rodin a commission from the state—a door for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs—and the state ultimately allotted him a studio in the Rue de l'Université. The subject he chose for this work was the Inferno of Dante. Rodin named it, "The Gate of Hell." One of his friends jocularly suggested that it *ought* to have been designed for the Beaux-Arts!

All this work was much more to his liking, and certainly to his profit, than the days he spent at



the porcelain manufactory of Sèvres, just after his return from Brussels. Carrier-Belleuse had found him an opening there, where he was taken on by the administration as an experiment. The museum at Sèvres still possesses certain exquisite bits in low relief from Rodin's hand, and it was there that he did a bust in biscuit of Carrier-Belleuse.

Rodin has been a revolutionary, but never a revolutionist; that is to say, he became disgusted with the state to which sculpture had descended, and he boldly set forth, almost alone, to raise it to a nobler standard; he did not seek to overturn things for the fun of it, with nothing ready to offer in its place. Albert Besnard put it well when he said of Rodin, "The passionate contemplation of nature has certainly led him to feel that no power outside nature herself is capable of suggesting her own true symbolism; form, as understood by Rodin, becomes vitality itself."

Rodin has never confused the ignorant with the masses. His nobility of mind recognizes that intelligence may exist in the cottage as well as in the mansion, but he does not spare the ignorant when he finds them out. I particularly recall one of his trite sayings about those who know nothing of art, "What especially pleases the ignorant," said he, "is an unexpressive minuteness of execution and a sham nobility of action." He could not better have summarized the bulk of the work of the French sculptors before the day that accorded him the highest place in French art.

"Vulgarity," he adds, "cares nothing for the sincere observation that scorns theatrical poses and is interested only in the perfectly simple, but far more thrilling attitudes of real life." It is this very simplicity that does thrill one with a sense of the realism of Rodin's sculpture.

"Nature is ever full of fine form," he is fond of telling you, "of design; yet so many pass by and see nothing, and copy old things, or work in preconceived notions of nature; and all the while nature is there, full of delightful *new* forms, in the stalk of a flower, in a bud, in a human limb, in a passing action in a street."

It is a happy thing to be a *privilégié* and have the honor of entering the little circle that gathers around Rodin at his Sunday afternoon studio receptions in the Rue de l'Université. What a surprise when you enter it for the first time! You find none of the *éclat trompeur* that too often turns an artist's studio into a junk of decoration; instead, you step upon the asphalt floor of two gaunt rooms, with whitewashed walls, primitive stoves, practical chairs (one or two of them upholstered in leather, perhaps), and everywhere the direct evidence of work, of hard work, of stupen-



"Eve," the first full-size female figure exhibited by Rodin. It is of bronze and was in the Salon of 1881



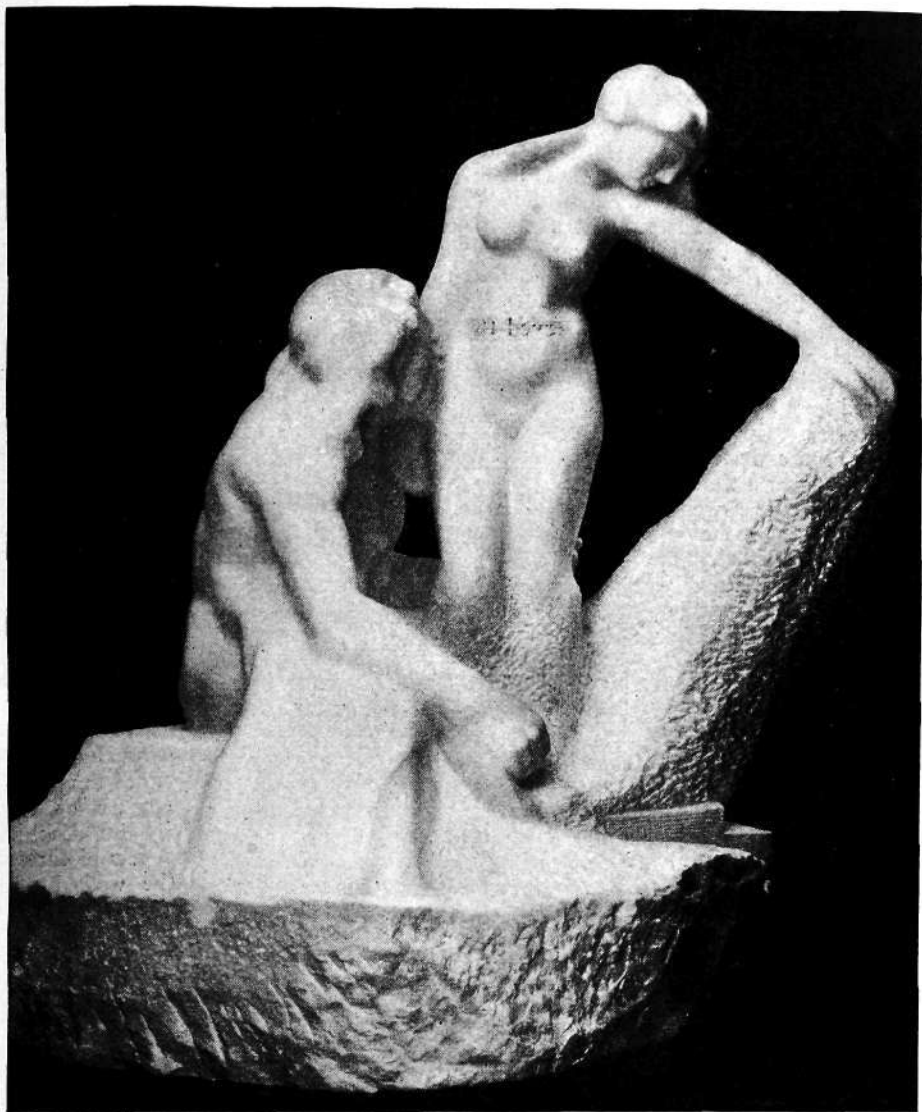
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"Cupid and Psyche." Showing the God of Love in the act of leaving Psyche, who has disobeyed him and looked upon his face

dous work. Over there is a model of the "Porte d'Enfer"; at the other end of the room you may find, uncovered, the models of what Rodin calls his great dream—he will admit no masterpiece, though "This is better than that," or "that than this" he will say. This great dream is nothing less than a project for a wonderful tower to commemorate the movement of man's labor through all the ages, the "Monument du Travail" which some day may become a

reality upon the scale which Rodin has conceived. It has interested Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has found much in common with Rodin, as have so many other big-minded men.

Naturally Rodin's work itself becomes the theme for discussion with his visitors; Rodin has no pseudo-modesty about the matter. "Yes, this *is* beautiful!" he will exclaim, taking a startlingly impersonal view of his art. Once a work created by his



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The story of the god who loved a statue he had made and asked Venus to give it life—  
"Pygmalion and Galatea"

genius leaves his hand in completed form, lovingly he touches it, as though it were a thing that had just come to him.

"Genius," Rodin will declare, "only comes to the man who understands with his eye *and* brain. Everything is *in* the things about us—everything is contained in nature." Rodin never forces his model into a pose. "I invent nothing," he has declared, "I rediscover. I observe my model for many minutes at a time, never demanding of him that he seek a certain pose. I transcribe,

then, the artistic impression I received from my observations. It is by this patient study that I have found again and again the process by which the noblest Greek art evolved itself from the mind of the artist in relation to what he saw before him."

Rodin has several studios, but the two little ones in the Rue de l'Université find him working there through the mornings, coming in from his villa at Meudon. "There are hours," he confesses, "that bring with them the feeling that I cannot work an-

other minute in the large studio at Meudon. The great throng of statues there suddenly seems to weigh upon it and constrain me. But once here I regain my working composure in the calm intimacy of these little studios where I have worked so long." And yet he loves his home studio at Meudon. There on a beautiful hilltop stands the *Villa des Brillants* overlooking the Seine toward St. Cloud and Sèvres. To it he has added the pavilion which served to display his works in the Place de l'Alma in Paris during the exposition of 1900, reerected here by Rodin to serve as a *studio-musée*. How he loves to look forth over the delectable valley! "There is never a time," he has said, "when those wonderful effects there before me repeat themselves. Cloud, hill, woods, river, village, city—always more wonderful than before, reaching infinite form. Never do I tire of gazing upon it and studying it. Every hour in the contemplation of it is a potential lesson to me. Yes," he adds with a genial smile, "I am still learning!" Still learning!

Perhaps that is the secret of it all, just as it is one of the secrets of all great men's lives—still to be learning.

Meudon-Val-Fleury is easily and quickly accessible from Paris; three railways pass through the village. Following the Avenue Paul-Bert you approach the *Villa des Brillants*.

Everything about this nondescript place, a veritable jungle of incongruously mated architecture, yet suggests internal simplicity. The hall is simple, the oak floor waxed and rugless. The sitting-room likewise is simply furnished—center-table, four or five chairs, desk, and a few pictures on the walls by Eugène Carrière,



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"The Hand of God." This conception of the helplessness of man in the grasp of the Infinite provoked a storm of comment when it was first exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum. It is perhaps the most distinctive work of Rodin in this country

Claude Monet, and others who have been his friends. If you have a peep into the dining-room you will see the same simplicity of furnishing there, too—little beyond chairs and the white-trestled table.

While Rodin does not inflict upon his guests any of the ideas of this simple life which Pastor Wagner has made so fashionable *outside* of Paris, still his daily repasts are simplicity itself; his guest will have the fat of the land placed before him, but Rodin will content himself with its sinew. You will probably find him in his light-colored tweed jacket, with *dark* trousers, a sombrero-like hat, and if you know him *very* well he will show you how he looks in wooden shoes, for he chooses to wear them now and then. I suppose that is how the story once got around that he had been a peasant in the fields, a story that is said to have amused Rodin immensely. In stature Rodin is short and thick set, his complexion is ruddy and in contrast with his long gray beard.

As he comes forward to greet you, his peculiar, rolling gait will strike you at once; it is the gait of a sea-captain. Indeed, he himself tells the story of the time a tipsy sailor followed him through the streets of Marseilles abusing him in the profoundest sailor fashion, under the impression that the sculptor was of the vessel from which he had been summarily discharged! Here one sees the "Balzac" which the same voice of prejudice that had declared "The Age of Bronze" to be too finished declared to be too unfinished! Another great work at Meudon is the Monu-

ment to Victor Hugo, commissioned by the state, a colossal conception of a half-nude figure of Victor Hugo sitting like an element personified, stretching forth his hand with Olympian command toward the troubled sea, as though he would bid it be silent, seeming to implore the Nereids who symbolize it to let him listen to the inner voice of his soul.

Here, too, one sees models of the figures that compose his great work to be seen in the city of Calais—"Les Bourgeois de Calais," his bronze "Eve," which was in the Salon of 1881 (the first full-size female figure he had exhibited). Here, too, is a model of the "Adam" which he destroyed, deeming it unequal in merit to the "Eve."

Then there are models of those exquisite works, "Cupid and Psyche" (showing the God of Love in the act of leaving the mistrusting Psyche), "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "The Hand of God." And at Meudon is a model of "The Kiss," perhaps the best known of all his works. There are also a number of remarkable busts there.



"The Kiss," the best known of all Rodin's works. It stands in the Luxembourg, Paris

Rodin cares little for society and does not enter into it. This is not because of any diffidence, but because it means nothing to him. And yet he is the very soul of sociability. When you come away from the wonderful man's hospitable roof you say to yourself, "I cannot separate this man from his work!" And if your enthusiasm has made you bubble over with appreciation and you have let Rodin hear it in praise from your lips, he will smile, and say simply, "It seems to me that I have remained a sculptor and a realist!"

# The Octopus

This is the second and concluding part of Mr. Davis's story on the hysterical, insidious influence of the money-mad life in New York City. Last month the author told of the entrance of a young man from a small country town into this life. Here he tells what happened—the struggles in the clasp of the "Octopus," the lure, the pathos, the tragedy of it all—and the winning fight

By Charles Belmont Davis

*Author of "The Stage Door," "The Lodger Overhead," etc.*

Illustrated by David Robinson

## II

UNEVENTFUL as the night of his first supper-party may have been to the others, it was marked by the second mile-stone in the life of young Sheldon. The next morning Thole called him into his office and told him that, owing to his close attention to business, he had decided to raise his salary, and the increase was of considerable proportions. A few days later, as a further reward for his faithful services, Thole announced that he had opened a joint account on behalf of himself and Sheldon and that the stock in which he had invested should show a quick and substantial profit. With this turn in Archie's financial condition there came many other changes. He moved from the boarding-house on Forty-fifth Street to a small apartment in a more modish neighborhood and went to a good tailor, who made him clothes suitable to his new social responsibilities. For advice in these and similar matters he turned to Slade, whose knowledge of such affairs, at least to Archie, seemed unlimited. Almost every night now he dined with Thole and was a welcome guest at his numerous supper-parties. Some nights they dined alone, at other times Slade was with them, and often Thole had as his guests the out-of-town lambs who were ready to be robbed of their golden fleece. In Thole's manner of winning these men over as investors in his enterprises there was much that Sheldon resented. He knew that many of these ventures could result in profit to his employer only, but the worldly-wise Slade had assured him over and over again that Thole's methods were the modern methods

of business and practised by all successful promoters and financiers. It was only at the hour before dinner when Sheldon wrote his daily letter to Dunham that he ever questioned the moral side of the day's work. The changes that had come so rapidly into his life seemed to leave him little of which he could write to his mother, but for this he comforted himself with the thought that she was of another generation and was quite incapable of understanding the kind of life that stood for modern success. Further to moderate his feelings of distrust in himself and his new life was his real admiration for the tremendous force and the subtle craftiness of the man who now controlled him, because, despised as he may have been, Thole's daring had made him a giant in a city where the power of money is the goal of so many men. The door to the particular society in which Thole moved once opened to him, Sheldon found the rest easy enough. The language of the men, which never extended beyond the stock-market and the gossip of Broadway, was not difficult to speak, and the women, however dull they might be, were always affable. Indeed, the young man from the country, with his good looks and frank manner and his clean, fresh point of view, was universally regarded as a most welcome change from the average bored New-Yorker, and in consequence Archie was received by the ladies of Thole's world with flattering favor.

"I wonder," said Miss Fannie Brugiere on the occasion of a supper-party at which Sheldon was not present, "I really wonder what makes that young man so extremely popular with our set."

"I know," suggested Lillian Lester. "It's because he hasn't taken that New

York poison that worries Thole such a lot, and, incidentally, he treats every chorus girl as if she were a duchess."

Miss Brugiere smiled at her friend across the table, and shook her head. "You might be right, at that, Lillian," she said, "but at what particular part of your career did you learn how duchesses were treated?"

"Duchesses!" exclaimed Miss Lester. "Didn't I play one of the six duchesses in 'The Earl and the Girl'? Sure I know how the Johnnies treat duchesses."

"No, you didn't," Miss Brugiere replied, with some little show of annoyance. "I was one of the duchesses; you were in the other set of show-girls."

"That's right," Miss Lester agreed. "I remember now; I *was* to be a duchess, and then Julian took me out of it and put me in the big number—what did they call it?—'The March of the Cocottes'—I knew I'd learned swell manners somewhere." And then the conversation, which was never devoted to any one topic for any great length of time, changed to detailed descriptions of what the ladies were to wear at the opening of the Café de l'Opera.

It was a very busy life that Sheldon enjoyed now, filled during the day with new business schemes and at night with many new faces. For a time it amused him greatly, and he was keenly conscious of the delight and pleasure that this constant excitement and change afforded him. And then, as he gradually became a fixed spoke in this particular social wheel of New York, the purely physical excitement gradually faded away, and the former pleasures developed into a necessary routine, the value of which only oc-

curred to him when short business trips took him away from town and deprived him of it. Thoughts of Dunham and the mother who had once meant everything to him occupied his mind but little now, and his letter home was no longer included in the day's routine. For a period of time these omissions caused him moments of sincere regret, but such mo-



She looked up at him and smiled as cheerfully as she could. "Oh, I'm all right, I guess," she said

ments became more and more infrequent, and besides this he no longer seemed capable of knowing regret or pleasure or any other feeling with the same depth that he had formerly.

The four months that he had spent at the boarding-house when he had first come to New York had been long forgotten in the pleasant warmth of his present comfort. It was a chance meeting with Violet Reinhardt late one January afternoon in Times Square that with a sudden shock recalled him to those unhappy days. It was bitterly cold, and he noticed that the short coat the girl wore was very thin and frayed, and her bare hands and bloodless lips looked half frozen from the sharp wind that blew great clouds of fine dry snow across the open square.

In his haste to get out of the storm he did not recognize her, but the little figure stopped before him, and hesitatingly the girl put out her hand. He took it in both of his and pressed it with a real warmth of feeling at which even he himself wondered.

"Hello!" he cried. "I am glad to see you again. How are you?"

She looked up at him and smiled as cheerfully as she could. "Oh, I'm all right, I guess."

He still held her right hand, but with her left she reached up and brushed the snow from the fur collar of his overcoat. "No use in asking you how you are," she said, "you with your sable furs. Things must have broken pretty good for you since you quit the boarding-house."

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," he laughed. "Come in to Rector's and tell me all about yourself and the folks at the boarding-house. It's only a step."

She glanced down at her worn coat and short ragged skirt. "I'm not fit," she said.

Sheldon tucked her hand under his arm and led her reluctantly toward the restaurant. It was just past five o'clock, and the big brilliantly lighted room was almost deserted. The little groups of idle, black-coated waiters turned to look in wonder at Archie Sheldon's new girl friend. In the glare of her present surroundings she looked like a waif rescued from the streets. They sat at a little side table, and with a funny grimace Violet began to warm her half-frozen fingers under the rose-colored lampshade.

"Do you like anything better than champagne?" he said.

"Sure not, but you sure must have struck it rich to be buying Tiffany water at five in the afternoon. There's some class to our ex-boarder, eh, what?"

Sheldon smiled at the smiling face across the table. The warmth of the room was gradually bringing the color back to her cheeks, and her big eyes were fairly glistening with excitement.

"This is a very unusual event," he explained solemnly; "it's a reunion. Now tell me all about yourself."

"It's just the same—still posing."

"And the cough?"

The girl shook her head, and the sparkle suddenly faded out of her eyes. "I know an artist who is pretty strong with a specialist, and the doc promised to give me his honest opinion for nothing. It was honest, all right. He sentenced me to the Adirondacks for a whole year."

"Well," Archie asked, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do about it? He might as well have recommended an automobile trip to California or a cruise in a yacht to Monte Carlo. The cheapest he said I could live up there would be ten dollars a week, and where can I get the five hundred? Besides, I'd hate to be away from the big town a whole year."

"Don't be foolish," Sheldon urged; "it might mean the saving of your life."

The girl shrugged her shoulders, and with one nervous gulp emptied her glass of champagne. "I don't want to save my life," she said, "if it means living in the Adirondacks. Gee, it would be lonely up there and everybody sick about you! I want to stay where people are jolly, and where it's warm like it is in here." She looked up and smiled with understanding. "Yes, even if I have to see it from the streets."

"But in a year you could come back to this—if this is what you want so much. You'd be well then and able to enjoy it."

Sheldon had somehow come to feel that the chance meeting of this afternoon had put the responsibility of the girl's future in his hands. Five hundred dollars seemed such a paltry sum to stand between death and a human life.

"Suppose," he said, "that I could get you the money?"



She looked up at him with wide-eyed wonder. "I've known men to offer big money to women to stay in New York but never to leave it. Don't talk foolish. Why should you give me five hundred? That's enough about me—tell me some of the scandal. You seem to know the head waiter, and look as if you were in our set."

For a long time they sat there talking the gossip of the stage and of her life in the studios and at the boarding-house, and then the people began to arrive for dinner, and the gorgeous clothes of some of the women seemed to bring Violet to the sudden decision that her hour of gaiety was at an end. Sheldon put her in a taxicab, gave the chauffeur the address, and then, as he said good-by, pressed a yellow bill into the girl's hand. "Pay the driver with that," he said, "and good luck to you."

She glanced at the bill and waved her hand to him from the open window. "Thank you," she cried, "and good luck to you. It was a real party."

The next morning Sheldon went to Thole and told him that he was in immediate need of at least five hundred dollars, and that he would like to close out their joint account, which already showed a profit to his credit much greater than the sum needed. Late that afternoon he sent the money with a carefully worded little note to Miss Reinhardt, and then he went to his rooms and for a long time sat smoking before the open fire. There was a great warmth of feeling that filled his whole mind and his body, the glow of happiness and contentment that comes after a day well spent—a happiness that he had not known since he first came to New York. In his own way God

had put it within his power to save one of God's own sparrows, and the religion which his mother had taught him came back to him with a great force, and he was very grateful for the chance that had come to him to do good. In the thrill of the moment

he decided that he would go on doing good deeds, especially to "the least of these," and then he remembered what Thole had said of New York and how he had called it an octopus. At the thought of how very wrong the old man was Sheldon smiled indulgently and, as if in denial of Thole's cynical words, slowly shook his head at the crackling logs in the fireplace.

The next day he returned to the office with the same warmth of feeling in his heart and the same determination to do better things—things of which he could write to his mother at Dunham. That night he dined at Martin's with Thole and Slade and several of their business friends, and although Sheldon was generally the brightest member of these somewhat somber dinner-parties, both Thole

and his secretary noticed that on this occasion he seemed particularly happy and unusually entertaining to the other guests. The dinner was half over when Slade, who sat facing the vestibule, smiled at the men at the table. "Here comes something new," he whispered, "and



"She looks like the Follies of 1920,"  
whispered Slade

very beautiful. She looks like the Follies of 1920."

Sheldon turned with the others, and saw Violet Reinhardt and a man just entering the door to the dining-room. Her small beautiful figure showed clearly through a filmy black dress with golden threads running through it; over her shoulders she wore a rose-colored cape, and the masses of soft brown hair were half concealed by a broad black hat. The pretty little face was more white than even its natural paleness, but the cupid's-bow lips were scarlet now, and the contrast was at least wonderfully effective. As she approached Thole's table she smiled at Sheldon, and then as she passed with much bravado made a little grimace at him. The other men at the table laughed and made some good-natured remarks about his beautiful young friend, but Sheldon was looking at the little figure sweeping down the aisle between the rows of white tables and apparently did not hear them. For some time afterward he sat silent, his fellow guests believing, according to their Broadway logic, that being very young he was probably a little jealous of the other man. As a matter of fact, he was wondering how one of God's sparrows, just for the delight of putting on gay plumage and for the happiness of a few days of warmth and ease, and for a few days of a certain kind of pleasure, could sacrifice a whole life; and once more, but in quite a different spirit from the last time, he remembered Thole's words about the octopus.

From the gradual breaking up of his faith there still remained to Archie Sheldon an unshaken belief in two people—his mother and Thatcher Thole—and it rose from the wreckage like the two splendid spars of a stranded ship. Whatever might be said of the personal life and questionable business methods of Thole, he had been to him, at least, all that a man could ask or hope for from his best friend. As for his mother, the broader life and the many, many people he had met of late only served to prove how wonderful a woman she really was. For the first time he began to appreciate the unselfishness of her love—how she had toiled and suffered to make his life happy, and he determined that some day, just as soon as he could spare the time, he would return to her and tell her how he had come

to understand, and of the great depths of his gratitude.

For Fannie Brugiere and Lillian Lester and their women friends, he tried to find their excuse in the narrow, cramped life of the small towns from which they came. Had he, too, not left his home in the hope of finding a broader life? All could not succeed as he had succeeded, and even they had their own code of morals and, for the most part, lived up to them. In her own way Lillian Lester had tried very hard to be a friend to him. In his ignorance of affairs he had often turned to her, and her advice had always proved sane and wise, as that of the woman who has learned her knowledge by experience is fairly sure to be. From the first night that he had met her, he had in a way set her apart from the others. Her friendship had often been of inestimable value to him, and sometimes he stopped to wonder just how long such a friendship could remain only a friendship. When business called him out of town it was only to Lillian Lester that he wrote amusing letters of his adventures. It was Lillian Lester to whom he always wired asking her to dine with him on the night of his return, and, even with his conspicuous lack of vanity, he could not ignore the fact that the girl would break any previous engagement to accept these invitations. Down in his heart he was sure that she cared for him, just as he was sure that he cared for her; and he was sorry, because he knew that when love comes in at the door, especially the door of the particular world in which they both lived, then friendship is pretty sure to fly out at the window. With all the unconventionality of the lives of the people about him, Sheldon had been true to certain standards, and he wanted to remain true to them. In any case, he was sure that if he was to sink to the moral level of his friends he did not want it to be through the only one of them all for whom he really cared.

It was late one afternoon when Miss Lester had dropped in at his apartment, as she did very often now, for a half-hour's chat and a cup of tea. Outside it was snowing and was bitterly cold, and Sheldon was very grateful and touched that she had cared enough to see him to leave her own pleasant fireside to come to his. The frosty air had given her pale cheeks an unusual color, her eyes were shining, and never

before had her flower-like beauty seemed so exquisite to him as it did now. With a warmth of feeling he had never shown before he put out his arms to her, and uttering a little cry of pleasure she ran toward him. At last her day of victory was at hand. But she had not counted on the puritanical teaching that still held him in its iron grip, for instead of putting his arms about her, he suddenly remembered himself, and gently laying his hands on her shoulders kissed her on her cold forehead. With a little grimace she turned from him and, refusing his help, threw off her heavy coat and dropped into a low chair before the open fire.

"I'm done," she said; "you're hopeless. I put on the very best clothes I've got in the world, come all the way down-town to see you, look just as pretty as I know how, and the best I get is the kind of kiss you would give your great-grandmother. I'm just plain discouraged. Is there anything that will melt you?"

"Nothing will if you won't," he said. "The water in the kettle is boiling. You'd better make the tea."

Lillian pulled herself out of the chair, shrugged her shoulders, and crossed the room to the tea-table.



"You're hopeless," said Lillian. "I put on the very best clothes I've got in the world, come all the way down-town to see you, look just as pretty as I know how, and the best I get is the kind of kiss you would give your great-grandmother. I'm just plain discouraged."

"I'm sorry," he begged, "I'm very sorry, especially to-day. You mayn't believe me, but I was never so glad to see anyone. I knew I was to see you to-night at Thole's supper, and so I was afraid you wouldn't come this afternoon."

"Don't mention Thole to me," she said abruptly. "I'm tired of him, and his supper-parties. Can't you talk about our own troubles just for once?"

It had long been in her mind to say what she thought of Thole, but she had chosen the wrong moment, and Sheldon came quickly to the defense of his employer.

"Whatever he may have been to others," he said hotly, "he has been mighty good to you and me."

Miss Lester slowly joined the tips of her long white fingers and looked steadily across the table into Sheldon's excited eyes. "Yes and no, Archie," she said in her low, soft voice. "I amuse him, and you are of great service to him. There are better things for a woman than to have her name mixed up with Thatcher Thole, and many better things for a man than to be known as 'Thole's fixer.' Now don't get excited. I'm only telling you this for your own good. Thole is no saint."

Sheldon nervously lighted a cigarette and going over to the fireplace stood looking at the calm, lovely features of Miss Lester. When he spoke it was with much spirit. "I know he's no saint, nobody knows it better, but he's taken pretty good care of

me. I owe him a lot more than I can ever pay."

Miss Lester smiled and shook her pretty blond curls. "I wouldn't let that bother me," she said. "If the crowd that runs after Thole were the best crowd in New York it would be different, but it isn't. It's about the worst crowd outside of jail in the city. You are the only gentleman, if I may use the expression, on his entire staff. You can do more with his clients than all the others put together. All the men say that, and I know that half the women who go to his parties would stay away if they didn't know that you would be there. Fannie Brugiere is the only girl I know who really likes Thole—at least I like to think she does. The trouble with you is that you don't know who's who in New York. You began with Thole, and he's never let you get away. The other men I know, for instance, and to whose parties I go, are gentlemen. I can't introduce you to them, because that wouldn't do you any more good than it helps you to be known as a friend of Thole. Do you think these men would go to one of his suppers? They play with the same women he does, but you bet they don't know his men friends. There's some class to these chaps, they belong to decent clubs, and—"

Sheldon suddenly tossed his cigarette into the hearth. "That'll do, Lillie," he said, and there was a certain finality in his tone that made the girl flush and rise quickly to her feet.

"It was for your own good, Archie."

He put her coat on, wrapped her fur collar about her throat, and led the way to the elevator. "Good-by," he said. "I know you told me for my own good, but just the same it hurts. He's been like a father to me."

She held out her hand to him. "Forgive me. Let's be friends again."

"Sure, we're the best of friends. Notwithstanding all you have just said, I suppose I'll meet you at Thole's party to-night. You know we are to dine at Martin's at seven thirty sharp."

"You bet I will—rath-er," she laughed. "I hear the supper is going to be a wonder even for Thole—music and vaudeville stunts and all kinds of added features. Here's the elevator—*au revoir* till seven thirty."

This party of Thole's had been the talk of

the particular set in which he moved for many days. It so happened that two musical comedies were to have their New York opening on the same night, and the supper was given in honor of the best known of the show-girls from both companies. It promised in all ways to be a beauty contest of unusual proportions, and for a fortnight Thole, as well as Slade and Sheldon, had been doing everything which unlimited money, with the aid of their past experience, could do to make the party worthy of the occasion. That none of the guests happened to have speaking parts in either of the new productions was of little consequence. A success meant that they would remain in town indefinitely, and that was much more important in the eyes of these young women than all the laurel wreaths ever placed on the brow of a great dramatic artist.

It had been arranged that Fannie Brugiere and Lillian Lester were to dine with Thole and Sheldon and Slade, and afterward to divide the evening between the two new productions. But while the party was waiting for Thole at the restaurant, he telephoned that he had to go up-town on an unexpected mission and would meet them later at the theater or at his rooms before the supper-party. These four, having dined and seen the first act of one musical comedy and the second act of the other, hurried to Thole's apartment to be sure that all was in readiness for the supper. The walls of the library and the dining-room had been draped from the ceiling to the floor with smilax, and through these dark-green curtains of foliage, filling the room with their faint fragrance, many little incandescent lights twinkled like silver stars. Fannie Brugiere and Slade were in the dining-room still discussing some of the minor points of the supper with the butler, and Archie and Lillian Lester were sitting before the fire in the study waiting for Thole. It was nearly time for the other guests to arrive when he hurried in.

"I'm sorry to be so late," he explained quickly, "but I've been having a long rotten evening of it, I can tell you."

A servant took his overcoat, and he came over to the fire and stood with his back to the open hearth.

Miss Lester, from her low deep chair, smiled up at his drawn features and worried eyes. "You must have had a bad night of it. You're a sight, Thole, but I

must say that your rooms are quite lovely. They're just like the fairy grotto in a pantomime or a florist's shop-window around Easter."

Thole looked down at the girl, but his eyes showed that he was quite unconscious of what she was saying to him. Then he turned to Sheldon, and moistened his dry lips and laced his fingers nervously behind his back. "Archie," he began. "I'm in a mess."

Miss Lester yawned, and stirred uneasily in her chair. "Shall I go out?" she asked.

Thole continued to look at Sheldon. "Do as you want," he said sharply, and by way of reply Miss Lester sank further into the chair and daintily rested her yellow satin slippers on the fender.

"I'm in a devil of a mess," Thole went on, "and, Archie, you've got to get me out of it."

Sheldon nodded and smiled. "I'd be only too glad," he said.

"Do you remember a Mrs. Steele, who dined with us one night as Delmonico's?" "Perfectly—she was quite beautiful."

"Well," Thole continued, "she used to live over on Riverside Drive, but just now she has an apartment at the Marie Antoinette. I've seen a good deal of her lately, and I like her well enough—in fact, in a way she's very necessary to me just now—and for some inane reason she's taken a notion to me."

Miss Lester laughed aloud. "Don't fool yourself, Thole. It's your money."

Thole shook his tall lanky frame, as if to show his indifference to the girl's words, and hurried on. "I went up to her place last night to take her to dinner, and as usual she kept me waiting. I had some legal papers to read, so I went to her desk and looked them over, and then did a little calculating. Then she came in suddenly, and in my hurry I picked up the business papers, but forgot a couple of personal letters I'd left lying on her desk. One of these letters was from Fannie. She wrote it several days ago, and she was sore at the time and accused me of a lot of things I never did, and to make matters worse she had to get affectionate toward the last. It seems that the maid found the letter, and was so delighted with it that this morning she showed it to Mrs. Steele. Fortunately there was no envelope, and the letter began with just 'Dearest' or 'Darling' or some

foolish word, so there was no way of proving the letter was meant for me. I had to do something quickly, and the only thing I could think of was to tell her that it was written to you and that, being a young man without much experience, you had brought it to me for advice, and that I had taken it along to consider. I don't know whether she really believed me or not, but you've got to go up there to-morrow morning and square me. I said you'd be up about eleven o'clock."

Sheldon, his lips closed tight, stared into the fire. "Just what was in the letter?" he asked at last.

"Oh, I don't know," and then as the thought first came to Thole that Archie was hesitating in his assent to do his bidding, he looked evenly into the young man's eyes. "I don't know," he repeated, "and furthermore I don't care. You will go to the Marie Antoinette to-morrow at eleven, and you will swear that that letter was intended for you, and if it's necessary you will stand for everything of which Fannie accused me. Now I hope you have that straight. I probably won't have a chance to speak to you about it again to-night. I'm going now to see about the supper. Don't forget—eleven to-morrow morning."

For a few moments Sheldon and Miss Lester sat silently looking at the crackling logs, and then the girl pulled herself up to the edge of the chair and rested her chin between her palms.

"You aren't thinking of standing for that, are you?" she asked. "I saw Fannie the day she wrote that note, and what she said to Thole was probably something fierce. Why should you be the goat?"

Sheldon flushed scarlet, and looked up at the pretty pink-and-white face and the flashing eyes. "Why should I be the goat?" he repeated. "Because—you know as well as I do. Thole isn't the man to be denied anything—he'd fire me."

"Well," the girl said quickly, "suppose he does? Then you can start again with a decent firm, even if you don't make the money that Thole gives you. It would be worth a lot for you to work with white people instead of crooks like him and his shadow Slade. Promise me you'll refuse to do this dirty trick for him. Won't you please promise me, Archie? Be a man!"

She held out her hand, and he took it and pressed it closely in his own. "I don't

know, Lillie, I don't know yet. It means so very much to me, but I'm beginning to understand. Perhaps you're right; thank you anyhow."

From midnight until five o'clock the next morning the supper ran its riotous course. A few of the guests had retreated in pairs to the study for more intimate tête-à-têtes, the vaudeville performers had concluded their "turns," and the members of the band had long since slipped away unnoticed. The shaded candles of the candelabra in the dining-room had died a spluttering death, and some one in a spirit of elation had turned on the electric lights. Through the orange globes the dull lights from the ceiling burned their way through the hot, smoke-laden air down to the remaining guests lounging about the table. They showed the white necks and shoulders and the filmy dresses of the women, the long table—a confused litter of tall Venetian glasses, half-filled champagne bottles, women's long white gloves tied into knots, and everywhere over the white cloth, bunches of crushed and withering flowers. At the head of the table sat Thole, the butt of a cigar gripped between his teeth and his clear eyes and pale putty-colored skin a marked contrast to the flushed faces of the men and women about him.

As the clock struck five, Fannie Brugiere, who sat at his right, got up, and the rest of the guests accepted her action as a signal that the party was at an end. They all rose at the same time, and Thole had already started with Fannie Brugiere toward the door of the study when he half turned to Archie. "Don't forget," he said, "that you're to be at the Marie Antoinette at eleven."

There was something in Sheldon's look that made Thole stop. "You understand that, don't you?" he added.

For a moment Sheldon looked him evenly in the eyes. Then, speaking very deliberately, "I find, Mr. Thole, that I can't keep that engagement. It is quite impossible, quite."

Thole turned and, walking back to the table, stood with his hands resting on the back of his chair. "I don't think I quite understand you. Do you mean that you won't go?" The old man's voice was very low, but it had a metallic ring that carried to the far corners of the big room, and his

guests, who had started to leave, stopped suddenly and stared in wide-eyed wonder. Archie was conscious that Lillian Lester had moved very close to his side, and he felt her long soft fingers close tightly over his hand, which was resting on the edge of the table. Through the smoky air he could see Thole's eyes burning with anger, and then he saw Fannie Brugiere walk toward Thole and put her arm about his shoulder as if to protect him.

Sheldon pulled himself up very straight and, with a futile effort to smile, glanced at the scared, silent faces about the room, and then he turned back to Thole. "I mean," he said, and his voice sounded to him as if some one else was talking a long way off, "I mean that I can't do what you ask. I mean that I am done with you, Mr. Thole, you and your dirty work forever."

Thole's face went quite white, and his long bony fingers clutched at the back of the chair. "You cub!" he whispered. "You cur!"

With her hand still on Thole's shoulder, Fannie Brugiere uttered a half-stifled sob and then suddenly leaned far over the table toward Sheldon. "You," she cried hysterically, "you refuse anything he asks you to do? Why, you can't refuse."

Sheldon shifted his eyes from Thole to those of the woman. "Why?" he asked. "Why can't I refuse?"

"Why? Why, because he's your father."

As the words left her lips Thole swung about on her. "How dare you say that?" he whispered. "How dare you?"

For a moment she stepped away from him in apparent fear, but her courage returned to her as quickly as it had gone. "Why not?" she shouted. "Why shouldn't he know what everybody on Broadway has known for months? Is he so much better than the rest of us?"

Her voice kept on ringing in his ears for a long time, and then it seemed to Sheldon that the room had become suddenly quite silent, and when he opened his eyes again he found that he was still standing in the same place with his finger-tips resting on the edge of the table. There was no one with him now except Lillian Lester, who was standing in the doorway. Through the gray-blue tobacco smoke he recognized her by her yellow dress, and then as everything became clearer to him he saw her white shoulders and bare arms and her



DRAWN BY DAVID ROBINSON

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pretty fluffy golden hair and her blue eyes, which were wet with tears. He saw her lips move as if she were trying to say something, but no words reached him; nothing but a woman's sob, and then with her head bowed she went out the door, and left him alone. He reached out his hand and, picking up a glass filled with champagne, held it to his lips until he had drunk it all. After that his mind became quite clear again; he remembered everything that had happened and just how it had happened, and he threw back his shoulders and started to move slowly toward the door which led to the study. He knew that he would find Thole waiting for him, and that they would be alone.

Thole was standing before the fireplace, the long, lanky figure in black an absurd contrast to the walls of delicate, fragrant smilax and the fragile roses which surrounded him on every side. Sheldon glanced at him, and then crossed the room to one of the high French windows that looked out on the deserted park. His brain was absolutely clear now, and he was surprised to find that he felt no anger for Thole, not even a mild animus, nothing but contempt and a certain kind of pity for the man who had so recently controlled him body and soul. The tragedy of the last few minutes had reversed their positions; it was he who was the master now.

Thole it was who broke the long silence. "Well," he asked querulously, "have you nothing to say?"

Sheldon turned from the window and looked at the gaunt figure before the fireplace. There was no longer any fire in Thole's eyes, and his whole frame seemed to sag from head to foot; for the moment the old spirit had quite gone out of him.

"I don't think I have anything to say," Sheldon said. "I don't believe that there is anything to be said or to be done. It's finished."

Thole shifted his feet uneasily and turned the now mild gray eyes toward his son. "You are going back to—to her?"

"Of course. What else is there for me to do, now that I know how much she needs me?"

Thole nodded. "Of course," he muttered, "of course."

"I can at least try to make up in a way," Sheldon went on, "for all that she has suffered from you. That will be something

worth while anyhow—certainly better than to remain here as you must remain, discredited by men and a joke among the women you call your friends."

"I wish you'd sit down a minute," Thole said doggedly. "I've got to tell you this before you go. I've got to tell you, because I'd rather and, perhaps, you'd rather hear it from me than from her."

Sheldon sat on the arm of a big leather chair and by way of assent shrugged his shoulders.

Once more Thole shifted his feet uneasily and began: "I first knew your mother not very long after her husband's death. You mayn't know it, but he'd never treated her particularly well, and when he died he left her destitute, penniless, and she was very lonely. Then I came along, and we were together a great deal. I'd come from up state, and I didn't know many people, and the only trouble was that almost as soon as I started in I began to make money. The game was a good deal easier then than it is now. I guess she must have been fond of me and sort of proud of my success, and it was always understood that we were going to be married, and then when the time came that I should have made good I didn't do it. I'd begun to get the fever for money and the power that money brings, and I suppose I was just money-mad like so many people get in New York. I was afraid that a wife and a family would interfere with my plans and interfere in my success: of course it would probably have been the making of me, but I couldn't see it that way then. I was just a common, selfish brute, with an unlimited greed for money, and ready to tramp down anything that stood in my way of getting it. That was just about the way of it, and even when you were born, I couldn't do the decent thing. It was a little after that that your mother moved to Dunham, where no one knew her or anything about her, and where there was no reason for anyone to believe that you were not her husband's child."

Sheldon stood up, and for a few moments Thole's eyes followed the younger man in silence as he paced slowly up and down the room. Then in the same dogged voice he went on again:

"I'm not trying to excuse myself—I deserted her all right, and I guess I got my punishment. As you say, you can go back



to her, and as you say too, I've got to stay on here, discredited and a joke, and believe me, so long as I live, I won't forget that it was my own son who said that to me. You got your revenge right there. There's never been a day for the last twenty years—and you can believe it or not, but it's God's truth—when I wouldn't have gone back to her. But she wasn't like any other woman I ever knew. From the day I told her I couldn't or wouldn't marry her she's never spoken to me or let me see her. And what hurt most was that she wouldn't let me do anything to help her. She returned the drafts I sent her, and after a while she sent back my letters unopened. I—" Thole stopped suddenly and slowly pressed one clenched hand into the open palm of the other. "I guess that's all," he added impotently. "She's suffered and I've suffered, and now it looks as if you were to get yours. I tell you it's the call of this big rotten town. She heard it and I heard it, and then it came your turn. That's the way of it—I've watched 'em for a good many years, the young men and the young women from the little towns coming here to fight New York with their puny bodies and their puny brains. I've watched 'em by the dozens flounder about for a while and then sink and not leave enough for a decent funeral."

Sheldon stopped pacing up and down the room and turning suddenly faced his father. "Is that all?" he asked brusquely.

The older man drew back as if the boy had struck him. "Why, yes, Archie," he said, "I guess that's all. You mean you're going now?"

"Yes."

"And there's nothing I can do?" Thole asked.

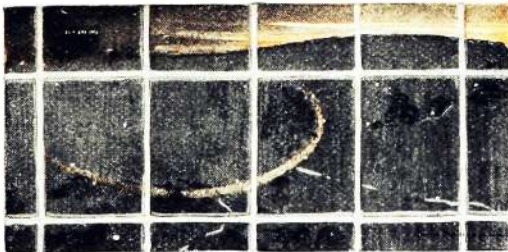
"Nothing, thank God. I only wish that there was something I could do or say to make you suffer as you have made me suffer."

The hard grim features of Thole relaxed into something that resembled a smile. "My boy—Archie," he said, and his voice had suddenly be-

come very low, even gentle, "if you were older and if you had ever had a son of your own, you wouldn't worry about how you could hurt me. You would understand that all you had to do was just what you are doing now—walking out of this room for the last time without even giving me your hand or saying good-by."

Thole waited until he had heard the outer door close on his son for the last time, and then it suddenly occurred to him that it was very chilly in the room, and he turned to find that there was nothing in the fireplace but gray ashes. He drew his tall frame erect and looked about at the disheveled room. To his eyes the roses appeared faded and unlovely, and the curtains of smilax as if they were not real but some tawdry device of a scene on the stage. With one hand he reached out, and, seizing a few of the green fragile strands, tore them from their fastenings, and, throwing them to the floor, crushed them under his foot. Moving very slowly, he crossed the room to the window. To the east the dawn of the new day had streaked the purple sky with long narrow ribbons of gray and pink lights; down in the park the lamps of a taxicab swung in a great arc and then disappeared behind a black screen of foliage; to the west he could see the lights twinkling in the upper story of a building that rose high above the trees; but to the eyes of Thole the city lay before him, a great sleeping octopus, its unclean body calmly resting for the work of the coming day. If there was anything of beauty there he, at least, had failed to find it; for had it not this night, in spite of all his money and his power, taken from him his one last chance of happiness? And then it came to him that in a few hours the battle would

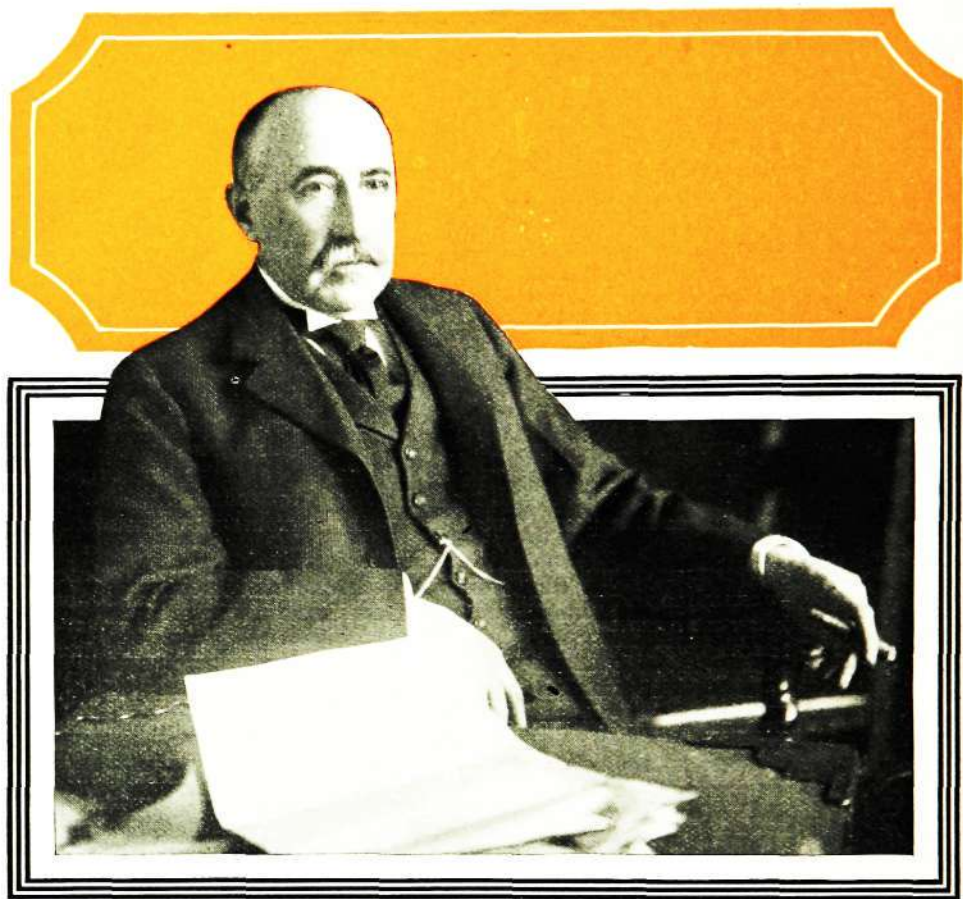
be on again, and that he must have sleep, because he would have to be in his place and ready. And so he turned from the window and the sleeping city and with slow, unsteady steps moved toward his own room.



To the east the dawn of the new day had streaked the purple sky with long narrow ribbons of gray and pink lights

# He Will Help Crown a King

By James Hay, Jr.



SPECIALLY POSED FOR THE COMMODITIAN

The latest portrait of John Hays Hammond, the world-famous mining engineer, whom President Taft has appointed special ambassador to the coronation of King George V

**B**RIEFLY speaking, John Hays Hammond is one of the ambulant and amphibious wonders of the world, being a whirling, whizzing wizard concerning the earth and the things under the earth, not to mention the sea and the power of rolling waters. In the matter of clinging to the face of a slimy cliff in a search for gold, he has done things that drew the veil over the vaunted exploits of the highly expert but very extinct pterodactyl; and Noah never catalogued among his animals one four-footed beast that had half of Hammond's knowledge about how to make a hole in the ground.

Consequently, in sending him as special ambassador to the coronation of King George V of England, President Taft, who has been his close friend all his life, has set down among the fogs and fads of London a great effulgence—meaning a real man, full of red blood and blue lightning.

Hammond's fame is built on his achievements as a mining engineer, but, in addition to this line of endeavor, he has used as his pawns big water-power sites, irrigation projects, oil-fields, and street railways. Every day that he fails to construct, carry forward, or complete a far-reaching piece of work, he retires miserably to bed, sighs in

dark dejection, and sobs himself to sleep—but, it should be stated, the Sand Man usually finds him with a broad grin on his face.

Czar Nicholas, Kaiser Wilhelm, and other potentates, sovereigns, and princes have held his hand and looked with interest into his steady gray eyes. Laborers in mines and ditches say he is a good fellow, and tramps call him "buddy." He wore brogans and overalls for years, and at another time he hobnobbed with Cecil Rhodes and wound up by having himself sentenced to be hanged by the Boers as a result of the Jameson raid. On one occasion, weakened and wracked by a malignant fever, he crawled many miles through the mountains of Honduras and was finally nursed back to health by a kind native; and still another of his feats was to explore the region of King Solomon's mines, making the journey through a two-hundred-mile desert so hot and dry that the privations killed his sole companion. And nowadays, as he counts his millions and maps out new enterprises, the high financiers of Wall Street frisk his pockets in attempts to find out where he carries his Aladdin's lamp or some other magic instrument that enables him to pull off his remarkable stunts.

Only a few months ago he went to Russia, and it was reported that he was about to undertake the gigantic project of fully developing the latent mineral wealth of Siberia—a report which he has as yet neither affirmed nor denied.

This recital shows the things he has accomplished, but back of the achievements are two stories, more human and more striking. One is his personality, the other his wife. Hammond has a tremendous capacity for sustained and intense work, whether physical or mental; but he is also a great lover of fun, and, therefore, a good "mixer" among his fellows. Although he has done things which required marvelous courage and has established a brilliant career, he is as modest as a girl. The reason that tramps call him "buddy" is that he prefers, rather than talk about himself, to hear their life stories and to get their viewpoint of the world. In the language of the farm, he has a heart as big as a mule's, and he engages in much philanthropy—the kind that is gagged, obscure, secretive, and on the quiet, not the kind that is put out with one hand while the other clutches the telephone to call up the newspaper reporters to hear all about the good deeds.

As to the second story, Mrs. Hammond has accompanied him into the wilds of Mexico, where there were only mountains, Greasers, and rough mining-camps; into South Africa, where she saved his life when he was ill and under sentence of death on an unjust accusation; and into the mountains and mines of the Far West of this country when he was starting out on the princely salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. As a helpmeet, she has been a glorious and glittering success.

Hammond's career can be divided roughly into three periods—the first in this country, Mexico, and South and Central America; the second in South Africa from 1893 to 1900; the third in the United States from 1900 until the present time. As a result of his labors, he owns mines in this country, Mexico, and South Africa; water-power sites in the United States and Mexico, and in the land made famous by Diaz the biggest irrigation project in the world. Two of his ventures "on the side" were to buy, electrify, and sell the street-car lines of Cape Town and Mexico City.

During the Mexican period, he spent a night with a notorious bandit who, with his sons, made a practice of picking off miners carrying ore. Hammond had his wagon full of valuable ore and did not know the character of his host. The following morning the old robber and his sons, after showing Hammond that each of them could put a rifle bullet through a whiskey-cork at a range of more than a hundred yards, let him go on his way unmolested and unrobbed.

He is proud of the fact that he never "takes a flier" in Wall Street and that the money he has made came out of the ground and big projects. The one possession that he guards with great care is his collection of autographed photographs of famous men and intimate friends. The walls of his library in Washington are covered with such pictures of the sovereigns, statesmen, engineers, and tramps he has known.

The President has often tried to make him accept public office, but he has steadfastly refused, turning down a place in the cabinet and several big foreign missions. He accepted the special ambassadorship to the coronation only because of its temporary nature, his chief business being the bridling of rivers, the melting of metal, and the making of fun for his friends.

# The Common Law\*

A STORY OF LOVE AND THE STRUGGLE AGAINST TRADITION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Fighting Chance," "The Younger Set," "The Danger Mark," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

**SYNOPSIS:** This story concerns itself with the love-affair of Louis Neville, an artist of aristocratic and snobbish ancestry, and Valerie West, a gently bred girl who, from a cloistered life with an invalid mother, comes to his studio seeking employment as a model. Her unusual beauty wins her an audience, and her physical perfection being suited to some work Neville has on hand, she is promptly engaged. The association thus begun rapidly progresses through intellectual companionship into pure friendship and then love. There are many delightful days together and many days that are disturbed for Neville before he asks her to marry him and is answered that he cannot take her into his world, but that they two can make a world for themselves where love can be love without being a burden. This is only the beginning of trouble, for Neville insists that she must come to him in the society-approved way, and Valerie maintains that her way is equally honorable and for them is the better, wiser—the only—way.

In the preceding instalment Rita Tevis urges Valerie not to fall in love, to do which, she thinks, spells ruin for a model; Neville, hoping thereby to overcome Valerie's objections, tries to get his parents to accept her, and is rebuffed; and at the end, while painting his sister, Lily Collis, in his studio, he is annoyed by "Sandy" Cameron, who pokes behind tapestries and canvases, humorously pretending to be searching for some of the pretty models he has heard infest artists' studios.

## XI (CONTINUED)

NEVILLE shrugged and went on painting, which exasperated Cameron.

"It's a fraud," he observed, in a loud, confidential aside to Stephanie; "it's a bluff, a hoax, a con game! Are you going to stand for it? I don't see any absinthe, either—or even any *vin ordinaire!* Only a tea-pot—a *tea-pot!*" he repeated in unutterable scorn. "Why, there's more of Bohemia in a Broad Street trust company than there is in this Pullman-car studio!"

Mrs. Collis was laughing so that her brother had difficulty in going on with her portrait.

"Get out of here, Sandy," he said, "or take Stephanie into the rest of the apartment, somewhere, and tell her your woes."

Stephanie, who had been exploring, turning over piles of *châssis* and investigating canvases and charcoal studies stacked up here and there against the wainscot, pulled aside an easel which impeded her progress, and in so doing accidentally turned the canvas affixed to it toward the light.

"Hello!" exclaimed Cameron briskly, "who is this?"

Lily turned her small, aristocratic head, and Stephanie looked around.

"What a perfectly beautiful girl!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Who is she, Louis?"

"A model," he said calmly; but the careless and casual exposure of the canvas had angered him so suddenly that his own swift emotion astonished him.

Lily had risen from her seat, and now stood looking fixedly at the portrait of Valerie West, her furs trailing from one shoulder to the chair.

"My eye and Betty Martin!" cried Cameron. "I'll take it all back, girls! It's a real studio, after all, and this is the real thing! Louis, do you think she's seen the Aquarium? I'm disengaged after three o'clock."

He began to kiss his hand rapidly in the direction of the portrait, and then, fondly embracing his own walking-stick, he took a few jaunty steps in circles, singing "Waltz me around again, Willy."

Lily Collis said: "If your model is as lovely as her portrait, Louis, she is a real beauty. Who is she?"

"A professional model." He could scarcely contain his impatience with his sister, with Cameron's fat humor, with Stephanie's quiet and intent scrutiny—as though, somehow, he had suddenly exposed Valerie herself to the cool and cynically detached curiosity of a world which she knew must always remain unfriendly to her.

\* This story began in the November issue of the *Cosmopolitan*

He was perfectly aware that his sister had guessed whose portrait confronted them; he supposed, too, that Stephanie probably suspected. And the knowledge irritated him more than the clownishness of Cameron.

"It is a splendid piece of painting," said Stephanie cordially, and turned quietly to a portfolio of drawings at her elbow. She had let her fleeting glance rest on Neville for a second; had divined in a flash that he was enduring and not courting their examination of this picture; that, somehow, her accidental discovery of it had displeased him, was even paining him.

"Sandy," she said cheerfully, "come here and help me look over these sketches."

"Any peaches among 'em?"

"Bushels."

Cameron came with alacrity. Neville waited until Lily had reluctantly resumed her seat, then he pushed back the easel, turned Valerie's portrait to the wall, and quietly resumed his painting.

Art in any form was powerless to retain "Sandy" Cameron's attention for very many consecutive minutes; he grew restless, fussed about with portfolios for a little while longer, enlivening the tedium with characteristic observations. "Well, I've got business down-town," he exclaimed, with great pretense of regret. "Come on, Stephanie; we'll go to the Exchange and start something. Shall we? Oh, anything, from a panic to a bull market! I don't care; go as far as you like. You may wreck a few railroads if you want to. Only I've got to go. Awfully good of you to let me—er—see all these—er—interesting—and er—m-m-m—things, Louis. Glad I saw that dream of a peacherino, too. What is she on the side? An actrine? If she is I'll take a box for the rest of the season, including the road and one-night stands. Good-by, Mrs. Collis! Good-by, Stephanie! Good-by, Louis! I'll come and spend the day with you when you're too busy to see me. Now, Stephanie, child! It's the Stock Exchange or the Little Church Around the Corner for you and me, if you say so!"

Stephanie had duties at a different sort of an exchange; and she also took her leave, thanking Neville warmly for the pleasure she had had, and promising to lunch with Lily at the Continental Club.

When they had departed, Lily said, "I suppose that is a portrait of your model, Valerie West?"

"Yes," he replied shortly.

"Well, Louis, it is perfectly absurd of you to show so plainly that you consider our discovery of it a desecration."

He turned red with surprise and irritation.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean exactly what I say. You showed by your expression and your manner that our inspection of the picture and our questions and comments concerning it were unwelcome."

"I'm sorry I showed it. But they *were* unwelcome."

"Will you tell me why?"

"I don't think I know exactly why, unless the portrait was a personal and private affair concerning only myself."

"Louis! Has it gone as far as that?"

"As far as what? What on earth are you trying to say, Lily?"

"I'm trying to say, as nicely and as gently as I can, that your behavior in regard to this girl is making us all perfectly wretched."

"Whom do you mean by 'us all'?" he demanded sullenly.

"Father and mother and myself. You must have known perfectly well that father would write to me about what you told him at Spindrift House a month ago."

"Did he?"

"Of course he did, Louis! Mother is simply worrying herself ill over you; father is incredulous—at least he pretends to be; but he has written me twice on the subject—and I think you might just as well be told what anxiety and unhappiness your fascination for this girl is causing us all."

Mrs. Collis was leaning far forward in her chair, forgetful of her pose; Neville stood silent, head lowered, absently mixing tints upon his palette without regard to the work under way.

When he had almost covered his palette with useless squares of color he picked up a palette-knife, scraped it clean, smeared the residue on a handful of rags, laid aside brushes and palette, and walked slowly to the window.

It was snowing again. He could hear the feathery whisper of the flakes falling on the glass roof above; and he remembered the night of the new year, and all that it had brought to him—all the wonder and happiness and perplexity of a future utterly unsuspected, undreamed of. And now it was into that future he was staring with a fixed and blank gaze as his sister's hand fell upon

his shoulder and her cheek rested a moment in caress against his.

"Dearest child," she said tremulously, "I did not mean to speak harshly or without sympathy. But, after all, shouldn't a son consider his father and mother in a matter of this kind?"

"I have considered them—tried to."

Mrs. Collis dropped into an armchair. After a few moments he also seated himself listlessly, and sat gazing at nothing out of absent eyes.

She said: "You know what father and mother are. Even I have something of their old-fashioned conservatism clinging to me—and yet people consider me extremely liberal in my views. But all my liberality, all my modern education since I left the dear old absurdities of our narrow childhood and youth, cannot reconcile me to what you threaten us with—with what you are threatened—you, your entire future life."

"What seems to threaten you, and them, is my marriage to the woman with whom I'm in love. Does that shock you?"

"The circumstances shock me."

"I could not control the circumstances."

"You can control yourself, Louis."

"Yes, I can do that. I can break her heart and mine."

"Hearts don't break, Louis. And is anybody to live life through exempt from suffering? If your unhappiness comes early in life to you it will pass the sooner, leaving the future tranquil for you, and you ready for it, unperplexed, made cleaner, purer, braver by a sorrow that came, as comes all sorrow, and that has gone its way, like all sorrows, leaving you the better and the worthier."

"How is it to leave *her*?"

He spoke so naturally, so simply, that for the moment his sister did not recognize in him what had never before been there to recognize, the thought of another before himself. Afterward she remembered it.

She said quietly, "If Valerie West is a girl really sincere and meriting your respect, she will face this matter as you face it."

"Yes, she would do that," he said thoughtfully.

"Then I think that the sooner you explain matters to her—"

He laughed. "I don't have to explain anything to her, Lily."

"What do you mean?"

"She knows how things stand. She is perfectly aware of your world's attitude

toward her. She has not the slightest intention of forcing herself on you, or of asking your indulgence or your charity."

"You mean, then, that she desires to separate you from your family, from your friends?"

"No," he said wearily, "she does not desire that, either."

His sister's troubled eyes rested on him in silence for a while; then: "I know she is beautiful; I am sure she is good, Louis—good in—in her own way, worthy, in her own fashion. But, dear, is that all that you, a Neville, require of the woman who is to bear your name—bear your children?"

"She *is* all I require—and far more."

"Dear, you are utterly blinded by your infatuation!"

"You do not know her."

"Then let me!" exclaimed Mrs. Collis desperately. "Let me meet her, Louis—let me talk with her—"

"No. And I'll tell you why, Lily; it's because she does not care to meet you."

"What!"

"I have told you the plain truth. She sees no reason for knowing you, or for knowing my parents, or any woman in a world that would never tolerate her, never submit to her entrance, never receive her as one of them—a world that might shrug and smile and endure her as my wife—and embitter my life forever."

As he spoke he was not aware that he merely repeated Valerie's own words; he remained still unconscious that his decision was in fact merely her decision; that his entire attitude had become hers because her nature and her character were as yet the stronger. But in his words his sister's quick intelligence perceived a logic and a conclusion entirely feminine and utterly foreign to her brother's habit of mind. And she realized with a thrill of fear that she had to do, not with her brother, but with a woman who was to be reckoned with.

"Do you, or does Miss West, think it likely that I am a woman to wound, to affront another, no matter who she may be? Surely, Louis, you could have told her very little about me."

"I never mention you to her."

Lily caught her breath. "Why?"

"Why should I?"

"That is unfair, Louis! She has the right to know about your own family. Otherwise how can she understand the situation?"

"It's like all situations, isn't it? You and father and mother have your own arbitrary customs and traditions and standards of respectability. You rule out whom you choose. Valerie West knows perfectly well that you would rule her out. Why should she give you the opportunity?"

"Is she afraid of me?"

He smiled. "I don't think so." And his smile angered his sister.

"Very well," she said, biting her lip. For a few moments she sat there deliberating, her pointed patent-leather toe tapping the polished floor. Then she stood up with decision. "There is no use in our quarrelling, Louis—until the time comes when some outsider forces us into an unhappy misunderstanding. Kiss me good-by, dear."

She lifted her face; he kissed her; and her hand closed impulsively on his arm.

"Louis! Louis! I love you. I am so proud of you—I—you know I love you, don't you?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You *know* I am devoted to your happiness—your *real* happiness—which those blinded eyes in that obstinate head of yours refuse to see. Believe me, believe me, dear, that your *real* happiness is not in this pretty, strange girl's keeping. No, no, no! You are wrong, Louis—terribly and hopelessly wrong! Because happiness for you lies in the keeping of another woman—a woman of your own world, dear, of your own kind—a gently bred, lovable, generous girl whom you, deep in your heart and soul, love unknowingly—have always loved!"

He shook his head slowly, looking down into his sister's eyes.

She said, almost frightened, "You—you won't do it—suddenly—without letting us know—will you, Louis?"

"What?"

"Marry this girl!"

"No," he said, "it is not likely."

"But you—you mean to marry her?"

"I want to. But it is not likely to happen—for a while."

"How long?"

"I don't know."

She drew a tremulous breath of relief, looking up into his face. Then her eyes narrowed; she thought a moment, and her gaze became preoccupied and remote, and her lips grew firm with the train of thought she was pursuing. He put his arms around her and kissed her again; and she felt the

boyish appeal in it, and her lip quivered. But she could not respond, could not consider for one moment, could not permit her sympathy for him to enlist her against what she was devoutly convinced were his own most vital interests—his honor, his happiness, the success of his future career.

She said with tears in her eyes: "Louis, I love you dearly. If God will grant us all a little patience and a little wisdom there will be a way made clear to all of us. Good-by."

Whether it was that the Almighty did not grant Mrs. Collis the patience to wait until a way was made clear, or whether another letter from her father decided her to clear that way for herself, is uncertain; but one day in March Valerie received a letter from Mrs. Collis; and answered it; and the next morning she shortened a séance with Querida, exchanged her costume for her street-clothes, and hastened to her apartments, where Mrs. Collis was already awaiting her in the little sitting-room.

Valerie offered her hand and stood looking at Lily Collis, as though searching for some resemblance to her brother in the pretty, slightly flushed features. There was a very indefinite family resemblance.

"Miss West," said Mrs. Collis, "it is amiable of you to overlook the informality—"

"I am not formal, Mrs. Collis," she said quietly. "Will you sit here?" indicating an armchair near the window. "Because the light is not very good, and I have some mending to do on a costume which I must pose in this afternoon."

Lily Collis seated herself, her bewitched gaze following Valerie as she moved lightly and gracefully about, collecting sewing-materials and the costume in question, and bringing them to a low chair under the north window.

"I am sure you will not mind my sewing," she said, with a slight upward inflection to her voice, which made it a question.

"Please, Miss West," said Lily hastily.

"It is really a necessity," observed Valerie, threading her needle and turning over the skirt. "Illustrators are very arbitrary gentlemen; a model's failure to keep an engagement sometimes means the loss of a valuable contract to them, and that isn't fair either to them or to their publishers, who would be forced to hunt up another artist at the last moment."



There was a silence. Valerie's head was bent over her sewing; Mrs. Collis, fascinated, almost alarmed by with this young girl; inwardly all was





her beauty, could not take her eyes from her. Outwardly Lily was pleasantly reserved, perfectly at ease commotion approaching actual consternation

"Your—profession—must be an exceedingly interesting one," said Lily in a low voice.

Valerie smiled. "It is a very exacting one."

There was a silence. Valerie's head was bent over her sewing; Mrs. Collis, fascinated, almost alarmed by her beauty, could not take her eyes from her. Outwardly Lily was pleasantly reserved, perfectly at ease with this young girl; inwardly all was commotion approaching actual consternation.

She had been prepared for youth, for a certain kind of charm and beauty, but not for this kind—not for the loveliness, the grace, the composure, the exquisite simplicity of this young girl who sat sewing there before her. She was obliged to force herself to recollect that this girl was a model hired to pose for men—paid to expose her young, unclothed limbs and body! Yet—could it be possible! Was this girl—hailed as a comrade by the irrepressible Ogilvy and Annan—the heroine of a score of unconventional and careless gaieties recounted by them? Was this the coquette who, it was rumored, had flung over Querida, snapped her white fingers at Penrhyn Cardemon, and laughed disrespectfully at a dozen respected pillars of society who appeared to be willing to support her in addition to the entire social structure?

Very quietly the girl raised her head. Her sensitive lips were edged with a smile, but there was no mirth in her clear eyes.

"Mrs. Collis, perhaps you are waiting for me to say something about your letter and my answer to it. I did not mean to embarrass you by not speaking of it, but I was not certain that the initiative lay with me."

Lily reddened. "It lies with *me*, Miss West—the initiative. I mean—" She hesitated, suddenly realizing how difficult it had become to go on—how utterly unprepared she was to encounter passive resistance from such composure as this young girl already displayed.

"You wrote to me about your anxiety concerning Mr. Neville," said Valerie gently.

"Yes, I did, Miss West. You will surely understand—and forgive me—if I say to you that I am still a prey to deepest anxiety."

"Why?"

The question was so candid, so direct, that for a moment Lily remained silent.

But the dark, clear, friendly eyes were asking for an answer, and the woman of the world who knew how to meet most situations and how to dominate them searched her experience in vain for the proper words to use in this one.

After a moment Valerie's eyes dropped, and she resumed her sewing; and Lily bit her lip and composed her mind to its delicate task.

"Miss West," she said, "what I have to say is not going to be very agreeable to either of us. It is going to be painful, perhaps—and it is going to take a long while to explain—"

"It need not take long," said Valerie, without raising her eyes from her stitches; "it requires only a word to tell me that you and your father and mother do not wish your brother to marry me."

She looked up quietly, and her eyes met Lily's.

"I promise not to marry him," she said. "You are perfectly right. He belongs to his own family; he belongs in his own world."

She looked down again at her sewing with a faint smile.

"I shall not attempt to enter that world as his wife, Mrs. Collis, or to draw him out of it. And I hope that you will not be anxious any more."

She laid aside her work and rose to her slender height, smilingly, as though the older woman had terminated the interview; and Lily, utterly confounded, rose, too, as Valerie offered her hand in adieu.

"Miss West," she began, not perfectly sure of what she was saying, "I—scarcely dare thank you—for what you have said—for—my—brother's—sake."

Valerie laughed. "I would do much more than that for him, Mrs. Collis. Only I must first be sure of what is really the best way to serve him."

Lily's gloved hand tightened over hers, and she laid the other one over it. "You are so generous, so sweet about it!" she said unsteadily. "And I look into your face, and I know you are good—good—all the way through."

Valerie laughed again. "There isn't any real evil in me. And I am not astonishingly generous; merely sensible. I knew from the first that I couldn't marry him—if I really loved him," she added, under her breath.

They were at the door, now. Lily passed out into the entry, halted, turned impulsively, the tears in her eyes, and put both arms tenderly around the girl.

"You poor child," she whispered. "You dear, brave, generous girl! God knows whether I am right or wrong. I am only trying to do my duty—trying to do what is best for him."

Valerie looked at her curiously. "Yes, you cannot choose but think of him if you really love him. That is the way it is with love."

Afterward, sewing by the window, she could scarcely see the stitches for the clinging tears. But they dried on her lashes; not one fell. And when Rita came in breezily to join her at luncheon she was ready, her costume mended and folded in her hand-satchel, and there remained scarcely even a redness of the lids to betray her.

That evening she did not stop for tea at Neville's studio; and, later, when he telephoned, asking her to dine with him, she pleaded the feminine prerogative of tea in her room and going to bed early for a change. But she lay awake until midnight trying to think out a *modus vivandi* for Neville and herself which would involve no sacrifice on his part and no unhappiness for anybody except, perhaps, herself.

The morning was dull

and threatened rain, and she awoke with a slight headache, remembering that she had dreamed all night of weeping.

In her mail there was a note from Querida, asking her to stop at his studio for a few moments that afternoon, several business communications, and a long letter from Mrs. Collis, which she read lying in bed, one hand resting on her aching forehead:

MY DEAR MISS WEST: Our interview this morning has left me with a somewhat confused sense of indebtedness to you and an admiration and respect for your character which I wished very much to convey to you this morning, but which I was at a loss to express.

You are not only kind and reasonable, but so entirely unselfish that my own attitude in this unhappy matter has seemed to me harsh and ungracious.

I went to you entertaining a very different idea of you, and very different sentiments from the opinion which I took away with me. I admit that my call on you was not made with any agreeable anticipations; but I was determined to see you and

learn for myself what manner of woman had so disturbed us all.

In justice to you—in grateful recognition of your tact and gentleness, I am venturing to express to you now my very thorough respect for you, my sense of deep obligation, and my sympathy—which I am afraid you may not care for.

That it would not be suitable for a marriage to take place between my brother and yourself is, it appears, as evident to you as it is to his own family. Yet, will you permit me to wish that it were otherwise? I do wish it; I wish that the circumstances had made such a marriage possible. I say this to you in spite of the fact that we have always expected my brother to marry into a family which has been intimate with our own



The Countess d'Enver

family for many generations. It is a tribute to your character which I am unwilling to suppress; which I believe I owe to you, to say that, had circumstances been different, you might have been made welcome among us.

The circumstances of which I speak are of an importance to us, perhaps exaggerated, possibly out of proportion to the fundamental conditions of the situation. But they are conditions which our family has never ignored. And it is too late for us to learn to ignore them now.

I think that you will feel—I think that a large part of the world might consider our attitude toward such a woman as you have shown yourself to be, narrow, prejudiced, provincial. The modern world would scarcely arm us with any warrant for interfering in a matter which a man nearly thirty is supposed to be able to manage for himself. But my father and mother are old, and they will never change in their beliefs and prejudices inherited from their parents, who in turn inherited their beliefs.

It was for them more than for myself—more even than for my brother—that I appealed to you. The latter end of their lives should not be made unhappy. And your generous decision assures me that it will not be made so.

As for myself, my marriage permitted me an early enfranchisement from the obsolete conventional limits within which my brother and I were brought up.

I understand enough of the modern world not to clash with it unnecessarily, enough of ultra-modernity not to be too much afraid of it.

But even I, while I might theoretically admit and even admire that cheerful and fearless courage which makes it possible for such a self-respecting woman as yourself to face the world and force it to recognize her right to earn her own living as she chooses—I could not bring myself to contemplate with equanimity my brother's marrying you. And I do not believe my father would survive such an event.

To us, to me also, certain fixed conventional limits are the basis of all happiness. To offend them is to be unhappy; to ignore them would mean destruction to our peace of mind and self-respect. And though I do admire you and respect you for what you are it is only just to you to say that we could never reconcile ourselves to those modern social conditions which you so charmingly represent, and which are embodied in you with such convincing dignity.

Dear Miss West, have I pained you? Have I offended you in return for all your courtesy to me? I hope not. I felt that I owed you this. Please accept it as a tribute and as a sorrowful acquiescence in conditions which an old-fashioned family are unable to change.

Very sincerely yours,

LILY COLLIS.

She lay for a while, thinking, the sheets of the letter lying loose on the bed. It seemed to require no answer. Nor had Mrs. Collis, apparently, any fear that Valerie would ever inform Louis Neville of what had occurred between his sister and herself. Still, to Valerie, an unanswered letter was like a civil observation ignored. She wrote that evening to Lily:

DEAR MRS. COLLIS: In acknowledging your letter of yesterday I beg to assure you that I understand the inadvisability of my marrying your brother, and that I have no idea of doing it and that, through me, he shall never know of your letters or of your visit to me in his behalf.

With many thanks for your kindly expressions of good-will toward me, I am

Very truly yours,

VALERIE WEST.

She had been too tired to call at Querida's studio, too tired even to take tea at the Plaza with Neville.

Rita came in, silent and out of spirits, and replied in monosyllables to Valerie's inquiries. It finally transpired that Sam Ogilvy and Harry Annan had been tormenting John Burleson after their own fashion until their inanity had exasperated her and she expressed herself freely to everybody concerned.

"It makes me very angry," she said, "to have a lot of brainless people believe that John Burleson is stupid. He isn't; he is merely a trifle literal, and far too intelligent to see any humor in the silly capers Sam and Harry cut."

Valerie, who was feeling better, sipped her tea and nibbled her toast, much amused at Rita's championship of the big sculptor. "John is a dear," she said, "but even his most enthusiastic partisans could hardly characterize him as a humorist."

"He's not a clown—if that's what you mean," said Rita shortly.

"But, Rita, he *isn't* humorous, you know."

"He *is*. He has a sense of humor perfectly intelligible to those who understand it."

"Do you, dear?"

"Certainly. And I always have understood it."

"Oh! What kind of occult humor is it?"

"It is a quiet, cultivated, dignified sense of humor not uncommon in New England, and not understood in New York."

Valerie nibbled her toast, secretly amused. Burleson was from Massachusetts. Rita was the daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman. No doubt they were fitted to understand each other. It occurred to her, too, that John Burleson and Rita Tevis had always been on a friendly footing rather quieter and more serious than the usual gay and irresponsible relations maintained between two people under similar circumstances. Sometimes she had noticed that when affairs became too frivolous and the scintillation of wit and epigram too rapid

and continuous John Burleson and Rita were very apt to edge out of the circle as though for mutual protection.

"You're not posing for John, are you, Rita?" she asked.

"No. He has a bad cold, and I stopped in to see that he wore a red-flannel bandage around his throat. A sculptor's work is so dreadfully wet and sloppy, and his throat has always been very delicate."

"Do you mean to say that you charge your mind with the coddling of that great big, pink-cheeked boy?" laughed Valerie.

"Coddling!" repeated Rita, flushing up. "I don't call it coddling to stop in for a moment to remind a friend that he doesn't know how to take care of himself, and never will."

"Nonsense. You couldn't kill a man of that size and placidity of character."

"You don't know anything about him. He is much more delicate than he looks."

Valerie glanced curiously at the girl, who was preparing oysters in the chafing-dish. "How do *you* happen to know so much about him, Rita?"

She answered, carelessly, "I have known him ever since I began to pose—almost."

Valerie set her cup aside, sprang up to rinse mouth and hands, then, gathering her pink negligee around her, curled up in a big wing-chair, drawing her bare feet up under the silken folds and watching Rita prepare the modest repast for one.

"Rita," she said, "who was the first artist you ever posed for? Was it John Burleson—and did you endure tortures?"

"No, it was not John Burleson. And I endured—enough."

"Don't you care to tell me who it was?"

Rita did not reply at that time. Later, however, when the simple supper was ended, she found a place where, with lamplight behind her, she could read a book which Burleson had sent her, and which she had been attempting to assimilate and digest all winter. It was a large, thick, dark book, and weighed nearly four pounds. It was called "Essays on the Obvious"; and Valerie had made fun of it until, to her surprise, she noticed that her pleasantries annoyed Rita.

Valerie, curled up in the wing-chair, cheek resting against its velvet side, was reading the Psalms again—fascinated as always by the noble music of the verse. And it was only by chance that, lifting her eyes ab-

sently for a moment, she found that Rita had laid aside her book and was looking at her intently.

"Hello, dear!" she said, indolently humorous.

Rita said, "You read your Bible a good deal, don't you?"

"Parts of it."

"The parts you believe?"

"Yes; and the parts that I can't believe."

"What parts can't you believe?"

Valerie laughed. "Oh, the unfair parts, the cruel parts, the inconsistent parts."

"What about faith?"

"Faith is a matter of temperament, dear."

"Haven't you any?"

"Yes, in all things good."

"Then you have faith in yourself that you are capable of deciding what is good and worthy of belief in the Scriptures, and what is unworthy?"

"It must be that way. I am intelligent. One must decide for oneself what is fair and what is unfair; what is cruel and what is merciful and kind. Intelligence must always evolve its own religion; sin is only an unfaithfulness to what one really believes."

"What do you believe, Valerie?"

"About what, dear?"

"Love."

"Loving a man?"

"Yes."

"You know what my creed is—that love must be utterly unselfish to be pure—to be love at all."

"One must not think of oneself," murmured Rita absently.

"I don't mean that. I mean that one must not hesitate to sacrifice oneself when the happiness or welfare of the other is in the balance."

Rita was silent, gazing into space, her blond hair clustering around the pretty oval of her face.

Valerie waited for a few moments, then resumed her reading, glancing inquiringly at intervals over the top of her book at Rita, who seemed disinclined for further conversation.

After a long silence Rita said abruptly: "You asked me who was the first man for whom I posed. I'll tell you if you wish to know. It was Penryhn Cardemon! And I was eighteen years old."

Valerie dropped her book in astonishment. "Penrhyn Cardemon!" she repeated. "Why, he isn't an artist!"



Stephanie remained perfectly still for a moment after Valerie had told her name; then, conscious that she decided. "I have heard so pleasantly about you through Mrs. Collis."



was staring, calmly averted her gaze while the slow fire died out in her cheeks. And in a moment she had she said with perfect composure. "You remember her, I think"

"He has a studio."

"Where?"

"On Fifth Avenue."

"What does he do there?"

"Deviltry."

Valerie's face was blank; Rita sat sullenly cradling one knee in her hands, looking at the floor, her soft, gold hair hanging over her forehead so that it shadowed her face.

"I've meant to tell you for a long time," she went on; "I would have told you if Cardemon had ever sent for you to—pose—in his place."

"He asked me to go on the *Mohave*."

"I'd have warned you if Louis Neville had not objected."

"Do you suppose Louis knew?"

"No. He scarcely knows Penrhyn Cardemon. His family and Cardemon are neighbors in the country, but the Nevilles and the Collises are snobs—I'm speaking plainly, Valerie—and they have no use for that red-faced, red-necked, stocky young millionaire."

Valerie sat thinking; Rita, nursing her knee, brooded under the bright tangle of her hair, linking and unlinking her fingers as she gently swayed her foot to and fro.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed at last. "I almost forgot!"

And a moment later Valerie heard her at the telephone.

"Is that you, John? Have you remembered to take your medicine? How perfectly horrid of you! Take it at once! It's the one in the brown bottle—six drops in a wine-glass of water."

## XII

MRS. HIND-WILLET, born to the purple—or rather entitled to a narrow border of discreet mauve on all occasions of ceremony in Manhattan—was a dreamer of dreams. One of her dreams concerned her hyphenated husband, and she put him away; another concerned Penrhyn Cardemon, and she woke up. But the persistent visualization, which had become an obsession, of a society to be formed out of the massed intellects of Manhattan, regardless of race, morals, or previous condition of social servitude—a gentle intellectual affinity which knew no law of art except individual inspiration—haunted her always. And there was always her own set to which she could retreat if desirable.

She had begun with a fashionable and semi-fashionable nucleus which included Mrs. Atherstane, the Countess d'Enver, Latimer Varyck, Olaf Dennison, and Pedro Carrillo, and then enlarged the circle from those perpetual candidates squatting anxiously upon the social step-ladder all the way from the bottom to the top. The result was what Ogilvy called intellectual local option; and though he haunted this agglomeration at times, particularly when temporarily smitten by a pretty face or figure, he was under no illusions concerning it or the people composing it.

Returning one afternoon from a reception at Mrs. Atherstane's, he replied to Annan's disrespectful inquiries and injurious observations:

"You're on to that joint, Henry; it's a saloon, not a salon; and art is the petrified sandwich. Fix me a very, ve-ry high one, dearie, because little sunshine is in love again."

"Who drew the lucky number?" asked Annan with a shrug.

"The Countess d'Enver. She's the birdie."

"Intellectually?"

"Oh, she's an intellectual four-flusher, bless her heart! But she was the only woman there who didn't try to mentally frisk me. We lunch together soon, Henry."

"Where's your count hubby?"

"Aloft. She's a bird," he repeated, "and I myself am the real ornithological thing—the species that Brooklyn itself would label 'boird.' She has such pretty, confiding ways, Harry."

"You'd both better join the Audubon Society for mutual protection," observed Annan dryly.

"I'll stand for anything she stands for except that social Tenderloin; I'll join anything she joins except the 'classes now forming' in that intellectual dance-hall. By the way, who do you suppose was there?"

"The police?"

"Naw—the saloon wasn't raided, though 'Professor' Carrillo's poem was *assez raide*. Mek-mek-k-k-k! But oh, the kinky pictures! Oh, the art beautiful! Aniline rainbows exploding in a physical-culture school couldn't beat that omelette! And guess who was pouring tea in the center of the olio, Harry!"

"You?" inquired Annan wearily.

"Valerie West."



"What in God's name has that bunch taken her up for?"

For the last few weeks Valerie's telephone had rung intermittently, summoning her to conversation with Mrs. Hind-Willet. At first the amiable interest displayed by Mrs. Hind-Willet puzzled Valerie, until one day, returning to her rooms for luncheon, she found the Countess d'Enver's brougham standing in front of the house and that discreetly perfumed lady about to descend.

"How do you do?" said Valerie, stopping on the sidewalk and offering her hand with a frank smile.

"I came to call on you," said the overdressed little countess; "may I?"

"It is very kind of you. Will you come up-stairs? There is no elevator."

The pretty bejeweled countess arrived in the living-room out of breath, and seated herself, flushed, speechless, overcome, her little white-gloved hand clutching her breast.

Valerie, accustomed to the climb, was in no wise distressed; and went serenely about her business while the countess was recovering.

"I am going to prepare luncheon; may I hope you will remain and share it with me?" she asked.

The countess nodded, slowly recovering her breath and glancing curiously around the room.

"You see, I have only an hour between poses," observed Valerie, moving swiftly from cupboard to kitchenette, "so luncheon is always rather simple. Miss Tevis, with whom I live, never lunches here, so I take what there is left from breakfast."

A little later they were seated at a small table together, sipping chocolate. There was cold meat, a light salad, and fruit. The conversation was as haphazard and casual as the luncheon, until the pretty countess tasted her tiny glass of port—the latter a gift from Querida.

"Do you think it odd of me to call on you uninvited?" she asked, with that smiling abruptness which sometimes arises from embarrassment.

"I think it is very sweet of you," said Valerie. "I am very happy to know that you remember me."

The countess flushed up. "Do you really feel that way about it?"

"Yes," said Valerie, smiling, "or I would not say so."

"Then you give me courage to tell you that since I first met you I've been—quite mad about you."

"About *me!*" in smiling surprise.

"Yes. I wanted to know you. I told Mrs. Hind-Willet to ask you to the club. She did. But you never came. And I *did* like you so much."

Valerie said in a sweet, surprised way, "Do you know what I am?"

"Yes; you sit for artists."

"I am a professional model," said Valerie. "I don't believe you understood that, did you?"

"Yes, I did," said the countess. "You pose for the ensemble, too."

Valerie looked at her incredulously. "Do you think you would really care to know me? I, an artists' model, and you, the Countess d'Enver?"

"I was Nellie Jackson before that." She leaned across the table, smiling, with heightened color. "I believe I'd never have to pretend with you. The minute I saw you I liked you. Will you let me talk to you?"

"Y-yes."

There was a constrained silence; Hélène d'Enver touched the water in the bowl with her finger-tips, dried them, looked up at Valerie, who rose. Under the window there was a tufted seat; and here they found places together.

"Do you know why I came?" asked Hélène d'Enver. "I was lonely."

"*You!*"

"My dear, I am a lonely woman; I'm lonely to desperation. I don't belong in New York, and I don't belong in France, and I don't like Pittsburg. I'm lonely! I've always been lonely ever since I left Pittsburg. There doesn't seem to be any definite place anywhere for me. And I haven't a real woman friend in the world!"

"How in the world can you say that?" exclaimed Valerie, astonished.

"You think because I have a title and am presentable that I can go anywhere?" She smiled. "The society I might care for hasn't the slightest interest in me. There is in this city a kind of society recruited largely from the fashionable hotels and from among those who have no fixed social position in New York—people who are never very far outside or inside the edge of things, but who never penetrate any further." She laughed. "This society camps perma-

nently at the base of the Great Wall of China. But it never scales it.

"Watch the men on Fifth Avenue," she went on. "Some walk there as though they do not belong there; some walk as though they do belong there; some, as though they live there. I move about as though I belonged where I am occasionally seen; but I'm tired of pretending that I live there."

She leaned back among the cushions, dropping one knee over the other, and her little suede shoe swung nervously to and fro.

"You're the first girl I've seen in New York who, I believe, really doesn't care what I am—and I don't care what she is. Shall we be friends? I'm lonely."

Valerie looked at her diffidently. "I haven't had very much experience in friendship—except with Rita Tevis," she said.

"Will you let me take you to drive sometimes?"

"I'd love to, only, you see, I am in business."

"Of course. I mean after hours."

"Thank you. But I usually am expected—to tea—and dinner—"

Hélène lay back among the cushions, looking at her. "Haven't you any time at all for me?" she asked wistfully.

Valerie was thinking of Neville. "Not—very—much, I am afraid."

"Can't you spare me an hour now and then?"

"Y-yes; I'll try."

There was a silence. The mantel clock struck, and Valerie glanced up. Hélène d'Enver rose, stood still a moment, then stepped forward and took both of Valerie's hands.

"Can't we be friends? I do need one; and I like you so much. You've the eyes that make a woman easy. There are none like yours in New York."

Valerie laughed uncertainly. "Your friends wouldn't care for me," she said. "I don't believe there is any real place at all for me in this city except among the few men and women I already know."

"Won't you include me among the number? There is a place for you in my heart."

Touched and surprised, the girl stood looking at the older woman in silence.

"May I drive you to your destination?" asked Hélène gently.

"You are very kind. It is Mr. Burleson's studio—if it won't take you too far out of your way."

By the end of March Valerie had driven with the Countess d'Enver once or twice; and once or twice had been to see her, and had met, in her apartment, men and women who were inclined to make a fuss over her—men like Carrillo and Dennison, and women like Mrs. Hind-Willet and Mrs. Atherstane. It was her unconventional profession that interested them.

To Neville, recounting her experiences, she said with a patient little smile: "It's rather nice to be liked and to have some kind of a place among people who live in this city. Nobody seems to mind my being a model. Perhaps they have taken merely a passing fancy to me and are exhibiting me to each other as a wild thing just captured and being trained"—she laughed—"but they do it so pleasantly that I don't mind. And anyway, the Countess d'Enver is genuine; I am sure of that."

"A genuine countess?"

"A genuine woman, sincere, lovable, and kind. I am becoming very fond of her. Do you mind my abandoning you for an afternoon now and then? Because it *is* nice to have as a friend a woman older and more experienced."

"Does that mean you're going off with her this afternoon?"

"I *was* going. But I won't if you feel that I'm deserting you."

He laid aside his palette and went over to where she was standing. "You darling," he said, "go and drive in the park with your funny little friend."

"She was going to take me to the Plaza for tea. There are to be some very nice women there who are interested in the New Idea Home." She added shyly, "I have subscribed ten dollars."

He kissed her, lightly, humorously. "And what, sweetheart, may the New Idea Home be?"

"Oh, it's an idea of Mrs. Hind-Willet's about caring for wayward girls. Mrs. Willet thinks that it is cruel and silly to send them into virtual imprisonment, to punish them and watch them and confront them at every turn with threats and the merciless routine of discipline. She thinks that the thing to do is to give them a chance for sensible and normal happiness; not to segregate them one side of a dead line; not to treat them like criminals to be watched and doubted and suspected."

She linked her arms around his neck,

interested, earnest, sure of his sympathy and approval.

"We want to build a school in the country—two schools, one for girls who have misbehaved, one for youths who are similarly delinquent. And, during recreation, we mean to let them meet in a natural manner—play games together, dance, mingle out of doors in a wholesome and innocent way—of course, under necessary and sympathetic supervision—and learn a healthy consideration and respect for one another which the squalid, crowded, irresponsible conditions of their former street life in the slums and tenements made utterly impossible."

He looked into the pretty, eager face with its honest, beautiful eyes and sensitive mouth—and touched his lips to her hair.

"It sounds fine, sweetheart," he said; "and I won't be lonely if you go to the Plaza and settle the affairs of this topsyturvy world. Do you love me?"

"Louis! Can you ask?"

"I do ask."

She smiled faintly; then her young face grew serious, and a hint of passion darkened her eyes as her arms tightened around his neck and her lips met his.

"All I care for in the world, or out of it, is you, Louis. If I find pleasure in anything it is because of you; if I take a little pride in having people like me, it is only for your sake—for the sake of the pride you may feel in having others find me agreeable and desirable. I wish it were possible that your own world could find me agreeable and desirable—for your sake, my darling, more than for mine. But it never will—never could. There is a wall around your world which I can never scale. And it does not make me unhappy—I only wish you to know that I want to be what you would have me—and if I can't be all that you might wish, I love and adore you none the less—am none the less willing to give you all there is to me—all there is to a girl named Valerie West who finds this life a happy one because you have made it so for her."

She continued to see H el ene d'Enver; poured tea sometimes at the Five-Minute Club, listened to the consultations over the New Idea Home, and met a great many people of all kinds—fashionable women with a passion for the bizarre and unconventional; women of gentle breeding and no social pretense, who worked to support them-

selves; idle women, ambitious women, restless women; but the majority formed part of the floating circles domiciled in apartments and at the great hotels—people who wintered in New York and were a part of its social and civic life to that extent, but whose duties and responsibilities for the metropolitan welfare were self-imposed and neither hereditary nor constant.

As all circles in New York have, at certain irregular periods, accidental points of temporary contact, Valerie now and then met people whom she was scarcely ever likely to see again. And it was at a New Idea Home conference, scheduled for five o'clock in the red parlor of the ladies' waiting-room in the great Hotel Imperator, that Valerie, arriving early as delegated substitute for Mrs. Hind-Willet, found herself among a small group of beautifully gowned strangers—the sort of women whom she had never before met in this way.

They all knew each other; others who arrived seemed to recognize with more or less intimacy everybody in the room excepting herself. She was sitting apart by the crimson-curtained windows, perfectly self-possessed and rather interested in watching the arrivals of women whose names, as she caught them, suggested social positions which were vaguely familiar to her, when an exceedingly pretty girl detached herself from the increasing group and came across to where Valerie was sitting alone.

"I was wondering whether you had met any of the new committee," she said pleasantly.

"I had expected to meet the Countess d'Enver here," said Valerie, smiling.

The girl's expression altered slightly, but she nodded amiably. "May I sit here with you until she arrives? I am Stephanie Swift."

Valerie said: "It is very amiable of you. I am Valerie West."

Stephanie remained perfectly still for a moment; then, conscious that she was staring, calmly averted her gaze while the slow fire died out in her cheeks. And in a moment she had decided. "I have heard so pleasantly about you through Mrs. Collis," she said with perfect composure. "You remember her, I think."

Valerie, startled, lifted her brown eyes. Then, very quietly: "Mrs. Collis is very kind. I remember her distinctly."

"Mrs. Collis retains the most agreeable



Valerie hurried away to keep an appointment with Neville at Burluson's studio, and found the big sculptor  
78 dinner with you," he said, sitting up. "Rita won't have it. There's nothing the matter



lying on the sofa, neck swathed in flannel, and an array of medicine-bottles at his elbow. "Can't go to with me, but she made me lie down here, and I've promised to stay here until she returns"

memories of meeting you. I"—she looked at Valerie curiously—"I have heard from others how charming and clever you are—from Mr. Ogilvy?—and Mr. Annan?"

"They are my friends," said Valerie briefly.

"And Mr. Querida, and Mr. Burleson, and—Mr. Neville."

"They are my friends," repeated Valerie. After a second she added, "They also employ me."

Stephanie looked away. "Your profession must be most interesting, Miss West."

"Yes."

"But—exacting."

"Very."

Neither made any further effort. A moment later, however, H el ene d'Enver came in. She knew some of the women very slightly, none intimately; and, catching sight of Valerie, she came across the room with a quick smile of recognition.

"I'm dreadfully late, dear. How do you do, Miss Swift!"—to Stephanie, who had risen. And to Valerie, "Mr. Ogilvy came just as I had my furs on, and you know how casually a man takes his leave when you're in a tearing hurry!"

She laughed and took Valerie's gloved hands in her own; and Stephanie, who had been looking at the latter, came to an abrupt conclusion that amazed her; and she heard herself saying:

"It has been most interesting to meet you, Miss West. I have heard of you so pleasantly that I had hoped to meet you some time. And I hope I shall again."

Valerie thanked her with a self-possession which she did not entirely feel, and turned away with H el ene d'Enver.

"That's the girl who is supposed to be engaged to Louis Neville," whispered the pretty countess.

Valerie halted, astounded.

"Didn't you know it?" asked the other, surprised.

For a moment Valerie remained speechless, then the wild absurdity of it flashed over her, and she laughed her relief. "No, I didn't know it," she said.

"Hasn't anybody ever told you?"

"No," said Valerie, smiling.

"Well, perhaps it isn't so, then," said the countess naively. "I know very few people of that set, but I've heard it talked about—outside."

"I don't believe it is so," said Valerie

demurely. Her little heart was beating confidently again, and she seated herself beside H el ene d'Enver in the prim circle of delegates intent upon their chairman, who was calling the meeting to order.

The meeting was interesting, and there were few feminine clashes—merely a smiling and deadly exchange of amenities between a fashionable woman who was an ardent advocate of suffrage and an equally distinguished lady who was scornfully opposed to it. But the franchise had nothing at all to do with the discussion concerning the New Idea Home, which is doubtless why it was mentioned; and the meeting of delegates proceeded without further debate.

After it was ended Valerie hurried away to keep an appointment with Neville at Burleson's studio, and found the big sculptor lying on the sofa, neck swathed in flannel, and an array of medicine-bottles at his elbow.

"Can't go to dinner with you," he said, sitting up. "Rita won't have it. There's nothing the matter with me, but she made me lie down here, and I've promised to stay here until she returns."

"John, you don't look very well," said Valerie, coming over and seating herself near him.

"I'm all right, except that I catch cold now and then," he insisted obstinately.

Valerie looked at the pink patches of color burning in his cheeks. There was a transparency to his skin, too, that troubled her. He was one of those big, blond, blue-eyed fellows whose vivid color and fine-grained, delicate skin cause physicians to look twice.

He had been reading when Valerie entered; now he laid his ponderous book away, doubled his arms back under his head, and looked at Valerie with the placid, bovine friendliness which warmed her heart, but always left a slight smile in the corner of her mouth.

"Why do you always smile at me, Valerie?" he asked.

"Because you're good, John, and I like you."

"I know you do. You're a fine woman, Valerie. So is Rita."

"Rita is a darling."

"She's all right," he nodded. A moment later he added, "She comes from Massachusetts."

Valerie laughed. "The sacred codfish smiled on your cradle, too, didn't it, John?"

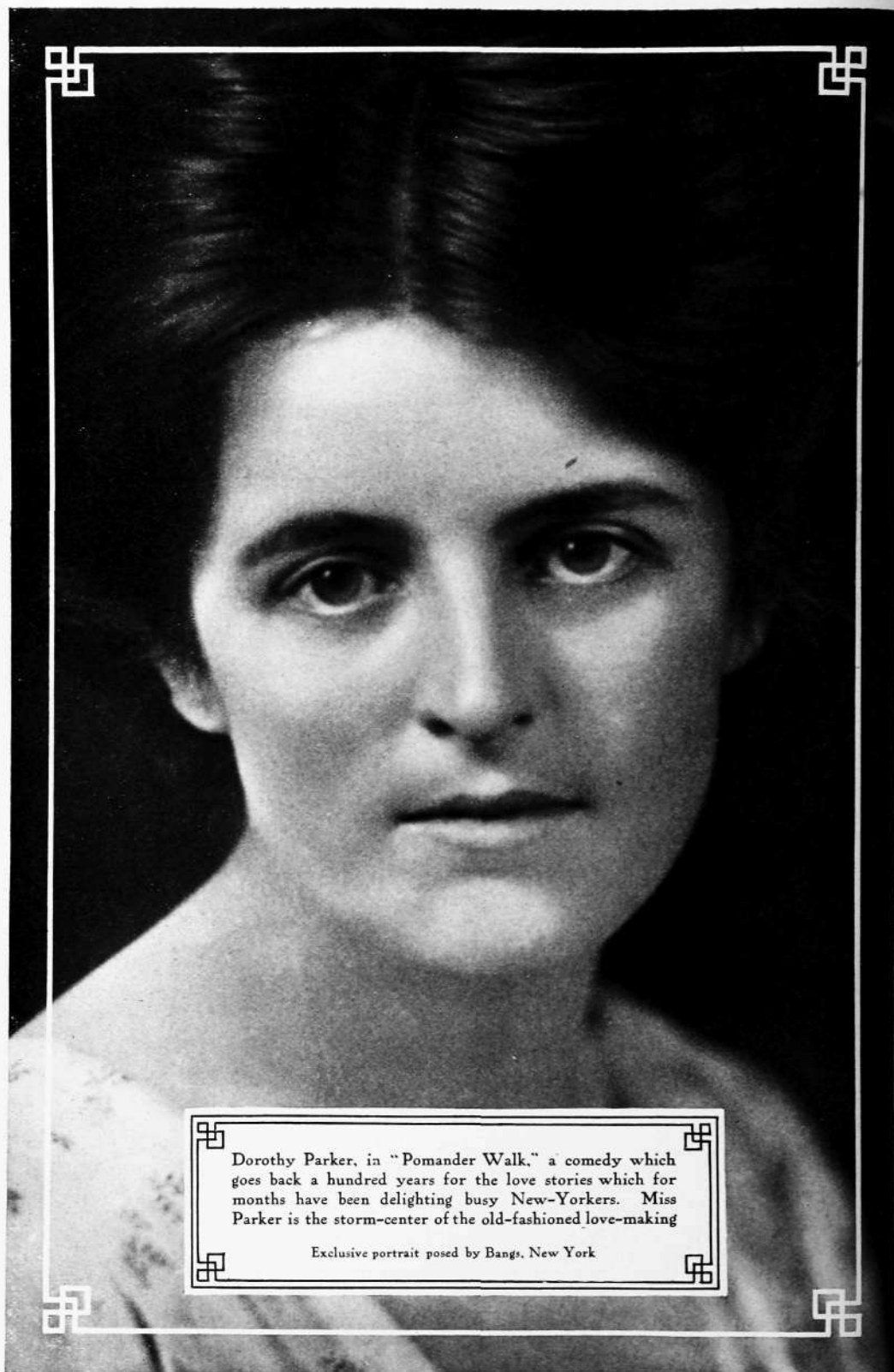
The next instalment of "*The Common Law*" will appear in the July issue.



*Stage Beauties Posed  
Exclusively for  
Cosmopolitan*

Laurette Taylor, who was the leading woman in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Lady in Waiting." She is now playing a special engagement with Charles Cherry in "Seven Sisters," a farce adapted from the Hungarian

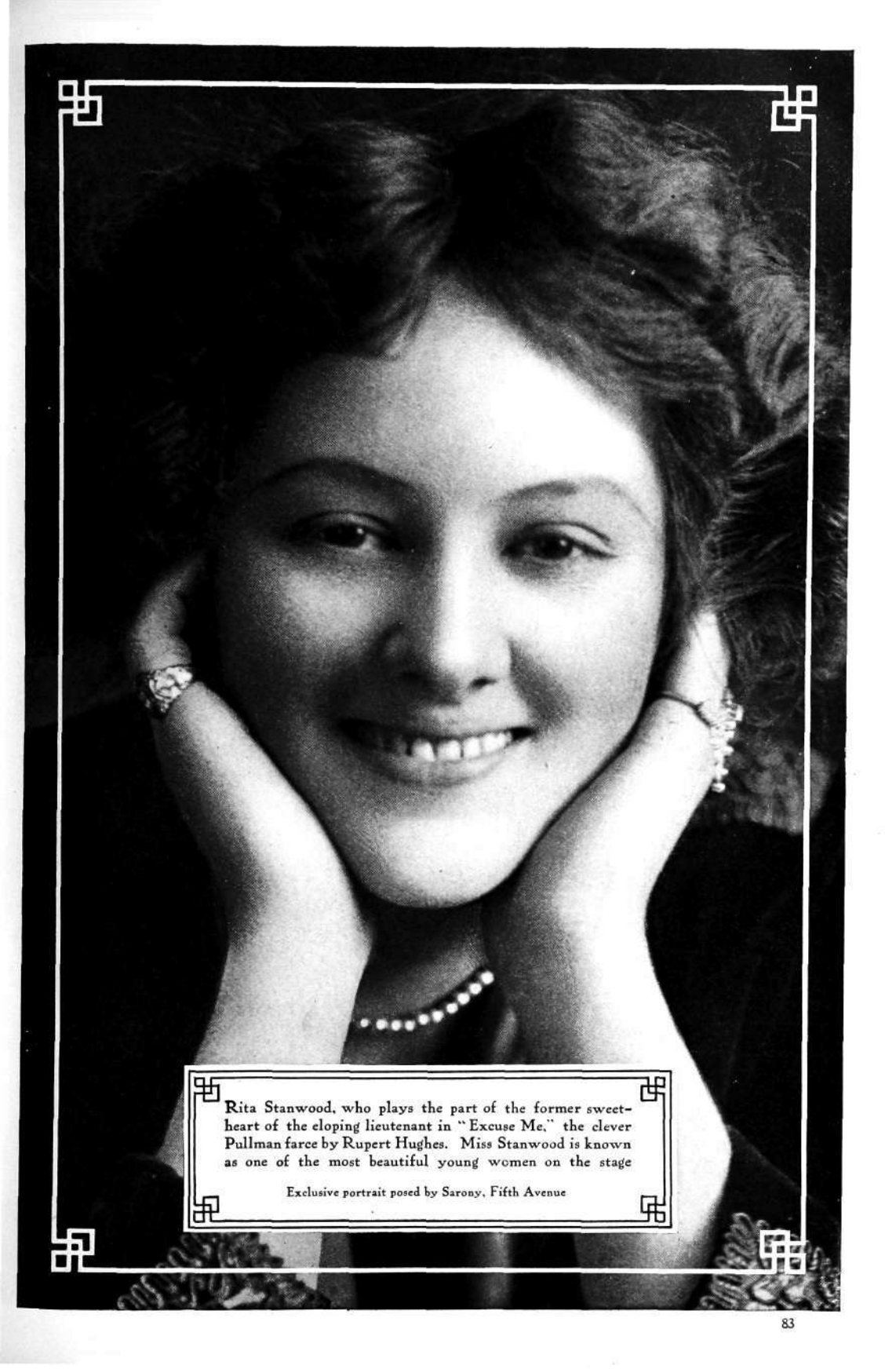
Exclusive portrait posed by Bangs, New York



Dorothy Parker, in "Pomander Walk," a comedy which goes back a hundred years for the love stories which for months have been delighting busy New-Yorkers. Miss Parker is the storm-center of the old-fashioned love-making

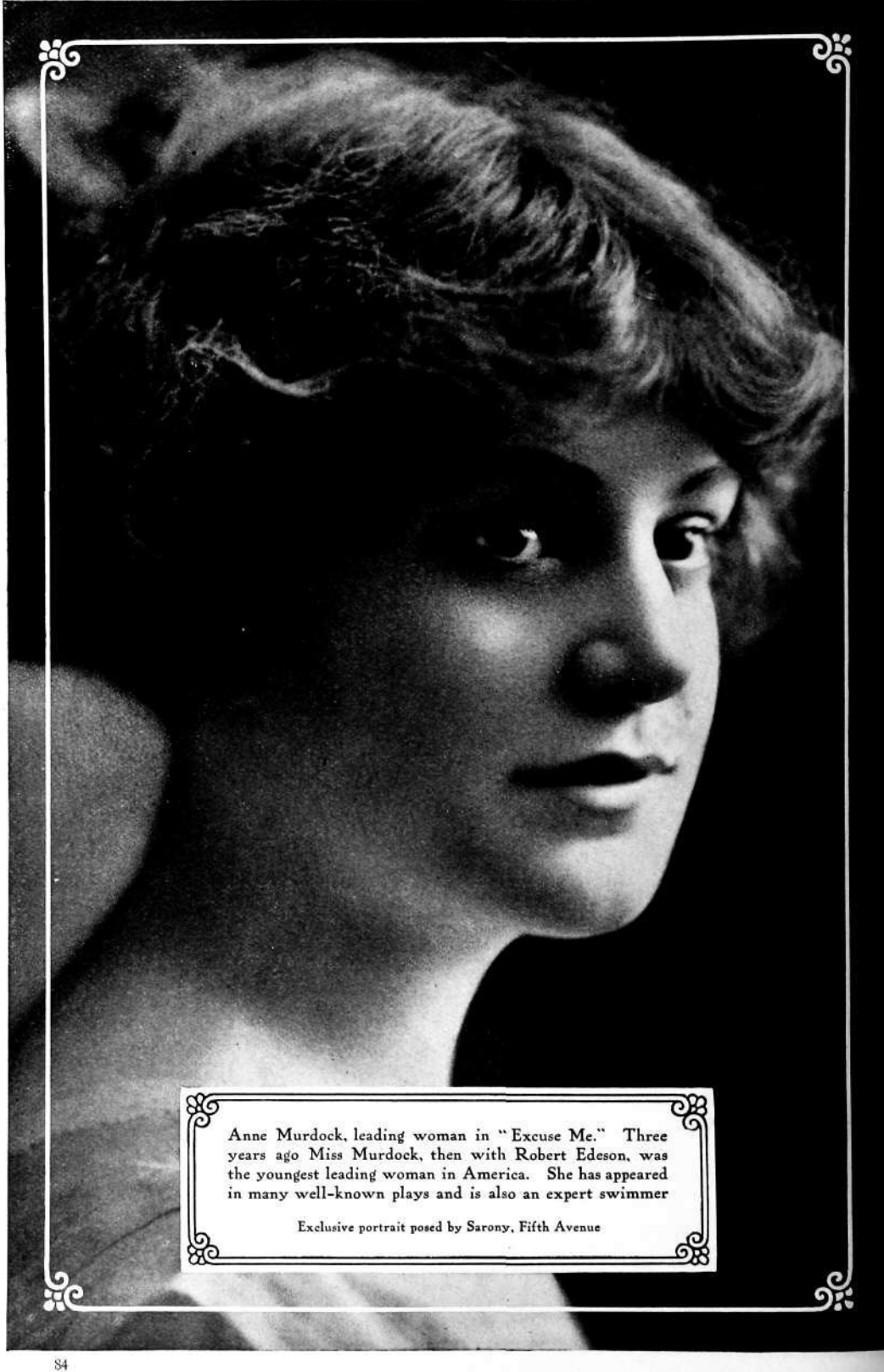
Exclusive portrait posed by Bangs, New York



A black and white close-up portrait of Rita Stanwood. She is smiling warmly at the camera, with her hands resting on either side of her face, supporting her chin. She is wearing a dark, textured garment, a pearl necklace, and diamond rings on both hands. Her hair is styled in soft, voluminous waves. The portrait is framed by a decorative border with geometric corner motifs.

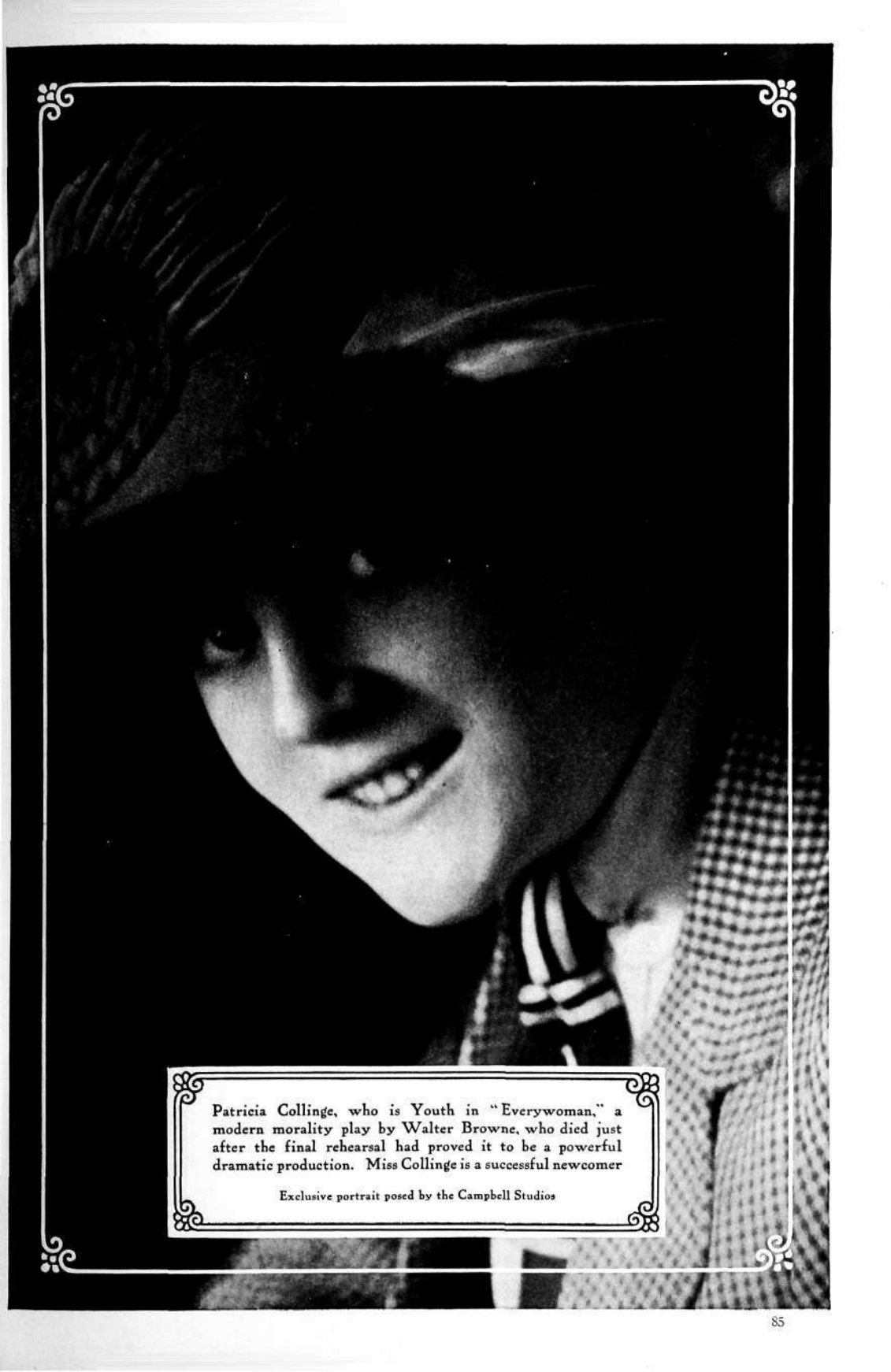
Rita Stanwood, who plays the part of the former sweetheart of the eloping lieutenant in "Excuse Me," the clever Pullman farce by Rupert Hughes. Miss Stanwood is known as one of the most beautiful young women on the stage

Exclusive portrait posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue



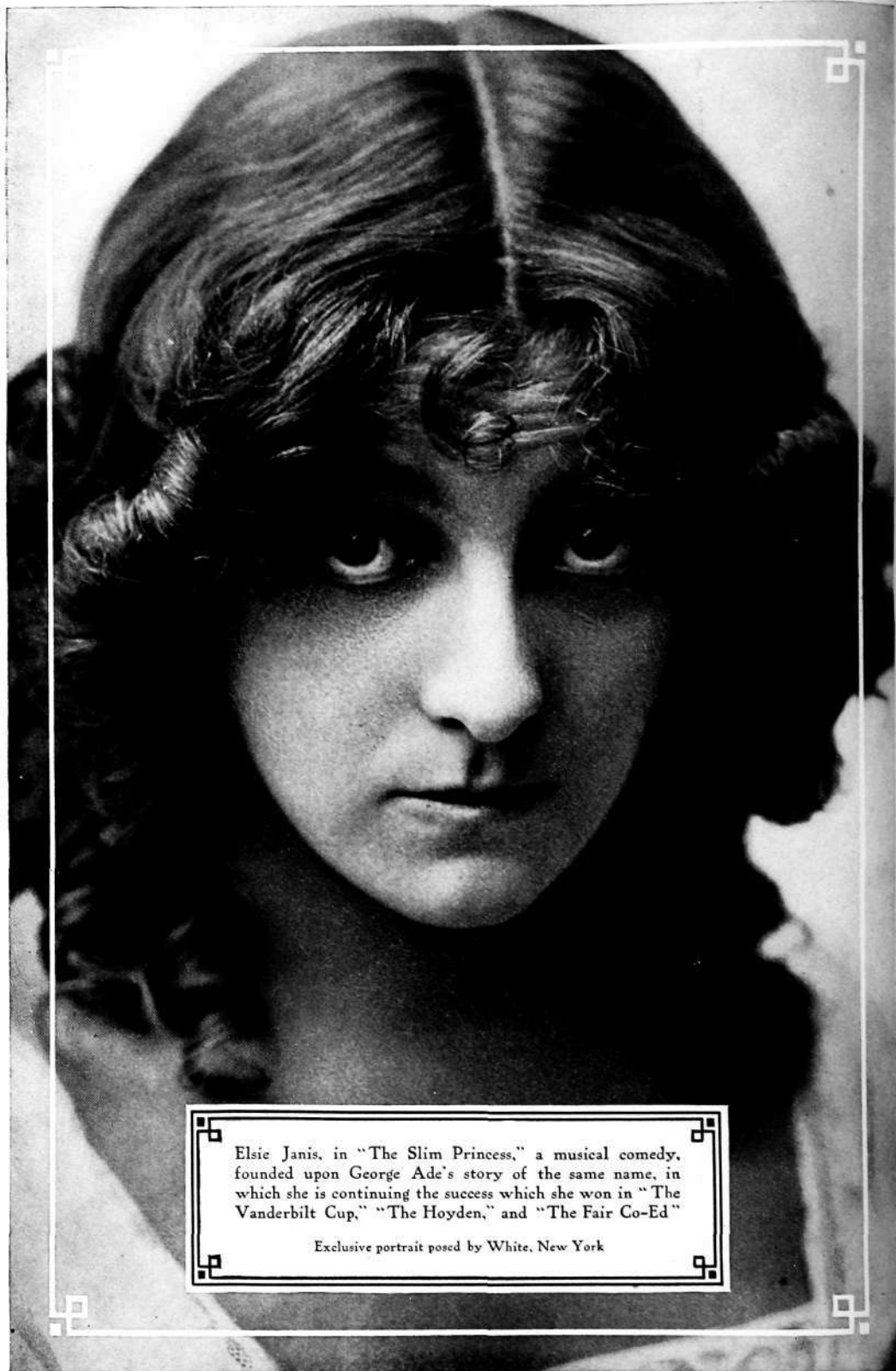
Anne Murdock, leading woman in "Excuse Me." Three years ago Miss Murdock, then with Robert Edeson, was the youngest leading woman in America. She has appeared in many well-known plays and is also an expert swimmer

Exclusive portrait posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue



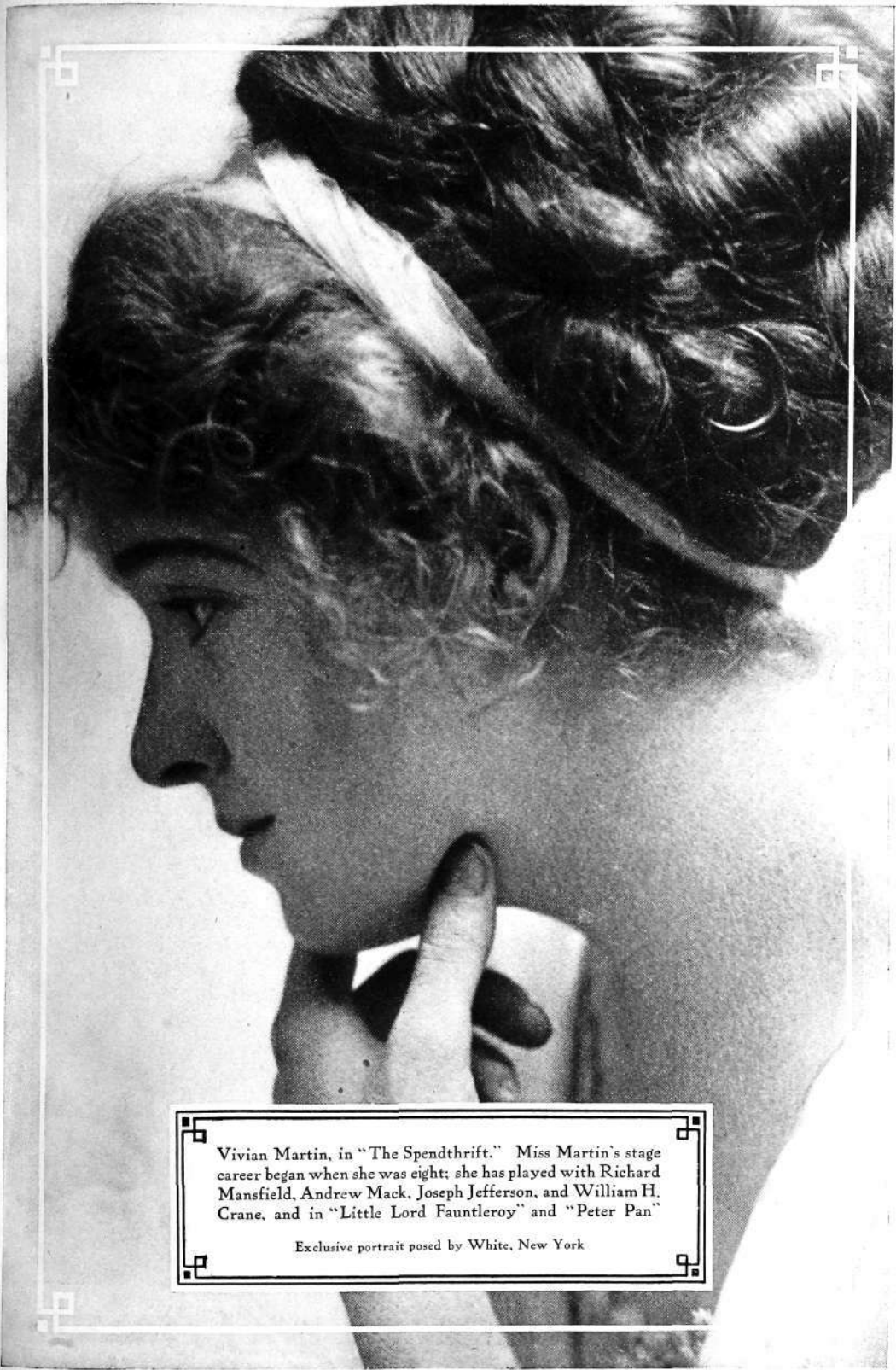
Patricia Collinge, who is Youth in "Everywoman," a modern morality play by Walter Browne, who died just after the final rehearsal had proved it to be a powerful dramatic production. Miss Collinge is a successful newcomer

Exclusive portrait posed by the Campbell Studios



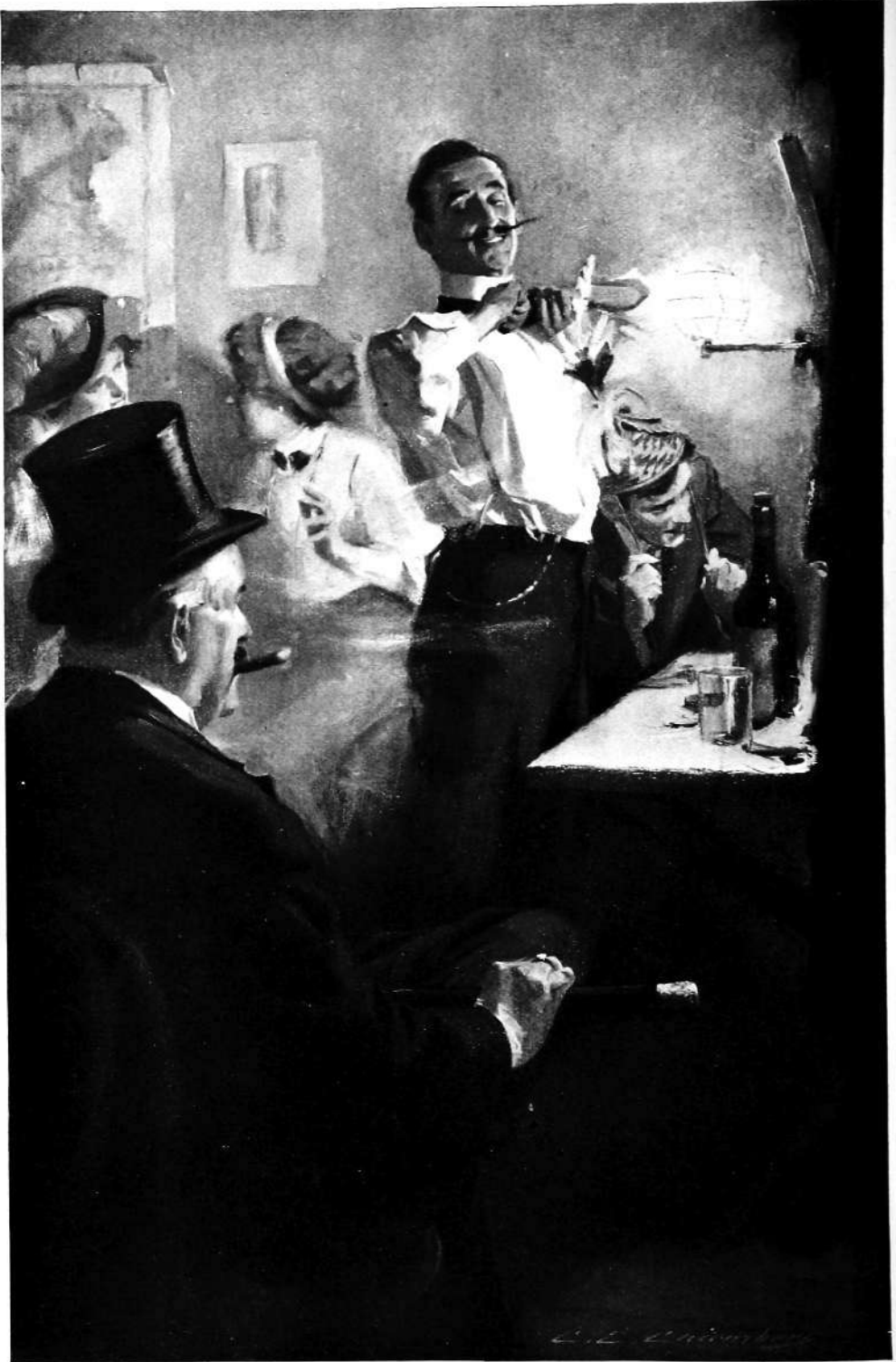
Elsie Janis, in "The Slim Princess," a musical comedy, founded upon George Ade's story of the same name, in which she is continuing the success which she won in "The Vanderbilt Cup," "The Hoyden," and "The Fair Co-Ed"

Exclusive portrait posed by White, New York



Vivian Martin, in "The Spendthrift." Miss Martin's stage career began when she was eight; she has played with Richard Mansfield, Andrew Mack, Joseph Jefferson, and William H. Crane, and in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Peter Pan"

Exclusive portrait posed by White, New York



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"I want you to go over with me and call on Dillon to-morrow, right after you file your suit," suggested Blackie. "I want him to wait on us while I pick out a pink undershirt and a pair of silk suspenders"

# Get - Rich - Quick Wallingford

If you are a new friend of the *Cosmopolitan* and have not read the "Wallingford" stories, begin now. You will have many a half-hour's fun in the merry company of the two princes of "con" men who run through the stories. They are real, live persons—the kind you have met—perhaps the kind who have tried to take your money. Mr. Chester in this month's story mixes "Blackie" up in a theater deal and makes an actor of him

By George Randolph Chester

*Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.*

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"I WISH I were broke," declared Wallingford, looking gloomily down sunlit Broadway. "I've got back that house on the Avenue for Fannie, and laid in a couple of bales of bonds for her and the boy, and I've bought about everything that money will buy for a man who don't care to be a senator. The fun's all gone. What can I do with money, anyhow?"

"You can buy me a drink," promptly responded Blackie Daw. "After that, I'll hunt up somebody with money who feels like you do about it, and sick you on to each other."

"I pass!" refused Wallingford emphatically. "You could show me a college professor, a sailor, and a crooked bank-cashier, all with money to invest, and my tongue wouldn't even moisten."

"Mine never will if you don't buy me that drink pretty soon," insisted Blackie. "They keep it right in here," and taking Wallingford's arm he whirled him about face and conducted him into the bar of the hotel in front of which they had been displaying their premature fall outfits.

They found their favorite corner occupied by a seedy-looking, withered fat man and a dapperly dressed pie-dyspeptic. Blackie, with a careless nod to the ex-fat man, whose clothing hung on him in festoons, was about to lead Wallingford to another padded corner, when the withered one hailed him.

"Hello, Blackie," he called, in a voice which rasped with that huskiness which is bottled in bond. "I haven't seen you in a coon's age. Where have you been?"

"Sober, Dan," replied Blackie cheerfully.

"I've made it the business of a lifetime to cure that," asserted "Dan." "Come and have something."

"I knew I'd get a drink some place," Blackie observed, stepping over to the table. "Mr. Sickels, meet my friend Jim Wallingford, better known to the police as J. Rufus."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Wallingford," husked Mr. Sickels. "Mr. Wallingford, Mr. Dillon. Mr. Daw, Mr. Dillon. Now, gentlemen, what shall it be?" and he looked from one to the other with the exaggerated cheerfulness of a willing but necessarily infrequent spender.

"Vichy," ordered Blackie, who talked about alcohol much more than he indulged in it.

"Is this the Mr. Dillon of the Dillon Department Stores Company?" inquired Wallingford pleasantly, after echoing Blackie's order for refreshments.

Mr. Dillon, having also ordered vichy, to the keen regret of Sickels, who saw that he would be compelled to drink his whiskey alone, moved his ash-tray to the right of his empty milk-glass, and his milk-glass to the left of his cigarette-box, then carefully closed up the gaps among the three articles before he replied.

"I am that Dillon," he admitted.

"I've been greatly interested in your issue of popular stock in the Dillon Company," pursued Wallingford. "What success are you having with it?"

Mr. Dillon restored his toys to their original position. "Excellent," he replied,

passing his long thin fingers over his brow. "The public is taking to it very kindly."

"It's a great scheme," said Wallingford admiringly. "People who buy five shares, or even one share, of the stock are bound to remain steady customers of your store."

Mr. Dillon took a cigarette from his box, lit a match, laid down the cigarette, and blew out the match. "They're earning a profit on their own expenses," he asserted, quoting from his latest advertisements. "The shares are guaranteed to yield a minimum of five per cent. dividends," and he thrummed upon the table with the fingers of both hands. "I'm really very proud of the idea. I don't think I slept a wink for two weeks while I was figuring it out. I don't sleep very well anyhow"; and, at last, Wallingford understood the tensely drawn eyebrows and the compressed, drooping lips. "The beauty of it is that it adds so many safe credit customers to our books, and, of course, credit purchasers are much more generous buyers than those who pay cash," and with a nervous little laugh he again shifted and rearranged his playthings.

"I see," returned Wallingford, eying the man's nervous movements in fascination. "It is a wonderful scheme. A customer with one share of stock has a hundred dollars monthly credit, and if the bills are not paid, the stock, and I presume the interest, becomes forfeited. In the meantime you can loan out their money for the five per cent. you are bound to pay them."

"Or use it in the extension of the business," amended Dillon, now increasing the tempo of his rearrangements to such a degree that Wallingford found himself jerking his own right heel upon the floor in sheer nervous sympathy, while Blackie Daw was tapping his finger-nail against his teeth. Dan Sickles alone remained placid. He still had left some of his glass of whiskey. "The Dillon Stores is to have a new home in the near future, the largest concern of the sort in the United States. Do you suppose, Sickles, that I might interest your friends in some preferred bonds of the increased corporation?"

Both Wallingford and Blackie promptly shook their heads.

"Don't let's talk about investments," protested Blackie, glancing over his shoulder in mock fear. "I'm afraid my wife might guess I was thinking about it."

"How about you, Mr. Wallingford?" asked Dillon with a smile.

"I'm all tied up, Mr. Dillon," replied Wallingford suavely. "Even if I were not, I'm tired. I want a vacation. I don't intend to engage in business of any sort for the next six months, at least."

"I'll bet you a pair of pink suspenders that you do," offered Blackie suddenly.

"I'll take you," agreed Wallingford, laughing. "I'll even give you the odds of a pink silk undershirt if you catch me engaged in any money-making occupation during the next six months."

Mr. Dillon looked at his watch and hastily arose. "If you don't mind, I think I'll send you a prospectus of the new Dillon Company," he remarked, beating a tattoo upon the head of his cane with his fingers.

"Wait just a moment, please," begged Blackie, producing a little red memorandum book and a fountain-pen. "I want witnesses to this. I bet Wallingford a pair of pink suspenders, against the same and a pink silk undershirt, winner's selection, that he does engage in some money-making business within the next six months. You will remember this, gentlemen?"

"I shall," assented Dillon, laughing. "And if you'll come over to the store when the bet is decided I'll be your clerk and let the loser have the goods at cost price."

"Thank you," said Blackie. "I'll just add that to the memorandum of the bet," and he wrote it down.

They all breathed a sigh of relief when Dillon had gone.

"I'd have had the St. Vitus two-step in ten minutes if that man had stayed here," announced Blackie. "He reminds me of one of those quivering-frog toys that you hold in your hands to see if your nerves are steady."

"He'll end in a sanitarium," observed Wallingford. "If he ever succeeds in building his solid-block retail store, he'll make a quicker failure than the full-dress café or the New Theater."

"No! Do you think so?" inquired Sickles eagerly. "He wants to buy my theater. It's the only important building in the block he wants to tear down for the site of his new store."

"Mr. Sickles is the owner of the Avon Theater, where Violet Bonnie made her first big hit," explained Blackie.

"The Avon!" returned Wallingford. "I should think you'd be glad to get a good





"I know your maid by the snub nose, Blackie," said Violet Bonnie. "She's Melissa"

offer for that, Mr. Sickles. It hasn't been doing a paying business for years, has it?"

"I should say not," confessed Sickles. "It was dark all last season. But I don't feel like selling it for two hundred thousand dollars in the stock of a company that's likely to swell up and burst. Ten years ago I was offered four hundred thousand cash, and wouldn't take it. Now it keeps me so broke that I'm a rich man, and take a holiday, if I have seven dollars in my pocket."

"Why didn't you sell?" was Wallingford's natural inquiry.

"I was making more money and scattering it the full length of the Rue de Mazuma."

"You were wishing, a while ago, that you were broke, Jim," Blackie reminded him. "You ought to try Dan's stunt. He wouldn't sell his house of hits to either the syndicate or the independents, so they made an object-lesson of him with rotten bookings. Would Dan's Irish blood stand for that? No! He leased the house to individual producers, and put over eleven straight flivvers. Now it's the Hoodooed Avon, and it can't even put a moving-picture show across."

A boy came through the bar just then, paging Mr. Daw, and that gentleman, after hurrying to the 'phone, came back, laughing. "You're to come out to the house for dinner, Jim," he advised Wallingford. "Fannie's there, and Violet won't let her go home."

"Give my regards to Violet Bonnie,

won't you?" begged Sickles. "The hit she made in 'The Pink Canary' was what put the Avon on its feet; and I never had a star in the house that made so little trouble, or was such an all-round good fellow."

## II

"AFTER you get past the age for mash notes, the mail brings you nothing but trouble," complained Violet Bonnie, as she returned to the library of the new Daw residence, where Mrs. Wallingford wandered idly from case to case, inspecting the shining new backs of standard books which never had been opened and which probably never would be. "Why, Fannie, right after I made my first big hit in 'The Pink Canary,' they had to give me six pigeonholes in the stage-entrance mail-box, and I had to hire a secretary to open my mail and send the presents back; now if I get a letter it's either from a dressmaker or an old-time chum who wants me to steer her daughter onto the stage or warn her away from it."

Mrs. Wallingford smiled quietly. "I don't see why either class of letters should annoy you," she observed. "You have good dressmakers and you don't object to paying the bills, and I should think it would be a pleasant task to encourage budding genius or to warn weak girls away from the stage."

"I don't know why, in either case, I

should nurse and bottle-feed and bring up by hand a grouch against the stage," retorted Violet, massaging her trace of an extra chin. "It brought me some perfectly good husbands besides Blackie. Say, I hate my old chums, anyhow."

"You're making your nose red, Vi," warned Mrs. Wallingford with a laugh.

"Honest, am I?" and Violet hurried to the mirror. "I am too fat to get mad," she confessed; "but it certainly does get my Angora for girls I used to know to write me that they have grown-up daughters. It makes me feel so old, and I won't be old!"

"That's it, is it? Who has been reminding you of your only enemy?"

"Martha Tripp," snapped Violet Bonnie. "Martha was my school-teacher up in Squamosett. She wore corkscrew curls on both sides of her face, but she ought to have worn 'em in front; for she was so ugly that she had to get up in the middle of the night to rest from it. If I remember her Melissa, she was a gangle-shanked brat with freckles and a snub nose. Melissa is now in the flower of youth, this letter says, and all her mother wants me to do is to show her to a manager. Melissa is supposed to do the rest. The balance of the good news is that Melissa is on her way here, right now. She will be amongst us 'probably by the time this humble missive intrudes itself upon me.' Martha means by the time I get the letter. Honest, Fannie, I never did a mean thing to any living creature."

"I think you must be lacing too tightly, Vi," remonstrated Fannie mildly; "or else you've had a bad day of it."

"I can put my whole arm down inside any place," defiantly asserted Violet. "I have had a rotten day, though, and it takes just this to finish it off. Your dropping in was the only lucky thing that has happened to me."

"I'm glad I did come over," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "Possibly I can help you with Melissa Tripp. To begin with, why not show her to the managers?"

"I haven't any too many friends among them now," explained Violet. "Gracious heavens, there she is!"

The ring at the bell, however, proved to be only Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford.

"I see you're getting a new maid," observed Blackie, as he inspected the contents of a cellarette which had been ingeniously built in among the bookcases. "I guess I'll

have rye, Jim. How about you? We have so many servants now, Vi, that we don't get any service."

"I don't know anything about a new maid," his wife returned. "Blackie, your scheme of having a cellarette in every room in the house was all right, but you'll have to get combination locks. It's no fun to find three servants half soused in different rooms all on the same day. What about this maid?"

"We just passed her coming up the drive," replied Blackie. "Say when, Jim. She had a paper alligator-skin suit-case in each hand, and was bringing father along to see that the place is strictly moral."

"I'm afraid my machine splashed a little splushing on father, and maybe on daughter," confessed Wallingford regretfully. "Father was a real nice little man, and I think he apologized, but daughter has a snub nose, and I could see it work."

"Don't drink that, Blackie!" commanded Violet, taking the glass of rye from his hand. "I need it. I know your maid by the snub nose. She's Melissa."

"She looked it, every inch," responded Blackie. "If that was Melissa, have another. You'll need two. By the way, who is Melissa?"

"Honest, is she that awful?" wailed Violet.

"She's worse, if anything," answered Wallingford with a chuckle. "She has a round flat wafer of rouge on each cheek-bone, and wears a green hobble-skirt trimmed with yellow beads."

Violet brightened. "I guess I get a laugh anyhow," she decided. "But who's father? Old man Tripp was awful dead when I knew Martha."

From the rear hall there came a faint buzz, and four of them waited in silence until a glassy-eyed butler appeared, openly grinning, to announce:

"Miss Tripp and Professor Flopsie."

In the front parlor, Melissa Tripp, a buxom young woman who was pinched so much in the middle that she bulged every place else, cast herself bodily upon Violet Bonnie with a gurgling gush.

"I'd have known you anywhere," declared Melissa, standing back to survey her mother's friend. "I've had your lithographs and photographs in my bedroom for years and years and years. It's astonishing how slightly you've changed since I was a little bit of a girl. There is no difference at

all that I can see, except that you've put on a lot of flesh."

"Of course, child, you don't mean to be catty," returned Violet resignedly. "I thank you for the compliment, but I may as well tell you in the beginning that I'd as lief have firecrackers set off under my chair as to have anybody say years and years and years, or mention fat." Suddenly her brow cleared, and she smiled serenely. "How much you look like your mother," she observed in satisfied retaliation.

Melissa stiffened immediately. "How funny!" she said, and forced a laugh. "You don't remember what mother looks like, I guess."

"I'm not so old that I'm losing my memory, too," retorted Violet, though very cheerfully, as she distinctly recalled the awesome features of Martha Tripp, whose mere appearance in any gathering was a signal for a snicker. "I remember her so perfectly that I can seem to see her standing before me now."

Melissa stiffened still more. "Really, I'm very rude," she confessed, taking refuge in her society manners. "Allow me to introduce my dancing master, Professor Flopsie, Mrs. Daw."

Professor Flopsie, a lean little man with lean little whiskers, mustache, and hair, all of them parted exactly in the center, advanced three paces, toeing out nicely, and bowing gracefully with each step. Straightening, he threw back his head and shoulders, and elevated his right hand, as one about to take his partner for the cotillion. He seemed almost to be waiting for the music. Not knowing what else to do with the hand, Violet Bonnie wagged it, and let go.

"I'm delighted to meet so famous an exponent of the Terpsichorean art," announced the professor in a lean little voice, and wound up that observation with a flourish and a bow.

Violet Bonnie inspected him with frankly amused curiosity. "Thanks," she acknowledged. "That's one they never handed me before, anyhow. Sit down and have something. Oh, John!" and she called the butler who was passing in the hall. "Call for anything you want, Professor. I will say that my husband knows as well how to stock a buffet as any bartender on Broadway."

"If it's not too much trouble, I think I should like a little tea," observed the professor. "We've had a very fatiguing journey."

"I shall take tea, also," declared Miss Tripp, eager to establish her principles at the first opportunity. "Nothing stronger shall ever pass my lips. I have heard about the temptations which assail young girls on the stage."

"Oh, hush," admonished Violet, looking her over anew. "Somebody's been stringing you. If you find any temptations you'll have to overtake them," a conclusion at which Miss Tripp visibly bridled. "John, take Miss Tripp's things to the Looey Cons room, and bring some tea and wafers. Where's your luggage, Professor?"

"I regret that I cannot remain," responded the professor. "I merely came to see my star pupil launched upon the successful career which I am sure she will attain under your patronage. For three years Miss Tripp has been taking weekly lessons at my academy, in stage and society dancing, fancy steps, parlor deportment, conversation, and personal charm. 'Lissa!" and he archly held up a warning finger. 'Lissa promptly uncrossed her feet. "To be quite frank with you, Mrs. Daw, it would mean a great deal to me to have a success graduated from my academy. Many young ladies have come out of Squamosett, equipped with all the graces and arts which the Flopsie Academy of Dancing and Deportment could bestow upon them, but none of them, so far, have seemed to possess the force of personal character necessary to create a furor in the dramatic profession, and so render the Flopsie Academy a recognized preparatory school for Thespian laurels," and into the professor's old eyes, which, alas, could not, like his hair and beard, be brilliantined into youthful gloss, there came a wistful look, which Violet Bonnie could interpret much more accurately than she could his speech.

"I get you," she said with a quick sympathy for all the polite little man's weary, plodding, waiting years. "If we can make a winner out of Melissa, all the stage-struck Tessies and Mamies in Squamosett County, and as far over the county lines as Hookersville and Snag Bay and Fiddler's Mills, will streak for the Flopsie Academy, and pay fancy prices to be turned into real actresses."

The modest little professor blushed to find his plans stated so crudely, but he did not deny the accuracy of Violet Bonnie's deduction.

"Well, I'm for you," announced Violet

heartily. "I'll do the best I can," and she studied Miss Tripp with more sober calculation than she had yet bestowed upon that young woman. "There's one thing in Melissa's favor—she ain't cross-eyed."

"And I'm not old," retorted Melissa, with a sniff.

"I should like to remain until you have seen Melissa dance," hastily said the professor, his heart sinking against the time when he should leave these two women together with no diplomat between them. "Perhaps Violet Bonnie will be good enough, Lissa, to have you shown to your room, and excuse you long enough to put on a dancing-skirt."

"Sure," agreed Violet. "She never could dance in that hobble thing; besides, they've gone out, Melissa."

"I know it takes a certain type of figure to wear them," responded Melissa complacently. "You probably wouldn't dare. I can wear almost anything. By the way, I suppose I shall have to wear tights. I am willing."

"You'll have to put shapers under them," stated Violet, not as a retort, but in mere critical judgment. "You've got skinny legs, I can tell from your arms; but don't worry about that, child. If you can get the dance across, we can fix you all up so that from the front you'll look like the First Fairy. I'll tell you what I'll do, Professor. If Melissa can show me anything at all that looks like the goods, I'll make life miserable for the managers in this town till they give her a try-out. Then it's up to her. If she falls down, I'll go on record that I learned to dance in the Flossie Academy myself; though I really learned to dance by following the hand-organs; and I got the double-shuffle by the throat while I churned eight pounds of butter a day with an old-fashioned dasher churn."

"I wish that were true," sighed the professor. "It would be the making of me to have the impression abroad that Violet Bonnie learned at my humble school."

"We'll have it true, then," declared Violet graciously. "A lie like that won't hurt my conscience three minutes. I guess I've told a million to accommodate my friends, and I still have a hearty appetite."

"You look hearty," admitted Melissa, who stood waiting in the doorway.

"I got my fingers crossed, kid; let's can the dressing-room asides," laughed Violet,

laying away her rancor as suddenly as she had conceived it. "A little spunk's a good thing to have, but, Lord, we have to live together a while, so what's the use of being catty? Come on, I'll introduce you and the professor to the jury before you go up to dress. I hope we got some of your music on the pianola, but if not, Blackie can pound the piano till it hollers for mercy. You ought to hear him turn the 'Holy City' into ragtime."

### III

BLACKIE played, Melissa danced, the professor beamed, and the jury repressed its emotions; then Violet Bonnie, acknowledging the dances to be a "scream" and burning to shriek, bundled Melissa and the professor off to get ready for dinner, and collected the Wallingfords and the Daws into the comfortable library as quickly as possible.

"Well, you see what I'm up against, don't you?" she demanded, a trifle defiantly.

"It's a joke," declared Wallingford sympathetically. "It seems to me you've over-promised yourself, Vi."

"I know it," she admitted. "I wish these helpless, sad-eyed people would stay away from me. They get me going, and the first thing I know I've offered to shed sunshine along their pathway forever."

"I don't feel very much of a tug at my heart-strings on account of this Melissa person," remarked Blackie, pulling thoughtfully at his mustache. "Of course you saw her first, Vi, and she's all yours; but if I owned half of her, I'd go out to a nice, circular race-track, and set my half's steering-gear to the correct curve, and give it a shove, and tell it that Sweeney was looking on."

"I'd let my half run for Sweeney, too, if I could," responded his wife; "but I can't do it. This poor little jay-town dancing master has got to my soft spot, darn him! It's on his account I have to do something for Melissa Tripp, and I don't know what it can be unless I give her poison. She can't dance, she can't sing, she has no face or figure, and she hasn't got that something inside her that wins you. She ain't fit for anything but classic dances."

"Why not classical dances?" Mrs. Wallingford soberly inquired. "We might, if we were clever enough about it, work her into a fad. She's very ugly, but, if we were



Blackie played, Melissa danced, the professor beamed, and the jury repressed its emotions

to artistically accentuate that, and give her elaborate stage settings, and some unique advertising—" She paused, finding the astonished eyes of the other three upon her, colored, and was silent.

"Why, look who's here!" exclaimed her husband, and patted her upon the shoulder.

"I think I'll have to take you in with me, Fannie, on my next business stunt."

"I've been keeping bad company for years," Mrs. Wallingford retorted. "Really, though, I'm a good deal like Violet: I seem possessed with a desire to help our forlorn little Professor Flopsie."

"He's a cute-enough little man," agreed Wallingford; "but I don't see a chance for a novelty highbrow dance. They've had freak wrigglers from all over the globe."

"There's one country they haven't come from yet," advised Blackie. "I haven't seen any sacred dancers from Lhasa."

"La who?" demanded Violet Bonnie, slipping from the arm to the seat of her chair and leaning forward with eager interest.

"Lhasa, the big-noise town of Tibet, you know. Mostly religion and dirt, from what I read about it. Lhaa, the sacred dancer from Lhasa. That sounds bad, I guess, eh? There's just two places they'd eat that up: at a Pumpkin Circuit county fair, or some place near Forty-second Street and the Main Stem."

"Tibet," mused Wallingford. "Seems to me I've heard of that place, but I know I never worked it. Where is it?"

"It's some place on the other map," replied Blackie. "Nobody knows anything about it. No white man ever got away from there alive; so we can do whatever we please. They have long-haired goats, I know that much; and the people are so mud-ugly they have to wear blinders to keep from seeing each other."

"What a chance that gives Melissa!" said Violet with earnest enthusiasm. "I'll work up the turns for her myself. The Dance of the Sacred Goat! That ought to be easy for her. She looks the part, and all she'd have to do would be to hop; and she does that swell. We could even buy up a lot of goats and introduce 'em into the scene, with a mob of supers to be the high priests and such things; go to some good costumer and have him work up a lot of correct historical costumes, only fancy, and get a good electrician to figure out a lot of light effects; then get us a good press-agent, and we're all to the merry."

Wallingford shook his head. "I'm afraid of it," he objected. "You might fill a few matinées, but there aren't enough freak-hunters, even in New York, to keep her hopping very long. They wouldn't even give her the price in vaudeville, for while vaudeville is full of bunk, they're particular about what kind of bunk it is, and the Monday afternoon try-out would be about all that the Dance of the Sacred Goat would pull."

"I don't see why I was ever born!" wailed Violet. "I hate trouble; it's such a bother!"

"Then there's only one thing left," asserted Blackie, who was bound to remain cheerful, though the heavens fell. "We'll have to make her the plot of a musical comedy. Lhaa, the sacred dancer of Lhasa, in 'The Lama's Goat'! I guess you couldn't burn up the billboards with that; and a good nervous press-agent could have the time of his sweet young life."

"Blackie, on the level, you're the only husband I ever really loved!" avowed Violet fondly. "The others only had money; but you've got brains. You've fixed it all up for us. The musical comedy goes. Jimmy, you say you ain't going to do anything for the next six months, and if you don't, it's a cinch that Blackie won't; so you can both just pitch in and impresario Melissa Tripp till you're black in the face. The only trouble I see is in getting a theater for her."

"Why, Vi, you have two theaters," protested Mrs. Wallingford.

"Help!" shouted Violet. "You don't suppose I'd put a hoodoo on one of my own places, do you? They're both doing a good business, and I'm like all the other theater-owners: the more money I'm making the more scared I am."

"Why not the Hoodooed Avon?" suggested Wallingford to Blackie with a smile.

"The Avon!" exclaimed Violet Bonnie. "Well, here's where good old Dan Sickels gets a fresh start. I'm stout for Dan and for the Avon, and I think it will be a mascot for us. Blackie, you hunt up Dickie Dolger, who wrote the book of 'The Pink Canary,' and I'll get him right to work on a libretto for 'The Lama's Goat.' Melissa won't have any soubrette part. We'll get a real one for that. Melissa will just come on at ten fifteen and have it over, and go home in her automobile. Then you hunt up Rickets Johnson, who wrote the music for the 'Canary' piece, and I'll set him to work on the score. Poor devils! Neither Dickie nor Rickets have ever come back since, and maybe this is their chance!"

"Maybe the picking isn't so good," observed Blackie. "It's a cinch that Dicky Dolger stole 'The Pink Canary' from 'The Yellow Bird.'"

"He didn't," denied Violet Bonnie instantly. "Dicky was a friend of mine. He only adapted it. If Dicky's anything like he used to be, I can lock him up in a room with a bunch of old librettos and a case of red-eye, and have the book in a week. If we

can put detectives after Rickets Johnson to keep anybody from slipping him dope money till he's through with this job, I can have the score in a month. Any good music publishing-house will hand us a young songwriter to dash off the lyrics. Allow another month for rehearsals, scenery, costumes, and props, and there we are. We ought to open at the Avon in two months from to-day!"

## IV

MELISSA TRIPP marched into the library upon the assembled Wallingfords and Daws two evenings later, with a letter and a small sheaf of newspaper clippings in her hand. "There's one thing we haven't talked about," she said, interrupting the planning of the great dance scene in the temple. "We haven't made any business arrangements."

"Business arrangements?" repeated Violet in surprise. "I don't quite get you, child. It's going to cost us about five thousand dollars, real money, to stage this, and we're responsible for a lot more; but you needn't worry about it."

"You don't understand me," returned Melissa. "You're expecting to build the success of this whole dramatic production upon my talent, and what I want to know is, what do I get?"

"Somebody ought to tell you," observed Blackie.

"That'll be about all, Blackie," admonished Violet Bonnie. "Remember, she's from Squamosett, and she's our guest. At the same time, you might be right. Why, Melissa, none of us had figured on anything but to give you the total profits."

"But suppose there shouldn't be any?" queried Melissa calmly.

"Then we all get the hook," laughed Violet. "We get it a little worse than you do, to be sure, but we can stand it."

"I don't know about that," insisted Melissa. "I've been practising for three years, and I'm sure of my art. This musical comedy may fail; it may not be the proper setting for my performance; and if it fails after all my labor, and all my skill, and all my personality, I get nothing. Is this fair?"

Violet Bonnie nearly choked. "No," she confessed. "It looks like a scheme to do you; but, believe me, it sha'n't be done in this house. I'm going to have an extra lock put on your door so that nobody slips

in and steals your art. What do you want, a guarantee?"

"Something like that," agreed Melissa. "I've just had a letter from Professor Flopsie. He's sent me his collection of what he has read in the papers about musical comedies, and he tells me that nineteen in every twenty fail. Now, I'm just beginning my career, and I must watch out for myself. I think I ought to have a certain guaranteed salary; and then, of course, if the profits go over that, so much the better."

Wallingford and Blackie exchanged glances of keen delight, but Violet Bonnie did not pause to exchange glances with anyone.

"When I was a kid," she calmly explained, "we had a tramp come to our house and get a square meal, with hot coffee, and hot biscuits and all the trimmings, and then he tried to burn down the house because we had no pie; but he was a piker. About how much salary do you think you want—Caruso's or just Tetrizzini's?"

"Only what I earn," stated Melissa modestly. "Professor Flopsie sent me a clipping showing the salaries of prominent dancers. They range from about two hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars a week; and some, I believe, even larger than that. But I'd be satisfied in the beginning to just take the general average."

Solemnly Blackie opened the door of the cellarette and handed a bottle and a glass to his wife. She waved away those trifles, being in no need of stimulants.

"I get you," she told Melissa. "If I wasn't so crazy about my own scenario, I would introduce you to the managers. But I'll tell you what we'll do with you, Melissa. We'll fix it so that you don't have to gamble at all. We'll finance this thing ourselves; but, win or lose, we'll guarantee you fifty dollars a week and give you a fourth of the profits above that. I don't like to fuss with a guest, but those are the terms."

"I suppose that, for this first engagement, I am compelled to take what you offer me," accepted Melissa with the air of a martyr. "I reserve the privilege, however, of leaving your production at any moment that I get a better offer. How long an engagement do you guarantee me?"

"One minute," returned Violet, tearing a piece of insertion out of her gown. "We reserve the right to fire you and get a real dancer any time you don't make good."

"I feel secure in my art," announced Melissa stiffly. "No one can take that from me." And she went to bed.

"If her art was catching, they'd quarantine her!" raged Violet. "Is my nose getting red, Fannie?"

It was fully five minutes before she was able to join the rest of them in the enjoyment of the funny side of it all, and she was through with it quicker.

"Everybody says I have a sweet disposition," she explained, "and I know I have, but, honest to Christmas, folks, this Flossie Academy graduate has me strangling feather pillows in the night and calling them Melissa! There's one thing sure, though, she's fixed it so I have to make this goat piece win or die of apoplexy. Now we'll all four chip in and become producers in earnest."

"You'll have to count me out," declared Wallingford. "I've just made a bet with Blackie that I won't go into any money-making scheme for six months."

"Maybe this isn't," suggested Mrs. Wallingford with a smile.

"Oh, Fannie!" protested Violet, really hurt. "I didn't think you'd go back on me."

"I haven't," returned Mrs. Wallingford, still smiling. "To prove that, Violet, I suggest that you and I finance this thing ourselves, leaving the men entirely out of it, except as business agents and errand-boys."

"That's the idea," agreed Violet, highly delighted.

## V

THAT was the idea which remained. Wallingford saw to it that the Avon Theater, sadly run down, was put in proper condition for the play, and he attended to all the necessary business, while Blackie put in his time and ingenuity devising wonderful despatches, from St. Petersburg, concerning the great dancer, Lhaa! She was missing from the temple at Lhasa; the Lama was offering fabulous rewards for her, dead or alive; for she knew all the horrid mysteries of the temple; she was rumored to have been seen in every capital of Europe and Asia; she was definitely located in St. Petersburg; the Russian government, captivated by her marvelous beauty, would not turn her over to the Lama to be beheaded, and war was startlingly imminent; she was finally on her way to America! Later; she had been

secured by the enterprising managers of "The Lama's Goat," to dance Lhasa's most jealously guarded sacred ceremonial in that stupendous forthcoming production. It was great "stuff," and the papers printed some of it!

In the meantime, the Daw residence was the scene of at least equal activity. The Wallingfords moved over to the Daw residence, bag and baggage, and took possession of the colonial suite. Dicky Dolger, being found homeless and forlorn by Blackie down on the Bowery, was pushed by the shoulders through a Turkish bath and a barber-shop into some clean linen and a new suit of clothes, trundled out to the house, and installed in the "Umpire" room, where the cello was most scantily stocked, but replenished at judicious though regular intervals. Rickets Johnson went home of nights along in the wee, small hours, when he felt like it, and was given the Tudor room because the window mullions and other vertical decorations reminded him of a pipe-organ. The Renaissance music-room, in which a mechanical organ, an electrical piano, a bird's-eye maple phonograph, and an automatic guitar had been installed, was turned into a rehearsal hall; and here, while Dicky Dolger culled nose-gays of wit from vast sheaves of dead and bygone librettos to adorn the plot of "The Lama's Goat," and Rickets Johnson "adapted" the hit numbers of all the successful musical productions since "Pinafore," and Blackie and Wallingford, in the Dutch library, concocted weird and still more weird tales concerning the marvelous Lhaa of Lhasa, Violet Bonnie, with the unobtrusive assistance of Mrs. Wallingford, took up Melissa Tripp as a lump of raw material and molded upon her the Dance of the Sacred Goat.

Attired in a short skirt made from an early spring chiffon, which had been ruthlessly cut off at the knees, Violet danced and postured and explained and did it all over again, from mid afternoon to dewy morn, and enjoyed almost killing her constantly complaining pupil, who held that genius should not need to work!

"Honest, Fannie," Violet declared after about two weeks of it, "this has banting, dieting, and all the other fat-cures beat to a custard. If Melissa Tripp only lasts till we get through, I'll be able to squeeze back into that year-before-last lavender that I keep to measure myself by."





"Tibet," mused Wallingford. "Seems to me I've heard of that place, but I know I've never worked it. Where is it?"

## VI

MEMBERS of the "profession" wandered into the rehearsals, which soon began at the Avon, and said, "My Gawd, how could they ever cast Tommy Delancy for that part!" or they said it about Willis Lawrence, or Elsie Devoe, or whomever they happened to know best, and went away. Friends of the "profession" came in and listened a while, and yawned, and said: "Delightfully reminiscent. Why in blazes don't somebody spring a new one?" and went away, forgetting that ninety-nine out of every hundred who defy Broadway by "springing a new one" die the recipients of charity. Managers of other houses came in, and yawned, and said: "Why, look who's here! Dicky Dolger and Rickets Johnson, the pair that never came back! Well, order the hearse!" and chuckled, and went away.

After all this criticism upon the part of the experts in the game, the piece was bound to be a stupendous success, and Business Manager Wallingford was so certain of it that, during the last week of the rehearsals, he went back into the lonely corner where Dan Sickels always sat in gloomy apathy.

"Well, Dan, what do you think of the piece?" he inquired.

Dan tried to force a smile. "You never can tell. It's all a gamble. Nobody knows," he said.

"You're entitled to a guess," Wallingford insisted. "Come on, Dan, tell me, honestly, what you think about it?"

"Well, I don't like to hurt your feelings," Sickels hesitated.

"I haven't any," Wallingford promptly informed him.

"Well, if you leave it to me, I don't think it's any kind of a musical comedy anyhow. None of the boys think so. You see, Wallingford, you got in wrong from the start. You got Dicky Dolger's and Rickets Johnson's names tacked onto the program, and you're unlucky in your cast. Delancy and Lawrence and Devoe are all right, but they haven't had decent parts for three seasons; so what can you expect? Violet Bonnie hasn't been in touch with the game for a long time. Then again, this is the Hoodooed Avon. It looks like you're up against it, Wallingford."

"It isn't my funeral," returned J. Rufus. "I'm not engaging in any business this year, anyhow; but I still have a bet left in me. If 'The Lama's Goat' makes a hit, it'll break the hoodoo, and this house will be worth more than it is to-day. At what price will you sell the property, and how much will you take for a thirty-day option on it?"

Dan sank back in his chair like a collapsed puff-ball. "It's too late," he huskily whispered, then he cleared his throat. "It's too late," he repeated in a louder huskiness. "I gave Dillon a thirty-day option day before yesterday."

"The devil you say!" exclaimed Wallingford, deeply disappointed. "Why, the man's as crooked as Tammany and a sure bankrupt if he goes through with this thing. I thought you had decided not to fuss up with him."

"I couldn't help myself," half whined Sickles, in the pitiable weakness of a once strong man. "Wallingford, I've been broke so long that when I see any of my old friends on the street I hunt an alley. I used to be one of the best dressers on Broadway, and now I don't like to go out there in the sunlight; I feel as if everybody that's walking behind me have their eyes focused on the fringe of my pants. I own this property and its eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of mortgages, but there's many a time I've felt like trading it for the price of a new suit of clothes, a dinner with a pretty girl, a skin full of champagne, and a bottle of prussic acid. Well, when I'm feeling about like that, this quivering Dillon comes along and shows me twenty-five greenbacks, each one of them good for twenty dollars at any regularly licensed bar; and I fall. He offers me a hundred thousand dollars cash, and the same amount in stock of the Dillon Stores Company for this place, if he chooses, on or before the day his option expires. But it isn't the figure he offers me that gets me; it's that visible five hundred dollars in real money? Say, do you know what I've got on now for the first time in a century or so? Silk socks!"

"I'm sorry you closed with him, Dan," commented Wallingford, too much interested in the business end of it to pay any attention to Dan's joy in the sordid necessities of life. "All you'll get out of this place will be the fifteen thousand dollars difference between the cash you get and the amount of your mortgages," and Wallingford stalked away, steadfastly refusing Sickles's hospitable invitation to go out and take a drink and forget it.

Instead, Wallingford, as was his habit when he had been balked in any of his plans, hunted a quiet corner where nobody could find him. An hour later he hurried down from the lonely balcony box just

above the jangling rehearsal, and hunted Sickles, whom he found huddled up in the old watchman's comfortable chair at the stage entrance, with a foot across his knee, gently stroking a silk sock.

"You might as well have some more haberdashery, Dan," Wallingford observed, laying a hundred-dollar bill across the glistening ankle.

Dan promptly clutched the gaudy trifle in his fingers. "What's it for?" he asked, quite naturally.

"A second option on this theater and the ground it occupies. Thirty days dating from to-day."

"Same price?" inquired Dan, folding the bill lengthwise and then endwise.

"Better," replied Wallingford. "Two hundred thousand cash."

Dan stuffed the money into his pocket. "Let me get this straight," he said, rising vigorously from his chair. "You're paying me this hundred dollars for what you call a second option. If Dillon don't buy my property in thirty days from last Tuesday, at the price he offered me, you have the right to buy it, at any time in the following two days, for two hundred thousand dollars, cash?"

"That's it," acknowledged Wallingford.

"Let's go and see my lawyer," greedily invited Dan. "I hope Dillon chokes before his thirty days are up."

## VII

On the morning of the momentous opening date of "The Lama's Goat," Melissa Tripp was stricken with her first attack of stage fright, which took the form of nervous chills; Dicky Dolger, his occupation more or less gone, arose at rosy dawn, emptied his own cellarette and those in the Sheraton and Art Nouveau rooms, and fell downstairs; and Ricketts Johnson lost the conductor's score of the music. At the final rehearsal that day, two of the most important chorus girls left a yawning gap in the ranks by their failure to appear; Miss Devoe utterly refused to go on that night unless they settled, in her favor, the allotment of the star dressing-room now in dispute between herself and Melissa Tripp; the electrician who had rehearsed all the light effects burned his hand; a new grip-man poked one of the heroic-sized papier-mâché goats through the rear wall of the temple;

and the stage-manager had a fight with Willis Lawrence, the big basso.

Through all these trifling incidents Violet Bonnie, though working like a stone-crusher and meeting each death-blow as it came up with a fierce energy which should have belonged only to despair, retained an amazing cheerfulness, which was explained when, over the hasty sandwich which formed her dinner, she observed to the only companion who was unruffled enough of disposition to remain with her through it all:

"Blackie, it's a pipe! Never in the history of the Big Lane was there a production that started off with so many signs of being a winner. If we'd had a smooth rehearsal this morning, and everything else had gone off as gay as an election-bet wine-fest, I'd have been out right now ordering a calla lily Rock of Ages and being measured for my crape."

At seven fifteen, however, she sent a hurry-up call for Blackie, who was already in the lobby with Wallingford, gloating serenely over the advance sale. Hastening back, Blackie found Violet Bonnie seated, in lonely state, upon the temple steps of the gorgeous first-act set.

"It's all over, Blackie," she said with stiff lips which, somehow, stretched and pulled and numbly hurt as she tried to form the words. "Somebody has sure put a Dutch hex on this show," and she twisted a lace kerchief into a rough little string. "Cheer up,"

begged Blackie, responding nobly, though with a sinking heart, to this new demand upon his cheerfulness. "The fatalities may not be as great as at first reported. Who mixed up the switchboard this time?"

"Delancy," she gulped.

"Delancy? What's he kicking about?"

"Cramps!" she wailed. "Cramps, dog-gone him! I just got a note that he's had three doctors, and I guess a plumber, trying to take the kinks out of his stomach; but he can't be repaired in time."

"How inconsiderate of him," mumbled Blackie politely, still trying to be brave. "Why, he's the Grand Lama!" he exclaimed, awaking suddenly to the enormity of the blow. "This show can't go on without a Lama. What are you going to do, girl?"

"Do!" she half shrieked. "I'm going up to Squamosett and strangle Martha Tripp with her own corkscrew curls!" and suddenly, for the first time in her life, she gave

way to complete despair, and threw her arms around Blackie's neck and sobbed, actually sobbed!

Blackie was scared to a pale Nile green. "Cheer up," he begged with a feeble imitation of his usual flippant heartiness, and patted her automatically upon the shoulder. "Cheer up, Vi. Say! For the love of Mike, cheer up, or I'll go dippy myself!" and he looked about him wildly for some place to sit down, for Violet was no bantam, and she was leaning her full weight against him.



Blackie found Violet Bonnie seated, in lonely state, upon the temple steps of the gorgeous first-act set

"The Lama's Goat" might have come to a premature demise, there and then, had not the distracted stage-manager invigorated Violet by bursting upon them at that moment.

"Now the devil is to pay!" he bawled out. "Lawrence's boots for the second act have just come in, and they're an inch too short. What in Texas are we going to do about it?"

"Saw his toes off!" ordered Violet, turning fiercely upon him.

"But—" protested the stage-manager.

"Shut up!" she cried. "I told you what to do; go and do it! And if you bother me any more, I'll drop the asbestos curtain drum on you. I say, get out! Blackie, lick him!"

"Sure," accepted Blackie, glad for any relief from his own surcharged feelings; and he made a dash for the stage-manager, who beat him up the stairs by two lengths, and locked himself in Lawrence's dressing-room. Blackie returned apologetically. "He got away from me," he explained in some shame; "but I'll watch at the foot of the stairs till he comes out, if it takes all night."

Violet looked at him and suddenly laughed. "Honest, Blackie, I wouldn't be a widow again for a million dollars alimony," she confessed. "You needn't watch at the foot of the stairs, though, for I've got a better job for you. You've got to go on to-night and play the Lama."

Blackie laughed at her. "Show me my best friend's baby and tell me to murder it, and I'll do it; but I refuse to step into your aeroplane. Where are you taking me?"

"To Delancy's dressing-room," she firmly replied, pushing him ahead of her by one elbow, like a country sheriff taking his first local maléfactor to the lock-up; and, as inexorable as unrelenting fate, she pushed him up the stairs and into the star comedian's dressing-room, where the Grand Lama's costumes hung upon their hooks in gaudy array, and Delancy's own mussed assortment of grease paints lay spread out upon a Joseph's coat of chamois skin.

"But look here, Vi," persisted Blackie, genuinely panic-stricken; "you don't know what you're running me up against. I can't—"

"Take off your coat and vest and collar and tie and shirt, and rub that cold cream all over your face," she ordered. "I'll be back as soon as I've seen whether Melissa Tripp is having fits or only the ague."

"Just one moment," commanded Blackie, holding up a compelling hand. "Are you on the dead level about this?"

"Why, certainly I am! You're exactly Delancy's size. You know all the lines, business, and cues, and you know the words and music of every song. You play the Grand Lama to-night!"

"But I sing like a pig under a barbed-wire fence," still objected Blackie, who, however, had already removed his coat and vest, and was now tugging at his collar.

Violet disdained to answer that foolish objection, and started out the door, but Blackie recalled her.

"You win," he gave in; "but I want a case of hundred and ninety proof rye up here in five minutes."

Violet turned and contemplated him thoughtfully. "I believe that is a noble little idea," she agreed. "I'll send for it right away, but you must let me feed it to you. There's nobody in this world, not even you yourself, can tell as good as I can when you've got just the right edge on."

Somebody repeated Blackie's first cue to him three times, a little later on, and pushed him on the stage. He uttered the well-remembered first line in a dazed air to no one in particular, and, out in front, everybody laughed! As one in a dream, Blackie went through the part of the Grand Lama in precisely the manner in which, for a month, he had been urging Delancy to play it. When the curtain rang down on the first act, Miss Devoe hated him for life, for the recalls were all for him! Violet Bonnie threw her arms around him with gurgles of joy.

"This is the proudest minute of my life!" she exclaimed.

"Give me a goblet of rye," begged Blackie huskily.

"Clear!" yelled the stage-manager to the pro-tem star comedian and his wife.

"Get out of the road, you!" snapped a grip-man, as he slammed past them with a set of marble steps on his shoulder.

The next Blackie remembered was having his costume torn off him in the dressing-room, and another one thrust upon him.

"You'd better step out and tell them that Delancy's sick and that an understudy was put on at a moment's notice," he suggested in his only lucid interval.

Somebody laughed at that; it sounded like his wife; then he was on the stage

again and great peals of laughter were rolling up to him and over him from out that vast yawning pit of dim, human mistiness; it followed him wherever he went; it annoyed him whenever he spoke, because he was never allowed to finish what he had to say; but there was something in it that he seemed to like, too; it seemed to liven him up and make him more active.

It was so all through the play. Before the evening was half over the experienced Violet Bonnie went around shaking hands with everybody who would stand still long enough, and with herself when nobody else was handy; for "The Lama's Goat" was "across"! She was the happiest woman in the world, and the proudest, for Blackie had done it all! She told him as much, over and over, until she almost made him believe it after the last act.

"Well," he finally conceded, "I never would have done it if it hadn't been for that souse."

"Souse!" she repeated, laughing. "Why, Blackie, you haven't had a drink to-day," and she pointed to the still uncorked bottle upon his make-up table.

He looked at it, astounded, until he finally believed that, too. "Somebody get me a corkscrew," he directed. "I've got eight drinks coming."

The stage-manager burst into the dressing-room just as Blackie, submitting to cocoa-butter, was taking the second of his belated drinks, and all but embraced him.

"Your reputation's made from this minute!" the stage-manager exclaimed.

"That's what I was afraid of before I

started," retorted Blackie with rather a sheepish grin.

"You've put over the biggest hit on Broadway. I just got word from Delancy's wife that he can come back to-morrow; but if he does come back, it'll be to carry a spear."

"He'll play the part to-morrow night if he can walk," asserted Blackie determinedly. "I got a nice face and I like it. I wouldn't abuse it this way again for a million dollars!"

"You don't mean you're not going to play any more, Mr. Daw!" exclaimed the stage-manager, turning chalky. "Why, it would be a crime for you to quit!"

"I'm so proud of Blackie that I've got goose-flesh," interposed Violet Bonnie. "But just the same, he quits!"

"Thanks," said Blackie, both relieved and surprised.

"You needn't thank me," retorted his proud wife. "Of course, you don't know it, but you sloshed around among googoo eyes all night; and there's four of the little blonde squabs in the chorus that goes at the end of the week; numbers three, six, seven, and thirteen. Give 'em their notices, Ben."

"By the way, how did Melissa go?" asked Blackie earnestly, very happy indeed to change the subject.

"In a taxi," replied the stage-manager. "I think she went away with a dried-up little lollop that hung around on the prompt side all night, apologizing to the scenery."

"That's right; you didn't know about Melissa, did you?" inquired Violet, with a flush of anger which ended in a laugh. "You know, she has two dances; one just before the goat dance. Well, they giggled her off the stage in the first one, and she



When the curtain rang down on the first act the recalls were all for Blackie

left for Squamosett, I guess, without even stopping to change her costume."

"I don't see how you cut out the second dance," puzzled Blackie. "I wish I'd have been present at this show. I'd like to have seen how the plot turned out."

"It turned out fine!" Violet assured him with great enthusiasm. "We pulled Dicky Dolger out of his souse in the back part of the right proscenium box, and we fixed up the part in the seven minutes between the two dances. Elsie Devoe was just dressing for her third-act change. We explained it to her, and threw her into Lhaa's second costume, and she came on and did the Dance of the Sacred Goat so swell you could almost hear her bleat; knew every step of it just from watching that Tripp joke rehearse. Then she unveiled and Lhaa turned out to be the daughter, and, as the sacred dancer, had a right to marry anybody in the kingdom. It made the plot swell. Next to you, Blackie, it was the hit of the show."

"It certainly got 'em," agreed the stage-manager delightedly. "The music helped a lot. You know, there were three managers and a tailor hunting for Dicky Dolger and Rickets Johnson before the last-act curtain wrung up. They've come back, and so has Devoe and everybody else."

"Devoe's a perfect lady, I'll say that for her," asserted Violet warmly. "She's strictly professional. She kept her eyes to herself, and hated Blackie and everybody else that got a hand."

Wallingford and Mrs. Wallingford and Toad Jessop found their happy way back to the star comedian's dressing-room, and added to the general jubilation.

"It's an honor to know you, Blackie," chuckled Wallingford, while the two women embraced each other fervently, and sat on Delancy's battered old trunk, hand in hand, to tell each other all about it in agitated alternate snatches.

"Did you see the show, Jim?" asked Blackie in surprise. "Where did you sit?"

"In the left stage box," replied Wallingford indignantly. "You looked at us half the time!"

Blackie pondered that marvel in silence a moment. "Have a drink," he finally sighed. "Toad, go scare us up another

glass. Jimmy, it's too bad you're not in on the personal triumph of this thing, along with us artists."

"Oh, I'm not dissatisfied," Wallingford informed him with easy nonchalance. "It isn't my game, but still I'll clean up about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the side."

"I suppose so," grumbled Blackie. "It's got to be a habit with you. Who suffers this time?"

"Dillon," explained Wallingford, chuckling. "I bought one little hundred-dollar share of stock in his company to-day, and to-morrow I'm going to bring suit, as a stockholder, for dissolution of his company, on the grounds of misrepresentation and misuse of funds. My lawyer demanded to see the books four minutes after I bought my share of stock, and he tells me that I'll have no trouble at all in getting an injunction which will prevent the Dillon Company from taking any steps toward the extension of the business within the next thirty days."

"I've heard of pikers, but holding up a five-million-dollar company to protect a hundred-dollar certificate comes close to the edge of being the limit," judged Blackie after mature deliberation. "Why all this grouch against Dillon? And why tie his hands for thirty days—so as to quiet his nerves?"

Wallingford smiled seraphically. "Merely so I can exercise my option on the Avon Theater at two hundred thousand dollars," he replied, striking a match on the big, red "No Smoking" sign, and lighting a long black cigar. "The hoodoo is broken, and the house is worth double my option at this very minute. Nasselanger, of the syndicate, was trying to buy it from Sickels to-night, and Sickels is at this moment over at the Breeches Hotel, drowning his sorrows with one hand, and drinking to his luck with the other."

Blackie gazed upon his friend with thoughtful admiration for a while, and then he grinned. "I want you to go over with me and call on Dillon to-morrow, right after you file your suit," he suggested. "I want him to wait on us while I pick out a pink undershirt and a pair of silk suspenders."

The next story of "**Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford**" will appear in the July issue.



Sitting Bull

General Miles in the campaign of 1876-77

White Bull

# Rounding up the Redmen

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE STIRRING ENCOUNTERS WITH THE INDIANS WHO KILLED CUSTER AND OF THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE DEFEAT OF THE GREAT CHIEFS, SITTING BULL AND CRAZY HORSE

By General Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A.

**T**HE cause of the Indian war of 1876-77 may be briefly stated. In consideration of the Indians' giving up a large part of their country and remaining at peace, the government granted them reservations and a large range of country for hunting-grounds, and also agreed to give them stated annuities and to keep white people from trespassing upon the Indians' lands. In the main the Indians adhered to the conditions of the treaty, but the government did not. The pressure of advancing civilization was very great on all sides. It was believed that the Black Hills country possessed rich mineral deposits, and miners were permitted to prospect for mines. Surveying parties were allowed to traverse

the country for railway routes, and the government itself sent exploring expeditions there, which reported evidences of gold-fields. This created on the part of the whites a strong desire to occupy the region, and the disaffection of the Indians soon developed into open hostilities.

Spotted Tail was a wise and really great chief. Red Cloud had been a noted warrior, but at that time was conservative and diplomatic. Both these hereditary chiefs had counseled peace, but the war spirit prevailed. Crazy Horse was the incarnation of ferocity, a fierce restless warrior who, at the age of twenty-six, had become the leader of the Ogalallas, the most warlike tribe of the Sioux nation. Sitting Bull, of the

Uncpapas, was an older man; he had made his reputation as a leader of the hostile element and by his intense hatred of the white race. He was a perfect type of the savage Indian—a born leader of men. Though not an hereditary chief, when any great war council was held he was the central figure and the head of the war element. He became leader of the strongest and best armed confederation of Indians ever created on this continent. Their warriors numbered several thousand, and had congregated in eastern Wyoming and Montana.

Against this body of hostile Indians three columns of troops were moved in the spring of 1876—the troops from the south under General Crook, those from the east under General Terry, and those from the west, also in General Terry's department, under Brevet Major-General John Gibbon. The defeat of General Crook's command, June 17th, and the massacre of five troops of cavalry under General Custer, June 25th, were most disheartening to the troops in the field and occasioned the sending of reinforcements.

#### CAMPAIGNING AT SIXTY BELOW ZERO

After weeks of tedious steamboating up the Missouri to Fort Buford and then up the Yellowstone, we finally reached the mouth of the Rosebud, and I reported my command to General Terry. A series of long marches was at once made. This, however, failed to bring the troops into action with the Indians, but occupied nearly two months of time, and then the forces under Generals Terry, Crook, and Gibbon were withdrawn to winter quarters.

With the withdrawal of the other troops my command was directed to remain and shelter itself by building a cantonment. I intended, however, to do more than hibernate that winter. I believed that a winter campaign could be successfully made, even in that extremely cold climate. I told General Terry that if he would give me supplies and a reasonable command, I would clear a zone of hostile Indians before spring. He said that it would be impossible for troops to endure the severity of those northern winters and that I could not contend against the elements. I was, however, confident of success, and equipped my troops as if they had been going to the arctic regions. They had campaigned in the Southwest in the winter, with the thermometer at twenty-eight degrees below zero. To attempt it in

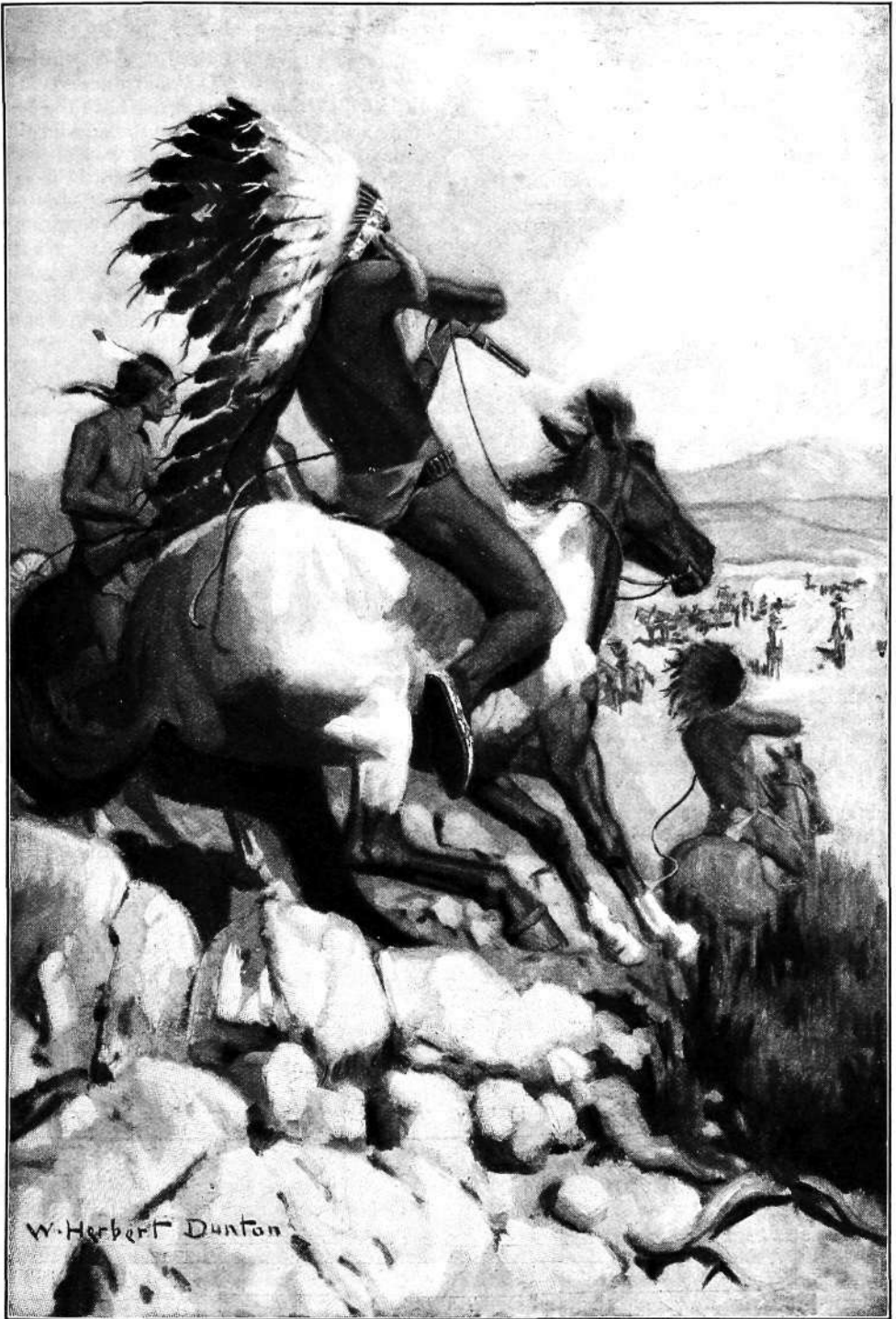
a country where the temperature was known to fall to sixty degrees below was a different proposition; but they were supplied with an abundance of woolen and fur clothing, even to masks for covering their faces.

The command consisted of my regiment, the 5th Infantry, two companies of the 22d Infantry, a few pieces of artillery, and a small company of scouts, interpreters, and friendly Indians. At times I had with me the most noted scouts and guides in the Western country. A prince among these was William F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, who was then one of the handsomest men I have ever seen; very tall and straight, an abundance of golden hair falling to his shoulders, like the cavaliers of old, large brilliant brown eyes, auburn mustache and goatee, and features as perfect as if they had been chiseled out of marble. L. S. Kelley, known as "Yellowstone" Kelley, was a remarkable man, of the type of Kit Carson or Daniel Boone—well educated, very intelligent, and a native of New York, but he lived on the remote frontier because he loved nature. To mention Clarke, Schmalse, Dixon, Wing, Chapman, Jackson, Johnson, and others, and to recount the long rides they made, their daring feats, the misfortunes of some, and the valuable services of all, would fill a volume.

#### SITTING BULL BEGINS HOSTILITIES

In order to know the position and disposition of the Indians, I adopted the same system of espionage that I had found successful in the Southwest. I soon learned by this means that the Indians had separated, and I determined, if possible, to prevent their reassembling. In this I was successful. I learned that Sitting Bull, with three tribes, the Uncpapas, Minneconjoux, and Sans Arcs, was moving north of the Yellowstone to the valley of the Big Dry, a tributary of the Missouri, and that Crazy Horse, with the Ogalallas and Cheyennes, was moving to the headwaters of the Tongue and Rosebud rivers. In addition to these powerful tribes, there were warriors from the disaffected elements of other tribes. The Indians intended to hunt buffaloes and gather their yearly supply of robes, and at the same time send out raiding parties for plunder. These great camps would, when located, be about a hundred miles apart. I determined to use my available force against them in





DRAWN BY W. HERBERT DUNTON FROM A DESCRIPTION FURNISHED BY GENERAL MILES

“Sitting Bull, with a large number of warriors, attacked one of our supply trains and held it in check until its escort was strongly reenforced”

detail. Their young warriors lost no time in opening hostilities. They commenced by attacking isolated commands, stealing stock, and harassing the troops in many ways. One night my camp was attacked by the Indians charging close to our tents in their efforts to stampede our saddle-horses and train-animals. They fired two shots through my tent just over my cot. Our animals were, however, securely placed, and the troops soon repulsed the assault. Sitting Bull, with a large number of warriors, attacked one of our supply trains and held it in check until its escort was strongly reenforced.

#### SITTING BULL PLANS TO KILL ME

My first move was against Sitting Bull's camp. I took the available part of my regiment, three hundred and ninety-four riflemen and one piece of artillery, and leaving a small guard at the cantonment, our temporary base, moved northeast. On the fourth day, October 21st, we suddenly discovered a strong force of a thousand or more warriors, each armed with a rifle and plenty of ammunition. They were gorgeously decorated with feathers, bead-work, and war-paint, well supplied with fur robes, and splendidly mounted on fleet, hardy war-ponies. As we approached their position, deployed in order of battle, they sent out a flag of truce, saying that Sitting Bull desired to meet the commanding officer. Their object appeared to be to delay us and ascertain our strength. I afterward learned that they had a well-laid plot to surprise us and attempt a massacre. As I desired to learn more of the location of their camp, I consented to meet Sitting Bull with six men under a flag of truce, half-way between the two forces. With Lieutenant Bailey and five privates I went out to meet him, the regiment taking up a commanding position in the rear. Sitting Bull spread a large robe on the ground and prepared to talk with much formality. I explained to him that it was useless for them to contend against the white race; that if they would discontinue their warlike attitude and depredations and go upon a reservation, I could assure them of the good-will of the government and my earnest efforts in their behalf; but all this was fruitless. They scorned the friendly proposition and scoffed at the idea of any power being able to subdue the Sioux warriors. Sitting Bull said that Almighty God had made him an Indian

and not an agency Indian, and he did not intend to be one. He said there never was a white man who did not hate the Indians, and there never was an Indian who did not hate the white race. They were at that time flushed with victory. They believed the Sioux warriors superior to any body of white troops. During the conversation, through the interpreter, named Bruguier, a half-breed, I told Sitting Bull that I knew when he would be on the Yellowstone and where he was going. This so surprised him that he instantly changed from an adroit, mild-mannered man to an enraged savage. His appearance was more like that of a wild beast than a human being. Every feature showed his intense emotions and fierce nature. His strong jaws were firmly set, and his eyes were like liquid fire. While we were thus talking, the officers and soldiers, with their rifles ready for action, had been anxiously watching the scene and had observed a few warriors move down from the hills, one at a time, and take position near Sitting Bull. One was observed to place a short rifle under his buffalo-robe. This was also observed by the men with me, and by myself. Their object, I learned, was to encircle and destroy us, the same as had been done with General Canby a few years before in the lava-beds of Oregon. I informed Sitting Bull that unless those warriors returned to the main body of the Indians our conversation would at once terminate. Seeing our determination and also our readiness for action, he assented. Looking abashed, he told the young warriors to return, which they did very reluctantly. To discontinue the council without violence, and without divulging our purpose, I told Sitting Bull he could, during the night, consider what I had said to him, and I immediately withdrew to my command and then marched back about three miles to the nearest timber and water to camp for the night.

#### "NOW FOR SOME FIGHTING"

The next morning the command moved very early in the direction of what we believed to be the main camp of the Indians, and, marching about ten miles, came in sight of it. Sitting Bull again sent out a flag of truce, asking for a talk, which was granted. I told him my command had come out to bring him and his followers in peaceably, if possible; forcibly, if we must. This was answered with scorn, and I finally

told him that I would give him fifteen minutes and no longer to accept the terms of the government. With a huge grunt he turned on his heel and rushed back, shouting to his chiefs and warriors to prepare for battle. The prairie was immediately alive with Indians dashing in every direction. They assembled, took position en masse on the prairie or behind mounds and hills, wild with excitement and anxious for combat. My command was deployed into a large open square, and we moved forward. The Indians surrounded us, assumed a menacing attitude and set fire to the dry prairie-grass. At the end of fifteen minutes hostilities commenced. At the first shot a soldier remarked, "That shot ends the talk—now for some fighting."

The infantry soldiers, presenting but a small target, with their skilled, long-range marksmanship, kept the Indians at a good distance. That, with the artillery fire, was evidently a surprise to the Indians. The troops maintained most excellent order and moved steadily on, driving the Indians through their camp, where they abandoned much of their

property and a few horses. Thus they were pursued for two days, a distance of forty-two miles. Wherever they made a stand, the troops would deploy and drive them out. They would never remain for a close decisive battle, although they outnumbered us at least three to one.

They were driven south across the Yellowstone and finally, October 25th, sent in a flag of truce, asking for terms. They agreed to go to their agencies and surrender, and placed in our hands five of their principal chiefs as hostages for the surrender of some two thousand of their people. We learned at the same time that Sitting Bull, Gall, Pretty Bear, and quite a large camp, had broken away and gone north. Returning to the cantonment, I soon equipped another command, of four hundred and thirty-four riflemen and a detachment of artillery, to move north in pursuit of Sitting Bull. That country, at that time, was entirely unknown. Steamers had passed up and down the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, but the Indians had held the country so tenaciously that it had never been surveyed,



Four of General Miles's opponents in the great Indian war of 1876-77—Hump (top), Big Looking Glass, Sitting Bull, and Chief Gall

and it was a blank on the official maps. At times we would find indications of Indians and strike their trail, but the blinding snowstorms of November and December obliterated all traces, and often we were obliged to march solely by the compass. We crossed and recrossed the Missouri River with artillery and loaded trains on the solid ice, the cold being intense. Some days the soldiers were obliged to march single file, taking turns in advance to break down the snow. Usually at night we would camp in the valleys where dry wood could be obtained, but at other times, in crossing the high divides, we could not obtain fuel, and the soldiers were obliged to lie down at night on the snow without fires. Still, they were so well equipped that, although they suffered much from the cold, it caused no permanent injury. By dividing my command into three columns I was enabled to reconnoiter a wider zone of territory; one column, under the command of Captain F. D. Baldwin, struck Sitting Bull's camp on the Big Dry, drove him out, and captured a large quantity of camp equipage and a few horses. Sitting Bull had now been driven far enough north to be practically out of the field of operation, and the command returned to the cantonment.

#### WHERE DEFEAT MEANT ANNIHILATION

Within six days I had organized another command for a campaign against the large camp of Ogalallas and Northern Cheyennes under Crazy Horse, Big Crow, Little Big Man, Hump, Two Moons, and White Bull, which was located about eighty miles to the southwest, near the head of the Rosebud and Tongue rivers. On the last of December I moved up the valley of the Tongue River with four hundred and thirty-six riflemen of the 5th and the 22d Infantry and two pieces of artillery, which I concealed in my wagon-train by covering the guns and carriages with wagon bows and canvas, intending to surprise the Indians. The snow was a foot deep on the level, and the streams were frozen solid. During the march we were somewhat harassed by the Indians, and once they surprised and killed two of our soldiers. As we approached their camp, extending for three miles along the Tongue River, they retreated. Their evident object was to secure a stronger position in the more mountainous country. Skirmishing frequently occurred, and one day our advance-guard captured a warrior, three women, and

three children as they were returning to their camp. As these belonged to prominent families in the hostile camp, their capture had quite important results. The command advanced into what was known as the Wolf Mountains; well named, as they are rugged, rough, and most unattractive. We were then three hundred miles from the nearest settlement on the west and four hundred miles from the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad on the east. In the impending engagement with this powerful body of Indians, defeat would mean annihilation, and it would have been weeks before our fate would have been known. Every officer and soldier realized his responsibility.

#### THE DEATH OF CHIEF BIG CROW

On the evening of January 7th, the command took up a strong position and camped for the night. The following morning the Indians were reported in great numbers coming down the valley. They found us ready for action. From a high bluff, with a field-glass, I watched them come out of the canyon and move down the valley—at least a thousand or twelve hundred well-armed and well-mounted warriors. They shouted their determination to make it another massacre. In fact, they yelled to the soldiers, "You have had your last breakfast"; the response was equally defiant. When within range the infantry opened fire, and the coverings were quickly removed from what had appeared to be harmless wagons, but now became effective artillery.

The Indians completely surrounded the command, but the key to their position was a high bluff in front of the left of our line. To charge and capture this point was a difficult undertaking for our troops. They were, however, gallantly led by Majors Casey and Butler and Captains MacDonald and Baldwin. The last was very conspicuous as he rode at the front of his line, waving his hat. As they advanced, a prominent chief, Big Crow, who had made his followers believe that his "medicine" was so strong that no white man's bullet could harm him, proved the strength of his superstition by his dauntless courage. As the troops, encumbered by their heavy clothing and impeded by the deep snow, ascended the hill, firing as they advanced, this most noted leader dashed out in full view of the soldiers, whooping and yelling defiance with savage bravado. He was



On the trail of Sitting Bull in the winter of 1876-77. In the intense cold of a Northwestern winter, when the troops often slept on the snow without fires, General Miles followed and fought the Indians day after day and finally cleared that region of hostiles.— Captain F. D. Baldwin (left), one of General Miles's most daring aids; "Yellowstone" Kelley, scout; Little Chief, one of the noted leaders who surrendered.

gorgeously bedecked in war-costume, with eagle-feathers reaching nearly to the ground. His strong voice could be heard up and down the valley whenever there was a lull in the firing. He was unharmed for a time, as it is not easy to hit a man when he is in quick action, but some cool-headed soldier fired more deliberately and dropped him dead, just as the troops charged up and took possession of the bluff. This caused a retreat which soon became a panic and rout of all the Indians in the valley. We followed them a short distance up the valley to make sure of their precipitous retreat and then moved back to camp, masters of the situation, and with the great satisfaction that our laborious efforts had been crowned with success. The command then returned to the cantonment. The captives were kindly treated, well fed and clothed, and after keeping them a month I sent three of them with an interpreter to the hostile camp with a message

demanding their surrender. The Indians were surprised to see their relatives alive and to learn that they had been well treated.

After the engagement of January 8th, the Indians had retreated west to the base of the Big Horn Mountains and camped in the deep snow, where they suffered from the intense cold and many of their horses died from exposure. Thus the demand for their surrender came at an opportune time. The result was that a delegation of nineteen chiefs and warriors came down to the cantonment to learn what terms would be granted them. They were told that they must surrender their arms and war-ponies; the latter would be sold and the proceeds returned to them in domestic stock; that so long as they remained at peace and complied with the directions of the government, they would be justly treated.

The meeting of the captives and their relatives, who came in with this delegation, was one that fully illustrated the Indian

character. The women were hysterical with emotion; they bewailed the misfortunes and woes of their race, and at the same time they shed tears of joy at seeing again those nearest and dearest to them. The Indian warriors scorn to show any emotion of grief, joy, or fear. One was observed to take up a little child in his arms with the utmost tenderness, yet his face was as motionless as a bronze statue. One beautiful Indian girl looked in vain among the warriors for the face of her lover, and although she inquired anxiously for him, she was turned away by them with some thoughtless remark or jest, little realizing the depth of the heart wound they were inflicting. We were unaware of this romance until it resulted in a sad tragedy. One morning a sharp report was heard coming from one of the tents occupied by the Indians, and it was found that the young Indian maiden had committed suicide with a small pistol that she had concealed all the time since their capture. Her companions then reported that she was overcome with grief because her lover had not come in to see her, but it was afterward learned that he knew nothing of the warriors' leaving camp; that he was away hunting at the time and did not return until several days after their departure—too late to join them.

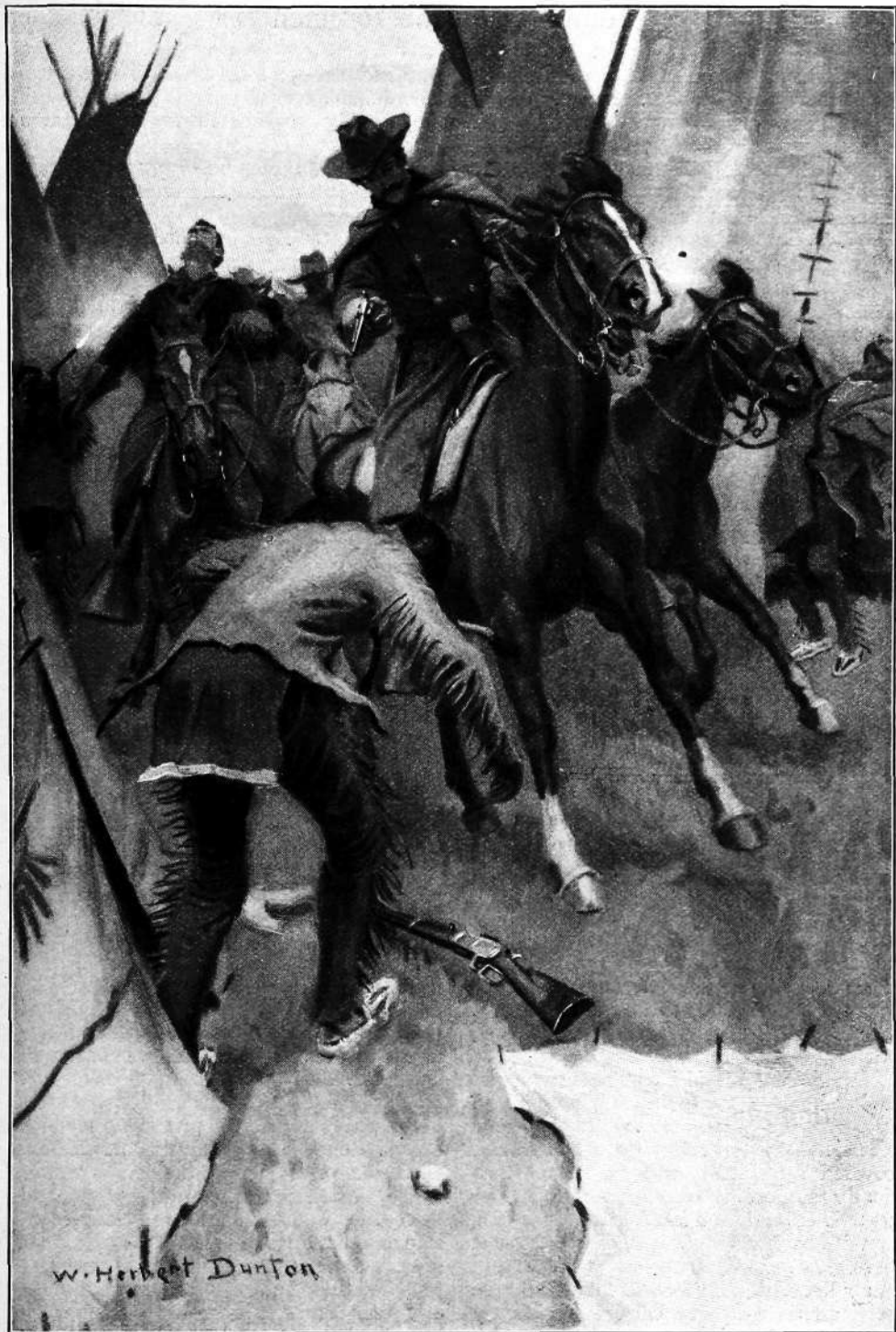
#### LITTLE CHIEF DECIDES FOR PEACE

The delegation, upon returning to camp with the conditions before mentioned, found their people willing to accept our terms, and the whole camp, over three thousand, moved over the divide and down the valley of the Tongue River en route to the cantonment. At the mouth of Otter Creek, they were met by a runner from the Spotted Tail Agency, who urged them to come in there and surrender, saying they would be granted better terms and be with their friends, etc. The camp halted, and a delegation of over one hundred principal chiefs and warriors came down to see if more liberal terms would be granted. They were told that they must surrender at the agencies or to the military in the field; that the country must be cleared of hostile Indians. With all the power I possessed, I urged them to discontinue their hostilities and accept the best terms they could get from the government, assuring them that if they did I would cease to be their enemy and become their friend. At the close of my remarks, absolute silence prevailed for at

least five minutes. Those were most anxious moments. They were to determine peace or war. Finally, Little Chief, a noted warrior and their principal orator, came forward with great dignity and deliberation and threw back the rich buffalo-robe from his shoulders, like the toga of a Roman senator, finally letting it drop until it remained suspended from his belt. In making their oratorical efforts, some of our politicians remove their collars and even their coats, but this Indian orator threw off everything above his waist, displaying the scars of the sun-dance on his upper arms and breast. His manner, movements, and gestures were the perfection of dignity and grace. With eloquence and deep feeling he recited the misfortunes of his race, their devotion to their country, and their effort to defend and retain it. Finally he said, "Your terms are cruel and harsh, but we are going to accept them." I have never heard more welcome words. They meant peace instead of war, friendship instead of hostility, prosperity instead of desolation, and safety and security in place of terror. To make their assurance doubly sure, White Bull, the head warrior of the Cheyennes, said that he would remain as hostage for the good faith of the Cheyennes. Hump, the leading warrior and most popular man of his tribe, said he would remain for the good faith of the Ogalallas, and others did the same until I checked them, saying it was enough. They had manifested their willingness to pledge their lives for their tribes and race. Little Hawk, the uncle of Crazy Horse, and a prominent chief, promised that within a certain number of days he would bring in Crazy Horse, or have him surrender at the lower agencies, and this promise he kept. Within a short time more than three hundred came in and surrendered; the remainder continued their journey south and surrendered to the agencies, except Lame Deer's band of about three hundred. These declared they would never surrender. Those that came in surrendered their arms and ponies, and afterward remained at peace. Sitting Bull, who had been concealing his small following, retreated to Canada.

#### THE KILLING OF CHIEF LAME DEER

When the Indians had become settled and confidence restored, I organized a command to go after Lame Deer's camp, then on the upper Rosebud. We moved up the Tongue



DRAWN BY W. HERBERT DUNTON FROM A DESCRIPTION FURNISHED BY GENERAL MILES

"Evidently suspecting treachery, Lame Deer jerked his hand from mine, grasped his rifle, stepped back a few paces, and fired. As he did this, I whirled my horse to the right, and his bullet passed my breast, killing a brave soldier near by. The chief was instantly killed by Captain Whelan, and the fight continued until fourteen warriors were killed, and many more wounded 113

River, passing over the trail of the Indians, when they moved from that valley to the Rosebud, and making a day's march beyond went into camp for the night, believing that the Indians would be watching us from the hills. After dark I took a battalion of mounted troops and made a forced march directly across the country for about thirty miles, and before daylight concealed the command, sending out three Indian scouts in different directions to look for signs of Indians. They soon discovered smoke rising above Lame Deer's camp, about fifteen miles distant. I crawled up behind a bluff, and looking through my field-glass could discern what appeared to be a mist or light cloud against the foothill. So keen eyed were the Indians that they said it was the smoke of a village and that they could see ponies grazing. To approach it without being discovered was an art. Our Indian guides took us up one ravine and down another in a winding course, always keeping some object between the command and the hostile camp. We finally rested and waited for the night. After midnight we started again, and just at the dawn of a beautiful spring morning we passed up a tributary of the Rosebud on which the camp was located. I detached one company of mounted men under Lieutenants Casey and Jerome, with orders to charge up the valley and stampede the horses, while with a battalion of the 2d Cavalry I attacked the camp. This was successful and four hundred and fifty horses, mules, and ponies were captured. As we dashed up to the village, I told our friendly Indians to call out to the hostiles that we would spare their lives if they surrendered. The retreat of several of the Indian warriors was cut off, and they laid down their arms. I rode up to the principal chief, Lame Deer, extending my hand, and said, "How, how, Cola?" meaning friend. He took my hand, and as I was trying to assure him of safety, in the intense excitement a white scout rode up behind me, and before I could check him covered the Indian with his rifle. Evidently suspecting treachery, Lame Deer jerked his hand from mine, grasped his rifle, stepped back a few paces, and fired. As he did this, I whirled my horse to the right, and his bullet passed my breast, killing a brave soldier near by. The chief was instantly killed by Captain Whelan, and the fight continued until fourteen warriors were killed, and many more wounded. The Indians

who escaped were driven into the rough mountainous country and followed until they finally surrendered to the southern agencies.

Thus ended Indian hostilities in that vast country. When peace and security had been fully established, one of the first steamboats to come up the river in June, 1877, brought my wife and little daughter, from whom I had been separated for nearly a year. With them came a sister of Mrs. Miles, Miss Elizabeth Sherman. These were the first white women to visit that remote region and call a soldier's camp and bivouac their "army home," but they were soon followed by the families and relatives of other officers and some of the soldiers.

#### AN INDIAN ELOPEMENT

The dark clouds of war are not without occasional rays of sunshine. When the surrendered Indians were peacefully camped along the valley of the Yellowstone, there occurred one morning a great commotion in the camp of the Ogalallas, and the Indians were running in every direction anxiously looking for their most popular man, the head warrior, Hump, who could nowhere be found. He was, physically, the finest type of the savage Indian that I have ever seen. He was only twenty-six years old, but his great activity and superior courage had made him a noted leader. The Indians were wild with excitement. They feared that some harm had befallen him and came up to my headquarters to learn if I could give them any information or assistance. Finally, after fruitless search, it was reported that the belle of the neighboring Cheyenne camp was also missing. She was quite a noted beauty and the pride of the tribe. The relatives and friends therefore concluded that these children of nature had resolved to become companions for life. No formal announcement or license was required; no ceremony or music; no tears or cheers. They had quietly withdrawn from all their people. Beside the crystal waters of the Yellowstone, through the forests and fields, they wandered in blissful companionship together. After it was fully decided that it was a romance that had taken them away, their relatives immediately began to make or gather beautiful presents for them when they should return, and after some weeks they reappeared one morning before sunrise as mysteriously as they had departed.

*The next instalment of General Miles's Memoirs will appear in the July issue.*



# THOUGHTS ON LEAVING JAPAN

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

**A** CHANGING medley of insistent sounds,  
Like broken airs played on a samisen,  
Pursues me, as the waves blot out the shore.  
The trot of wooden heels; the warning cry  
Of patient runners; laughter, and strange words  
Of children, children, children everywhere.  
The clap of reverent hands before some shrine;  
And over all the haunting temple bells,  
Waking, in silent chambers of the soul,  
Dim memories of long-forgotten lives.

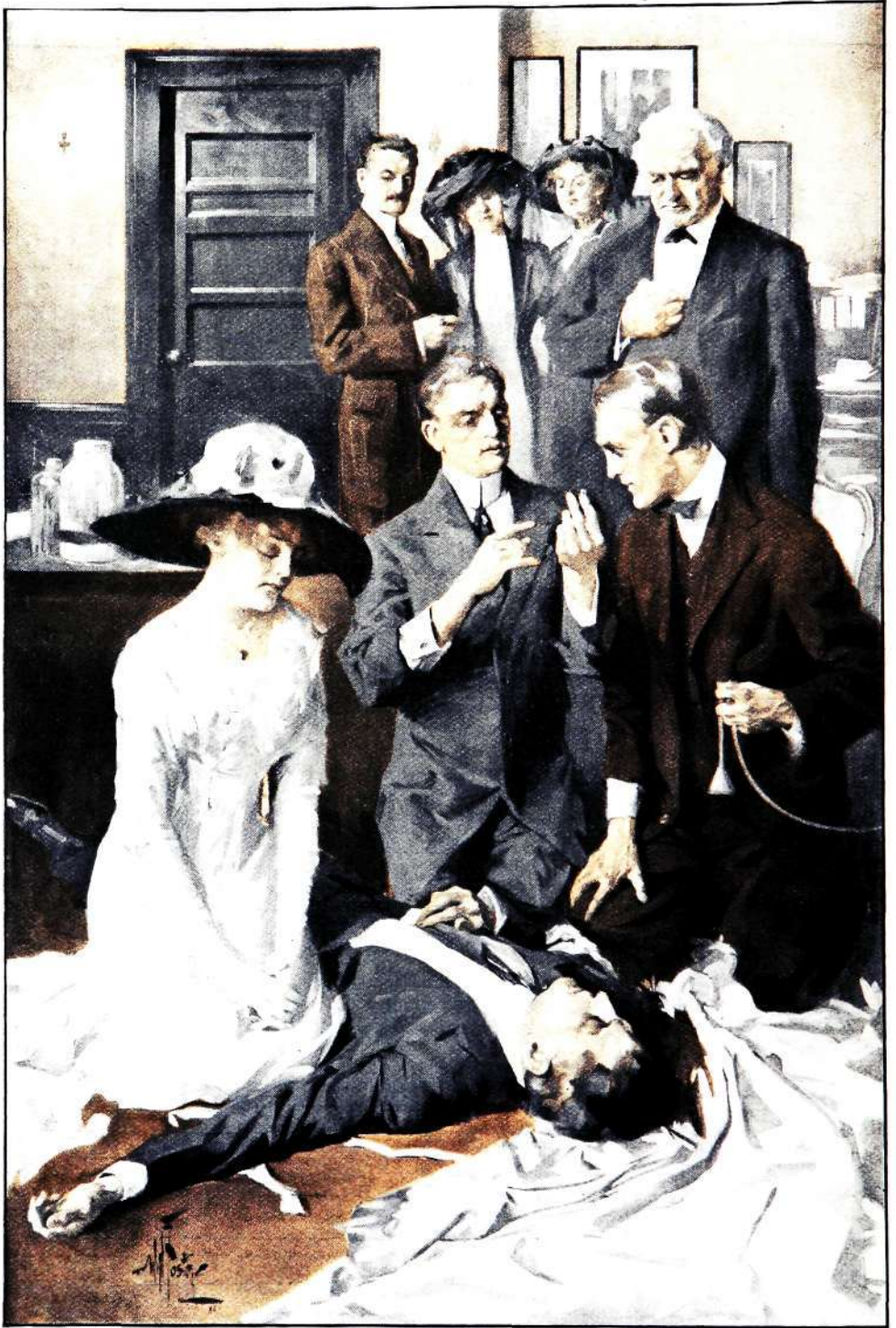
*But, oh! the sorrow of the undertone,  
The wail of hopeless weeping in the dawn  
From lips that smiled through gilded bars at night.\**

Brave little people of large aims, you bow  
Too often, and too low, before the Past;  
You sit too long in worship of the dead.  
Yet have you risen, open eyed, to greet  
The great material Present; now salute  
The greater Future, blazing its bold trail  
Through old traditions. Leave your dead to sleep  
In quiet peace with God. Let your concern  
Be with the living and the yet unborn;  
Bestow on them your thoughts, and waste no time  
In costly honors to insensate dust.  
Unlock the doors of usefulness, and lead  
Your lovely daughters forth to larger fields,  
Away from jungles of the ancient sin.

*For, oh! the sorrow of that undertone,  
The wail of hopeless weeping in the dawn  
From lips that smiled through gilded bars at night.*

\*There is no secrecy in the "White Slave" market of Japan. It is an open trade, legalized by custom and law. One of the remarkable sights of the world is the Yoshiwara district of Tokio. In that city of sixty thousand souls, two thousand girls dedicated to immorality as a profession are to be seen every evening after candle-light, disporting themselves, for the approval of customers, behind the gilded bars of small houses resembling cages. A parent or guardian is obliged to sign written consent before a girl enters the life. Two localities in Japan send large numbers of girls to the Yoshiwara district. Fathers often sell one or more daughters to this life for a period of years; yet in Japan women are considered more or less "unsexed" who seek education and self-supporting occupations. On April 9th a large part of this district was destroyed by fire, and many thousands of the inmates were made homeless.





DRAWN BY W. H. FOSTER

I shuddered, for my hand had once been clasped by one wearing that poison ring, which had sent Templeton and his fiancée, and now Vanderdyke himself, to their deaths

# The Azure Ring

The following story of Craig Kennedy, scientific detective, parallels closely a case which has for months baffled the authorities of a Southern city. It was a case of sudden death shrouded in deepest mystery. In this story Mr. Reeve, following the lead of Edgar Allan Poe in "The Mystery of Marie Roget," selects a similar background and gives Kennedy—by the way, this character of Kennedy is a new kind of detective in fiction—a chance to unravel the mystery by applying his own original and up-to-date methods

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The Case of Helen Bond," "The Silent Bullet," "The Bacteriological Detective," etc.*

Illustrated by Will Foster

**F**ILES of newspapers and innumerable clippings from the press bureaus littered Kennedy's desk in rank profusion. Kennedy himself was so deeply absorbed that I had merely said good evening as I came in and had started to open my mail. With an impatient sweep of his hand, however, he brushed the whole mass of newspapers into the waste-basket.

"It seems to me, Walter," he exclaimed in disgust, "that this mystery is considered insoluble for the very reason which should make it easy to solve—the extraordinary character of its features."

Inasmuch as he had opened the subject, I laid down the letter I was reading. "I'll wager I can tell you just why you made that remark, Craig," I ventured. "You're reading up on that Wainwright-Templeton affair."

"You are on the road to becoming a detective yourself, Walter," he answered with a touch of sarcasm. "Your ability to add two units to two other units and obtain four units is almost worthy of Inspector O'Connor. You are right, and within a quarter of an hour the district attorney of Westchester County will be here. He telephoned me this afternoon and sent an assistant with this mass of dope. I suppose he'll want it back," he added, fishing the newspapers out of the basket again. "But, with all due respect to your profession, I'll say that no one would ever get on speaking terms with the solution of this case if he had to depend solely on the newspaper writers."

"No?" I queried, rather nettled at his tone.

"No," he repeated emphatically. "Here one of the most popular girls in the fashion-

able suburb of Williston, and one of the leading younger members of the bar in New York, engaged to be married, are found dead in the library of the girl's home the day before the ceremony. And now, a week later, no one knows whether it was an accident due to the fumes from the antique charcoal-brazier, or whether it was a double suicide, or suicide and murder, or a double murder, or—or—why, the experts haven't even been able to agree on whether they have discovered poison or not," he continued, growing as excited as the city editor did over my first attempt as a cub reporter.

"They haven't agreed on anything except that on the eve of what was, presumably, to have been the happiest day of their lives two of the best known members of the younger set are found dead, while absolutely no one, as far as is known, can be proved to have been near them within the time necessary to murder them. No wonder the coroner says it is simply a case of asphyxiation. No wonder the district attorney is at his wits' end. You fellows have hounded them with your hypotheses until they can't see the facts straight. You suggest one solution and before—"

The door-bell sounded insistently, and without waiting for an answer a tall, spare, loose-jointed individual stalked in and laid a green bag on the table.

"Good evening, Professor Kennedy," he began brusquely. "I am District Attorney Whitney, of Westchester. I see you have been reading up on the case. Quite right."

"Quite wrong," answered Craig. "Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Jameson, of the *Star*. Sit down. Jameson knows what

I think of the way the newspapers have handled this case. I was about to tell him as you came in that I intended to disregard everything that had been printed, to start out with you as if it were a fresh subject and get the facts at first hand. Let's get right down to business. First tell us just how it was that Miss Wainwright and Mr. Templeton were discovered and by whom."

The district attorney loosened the cords of the green bag and drew out a bundle of documents. "I'll read you the affidavit of the maid who found them," he said, fingering the documents nervously. "You see, John Templeton had left his office in New York early that afternoon, telling his father that he was going to visit Miss Wainwright. He caught the three-twenty train, reached Williston all right, walked to the Wainwright house, and, in spite of the bustle of preparation for the wedding, the next day, he spent the rest of the afternoon with Miss Wainwright. That's where the mystery begins. They had no visitors. At least, the maid who answers the bell says they had none. She was busy with the rest of the family, and I believe the front door was not locked—we don't lock our doors in Williston, except at night."

He had found the paper and paused to impress these facts on our minds.

"Mrs. Wainwright and Miss Marian Wainwright, the sister, were busy about the house. Mrs. Wainwright wished to consult Laura about something. She summoned the maid and asked if Mr. Templeton and Miss Wainwright were in the house. The maid replied that she would see, and this is her affidavit. Ahem! I'll skip the legal part:

"I knocked at the library door twice, but obtaining no answer, I supposed they had gone out for a walk or perhaps a ride across country as they often did. I opened the door partly and looked in. There was a silence in the room, a strange, queer silence. I opened the door further and, looking toward the davenport in the corner, I saw Miss Laura and Mr. Templeton in such an awkward position. They looked as if they had fallen asleep. His head was thrown back against the cushions of the davenport, and on his face was a most awful look. It was discolored. Her head had fallen forward on his shoulder, sideways, and on her face, too, was the same terrible stare and the same discoloration. Their right hands were tightly clasped.

"I called to them. They did not answer. Then the horrible truth flashed on me. They were dead. I felt giddy for a minute, but quickly recovered myself, and with a cry for help I rushed to Mrs. Wainwright's room, shrieking that they were dead. Mrs. Wainwright fainted. Miss Marian called the doctor on the telephone and helped us restore her mother. She seemed perfectly cool in the tragedy, and I do not know what we servants should have done if she had not been there to direct us. The house was frantic, and Mr. Wainwright was not at home.

"I did not detect any odor when I opened the library door. No glasses or bottles or vials or other receptacles which could have held poison were discovered or removed by me, or to the best of my knowledge and belief by anyone else."

"What happened next?" asked Craig eagerly.

"The family physician arrived and sent for the coroner immediately, and later for myself. You see, he thought at once of murder."

"But the coroner, I understand, thinks differently," prompted Kennedy.

"Yes, the coroner has declared the case to be accidental. He says that the weight of evidence points positively to asphyxiation. Still, how can it be asphyxiation? They could have escaped from the room at any time; the door was not locked. I tell you, in spite of the fact that the tests for poison in their mouths, stomachs, and blood have so far revealed nothing, I still believe that John Templeton and Laura Wainwright were murdered."

Kennedy looked at his watch thoughtfully. "You have told me just enough to make me want to see the coroner himself," he mused. "If we take the next train out to Williston with you, will you engage to get us a half-hour talk with him on the case, Mr. Whitney?"

"Surely. But we'll have to start right away. I've finished my other business in New York. Inspector O'Connor—ah, I see you know him—has promised to secure the attendance of anyone whom I can show to be a material witness in the case. Come on, gentlemen; I'll answer your other questions on the train."

As we settled ourselves in the smoker, Whitney remarked in a low voice, "You know, some one has said that there is only



Craig shook his head as he stared at the black precipitate. "You were perfectly right about the asphyxiation, Doctor," he remarked slowly, "but wrong as to the cause. And you, Mr. Whitney, were right about the poison, too. Only it is a poison neither of you ever heard of"

one thing more difficult to investigate and solve than a crime whose commission is surrounded by complicated circumstances and that is a crime whose perpetration is wholly devoid of circumstances."

"Are you so sure that this crime is wholly devoid of circumstances?" asked Craig.

"Professor," he replied, "I'm not sure of anything in this case. If I were I should not require your assistance. I would like the credit of solving it myself, but it is beyond me. Just think of it: so far we haven't a clue, at least none that shows the slightest promise, although we have worked night and day for a week. It's all darkness. The facts are so simple that they give us nothing to work on. It is like a blank sheet of paper."

Kennedy said nothing, and the district attorney proceeded: "I don't blame Mr.

Nott, the coroner, for thinking it an accident. But to my mind, some master criminal must have arranged this very baffling simplicity of circumstances. You recall that the front door was unlocked. This person must have entered the house unobserved, not a difficult thing to do, for the Wainwright house is somewhat isolated. Perhaps this person brought along some poison in the form of a beverage, and induced the two victims to drink. And then, this person must have removed the evidences as swiftly as they were brought in and by the same door. That, I think, is the only solution."

"That is not the only solution. It is one solution," interrupted Kennedy quietly.

"Do you think some one in the house did it?" I asked quickly.

"I think," replied Craig, carefully meas-

uring his words, "that if poison was given them it must have been by some one they both knew pretty well."

No one said a word, until at last I broke the silence. "I know from the gossip of the *Star* office that many Williston people say that Marian was very jealous of her sister Laura for capturing the catch of the season. Williston people don't hesitate to hint at it."

Whitney produced another document from that fertile green bag. It was another affidavit. He handed it to us. It was a statement signed by Mrs. Wainwright, and read:

"Before God, my daughter Marian is innocent. If you wish to find out all, find out more about the past history of Mr. Templeton before he became engaged to Laura. She would never in the world have committed suicide. She was too bright and cheerful for that, even if Mr. Templeton had been about to break off the engagement. My daughters Laura and Marian were always

treated by Mr. Wainwright and myself exactly alike. Of course they had their quarrels, just as all sisters do, but there was never, to my certain knowledge, a serious disagreement, and I was always close enough to my girls to know. No, Laura was murdered by some one outside."

Kennedy did not seem to attach much importance to this statement. "Let us see," he began reflectively. "First, we have a young woman especially attractive and charming in both person and temperament. She is just about to be married and, if the reports are to be believed, there was no cloud on her happiness. Secondly, we have a young man whom everyone agrees to have been of an ardent, energetic, optimistic temperament. He had everything to live for, presumably. So far, so good. Every one who has investigated this case, I understand, has tried to eliminate the double-suicide and the suicide-and-murder theories. That is all right, providing the facts are as



My next step was to drop into the office of a Spanish-American paper whose editor was especially well informed on South American affairs.

stated. We shall see, later, when we interview the coroner. Now, Mr. Whitney, suppose you tell us briefly what you have learned about the past history of the two unfortunate lovers."

"Well, the Wainwrights are an old Westchester family, not very wealthy, but of the real aristocracy of the county. There were only two children, Laura and Marian. The Templetons were much the same sort of family. The children all attended a private school at White Plains, and there also they met Schuyler Vanderdyke. These four constituted a sort of little aristocracy in the school. I mention this, because Vanderdyke later became Laura's first husband. This marriage with Templeton was a second venture."

"How long ago was she divorced?" asked Craig attentively.

"About three years ago. I'm coming to that in a moment. The sisters went to college together, Templeton to law school, and Vanderdyke studied civil engineering. Their intimacy was pretty well broken up, all except Laura's and Vanderdyke's. Soon after he graduated he was taken into the construction department of the Central Railroad by his uncle, who was a vice-president, and Laura and he were married. As far as I can learn he had been a fellow of convivial habits at college, and about two years after their marriage his wife suddenly became aware of what had long been well known in Williston, that Vanderdyke was paying marked attention to a woman named Miss Laporte in New York.

"No sooner had Laura Vanderdyke learned of this intimacy of her husband," continued Whitney, "than she quietly hired private detectives to shadow him, and on their evidence she obtained a divorce. The papers were sealed, and she resumed her maiden name.

"As far as I can find out, Vanderdyke then disappeared from her life. He resigned his position with the railroad and joined a party of engineers exploring the upper Amazon. Later he went to Venezuela. Miss Laporte also went to South America about the same time, and was for a time in Venezuela, and later in Peru.

"Vanderdyke seems to have dropped all his early associations completely, though at present I find he is back in New York raising capital for a company to exploit a new asphalt concession in the interior of

Venezuela. Miss Laporte has also reappeared in New York as Mrs. Ralston, with a mining claim in the mountains of Peru."

"And Templeton?" asked Craig. "Had he had any previous matrimonial ventures?"

"No, none. Of course he had had love affairs, mostly with the country-club set. He had known Miss Laporte pretty well, too, while he was in law school in New York. But when he settled down to work he seems to have forgotten all about the girls for a couple of years or so. He was very anxious to get ahead, and let nothing stand in his way. He was admitted to the bar and taken in by his father as junior member of the firm of Templeton, Mills & Templeton. Not long ago he was appointed a special master to take testimony in the get-rich-quick-company prosecutions, and I happen to know that he was making good."

Kennedy nodded. "What sort of fellow personally was Templeton?" he asked.

"Very popular," replied the district attorney, "both at the country club and in his profession in New York. He was a fellow of naturally commanding temperament—the Templetons were always that way. I doubt if many young men even with his chances could have gained such a reputation at thirty-five as his. Socially he was very popular, too, a great catch for all the sly mamas of the country club who had marriageable daughters. He liked automobiles and outdoor sports, and he was strong in politics, too. That was how he got ahead so fast.

"Well, to cut the story short, Templeton met the Wainwright girls again last summer at a resort on Long Island. They had just returned from a long trip abroad, spending most of the time in the Far East with their father, whose firm has business interests in China. The girls were very attractive. They rode and played tennis and golf better than most of the men, and this fall Templeton became a frequent visitor at the Wainwright home in Williston.

"People who know them best tell me that his first attentions were paid to Marian, a very dashing and ambitious young woman. Nearly every day Templeton's car stopped at the house and the girls and some friend of Templeton's in the country club went for a ride. They tell me that at this time Marian always sat with Templeton on the front seat. But after a few weeks the gos-

sips—nothing of that sort ever escapes Williston—said that the occupant of the front seat was Laura. She often drove the car herself and was very clever at it. At any rate, not long after that the engagement was announced."

As we walked up from the pretty little Williston station Kennedy asked: "One more question, Mr. Whitney. How did Marian take the engagement?"

The district attorney hesitated. "I will be perfectly frank, Mr. Kennedy," he answered. "The country-club people tell me that the girls were very cool toward each other. That was why I got that statement from Mrs. Wainwright. I wish to be perfectly fair to everyone concerned in this case."

We found the coroner quite willing to talk, in spite of the fact that the hour was late. "My friend, Mr. Whitney, here, still holds the poison theory," began the coroner, "in spite of the fact that everything points absolutely toward asphyxiation. If I had been able to discover the slightest trace of illuminating-gas in the room I should have pronounced it asphyxia at once. All the symptoms accorded with it. But the asphyxia was not caused by escaping illuminating-gas.

"There was an antique charcoal-brazier in the room, and I have ascertained that it was lighted. Now, anything like a brazier will, unless there is proper ventilation, give rise to carbonic oxide or carbon monoxide gas, which is always present in the products of combustion, often to the extent of from five to ten per cent. A very slight quantity of this gas, insufficient even to cause an odor in a room, will give a severe headache, and a case is recorded where a whole family in Glasgow was poisoned without knowing it by the escape of this gas. A little over one per cent. of it in the atmosphere is fatal, if breathed for any length of time. You know, it is a product of combustion, and is very deadly—it is the much-dreaded white damp or afterdamp of a mine explosion.

"I'm going to tell you a secret which I have not given out to the press yet. I tried an experiment in a closed room to-day, lighting the brazier. Some distance from it I placed a cat confined in a cage so it could not escape. In an hour and a half the cat was asphyxiated."

The coroner concluded with an air of triumph that quite squelched the district attorney.

Kennedy was all attention. "Have you preserved samples of the blood of Mr. Templeton and Miss Wainwright?" he asked.

"Certainly. I have them in my office."

The coroner, who was also a local physician, led us back into his private office.

"And the cat?" added Craig.

Doctor Nott produced it in a covered basket.

Quickly Kennedy drew off a little of the blood of the cat and held it up to the light along with the human samples. The difference was apparent.

"You see," he explained, "carbon monoxide combines firmly with the blood, destroying the red coloring matter of the red corpuscles. No, Doctor, I'm afraid it wasn't carbonic oxide that killed the lovers, although it certainly killed the cat."

Doctor Nott was crestfallen, but still unconvinced. "If my whole medical reputation were at stake," he repeated, "I should still be compelled to swear to asphyxia. I've seen it too often to make a mistake. Carbonic oxide or not, Templeton and Miss Wainwright were asphyxiated."

It was now Whitney's chance to air his theory. "I have always inclined toward the cyanide-of-potassium theory, either that it was administered in a drink or perhaps injected by a needle," he said. "One of the chemists has reported that there was a possibility of slight traces of cyanide in the mouths."

"If it had been cyanide," replied Craig, looking reflectively at the two jars before him on the table, "these blood specimens would be blue in color and clotted. But they are not. Then, too, there is a substance in the saliva which is used in the process of digestion. It gives a reaction which might very easily be mistaken for a slight trace of cyanide. I think that explains what the chemist discovered; no more, no less. The cyanide theory does not fit."

"One chemist hinted at nux vomica," volunteered the coroner. "He said it wasn't nux vomica, but that the blood test showed something very much like it. Oh, we've looked for morphine, chloroform, ether, all the ordinary poisons, besides some of the little known alkaloids. Believe me, Professor Kennedy, it was asphyxia."

I could tell by the look that crossed Kennedy's face that at last a ray of light had pierced the darkness. "Have you any spirits of turpentine in the office?" he asked.



The coroner shook his head and took a step toward the telephone as if to call the drug-store in town.

"Or ether?" interrupted Craig. "Ether will do."

"Oh, yes, plenty of ether."

Craig poured a little of one of the blood samples from the jar into a tube and added a few drops of ether. A cloudy dark precipitate formed. He smiled quietly and said, half to himself, "I thought so."

"What is it?" asked the coroner eagerly. "Nux vomica?"

Craig shook his head as he stared at the black precipitate. "You were perfectly right about the asphyxiation, Doctor," he remarked slowly, "but wrong as to the cause. It wasn't carbon monoxide or illuminating-gas. And you, Mr. Whitney, were right about the poison, too. Only it is a poison neither of you ever heard of."

"What is it?" we asked simultaneously.

"Let me take these samples and make some further tests. I am sure of it, but it is new to me. Wait till to-morrow night, when my chain of evidence is completed. Then you are all cordially invited to attend at my laboratory at the university. I'll ask you, Mr. Whitney, to come armed with a warrant for John or Jane Doe. Please see that the Wainwrights, particularly Marian, are present. You can tell Inspector O'Connor that Mr. Vanderdyke and Mrs. Ralston are required as material witnesses—anything so long as you are sure that these five persons are present. Good night, gentlemen."

We rode back to the city in silence, but as we neared the station, Kennedy remarked: "You see, Walter, these people are like the newspapers. They are floundering around in a sea of unrelated facts. There is more than they think back of this crime. I've been revolving in my mind how it will be possible to get some inkling about this concession of Vanderdyke's, the mining claim of Mrs. Ralston, and the exact itinerary of the Wainwright trip in the Far East. Do you think you can get that information for me? I think it will take me all day to-morrow to isolate this poison and get things in convincing shape on that score. Meanwhile if you can see Vanderdyke and Mrs. Ralston you can help me a great deal. I am sure you will find them very interesting people."

"I have been told that she is quite a

female high financier," I replied, tacitly accepting Craig's commission. "Her story is that her claim is situated near the mine of a group of powerful American capitalists, who are opposed to having any competition, and on the strength of that story she has been raking in the money right and left. I don't know Vanderdyke, never heard of him before, but no doubt he has some equally interesting game."

"Don't let them think you connect them with the case, however," cautioned Craig.

Early the next morning I started out on my quest for facts, though not so early but that Kennedy had preceded me to his work in his laboratory. It was not very difficult to get Mrs. Ralston to talk about her troubles with the government. In fact, I did not even have to broach the subject of the death of Templeton. She volunteered the information that in his handling of her case he had been very unjust to her, in spite of the fact that she had known him well a long time ago. She even hinted that she believed he represented the combination of capitalists who were using the government to aid their own monopoly and prevent the development of her mine. Whether it was an obsession of her mind, or merely part of her clever scheme, I could not make out. I noted, however, that when she spoke of Templeton it was in a studied, impersonal way, and that she was at pains to lay the blame for the governmental interference rather on the rival mine-owners.

It quite surprised me when I found from the directory that Vanderdyke's office was on the floor below in the same building. Like Mrs. Ralston's, it was open, but not doing business, pending the investigation by the Post-Office Department.

Vanderdyke was a type of which I had seen many before. Well dressed to the extreme, he displayed all those evidences of prosperity which are the stock in trade of the man with securities to sell. He grasped my hand when I told him I was going to present the other side of the post-office cases and held it between both of his as if he had known me all his life. Only the fact that he had never seen me before prevented his calling me by my first name. I took mental note of his stock of jewelry, the pin in his tie that might almost have been the Hope diamond, the heavy watch-chain across his chest, and a very brilliant

seal ring of lapis lazuli on the hand that grasped mine. He saw me looking at it and smiled.

"My dear fellow, we have deposits of that stuff that would make a fortune if we could get the machinery to get at it. Why, sir, there is lapis lazuli enough on our claim to make enough ultramarine paint to supply all the artists to the end of the world. Actually we could afford to crush it up and sell it as paint. And that is merely incidental to the other things on the concession. The asphalt's the thing. That's where the big money is. When we get started, sir, the old asphalt trust will simply melt away, melt away."

He blew a cloud of tobacco smoke and let it dissolve significantly in the air.

When it came to talking about the suits, however, Vanderdyke was not so communicative as Mrs. Ralston, but he was also not so bitter against either the post-office or Templeton.

"Poor Templeton," he said. "I used to know him years ago when we were boys. Went to school with him and all that sort of thing, you know, but until I ran across him, or rather he ran across me, in this investigation I hadn't heard much about him. Pretty clever fellow he was, too. The state will miss him, but my lawyer tells me that we should have won the suit anyhow, even if that unfortunate tragedy hadn't occurred. Most unaccountable, wasn't it? I've read about it in the papers for old time's sake, and can make nothing out of it."

I said nothing, but wondered how he could pass so light-heartedly over the death of the woman who had once been his wife. However, I said nothing. The result was he launched forth again on the riches of his Venezuelan concession and loaded me down with "literature," which I crammed into my pocket for future reference.

My next step was to drop into the office of a Spanish-American paper whose editor was especially well informed on South American affairs.

"Do I know Mrs. Ralston?" he repeated, thoughtfully lighting one of those black cigarettes that look so vicious and are so mild. "I should say so. I'll tell you a little story about her. Three or four years ago she turned up in Caracas. I don't know who Mr. Ralston was—perhaps there never was any Mr. Ralston. Anyhow, she got in with the official circle of the Castro

government and was very successful as an adventuress. She has considerable business ability and represented a certain group of Americans. But, if you recall, when Castro was eliminated pretty nearly everyone who had stood high with him went, too. It seems that a number of the old concessionaires played the game on both sides. This particular group had a man named Vanderdyke on the anti-Castro side. So, when Mrs. Ralston went, she just quietly sailed by way of Panama to the other side of the continent, to Peru—they paid her well—and Vanderdyke took the title rôle.

"Oh, yes, she and Vanderdyke were very good friends, very, indeed. I think they must have known each other here in the States. Still they played their parts well at the time. Since things have settled down in Venezuela, the concessionaires have found no further use for Vanderdyke either, and here they are, Vanderdyke and Mrs. Ralston, both in New York now, with two of the most outrageous schemes of financing ever seen on Broad Street. They have offices in the same building, they are together a great deal, and now I hear that the state attorney-general is after both of them."

With this information and a very meager report of the Wainwright trip to the Far East, which had taken in some out-of-the-way places apparently, I hastened back to Kennedy. He was surrounded by bottles, tubes, jars, retorts, Bunsen burners, everything in the science and art of chemistry, I thought.

I didn't like the way he looked. His hand was unsteady, and his eyes looked badly, but he seemed quite put out when I suggested that he was working too hard over the case. I was worried about him, but rather than say anything to offend him I left him for the rest of the afternoon, only dropping in before dinner to make sure that he would not forget to eat something. He was then completing his preparations for the evening. They were of the simplest kind apparently. In fact, all I could see was an apparatus which consisted of a rubber funnel, inverted and attached to a rubber tube which led in turn into a jar about a quarter full of water. Through the stopper of the jar another tube led to a tank of oxygen.

There were several jars of various liquids on the table and a number of chemicals.

Among other things was a sort of gourd, encrusted with a black substance, and in a corner was a box from which sounds issued as if it contained something alive.

I did not trouble Kennedy with questions, for I was only too glad when he consented to take a brisk walk and join me in a thick porterhouse.

It was a large party that gathered in Kennedy's laboratory that night, one of the largest he had ever had. Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright and Miss Marian came, the ladies heavily veiled. Doctor Nott and Mr. Whitney were among the first to arrive. Later came Mr. Vanderdyke and last of all Mrs. Ralston with Inspector O'Connor. Altogether it was an unwilling party.

"I shall begin," said Kennedy, "by going over, briefly, the facts in this case."

Tersely he summarized it, to my surprise laying great stress on the proof that the couple had been asphyxiated.

"But it was no ordinary asphyxiation," he continued. "We have to deal in this case with a poison which is apparently among the most subtle known. A particle of matter so minute as to be hardly distinguishable by the naked eye, on the point of a needle or a lancet, a prick of the skin scarcely felt under any circumstances and which would pass quite unheeded if the attention were otherwise engaged, and not all the power in the world—unless one was fully prepared—could save the life of the person in whose skin the puncture had been made."

Craig paused a moment, but no one showed any evidence of being more than ordinarily impressed.

"This poison, I find, acts on the so-called end-plates of the muscles and nerves. It produces complete paralysis, but not loss of consciousness, sensation, circulation, or respiration until the end approaches. It seems to be one of the most powerful sedatives I have ever heard of. When introduced in even a minute quantity it produces death finally by asphyxiation—by paralyzing the muscles of respiration. This asphyxia is what so puzzled the coroner.

"I will now inject a little of the blood serum of the victims into a white mouse."

He took a mouse from the box I had seen, and with a needle injected the serum. The mouse did not even wince, so lightly did he touch it, but, as we watched, its life seemed gently to ebb away, without pain and without struggle. Its breath simply seemed to stop.

Next he took the gourd I had seen on the table and with a knife scraped off just the minutest particle of the black licorice-like stuff that encrusted it. He dissolved the particle in some alcohol and with a sterilized needle repeated his experiment on a second mouse. The effect was precisely similar to that produced by the blood on the first.

It did not seem to me that anyone showed any emotion, except possibly the slight exclamation that escaped Miss Marian Wainwright. I fell to wondering whether it was prompted by a soft heart or a guilty conscience.

We were all intent on what Craig was doing, especially Doctor Nott, who now broke in with a question.

"Professor Kennedy, may I ask a question? Admitting that the first mouse died in an apparently similar manner to the second, what proof have you that the poison is the same in both cases? And if it is the same can you show that it affects human beings in the same way, and that enough of it has been discovered in the blood of the victims to have caused their death? In other words, I want the last doubt set aside. How do you know absolutely that this poison which you discovered in my office last night in that black precipitate when you added the ether—how do you know that it asphyxiated the victims?"

If ever Craig startled me it was by his quiet reply. "I've isolated it in their blood, extracted it, sterilized it, and I've tried it on myself."

In breathless amazement, with eyes riveted on Craig, we listened.

"Altogether I was able to recover from the blood samples of both of the victims of this crime six centigrams of the poison," he pursued. "Starting with two centigrams of it as a moderate dose, I injected it into my right arm subcutaneously. Then I slowly worked my way up to three and then four centigrams. They did not produce any very appreciable results other than to cause some dizziness, slight vertigo, a considerable degree of lassitude, and an extremely painful headache of rather unusual duration. But five centigrams considerably improved on this. It caused a degree of vertigo and lassitude that was most distressing, and six centigrams, the whole amount which I had recovered from the samples of blood, gave me the fright of my life right here in this laboratory this afternoon.

"Perhaps I was not wise in giving myself so large an injection on a day when I was overheated and below par otherwise because of the strain I have been under in handling this case. However that may be, the added centigram produced so much more on top of the five centigrams previously taken that for a time I had reason to fear that that additional centigram was just the amount needed to bring my experiments to a permanent close.

"Within three minutes of the time of injection the dizziness and vertigo had become so great as to make walking seem impossible. In another minute the lassitude rapidly crept over me, and the serious disturbance of my breathing made it apparent to me that walking, waving my arms, anything, was imperative. My lungs felt glued up, and the muscles of my chest flatly refused to work. Everything swam before my eyes, and I was soon reduced to walking up and down the laboratory with halting steps, only preventing falling on the floor by holding fast to the edge of this table. It seemed to me that I spent hours gasping for breath. It reminded me of what I once experienced in the Cave of the Winds of Niagara, where water is more abundant in the atmosphere than air. My watch afterward indicated only about twenty minutes of extreme distress, but that twenty minutes is one never to be forgotten, and I advise you all, if you ever are so foolish as to try the experiment, to remain below the five-centigram limit.

"How much was administered to the victims, Doctor Nott, I cannot say, but it must have been a good deal more than I took. Six centigrams, which I recovered from these small samples, are only nine-tenths of a grain. Yet you see what effect it had. I trust that answers your question?"

Doctor Nott was too overwhelmed to reply.

"And what is this deadly poison?" continued Craig, anticipating our thoughts. "I have been fortunate enough to obtain a sample of it from the Museum of Natural History. It comes in a little gourd, or often a calabash. This is in a gourd. It is blackish brittle stuff encrusting the sides of the gourd just as if it was poured in in the liquid state and left to dry. Indeed, that is just what has been done by those who manufacture this stuff after a lengthy and somewhat secret process."

He placed the gourd on the edge of the

table where we could all see it. I was almost afraid even to look at it.

"The famous traveler, Sir Robert Schomburgk, first brought it into Europe, and Darwin has described it. It is now an article of commerce and is to be found in the United States Pharmacopœia as a medicine, though of course it is used in only very minute quantities, as a heart stimulant."

Craig opened a book to a place he had marked.

"At least one person in this room will appreciate the local color of a little incident I am going to read—to illustrate what death from this poison is like. Two natives of the part of the world whence it comes were one day hunting. They were armed with blow-pipes and quivers full of poisoned darts made of thin charred pieces of bamboo-tipped with this stuff. One of them aimed a dart. It missed the object overhead, glanced off the tree, and fell down on the hunter himself. This is how the other native reported the result:

"Quacca takes the dart out of his shoulder. Never a word. Puts it in his quiver and throws it in the stream. Gives me his blow-pipe for his little son. Says to me good-by for his wife and the village. Then he lies down. His tongue talks no longer. No sight in his eyes. He folds his arms. He rolls over slowly. His mouth moves without sound. I feel his heart. It goes fast and then slow. It stops. Quacca has shot his last wooralii dart."

We looked at each other, and the horror of the thing sank deep into our minds. Wooralii. What was it? There were many travelers in the room who had been in the Orient, home of poisons, and in South America. Which one had run across the poison?

"Wooralii, or curare," said Craig slowly, "is the well-known poison with which the South American Indians of the upper Orinoco tip their arrows. Its principal ingredient is derived from the *Strychnos toxifera* tree, which yields also the drug *nux vomica*."

A great light dawned on me. I turned quickly to where Vanderdyke was sitting next Mrs. Ralston, and a little behind her. His stony stare and labored breathing told me that he had read the purport of Kennedy's actions.

"For God's sake, Craig," I gasped. "An emetic, quick—Vanderdyke."

A trace of a smile flitted over Vander-

dyke's features, as much as to say that he was beyond our interference.

"Vanderdyke," said Craig, with what seemed to me a brutal calmness, "then it was you who were the visitor who last saw Laura Wainwright and John Templeton alive. Whether you shot a dart at them I do not know. But you are the murderer."

Vanderdyke raised his hand as if to assent. It fell back limp, and I noted the ring of the bluest lapis lazuli.

Mrs. Ralston threw herself toward him. "Will you not do something? Is there no antidote? Don't let him die!" she cried.

"You are the murderer," repeated Kennedy, as if demanding a final answer.

Again the hand moved in confession, and he feebly moved the finger on which shone the ring.

Our attention was centered on Vanderdyke. Mrs. Ralston, unobserved, went to the table and picked up the gourd. Before O'Connor could stop her she had rubbed her tongue on the black substance inside. It was only a little bit, for O'Connor quickly dashed it from her lips and threw the gourd through the window, smashing the glass.

"Kennedy," he shouted frantically, "Mrs. Ralston has swallowed some of it."

Kennedy seemed so intent on Vanderdyke that I had to repeat the remark.

Without looking up he said: "Oh, one can swallow it—it's strange, but it is comparatively inert if swallowed even in a pretty good-sized quantity. I doubt if Mrs. Ralston ever heard of it before except by hearsay. If she had, she'd have scratched herself with it instead of swallowing it."

If Craig had been indifferent to the emergency of Vanderdyke before, he was all action now that the confession had been made. In an instant Vanderdyke was stretched on the floor and Craig had taken out the apparatus I had seen during the afternoon.

"I am prepared for this," he exclaimed quickly. "Here is the apparatus for artificial respiration. Nott, hold that rubber funnel over his nose, and start the oxygen from the tank. Pull his tongue forward so it won't fall down his throat and choke him. I'll work his arms. Walter, make a tourniquet of your handkerchief and put it tightly on the muscles of his right arm. That may keep some of the poison in his arm from

spreading into the rest of his body. This is the only antidote known—artificial respiration."

Kennedy was working feverishly, going through the motions of first aid to a drowned man. Mrs. Ralston was on her knees beside Vanderdyke, kissing his hands and forehead whenever Kennedy stopped for a minute, and crying softly.

"Schuyler, poor boy, I wonder how you could have done it. I was with him that day. We rode up in his car, and as we passed through Williston he said he would stop a minute and wish Templeton luck. I didn't think it strange, for he said he had nothing any longer against Laura Wainwright, and Templeton only did his duty as a lawyer against us. I forgave John for prosecuting us, but Schuyler didn't, after all. Oh, my poor boy, why did you do it? We could have gone somewhere else and started all over again—it wouldn't have been the first time."

At last came the flutter of an eyelid and a voluntary breath or two. Vanderdyke seemed to realize where he was. With a last supreme effort he raised his hand and drew it slowly across his face. Then he fell back, exhausted by the effort.

But he had at last put himself beyond the reach of the law. There was no tourniquet that would confine the poison now in the scratch across his face. Back of those lack-luster eyes he heard and knew, but could not move or speak. His voice was gone, his limbs, his face, his chest, and, last, his eyes. I wondered if it were possible to conceive a more dreadful torture than that endured by a mind which so witnessed the dying of one organ after another of its own body, shut up, as it were, in the fulness of life, within a corpse.

I looked in bewilderment at the scratch on his face. "How did he do it?" I asked.

Carefully Craig drew off the azure ring and examined it. In that part which surrounded the blue lapis lazuli, he indicated a hollow point, concealed. It worked with a spring and communicated with a little receptacle behind, in such a way that the murderer could give the fatal scratch while shaking hands with his victim.

I shuddered, for my hand had once been clasped by one wearing that poison ring, which had sent Templeton and his fiancée, and now Vanderdyke himself, to their deaths.

The next mystery story, "*The Spontaneous Combustion Case*," will appear in the July number.

# Just Boy<sup>\*</sup>

by Paul West

Illustrated by Worth Brehm



### III

Brookdale mass., December 5th  
ERE DWITE:

**D** Hello Dwite old man how are you? I am sorry you doant like it anny better whare you are, and I doant like it hear, so yes I will run away with you whenever you are reddy, and there are some moar fellers too, Eddie Rooney and Hub and Balty, and Willie Bowker and Fred Strong, I gess evvery feller if we wood let them, so we cood have a fine pirut croo. Yes I like what you are going to call yoreself, Dair devvil Dwite, it is fine, and I am going to be Black Beard, I have got a falts beard maid out of my muthers switch that she gave to me, and it will be fine. I will tell you how she gave it to me.

You kno Missis Willis the noo minnisters wife, Dwite, wel she is Persy Willis's muther, he is a sissy I toald you. Wel, thay have bin livving hear a month but thare hasent anny-boddy called on them yet becaws she has got the nervus prostration and I gess thay are afrade it is ketching. Wel, Missis Bowker and Missis Strong was over to our howse Satterday and Fred and Willie and me was upstares and we herd them say I wonder why the minnisters wife doesent want anny-boddy to call on her, do you beleeve she has got nervus prostration? And my muther sed perhaps she hasent anny clothes to put on, minnisters are so poor. I wood giv fifty dollers to kno whats inside of her howse, my curiosity is arroused.

So Willie Bowker sed to Fred and me, hear is a chanct to maik fifty dollers off of yore muther Sam, and I sed how? And he sed lets us go and call on the minnisters wife and tell yore muther what is in the howse and she will give us the fifty dollers, and I sed yes, and get kicked out, I gess not, and Fred sed I kno, we cood dress up in our muthers

clothes and Missis Willis wood think we was our muthers, so we sed, fine.

But all Fred and Willies muthers clothes in our howse was thare hats and cloaks and vales, so we had to put on my muthers dresses witch thare was plenty of in the clossets, and then we found some falts hare my muther had and put that on, and lots of vales and things. You coodent of toald us Dwite.

So we sneeked down the back stares and went over the fense to Missis Willis's yard. We went up on the piazzer and rung the bell and Persy Willis the sneke he let us in, and it was all we cood do to kepe from giggling. If he hadent of bin so neer sited and the howse so dark he wood of knowed us but he dident, and he sed how do you do ladys, I will call my muther at wunce, woant you come in and sit down? So we did and he went to call his muther. And Missis Willis caim in the parlor and she sed who am I honnored with to reseve or something like that, and Persy sed this is Missis Torrey and Missis Bowker and Missis Strong, muther, thay are the muthers of three of my dere school maits, the nerve of him. And Missis Willis sed I am glad to meat you ladys, I have herd my sun speke of yore suns, he is verry fond of them, woant you eckskuse the curtains being down becaws I have the nervus prostration and the lite herts my eyes, so we dident say annything. Oanly I had to stuff my muthers vale in my mouth to kepe from laffing becaws Ben, he's the Willis's dog and he is all rite, he come in the room and began smelling Fred, and Fred kicked at him and Ben got mad and he growled and Fred jumped up on the chare and hollerd, and then Ben grabbed my muthers dress, the one Fred had on, and I sed, hear you maik him stop chewing my muthers dress, and then Missis Willis sed mersy, and Fred sed darn you Persy call off yore dog, and Missis Willis fanted and we all run out of the howse.

Wel I thot we was all rite becaws my muther didnt see us come in and we got the things back all rite, all except the falts hare whitch I thot I put back but I didnt. But that nite when my farther was getting throo supper old Brooksey you kno him Dwite, he come and rung the bell and he sed Mister Torrey may I see you aloan, and my farther sed, why what's Sam bin doing now? and Brooksey sed it aint Sam. Then he and my farther went into the libery and you cood here some loud talking and the dore opened and my farther sed Mary come hear and my muther did, and my farther sed, Mary I wish you to deny what this slanderus old raskal has sed about you, he ses he saw you and Missis

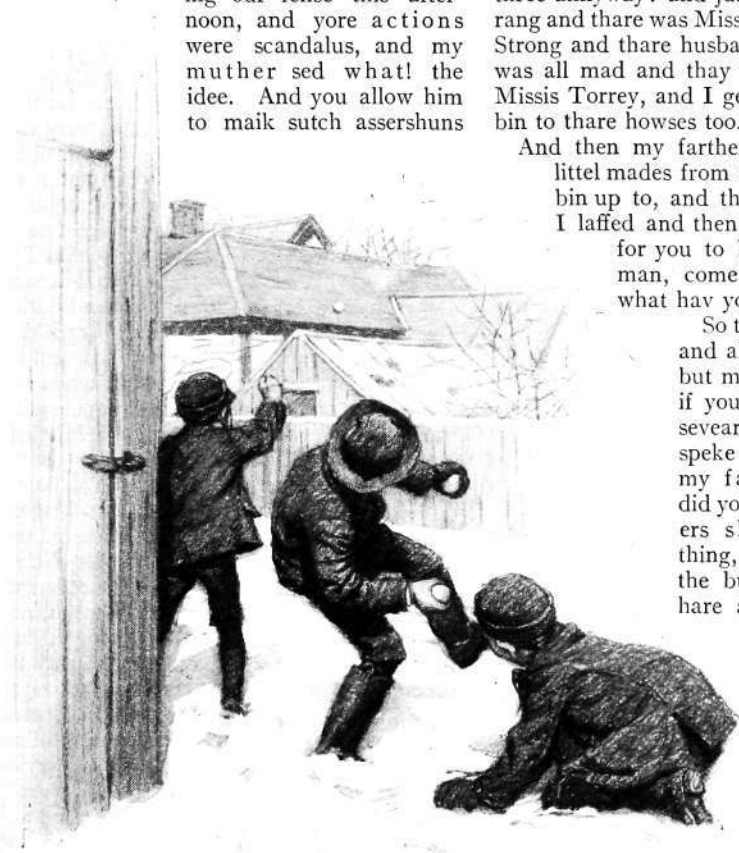
Bowker and Missis Strong climbing our fense this afternoon, and yore actions were scandalus, and my muther sed what! the idee. And you allow him to maik sutch assershuns

about me, and my farther sed of coarse not, he is craizy, and old Brooksey sed I am, am I, wel then perhaps Miss Cushman is craizy and Mister Dereborn the poliseman and how about this? and he halled out my muthers falts hare, gee I must of dropped it off, Dwite, and my farther sed what is this? and my muther grabed it and sed Oh mersy what an outrage, and my farther sed Mary is that yores, and my muther cried and sed, yes, evvery womman has to have one, it is the stile, and Brooksey sed, wel now that I hav dun my dooty I will be going, so he did, and then my farther sed we will now investigate, and my muther sed surely you do not beleive that old raskal, and my farther sed, wel it does seme odd that a woman at yore time of life coodent go throo the gait, what struck you three annyway? and just then the doare bell rang and thare was Missis Bowker and Missis Strong and thare husbands and the muthers was all mad and thay was saying, you ask Missis Torrey, and I gess old Brooksey had bin to thare howses too.

And then my farther sed wel you three littel mades from school, what hav you bin up to, and thay all screemed and I luffed and then he sed I was wating for you to be herd from young man, come hear, now confess, what hav you bin up to?

So then I had to tel him and all the fartherhs luffed, but my muther sed Samuel if you doant punnish him sevarly I shall never speke to you agen, and my farther sed, my boy did you put on yore muthers skirt and evverything, and I sed, yes and the bussels, and the falts hare and my farther sed

wel I shood think that was enuff punnishment but I wil dele with him, go to yore room my sun, and I sed Can I hav that falts hare if you doant want it muther? and she sed taik it away, so that is whare I got my falts beerd, Dwite.



We broak eighteen windows in Brooksey's green howse with snowballs to-day

(WORTH'S ILLUSTRATION)

Wel, I bet you old Brooksey woant get so fresh telling lies abowt my muther anny moar. We broak eighteen windows in his green howse with snowballs today and pored watter on his front walk so it will freaze and he will fall down when he comes hoam. We will fix him all rite, the mene old thing.

So no moar for this time,

From yore aff. frend,

Samuel Torrey junior.

P. S. I cannot run away with you to be a pirut untill after Chrismus, becaws maybe I will get a slide tromboan for Chrismus, and if you get yore fyfe it will be fine becaws then we can have music on bord of our pirut sloop. Lets us call her the Laffing Bess, that was the naim of a pirut sloop I red abowt in a dime novvel.

S. T. Jr.

### IV

Brookdale mass., Desember 11st

DERE DWITE:

Hello Dwite how are you? I am verry sorry you do not want to run away to be a pirut untill after Chrismus. Yes I ment it when I sed I wood want to wate untill that time, but that was last weke and a good many things have happened, so I do not gess I will get a slide tromboan or annything else for Chrismus except a licking, which I have bin getting moast evvery day. Gee Dwite it is tuff luck the things that are happening to me, no matter what I do I get caught in evverything, like when we broak old Brookseys green howse windows to get even, he was in it all the time keping count of evvery snowball and which one of us flung it, so he had it like this:

18 lights of glass at 40 cents each

Sam Torrey	10
Willie Bowker	5
Freddie Strong	3

So my farther had to pay fore dollers and Fred's farther a \$1 and 20 sents and Willie's farther \$two dollers, but anyway it showed I was the best shot, I broak moar than the two of them put together, but I gess I got licked twiset as hard.

Wel that wasent so bad but what hapened at school was. You kno old Sqwint Eye Johnson, Dwite, my techer, you never got up that far, but she is a crank on fresh air and keping us fellers from geting sick. She is awfull Dwite, becaws she maiks you taik off yore rubber boots when you come in and pore the snow out of them, what harm does it do if you doant, but she ses it will maik you sick

if you aint carefull, and she pointed Persy Willis to be themommeter monnitor, it is a noo job, you hav to see that the themommeter sez sevventy all the time. I had it at furst but she caught me putting the themommeter outside the window to get it coald, and Persy toald her I was doing it so she wood dismiss the class like she did the day it got down to fifty and was too coald, so she woodent let me be the monnitor anny moar and Persy is, the sneke.

So Fred Strong sed we will get even for that all rite, and we got Eddie Rooney to sneke into the schoolroom erly the next morning and stuff the reggister full of papers and things so the heat coodent come up throo it. and when the school was in we all sed Oh isent it coald, and Sqwint Eye sed to Persy, Persy, are you growing dillatorey in yore duties? see that the temprachoor is korreketed, and Persy tried to, and he sed why Miss Johnson, the reggister is open but thay is no heat coming up, so she cent a boy to tell the jannitor to put moar heat on, and he sed thay is a roring fire, they must be some windows open, but Sqwint Eye sed thare aint one, and thare wasent. So all the fellers shivvered and blew on thare hands and stamped thare fete to maik beleev thay was coald, and Sqwint Eye sed I doant blaim you boys, it is coald in hear. Let us have exercises, so we exercised during gografy lesson, which was fine. But it dident get anny warmer and Sqwint Eye cent for the jannitor, and he sed I cant get anny moar heat thay isent anny complante from the other rooms, so Sqwint Eye sent for old Mitchell, and old Mitchell sed we cant endainger the helth of the children, I aint afrade of Torrey or Rooney or anny of that kind but the good children, so you will hav to dismiss them untill we get some moar heat, so she did.

And thay toald us to go rite hoam, but we played cops and robbers and snow fites, and had a bully time, and all of a sudden we herd the fire bells and somebody sed hurray the school is on fire, and it was, and the smoak was piling out of the window in our room, and it was fine. And all the other children was being dismissed and the gurls was crying and Persy Willis sed Oh goodness, our beautiful school is barning, what a traggedy, and we ducked him in the snow for saying it, did you evver hear annything like that, crying becaws a school was on fire, Dwite.

But darn it the firemen got thare too soon, and thay found that all the fire was in the reggister in our room, it was whare Eddie





WATERBURY

Sqwint Eye maid us show her our hands and she sed mersiful hevvin's if I had knowed how brootal Mister Danniels was I woodent of cent you to him, you poor boys

Rooney put the papers and things in to keep the heat from coming up, and then thay rang the bell and we all had to go in, and old Mitchell was thare, and Humpy Danniels the sooperintendant, and thay sed somebody is responssebul for a seerious offense, he had better confess becaws we kno the kulprit, so Eddie Rooney he began to cry and thay sed did you do it, and he sed yes, so he was expelled, but he didnt cair, becaws he has a job working for Hennery Hood the butcher. And Fred Strong he punched Persy good becaws he sed Persy told, and I gess he did, and thay sed thare must of bin others in the affare, so I got licked and Fred and Willie Bowker and some moar, but we didnt care, becaws we have got a new way to kepe a licking from herting you, it is better than crossing yore eye lashes on yore palm, becaws you doant get licked at all this way. We tried it the next day after the fire when Fred and me was

toald to go to Humpy's offis and get a licking for sticking the leves of Persy Willises gog-rafy together with sprewse gum, and it was my uncle Walter who toald me how to do it, becaws he uset to go to the saim school when he was a boy.

He sed Sam is that old iron sink still in the wating room and I sed yes, and he laffed and sed wel that is what uset to saive us fellers manny a licking, and I sed how I doant see? And he sed, wel, I woodent suggest that you do it, becaws it was verry reprehensibble of us benited young heethens, but what we did was to go out thare and wet our hands and then press them on the edge of that sink and it wood maik marks like the welts of a ratan, and then we wood wet our eyes with our fingers and rub a littel durt on them and then go back into the room and show our hands to teecher and sniffle and she wood think we had got a good licking, but doant let me put

anny sutch idees into yore hed, and I sed I wont, do you hav to wet yore hands, and he sed yes that maiks the welts stay in longer.

So Fred and me tried it the next day, becaws Sqwint Eye sed I havent the strength to lick you boys anny moar, it is a man's job, go to the sooperintendant, which is Humpy Danniels.

So we went out in the wating room and wet our hands and held them hard agenst the edge of the sink, and say Dwite it looked fine, it looked like we had bin hit about forty times oneach hand, and then we wet our eyes and rubed mud on them so we looked like we had bin crying a lot, and then we wated awhile and then sneked back into our room, and Persy saw us and he snickered and so did some of the fellers but the oonly one we minded was Persy, and old Sqwint Eyesed Persy

Willis how dair you? She is all rite old Sqwint Eye, and she maid us show her our hands and she sed mersiful hevvin if I had knowed how brootal Mister Danniels was I woodent of cent you to him, you poor boys. You may go hoam haff an hower erlier, do yore hands hert mutch? And Fred sed yes-sum, I do not beleeve I can hoald my pensil for rithmetick, and she sed then you are excosed, and she excosed me too, but I woodent of daired tell sutch a stretcher. Annyway, she cent us hoam erly and when we was

going out she run after us and sed boys I hoap you do not blaim me, and Fred sed no-mum, we doant, and then we went hoam, but we dident go strate hoam becaws our muthers wood of wondered why we was hoam so erly.

We wated and laid for Persy Willis and he caim along with some gurls, and when we got a good chanct we lammed him with snow-balls and nocked his glasses off, and he fell

down and we rolled him in the sno and he went hoam crying fit to kill. I bet he will not blab mutch moar on us fellers.

I kno what we will do when we get our pirut sloop, Dwite. We will lay for Persy Willis and kapture him, and maik him walk the plank, we will show no kwarter, except to the wimmen and childrens, who must be spaired, or wood you hang him to the yard arm, I mene Persy Willis, whitchever is the wurst.

We will try it on some victims and which herts the moast we will do to Persy Willis.

Wel Dwite I will hav to cloas now becaws I am taiking pianno lesons, doant tel anny-boddy becaws thay wood laff at me, but I haf to do it, it is sissy and I woodent play that old thing, but I hav to taik the lesons just the saim. I am taking them off Miss Cushman, the old made.

So no moar for this time,

From yore aff. friend,

Samuel Torrey, jr.



We wated and laid for Persy Willis

# Arsène Lupin

The famous French detective, Arsène Lupin, needs no introduction. He ranks with the mystery heroes of Gaboriau, Edgar Allan Poe, and Conan Doyle. We count ourselves fortunate in being able to secure from M. Leblanc, the creator of Arsène Lupin, a new series of stories for the *Cosmopolitan*, each complete in itself and each dealing with some Lupin adventure. In this first story the detective untangles a mysterious case to which a wedding ring suggests the successful clue

By Maurice Leblanc

## The Wedding Ring

**Y**VONNE D'ORIGNY kissed her son and told him to be good. "You know, your grandmother d'Origny is not very fond of children. Now that she has sent for you to come and see her, you must show her what a sensible little boy you are." And, turning to the governess, "Don't forget, Fräulein, to bring him home immediately after dinner. Is monsieur still in the house?"

"Yes, madame, monsieur le comte is in his study."

As soon as she was alone, Yvonne d'Origny walked to the window, to catch a glimpse of her son as he left the house. He was out in the street in a moment, where he raised his head and blew her a kiss, as was his custom every day. Then the governess took his hand with, as Yvonne remarked to her surprise, a movement of unusual violence. Yvonne leaned farther out of the window, and when the boy reached the corner of the boulevard she suddenly saw a man step out of a motor-car and go up to him. The man, in whom she recognized Bernard, her husband's confidential servant, took the child by the arm, made both him and the governess get into the car, and ordered the chauffeur to drive off.

Yvonne, in her trepidation, ran to her bedroom, seized a wrap, and went to the door. The door was locked; and there was no key in the lock. She hurried back to the boudoir. The door of the boudoir also was locked. Then, suddenly, the image of her husband appeared before her, that gloomy face which no smile ever lit up, those pitiless eyes in which, for years, she had felt so much hatred and malice.

"It's he, it's he!" she said to herself. "He has taken the child. Oh, it's horrible!"

She beat against the door with her fists, with her feet, then sprang to the mantelpiece and pressed the bell fiercely.

A key turned in the lock. The door was flung wide open. The comte appeared on the threshold of the boudoir. And the expression of his face was so terrible that Yvonne began to tremble.

The comte rushed at her and seized her by the throat. "Hold your tongue—don't call out!" he said, in a stifled voice. "That will be best for you!"

Seeing that she was not attempting to defend herself, he loosened his hold of her and took from his pocket some strips of canvas ready rolled and of different lengths. In a few minutes, Yvonne was lying on a sofa, with her wrists and ankles bound and her arms fastened along her body.

It was now dark in the boudoir. The comte switched on the electric light and went to a little writing-desk where Yvonne was accustomed to keep her letters. Not succeeding in opening it, he picked the lock with a bent wire, emptied the drawers and collected all the contents into a bundle, which he carried off in a cardboard file.

"Waste of time, eh?" he grinned. "Nothing but bills and letters of no importance? No proof against you? Tah! I'll keep my son for all that; and I swear before Heaven that I will not let him go!"

As he was leaving the room, he was joined, near the door, by his servant, Bernard. The two stopped and talked, in a low voice; but Yvonne heard these words spoken by the servant:

"I have had an answer from the working jeweler. He says he holds himself at my disposal."

And the comte replied: "The thing is put

off until twelve o'clock midday, to-morrow. My mother has just telephoned to say that she could not come before."

Then Yvonne heard the key turn in the lock and the sound of steps going down to the ground floor, where her husband's study was.

She lay long inert, her brain reeling with vague, swift ideas that burned her in passing, like flames. She remembered her husband's infamous behavior, his humiliating conduct to her, his threats, his plans for a divorce; and she gradually came to understand that she was the victim of a regular conspiracy. Exasperated by her grief, she stiffened herself, with every nerve, with every muscle, tense, to make a violent effort. And she was amazed to find that her right hand still retained a certain freedom. Then a mad hope invaded her; and slowly, patiently, she began the work of self-deliverance. It was long in the doing. Still, the thought of her son sustained her; and the last shackle fell as the clock struck eight. She was free!

She was no sooner on her feet than she flew to the window and flung back the latch, with the intention of calling the first passer-by. At that moment a policeman came walking along the pavement. She leaned out. But the brisk evening air, striking her face, calmed her. She thought of the scandal, of the judicial investigation, of the cross-examination, of her son. Oh, Heaven! What could she do to get him back? How could she escape? The comte might appear at the least sound. And who knew but that in a moment of fury—

She shivered from head to foot, seized with a sudden terror. The horror of death mingled, in her poor brain, with the thought of her son; and she stammered, with a choking throat:

"Help! Help!"

She stopped and said to herself, several times over, in a low voice: "Help! Help!" as though the word awakened an idea, a memory, within her, and as though the hope of assistance no longer seemed to her impossible. For some minutes she remained absorbed in a deep meditation, broken by fears and starts. Then, with an almost mechanical series of movements, she put out her arm to a little set of shelves hanging over the writing-desk, took down four books, one after the other, turned the pages with a distraught air, replaced them, and ended by finding, between the pages of the fifth, a

visiting-card on which her eyes spelled the name "HORACE VELMONT," followed by an address written in pencil: "Cercle de la Rue Royale." And her memory conjured up the strange thing which that man had said to her, a few years before, in that same house, on a day when she was at home to her friends:

"If ever a danger threatens you, if you need help, do not hesitate: post this card, which you see me put into this book; and, whatever the hour, whatever the obstacles, I will come."

Abruptly Yvonne, with the same automatic gestures, took a pneumatic-delivery envelope, slipped in the card, sealed it, directed it, and went to the half-open window. The policeman was walking up and down outside. She flung out the envelope, trusting to fate. Perhaps it would be picked up, treated as a lost letter, and posted.

She had hardly completed this act when she realized all its absurdity. It was mad to suppose that the message would reach the address, and madder still to hope that the man to whom she was sending it would come to her assistance.

A reaction followed which was all the greater, inasmuch as the effort had been swift and violent. Yvonne staggered, leaned against a chair, and, losing all energy, let herself fall.

The hours passed by, the dreary hours of winter evenings when nothing but the sound of carriages interrupts the silence of the street. The clock struck pitilessly. In the half-sleep that numbed her limbs, the young woman counted the strokes—the twelve strokes of midnight. Then half-past twelve, then one. Yvonne thought of nothing, awaiting the events which were preparing and against which rebellion was useless. She pictured her son and herself as one pictures those beings who have suffered much and who suffer no more and who take each other in their loving arms. But a nightmare shattered this dream. For now those two beings were to be torn asunder; and she had the awful feeling, in her delirium, that she was crying and choking.

She leaped from her seat. The key had turned in the lock. The comte was coming, attracted by her cries. Yvonne glanced around for a weapon with which to defend herself. But the door was pushed back quickly, and, astounded, as though the sight that presented itself before her eyes seemed

to her the most inexplicable prodigy, she stammered:

"You! You!"

A man was walking up to her, in dress-clothes, with his opera-hat and cape under his arm, and this man, young, slender, and elegant, she had recognized as Horace Vermont.

"You!" she repeated.

He said, with a bow, "I beg your pardon, madame, but I did not receive your letter until very late."

"Is it possible—is it possible that this is you, that you were able to—?"

He seemed greatly surprised. "Did I not promise to come in answer to your call?"

"Yes—but—"

"Well, here I am," he said, with a smile.

He examined the strips of canvas from which Yvonne had succeeded in freeing herself and nodded his head, while continuing his inspection. "So those are the means which they employ? The Comte d'Origny, I presume? I also saw that he locked you in. But then the pneumatic letter? Ah, through the window! How careless of you not to close it!"

He pushed both sides to. Yvonne took fright.

"Suppose they hear!"

"There is no one in the house. I have been over it."

"Still—"

"Your husband went out ten minutes ago."

"Where is he?"

"With his mother, the Comtesse d'Origny."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, it's very simple! He was rung up by telephone, and I awaited the result at the corner of this street and the boulevard. As I expected, the comte came out hurriedly, followed by his servant. I at once entered, with the aid of special keys."

"Then it's not true? His mother is not ill? In that case, my husband will be coming back."

"Certainly. The comte will see that a trick has been played on him, and in three-quarters of an hour at the latest—"

"Let us go. I don't want him to find me here. I must go to my son."

"One moment."

"One moment! But don't you know that they have taken him from me? That they are hurting him, perhaps?"

With set face and feverish gestures, she tried to push Vermont back. He, with great gentleness, compelled her to sit down and, leaning over her in a respectful attitude, said, in a serious voice:

"Listen, madame, and let us not waste time, when every minute is valuable. First of all, remember this: we met four times, six years ago. And, on the fourth occasion, as I was speaking to you, in the drawing-room of this house, with too much—what shall I say?—with too much feeling, you gave me to understand that my visits were unwelcome to you. Since that day, I have not seen you. And, nevertheless, in spite of all, your faith in me was such that you kept the card which I put between the pages of that book, and six years later, you send for me and none other. That faith in me I ask you to continue. You must obey me blindly. Just as I surmounted every obstacle to come to you, so I will save you. But I must know everything."

Horace Vermont's calmness, his masterful voice, with the friendly intonation, gradually quieted the comtesse. Though still very weak, she acquired a fresh sense of ease and security in that man's presence.

"What am I to do?" she asked.

"Answer me and very plainly. Do you think that the count had any murderous intentions?"

"No."

"Then it concerns your son?"

"Yes."

"He is taking him away, I suppose, because he wants to divorce you and marry another woman, a former friend of yours, whom you have turned out of your house. Is that it? Oh, I entreat you, answer me frankly. These are facts of public notoriety; and your hesitation, your scruples, must all cease, now that the matter concerns your son. So your husband wished to marry another woman?"

"Yes."

"The woman has no money. Your husband, on his side, has gambled away all his property and has no means beyond the allowance which he receives from his mother, the Comtesse d'Origny, and the income of a large fortune which your son inherited from two of your uncles. It is this fortune which your husband covets and which he would appropriate more easily if the child were placed in his hands. There is only one way: divorce. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"And what has prevented him up to now is your refusal?"

"Yes, mine and that of my mother-in-law, whose religious feelings are opposed to divorce. The Comtesse d'Origny would only yield in case—in case they could prove me guilty of shameful conduct."

Velmont shrugged his shoulders. "Therefore he is powerless to do anything against you or against your son. Both from the legal point of view and from that of his own interests, he stumbles against an obstacle which is the most insurmountable of all—the virtue of an honest woman. And yet, in spite of everything, he suddenly shows fight."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that, if a man like the comte, after so many hesitations and in the face of so many difficulties, risks so doubtful an adventure, it must be because he thinks he holds weapons."

"What weapons?"

"I don't know. But they exist, or else he would not have begun by taking away your son."

Yvonne gave way to her despair. "Oh, this is horrible! How do I know what he may have done, what he may have invented?"

"Try to think. Recall your memories. Tell me, in this desk which he has broken open, was there any sort of letter which he could possibly turn against you?"

"No, only bills and addresses."

"And, in the words he used to you, in his threats, is there nothing that allows you to guess?"

"Nothing."

"Still, still," Velmont insisted, "there must be something." And he continued, "Has the comte a particularly intimate friend in whom he confides?"

"No."

"Did anybody come to see him yesterday?"

"No, nobody."

"Was he alone when he bound you and locked you in?"

"At that moment, yes."

"But afterward?"

"His man, Bernard, joined him near the door, and I heard them talking about a working jeweler."

"Is that all?"

"And about something that was to happen the next day—that is, to-day—at twelve

o'clock, because the Comtesse d'Origny could not come earlier."

Velmont reflected. "Has that conversation any meaning that throws a light upon your husband's plans?"

"I don't see any."

"Where are your jewels?"

"My husband has sold them all."

"You have nothing at all left?"

"No."

"Not even a ring?"

"No," she said, showing her hands, "none except this."

"Which is your wedding ring?"

"Which is my—wedding—" She stopped, nonplused. Velmont saw her flush as she stammered: "Could it be possible? But no, no, he doesn't know—"

Velmont at once pressed her with questions, and Yvonne stood silent, motionless, anxious-faced. At last she replied in a low voice:

"This is not my wedding ring. One day, long ago, it dropped from the mantelpiece in my bedroom, where I had put it a minute before, and, hunt for it as I might, I could not find it again. So I ordered another, without saying anything about it, and this is the one on my hand."

"Did the real ring bear the date of your wedding?"

"Yes, the 23d of October."

"And the second?"

"This one has no date."

He perceived a slight hesitation in her and a confusion which, in point of fact, she did not try to conceal.

"I implore you," he exclaimed, "don't hide anything from me. You see how far we have gone in a few minutes, with a little logic and calmness. Let us go on, I ask you as a favor."

"Are you sure," she said, "that it is necessary?"

"I am sure that the least detail is of importance and that we are nearly attaining our object. But we must hurry. This is a serious moment."

"I have nothing to conceal," she said, proudly raising her head. "It was the most wretched and the most dangerous period of my life. While suffering humiliation at home, outside I was surrounded with attentions, with temptations, with pitfalls, like any woman who is seen to be neglected by her husband. Then I remembered: before my marriage, a man had been in love with

me. I had guessed his unspoken love; and he has died since. I had the name of that man engraved inside the ring, and I wore it as one wears a talisman. There was no love in me, because I was the wife of another. But, in my secret heart, there was a memory, a sad dream, something sweet and gentle that protected me."

She had spoken slowly, without embarrassment, and Vermont did not doubt for a second that she was telling the absolute truth. He kept silent; and she, becoming anxious again, asked,

"Do you suppose—that my husband—?"

He took her hand and, while examining the plain gold ring, said: "The puzzle lies here. Your husband, I don't know how, knows of the substitution of one ring for the other. His mother will be here at twelve o'clock. In the presence of witnesses, he will compel you to take off your ring; and, in this way, he will obtain the approval of his mother and, at the same time, will be able to obtain his divorce, because he will have the proof for which he was seeking."

"I am lost!" she moaned. "I am lost!"

"On the contrary, you are saved! Give me that ring, and presently he will find another there, another which I will send you, to reach you before twelve, and which will bear the date of the 23d of October. So—"

He suddenly broke off. While he was speaking, Yvonne's hand had turned ice-cold in his; and, raising his eyes, he saw that the young woman was pale, terribly pale.

"What's the matter? I beseech you."

She had a fit of mad despair. "This is the matter, that I am lost! This is the matter, that I can't get the ring off! It has grown too small for me! Do you understand? It made no difference, and I did not give it a thought. But to-day. This proof—this accusation. Oh, what torture! Look! it forms part of my finger—it has grown into my flesh—and I can't—I can't—"

She pulled at the ring, vainly, with all her might, at the risk of hurting herself. But the flesh swelled up around the ring; and the ring did not budge.

"Oh!" she cried, seized with an idea that terrified her. "I remember—the other night—a nightmare I had. It seemed to me that some one entered my room and caught hold of my hand. And I could not wake up. It was he! It was he! He had put me to sleep, I was sure of it, and he was looking at the ring. And presently he will pull it off

before his mother's eyes. Ah, I understand everything: that working jeweler! He will cut it from my hand to-morrow. You see, you see. I am lost!"

She hid her head in her hands and began to weep. But, amid the silence, the clock struck once—and twice—and yet once more. And Yvonne pulled herself up with a bound.

"There he is!" she cried. "He is coming! It is three o'clock! Let us go!"

She flung herself upon her cloak and ran to the door. He barred the way and said, in a masterful tone,

"You shall not go!"

"My son! I want to see him, to take him back."

"You don't even know where he is!"

"I want to go."

"You shall not go! It would be madness."

He took her by the wrists. She tried to release herself, and Vermont had to employ a little force to overcome her resistance. In the end, he succeeded in getting her back to the sofa, then in laying her at full length, and, at once, without heeding her lamentations, he took the canvas strips and fastened her ankles.

"Yes," he said, "it would be madness! Who would have set you free? Who would have opened that door for you? An accomplice? What an argument against you and what a pretty use your husband would make of it with his mother! And, besides, what's the good? To run away means accepting divorce, and what might that not lead to! You must stay here."

Swayed and subdued, Yvonne instinctively held out her hands to the bonds. When he stood up, she was bound as she had been before. He looked around the room to make sure that no trace of his visit remained. Then he stooped over the comtesse again and whispered:

"Think of your son, and, whatever happens, fear nothing. I am watching over you. It is the wedding ring that shall be taken from your finger—I swear it—and your son shall be restored to you."

She heard him open and shut the door of the boudoir and, a few minutes later, the hall door.

At half-past three a motor-cab drew up. The door downstairs was slammed again; and, almost immediately after, Yvonne saw her husband hurry in, with a furious look in his eyes. He ran up to her, felt to see if she

was still fastened and, snatching her hand, examined the ring. Yvonne fainted.

She could not tell, when she woke, how long she had slept. But the broad light of day was filling the boudoir; and she perceived, at the first movement which she made, that her bonds were cut. Then she turned her head and saw her husband standing beside her, looking at her.

"My son, my son," she moaned. "I want my son."

He replied, in a voice of which she felt the jeering insolence: "Our son is in a safe place. And, for the moment, it's a question not of him, but of you. We are face to face with each other, probably for the last time, and the explanation between us will be a very serious one. I must warn you that it will take place before my mother. Have you any objection?"

Yvonne tried to hide her agitation and answered, "None at all."

"Can I send for her?"

"Yes. Leave me, in the meantime. I shall be ready when she comes."

"My mother is here."

"Your mother is here?" cried Yvonne, in dismay, remembering Horace Vermont's promise.

"What is there to astonish you in that?"

"And is it now—is it at once that you want to—?"

"Yes."

"Why? Why not this evening? Why not to-morrow?"

"To-day and now," declared the count.

He turned to Yvonne's bedroom. Yvonne glanced at the clock. It marked twenty-five minutes to eleven!

"Ah!" she said, with a shiver of fright.

Twenty-five minutes to eleven! Horace Vermont would not save her, and nobody in the world and nothing in the world would save her, for there was no miracle that could place the wedding ring upon her finger.

The comte returned with the Comtesse d'Origny, and asked her to sit down. She was a tall, dry, angular woman, who had always displayed a hostile feeling toward Yvonne. She did not even bid her daughter-in-law good morning, showing that her mind was made up with respect to the accusation.

"I don't think," she said, "that it will be necessary to speak at length. In two words, my son maintains—"

"I don't maintain, mother," said the

comte. "I declare. I declare on my oath that, three months ago, during the holidays, the upholsterer, when laying the carpet in this room and the boudoir, found the wedding ring which I gave my wife lying in a crack in the floor. Here is the ring. The date of the 23d of October is engraved inside."

"Then," said the comtesse, "the ring which your wife carries—"

"That is another ring, which she ordered in exchange for the real one. Acting on my instructions, Bernard, my man, after long searching, ended by discovering in the outskirts of Paris, where he now lives, the little jeweler to whom she went. This man remembers perfectly and is willing to bear witness that his customer did not tell him to engrave a date, but a name. He has forgotten the name, but the man who used to work with him in his shop may be able to remember it. This working jeweler has been informed by letter that I require his services, and he replied yesterday, placing himself at my disposal. Bernard went to fetch him at nine o'clock this morning. They are both waiting in my study."

He turned to his wife.

"Will you give me that ring of your own free will?"

"You know," she said, "from the other night, that it won't come off my finger."

"In that case, can I have the man up? He has the necessary tools with him."

"Yes," she said, in a voice faint as a whisper.

The comte left the room and at once returned, followed by his servant and by a man carrying a bag of tools under his arm.

The comte said to the man, "You know what you have to do?"

"Yes," said the workman. "It's to cut a ring that's grown too small. That's easily done—a touch of the nippers."

"And then you will see," said the comte, "if the inscription inside the ring was the one you engraved."

Yvonne looked at the clock. It was ten minutes to eleven. Horace Vermont had been unable to assist her. And she understood that, to recover her child, she must rely upon her own strength, for the promises of others are vain.

She gave a movement of recoil. She had felt the workman's heavy hand on her hand; and that hateful touch revolted her.



The man apologized, awkwardly. The comte said to his wife,

"You must make up your mind, you know."

Then she put out her slim and trembling hand to the workman, who took it, turned it over and rested it on the table, with the palm upward. Yvonne felt the cold of the steel. She longed to die, then and there; and, at once attracted by that idea of death, she thought of the poisons which she would buy and which would send her to sleep almost without her knowing it.

The operation did not take long. Inserted on the slant, the little steel pliers pushed back the flesh, made room for themselves and bit the ring. A strong effort, and the ring broke. The two ends had only to be separated to remove the ring from the finger. The workmen did so.

The comte exclaimed, in triumph:

"At last! Now we shall see! The proof is there! And we are all witnesses."

He snatched up the ring and looked at the inscription. A cry of amazement escaped him. The ring bore the date of his marriage to Yvonne: "23d of October!"

We were sitting on the terrace at Monte Carlo. Lupin finished his story, lit a cigarette, and calmly puffed the smoke into the blue air.

I said, "Well?"

"Well what?"

"Why, the end of the story."

"The end of the story? But what other end could there be?"

"Come, you're joking."

"Not at all. Isn't that enough for you? The comtesse is saved. The comte, not possessing the least proof against her, is compelled by his mother to forego the divorce and to give up the child. That is all. Since then, he has left his wife, who is living happily with her son, a fine lad of sixteen.

"Yes, yes, but the way in which the comtesse was saved?"

Lupin burst out laughing. "My dear old chap"—Lupin sometimes condescends to address me by this affectionate term—"my dear old chap, you may be rather smart at relating my exploits, but, by Jove, you do want to have the i's dotted for you! I assure you, the comtesse did not ask for explanations!"

"Very likely. But there's no pride about me," I added, laughing. "Dot those i's for me, will you?"

He took out a five-franc piece and closed his hand over it. "What's in my hand?"

"A five-franc piece."

He opened his hand. The five-franc piece was gone. "You see how easy it is! A working jeweler, with his nippers, cuts a ring with a date engraved upon it: 23d of October. It's a simple little trick of sleight of hand, one of many which I have in my bag. By Jove, I didn't spend six months with Dickson, the conjuror, for nothing!"

"But then—?"

"Out with it!"

"The working jeweler?"

"Was Horace Vermont! Was good old Lupin! Leaving the comtesse at three o'clock in the morning, I employed the few remaining minutes before the husband's return to look round his study. On the table, I found the letter from the working jeweler. The letter gave me the address. A bribe of a few louis enabled me to take the workman's place; and I arrived with a wedding ring ready cut and engraved. Hocus-pocus! Pass! The comte couldn't make head or tail of it."

"Splendid!" I cried. And I added, a little chaffingly, in my turn, "But don't you think that you were humbugged a bit yourself on this occasion?"

"Oh? And by whom, pray?"

"By the comtesse?"

"In what way?"

"Hang it all, that name engraved as a talisman! The mysterious Adonis who loved her and suffered for her sake! All that story seems very unlikely; and I ask myself if, Lupin though you be, you did not just drop into a fine love-story, absolutely genuine and—none too innocent."

Lupin looked at me askance. "No," he said.

"How do you know?"

"If the comtesse misstated her facts by telling me that she knew that man before her marriage—and that he was dead—and if she loved him in her secret heart, I, at least, have a positive proof that it was an ideal love and that he did not suspect it."

"And where is the proof?"

"It is inscribed inside the ring which I myself broke on the comtesse's finger, and which I carry on me. Here it is. You can read the name she had engraved on it."

He handed me the ring. I read, "Horace Vermont."

Arène Lupin's next confession, entitled "*Two Hundred Thousand Francs Reward*," will appear in an early issue.



# The Story-Tellers'

## Favorite Yarns

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Everybody has a "pet" story, and nearly everybody has been the subject of a laugh-provoking anecdote. In the case of noted men and women especially it will be discovered that at least one good story, either personal or attached to some one equally prominent, is cherished by each one for occasions. In this department we strive to print only the

**JOB HEDGES**, the well-known New York lawyer, is perhaps better known for his after-dinner wit. The following is one of his favorite anecdotes:

Pat and Mike were sleeping at a farmhouse. Mike got hungry in the night and slipped out of the room without awakening Pat.

"What you been, Mike?" Pat demanded as Mike reentered the room.

"Sure an' Oi was afther bein' down to the pantry to git a bite to ate, Patsy, boy," Mike whispered cautiously as he climbed into bed again.

"Sure, Moike, an' it's meself will be afther doin' the same," Pat declared, as he rolled quietly out of bed.



JOB HEDGES

"Good luck to yez, Patsy, boy," Mike whispered, "but yez wants to keep a sharp lookout for the old man when yez passes trough his room. It's meself thet stumbled over a chair on me way back, an' when he yelled out, rale sharp loike, 'Who's thar?' I jest stood still in me tracks and sez 'Me-ow, me-ow,' an' he sez, sez he, 'Ef it ain't that durn old cat agin!' an' then he turned over on his side an' went to slape like a bebby, an' Oi slipped out quiet loike."

"Sure, an' thet was aisy done, Mike," Pat whispered back. "Sure an' it's meself will be afther doin' the same."

And five minutes later when Pat stumbled over a pair of shoes in the farmer's room, and a stentorian voice roared out, "Who's there?" Pat felt perfectly safe from detection, as he answered in a rich Irish brogue:

"Loiy still, soir, loiy still. Oi'm the cat."

**CARDINAL GIBBONS** is kindness itself in his dealings with the clergy under his charge; but at times he takes a quiet fling at young ones whom he thinks will be benefited by kindly humor. At a



JAMES GIBBONS

dinner recently, where a young orator was the recipient of congratulations for a masterly effort, his Eminence told this story:

"A well-known divine was delivering a eulogy over a fireman killed at his post. Waxing poetic, the preacher said, 'The soldier hath fought his last fight, the sailor hath gone on his last voyage, the fireman hath gone to his last fire!'"

**FRANK H. HITCHCOCK**, the postmaster-general, tells this story concerning one of the rural cogs in the post-office machine:

"That the rural post-office is still the bureau of general information, in the South no less than in the North and the middle West, was recently evidenced by a conversation precipitated by an old dinky, who approached the postmaster of an Alabama village and said:

"Any letters fo' me?" "No."

"Any postal cards?" "No."

"Is my paper come?" "No."

"Got any almanacs?" "No."

"Say, does you know anybody that wants to buy a live alligator?"

**HENRY VAN DYKE**, the poet, is a keen sportsman, and has been since his youth. In

his younger days he spent considerable time with rod or gun, and his companion was generally his brother Paul. On one occasion they were out gunning for reed-birds and after a long fruitless tramp they came finally to a little brook where



FRANK H. HITCHCOCK

they discovered a specimen of the game they were after. Henry, who was carrying the gun, immediately plumped down on his stomach, and drew a careful bead on the bird.



HENRY VAN DYKE

# Hall of Fun

## of Famous People



best. We want genuinely funny stories as narrated by or told about living men and women whose names are universally familiar. We are glad to pay liberally for those that are found available. If you know a truly famous person ask him for his favorite anecdote, or find out the best one about him, and send it to the Anecdote Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

Paul Van Dyke watched the point of the gun follow the bird's movements for a second or two, and then he broke forth:

"Henry, what are you doing? You surely aren't going to shoot at that bird while he's walking?"

"No, Paul," answered Henry composedly, "I'm going to wait till he stops."

**I. R. SHERWOOD**, Democratic Congressman from Ohio, tells this story:

A man had for years employed a steady German workman. One day Jake came to him and asked to be excused from work the next day.

"Certainly, Jake," beamed the employer. "What are you going to do?"

"Vall," said Jake slowly, "I tink I must go by mein wife's funeral. She dies yesterday."

After the lapse of a few weeks Jake again approached his boss for a day off.

"All right, Jake, but what are you going to do this time?"

"Aber," said Jake, "I go to make me, mit mein fräulein, a wedding."

"What? So soon? Why, it's only been three weeks since you buried your wife."

"Ach!" replied Jake, "I don't hold spite long."

**CHAMP CLARK**, successor to "Uncle Joe," is fond of telling about an old minister named Wilson who once preached a sermon against the "top-knot," a style of hat much worn by women during the middle of the nineteenth century.

He gave as his text,



CHAMP CLARK

"Top-knot, come down," adding that it was taken from Matthew, twenty-fourth chapter, seventeenth verse, and preached a sermon against the modern tendency toward frivolity.

At the close of the sermon there was a rustling of leaves as the congregation turned to the text, followed by a ripple of mirth as they read,

"Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house!"

**JOHN WANAMAKER**, who, as postmaster-general, was hampered in his attempt to make the post-office pay by what he termed the four chief reasons against the establishment of a parcels post—namely, the four big express companies—was discussing the recent attempt of the authorities to cut down the annual deficit when he said that the plan adopted re-



JOHN W. KERN

minded him of a story. "It seems," said Mr. Wanamaker, "that a certain country church was also short of money, and its clerk, a dried old fossil, who was also the grasping president of the village bank, saw an apparent way out of the financial difficulty.

"We have added," said he, as he slowly and impressively read his report at the annual meeting of the parish, "four acres of very fertile land to the south side of our cemetery, and we look for an unusually large increase from this addition."

**JOHN W. KERN**, whom last fall's political upheaval landed in Senator Beveridge's seat in the Senate, has a favorite story about an Arkansas man who traded land for a mule.

In the Arkansas hills one day, Mr. Kern met a man riding a rough specimen of lop-eared mule.

"What is a mule like that worth?" he inquired.

"Traded a farm for this one," replied the traveler.

"A farm! Wasn't that a big price?"

"That it wasn't, stranger, and I'll tell you what I did.

The man who owned the mule couldn't read or write, and when the deed was drawn up I just slipped in another eighty acres, and he hasn't found it out yet."



ISAAC R. SHERWOOD

# “Votes for Wimmin”

By E. W. Kemble



“When I git in the henpeck class, Maria, I’ll go ter shoutin’ ’bout votes fer wimmin, but not till then.”



“Why don’t you git the suffrage bee in yer bunnit? . Most hens do.”



"Hol' on! I didn't mean it. Can't ye take a joke?"



"Quit, I tell ye. Maria! Help! Come quick!"



"What was it ye said 'bout bein' henpecked, Silas?"



"Now then, Silas, wait till the parade gits here, then act like ye was real pleased."

# Armour's "STAR"



THE HAM WHAT AM

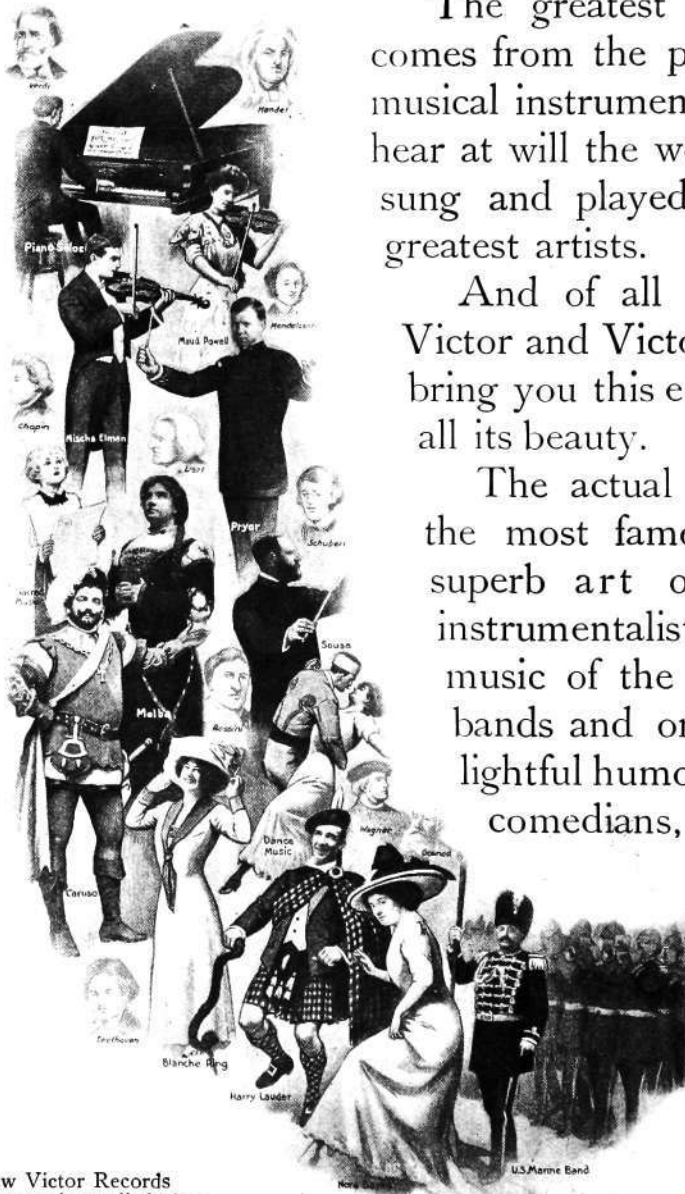


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Circassian walnut \$250  
Mahogany or quartered oak \$200



**Victor-Victrola XIV**  
Mahogany or oak \$150



**Victor-Victrola XI**  
Mahogany or oak \$100

# Electricity's Latest Triumph

## Smelting of Ores in 10 Seconds—6000° Temperature

AFTER six years' work and research, James H. Reid has perfected an electric furnace for smelting of all ores. James H. Reid, now of Newark, N. J., after a lifetime experience as electrical and managing engineer all over the world, for the Edison, Westinghouse and General Electric companies—with Brush in perfecting the first arc light—with Thomas A. Edison in his early struggles to make people believe electric lighting was commercially practicable—with Vanderpool in the early development of the trolley car—the man who built the first electric light plant in China—a pioneer always in the electrical field—six years ago turned his attention to another of the greatest of human industries, *the smelting and refining of ores.*

### WHAT SMELTING IS

The mineral wealth of the earth has no practical value until the ores have been "smelted"—that is, until the metal has been extracted by fusion or melting. Until now this has been accomplished by use of the blast furnace—a method so slow, so wasteful, so expensive in operation, that fully half the possible profits of the business are lost—and yet in the past few years it has made scores of millionaires.

### Difference Between Old and New Methods

#### PRELIMINARY TREATMENT OF ORE

##### Blast Furnace:

Preparing the charge, i. e., mixing the ore with coke, coal, limestone, lead, galena, and other fluxes, the cost of which is very great.

##### Reid Electric Furnace:

No mixing at all. Absolutely nothing done to it. Goes into the Reid Furnace just as it comes from the mine.

#### TIME REQUIRED TO GET HEAT SUFFICIENT TO SMELT

5 to 7 days.

10 seconds.

#### AVERAGE HEAT ATTAINED

Only possible to get 2200 to 3300 degrees Fahrenheit.

Over 6000 degrees Fahrenheit, how much more we do not know; as Science exhausts its means of measurement at this point.

#### PURITY OF METAL ATTAINED

Has to be refined several times; especially is this the case with gold and silver before it comes up to mint standards.

Requires only one refining, and is then within a decimal of being 100% pure metallic, the intense heat burning out all impurities.

#### PERCENTAGE OF RECOVERY

Most slag refuse dumps contain sufficient lost metal to make it a profitable operation to run the entire dump through Reid Electric Furnace. (Slag is the residue remaining after all possible metal has been extracted.)

Repeated analysis of slag from Reid Electric Furnace shows less than 1-10 of 1% metallic remaining in slag.

#### LABOR. ONE MAN DOES THE WORK OF 20.

One of the biggest items of expense in blast furnace operation.

The Reid System being automatic throughout, and automatically controlled, one man does the work that requires 20 men at a blast furnace.

#### FURNACE LININGS

Another item of great expense of time and money, as the refractories and deleranters in the ores quickly eat out linings, causing periodical shutdowns for relining.

It requires 5 to 7 days to cool off sufficiently to make repairs and a like period to get started again.

None are used. Refractories and deleranters have no effect whatever, as they are drawn off in the form of vapors and gases, and condensed into valuable By-Products.

The Furnace can be started and stopped instantly, at will, with no previous preparation, and without reference to the condition of the charge, or withdrawal of same.

#### FREIGHT CHARGES

An idea of this tremendous expense: If a blast furnace of 100 tons daily capacity were operated at Cobalt, freight on the one item of coke would alone amount in round figures to \$350,000 per annum.

None. Nothing goes in the Electric Furnace but the ore itself.

#### DANGER TO LIFE AND PROPERTY FROM EXPLOSIVE GASES

##### Blast Furnace:

As the "charge" remains in the furnace for days, until the whole becomes a fused mass, deadly explosive gases accumulate; under some conditions it being impossible to make their escape certain, explosions occur, causing death and injury to the workmen, and destruction to the plant.

"Hangs" often occur, which if serious, can only be removed by dynamiting the chilled mass the smelter itself sometimes being completely wrecked in the operation.

##### Reid Electric Furnace:

There is never a fused mass remaining in the furnace, for as the ore is fed into the Chamber it is instantly turned to molten metal, passing out of the Furnace and on to the Refiner. Similarly the gases as formed are drawn off by one of the Reid patented processes, passing to the condensers where they become By-Products by means of another Reid patented process. Explosions are impossible; and as the mass cannot "freeze," there can be no "hangs."

#### DAMAGE BY REASON OF POISONOUS GASES, VAPORS AND LIQUID WASTES

Animal and vegetable life are rendered impossible and streams polluted for a radius of many miles, with the accompaniment of heavy damage suits and prolonged shutdowns on account thereof.

As none of these escape, all being turned into By-Products, this condition does not exist.

#### SMELTING AND REFINING

Separate and distinct processes, carried on at different times and places, and under different conditions. Mine owners experience great delay in getting returns, sometimes months.

Continuous and complete at one operation, and under one heat. Returns can be had immediately.

#### COST OF CONSTRUCTION AND OPERATION

Ordinary operating cost, not taking into account added expense of time, freight charges and raw materials, is 50% greater.

A saving of from 25% to 75% in cost of construction, depending upon the character of the ores to be treated.

#### BY-PRODUCTS FROM THE SILVER ORES OF THE COBALT REGION, CANADA

All are lost.

By-Products recovered from Cobalt ores, and their market values are: Metallic nickel \$1.00 per lb.

Black oxide of nickel. \$14.40 per lb.

Metallic cobalt. \$4.75 per lb.

Black oxide of cobalt. \$4.80 per lb.

Cobalt blue 65c. per lb.

Cobalt pink { Not listed

Cobalt green { Discovered in our Laboratory.

Arsenic, C. P. 60c. per lb.

White arsenic 40c. per lb.

The Reid System, which required six years time and the expenditure of over \$200,000 to perfect, is protected by a series of basic patents, in Canada, United States and throughout the World, granted in each case without citation, publication or previous disclosure.

**The First Corporation to Use the Reid System**

Is the Cobalt Reduction and Refining Company, Limited, which has been granted a perpetual charter by the Dominion of Canada, and which has acquired from Mr. Reid the exclusive and perpetual right and license by agreement dated September 20, 1910, to erect and operate Electric Smelting and Refining Plants in the richest known mineral region on earth, comprising the northern half of the Province of Ontario, including the wonderful silver mines at Cobalt, GowGanda, Elk Lake, Montreal River, and the great Porcupine Gold Camp.

The Provincial Government has recently passed laws paying bounties ranging from 1/2 cent to 6 cents per pound on By-Products recovered from Canadian ores in a Canadian smelter. The ores of this region being the most refractory known, contain these By-Products in quantities greater than any others. All By-Products and the bounties thereon, become the property of Cobalt Reduction and Refining Co., Ltd., as mine owners receive only the bullion value of the silver and gold recovered, out of which they pay us a smelting and refining charge averaging about \$30 per ton of ore treated.

We take none of the risks of mining, and are in no way interested in mines. Smelting and Refining is the one branch of the Mining Industry in which the profits are safe and sure, and based on capital employed, immeasurably greater. The mines *have* to have their ores treated, before they receive a dollar of income.

The Cobalt region, which produces about one-third of the world's silver supply, is absolutely without customs smelting facilities of any kind, and there is not a Metal Refining Plant in the whole of Canada. Operation of a blast furnace smelter at Cobalt is a financial impossibility, owing to the cost of raw materials (which the Reid Electric Furnace does not use) and the duties and freight charges thereon. Mines now ship their ores to smelters at distant points at the heavy freight rate of \$13 per ton and upward, and in addition pay smelting charges and penalties, amounting in some cases to as high as \$140 per ton on Cobalt ores. We do not impose penalties for refractories and deleterants. With us they become our immensely valuable By-Products. With a blast furnace they cause added expense of reduction and in time destroy the furnace itself.

The Reid System will treat low-grade ores (of which at Cobalt there are literally hundreds of thousands of tons on the mine dumps) whose silver values are not sufficient to stand freight and blast furnace smelter charges (but whose By-Product values are as great as high-grade). With the Cobalt Reduction and Refining Co., Ltd., in operation, dividend-paying mines can give their stockholders larger dividends, other mines not paying dividends at all can then do so, and still others, which cannot operate under existing smelting conditions, can continue development work until they strike high-grade ore.

**Electric Current in Unlimited Quantities**

Is produced in the Cobalt Region from Adjacent Waterfalls, giving us the cheapest power known with which to operate our plants. Not a pound of fuel of any kind is used.

This Company being able to earn larger profits than any other smelting company in existence, will return to its stockholders unusually large profits both in dividends and increased value of the investment.

Stockholders in Canadian corporations are given by the Dominion Government a protection and control over the actions of officers and directors not known in any other country. Canada's laws compel management of Canadian corporations in the interest of stockholders and not "insiders."

**How You May Participate in the Profits**

The Cobalt Reduction and Refining Co., Ltd., of which Mr. Reid is President, and to which he is devoting his time and ability, has an authorized capitalization of \$3,000,000 divided into 300,000 shares of a par value of \$10 each, full-paid non-assessable; no preferred stock; no bonded or mortgage indebtedness; no personal liability of stockholders. Our capitalization has been fixed at a sum adequate to finance the erection and operation of a number of plants, as under the strict Canadian laws it is most difficult to increase a corporation's capital once it is organized.

To build and operate the first plant, which will have a capacity of 100 tons daily—the electric apparatus and machinery for which is now being constructed at actual cost, in Mr. Reid's own machine shop, and under his direct personal supervision, at Newark, N. J.—we are selling treasury stock to the extent of \$300,000, at par, \$10 per share. Subscriptions for much of this are already in hand.

Subscribers to the first allotment of \$300,000 stock will receive valuable rights in connection with financing the additional plants as they are built. As we employ no agents and are paying no underwriting commissions to banking syndicates, every dollar you invest goes directly into the Treasury of the Company.

The Reid System is in daily operation at the plant of the Newark Assay & Sampling Works, 352 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J., where it may be seen every Wednesday, at 11 A. M., or at any other time by special appointment made with our Philadelphia Office.

Address all correspondence and requests for additional information to the United States Office:

**Cobalt Reduction and Refining Company, Ltd.**  
 Pennsylvania Building Philadelphia, Pa.

----- **If Interested, Mail This Coupon To-Day** -----

Cobalt Reduction and Refining Co., Ltd., Philadelphia, Pa. 1911.  
 Please reserve for me \_\_\_\_\_ shares of the first allotment of \$300,000 Treasury Stock, at par, \$10 per share, on the following conditions: (1) You are to hold this stock for me for a period of 30 days from date hereof, to give time for such further investigation as I may wish to make. (2) If I do not cancel this reservation within said period of 30 days, I will either pay cash in full, which entitles me to a discount of 5%, or \$2.50 per share down and balance in three monthly payments of \$2.50 each.

Cos. 6-11.

N. B.—As only the unsold portion of \$300,000 of stock is to be sold, the Company reserves the right to reject any subscription or reservation, or to allot less than the number of shares applied for.

Name .....

and .....

Address .....



**WOULD any SANE PERSON PAY 5c. a POUND  
—10c. a QUART—40c. a GALLON for WATER for  
WASHING AND CLEANING—IF ONE KNEW?**

**It's Simply a Matter of Intelligence  
WHY?**

LET US QUOTE AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE SOAP GAZETTE AND PERFUMER:  
"SOAP POWDER MADE BY THE NEW PROCESS LOSES WEIGHT RAPIDLY BY EVAPORATION UNLESS IT IS SEALED IN AIR-TIGHT, MOISTURE-PROOF PACKAGES. SUCH PACKAGES CANNOT BE MADE BY THE OLD METHODS SAVE AT PROHIBITIVE EXPENSE."

—just what happens when you buy a package of Soap Powder because it looks big. Some packages look big because they are Fluffed with Air and when fresh weigh as much as they look because they are Full of Water. Open one of them and see it lose weight day by day as the Water Evaporates. PEARLINE is Concentrated Soap Powder —to prove it—test PEARLINE as you do the Fluffy—Look-Big Packages. One Tablespoonful of PEARLINE will do the work of two or three of these POPPED Powders. Popping is all right for CORN and WEASELS but not for Soap Powder.

**Pearline is More Than Ever "Best by Test"**

**No Money No Deposit No Obligations**



**Make Your Own Terms**

**Try it 30 Days FREE!**

**W. GRANT KING PRES. & GEN. MGR.**

At the end of 30 days trial, if you don't find this KING machine to be the best machine you ever saw or tried at any price, just send it right back to us and the trial will cost you nothing, as we will stand the freight both ways. You pay no money down.

**Save \$25. to \$35.**

If you want to keep the machine, you may make your own terms—pay us \$3.00, \$2.00, or even \$1.00 a month—whatever suits you best, and in any case the cost is less than half that of any other high-grade machine.



**Guaranteed 20 Years**

**Gold Medal Winner**

In competition with all other makes of Sewing Machines, the Alaska-Yukon Exposition awarded the KING machine the gold medal highest award, and pronounced it "The Best Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine."

The KING is strictly ball-bearing, easy-running, sews perfect lockstitch, has recent drop head, with automatic or hand lift. Beautifully grained, quarter-sawed Oak Cabinet. Machine is complete, including finest set of attachments and accessories.

**Factory Prices**

I have cut off my dealers and agents (who charged customers from \$45.00 to \$65.00 for King machine), and from now on I will sell the same machine direct to family at factory cost—less than half former prices—and will let you make your own terms.—Buy the KING for a third as much as other machines even rent for. 20-year guarantee backed by our half-million dollar factory.

Write for 64-page catalog and 30-day-free-trial, make-your-own-terms, offer.

**KING SEWING MACHINE CO.**  
**19 RANO STREET BUFFALO, N. Y.**

**BONDS** Accepted by U. S. Gov't as security for

**Postal Savings Bank Deposits**

are the only class we offer. Instead of the 2 1/2% the Postal Banks pay these Bonds will yield from **4 1/2 0/100 to 4 3/4 0/100**

Write for **FREE Circular.**

**New First Nat'l Bank, Dept. G-1, Columbus, O.**

**30 Days Free Trial**

and if we haven't an agent in your city, we will sell you at wholesale agents' price, one

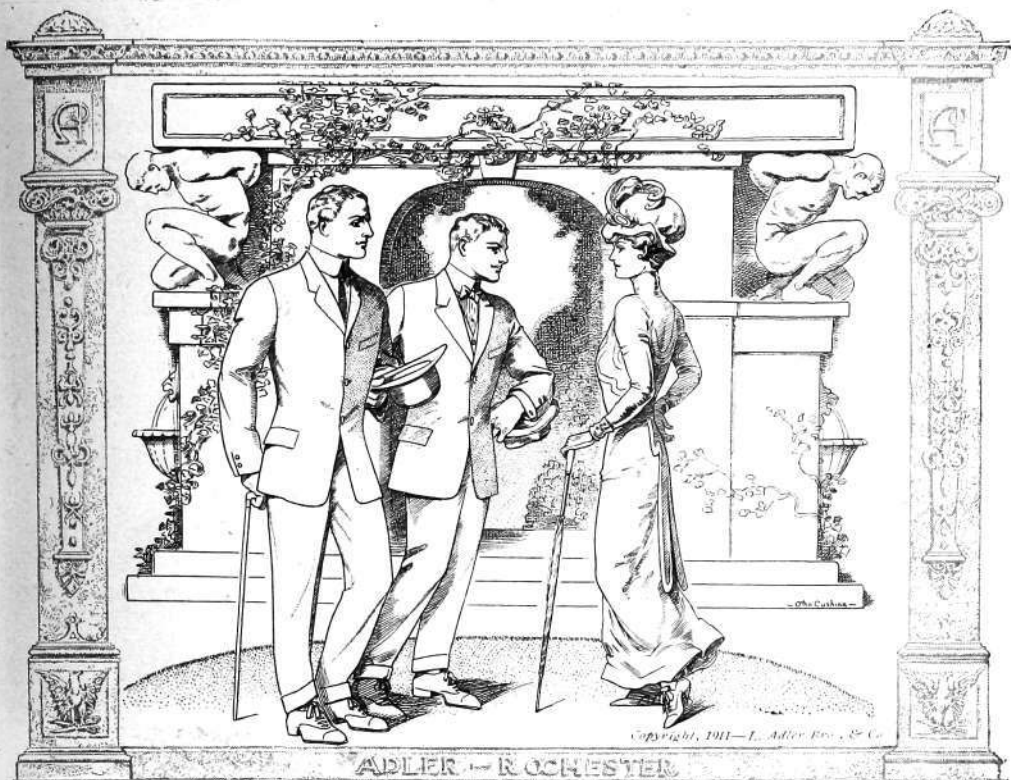
**AMERICAN Motorcycle or Bicycle**

and prepay the freight. Write for our introducing offer and catalog, and say whether you want motorcycle or bicycle. Do it now.

**American Motor Cycle Co. 616 American Bldg. Chicago**



**Boarding School** Are you having difficulty in finding a suitable school? No wonder you are confused. There are over 500 schools advertising. We can aid you in your choice and selection of a school best suited to your needs and purposes. Why not write us? There are no fees connected with this service. Address W. B. S., Box 45, COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL CLUB, Station F, New York.



ADLER—ROCHESTER

## —With Sweatshop Misery Left Out A New Light on Clothes—and Their Making

A mental picture that comes with the thought of clothes-making is that of a dirty, dingy sweatshop—where misery and poverty prevail. Exactly the opposite of these conditions are those of the famous Adler-Rochester plant—a contrast similar to that which exists between

Adler-Rochesters and other clothes. Ideal working conditions—matchless facilities for good clothes-making—the ablest skill of the tailoring craft. These are the factors behind the fame of the Adler-Rochester plant—the *finest tailoring institution in the world today*.

# ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES

You will find Adler-Rochesters where the best clothes in your town are sold. Always in the hands of a reliable merchant.

Ask *his* advice as to the greatest clothes economy—whether it is wiser to pay the Adler-Rochester price, or pay less and get *cheap* clothes.

Mind you, there is no greater profit for the merchant in Adler-Rochester clothes—but there *is* more profit for *you*.

The Book of Men's Fashions—for Spring and Summer, 1911—is more than a mere style book. It is a guide for *your* clothes selection. It tells what is *correct*, in clothes—in *color*, in *pattern* and in *cut*. And its information is *absolutely authoritative*.

If you consider your appearance worth a postal you'll write for this book today. Ask for Edition H.

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO.

Rochester, N. Y.



# Rexall

## "93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

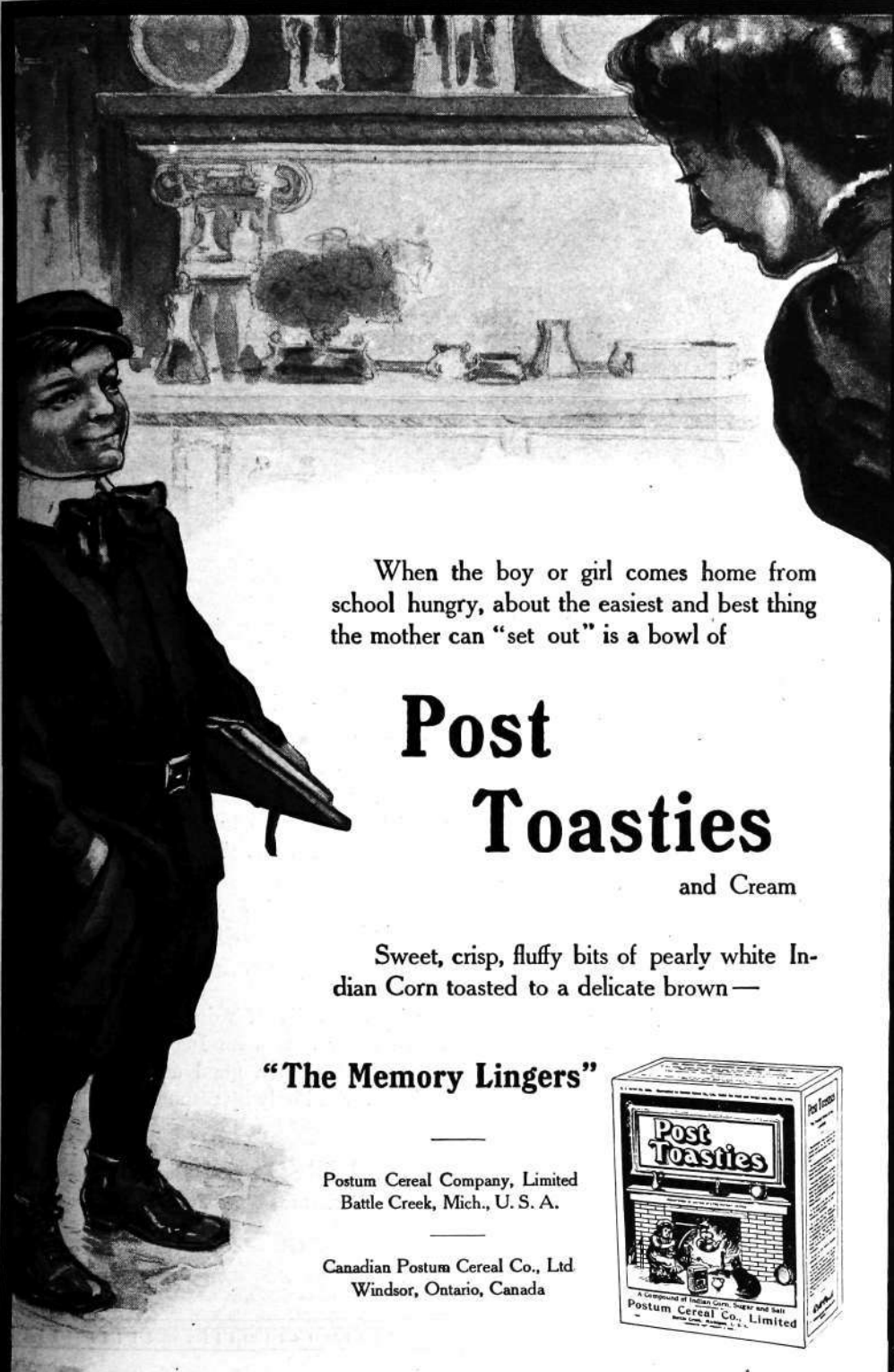
They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TORONTO, CANADA

COPYRIGHT, 1910, UNITED DRUG COMPANY



When the boy or girl comes home from school hungry, about the easiest and best thing the mother can "set out" is a bowl of

# Post Toasties

and Cream

Sweet, crisp, fluffy bits of pearly white Indian Corn toasted to a delicate brown—

**"The Memory Lingers"**

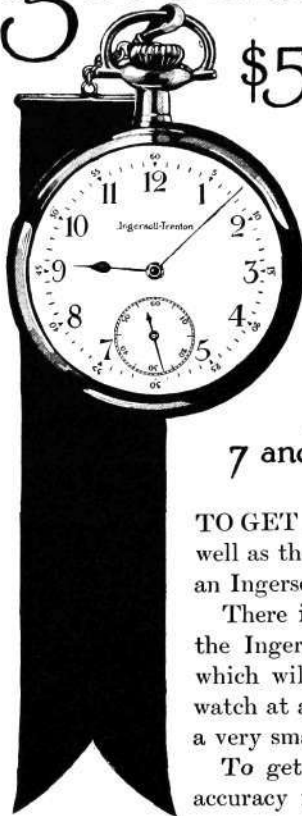
Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



# Ingersoll-Trenton

\$5.00 to \$19.00



## 7 and 15 Jewels

TO GET A WATCH that will keep time as well as the Ingersoll-Trenton, you must buy an Ingersoll-Trenton—or pay more.

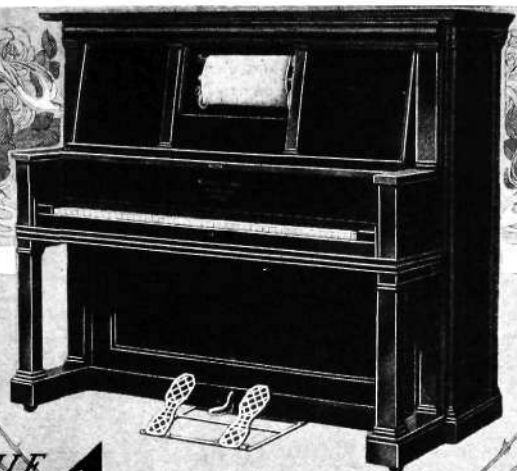
There is no other watch at the price of the Ingersoll-Trenton—\$5.00 to \$19.00—which will keep as good time. There is no watch at any price that will keep more than a very small fraction better time.

To get that infinitely small fraction of accuracy makes your watch cost ten times as much as the Ingersoll-Trenton—and that small fraction is not really of value in the day's work. In other words, an Ingersoll-Trenton at, say \$9.00, is a good enough watch for anybody. Sold only by responsible jewelers.

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.**

53 ASHLAND BUILDING, NEW YORK





It Touches **DOWN**  
On the Keys

MELVILLE  
CLARK'S

# APOLLO

*The* Player Piano

**T**HE Melville Clark Piano and the Apollo were made, from the very beginning, for each other.

Aside from being one of the few great pianos of the world, the Melville Clark Piano is specially constructed to meet the requirements of a player-piano. The good pianos that contain other players deteriorate under the unaccustomed strain.

The first Apollo made was installed in a Melville Clark Piano especially constructed to receive it, and from that day to this, piano, player and music have been constructed, each for the other, under the supervision of a man who has been the leader in his line of work for 35 years. Melville Clark made even the first Apollo play the piano correctly. He made it play with a downward stroke on the keys and made it play 88 notes—the full keyboard.

For eight years the Apollo was the only player that played 88 notes, and today remains the only one that touches down on the keys. The others would if they could, but the Apollo is protected in this exclusive right by U. S. patents.

We are the largest manufacturers of piano players in the world who make the player, the piano and the music under one roof.

We have been making 88-note players and 88-note music more than twice as long as any other manufacturer of players.

*The instrument that has built up our supremacy will be more fully explained to you in a catalog showing nine of the 1911 styles. Send your name and address or see one of our three hundred dealers.*

Melville Clark Pianos without players, \$500 to \$1,000

**Melville Clark Piano Company**  
411 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago

New York Show Rooms, 305 Fifth Avenue

  
TRADE MARK  
**CRESCENT**  
**GOLD FILLED**  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

  
TRADE MARK  
**JAS. BOSS**  
**GOLD FILLED**  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## Reliable Gold-Filled

**W**e show here a staple and popular style of watch case: it is known as an "engine-turned" design. Note the depth of the engraving. This is done with a diamond-pointed tool on machines costing three to four thousand dollars apiece.

The deep, sharp, clear-cut work is possible because of the thickness of the gold.

The important thing for you to

remember is that on ordinary filled cases the surface of gold is so thin that the design is not diamond-cut at all—it is merely burnished in. It soon wears smooth and the base metal shows through. But with Crescent or Jas. Boss gold-filled cases this work is done exactly as on our Keystone solid-gold cases.

The marks shown at the top of this page insure absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, and in the construction of your watch case. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for fifty years.

**The Keystone Watch Case Co.**

Established 1853

**Philadelphia**

# Win Profit and Prestige as Local Agent for New Printype Oliver Typewriter —the Latest Wonder in Typewriterdom

On top of all the innovations that have given The Oliver Typewriter such amazing success and sales, we have placed the crowning improvement—PRINTYPE. The Oliver Typewriter now *typewrites print*.

To the first acceptable man in each locality where we have no local agent, we offer the *exclusive* agency for The Oliver Typewriter, which carries with it absolute control of all sales of Printype Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned.

Think of the money-making possibilities of an agency which enables you to step into a man's office and say: "I represent the only typewriter in the world that successfully typewrites print!"

## Overwhelming Public Demand for Printype

Printype, the beautiful new type face, unobtrusively introduced to the public by The Oliver Typewriter Company a year ago, is today the reigning favorite in Typewriterdom.

The beauty—the individuality—of Printype has turned the heads of some of the greatest business executives of the country.

**Printype**  
**OLIVER**  
**Typewriter**

## The Standard Visible Writer

If you have not had the pleasure of an introduction to Printype ask for a copy of our pamphlet —

### "A Revolution in Typewriter Type"

Printype is an adaptation, for the typewriter, of the regular book type universally used on printing presses.

An old friend in a captivating new dress — the last word in typewriter type-style. It is twice as artistic and easy to read as the old-style, sharp, thin outline letters and numerals used on all other typewriters.

Although The Printype Oliver Typewriter is worth a premium, we placed the complete machine on the market at the regular catalog price.

The effect was electrical. Inquiries came thick and fast. Demands for demonstrations kept our Local Agencies working at high tension. Sales jumped. Public appreciation of the innovation was so impressively shown in actual orders that today one-third of our total output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

### Belongs Exclusively to the Oliver

The Oliver Typewriter Company originated "Printype." We control it. The Oliver Type-

**Rush Agency Application** Applications should be mailed promptly, as the territory is being assigned very rapidly. Interesting literature, including the "Printype Book" and "The Opportunity Book," together with complete information regarding Local Agency Plan, will be sent by first mail.

Address Agency Department

(107)

The Oliver Typewriter Company, 289 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago



writer is the only writing machine in the world that successfully *typewrites print*.

This triumph in typewriter type, added to the numerous other exclusive features of The Oliver Typewriter, greatly increases the value of our Local Agency Franchise. It puts our great Sales Organization still farther in the lead.

## It's Your Supreme Opportunity

We distribute Oliver Typewriters through a world-wide Agency System. Each Local Agent is given exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the entire life of the arrangement. The demand for demonstrations of The Printype Oliver Typewriter necessitates a heavy increase in our force of Local Agents.

Every city, every town, every village must be quickly assigned, so that the vast number of inquiries that are pouring into the General Offices may have prompt, personal attention. This is undoubtedly the greatest business opportunity of your life. Ask for the details of our Exclusive Agency Proposition. Get posted on the profit-possibilities. Remember that a Local Agency Contract is an exclusive Franchise that entitles you to all the profit on every sale made in the specified territory.

## "17 Cents a Day" Booms Sales

As local agent for The Oliver Typewriter you can offer the liberal, attractive terms of "17 Cents a Day." You can accept any make of old machine your customer may own, to apply on the small first payment.

We do not surround our Local Agents with annoying rules and restrictions. In the territory assigned them, they are given full control. Loyal, efficient service wins generous recognition. Exceptional ability is rewarded by promotion to more important positions in the Oliver Organization.

Whether you can give your entire time to the work or only an hour or two a day, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful money-making opportunity.



*"No he won't be back today. Gone home to rest. All worn out. Can't sleep. Nerves and indigestion I guess. Says he hasn't slept more than an hour or so each night for the last week. Poor fellow! If he doesn't take care of himself I'm afraid he'll have to give up business."*

Nature's balance is delicately adjusted. Sound, refreshing sleep is necessary to restore the wasted nerve and brain cells. Sleepless nights are but forerunners of grave danger to body and mind. Take heed. Don't ignore Nature's demands. When quiet, peaceful sleep doesn't come regularly begin using

# Pabst Extract

## The "Best" Tonic

It feeds, soothes and strengthens the nerves, aids digestion, braces up the overworked brain and brings profound sleep to help nature in her efforts to restore the wasted mind and body to normal health and strength. Through its nourishing and tonic properties it will make you mentally and physically fit to cope with business cares and worries.

Pabst Extract is The "Best" Tonic to build up the overworked, strengthen the weak, overcome insomnia, relieve dyspepsia—to help the anaemic, the conva-

cent and the nervous wreck—to prepare for happy, healthy motherhood and give vigor to the aged. Your physician will recommend it.

**Warning**  
Cheap imitations are sometimes substituted when Pabst Extract is called for. Be sure you get the genuine Pabst Extract. Refuse to accept a substitute. No "cheaper" extract can equal Pabst in purity, strength and quality.  
**\$1000 Reward**  
for evidence convicting anyone who, when Pabst Extract is called for, deliberately and without the knowledge of his customer, supplies an article other than Pabst Extract.

The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

**ORDER A DOZEN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST  
INSIST UPON IT BEING "PABST"**

Library Slip, good for books and magazines, with each bottle.  
Free booklet, "Health Darts," tells ALL uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. Write for it—a postal will do.

**PABST EXTRACT CO. DEPT. 14, Milwaukee, Wis.**





### “Mamma ’s Making Jell-O”

“Bobbie! Bobbie-e-e! Mamma ’s making Jell-O!  
Ain’t you gla-a-d?”

Bobbie certainly is glad. Mamma lets him have two or three "helps" of Jell-O sometimes, because it is so good—and never a stomachache afterwards.

Do you remember how awful it used to be when you found there was nothing good under way for dinner?

# JELL-O

was unknown then, and you had pie or pudding usually, when you had any dessert at all. Now the child who doesn't get Jell-O is deprived of one of the fine things of present-day life.

Jell-O desserts are made in a minute. Every member of the family, little and big, enjoys them.

There are seven Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Ten cents a package at all grocers'.

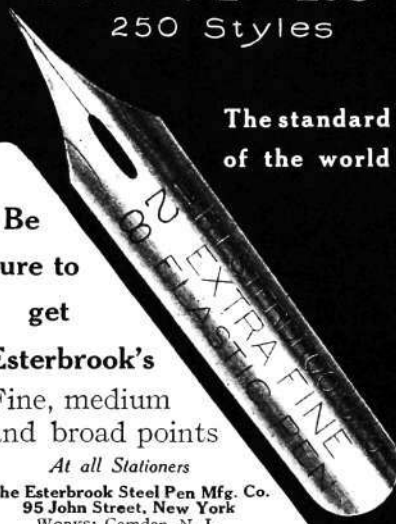
**Send us your address and we will send you the splendid recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," with its beautiful pictures in ten colors and gold.**

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,  
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.**



# Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles



The standard of the world

Be sure to get Esterbrook's Fine, medium and broad points At all Stations

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.  
95 John Street, New York  
WORKS: Camden, N. J.

**\$18** Bennett *Weights but 4½ lbs. Standard Key-board 84 characters. Guaranteed fully. Sent on 10 Days FREE Trial.*



## A Practical, Portable Typewriter, only \$18

in U.S.A.

No excuse to ever be unbusiness-like in your correspondence, when you can always have the Bennett Typewriter with you. No larger, case and all, than a book. Takes a space only 2x5x11 in. Writes letters or orders neatly and swiftly, and provides an extra copy. 84 characters same as big machines, with only a tenth as many parts—hence, its low price. Quality guaranteed. Made in the Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine Factory.


**10 Days FREE Trial** *Slips into grip or pocket like a book*



You need the Bennett for use on the train, at hotels, home or business—every time you have 100 pages typed, you spend the price of a Bennett. Own a Bennett, be business-like and save money. Write us to-day that you are ready to let the Bennett prove to you in person its practicability, neatness and speed. Representatives Wanted. We will send you our catalog, and explain fully our 10-day trial offer.

C. S. Bennett Typewriter Co.  
366 Broadway, New York City

## This is the Point



Many lead-pencils are whittled into wastebaskets because the graphite falls out of the cases in short bits.

# DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

sharpen to a writing point every time and that is their strong talking point. Made in America for all the world, and made good by

JOSEPH DIXON  
CRUCIBLE COMPANY  
Jersey City, New Jersey

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE SM-Nº2 116

# TYPEWRITERS

**ALL MAKES! ALL STYLES! ALL PRICES!**

Our guarantee for service and condition—strong as the original maker's—goes with every machine. You take no risk for we are the oldest and largest rebuilt typewriter concern in the world. Our "Factory Rebuilt Typewriters" are selected machines of all makes, honestly and thoroughly reconstructed from top to bottom.

**You Can Save \$25 to \$50**



On the original makers' list prices and be sure of getting a machine that will be perfect in quality, condition and looks, and serviceable and efficient in every way. Our "Trade Mark" guarantees for one year against any defect in workmanship or material.

Write for catalogue and address of nearest branch store.

American Writing Machine Company, 345 Broadway, N. Y.

## FACTORY REBUILT

## A Book of Bankers

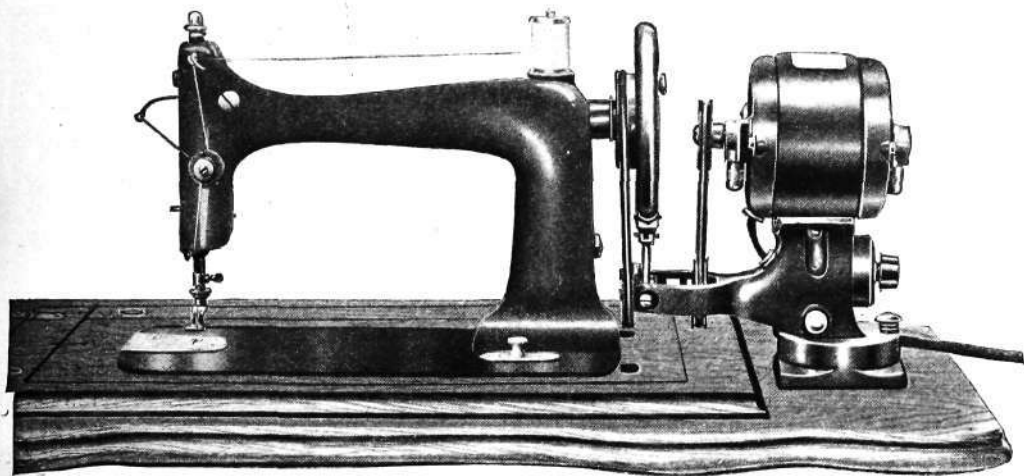
This is a most remarkable book. It contains expressions from dozens of Presidents and Cashiers of National and State Banks, telling how they found health at

### The Thornton & Minor Sanitarium

Every section and state of the nation are represented, along with some foreign countries. It is unimpeachable evidence of a great success. If You Suffer write us. For over 35 years we have successfully relieved men and women of their most common afflictions those treacherous Rectal and Pelvic maladies. The permanent results of our Special System of Treatment are attested by Judges, Ministers, Bankers and Farmers in our 900 page cloth bound book, sent postpaid for the asking. The book also contains much information about the Sanitarium, its equipment and methods. Write today. If we cannot help you we tell you.

### The Thornton & Minor Sanitarium,

Dept. 114, 10th & Oak Sts., Kansas City, Mo.



## The Power for Sewing

Your sewing machine is your servant. You direct it and guide it. Do you also supply the power? Is the labor yours or does the servant do the work? The pedal work is not heavy but it is tiresome at best—and unnecessary.

Eliminate work from sewing and the full value of your own needle craft can be applied to the *real* purpose of the sewing machine.

### Perfect Control

The motor-driven machine obeys the slightest pressure of the foot on the treadle, starts or stops, runs fast or slow at the will of the operator.

This motor is as safe and reliable as electric light—it connects to any lighting socket as easily as an electric flatiron.

### Half a Cent an Hour

The motor can be attached in a few minutes to *any* sewing machine and readily disconnected so that the machine can be run by foot power, if desired.

As this motor requires less current than an ordinary incandescent lamp, its cost of operation is less than half a cent an hour.

This little sewing machine motor is made by the largest electrical manufacturer in the world. It is the home companion of the Madza Lamp and, like it, is a luxury in convenience but not in cost.

See the General Electric Company's Sewing Machine Motor in actual operation in the display rooms of lighting companies, electrical supply dealers and contractors.

Meanwhile write for an illustrated booklet, "How to Solve the Sewing Problem."

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LINEN THREAD**  
has stood the test of one hundred and twenty-six years.

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Users of Thread will study their own interests by insisting upon having

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LINEN THREAD**

Made Since 1784

AVOID cheap cotton thread branded "Linen Finish."



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F. D. A. LINEN**  
A NEW CROCHET THREAD

of superior quality with higher lustre than has before been given Flax Thread. Possessing the lustre of silk, yet retains all the merits of Linen Thread.

*Purchase of your local dealer*

Nos. 18 to 150 White

Sample Card Upon Application

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Lace Work Dep't., 96-98 Franklin Street, New York



THE ORIGINAL  
**Semco Vacuum Cleaner**

can now be used for numerous household necessities; Vacuum cleaning; hair drying; silver and brass polishing; grinding and sharpening cutlery; ventilating and blowing; running a sewing machine, and many other power purposes. This is a simple machine, and will last a lifetime. Write for Catalogue 11.

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Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

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is surprisingly easy. You will find no trouble in making delicious desserts and dainty dishes of all kinds with

# KNOX PURE PLAIN SPARKLING GELATINE

This pure, uncolored, unsweetened Gelatine is granulated and dissolves almost immediately. The Gelatine in each package is divided into two envelopes and makes two full quarts.

### STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

$\frac{1}{4}$ box Knox Sparkling Gelatine.	Juice of half a lemon.
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.
1 cup strawberry juice	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy cream
and pulp.	beaten solid.

Soften gelatine in cold water five minutes; dissolve by standing in hot water; strain into strawberry and lemon juice; add sugar, stir till dissolved; set in ice water; stir till mixture begins to thicken; fold in chilled cream. Turn into mold lined with strawberries cut in halves; when chilled turn from mold. Garnish with fresh berries and leaves. Prepare Bavarian creams with other fruits, as pineapple, raspberries, grapes, oranges, etc., in same manner. Pineapple juice and pulp must be scalded before gelatine is added.

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Print sample for 2c stamp and your grocer's name.

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149 Knox Avenue  
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PENNYAN, N. Y.,  
June 25, 1910

Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.  
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I greatly prefer it in every way to the very best of hair mattresses.

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Thirty years of satisfactory service is pretty good evidence of Ostermoor quality

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It's easy to get a real Ostermoor. They are not for sale generally—but there is usually one live merchant in every town who sells them. Write us and we will give you his name.

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111 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

#### Mattresses Cost

Express Prepaid:

Best blue and white ticking

4'6" wide, 45 lbs. \$15.

In two parts, 50c extra.

Dust-proof satin finish ticking, \$1.00 more.

French mercerized Art Twills, \$3.00 more.





# Do You Smoke Advertising? or Cigaretts?

## Read This

The usual way of putting a new cigaret on the market is simply to put the same old cigaret into

a new box, and *whoop 'er up!* A big selling organization and big advertising are brought to bear and *big sales are the result.* When the novelty of the *new label* wears off and the public is ready for a change, *the process is*

*repeated*—and the patient public goes on *smoking advertising*—not cigarets.

For fifteen years the public has been *stampeded* from one cigaret to another in just this way, and about the only change it ever gets is from a red box to a blue one and back again—with an occasional dash of brown. In short, the average cigaret is not a *smoking* proposition, but a *selling* proposition.

*The Makaroff business is different.* I started the manufacture of

## MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

because that was the only way I could be sure of getting *the kind* of cigarets I wanted. It has grown because there are a lot of other folks who want *that kind* of a cigaret. And the number grows just as fast as people find out *what kind* of a cigaret Makaroff is.

Just let this fact sink into your consciousness and stay there—*this business is and always will be* operated to make *a certain kind* of cigarets—not merely to do a certain *amount* of business. I always have believed that if we produced the quality, the public would produce the sales. And that faith has been justified. Makaroffs are really different from other cigarets—and the difference is all in your favor.

You will find that you can smoke as many Makaroffs as you want without any of the nervousness, depression or "craving" that follows the use of ordinary cigarets.

Makaroffs are absolutely pure, clean, sweet, mild *tobacco, untouched by anything whatever* to give them artificial flavor, sweetness, or to make them burn.

*Pure tobacco won't hurt you.* You may not be used to it, and you may not like the first Makaroff, but you'll like the second one better, and you'll stick to Makaroffs forever if you once give them a fair chance. We have built this business on quality in the goods and intelligence in the smoker—a combination that simply can't lose.

No. 15 is 15 Cents—No. 25 is a Quarter

Plain or Cork Tips

*Makaroff - Boston*

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Ask  
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# Reo Records answer every question

The Reo record of .10 days 15 hours 13 minutes from New York to San Francisco is more convincing proof of what you want in a motor-car than all the records of all the other 1911 cars put together.

And yet the 1911 Reo has plenty more proof.

Comfort. Prove it yourself. Arrange a ride with your nearest Reo dealer.

Send for Catalogue and "Coast to Coast in Ten Days".

R M Owen & Co Lansing Mich General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co

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**Reo Touring Car or Roadster, \$1250**

Top and Mezger Automatic Wind shield extra

**Reo Two-passenger Roadster, \$1050**

Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield extra

**Reo Fore Door Touring Car, \$1300**

Fore door fixed or detachable  
Mezger Automatic Windshield included



### Other records of the 1911 Reo

Aug 20. New York to Los Angeles—lowered the record by two weeks.

Aug 30 to Sept 8. Kansas City Star Reliability Run—1565 miles; the Reo defeated every car in the contest, 9 of which were from \$2000 to \$2850.

Sept 16. Climbing Mt Hamilton, 24½ miles to an altitude of 4200 feet, beating the previous world's record by ten minutes.

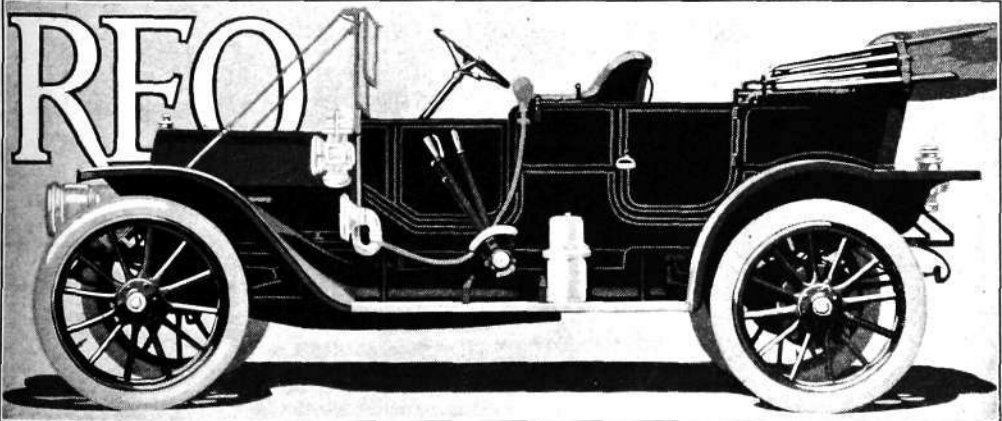
Oct 15. In a 50 mile race the Reo defeated a higher priced car, well known for its racing record, by ten miles. Reo time—57 minutes 43 seconds, over a very sandy course.

Oct 17. Kansas City Magazine Cup Run—1000 miles over a very difficult road. Reo defeated everything in its class and finished in the best mechanical condition of all the cars in the run.

Nov 22. Harrisburg Endurance Contest—Reo defeated every car in its own class, 8 cars in the \$2000 class, and 5 cars in the \$3000 class.

Dec 27. Topeka to Kansas City—77.4 miles in 2 hours and 38 minutes, beating the best previous record by 49 minutes.

Feb 21, 1911. Columbus-Springfield Reliability Run—Reo tied for first place with a car selling for double its price and defeated every other car by wide margins.





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Sure Preventative**

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MOTHERSILL'S can be used by the most delicate without unpleasant effects to the heart, liver or kidneys.

MOTHERSILL'S is genuine or this positive advertisement would not be accepted for this publication.

Mr. Mothersill gave a series of demonstrations of his remedy two years ago on the English Channel, Irish Sea and Baltic, and received the unqualified endorsement of the leading papers of the world, and has the finest testimonials from many of the world's greatest men, women and institutions. Among these we may mention Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain General of the British forces, Lord Northcliffe, Doctors, Bankers, Polytechnic Society of London, Salvation Army, etc.

Do not be so skeptical as not to try MOTHERSILL'S and thereby forego or spoil what might otherwise be a most pleasant holiday.

MOTHERSILL'S is just as possible and as much a fact as wireless telegraphy, telephoning, flying machines, etc., and yet what would you have said to anyone a few years ago that would even suggest such things?

MOTHERSILL'S is a powder put up in gelatine capsules. Is equally effective for train sickness. 50c. box sufficient for 24 hours; \$1.00 box sufficient for longest continuous journey. If your druggist does not keep it he can obtain it for you from any leading Wholesale Druggist, or you can write.

We have a handsome booklet set aside for you. Send for it.

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**Evans' Ale**

It opens the way to an appreciation of the priceless joy of living. Endows those who drink it with the richness of good health and makes them feel it and show it. Every human organ and sense responds to its natural and magical revivifying force. As glorious and rejuvenating as a perfect June morning. Ideal Outing Beverage.

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In "Splits" if desired. Apply to nearest dealer or

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The "Rex" accomplishes its wonderful results entirely without the use of drugs. It works with Nature, not against her. The leading physicians.

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You know and I know that small investors have made stupendous fortunes—men who, guided by judgment and courage, have placed their funds direct into creative enterprises at their inception and thus reaped **full benefit** of the earning power of money. To-day opportunity on bended knee is entreating the small investor to accept her favors—and those who heed the insistent call are achieving fortunes.

My magazine explains the rules by which small investors have made wise and profitable investments—how \$100 grows into \$2,200—the actual possibility of intelligent investment.

### Learn the REAL EARNING POWER of Your Money

The real earning power of your money is not the paltry 3% to 5% paid by banks or corporations who have their future **behind** instead of in **front** of them.

“INVESTING FOR PROFIT” reveals the enormous profits bankers make, and shows how one can make the same profit—it demonstrates the **real** earning power of your money—the knowledge that financiers and bankers hide from the masses—it explains **HOW** small investors are making big fortunes and **WHY** they are made.

This and other valuable financial information is yours—it is free six months for the asking.

### How to Determine the Value of Different Investments

There are thousands of salaried people to-day who have a small sum laid aside or who can invest a small amount each month—but who realize that they do not know how to determine the value of the different classes of investments that are offered to them daily. This condition has created a demand for a publication or institution whose express object is to help direct and guide the small investor. “INVESTING FOR PROFIT” is the result of a pressing need and will be worth hundreds—even thousands of dollars to you.

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“INVESTING FOR PROFIT” is for the man who intends to invest any money, however small, or who can save \$5 or more per month—but who has not as yet learned the art of investing for profit.

Read what Russell Sage, one of the most successful financiers of his day, said in regard to investments:

“There is a common fallacy that, while for legal advice we go to lawyers, and for medical advice we go to physicians, and for the construction of a great work to engineers—financing is everybody's business. As a matter of fact, it is the most profound and complicated of them all.”

Don't invest a dollar in anything anywhere until you have at least read one copy of my really wonderful magazine.

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**\$13,245 in 110 Days**  
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Supplies hot or cold water in any room. No plumbing, no water works, self heating, makes bathing 5 minutes operation. Easily carried from room to room. Child operates easily. Means no more cold rooms, drudgery, lugging water, filling tubs, emptying, cleaning, putting away. No wonder agents without previous experience make small fortunes, buy homes, have an automobile, bank account. Average 8 orders to every 10 families. Fascinating, dignified, exciting work.

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For Prickly Heat and Sunburn  
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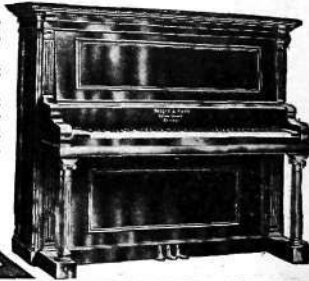
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You get this highest grade Solid Oak, Wickes New Constructed Refrigerator, lined with Opal Glass, "better than marble," for only \$31.75—freight prepaid from factory.

You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory at actual factory prices. You save all the dealers', jobbers' and department store profits. You get the Wickes at the price asked everywhere for ordinary "enameled" refrigerators, for which you have to pay the freight in addition.

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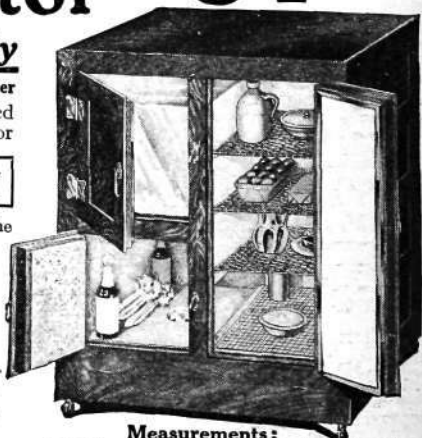
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Measurements:  
Height 45 in. Width 36 in. Depth 21 in.

# The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

302 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

(Established over 60 Years)

29-35 W. 32d St., New York

(14)

# STEINWAY

If you concur in every argument for the Steinway and hesitate at the price, remember that it is the higher cost that makes all Steinway attributes possible.

## The Steinway Miniature

A grand piano in small compass—5 ft. 10 in. Made to retain all the essentials of a true grand.

Price in Ebonized Case, \$800.

In Mahogany Case, \$900.

*The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.*



**STEINWAY & SONS**

STEINWAY HALL

107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York

Subway Express Station at the Door


AN EXQUISITE EXAMPLE OF  
WILBUR FLAVOR

# Wilbur's

CHOCOLATE BUDS

Wilbur's Buds are inimitable. Don't cheat yourself with substitutes. If your dealer hasn't the genuine, send us \$1.00 for More-Than-a-Pound box. We'll pay expressage.

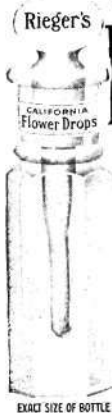
H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.



## Paul Rieger's

CALIFORNIA

# Flower Drops



TRADE MARK REGISTERED

**50 times the strength** of ordinary perfume. Real flower perfumes in the most possible concentrated form. Free from alcohol. In a cut glass bottle with elongated stopper from which to drop the perfume.

The most exquisite and fascinating perfume ever produced—one drop enough to diffuse the odor of thousands of blossoms.

A single drop on handkerchief or lingerie will last for weeks. Packed in polished turned maple box. Can be carried in hand bag. An ideal gift.

4 odors—Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crab-apple, \$1.50 a bottle at druggists or by mail. Send check or stamps. Money returned if this is not the finest perfume you ever used.

PAUL RIEGER, 115 First St., San Francisco, or 167-Y Randolph St., Chicago.  
A miniature bottle for 20 cents, silver or stamps. If you mention the name of your druggist

EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE

PUNCTURES REPAIRED  
BICYCLE TIRES

# FREE

CLOVERLEAF BRAND FIXITFREE TIRES, are nearly perfect or we could not afford this guarantee; 99 per cent of the value in a tire cannot be seen, you cannot judge a tire by the look; all look alike except the tread design, which has no value nor merit; only fancy. Wearin' and puncture resisting qualities are what count; this is what we offer you. On usual quantity you receive nothing in this direction, but unkept promises and "Hot Air".

Our Guaranty covers the unseen, the unknown parts; guarantees you the year's tire service WITHOUT EXTRA COST to you. All punctures and other repairs MADE FREE, or replaced with new tires, without charge, regardless of what, or who is at fault. No questions, we simply do it. Local Dealers handling this brand of tires can do the same. INSURANCE TAG ATTACHED TO EACH TIRE. This special introductory price now. Order early; give size wanted; Catalog Free.

Agents THE VIM Chicago, Ill. Des Moines, Iowa  
Wanted. Minneapolis, Minn.

CLOVERLEAF BRAND WE PAY EXPRESS  
\$5.85 PER PAIR FIXIT FREE

## WONDER LAMP

The United Factories of 712 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a lamp free, to **FREE** one person in each locality to whom they can refer new customers and who will show and recommend this marvelous, new, incandescent 100-candle power oil lamp. Many of our representatives make \$40 per week. Simply send name and address.



**\$1500.00**

## MADE IN ONE MONTH WITH A "LONG" Popcorn Crispette Machine

You might just as well make as much. Perrine, Cal., took in \$380 in one day. Every nickel brought almost 4 cents profit. Start in this safe, profitable and fascinating business. Best season just at hand. You can make lots of money this Spring and Summer at Fairs, Parks, Summer Resorts, Amusement Halls, Circuses, etc. Crispettes are fine—different in shape, taste and quality. Everybody—young and old craves them. Sell for 5c a package—popular price—easy to get money. Think of fortunes made in five cent propositions—then figure what you can do. Write me today. Get full particulars—reports from others. Act upon the prompting you have—now—address

W. Z. LONG, 268 High Street, Springfield, Ohio



## \$380 Made in Six Hours

This and better has been done operating the "Circling Wave"—the catchy riding device that pleases both old and young.

A moderate investment gives you a healthy and profitable business of your own—gives you independence. Operate the "Circling Wave" at County Fairs—Old Home Weeks—Carnivals, etc. You will make big money from the start. For price and catalogue write

ARMITAGE & GUINN  
36 Mill Street, Springville, Erie Co., N. Y., U. S. A.

# DIAMONDS-WATCHES ON CREDIT



Our Great Special  
**LOFTIS "PERFECTION" RING**  
Finest pure white diamond

**\$48**

**\$4.80 A MONTH**

Other sizes at \$25, \$75,  
\$100, \$125. See our  
Catalog. Sent  
Free.

**THIS ELGIN WATCH, 17 JEWELS, ADJUSTED,**  
Men's 16 Size, (also Ladies' O Size) Thin Model, New Montgomery  
Dial, in Gold Filled Case, Guaranteed for 25 Years, Plain  
polished or handsomely engraved, sent prepaid on

**30 DAYS FREE TRIAL**  
Then **\$2.50 a Month**

Our cut price of \$25.50 for this magnificent Elgin Watch, that will pass Railroad Inspection, is the greatest bargain ever heard of. **NO MONEY DOWN**—\$2.50 a Month after examination by you. Whether you are a railroad man or not, this is the Watch you want. No matter where you live, we will trust you. Send us your order today. Write for our free Catalog, containing over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. It tells all about our easy credit plan. Write today, before you forget it.

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO.**  
THE OLD RELIABLE, ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH HOUSE  
**DEPT F. 34, 92 to 98 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Branch Stores: Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.



No. 364

25-YEAR GUARANTEE

## GET THE ALADDIN CATALOG

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A Complete **READI-CUT** Five Room **HOUSE \$298**

Aladdin Knocked Down Readi-Cut Houses are shipped everywhere. Every piece of material comes to you cut and fitted and ready to nail in place. No skilled labor required. Permanent, attractive, warm and lasting. Houses from 2 to 12 rooms. Send stamps for catalog H. North American Construction Co., Bay City, Mich.

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READI-CUT  
HOUSES  
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MONEY

### Story of the College and the "Homo"-toned Haddorff Piano



**AGE IMPROVES THIS PIANO**

The musical department of our college has noted a remarkable thing about the pianos used there. One of the faculty declares, "The tone of the Haddorffs now used for seven years has grown better year by year, and they seem more like grand pianos than uprights."

## HADDORFF

*The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board*

**B**OARD specially constructed to give each note same tone richness as other notes—"Homo"-tone (even tone throughout). The piano that improves with age. Hear this tone before buying your piano. If not at your dealer's, we will tell you what dealer handles the HADDORFF.

*Write for name of dealer and for "Homo"-tone folder.*

**HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY**  
Grands, Uprights, Player-Pianos—Rockford Illinois

### BOW LEGS ARE UNSIGHTLY



Those afflicted with bow legs should wear the "Perfect Leg Form" and overcome this deformity. Trousers hang perfectly straight. Made of the highest grade Aluminum. Light, sanitary, Durable, and inexpensive. Easily put on and are adjustable to any size. Highly recommended by Tailors. Send for our booklet showing Photos of men wearing our forms and as they appear without them. Address "The Perfect Sales Co., 3031 D, Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

# BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD AND SHEATHING

**SAVE MONEY, TIME AND LABOR IN BUILDING**

**BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD** is cheaper and better than lath and plaster. Easily nailed to studs. Applied dry, it is ready at once for paint, paper or burlap—inexpensive or artistic decoration. Made of kiln-dried, dressed laths imbedded in Asphalt Mastic, insuring a solid, substantial covering for

### Walls and Ceilings

Will not shrink, warp or crack. Clean, odorless and sanitary. Guaranteed proof against dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin. Used for finishing new buildings of every description; also for partitions, attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages. It is the original Wall Board, construction patented.

**BISHOPRIC SHEATHING** is made of same materials as Wall Board, but is nailed smooth side to studs with laths and asphalt exposed.

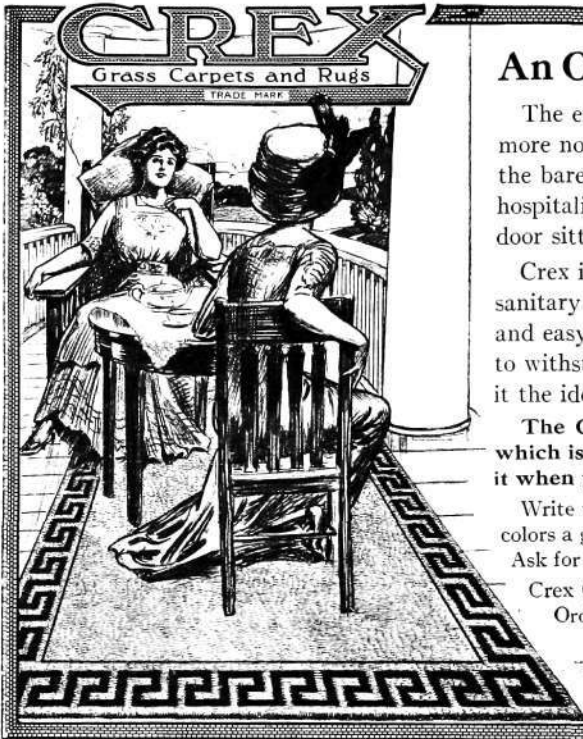
**SAVES 75 PER CENT**

In material and labor. Does away with building paper. Makes smooth, solid job. Proof against heat, cold, dampness and vermin. Used under weather boards, flooring and ready roofing or cement; also as lining for barns, poultry houses and other out-door buildings. Houses finished with Bishopric Wall Board and Sheathing are ready for immediate occupancy. Write today for prices and

**FREE** Booklet and **SAMPLE** of Bishopric Wall Board Bishopric Sheathing Bishopric Ready Roofing

Dealers write for attractive proposition

**The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co., 89 East Third St., Cincinnati, O.**



## An Out Door Sitting Room

The effect of a Crex rug is probably nowhere more noticeable than on the porch. It covers the bare floor and adds a tone of comfort and hospitality. It makes of your porch an out door sitting room.

Crex is heavy and rich in appearance. It is sanitary and durable. The fact that it is light and easy to handle, and yet has sufficient body to withstand the pull of gusts of wind makes it the ideal floor covering for out door use.

The Crex trade mark is shown on a label which is attached to all Crex Rugs. Look for it when you buy.

Write us for free booklet which illustrates in actual colors a great variety of rugs, carpets and runners. Ask for booklet No. 105.

Crex Carpets and Rugs are for sale everywhere. Order through your local dealer.

**CREX CARPET COMPANY**  
377-9 Broadway, 59-61 White St., New York  
Mills: St. Paul, Minn., Superior, Wis.

UNITED STEEL SASH for windows are fireproof and durable—  
are much more economical than wooden sash that burn and rot—  
provide increased day-lighting for buildings.

# United Steel SASH

Are made of deep rolled steel sections of exceptional strength and rigidity. The joints are not weakened by cutting or punching. Ventilators extend the full width of each unit and are made absolutely weatherproof around opening by double circular contact joints. Special spring clips save labor in glazing and hold the glass firmly in place.

UNITED STEEL SASH are the best equipment for windows of factories, foundries, warehouses, industrial buildings, etc.

Write for 1911 UNITED STEEL SASH CATALOG, containing details, tables, illustrations, etc., FREE.

**TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY**

714 TRUSSED CONCRETE BUILDING  
DETROIT, MICH.

Build Fireproof. Build Kahn System Reinforced Concrete. Write us today.



# VICTORY



# COLT

## Automatic Pistol

Just adopted by the  
**U. S.  
Government!**

### THE REASON:

(Extracts from Official Report)

"The Colt is superior, because it is more reliable, the more enduring . . . and the more accurate."

"The Colt Pistol embodies all the features considered essential, desirable and preferable by the Board."

The Colt is adopted in consequence of its marked superiority to any other known pistol.

### THIS DECISION

Settles the Question of Automatic  
Pistol Supremacy

No matter what other manufacturers may claim, the COLT is the

**PROVEN STANDARD  
of the FIREARMS WORLD!**

Send for Folder No. 25  
It gives **FACTS**, not theories.

**COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.**  
HARTFORD, CONN.



OVER  
**6000**

consecutive shots  
fired from this pistol  
in one test without  
a jam, misfire or  
broken part!

**A  
PERFECT  
SCORE!**

# Your Hauling Radius



Twenty miles is about the outside limit of your hauling possibilities with horse teams. You can triple or even quadruple this radius—and reach out and get business never before within range, by using the

## Kelly Motor Truck

Furthermore, the Kelly will do the work of three horse-drawn trucks (in some instances it is doing the work of six two-horse teams)—and at an operating cost of one two-horse team.

No other motor truck made today can show such a low average record for operating cost. In the big motor truck contests

in which the Kelly has beaten the best known trucks of America and Europe, the cost figures are merely the **average** figures which the Kelly shows in actual service in every business where hauling is required.

Write today for full particulars of what the Kelly Motor Truck is doing in your own line of business.



The Kelly Motor Truck Company, 232 Burt St., Springfield, Ohio



# 216 of the Leading Hotels in America Use "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning

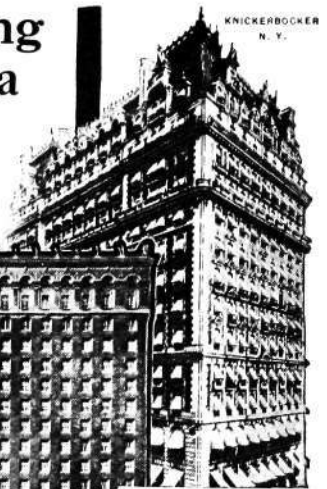


BELMONT  
N. Y.

ST. REGIS  
N. Y.

RITZ-CARLTON, N. Y.

PLAZA  
N. Y.



KNICKERBOCKER  
N. Y.

These Hotels Use "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning:

- Piedmont, Atlanta
- Belvedere, Baltimore
- Caswell, Baltimore
- Brewster, Boston
- Commonwealth, Boston
- Copley Square, Boston
- Essex, Boston
- Furitan, Boston
- Thorndyke, Boston
- Stratfield, Bridgeport
- Iroquois, Buffalo
- Lenox, Buffalo
- Lafayette, Buffalo
- LaSalle, Chicago
- Auditorium Annex, Chicago
- Stratford, Chicago
- Great Northern, Chicago
- Virginia, Chicago
- Chicago Beach, Chicago
- Hyde Park, Chicago
- Kaiserhof, Chicago
- Lexington, Chicago
- Metropole, Chicago
- Brevort, Chicago
- New Southern, Chicago
- Warner, Chicago
- Sinton, Cincinnati
- Gibson, Cincinnati
- St. Nicholas, Cincinnati
- Havlin, Cincinnati
- Hollenden, Cleveland
- Gilsey House, Cleveland
- Colonial, Cleveland
- Euclid, Cleveland
- Pontchartrain, Detroit
- Cadillac, Detroit
- Algonquin, Dayton

These Hotels Use "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning:

- Claypool, Indianapolis
- Denison, Indianapolis
- Baltimore, Kansas City
- Savoy, Kansas City
- Raddison, Minneapolis
- Gayoso, Memphis
- Peabody, Memphis
- Plankinton, Milwaukee
- Schlit, Milwaukee
- St. Charles, Milwaukee
- Cawthon, Mobile
- Bienville, Mobile
- Paxton, Omaha
- Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia
- Schenley, Pittsburgh
- Colonial, Pittsburgh
- Duquesne, Pittsburgh
- Fort Pitt, Pittsburgh
- Henry, Pittsburgh
- Powers, Rochester
- Seneca, Rochester
- Planters, St. Louis
- Southern, St. Louis
- Jefferson, St. Louis
- St. Paul, St. Paul
- Ryan, St. Paul
- Jefferson, Richmond
- Oliver, South Bend
- Shoreham, Washington
- St. Charles, New Orleans
- Crunevald, New Orleans
- Bellevue, San Francisco
- St. Francis, San Francisco
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- Normandie, San Francisco
- Victoria, San Francisco
- Richelieu, San Francisco

**T**HE beauty of vacuum cleaning is that wherever installed, it *always pays for itself*.

It pays for itself, first, because it does away with the annual tear-up called *house-cleaning* (and house-cleaning costs more than you think unless you have figured it out).

It pays for itself, second, because it doubles and trebles the life of carpets, hangings, furniture, wall-paper, decorations; and keeps everything always *bright and new*.

In hotels, where house-cleaning is a *business*, brooms and dusters have long been discarded as *too expensive*.

In hotels, where *every operation* is figured down to the last penny of cost, "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning has been almost universally adopted *because it pays*.

In residences, apartments, hotels, schools, office buildings, libraries, churches, theatres, factories, stores, garages, and public buildings, "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning will easily earn its own way, to say nothing of the cleanliness and convenience it brings.

It can readily be installed in **old buildings as well as in new**. The initial expense is small; the annual saving is great. Write

## THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.

Park Ave. and 41st St., New York City Rush and Michigan Sts., Chicago  
MANUFACTURERS OF

"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Systems; "RICHMOND" and MODEL Heating Systems; "RICHMOND" Bath Tubs, Lavatories and Sanitary Plumbing Devices; "RICHMOND" Concealed Transom Lifts; "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaners.

## Both Stationary and Portable Cleaners

The McCrum-Howell Co. is the largest concern in the vacuum cleaning line—a \$7,000,000 corporation with five manufacturing plants. Its devices range from portable electric cleaners to mammoth installations supplying vacuum to twenty operators or more at one time. Its engineering department is at all times at the service of architects, engineers and others who are confronted with new or difficult or unusual vacuum cleaning problems.

The McCrum-Howell Co. is licensed to make stationary vacuum plants under the basic Kenney patent, and it owns or controls 84 other vital vacuum cleaning patents. For full information regarding either stationary vacuum cleaning plants or 10-pound portable suction cleaners, send the coupon.

**SEND** information about the advantages and economy of "Built-in-the-House" Vacuum Cleaning for the buildings checked below.

- |                                    |  |  |
|------------------------------------|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Residence | <input type="checkbox"/> Office Building | <input type="checkbox"/> Theatre         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Apartment | <input type="checkbox"/> Library         | <input type="checkbox"/> Public Building |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hotel     | <input type="checkbox"/> Garage (550)    | <input type="checkbox"/> Factory         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> School    | <input type="checkbox"/> Church          | <input type="checkbox"/> Store           |

If you are interested in a ten pound **electrical Portable Cleaner**, check here

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to The McCrum-Howell Co.  
Park Ave. and 41st St., N. Y. City, Rush and Michigan Sts., Chicago

# 501 Persons Have Purchased American Automobile Mfg. Co. Stock to the Amount of \$271,635.00 up to April 1st, 1911. :: :: :: Selling Price Per Share will be Advanced from \$5.00 to \$7.50 June 15th, 1911.

**T**HE first published announcement of the sale of our stock was made February 10th, 1911.

Up to April 1st, 501 people from all sections of the United States and Canada (many who visited our plant at their own expense and investigated our proposition very carefully) have bought stock aggregating \$271,635.

We are going to sell \$500,000 worth of our stock.

Its present selling price is at the par value of \$5 per share.

We believe from the present interest shown in our proposition—from the way in which the stock in our company is being purchased—that by June 15th sufficient stock will be sold to take care of our needs for additional machinery and working capital.

And on June 15th the selling price of our stock will be advanced 50%.

From that date the selling price will be \$7.50 per share.

An audit of our books has been completed, showing our condition April 1, 1911.

Herewith is our financial statement.

Please read this statement through very carefully, keeping the following points in mind:

First: The company owns a splendid manufacturing plant and has large resources with but a small current indebtedness.

Second: Detailed written valuation of the company's real estate and buildings were made by independent and impartial appraisers.

Third: The patents covering the Jonz motor and other patents belonging to this company have been valued at the exact cost to the company.

Fourth: From our surplus of \$28,970.68 the

company could declare a 10 per cent. dividend right now.

It is amply justified.

The thought must come to you now that while the possibilities for money making in the automobile business are great—

So great that many automobile manufacturers have declared dividends of from 60 to 1300%—

Nevertheless that there must be some element in our proposition that makes it exceedingly strong—

So strong that 501 persons have bought \$271,635.00 worth of our stock.

Well, there is such an element—one that we believe will make our company forge ahead of every other automobile company in this country—

An element that absolutely assures our success, and makes positive the dividends that are bound

to accrue to our stockholders—

And that element is the motor used in our automobiles—the celebrated Jonz motor.

Now, whether you know anything about automobiles or not—whether you're an expert or absolutely ignorant of automobile construction,

Know this—the Jonz motor is the only vapor-cooled, two-cycle automobile motor on the market.

Our four-cylinder motor has only nine moving parts—the average motor has ten times as many.

Our 40 horsepower motor weighs only 175 pounds—the average 40 horsepower motor of other types, including the radiator and water, weighs from three to five times as much. This means an immense saving in tire upkeep.

It presents extraordinary points of advantage.

Financial Statement	
AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURING COMPANY	
March 31st, 1911	
<b>RESOURCES</b>	
Real Estate .....	\$11,000.00
Buildings .....	122,374.44
Sprinkler System (Fire Protection) .....	23,000.00
Power Plant .....	4,700.00
Machinery and Fixtures .....	12,126.69
Patents .....	107,019.17
Materials .....	11,703.11
Tools, Jigs and Patterns .....	4,042.21
Finished Cars on Hand .....	3,500.00
Mill Supplies .....	480.00
Office Furniture .....	825.00
Office Supplies .....	320.00
Bills Receivable .....	31,437.50
Accounts Receivable .....	2,818.40
Cash on hand and in bank .....	9,146.62
	<b>\$344,493.14</b>
<b>LIABILITIES</b>	
Bonds (balance purchase price of plant) .....	\$24,500.00
Bills Payable .....	2,132.35
Accounts Payable .....	17,255.11
	<b>\$43,887.46</b>
Assets Exceed Liabilities .....	300,605.68
	<b>\$344,493.14</b>
Capital Stock .....	\$271,635.00
Surplus .....	28,970.68
	<b>\$300,605.68</b>

It's the simplest motor made "fool-proof"—a child can run it.

And it can be manufactured at a very low cost.

The Jonz motor has been thoroughly tested and has demonstrated its efficiency beyond any question—it's no experiment.

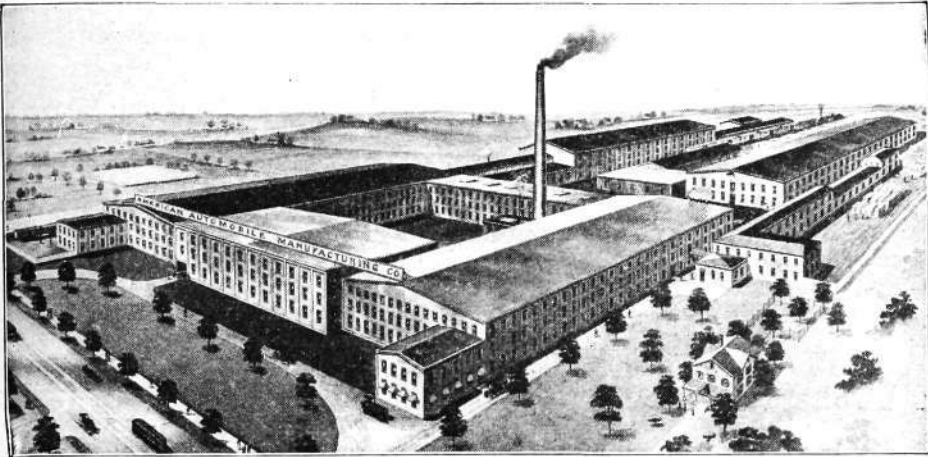
We'll give you the names of people who own Jonz motors, to whom you can write for first-hand information as to their simplicity and reliability.

You must do it—stock advances from \$5 to \$7.50 per share June 15th, and that's not far off.

After you've read our literature, should you want further information come to the factory.

Meet our officers—see our factory—ride in one of the Jonz cars.

If you buy \$1000 worth of stock or more we'll pay your transportation from any point in the United States.



Plant of the American Automobile Mfg. Co., at new Albany, Ind., opposite Louisville, Ky. Over 5 Acres Floor Space.

Those who buy American Automobile Mfg. Co. stock we believe will find it the most profitable investment they have ever made.

Every man connected with the management of the company has years of successful business experience behind him.

They are devoting their entire time to the interests of the company.

All the stock is common stock—fully paid and non-assessable; every share issued has been paid for—there is no promotion stock.

All stockholders share alike in the profits of the company—in proportion to the amount of stock held.

Now, we would advise you to send for our literature at once.

It pays us to do this, since everyone who has been here has purchased stock and has told his friends, who have in turn purchased stock.

If you find our proposition not as herein represented we will pay your transportation anyway.

Fill in the coupon for prospectus and literature—and send to us to-day. Do it now.

## American Automobile Manufacturing Company

100 Vincennes St.

New Albany :: :: Indiana

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### From 60% to 1300% Dividends Coupons for Cosmopolitan Readers

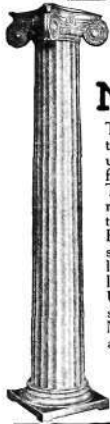
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American Automobile Manufacturing Company, 100 Vincennes St., New Albany, Indiana.

Gentlemen:—Kindly send me your book—"From 60% to 1300% Dividends" relating to stock in American Automobile Manufacturing Company.

Name.....Address.....

Town.....State.....



## UNION METAL COLUMNS

The age of Classic Art and the age of Steel attain their highest expression and their utmost usefulness in **Union Metal Columns** for Porch or Pergola. The ancient forms of Greece and Rome are retained in all their exquisite simplicity in these beautiful columns. But the shafts are of solid steel—with seams securely locked and turned inside so as to leave a surface of perfect smoothness. Impervious to the action of the elements, **Union Metal Columns** are as indestructible as Pyramids, and yet inexpensive. Made in all sizes up to 40 inches in diameter and a maximum length of 35 feet.

Write today for the beautiful new catalog.  
The Union Metal Manufacturing Company  
450 Maple Ave., Canton, Ohio

## Government Positions

43,970 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at \$540 to \$1,500 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

## MUSIC LESSONS FREE

In your own home for Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello. One lesson weekly. Beginners or advanced pupils. Your only expense is for postage and music, which averages about 2 cents a day. Established 1898. Thousands of pupils all over the world write "Wish I had known of you before." Booklet and free tuition offer sent free. Address

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Box 17 A, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City



**MAGNETIC CEMENT** mends anything—wood, glass, dishes, marble, rubber, cloth, leather or iron. A 25c stick postpaid for 10c; big seller. Agents wanted.

Magnetic Co., Box 68, Pekin, Ill.



**MAGNETIC CORN SALVE** guaranteed to forever destroy the most painful and obstinate, hard or soft corns. Full sized 15c box postpaid for 5c. Agents wanted. Magnetic Co., Box 68, Pekin, Ill.

## Salesmen Wanted

Trained Salesmen earn from \$1,200.00 to \$10,000.00 a year, and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience needed to get one of them. We will assist you to secure a position where you can get Practical Experience as a Salesman and earn \$100 a month or more while you are learning. Write to-day for our free book "A Knight of the Grip," list of good openings, and testimonials from hundreds of men recently placed in good positions. Address nearest office, Dept. 110

National Salesmen's Training Association

Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans

## Write For Our FREE Porch Comfort Book

Best Couch Hammock ever made. Ideal for porch comfort or out-door sleeping. Tall man can stretch full length in comfort on a **Coye's Couch Hammock**.

Hung with heavy chains—strong frame, rigid back, steel springs, cannot tip or sag. Wind shields—ends with pocket. Thick mattress, deeply tufted, in handsome Green or Khaki Duck. Write for Booklet.  
**Chas. A. Coye, Inc.**  
Dept. E Grand Rapids, Mich.

Our Direct Factory to Porch Selling Plan Saves You Money

Our Money Back Guarantee of Complete Satisfaction Makes Shopping by Mail Perfectly Safe For You



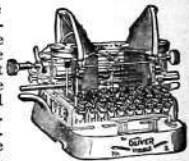
## Sell Yourself a Typewriter

Save \$50—5 Days' Trial

You can earn \$50—the average cost of selling in person—by selling yourself a typewriter. We will send a No. 3 Oliver (visible writer) on five days' trial, without any deposit. If you find it the best typewriter ever made, send us \$5 monthly for ten months. That's half the usual Cliver price.

We buy these machines by the thousands, direct from the makers, and we sell without agents. Our book, "Typewriter Secrets," tells the whole story. Ask us now to mail it.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE  
790 Masonic Temple, Chicago (7)



## TELL ME YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

It will ease your Mind;  
I will ease your Feet.

Enlarged Joints Reduced and Toes Straightened by **ACHFELDT'S (Patented) "Perfection" TOE SPRING**



Worn at night without inconvenience, with auxiliary appliances for day use. Sent on approval. Money refunded if not as represented. Use My Improved Instep Arch Supporter for "Flat Foot" and broken down instep. Send outline of foot.

Full particulars and advice free in plain sealed envelope.

M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist

Dept. QD, 163 West 23rd Street,

NEW YORK



Mr. Esenwein

## SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-story taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine. 250-page catalogue free. Write to-day. The Home Correspondence School 63 Besse Place, Springfield, Mass.

Do you wish to know about the

## Summer Schools and Camps

We furnish free to all applicants a service rendered in your interest as a reader of Cosmopolitan.

The service is free of expense both to you and the school or camp alike. There are no fees of any sort.

We will place you in touch with a school or camp which meets your requirements. We can aid you in the selection of the right one.

Merely write to the address below, taking care to give the kind of school wanted, the sex, the approximate location and amount you wish to pay.

Address, Cosmopolitan Educational Club, J.C. Box 45 (Station F), New York City

Note—We supply information on all other kinds of resident schools and colleges, ranging in price from \$200 to \$1500 a school year.



Ask  
Anybody Who  
Uses Them

## Protectors That Save Users Thousands of Dollars

**H**ERE they are—it's up to you. You can use your tires months and months and years, without punctures or blowouts, pocket nine-tenths of the cost of keeping your car and just have a carefree mind and a rousing good time all the time.

### Standard Tire Protectors

are made in non-skid or plain treads—you can get skidding protection, and tire protection combined. They roll right over sharp stones, broken glass, and nails. Your tires look like new after a year's service. The fabric and rubber are the only serviceable materials—if leather or something else were as good it would have been adopted by the leading tire manufacturers years ago. Standard Tire Protectors fit over any tires, any treads, are held fast by inflation pressure. The thread fabric bead at the point where the Protectors grip the tires prevents bending or breaking and insures a strong hold.

### FREE Book On Tire Protection

Let us send it to you. You will find it full of valuable information and the convincing expressions of a few of our thousands of enthusiastic users.

**Standard Tire  
Protector Co.**  
206 So. Water St.  
Saginaw,  
Michigan



Note  
the Standard  
Non-Skid  
Tread

No. 00000

**New York  
Real Estate  
Security Company**

**500**

Mortgage Bond

**6%**

**6% GOLD  
MORTGAGE  
BONDS**

OF THE

**New York  
Real Estate  
SECURITY COMPANY**

**in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000,**

have the payment of **principal and interest secured by a trust mortgage** made as binding as the highest character of legal talent can make it.

The Company's investments are made in only the best class of income-producing properties in New York City, which have been acquired on a very conservative basis.

These 6% Bonds are an investment for the prudent man or woman. They have the gilt-edge security of New York real estate, which large estates and corporations usually enjoy.

The Company will be pleased to send further information regarding these high grade securities to those interested.

**New York Real Estate Security Company**  
42 Broadway, New York City

Assets . . . . .	\$10,000,000
Capital . . . . .	3,950,000

Write for Booklet "C"

# MoToR BoatinG

is recognized as *THE* reference book for motor-boatmen. Its pages hold a bird's-eye-view of all that is interesting, new, and noteworthy in the power boat world. Its articles are read twice; the first time because they are interesting, the second because the information they convey is of real value to the man who runs a boat or wants to.

At this time—the outfitting season—MoToR BoatinG is particularly of value. Its editorial pages describe in detail the latest improvements and innovations, their cost and utility. Its advertising pages form a complete index to the progressive builders, manufacturers and dealers.

Laying aside, for the moment, the general interest and value of MoToR BoatinG as a magazine, the man who wishes to be in touch with the latest designs, models and accessories for the coming season, needs MoToR BoatinG to-day.

## MoToR BoatinG

381 Fourth Avenue New York City

By mail  
\$3.00 per year

At news stands  
25c a copy

### TO ADVERTISERS:

MoToR BoatinG is going forward in circulation and advertising faster than any other magazine in this field. The reason is that MoToR BoatinG does all that other power boat magazines do, and in addition is spending thousands of dollars in general magazines of national reputation. We believe that advertising is a good thing, and back up our belief with our money.

# THE ROOF for your BUILDING

**WE** are mailing free, to anyone interested in building, sample of our Roofing; and booklet giving practical information and proof as to its quality and durability, based upon twenty-five years actual time-test service of the Roofing itself and our experience in the manufacture and sale of



- Do You Know** — Carey's is the most economical roofing in the world.  
 — It never cracks or breaks from contraction or expansion.  
**WHY** — The Heavy Asphalt Cement Composition cannot deteriorate.  
 — The joints are absolutely water tight.  
 — It offers greater resistance to heat, fire, fumes and other severe conditions.  
 — It lasts longest and proves the most satisfactory of all roofs.

# ?

*Write Today for Proof. Use Coupon.*

**THE PHILIP CAREY MFG. CO.**  
39 Wayne Avenue, Lockland, Cincinnati, O.

*Send Roofing Sample, Booklet and Proof to*

*Investigate!  
Mail Coupon  
& Learn Why*

Name .....

Address .....

No Metal Touches the Skin  
**Brighton**  
Pad  
Garters  
25 and 50¢



*Everywhere - or by mail*

*Pioneer Suspender Co  
Philadelphia*

# Again a Doubled Demand for No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize *Over 600,000 Sold*

For you motor car owners who still buy clincher tires, here are some facts to consider:

About two years ago the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut—our patented tire—began to become the sensation. It was the final result of ten years spent in tire making.

Last year our tire sales trebled—jumped to \$8,500,000—because of this tire's popularity.

This year, 64 leading motor car makers made contracts with us for No-Rim-Cut tires. More pneumatic-tired cars at the Shows this year were equipped with Goodyears than with any other make.

Now, about 600,000 No-Rim-Cut tires have been sold—enough to equip 150,000 cars. The result of their use is this:

The demand for these tires is more than twice that of last year—six times that of two years ago.

Our enormous plants, with three shifts of men, are run night and day. Our daily output is 2,200 automobile tires. Yet we have not for weeks been less than \$2,000,000 behind on urgent orders.

Should you not know these tires?

## The Reasons

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now cost the same as standard clincher tires. They used to cost one-fifth more.

These tires cannot rim-cut. We have run them flat in a hundred tests—as far as twenty miles. A clincher tire, in a single block, may be ruined beyond repair.

No-Rim-Cut tires do not hook to the rim. There is

no head to "freeze" into the rim flange—nothing to pry out when you want to remove it.

The tires are held on by 126 braided wires which are vulcanized into the tire base. They make the tire base unstretchable, so that nothing can force it off.

We control this braided wire feature. It is the only practical method ever discovered to make an unstretchable tire base.

No-Rim-Cut tires fit all standard rims.

## 10% Oversize

No-Rim-Cut tires, because they are hookless, can be made 10% oversize and still fit the rim. And we do it—without any extra charge.

That means 10% more air—10% greater carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25% to the tire mileage.

This 10% oversize takes care of the extras—the top, glass front, etc. It saves overloading, saves blow-outs. Nine times in ten, without this oversize, tires have too much load.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—with the average car will cut tire bills in two. Yet they cost nothing extra. Is it any wonder—think you—that the demand for these tires has become so overwhelming?

Our Tire Book, based on 12 years of tire making, tells many facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



No-Rim-Cut Tire



Ordinary Clincher Tire

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, ELEVENTH STREET, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

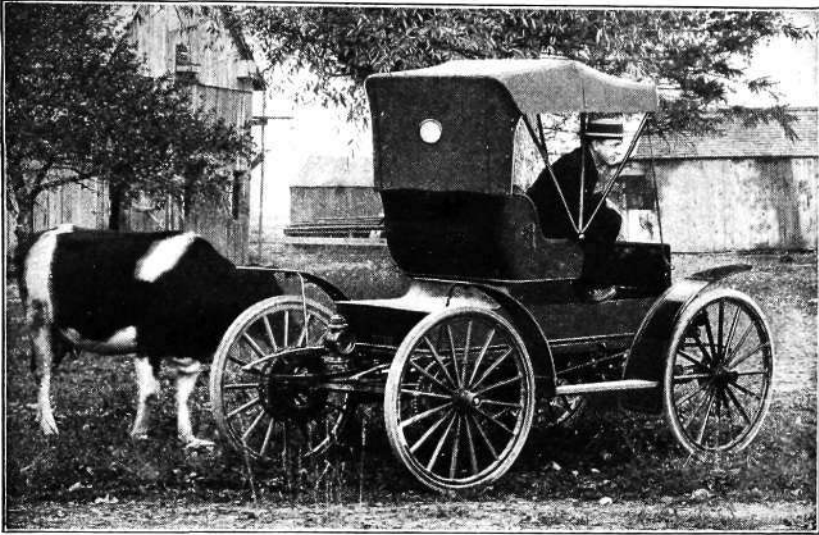
Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario

We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario

(318)





## The Ever-Ready SEARS

Sold on 10 Days' Trial

Nine Models **\$325<sup>00</sup> to \$475<sup>00</sup>**

**B**USY every minute—taking the children to school, fetching the doctor or a neighbor, hauling produce to market or supplies from town or depot, speeding you around over country roads or city streets, coining working minutes into money. It is up with the chickens, knows no quitting time, and after a day's work is ready for a pleasure trip in the evening.

### How Sears Owners Talk

#### From a Sears Owner in Texas.

"I would not take twice the money I paid for my Sears. I have been offered a brand new \$1,040.00 motor car for it, but would not trade."

#### From a Sears Owner in Missouri.

"I used to live (before I got my Sears) one hour and 35 minutes from town, but now I am only 35 minutes distant. I find that if I give it one-half the care I do a horse and buggy I will have over four months' extra time to spend in a year. I would not exchange it for any other car I ever had or saw for country use. For durability and economy it is perfect."

#### From a Sears Owner in Montana.

"I have driven my car 2,500 miles over many rough roads and steep hills, and have never been delayed 15 minutes."

#### From a Sears Owner in Kansas.

"I have an R.F.D. route 25 miles long. I deliver mail to 76 mail boxes and get home in three hours over some steep hills and through 4 miles of bad sand without any trouble. It goes through sand that 20-horse power four-cylinder cars got stalled in."

#### From a Sears Owner in Oregon.

"Our first test was a hill that has stalled every car that has ever attempted to climb it. A soft, sandy hill,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile long, about 16 to 20 per cent grade, with a 'bench' about half way up, short but fully 40 per cent grade, and we made it in good shape. Photos of us at different stages of that performance would be worth many round dollars to you for advertising purposes."

"What Sears Owners Say" is the title of a booklet we would like to mail you. It is a complete record of the performances of The Car That Works—the SEARS.

# Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Illinois

# If Not a New One, Then Buy a Good Second-hand Automobile

(Continued from Page 8)

"Billions of dollars are expended in this country every year for real estate.

"Not one per cent of this tremendous business is in virgin lands and new buildings.

"More than 99 per cent. is in lands and buildings that have been occupied and used by owners and tenants, known and unknown, for years and years, prior to the latest sale.

"Use determines value—and value is always the paramount item in realty deals.

"Build a house on your own plans and you will not know until you use it whether it meets expectations.

"Again, while the house built to sell may look good enough—there may be weakness of plumbing or construction that only use will determine.

"But the house that has been built and used, the house that has weathered some seasons, can be bought with full knowledge of how it looks, how the rooms, the fixtures and the decorations suit one's taste, whether the building is weather tight, warm, comfortable, convenient, and easily and inexpensively maintained—knowledge due solely to the fact that that house has been put to use and is a *proved* house.

"This is the reason more people buy houses that have been occupied than buy new and unused houses, or build new houses.

"Indeed, it is a proverb that 'Fools build houses, and wise men buy them.'"

\* \* \*

You can see the argument and it is a good one.

Now we will quote from the maker of the car that sells from \$1500 to \$2000.

\* \* \*

"The element of first wear always enters into the relative value of a new and a second-hand car. The main feature, however, is the type of car which the \$2000 purchaser can own and operate satisfactorily. We do not believe that the 'Twentieth Century Limited' would give efficient or profitable service on an electric Interurban line, nor do we think that the high-powered automobile is adapted to the service required of it in the hands of the purchaser with \$2000 to invest."

\* \* \*

And so it goes; first one side seems to win, and then the other. We could quote you, dear

reader, a score of arguments—on either side of the question—as no doubt you have already learned for yourself, as you have searched among automobile agencies for something that would point your way to a decision.

The more one goes into the matter of choosing between new and second-hand autos—the more readily one can sympathize with the judge who refused to listen to further testimony in a case that was brought before him; for he said, when the plaintiff told his story: "I thought he was right and now the defendant has finished I think he is right."

\* \* \*

As I finish this article there's an automobile stopping at the corner. The driver is inquiring his way, signifying he has come some distance. He is driving an old-timer—that's apparent by the "high-from-road" body, and a few other peculiarities of the early models.

There he goes. He glides away as sprightly as any one would wish, with his party of four. As I watch for him to pass I see his car has a rear door. Let us say it has had five or six years' service—and it still serves.

\* \* \*

Resolve, then, to buy an automobile, if not a new one, then get a good second-hand machine.

We have been asked by one of our readers what we mean by a good machine.

It is our notion that the manufacturer who is advertising nationally is making a pledge to the public.

The more nationally he advertises the more his pledge is worth.

It is our notion and we believe it is that of a great many others that the national advertising expense of the automobile manufacturer, as well as any other manufacturer, is a bond and pledge that your investment in his car will always be safe, sound and satisfactory.

It is, then, our idea that while you should look at every car in the market, those that you have come to know by their oft-repeated advertisements will give you, in the long run, better value for your money than otherwise.

You might argue that anyone can advertise, but as a matter of fact everyone does not, and it is only the manufacturer who is making his cars in such a thorough way that he contemplates staying in business forever and ever that can afford to advertise nationally.

# The Chase

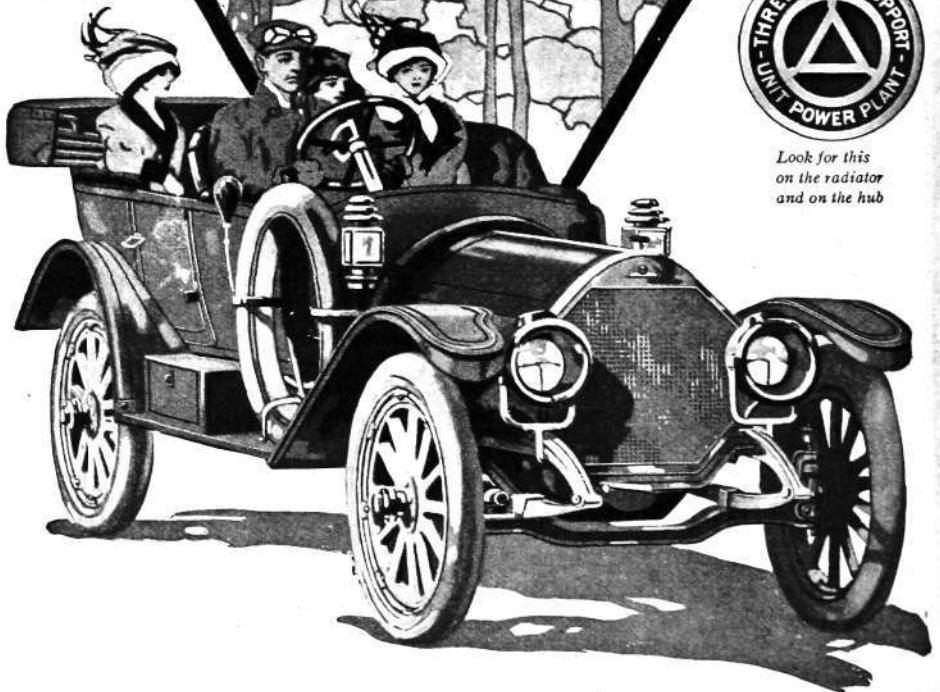


Won Its Favor through Its Flavor—  
Made from Selected White Corn  
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

*H. K. Kellogg*

# Stevens-Duryea

Model A.A.  
Six-cylinder  
Torpedo,  
43.8-H. P.



Look for this  
on the radiator  
and on the hub

**F**OR supreme satisfaction in touring: the Stevens-Duryea Six. With its "unit power plant" mounted on "three points," it has the maximum of power efficiency, the minimum of friction and strain, and a motor flexibility that is truly delightful.

Our booklet about "three-point support" is really interesting—and different. Mailed on request.

Stevens-Duryea Company

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

# Overland



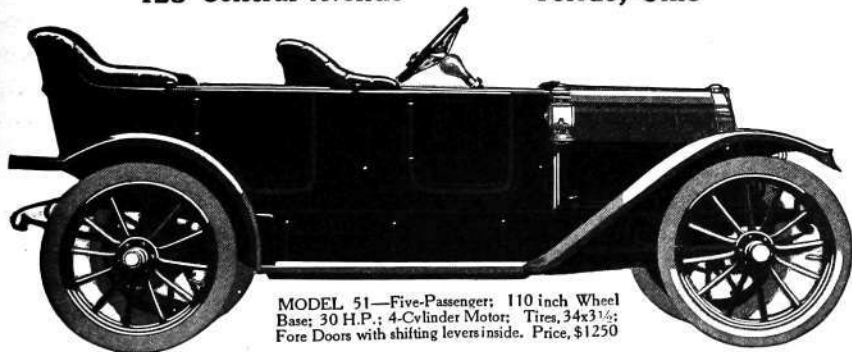
**HAVE** you ever noticed, when men are talking "cars," how some of them are rather shy about mentioning the name of the machine they own? They probably did not take the precaution of carefully comparing values before they bought and their car fell sadly short of the advertised claims they made for it.

¶ There are more than 25,000 Overlands in use in this country, and we have never found an Overland owner who was not proud of his car and its record of reliability. Each one is over-anxious to tell you about the wonderful way in which his machine has "stood up." They know for a positive fact that for the price the Overland is by far the best car in America.

¶ Anyone can prove this by taking our Model 51, priced at \$1250, and comparing it with any other make priced up to \$1500. Take the measure of this machine as against all others. Take the entire list of specifications—compare item for item and see what better value you get in this Overland. Don't refuse to give yourself a square deal. Handle your automobile purchase as you would one of your toughest business problems. Get the cold facts. Sift out the generalities. If you do not feel capable of passing judgment take some friend along who knows automobile values. See that you get the best quality in the lowest market. That's business.

¶ Look up the Overland dealer in your town. He will be glad to explain the greater Overland values. Overlands are priced from \$775 to \$1675. Drop us a line and we will send you an Overland book which illustrates the complete line—gives specifications, prices, and the complete story.

**The Willys-Overland Company**  
125 Central Avenue Toledo, Ohio



MODEL 51—Five-Passenger; 110 inch Wheel Base; 30 H.P.; 4-Cylinder Motor; Tires, 34x3 1/2; Fore Doors with shifting levers inside. Price, \$1250



I Want Some of  
**THE BLACK SHELLS**

Say that to your dealer and you will get the ammunition you have been waiting for.

Our NON-MERCURIC PRIMER gives a certainty and quickness of ignition that will surprise you. It, combined with the extra size of our FLASH PASSAGE (the hole in the shell base through which the flame from the primer reaches the charge), will increase the effectiveness of your shooting from five to ten per cent.

The Waterproofing in THE BLACK SHELLS is perfect. Rainstorm nor ducking, mist nor fog, can make them miss fire or even swell or stick in the chamber.

THE BLACK SHELLS are in three classes:

**AJAX**, the tip of perfection in dense and bulk smokeless powders—all standard loads. Has extra high base and is made for the most particular.

**CLIMAX**, with all standard loads of dense and bulk smokeless powders, medium base. Sure to be the most popular of its class.

**ROMAX**, all standard black powder loads.

Send for book about shells. If you enclose 10c, we will send a beautiful colored poster, 20 x 30 inches, called October Days. It will delight any real shooter.



Dept. W.  
**Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.**



Smoke "Velvet" and the whole world is with you!

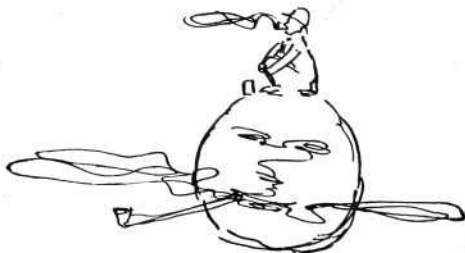


"Velvet" can't help but suit every pipe smoker. The care and pains devoted to making have produced its extraordinary qualities. Burley is the basis—none better—and, when aged two years and otherwise handled to produce "Velvet," your Burley tobacco takes on a new aspect—wonderful mellowness—freedom from bite. "Velvet" is credited with solving pipe-pleasure.

Give it your puff! 10c. at all dealers

*Velvet should be on every dealer's shelf—IF OUT, send us 10c for the requisition—sent only in United States.*

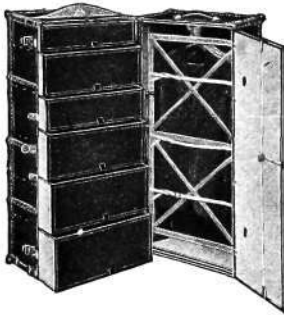
**SPAULDING & MERRICK**  
Chicago, Ill.



# The MENDEL Wardrobe Trunk

"Insures Travel Comfort"

**WRITE** for Free Catalog showing various models for women and men. (Men's Model shown here.) Durable and convenient. Compartments dust proof. Many exclusive features. The standard by which other trunks are judged.



## The Mendel Duplex

Wardrobe and Tray Trunk combined. The hinged upper tray readily raised allowing garments to hang suspended full length. Trays conveniently arranged for flat wearing apparel and small articles. Made 40 in. long for ladies' and 36 in. long for men's use.



## The Mendel Convertible Steamer

Practical wardrobe trunk adaptation. An ingenious hinge always connects tray with trunk which may be closed and locked, leaving garments exposed in upright tray. Trunk body conveniently arranged for travel essentials.



### MENDEL AGENTS in Following Cities

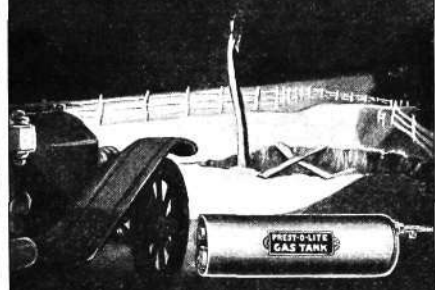
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|--|---|--|
| <b>Atlanta</b><br>M. Rich & Bros. Co.                    | <b>Jacksonville</b><br>Florida Trunk Mfg. Co.                       | <b>Philadelphia</b><br>Wm. Curry<br>John Wanamaker               |
| <b>Baltimore</b><br>C. J. Dunn Co.<br>L. Slesinger & Son | <b>Memphis</b><br>Mack Trunk Co.                                    | <b>St. Louis</b><br>Orchard & Wilhelm Car-<br>pet Co.            |
| <b>Boston</b><br>Jordan Marsh Co.                        | <b>Minneapolis</b><br>E. G. Barnaby & Co.                           | <b>Pittsburgh</b><br>Jos. Home Co.<br>McCreeery & Co.            |
| <b>Chicago</b><br>Mandel Brothers                        | <b>New Orleans</b><br>Mack Trunk Co.                                | <b>San Francisco</b><br>Rosa Brothers                            |
| <b>Cleveland</b><br>Cleveland Trunk Co.                  | <b>New York</b><br>Saks & Co.<br>John Wanamaker<br>Abraham & Straus | <b>The Emporium</b><br>Kaufm. Weill & Co.<br>J. Prince Trunk Co. |
| <b>Dallas</b><br>Wilkins Trunk Mfg. Co.                  | <b>Omaha</b><br>Orchard & Wilhelm Car-<br>pet Co.                   | <b>Scruggs-Vandervoort</b><br>Barney Dry Goods Co.               |
| <b>Detroit</b><br>Martin Maier & Co.                     |   |  |

Sold by all leading dealers in other large cities. Where we have no agent, trunk will be sent direct on approval.

Write for **FREE** Booklet

**Mendel & Co. 118 Pearl St. Cincinnati, O.**

# Prest-O-Lite



Get this Light **FREE**  
On Your New Car

The time to get the right equipment at the least expense, is *when you are buying the car.*

Experienced motorists will tell you that Prest-O-Lite is the *only reliable* lighting system, the most convenient and the most *economical*. Floods the road far ahead with strong, steady, dependable light, turned on and off like a gas jet.

None of the worry, uncertainty, or dirty work of running a gas generator, and yet Prest-O-Lite gas costs no more—usually costs *less*—than the carbide a generator consumes.

Most of the leading manufacturers now furnish Prest-O-Lite free, as standard equipment. Any manufacturer or dealer will furnish it, instead of generator, *if you insist*.

Even if you have to pay a slight difference, it's better than to pay the full price of Prest-O-Lite later, as thousands have done.

## Imitations May Prove Costly

You can exchange an empty Prest-O-Lite Tank for a full one, *anywhere and always*.

You may not be able to "pass" a counterfeit, so don't accept it. You're entitled to the genuine. Get it!

### NOTICE TO PREST-O-LITE USERS

If not receiving rated capacity, rub soapsuds on joints and pipe-line, turn on gas, and look for leaks.  
If you expect full measure of Prest-O-Lite service and satisfaction, do not accept an exchange tank that was not refilled with gas by the Prest-O-Lite Co.

Price of Presto-O-Lite tanks, \$18 to \$35, depending on capacity. Motorcycle size, \$10 (also handy for automobiles, as a reserve supply carried in tool box).

If we can serve you with literature or other information, write us.

## The Prest-O-Lite Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Branches at Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, East Cambridge, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Long Island City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Oakland, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis and St. Paul.

Exchange Agencies Everywhere



**A**N artist spends years in learning little touches that will improve his art. You can be a better artist with the camera at once if you will use better implements—if you will use the improved film, **ANSCO FILM**.

This film portrays nature so as to make truer photographs, more artistic pictures. It raises the standard of photography, opens new possibilities to the amateur.

It has chromatic balance, an ability to render color tones in their correct value not possessed by any other film.

AnSCO Film is easy to work and handle, does not offset or curl, and is not liable to fog from light halation.

Try it in your camera and the negatives will surprise and delight you.

To demonstrate the superiority of AnSCO Film and Cyko Paper we will develop one roll of film for you for 10 cents, to partly defray cost, and make one print on Cyko Paper *free*. Enclose your name and address and five 2 cent stamps with roll of film and mail, care Free Tuition Department.

*AnSCO Catalog and valuable two-volume Photographic Manual free on request.*

**ANSCO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.**

Before you buy photographic supplies again, get acquainted with the AnSCO dealer in your town. Ask him for the film with chromatic balance and bearing the trademark,

**"ANSCO"  
FILM**

The AnSCO dealer is an independent dealer who sells good goods and can give intelligent advice. He is worth knowing. Look for this sign above his door.





# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE PLAZA  
NEW YORK

Dear Sister:—  
Am leaving  
for Chicago for  
the Twentieth  
Century Limited.  
Yours Hastily  
Fred.



## Indispensable

A GREAT deal of comfort may be added to your travels by a good, reliable fountain pen. Waterman's Ideals make it possible to write anywhere and everywhere in a free and easy manner without having to give the slightest thought to your pen. Every Waterman's Ideal is a symphony of superior quality and writing efficiency. Every pen is simple and durable, and you may rest assured that the pen that you carry with you will not break down or get out of order when you most need it. It is cleanly to use and perfectly safe to carry. It holds a large supply of ink which is accurately controlled according to your style of writing—free-flowing for heavy, bold writing and diminished flow for fine writing. There is a special style Waterman's Ideal Safety Pen for ladies' purse use. Gold pen points can be had in Waterman's Ideals to exactly suit your characteristic handwriting.

**Ask for Waterman's Ideal Traveler's Safety Ink Container**

Avoid Substitutes. **Sold by the Best Dealers Everywhere.** Booklet on request.

**L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, New York**

8 School St., Boston. New No. 115 So. Clark St., Chicago. 17 Stockton St., San Francisco.  
L. E. Waterman Company, Limited, Montreal. Kingsway, London. 6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris.



# Marlin

## REPEATER

Model  
1897

The best-made  
.22 rifle in the world!

Shoots all .22 short, .22 long and .22 long rifle cartridges without change in adjustment; excellent for rabbits, squirrels, hawks, crows, foxes and all small game and target work up to 200 yards.

It's a take-down, convenient to carry and clean. The tool steel working parts cannot wear out. It's Ivory Bead and Rocky Mountain sights are the best set ever furnished on any .22. Has lever action—like a big game rifle; has solid top and side ejection for safety and rapid accurate firing—the real test of a repeater.

Note the beautiful case-hardened finish and the superb build and balance. Examine at your gun store or send three stamps postage for new big catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns. Do it now!

*The Marlin Firearms Co.*

20 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Safety razor blades that pull and scrape—blades you used to throw away can be quickly brought to perfect shaving edge with the

## ZIG ZAG

### AUTOMATIC STROPPER

"The Curve Cut Strop gives the Barber's Stroke." One model strops every standard make of safety razor blade, and does it the easy, natural way.

Sold by leading druggists, hardware and other dealers, complete with strop, everywhere in U. S. for \$1.00; in foreign countries \$1.50. Or sent prepaid from factory on receipt of price. Send for booklet: "No More Dull Blades for Me."

**GIBFOUR SPECIALTY CO.**  
57 East Fort St. Detroit, Mich.

## Save Your Eyesight

for 10c Here's an instrument for viewing moving pictures. NOT A TOY. Prevents eye strain and renders picture and theatrical shows far more enjoyable. Ask your physician what harm pictures do your eyesight. Eliminate danger by sending 10c today for Focoscope. Agents wanted!

Commercial Man'g Co

315 Maritime Bldg., Seattle, Wash.



ANTI-CRANK  
\$15 UPWARD  
ON THE LIST

## LACKA-MOTORS

2 to 45 H. P. THE WORLDS SIMPLEST Installed Operated by anyone.

Complete Outfits ready for Rowboat or Schooner. GUARANTEED. TWELVE YEARS building, perfecting, success with THE ONE TYPE. Write to Originators of VALVELESS for new "MARINE BOOK" a liberal Educator to all, free.

LACKAWANNA MFG. CO., 124 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

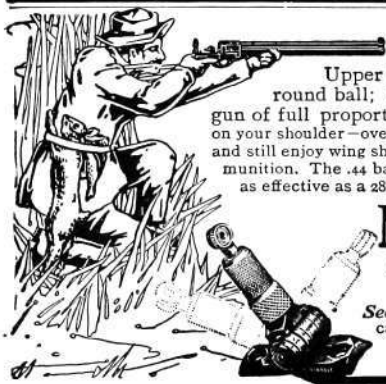


## MULLINS Steel Motor Boats

### Handsome Free Book

Send to-day for the handsomest boat book ever printed. Illustrated in colors. Describes famous Mullins line in full. Mullins Steel Boats can't sink or warp—are puncture-proof—noiseless—**Twelve models, 16 to 26 ft., 3 to 30 horsepower.** Investigate amazing prices. Full line row boats and duck boats—\$22 to \$39. Get FREE book.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO., 102 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio



## TWO GUNS IN ONE

Upper barrel is .22; lower is .44, smooth bored, for shot or round ball; Lengths 12, 15 and 18 inches. The Game Getter is a gun of full proportions—as true, steady and reliable as any gun made—but it hangs on your shoulder—over or under coat—always ready for instant action. You can get large game—and still enjoy wing shooting, small game shooting and target practice without using expensive ammunition. The .44 ball is surprisingly powerful and accurate. With shot the Game Getter is nearly as effective as a 28 gauge gun. No .22 made is more accurate.

## MARBLES' GAME GETTER GUN

Marble's "Flexible" Near Sight—does not lock up. It yields when struck and at once flies back to place. Cannot catch and break. Locks down when desired. Made for all American Rifles. See Your Dealer. Sample Nitro-Solvent Oil for his name. Send for catalog of Marble's 60 Outing Specialties. All guaranteed.

**MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 513 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.**  
Successor to Marble Safety Axe Co.



## PNEUMATIC CLEANERS

(Licensed under the basic patents)

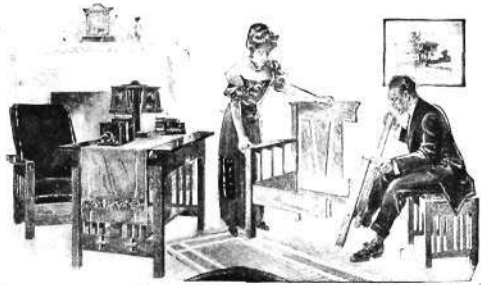
have solved the "Spring Housecleaning" problem in thousands of homes. Avoid the drudgery and disturbance of old-fashioned methods. Get a REGINA and keep your home clean and sanitary 365 days in the year. Reginas operate with double suction pumps. Twice as efficient as the ordinary kind. Easiest to use. Most modern. Light, compact, inexpensive. Fully guaranteed. Electric or hand operated models. Inquire of dealers or write to us for particulars. Our interesting booklet

### "THE MAGIC WAND"

beautifully illustrated in color presents the cleaning problem in an original and fascinating manner. Mailed on receipt of 2c. stamp

### THE REGINA COMPANY

235 Marbridge Bldg., Cor. 34th St. and Broadway  
NEW YORK  
855 McClurg Building  
CHICAGO



## DOUBLE THE PURCHASING POWER OF YOUR MONEY

HOW? By having high grade furniture shipped direct to you from the factory in the natural wood, with all the materials necessary to give it the proper finish (or stained prior to shipment if preferred) and in assembled, easy-to-put-together sections.

Take for example the chair shown in the illustration. You simply put the four assembled sections together (two sides, front and back), slip the cushion in place, and by this act you have reduced the cost of that piece of furniture exactly, yes, more than half.

You ask: How does this method reduce the price?

FIRST—You pay but one profit only—the manufacturer's profit. All retailers' profits and expenses are done away with.

SECOND—The freight rate on furniture shipped in this manner is very low—about one-quarter that charged on completed furniture, which charges are always included in the dealer's price to you.

THIRD—The finishing and packing charges are reduced to a minimum.

FOURTH—The size of the factory and therefore the expense of maintenance is reduced, no enormous storage space being necessary. This naturally reduces the manufacturing cost.

Send to-day for our new catalog No. 12 which shows an extensive line of furniture for every room in the house club or office, each piece backed by our Guarantee of Satisfaction or your money refunded.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO., 3206 Rust Ave., Saginaw Mich.

# Rémoh Gems

## Not Imitations

A marvelously reconstructed gem—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—will cut glass—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or artificial backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings. Sent on approval—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. It will be well worth your while to get our De-Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Cut out and mail the coupon below—or write a postal. Address

**Rémoh Jewelry Co.,**  
419 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

**Rémoh Jewelry Co.,**  
419 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.  
Send your De-Luxe Jewel Book.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
State.....

**Sign  
And  
Mail This  
Coupon Today**

# JOHNSTON-KURTZ CO. WILLOW

The St. George \$6.<sup>00</sup>  
Arm Chair



**WILLOW Furniture** is cool, comfortable and inviting. Its dainty beauty is no small addition to the decorative scheme of the cottage or summer porch.

The St. George Arm Chair illustrated here is but representative of our splendid line. A special price of \$6.00 is quoted on this chair. For \$6.50 we will furnish this chair complete with soft seat cushion in any desired color.

Johnston-Kurtz sell direct to you and prepay the freight of this chair east of the Mississippi. If you live farther West, the freight to the Mississippi will be allowed you.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the exceptional value of this offer and it will be thoroughly appreciated by those contemplating the purchase of Willow Furniture.

*A card will bring you a Handsome Booklet showing the complete line.*

**Johnston-Kurtz Co.** 132 Franklin St.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

# You'll Realize Instantly the Tremendous Possibilities of This Remarkable Car

**FOR THE FIRST TIME THE AUTOMOBILE IS NOT AN EXPENSE BUT AN ACTUAL ECONOMY**

**T**HE Day Utility Car is the first successful combination of pleasure and practical utility in a motor car. It comes to meet a definite and insistent need. It is distinctive in type. It is popular in price. It is designed and built by a man who has grown up in the automobile business. Its fame has already, without a line of paid advertising, extended from Maine to California, and an actual demand has been created that will tax the first year's output to the limit.

The Day Utility is going to be one of the biggest money makers ever put on the market. You can readily see why this is so.

Every farmer and gardener and fruit grower, every grocer and plumber and general merchant, every contractor and builder actually needs this car in his business. He can actually save money by owning it, and at the same time all the delights of automobiling will be his.

*The Automobile Business is the most staple and profitable manufacturing business in the country to-day.*

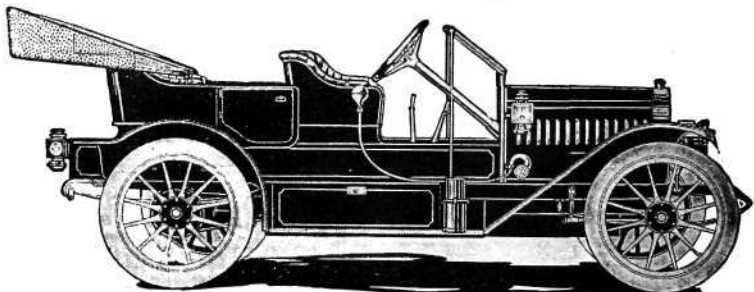
No other industry can show such a large proportion of remarkable successes. No other industry possesses such marvelous possibilities for the future.

*It is an actual fact that no car of distinctive type, or that has met a definite need, has failed to be a money maker.*

The Day Utility Car fills a more distinctive field, meets a more insistent demand, than any other car that was ever produced—and you are offered an opportunity to share in its success—an opportunity to share in the profits of a car that already has ample demand to insure its immediate triumph—and that has a future greater than any other form of vehicle ever produced. Your own business sense will tell you that this is not an exaggerated statement.

**THOMAS W. DAY**

The designer of this remarkable car has been



**The Day Utility Car—1912 Model—28 Horsepower—110 Inch Wheel Base, with Rear Seat in Position  
Price Fully Equipped with Top, \$950**

The Day Utility is really two cars in one—two perfect cars—not a makeshift in any sense of the word.

Look at the illustrations—note the strong, graceful lines of the touring body; note the capacity and convenience of the delivery car. Less than a minute is required to change the touring car into the delivery car, or vice versa. The rear seat can be detached and lifted off in 30 seconds. That's all there is to it. A smart, roomy touring car one minute—a perfect light delivery car, with a comfortable capacity of 800 pounds, the next.

Is it any wonder that people are writing from all over the country demanding deliveries faster than we can make them?

As a matter of fact, orders are now on file in this office for almost as many cars as can be built this year.

Hence in offering you an opportunity to purchase stock of the Day Automobile Company, we are offering not a speculation, but a substantial investment hedged about by every possible safeguard—an investment that is as certain to return large profits as anything human can be.

intimately connected with the automobile business for fifteen years. He designed and built the first automobile delivery wagon ever produced in the West, in Kansas City, more than ten years ago. This car was remarkably successful and was fully five years in advance of the efforts of other manufacturers. Mr. Day's experience in the West impressed upon him the great need of a car that would combine in a practical way the advantages of a touring car with the convenience and utility of the light delivery wagon.

**The Day Utility Car is the result.**

Farmers, gardeners and tradesmen have demanded such a car for years. Thousands of them all over the country have bought touring cars and improvised bodies for them that would serve delivery purposes. They have never before been offered a car that combined in a practical way the touring and delivery features.

The Day Utility car is a roomy, five-passenger car, designed along graceful lines and built for hard service.

The wheel base is 110 inches. Its four-cylinder engine develops full 28 horsepower, which is ample for all practical purposes. It is not built for excessive speed but maintains 35 to 40 miles an hour without difficulty.

The rear seat can be detached in 30 seconds. There are no bolts or screws to take out—nothing but a spring lock that is instantly released yet holds the seat firmly in position. The delivery body has a capacity of 1000 pounds and is extremely roomy. The open space extends under the front seat—giving body space of 34 by 84 inches.

It is unquestionably the car for the people—the Economy Car—the car for every man who has use for a light delivery wagon and who appreciates the delights of automobiling. It is the only car that is an Economy and not an Expense—the only car that perfectly meets the demands of both business and pleasure.

**THE DAY AUTOMOBILE COMPANY** is incorporated under the laws of Michigan with a capital of \$300,000. Only \$200,000 of this will be issued, leaving \$100,000 treasury stock to be sold later if desired. Of the \$200,000 to be issued now

*of stock is to be used solely for the purpose of increasing production to meet the demand for 1912 cars.*

This is not a Millionaire's car. It is a car for the People, and we propose to give the people an opportunity to share in its success.

We would rather have 100 or 200 small shareholders than one or two large ones. Our satisfied stockholders are going to be our biggest advertisements. The men back of the Company are not millionaires—but they are all prosperous, experienced business men. No one man is going to dominate it and reap the cream of profits.

Thomas W. Day, the President, is a thoroughly practical automobile man. He knows the business from every angle, and his experience and ability insure practical results. The officers are: Hugh Jennings, manager of the Detroit Baseball team, Vice President; George C. King, manager of the Addison Apartments, Secretary; John F. Murphy, general manager Yellow Bonnet Taxicab Co., Treasurer. These names are ample guaranty of the careful, conservative management of the Company and of the safety of any money invested in its stock.

There is only \$75,000 of the stock for sale. That is



Day Utility Car—Rear Seat Removed for Delivery Purposes

\$125,000 has already been subscribed for, leaving only \$75,000 to be disposed of.

Now note these facts: Not a dollar of stock has been issued simply to secure the use of some prominent man's name. There is not a dollar of "water" in the Company. Every man who has secured a share has given full value for every dollar of it. The subscription books and the cash now in bank account for every dollar that has been subscribed. A thoroughly equipped factory has been secured and is now in operation turning out cars to meet orders on hand.

There is ample money now on hand to proceed with the manufacture of cars in a small way—but it is the aim of the Company's officers to do everything in the most conservative way possible.

Applications for agencies and actual demands for cars now on hand make it necessary to produce cars more rapidly than would be practical without ample cash in bank. Hence this offer to you.

*The Company has absolutely no indebtedness or obligations of any kind. All money received from sale*

not much. It won't last long. It offers too attractive an opportunity to the man who has \$50 or \$100 or \$1000 that he wants to place on a real money-making basis.

The par value of the shares is \$10. The stock is all fully paid and nonassessable.

*Payments may be made in instalments if desired.* Sign and mail the reservation coupon to-day. Don't delay. If stock is all gone before your reservation is received it will be returned to you.

**The Day Automobile Company**

Home Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Factory: Trumbull and Ash Sts.

Reference: Peoples State Bank of Detroit

<b>Stock Reservation</b>	<b>\$10</b>
<b>The Day Automobile Co.</b>	<b>A Share</b>
<b>Home Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.</b>	
Gentlemen:—Please reserve for me..... shares	
of stock in the Day Automobile Co. at par value of \$10, and send	
at once booklet giving full details.	
.....	
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# FOR YOUR ↓ CAR ↓ ELECTRIC LIGHTS

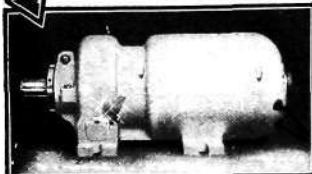
## GRAY & DAVIS Lighting Dynamo

Provides electric light for your lamps and charges your batteries. A complete electric plant as convenient as electricity in your home. Absolutely reliable.

Lamps lighted irrespective of battery connection. Constant speed. Favors battery with "tapered" charge. Favors lamps without battery.

Order our system for your car—also get complete electric lamp equipment; be up-to-date.

**GRAY & DAVIS,** Manufacturers of High Grade Automobile Lamps  
AMESBURY, MASS.



A little larger than magneto.

Write for catalog C.



Lubricate—Burn cleanly  
Leave no carbon deposit

**ALL GARAGES—ALL DEALERS**

Write for Booklet

"The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication"

**INDIAN REFINING COMPANY**  
INCORPORATED

First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio  
123 William Street, New York City  
W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Agents



## Over the Hills And Far Away

There is no limitation to the pleasure of motorcycling when you ride an **R. S. Motorcycle**. You can leave the zone of machine shops with a feeling of safety. You can climb hills that defy the ordinary motor cycle. The simplest, coolest, most powerful, yet silent little motor ever produced. The only motorcycle with foot and coaster brakes. The most effective shock absorber. Write for catalog. *Agents wanted.*

**READING STANDARD COMPANY**  
Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles  
409 Water St., Reading, Pa.



## PUT THIS ON MY CAR WHILE I WAIT

HERE'S ANOTHER MOTORIST  
who has found out that

# JERICHO

Is the Perfect Motor Car Signal  
that "Warns Without Offense"

Note the eagerness with which he approaches the repair man.  
Note the look of satisfaction on his face.  
They all look that way, once they become acquainted with the merits of this most efficient of Motor Car Signals.  
Best of all—that expression lingers—because the merits of **JERICHO** are lasting.  
The price: \$7 to \$10, according to size required.  
The place: Of any accessory dealer or direct.

**THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY COMPANY**  
BOSTON, U.S.A.

Send for illustrated booklet 17 on Accessories you need for your car



## "RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes and Elixos; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed Tyres.

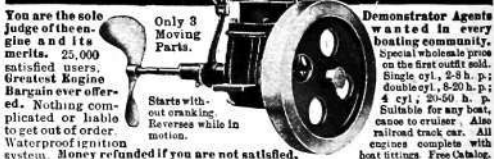
**FACTORY PRICES** direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good secondhand machines \$3 to \$8.

**10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL** on approval. Freight prepaid, anywhere in U.S., without a cent in advance. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.

**TIRES** Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts and sundries *half usual prices.* Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires, sundries. Write today. **MEAD BICYCLE CO., - Dept., C-33, - CHICAGO**

## Detroit Marine Engine

Guaranteed Five Years



You are the sole judge of the engine and its merits. 25,000 satisfied users. Greatest Engine Bargain ever offered. Nothing complicated or liable to get out of order. Waterproof ignition system. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Only 3 Moving Parts.

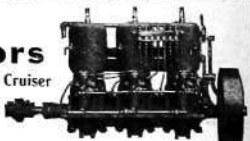
Starts without cranking. Reverses while in motion.

Demonstrator Agents wanted in every boating community. Special wholesale price on the first outfit sold. Single cyl., 2-8 h. p.; double cyl., 8-20 h. p.; 4 cyl., 20-50 h. p. Suitable for any boat, canoe to cruiser. Also railroad track car. All engines complete with boat fittings. Free Catalog.

**Detroit Engine Works, 1308 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

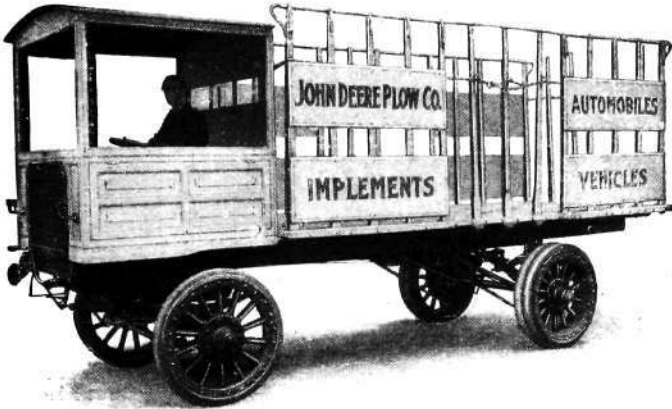
## TUTTLE Marine Motors

For Everything from a Canoe to a Cruiser  
18 years' experience.  
Unlimited Guarantee.



Write for Catalog.

**TUTTLE MOTOR CO., 182 State St., Canastota, N.Y.**



**JOHN DEERE PLOW CO.**, Omaha, Nebraska, has operated this Wilcox 3-ton truck since April, 1910, with most satisfactory results. An average month's maintenance costs much less than the costs of two teams and the truck does more work. Gasoline \$5.65 and oil \$1.20 per month.

# WILCOX TRUX

## THE BRAKES ALWAYS WORK

The brakes must be equal to any emergency or accidents will happen and result in loss of much time and money. The braking system of "WILCOX TRUX" has met with universal favor among their drivers and owners, because they can always be depended upon. The service or foot pedal brake is external contracting cast iron lined, and operates upon the jack-shaft. It will stop the loaded truck and hold it on any grade. The emergency or hand lever brakes are contracting Thermoid lined. They grip extra large drums on the rear wheels, and will stop the car within few feet.

**ACCESSIBILITY OF MOTOR**—No other truck on the market has anywhere near the same degree of accessibility to its vital parts as the Wilcox. The motor is in the cab with the driver. By raising the hood the driver can see all parts of the engine, the carbureter, magneto or spark plugs, from his seat. These parts can easily be reached and examined from the cab. Nothing but the transmission is under the body of the car.

**SPROCKET BRACES**—Instead of putting the sprockets on the extreme ends of the jack-shaft, this shaft is extended far enough to permit bracing the ends with a solid bracket, so that the sprocket runs between two bearings. This absolutely does away with any possibility of straining the jack-shaft, and throwing the chains out of alignment of breaking them.

**WILCOX "A" BRACKET** and radius rod is an exclusive construction which holds the front axle in its correct relative position, allowing the use of full elliptic springs, which take up all jar without interference. It avoids wrenching and weakening of the springs, and gives perfect rigidity to the steering gear and perfect resiliency to the load.

**STANDARD EQUIPMENT** — All Wilcox Trux are equipped with Bosch Magneto, Bennett Carbureter, Timken Roller Bearings, all of which are standard and thoroughly tested in both touring car and truck service.

## OUR EXPERT SERVICE DEPARTMENT

This department of delivery system experts is at your command. They will study your problem and show you just how much you can save with a motor truck and how, or will tell you frankly if it will not pay. Send for diagnosis blank. Catalogue upon request.

# H. E. WILCOX MOTOR CAR CO.

1035 MARSHALL STREET, N.E.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Branches in nearly all large cities in United States



# PETERS

SHOOTING PETERS *Regular Factory Loads*, J. S. Day of Midland, Tex., established a *new world's record*, 4164 out of 4280 targets, winning the 1910 High Amateur Average with 97.28%. This exceeds by over 2% the highest official amateur average of *any* previous year. In his last 2100 shots Mr. Day lost but 34 targets, scoring 2066, making the unprecedented average of 98.38%. The shells used were *not* special but *regular PETERS stock*.

Use PETERS shells—the kind that do not have to be used in any special make of gun to give *best* results. Be sure to say PETERS to your dealer.

"Sportsmen's Handy Book"—filled with worthwhile information for users of rifle, revolver or shot gun—sent FREE on request. Write today for YOUR copy.

**The Peters Cartridge Company**  
 1702 First Nat. Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, U. S. A.  
 Branches: New York New Orleans San Francisco




# GRAFLEX

The GRAFLEX shows the image right side up—the size it will appear in the negative—up to the instant of exposure.

It is not necessary to guess the distance between the camera and subject. Focusing scale and "finder" are done away with; there is no uncertainty as to what will appear in the negative.

The GRAFLEX is fitted with the GRAFLEX FOCAL PLANE SHUTTER, giving exposures of any duration from "time" to 1-1000 of a second.

*With a Graflex you can make snap shots on dark days, in the deep woods, or even indoors.*

Roll Film, Plates  
 or Film Packs may be  
 used with the GRAFLEX.

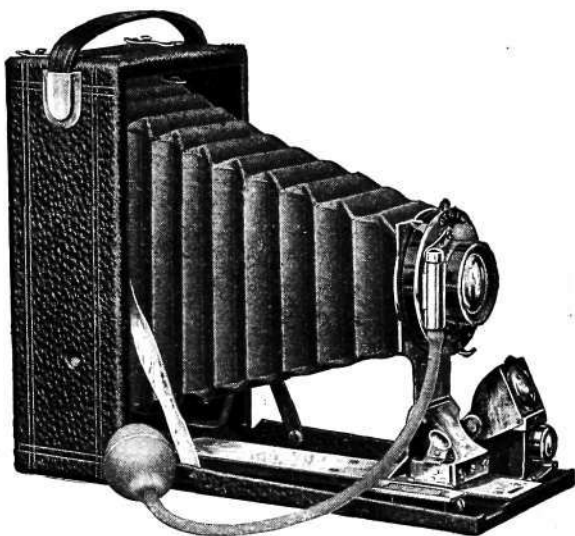
Graflex Catalog free at your dealer's, or  
**FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION**  
 Eastman Kodak Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



*Keep a  
record  
of the  
summer's  
pleasures  
with a*

# *Film Premo*

*The  
smallest  
the lightest  
the easiest  
to load  
and operate  
of all  
cameras—  
and the  
nearest  
dealer  
will prove  
it to you*



**A** BEAUTIFULLY finished, thoroughly efficient daylight loading camera, which will make photography a real pleasure and which will make splendid pictures even in the hands of the absolute novice.

Fitted with carefully tested R. R. lens and automatic shutter for time, bulb or instantaneous exposures. Has reversible brilliant finder, two tripod sockets — in a word a thoroughly complete, reliable camera for general amateur photography.

3 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ , \$10.00	4 x 5, \$12.50
3 x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 12.50	5 x 7, 16.00

Get our new catalogue. It describes fifty styles and sizes of Premos at prices from \$2.00 to \$200.00. It explains the simple Premo Film Pack system of daylight loading films, used in the above camera, and the Premo Film Pack Developing Tank. Free at the dealer's or a postal request will bring it to your door by return mail.

IMPORTANT—In writing be sure to specify Premo catalogue.

**Rochester Optical Division**

Eastman Kodak Co.

Rochester, N. Y.

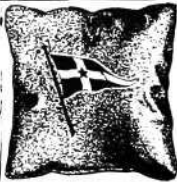
# Ever-Ready Safety Razor

If you don't say it's the greatest razor ever made, we'll give your money back.

Extra Blades, 10 for 50c—all stores  
American Safety Razor Co., New York



## Razor With 12 \$ Blades



### A LIFE SAVER Hopkins Life Preserver Cushions

are comfortable, ornamental and an absolute necessity when Yachting, Fishing or Cruising. Artificial Spanish leather filled with non-absorbent Japanese fibre. Impervious to water with four times the buoyancy of cork. Delivered anywhere in the U. S. for \$1.25. Send for samples, styles and colorings. *Catalogue of Motor Boat, Yacht, Camping and Fishing outfits mailed FREE.*

**Hopkins** 119 Chambers St. New York

## Belle Isle Motors

2 to 2 1/2 H. P. engines—the most perfect of their size ever offered. Built of best materials—few parts—consume little gasoline, kerosene or alcohol. *Send for free catalogue showing all models.*

**\$23**

MANUFACTURED BY  
Concrete Form & Engine Co., Dept. 2 Detroit MICH.  
EXG'N'

## FERRO MARINE ENGINES \$60 AND UP



**THE World's Standard Two-cycle Marine Motor.** Ten sizes; one, two and three cylinders; 3 to 25 horse power. High-tension magneto; new idea in carburetor; many other advantages.

**1911 Catalog all models, sent free** The Ferro Machine & F'dry Co., 14 Hubbard Ave., Cleveland. Agents in Principal Cities and Ports.

## MAKES BOATS HUSTLE

The "Perfection" Marine Engine stands up under hard work, towing, ferrying and the like, lasts as long as the boat itself and needs little attention—just a good flow of gasoline and a good spark.

**PERFECTION MARINE MOTOR** Users everywhere advise its purchase in preference to all others. We build 2, 2 1/2, 3 1/2, 4, 5 and 8 H. P. in the electric motor engines; also 7 to 30 H. P. in the two, three and four cylinder engines. Prices range from \$40 to \$450 according to type and horse power. Write for catalogue.

**FAHLE PERFECTION MOTOR CO.,** 127 Calle St., Detroit, Mich. "Send for our Stationary Engine Catalog if interested."



## Colonial Red Cedar Chest



This Martha Washington chest pays for itself by saving cold storage expenses. It is built of delightful, fragrant Southern Red Cedar. Protects furs and clothing against moths without camphor. Is dust, damp and mice proof. Very roomy. Ornamented with heavy copper bands and old-fashioned rivets. Combines beauty and usefulness. Makes unique gift. Direct from factory at factory prices, on 15 Days' Trial. Freight prepaid. Write for catalog. Shows many styles and prices.

**PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO.,** Dept. 56, Statesville, N. C.

## PALMER MOTORS AND LAUNCHES

2 AND 4 CYCLE

Catalogue M Free of Motors.  
Catalogue B Free of Boats.

ENGINES FROM 2 TO 40 H.P. PALMER BROS., IN STOCK. COS COB., CONN.

**Vacation Camp** Are you having difficulty in finding a suitable vacation camp? No wonder you are confused. There are over 200 schools and camps to choose from. We aid you in choosing a camp best suited to your requirements. Why not write us today? There are no fees for rendering this service. Address: N. Y. C. Box 45 J.C. (Sta. F) COSMO. EDUCATIONAL CLUB.



## Auto Craft 18 FT. SPECIAL \$200

A trim, fast, handsomely equipped pleasure launch that is dry, safe and seaworthy. Length 18 ft., beam 4 ft. 6 in. Seats 8 persons comfortably. Speed 8 miles an hour. Equipped with Ferro 3 H. P. engine. Metal air chambers (like a life-boat) insure absolute safety. Auto Craft silencer eliminates all noise. Has outboard gasoline drain.

of complete line of craft, including 21 1-2 ft. Auto Craft Special (4 H. P. Ferro and Reverse Gear) \$300; 24 ft. Auto Craft Special (8 H. P. Ferro and Reverse Gear) \$450; 25 ft. Gentlemen's Runabout (11 H. P. Ferro) \$775. Dealers in All Large Cities.  
**THE CLEVELAND AUTO BOAT MANUFACTURING CO.,** 1050 River Ave. N. W., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.



## Low Prices to Kill the Boat Trust!

**This Handsome, Graceful, Seaworthy, Speedy Runabout Complete, Only \$94.50** 16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 27, 28, 30 and 35 Footers at Proportionate Prices

We have the largest power-boat factory in the world. We build and sell more pleasure crafts than all the concerns in the Authorized Thirteen-Million-Dollar Boat Trust combined. No one has such facilities. That's why we build Detroit Boats and Engines so good that no one in the Trust can ever imitate them. Our great business enables us to sell at the smallest profits. That's why we are able to sell Detroit Boats and Engines at the smallest profits, so the Boat Trust has declared war on us.

but our low prices will kill the Trust. We ship you a Detroit Boat immediately on order. All sizes in stock. **Send today for our large, handsome, illustrated Catalog, mailed free,** which describes 64 different models in all sizes, ready to ship, equipped with the most reliable and efficient marine motor ever produced, **guaranteed for five years.** Get our new confidential proposition and special prices to demonstrating agents. (114) **DETROIT BOAT COMPANY, 1116 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan**

# You Can Take Pictures on a Day Like This!

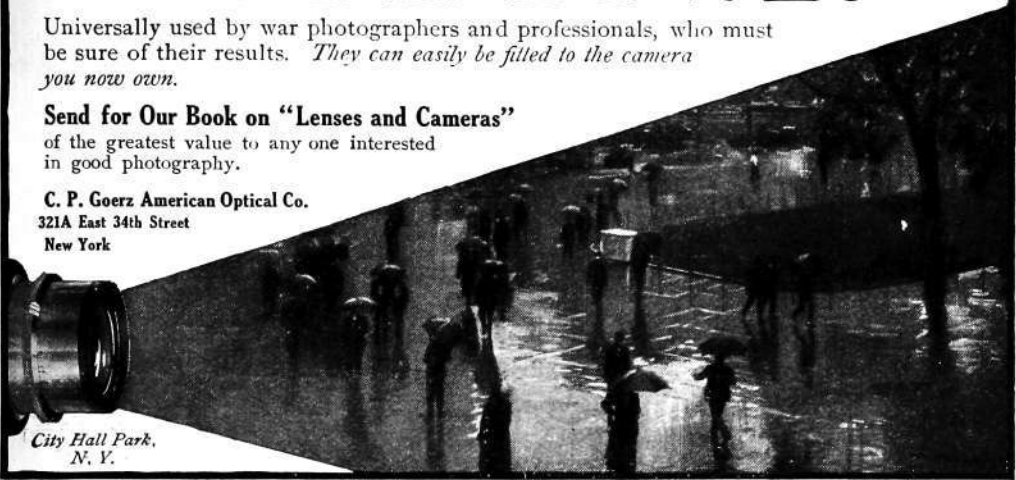
That is, if your lens is right. The lens is the soul of your camera. Ordinary lenses will take *ordinary* pictures under *favorable* conditions. Are you satisfied with that? Or would you like the *best* results under *all* conditions? If so, you should know the

## GOERZ LENSES

Universally used by war photographers and professionals, who must be sure of their results. *They can easily be fitted to the camera you now own.*

Send for Our Book on "Lenses and Cameras" of the greatest value to any one interested in good photography.

C. P. Goerz American Optical Co.  
321A East 34th Street  
New York



City Hall Park,  
N. Y.

# OLD DOMINION LINE

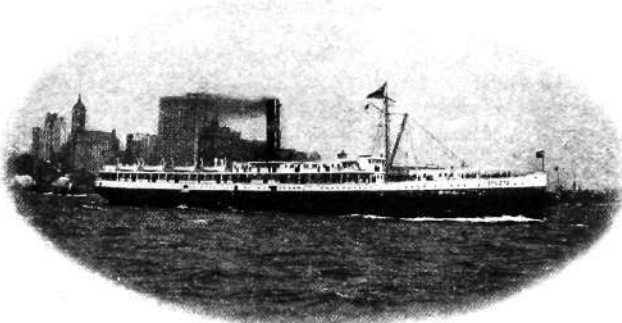
VACATIONS AFFORDING PLEASURE and REST

A MOST DELIGHTFUL TRIP TO

OLD POINT COMFORT, NORFOLK, RICHMOND and WASHINGTON, D. C.

Round Trip tickets, including meals and stateroom berth on Old Dominion steamers.

NEW YORK  
TO  
NORFOLK  
AND  
OLD POINT  
AND RETURN  
**\$14.00**



Round Trip tickets, including meals and stateroom berth on Old Dominion steamers.

NEW YORK  
TO  
RICHMOND  
OR  
Washington, D. C.  
AND RETURN  
**\$15.00**

The Only Direct Line to OLD POINT COMFORT and NORFOLK Without Change

Hot or cold Sea Water Baths can be procured on Steamer without charge  
Steamers are all equipped with the United Wireless Telegraph System

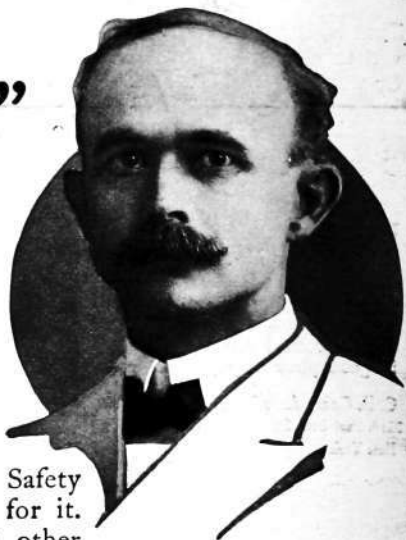
STEAMERS SAIL EVERY WEEK DAY AT 3 P. M.

Tickets and Stateroom Reservations, Pier 25, North River, Foot of No. Moore Street, New York  
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, DESK P.

W. L. WOODROW, Traffic Manager J. J. BROWN, General Passenger Agent  
General Offices, Pier 25, North River, New York

# Judge "Ben Lindsey"

Father of  
Denver's Juvenile  
Court



Judge "Ben" B. Lindsey  
of Colorado

*MAKES THIS COMMENT*

"I HAVE used your AutoStrop Safety Razor, and I cannot say enough for it. It has many advantages over other safety razors I have seen. It is quick and easy to strop, and the expert stropping that it does, puts on an edge that gives me a delightful shave. I hope it meets with the success it deserves."

## SELLING SHAVING SATISFACTION

Every dealer has a contract with us authorizing him to refund your money if the razor doesn't give entire satisfaction.

\$5 for an AutoStrop Razor will represent your total shaving expense for years, as a single blade often lasts six months to a year. Consists of silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 fine steel blades, and strop, in handsome case. Price, complete, \$5.

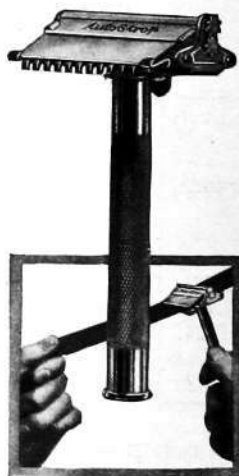
If you put off getting an AutoStrop Safety Razor you'll forget to get it. Get one today, while you're thinking of it.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 355 Fifth Avenue, New York; 233 Coristine Building, Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London

# AutoStrop

SAFETY  
RAZOR

## STROPS ITSELF





## Don't Heat a Tankful for a Cupful of Hot Water

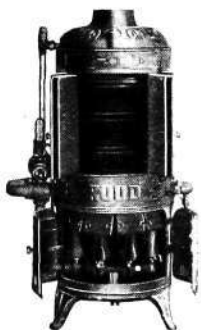
The only economical way to heat water is to heat it as it flows, and the only convenient way is to turn the faucet without any preliminaries.

The RUUD AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER provides this economy and convenience together with the luxury of unlimited hot water.

With the RUUD in the cellar, if you want a cupful of hot water for shaving, turn the faucet and you will get it. The very act of turning the faucet lights the gas burners in the RUUD, and the water is heated as it flows through its copper coils. Turning off the faucet shuts off the gas. This is true of every hot water faucet in the house. The supply is inexhaustible and no more water is heated than is actually used.

We explain how the RUUD works in another column. But the way to really appreciate its wonderful simplicity is to see it work.

*Look in the telephone book and see if we have a branch in your town—if not, you will be able to see it in actual operation at the offices of the gas company or dealer. Send for free descriptive booklet.*



Standard Dwelling Size  
\$100  
Pacific Coast, \$115  
Delivered

What's the use of running downstairs and turning on the gas in the water heater when there's water pressure in the pipes that might just as well do it for you? And what's the use of lighting a match every time you want hot water when a little pilot light will do it for you at the expense of 10 cents a week? That is the whole secret of the RUUD. When you open any hot water faucet in the house the water pressure operates a valve which turns on the gas, and a pilot light lights the burners. When you close the faucet the pressure valve closes and out goes the gas. Besides this, there is a temperature regulator which prevents burning any more gas than is necessary. When the water begins to get too hot, a thermostat arrangement automatically shuts off the gas, and as it begins to cool, turns it on again, so you are actually burning only enough gas to maintain an even temperature of water. The RUUD may be attached to the gas and water pipes already installed, and after it is connected, requires no attention whatever.

**RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. E, Pittsburgh, Pa.**  
Branch Offices in all the Principal Cities

# Michaels-Stern Clothes

WE make clothes for all sorts of men and all sorts of tastes and we please them all, because our clothes-making experience has been so long and so wide. Wherever you find our label you will also find

**Style, Quality and Service**

the three necessities for clothes-satisfaction.

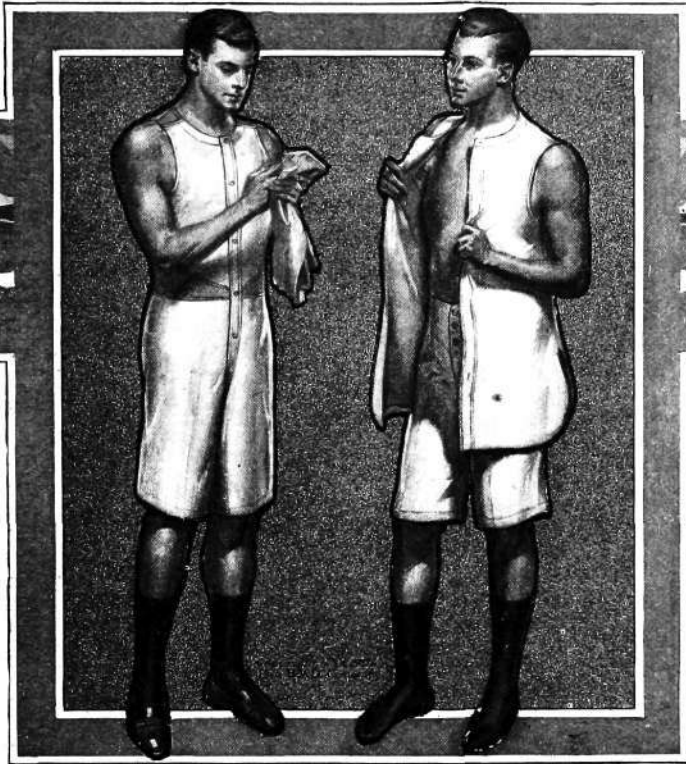
MICHAELS, STERN & CO.,  
Rochester, N. Y.



*Michaels-Stern Clothes are identified by this trade mark: "The label of significance."*



**Write To-day for Interesting Book of Styles**



*Start Right  
Off With* **B. V. D.** *And You'll  
Start Off Right.*

**A**RMED with B. V. D. you needn't be alarmed at summer heat and discomfort. These Loose Fitting Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers and Union Suits will keep you *cool* on the *hottest* days. To many men there's agreeable expectation in the mere *thought* of B. V. D.—to all men there's delightful relaxation in the *wearing* of it.

The light, woven fabrics are soft to the skin and the loose fitting garments put *no* strain on the body. It is *at ease*. Perspiration evaporates quickly. You feel like stretching your arms with a soothing sense of "*Glad-I'm-Alive!*" You don't get "heat-fagged" when you wear B. V. D.

B. V. D. is carefully cut, accurately sized and exactly proportioned. It can't chafe, bind or irritate. B. V. D. high standard of quality and workmanship never varies.

This Red Woven Label



**B. V. D. Union Suits** (Pat. 4/30/07) \$1, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 a suit.

**B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers**, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., and Foreign Countries.)

is sewed on *every* B. V. D. Garment. Take *no* garment *without* it.  
Write for a copy of our Booklet, "*Cool as a Sea Breeze.*"

**THE B. V. D. COMPANY, 65 Worth Street, New York.**



UNION SUITS  
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS  
ALL STYLES FOR MEN AND BOYS

**I**N NO other underwear can you get so perfect a combination of perfect fit, elasticity, absorbency and cool comfort. Added to this is the peculiar lightness of the "Porosknit" fabric, knit and cut so you can get your right size without having a clumsy garment. You'll *know* this when you wear "Porosknit." Begin today.

<p><b>For Men</b> <b>50c</b> Men's Union Suits <b>\$1.00</b></p>	<p>All Styles, Shirts and Drawers per garment</p> <p>Any style</p>	<p><b>For Boys</b> <b>25c</b> Boys' Union Suits <b>50c</b></p>
--	--	--

On sale in nearly every store you pass.  
Write us for booklet showing all styles.

Chalmers Knitting Co., 8 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.  
A garment without our label is not "Porosknit."

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This Label on Every Garment



## When the Salesman Hands You a Shoe

*Satisfy Yourself that it is a Goodyear Welt*

This is the only way by which you can be sure of getting a shoe equal in all respects to one sewed by hand.

# GOODYEAR WELT

*is a Synonym for Merit in Footwear*

Shoes made on Goodyear Welt machines are marked by comfort, durability and style.

They are *Smooth Inside*, because no thread penetrates the insole to tantalize the foot.

The manufacturer or dealer who advertises that he makes or sells a Goodyear Welt, thereby assures you that he offers a shoe possessing the first requisite of excellence.

**The United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass.**

Write today for the following booklets which will be sent you without cost:

1. Contains an alphabetical list of over five hundred shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark, made by the Goodyear Welt process.
2. Describes the Goodyear Welt process in detail, and pictures the sixty marvelous machines employed.
3. "The Secret of the Shoe—An Industry Transformed." The true story of a great American achievement.
4. "An Industrial City." Illustrated—descriptive of the great model factory of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, Massachusetts.



# O'Sullivan's HEELS of New Live Rubber.

## The Light, Elastic Step of Youth

All healthy young people walk with a buoyant and springy step.

That is because they walk Nature's own way. They have not worn hard leather heels long enough to destroy the natural resiliency and elasticity of their feet.

Every step you take with hard leather heels sends a jolt through the spine and the nervous system. When you consider that you bring the weight of your body down on the hard pavement every time you step—and that means several thousand times a day—you can realize what injury this constant pounding causes to the delicate machinery of your body.

That is why most grown people are bothered with some kind of foot trouble. Their leg muscles lack tone; their feet hurt; they have aching pains in the legs and back; and they tire easily after a short walk. Put a cushion of new live rubber under your heels and

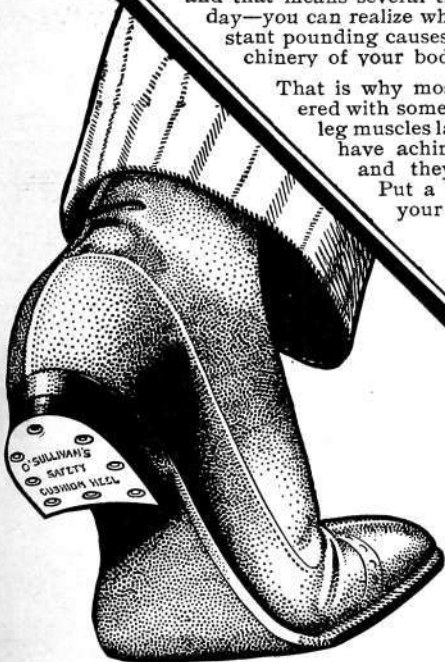
## O'Sullivanize Your Walk

Go to the nearest shoemaker, pay him fifty cents and have O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber attached to your shoes. Then get out and walk.

You will feel as if you were walking on air. You will be surprised at the ease and smoothness of your walk. It is the light, elastic step of youth.

You will find that you can walk much farther without fatigue, and that walking has become a pleasure instead of a conscious, tiring effort.


O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO.  
Lowell, Mass.



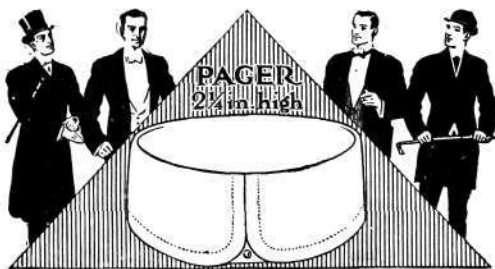
# RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSHES

TRADE MARK

BRISTLES GRIPPED IN HARD RUBBER



PRICE  
**35¢**  
AT ALL STORES



## Triangle 5-PLY Collars

Are made in every approved style and the style lasts. Triangle style is a matter of hand-tailoring and stitching. It is not laundered into the collar and cannot therefore be laundered out.

The 5-PLY feature not only makes the style permanent, but gives the collar the solid substantial look that good dressers seek.

The extreme pliability at bending points and the Stout Stay that fortifies the buttonhole double their wearing qualities.

**THE PAGER**, a popular close-fitting style, 2 1/4 inches high, made with Slanting Buttonhole and Stout Stay.



Same price as any Two for 25c. collars. In Canada Three for 50c. If your dealer doesn't keep them, send us his name and 50c. for four. Write for "Key to Correct Dress" and sample buttonhole with Stout Stay.

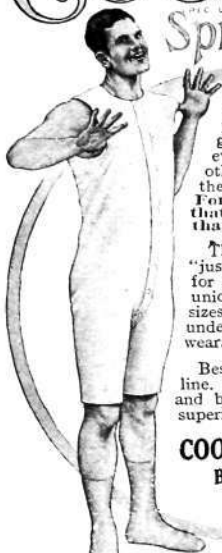
VAN ZANDT, JACOBS & CO.,  
604 River Street Troy, N. Y.

**"The Collars of Quality"**

# EDUCATOR CRACKERS

**JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

# COOPER'S Spring-Needle Knit



You may pay more and get less; and whatever you pay for any other make, you don't get the original Cooper features. For we make the machines that make the fabric—the kind that yields and returns.

There is no "same as," nor "just as good," so always look for this "Cooper" trade mark on union and two-piece suits; in all sizes, weights and colors, and know underwear comfort and longest wear.


Best dealers carry a complete line. Send for sample of fabric and booklet illustrating Cooper superiority and giving prices.

**COOPER MFG. CO.**  
Bennington, Vt.



# UNDERWEAR

## GRAY MOTORS



**6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE \$89.50**

1, 2 & 3 Cylinders, 3 to 36 H.P.

Write for complete catalog—tells all about how these high grade motors are built in the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of 2-cycle motors. Gray Motor Co., 544 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Try Butter on **Educator Wafers** and eat them morning, noon and night.

## Solve the Bread Problem

Your grocer will supply you; if not, send us his name.

Is your next suit  
or overcoat  
to be a  
"Stein-Block"?



This Label Means 56  
Years of Knowing How

**PARIS GARTERS**  
No Metal can Touch You



For  
Summer  
Comfort

Look for the name  
**PARIS** on every Garter

A STEIN & CO. MAKERS  
CHICAGO U.S.A.

25-50c

The  
**Florsheim**  
SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE



**The Scoop**

A Patent Colt Lace Oxford—  
High Arch and Heel

Style, comfort and satisfac-  
tion is evidenced by the  
number of well-dressed  
men who wear "Natural  
Shape" Florsheim shoes.

Ask your dealer about The Florsheim  
Shoe, or send the amount, and we will  
have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles \$5.00 and \$6.00

Write for our booklet "The  
Shoeman," showing styles  
that are different.

**The Florsheim Shoe Company**  
Chicago, U. S. A.

IT'S just as important to have the right varnish as the right  
wood. For varnish either brings out the beauty of the  
wood or hides it. Be sure the kind is right. Specify

	Per Gal.
N.P. Durable Exterior for Outside Work.....	\$4.00
" " Interior " Interior Trim.....	3.00
" " Floor " Natural and Painted Floors.....	3.00
Velvet White Enamel—for an Egg Shell Finish.....	5.00
Superior " " a High Gloss.....	5.00

There is a million dollar reputation at stake  
in every can. Send for Free Book of  
Varnish Information.

**THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.**  
Cleveland, U. S. A. Toronto Canada  
Branches: New York—Chicago

**Glidden** Green  
Label  
Varnishes



THE ORIGINAL  
**SHIRLEY PRESIDENT  
 SUSPENDERS**



**SLIDING  
 CORD**

**EQUALIZES  
 STRAIN**

**TWELVE YEARS PROOF OF MERIT**

**W**HEN Lincoln said "You can't fool all the people all the time," he voiced the idea that nothing can win in the end without merit.

That President Suspenders have unusual merit is proven by bigger sales every year. The same people buy them again and again.

The Shirley Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back is only possible because of the quality of material and workmanship in every pair of President Suspenders.

*Insist on the SHIRLEY GUARANTEE when buying suspenders*

Price 50 cents from all dealers or from factory, light, medium or extra heavy. Extra lengths for tall men.

*The C.A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.*  
**SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS**

1705 Main Street  
 Shirley, Mass.

**"SWAN SAFETY"**

**FOUNTAINS**

THE LADDER-FEED is a feature that no other fountain pen possesses. It regulates the flow of ink so that the point of the nib is always wet. There is never any surplus flow nor is it possible for the "SWAN" to blot or skip. The ladder-feed together with the screw-down cap distinguish the "SWAN SAFETY" from all other pens.

*The Ladder-Feed*



**Prices, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up to \$50.00**

*At all Stationers and Jewelers. Write for Illustrated Price List.*

17 Maiden Lane, New York  
 79-80 High Holborn, London

**MABIE, TODD & CO.** 209 State St., Chicago  
 124 York St., Toronto

THE MAKERS

Manchester Paris Brussels Sydney





## Bond—A Paper of Actual Utility

Bond Paper has the most varied universal use of any one class of paper made. It is a paper of actual utility.

It asks no odds of any other. A certain grade may be used alike for Letter-Heads, Note-Heads, Invoices, Checks, Vouchers, Loose-Leaf Systems and all other business forms.

But to get a Bond Paper which will meet your particular requirements in quality, color and finish—that is the test. And, to get 100% of actual paper value for the price you pay—that is the problem.

But the "Eagle A" Water-marked Bond Papers solve this problem. They offer you a choice of 34 grades, 45 finishes and 126 colors; and a selection from among papers of top-notch quality, those of medium quality, and ones most inexpensive.

"Eagle A" Water-marked Papers are 100% value, because made in Twenty-nine Mills.

The economic manufacturing conditions made possible by the union of Twenty-nine Mills guarantees "Eagle A" Papers to be papers of quality plus.

The problem of obtaining a Bond Paper which will make your letters most impressive and convincing is answered by using



**COUPON BOND**

(Fac-simile Water-mark)

The De Luxe Business Paper

COUPON BOND is the consummate "Eagle A" Bond Paper, and is used by those to whom quality in stationery is an essential thing.

May we send you the portfolio of COUPON BOND specimen business forms?

It will demonstrate the truth of this argument.

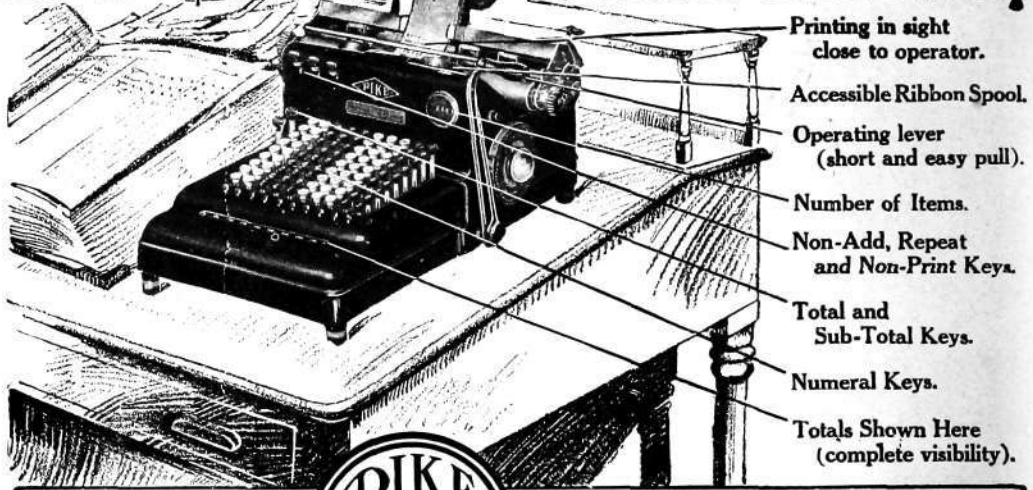
**LOOK FOR THE "EAGLE A" WATER-MARK. IT'S A GOOD HABIT.**

Your Printer or Lithographer handles "Eagle A" Bond Papers. Ask him to show you samples. May we suggest an "Eagle A" Paper that would be best adapted to your needs?

**AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY (29 Mills) 9 Main St., Holyoke, Mass.**

Foreign Agents: PARSONS TRADING CO. New York City, 20 Vesey; London, E. C., 171 Queen Victoria; Sidney, 340 Kent; Melbourne, The Block; Wellington, 235 Lamberton Quay; Buenos Aires, 144 Reconquista; Cape Town, Morrison's Chambers; Havana, Teniente Rey No. 70; Mexico, D. F., Avenida Isabel La Catolica, No. 66.

# Do You Want These?



## Burroughs **PIKE VISIBLE MODEL** Bookkeeping Machine

**G**ET the Burroughs visible model (the Pike) which will give you not only the very features you want—but you then know these features are made with the same skill and desire to “build the best” which have for years influenced nine out of every ten buyers of adding machines to get a Burroughs—with its extra service.

Easier to operate than a typewriter. Entire key-board is under the operator's hand. Flexible or lock key-board. *Lowest* key-board made. *Complete visibility.* Every item visibly printed. Every figure printed is always before you. Counter records number of items added. Short, easy, close handle-pull. Exclusive Burroughs feature of separate keys for Totals and Sub-totals (printed in red), Totals marked \*, Sub-Totals marked “S”. Items *not* added are automatically marked #. You do not need to change your position for a single detail. The machine is compact. Easily handled about on your desk. If you leave the machine, your figures will be safe [You can take the handle with you—thus locking the machine]. Hand or electric operation.

And besides, the mechanical construction of the Pike is of unlimited durability. We do not guarantee it for a year only, or two years or five years. But, like every other Burroughs, the Pike is backed up by the greater “Burroughs Service,” which gives it a

### Life-time Guarantee

If by accident the machine is injured in any way, we do not ask to have you send it

Sold at a small price: on easy monthly payments if desired.

Write us today, on your business letter-head, for information regarding a free demonstration in your office.

**BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY,**

34 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

1320-A

European Headquarters, 76 Cannon Street, London, E.C., England

Box 2278



"That which eliminates extra work and motions is scientific saving."

## Scientific Management

demands the use of a Smith Premier Typewriter, because when one machine will do the work of several, a Scientific saving is effected.

THE MODEL 10

# Smith Premier

being designed to meet the greatest number of requirements in any office, can be furnished with carriages in six different lengths (all instantly interchangeable on the same machine) handling paper from one inch to three-quarters of a yard in width.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc., SYRACUSE, N.Y., U.S.A. Branches Everywhere



# When Your Finger-Tip Taps the Key—What Happens?

Your most delicately sensitive nerves direct the most delicately responsive mechanism of the

## L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

(BALL-BEARING, LONG WEARING)

Key-lever, typebar, carriage (and shift, if you write capitals)—really all essential operating parts of the typewriter—leap into action and perform their functions with the perfect ease, smoothness and absolute precision of ball-bearings, made and adjusted with scientific exactness.

The nerves of this typewriter are sensitive to the nerves of your finger-tips, and just as instantly responsive as the finger-tips are to the brain.

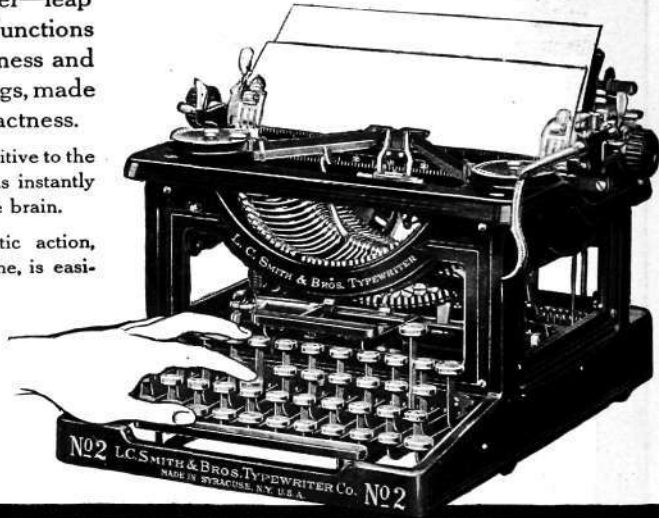
This immediate, smooth, sympathetic action, duplicated in no other writing machine, is easiest for the operator and most advantageous to the machine. Both wear longer.


Send for Descriptive Literature.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.

Head Office for  
Domestic and Foreign Business

Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. Branches in all large cities.





# Dioxogen

Dioxogen (diluted) used after shaving quickly relieves irritation and prevents infection. It makes a good, healthy complexion and clears up the skin. This is but one of a hundred uses. In the daily home life, Dioxogen is a protection for *all* against infection. It is harmless, safe and *sure*. Sold by all drug dealers. Send for free 2-oz. trial bottle and directions for all uses.

**THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 81 Front Street, New York, N. Y.**

One of 100 Uses:  
"After Shaving"





# On Which Side of the Desk Are You?

The man before the desk works with his hands and is paid for his *labor*.

The man behind the desk works with his head and is paid for his *knowledge*. It is merely a question of KNOWING HOW.

The first step in "knowing how" is simply a matter of cutting out, filling in and mailing us the coupon shown below.

In return we show you how to improve your position or to secure a more congenial occupation and better salary, without loss of time, without neglecting your present work or obligating yourself to pay more than you can comfortably afford.

No text-books to buy—no requirements beyond the ability to read and write, and the ambition to succeed.

Thousands of men, and women, too, in nearly every trade and profession date the beginning of their *success* to the day they filled in this coupon. Why not you?

It costs nothing to find out. Take your first step in *your own* advancement.

## Mark This Coupon To-day

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.**  
Box 841, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X

Automobile Running	Civil Service	
Mine Superintendent	Architect	Spanish
Mine Foreman	Chemist	French
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Gas Engines	German
Concrete Construction	Banking	Italian
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor	
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman	
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing	
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating	
Mechanical Engineer	Window Trimming	
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing	
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man	
Electric Lighting Supt.	Stenographer	
Electric Wireman	Bookkeeper	

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Price \$12.00 AT FACTORY**



**This Cabinet** made of Oak, finished golden, 44" long, 24" wide, has drawers, extension slide, roll front, paper cabinet, etc., as shown. We sell it at low price to introduce our **Office Furniture**—Desks, Chairs, Tables, Files, Book Cases, etc. Ask for prices and Catalog No. 215.

**—WE MAKE GOOD— Upholstered Furniture**

Turkish and Odd Rockers, Parlor and Library Seater, Daybeds and Couches in Oak and Mahogany, Flanders, mission and regular. Covered in best leather money will buy—every piece guaranteed. Ask for prices and Catalog No. 415.

**E. H. STAFFORD MFG. CO., 242 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.**

**DAISY FLY KILLER**



placed any where, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Cannot spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 20 cents.

**HAROLD SOMERS**

150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**MOVING PICTURE MACHINES MAKE BIG MONEY**

A wonderful opportunity to make big money entertaining the public. No limit to the profits, showing in churches, school houses, lodges, theatres, etc. We show you how to conduct the business, furnishing complete outfit. No experience whatever is necessary. If you want to make \$15.00 to \$150.00 a night, write today and learn how. Catalogue Free. Distributors of Moving Picture Machines, Post Card Projectors, Talking Machines, etc.

**CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 225, Chicago**



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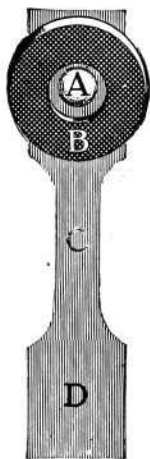
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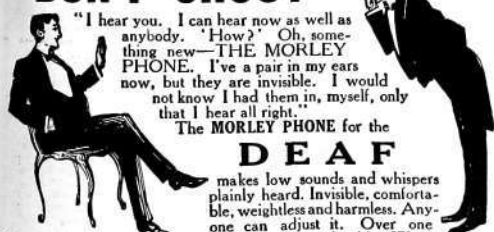
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# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



Put up Only in NEW Sterilized Bottles

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**\$19.50**

For This \$40.00  
**BRASS BED**



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Freight  
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It is a full-size double Bed 4 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long, with heavy 2 inch continuous Pillars—your choice of bright or "satin" finish, both guaranteed for 10 years.

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Stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains. Jymar Embury II, Architect, Englewood, N. S.

# Give the Bride

There will be plenty of people to take care of the silver and glass and gimcracks. If you are a relative or intimate friend of the bride and groom, take care of their practical needs. It will help them more in the long run.



The New  
**RUBDRY**  
BATH TOWEL

RUBDRY Towels excel in absorbency and rubbing power. They are the ideal towels, especially for the cold or friction bath. They impart glow and vitality unequalled by other towels.

Each RUBDRY Towel is packed in its own tasteful, individual box. Each RUBDRY Towel is guaranteed for 1½ years. Washed right, RUBDRY Towels often last 4 and 5 years.

1 Sample Washcloth 4c to pay postage.

Five sizes—39c, 53c, 73c, 85c and \$1.25 each.  
The \$1.25 (De Luxe Rubdry) is particularly adapted for Wedding Presents.

**RUBDRY TOWEL CO.**

## TRY IT 30 Nights, on Approval

From Eleven To Seven

The hours that should be spent in restful sleep. Health, length of life, and happiness depend on it.

To prove that sleep comes easiest, and is most restful on a

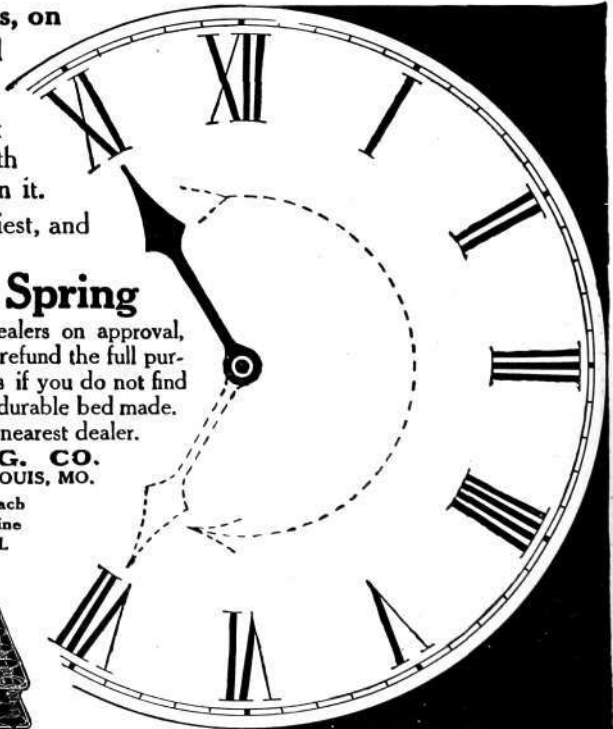
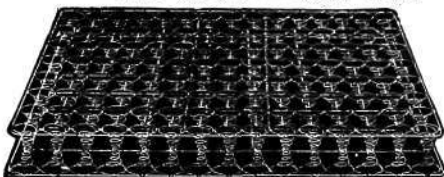
### Foster's IDEAL Spring

we will sell it through any of our dealers on approval, with the understanding that he will refund the full purchase price any time within 30 days if you do not find it the most comfortable, hygienic and durable bed made.

Write for free booklet and name of nearest dealer.

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Brass Name Plate On Each Genuine IDEAL



# a Practical Present

Fine toweling and table linen is the best sort of present for the bridal shower, and from relatives or intimate friends is a thoughtful wedding gift. A full supply (one or two dozen) of such fine towels as the RUBDRY is sure to please any young couple—the more so because RUBDRY Towels are in particular favor with men, something which is not always true of other towels. The model home needs the RUBDRY.

## Guaranteed Bath Towels

Guaranteed for 1½ years with any washing.

RUBDRY Towels are made in five sizes. The larger sizes—73c, 85c and \$1.25—are best adapted for wedding gifts, though any size will prove acceptable. Every family who takes pride in the bath-room should have RUBDRY Towels there. It's a sign of modernism and true refinement—a satisfaction to good taste.

Get RUBDRY Towels from your Dry-goods man, Druggist or Men's Furnisher, or if they can not supply you, direct from us. We have arranged to make special prompt shipment of wedding orders and prepay all express charges, guaranteeing absolute satisfaction.

Large, convincing Demonstration Chart free on request

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The C. & B. Line Steamers are new, fast and luxurious in their appointments, unsurpassed for comfort and convenience. The service is the finest offered on the interior waters of the United States.

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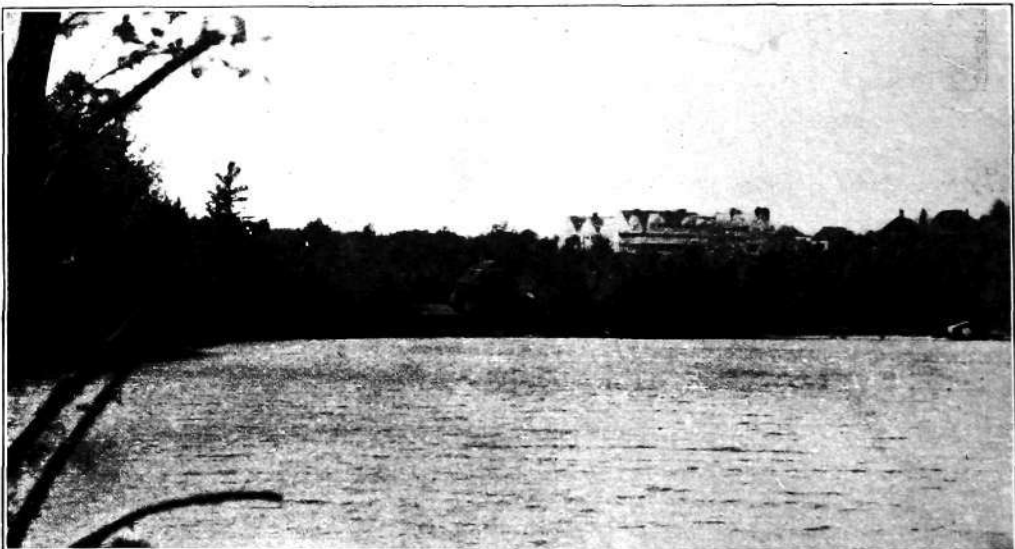
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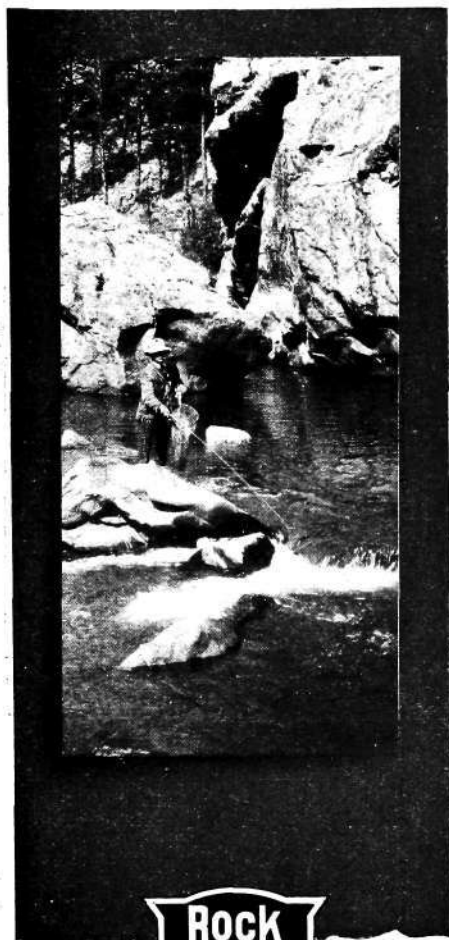
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VIA THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

Through the Venetian Scenery of the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of all the marvelous Rapids and the historic Associations of Old Quebec (America's Gibraltar), thence to the incomparable Saguenay River, with its majestic Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity."

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And one  
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WHO wouldn't anticipate summertime in Colorado, that rock-ribbed State where nature has lavished her most tremendous gifts?

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Go to Colorado by way of the Rock Island Lines and learn something about a great railroad.

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A combination of *how* to get there and *the* train to *take* you there will make the journey a day's vacation by itself.

Just think of every convenience, comfort, care, luxury found in the best modern hotel you ever slept in. Or, the courtesies you get at your favorite club. Or, the refinement of your home—then, when you step from the *Rocky Mountain Limited* at the foot of the Rockies just mentally classify this peerless train—that's all.

Other splendidly equipped fast trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

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# BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

## What the doctors take.

**Y**OU may have heard of the man who called to see his doctor about a bad cold, and got an elaborate prescription. Noticing the doctor sipping something from a glass, he asked what it was.

"Oh, that's hot lemon-juice and sugar," said the doctor, absent-mindedly. "I find there's nothing like it for a cold."

One striking fact about Buffalo Lithia Springs Water is the great number of physicians who **TAKE IT THEMSELVES.**

Dr. Edward McGuire, of Richmond, Va., Professor of Gynecology in University College of Medicine, says, "The best evidence I can give of my estimate of the value of Buffalo Lithia Water is that I drink it myself for a uric acid diathesis. I frequently advise it in all such conditions."

Dr. John T. Metcalf, of New York, Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, says, "I have for years prescribed Buffalo Lithia Water for patients, and used it in my own case for gouty trouble, with decided beneficial results, and I regard it certainly as a very valuable remedy."

Dr. Hunter McGuire, M.D., LL.D., ex-President University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va., and the unanimous choice of the American Medical Association as its President, said, "Buffalo Lithia Water, as an alkaline diuretic, is invaluable. In Uric Acid Diathesis, it is a remedy of extraordinary potency. I have prescribed it in cases of Rheumatic Gout, which had resisted the ordinary remedies, with wonderfully good results. I have used it also in my own case, being a great sufferer from this malady, and have derived more benefit from it than from any other remedy. I prescribe this water ten times where I prescribe any other once."

And there are many others. Shall we send you their names?

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER is a natural mineral water, from the historic Buffalo Lithia Springs in Virginia. It is known the world over for its peculiar medicinal powers, especially in rheumatism, gout, gravel, diabetes, Bright's disease, gall-stones, and all diseases caused by uric acid.

It is bottled in a modern sanitary plant right at the springs, just as it bubbles from the rock, pure and unadulterated, under the direction of a competent bacteriologist.



It is put up in new sterilized half-gallon bottles, which are *never refilled*. Each cork bears a SEAL with this TRADE-MARK stamped on it.

It is sold everywhere by leading druggists, grocers, and mineral water dealers.

Write TO-DAY for booklet telling what this water has done for people with your trouble.

If not on sale near you, write us, giving your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied.

*Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 15,055.*

## BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA



## "The Player"

Whether your pleasure is to evoke memories of Auld Lang Syne through the ever-new melodies of childhood—  
Or whether you wish to render perfectly the most difficult compositions of the masters of music—  
The Krell Auto-Grand offers possibilities of interpretation and accentuation which no other player approaches.

### Why the Krell Auto-Grand is Different

The patented exclusive striking principle duplicates exactly the human touch

# Krell Auto-Grand

There is an individual pneumatic for each key of the piano—and each one of these can be removed easily by itself—no expert is necessary to adjust or clean it. The pneumatic system is placed where it belongs—close to the bellows and below the keyboard. This is true of no other player.  
Because of the Extra Storage Air Reservoir, volume may be increased or decreased simply by pedaling, and without effect upon the tempo. The motor is noiseless, the tubes metal, (instead of rubber) the tracker-board a special aluminum alloy. The graduating tone device makes possible effects attainable in no other player. The Krell Auto-Grand is an 88-note instrument. Before you choose a player-piano, see and hear it.

# KRELL AUTO-GRAND PIANO

Makers of the Celebrated Albert Krell Pianos



"Here I am wearing Kryptok Lenses"

# KRYPTOK LENSES

Combine Near and Far View Without Seams

➔ Note the Difference ➔

The illustration to the left shows the entire absence of seams or lines on Kryptok Lenses. To all appearances Kryptok double-vision lenses are like single-vision lenses, yet they have two distinct focal points, one for distance and one for reading.

## Kryptok Lenses Improve One's Appearance Over 200,000 People Are Now Wearing Them

The illustration to the right shows the prominent seams of old style or pasted double-vision lenses. Such glasses attract attention and suggest old age.

Take advantage of the great achievement of optical science embodied in Kryptok Lenses, and thus improve your appearance, your eye-sight and add to your comfort.

Your optician will supply you with Kryptok Lenses. They can be put into any style frame or mounting or into your old ones.

### Write Us Today for Booklet

which completely describes Kryptok Lenses, and explains their greater beauty, efficiency and comfort. Address



"Here I am wearing Pasted Lenses"



This is a Pasted Double-vision Lens

Note the ugly seams. The cement used to join the lenses clouds. Dust collects in the seams. They are unsightly and indicate old age and detract from one's appearance.

This is a Kryptok Double-vision Lens

Note the clear surface. No lines. No cement. Kryptok Lenses do not suggest old age. They are not ugly or freakish. They improve one's appearance.

Kryptok Company, 100 East 23d Street, New York





## That's Different"

Did you ever stop to consider that a player-piano gets much more and much harder usage than a hand-played instrument?

The ordinary piano is not built to stand this heavy strain; and merely attaching a player mechanism to it does not make it any stronger. *We manufacture all parts of both our piano and player action ourselves.* Most other manufacturers merely assemble the different parts.

## Krell Auto-Grand

The Albert Krell piano is noted for its sweetness and musical capability; in addition it is strengthened in every vulnerable part. The Auto-Grand player action can only be found in the Albert Krell Piano.

### "How to Select a Player-Piano" Sent Free

A very interesting little book on player-piano construction and development which is of vital interest to every one interested in players. It gives you a thorough insight into the principles of player-piano construction and it tells in detail of the hundred-and-one distinctive features of the Krell Auto-Grand. Write for it to-day. You should have it.

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**Well Begun.** An old firm, a friend of ours, sends us a letter received from a new firm just starting into business, which contains this line: "You see by this letter that we have started our business career with the best of everything, including

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Our advertising saved this firm from having to "buy experience" with poor paper. These people wanted all their furniture and equipment to be the best, and they wisely chose their stationery so that every letter they sent out would be an advertisement for their house.

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present letterhead. Address

### Hampshire Paper Company

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.





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has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as

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Bátjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for the United States,

DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

# Chiclets

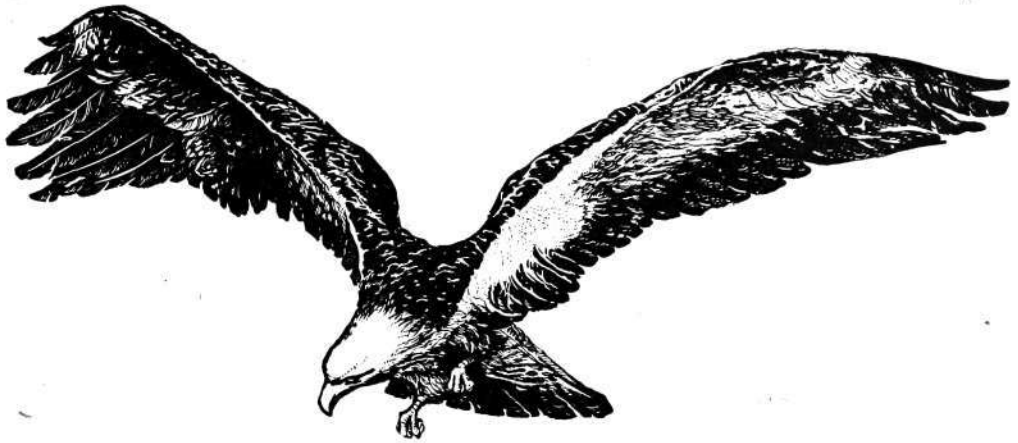
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask your doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores  
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets  
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in *any* department of human effort one must produce something **BETTER** than has been produced before. This explains the supremacy of

**“The Old Reliable”**

# **Budweiser**

Strict obedience for over fifty years to the law of **Quality** and **Purity** has made it the King of all Bottled Beers. Its mild and exquisite flavor also helped to win its **Popularity Everywhere.**

*Bottled only at the*  
**Anheuser-Busch Brewery**  
St. Louis, Mo.



Can you carry a glass filled to the brim like this, without spilling? If your nervous system lacks control, it may be due to the coffee you drink. Try

## Barrington Hall The Baker-ized Coffee

*Baker-izing* improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

The coffee then passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee Baker-ized will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill.

You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in Baker-ized Coffee.

Don't take our word for it—or the word of the thousands who drink it regularly without harm or nervousness.

Try it yourself! A trial can free. A pound at your grocer's at 40 to 45 cents, according to locality. In sealed tins only.

**Baker Importing Company**

New York  
Minneapolis

**BAKER IMPORTING CO.**

108 Hudson Street  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free sample can, enough to make 6 cups of Barrington Hall Coffee, and booklet "The Coffee without a Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name on the margin.

Name.....

Address.....



**1847 ROGERS BROS. X S**  
TRIPLE

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SHARON

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

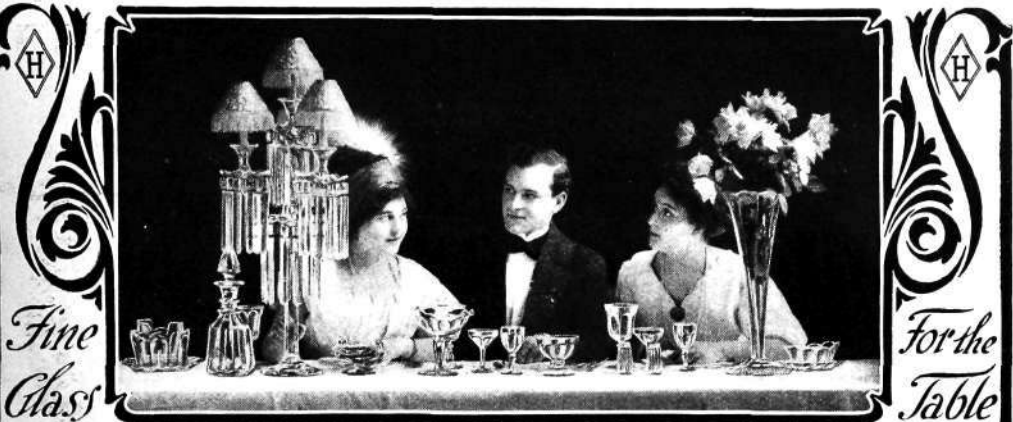
The grade of triple-plate fully guaranteed by the largest silver manufacturers in the world.

The newest design is the "SHARON," as illustrated in cream ladle—a handsome pattern with the richness and character of solid silver.

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Fine Table Glassware is coming in again. The kind that graced the tables of your great-grandmothers. The same shapes—but daintier—better glass, too—of greater strength—pure and limpid as crystal. Diamond H Glassware is just as serviceable as porcelain, yet shows by its sparkling brilliancy the care and attention given it.

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Mark

**Costs but little more than the ordinary kind**

Dainty enough to lend a touch of refinement to the most resplendent board, yet sturdy enough for every day. While Diamond H Glassware is the best that can be made: quality and endurance considered, it is the cheapest you can buy.

Ask your dealer for the kind with the Diamond H trade mark on the underside of every piece.

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Mark

Manufactured exclusively by A. H. HEISEY & COMPANY, Newark, Ohio, U. S. A.

**Codfish Balls**

**Fish Hash**

**Creamed Fish**

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**Fish Chowder**

**CONVENIENT**

**ECONOMICAL**

**You will find**

## Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

a revelation for making many dainty fish dishes. Really fresh Codfish—cooked—mildly salted—a few hours after taken from the ocean—immediately packed in our new sanitary parchment-lined—extra coated tins—no solder—no acid—no waste—no spoilage—ready for instant use.

Grocers everywhere sell Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes—or send 10c. and a regular 10c. tin will be sent you. It costs us 18c. to do this, but we want every housewife to know Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes at once.

**10c. and 15c. sizes** (Except in Far West)

*Book of Special Recipes Free*

**BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.,**

**Portland, Me., U. S. A.**

# R. WALLACE SILVER

BRIDES TABLE



Saxon  
Intern

Marquise  
Duttes

TRADE MARK  
**RW & S**  
STERLING

THE spirit of the silversmith's craft finds its most graceful expression in these patterns. Each piece is in itself a true work of art.

It is such ware as R. WALLACE Sterling that imparts its own atmosphere of charm and distinction to the table it graces. But, besides beauty of design and execution, there is also sound worth and serviceability.

The designs are many and varied. Ask to see them at your dealer's or write us.

TRADE MARK  
"1835 MARK"

**R. WALLACE**  
Silver plate that  
Resists wear

Discrimination never fails to direct the careful purchaser to the ware that *satisfies*. 1835 R. WALLACE Silver Plate has an additional plate on the parts most exposed to wear. Users know the value of such a quality. They discriminate. Numerous designs of exceptional beauty and of *Sterling* character.

Any piece of silver, bearing the 1835 R. WALLACE trade mark, that does not give positive satisfaction in any household will be replaced.

A postcard will bring you our valuable book, "The Dining Room, its Decorations and Entertaining" including "How to Set the Table" by Mrs. Rorer. You will find a number of instructive points on entertaining and inexpensive ways of setting the table for many special anniversaries and events.

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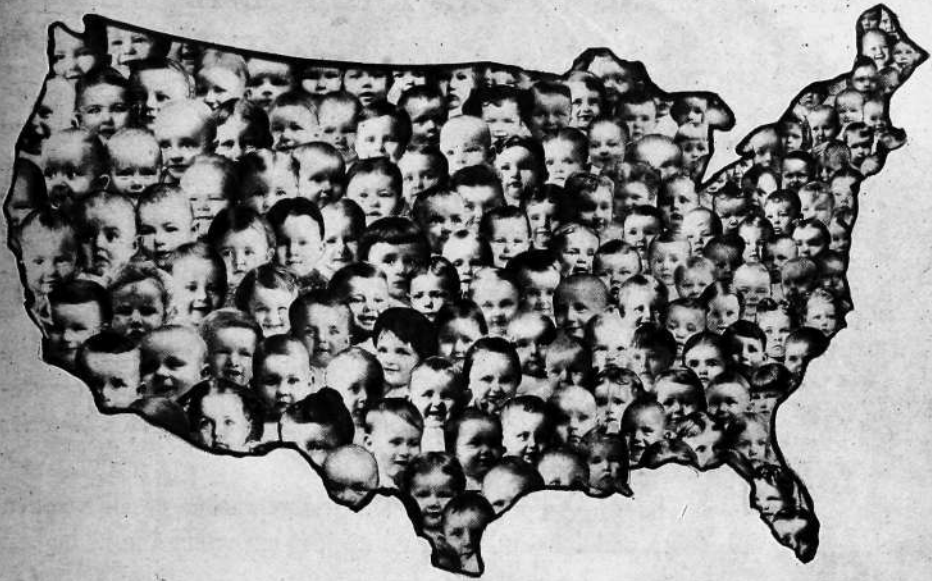
San Francisco

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RW & S  
STERLING

"1835"  
R. WALLACE  
Silver plate

From Maine to California, from Washington to Florida, the country is covered with



## Mellin's Food Babies

There are Mellin's Food Babies in every city, town and hamlet, and wherever they are, they are the sturdiest, healthiest babies in the community. In your own neighborhood you will find that the babies whom you most admire for their sturdy health and rosy cheeks were brought up on Mellin's Food.

These thousands of sturdy, rosy-cheeked Mellin's Food babies and children are the best possible proof that Mellin's Food is an adequate and absolutely dependable substitute for mother's milk.

If you would have your baby sturdy and healthy and happy start him on Mellin's Food. He will thrive on it. Get a bottle at your Druggist's today.

We have a valuable book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," which tells just the things you ought to know about feeding and caring for your baby. We shall be very glad to send you a copy of this book, together with a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will write us.

**MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, . . . BOSTON, MASS.**

## Add the Fireproofing that Safeguards Life and Contents to the Fireproofing that Safeguards the Building's Exterior



THERE is no word in the English language more abused and misinterpreted than the term "fireproof!" Misplaced confidence in this term—especially when preceded by that safe sounding adjective "absolutely"—is today more responsible than any other one thing for loss of human life and property by fire.

Fireproof exterior walls and floors are necessary to the protection of the building itself, but the only kind of fireproofing that will *protect life and contents* is *interior* fireproofing.

Interior fireproofing means the replacing of all wooden doors, partitions and trim with steel, as exemplified in its highest efficiency by

### DAHLSTROM Metallic Doors and Trim

With this basic principle of fireproofing thus provided for, loss of life through fire is an utter impossibility—the ravages of flames will be of no significance other than in the room in which they originate.

The time is near when fire codes everywhere will forbid the use of the term "fireproof" with reference to buildings with fireproof exteriors only. And what is more and important from a standpoint of investment, such a building erected today will soon grow to be shunned by tenants and occupants, due to the rapidly extending realization of what constitutes fireproof safety in a building—**fireproof in reality—not in name.**

#### DAHLSTROM METALLIC DOOR COMPANY

THE DAHLSTROM PRODUCTS

Executive Offices and Factories: 78 Blackstone Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

Branch Offices in all Principal Cities

#### "Buildings as they should be"

—a book, points a way, tells how the elimination of the fire hazard is possible by the installation of Dahlstrom Metallic Doors, Partitions, Trim, etc. It pictures buildings which are fireproof, structures not even carrying insurance, fireproof buildings in "reality"—not in name. To the interested a copy is free for 6 cents postage.





## What Have You to Gain by a Wise Choice of the Varnish You Are Paying For?

EVERY day we are getting the chance to answer this question for men who have never before taken any active interest in the varnish buying.

Some of them are prominent manufacturing executives who have found we can increase their output without in the least impairing the quality of their finishing; or improve the quality without increasing the cost; or lower the cost without any sacrifice in quality.

Some are owners and operators of homes and other buildings who have found they don't have to revarnish as often as they used to, and that the appearance of the work has been greatly improved.

These are but hints of what YOU can gain if you will consult with us and let us prove that varnish buying is one of the most profitable fields for money-saving that you can spend your time in.

## Berry Brothers' Varnishes

**For Homes and Other Buildings**  
Sold Through Leading Dealers and  
Painters Everywhere

Whether you use varnish for buildings in a small way or large way, it is important that you—*you personally*—choose the varnish and then see the label. Your choice will always be right if you insist on having one of the following four leading Architectural Finishes used. Be sure the can bears the Berry Label.

**Liquid Granite:** For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

**Luxeberry Wood Finish:** For the finest rubbed or polished finished on interior wood-work.

**Elastic Interior Finish:** For interior wood-work exposed to severe wear, finished in full gloss.

**Elastic Outside Finish:** For all surfaces, such as front doors, that are exposed to the weather.

**For All Manufacturing Purposes**  
Sold by Us Direct to Those Who Buy  
Sufficient Quantities

Every manufacturing requirement in Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-drying Black Japans, Baking Japans, Stains, Lacquers, Fillers and Dryers can be filled under the Berry Label.

Our special representative will call on any manufacturer interested in better and more economical finishing.

Write us about your varnish problems. It will place you under no obligation and may mean a great deal to you in the end.

Send for free booklet. "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all classes of varnish users.

Boys and girls should ask their dealers how they can get the famous "Berry Wagons."

### BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Largest Varnish Makers in the World

Factories: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.  
Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco

# Pierce Boilers and Radiators



PIERCE MARK

Have you forgotten how cold you were all last winter?

Send for our Primer. It's a guide to a warm home. It's free.

Are you going to let the summer weather make you think you can go through another winter with a house heated only at certain times and only in certain spots? Do you know how simple a matter it is to get adequate, healthful, economical heat all over the house in any weather?

It is not a technical description of any kind of boiler or any system. It tells about all kinds of heat. It explains the shortcomings of hot air, tells how steam heats and how hot water heats and the difference between the two. It shows the way to get enough heat, clean and healthful heat and heat at a low cost.

The heat for your house—the house you have or the one you are going to build—is steam or hot water. The installation of either is up to your steam-fitter. The selection of the boiler and the radiators—both vital to successful heating—should certainly not be left entirely to others.



It discusses Pierce Boilers and Radiators because any book on successful heating must include successful boilers and radiators. Send for the Primer today and read it, then you will be equipped to co-operate with your steam-fitter or architect in getting a perfectly heated house.

**Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co., 251 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.** Showrooms in principal cities  
Over 200,000 Pierce Boilers and over 1,000,000 square feet of Pierce Radiators have been in successful operation during the past 35 years.



is heel-proof, mar-proof, water-proof. It forms a tough, elastic surface on your floors and linoleums that doesn't scratch, wear white, nor become sticky. Easily applied.

Send for Free Sample Panel Finished with "61"

Test it with your heel. *You may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish.* Our free books, "The Finished Floor" and "Decorative Interior Finishing," tell how to care for floors and the interior finishing of your home. Send for them.

If your dealer doesn't sell "61" write us. Address: Pratt & Lambert, Inc., 99 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 41 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

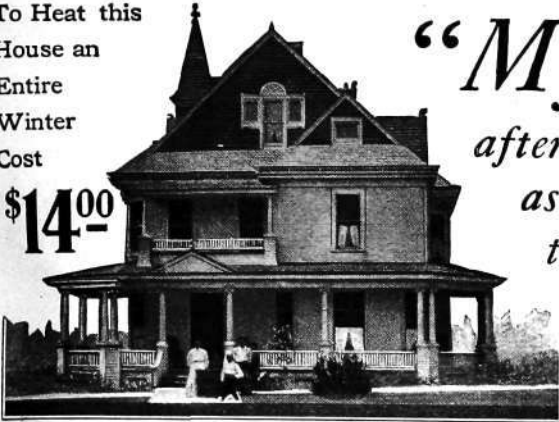
## PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

American Factories: New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Bridgeburg, Canada. Foreign Factories: London, Paris, Hamburg



To Heat this  
House an  
Entire  
Winter  
Cost

\$14<sup>00</sup>-



**“My Underfeed  
after eight years is just as good  
as new and has been in use  
thruout each winter season  
since it was installed.”**

Belknap, Ill., whose twelve-room home is shown in the illustration. Back in 1906 Mr. Williams wrote us he had comfortably heated his home the entire winter with \$14 worth of slack. Could there be desired stronger confirmation of our claims, viz: Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Heaters provide clean, even heat at *least possible cost*, require *little* attention, and are *durable*. A saving of one-half to two-thirds of your coal bills is an *every* winter certainty when you use

We recently received the above letter from Mr. W. L. Williams of

# The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

## HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR FURNACES - STEAM-HOT WATER BOILERS

Coal in the Underfeed is fed from below. With all the fire on top, smoke and gases wasted in other heaters, must—in the Underfeed—pass through the flames, are consumed and make more heat. *Cheapest* slack and pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal yield in the Underfeed as much heat as highest priced coal in other furnaces and boilers.

The big *difference* in coal cost you save. The few ashes are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces or boilers.

Underfeed heaters, aside from the sure saving in coal bills, are a splendid investment, because they *add* to the renting and selling value of any building.



Boiler Underfeed Device

John Geiger, of Park Avenue, Canton, Ohio, writes: “I have built three houses and in all three I installed UNDERFEEDS. If I built a hundred I would install UNDERFEEDS in all of them.”

Furnace Underfeed Device

Underfeed heaters give the same happy results in homes, banks, stores, churches and other buildings. Let us send you an Underfeed Furnace Booklet and many fac-simile testimonials or our Special Catalog of Underfeed Steam and Water Boilers—both FREE. Heating plans of our Engineering Corps are FREE. Write today, giving name of local dealer with whom you'd prefer to deal.



**THE PECK- WILLIAMSON CO., 310 W. Fifth St., CINCINNATI, O.**  
Furnace Dealers, Plumbers, and Hardware Dealers—Send TODAY for our 1911 Sale Proposition.

Send Coupon Today  
and Learn how to  
**SAVE**  
**1/2 to 2/3**  
of your  
**Coal Bill.**

Fill in, cut out and mail TODAY.  
THE PECK- WILLIAMSON CO., 310 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know more about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from 50% to 66%. Send me—FREE—

**UNDERFEED** Furnace Booklet.....  
Boiler Booklet.....  
(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)

Name..... Street.....  
Postoffice..... State.....  
.....Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

Building development has reached a stage where no far-sighted builder can afford to plan without

# NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

FIREPROOF, damp-proof, vermin-proof, age-proof, warmer in Winter, cooler in Summer.

The period has come when the older forms of construction are definitely passing. The important factors of greater safety, permanence and comfort are already so clearly established that to ignore them now vitally affects the *immediate investment value* of any building.

NATCO HOLLOW TILE extends the skyscraper standard of *fireproof* safety to residences, hotels, apartment houses, stores, schools, garages, etc., and at a cost no greater than for brick, brick-and-wood, stone-and-wood, or concrete.

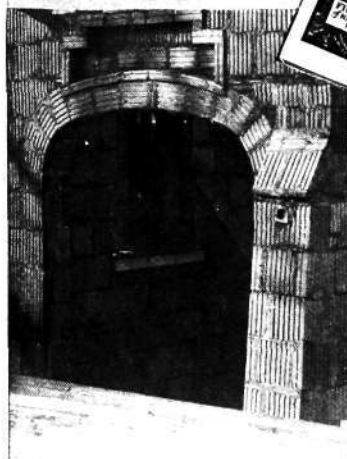
Besides its advantages of Safety, Economy and Speedy Construction, NATCO HOLLOW TILE is adaptable to any style of architecture and to any method of exterior finish.



There is marked difference between NATCO and other hollow tile, which architects and engineers thoroughly recognize. NATCO HOLLOW TILE is made of the best and most finely ground clays, most carefully modeled and uniformly burned in pyrometer-equipped kilns—every step under the constant supervision of graduated ceramic engineers. Be sure the hollow tile furnished bears "NATCO" stamped in the clay.

Send for our elaborate ninety-six-page handbook, "FIREPROOF HOUSES"

mailed for 10c. postage. Every detail of Natco Hollow Tile construction explained, with technical drawings and typical floor plans, also illustrations from photographs of forty-five houses built of NATCO HOLLOW TILE, ranging in cost from \$4,000 to \$200,000. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. *Write to-day.*



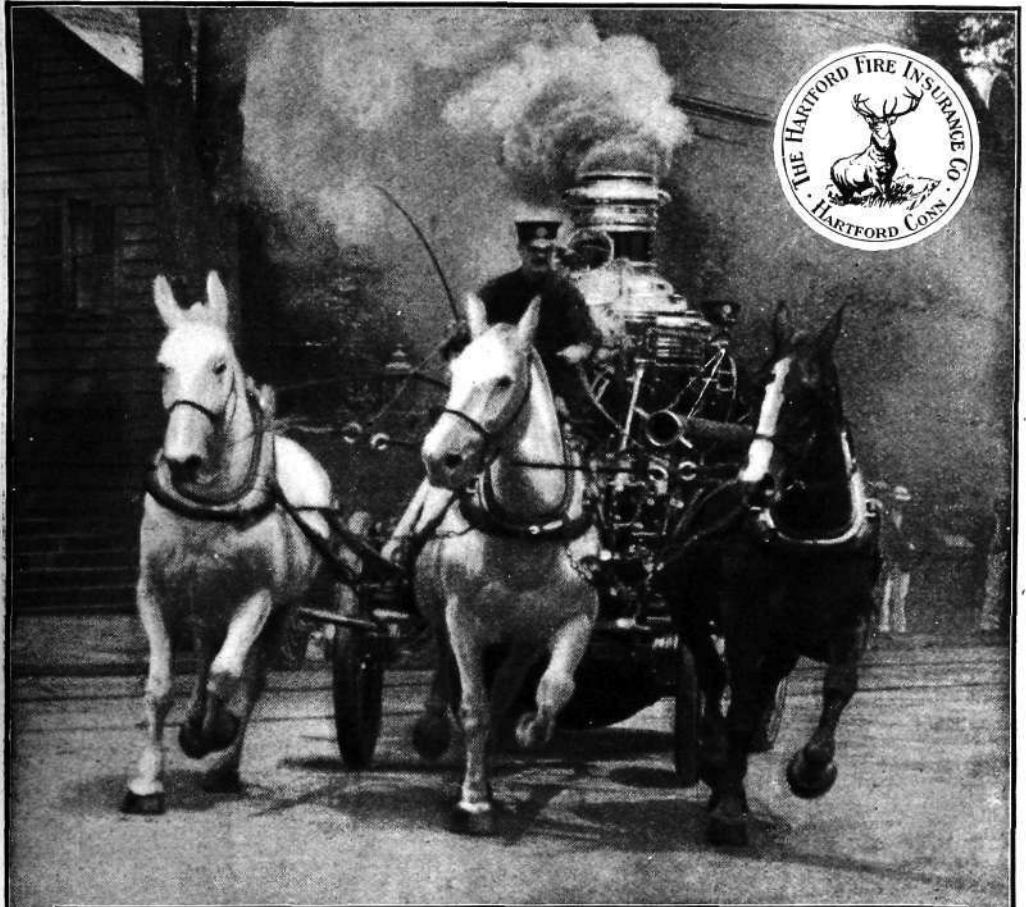
Showing adaptability of Natco Hollow Tile to architectural details.

## NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Dept. N. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Organized 1889

Offices in all Principal Cities.



## Before the Fire or After?

**W**HEN are you going to find out whether the fire insurance you have paid for is really good or not—before or after the fire which makes it due and payable? You **cannot** change it after the fire. It will be too late **then**, but before the fire you can readily, at no extra cost, select an insurance company whose record and strength guarantee the liberal fulfilment of its obligations.

Upon foundations of commercial honor the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** has built up the largest fire insurance business in the United States. It has paid more than **\$140,000,000** to its policy-holders. Its popularity is the reward of merit, and the result of over a century or honorable dealings with its patrons.

When next you insure, tell the agent the Company you want.

**INSIST ON THE HARTFORD**

Agents Everywhere

# SARGENT

## Hardware



SARGENT Locks are *secure*. Perfect in mechanism, assembled with exact precision and finished with most thorough workmanship, they work smoothly and surely through long years of service. There are Sargent Locks for every purpose—Cylinder Locks, Union Locks, Padlocks in all sizes. For the sake of *safety* and long wear, it is worth while to be certain of getting the Sargent make. Sargent Hardware adds to the beauty of any building and increases its selling value.

A dwelling equipped throughout with Sargent Hardware is a better house to live in. Safe, smooth-working locks, door hinges that won't sag, casement adjusters that won't get out of order, latches that always latch. This kind of hardware is more economical in the long run and gives satisfaction all the time.

For Public Buildings and office structures, Sargent Hardware is preferred by architects for its artistic quality and durability.

**Sargent Book of Designs—Free**—Illustrating many handsome designs for door fittings in various schools of architecture and containing much valuable information. Write for a Complimentary Copy and ask for our Colonial Book also if you are interested in that period.

SARGENT & COMPANY, 161 Leonard Street, New York

"The money you *don't* have to put into repairs is **ALL PROFIT**—

—**USE CYPRESS.**"



"THE WOOD ETERNAL"

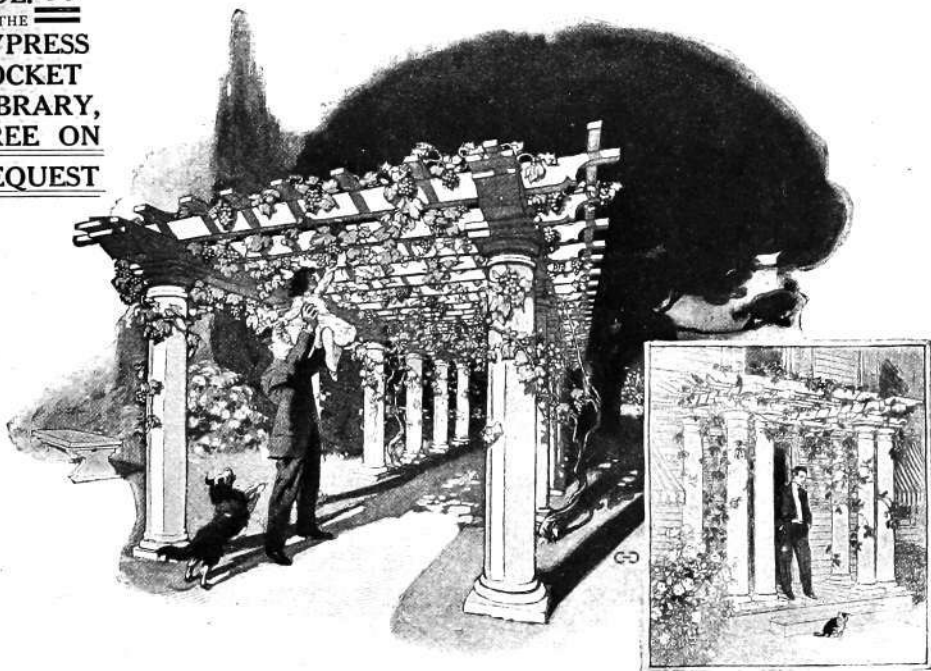
"AN ARTISTIC PERGOLA EXTENDS THE 'HOMEY' FEELING TO 'ALL O'UT-DOORS.'"

# PERGOLA DAYS ARE HERE

and **CYPRESS** is the pre-eminent pergola wood because "CYPRESS lasts forever"—DEFIES ROT INFLUENCES which destroy other woods—does not warp, shrink or swell like most woods—takes paint and stain perfectly.

A well-planned Pergola is the finishing touch to the architectural and landscape perfection of elaborate grounds—it is "the one thing needful" to confirm the artistic character of a typical modest homestead—and it may be fully relied upon to redeem and beautify even the smallest yard, or one that is lacking in natural advantages.

**VOL. 30**  
OF THE  
**CYPRESS**  
**POCKET**  
**LIBRARY,**  
**FREE ON**  
**REQUEST**



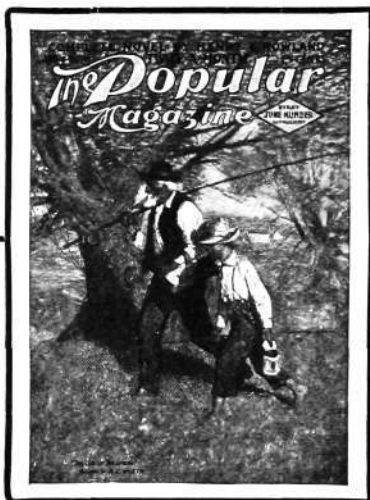
**VOL. 30**

contains ORIGINAL SKETCHES, DETAILED WORKING DRAWINGS (on sheet 24x36 inches) and FULL SPECIFICATIONS for erecting a VARIETY of PERGOLAS, GARDEN ENTRANCES, SEATS, etc., of many different artistic styles, and costing from a few dollars up to several hundreds. Not "stock patterns"—each was SPECIALLY DESIGNED for us. WRITE TODAY for Vol. 30. When planning a Pergola, Mansion, Bungalow, pasture-fence or sleeping-porch, remember—"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE."

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

**SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION**  
1204 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY.



## HENRY C. ROWLAND

author of "The Pilot Fish," has written a new novel of romance, adventure, mystery, and humor, called "The Dog With the Broken Tooth." The whole novel appears *complete* in the First June issue of

# THE POPULAR MAGAZINE

TWICE-A-MONTH

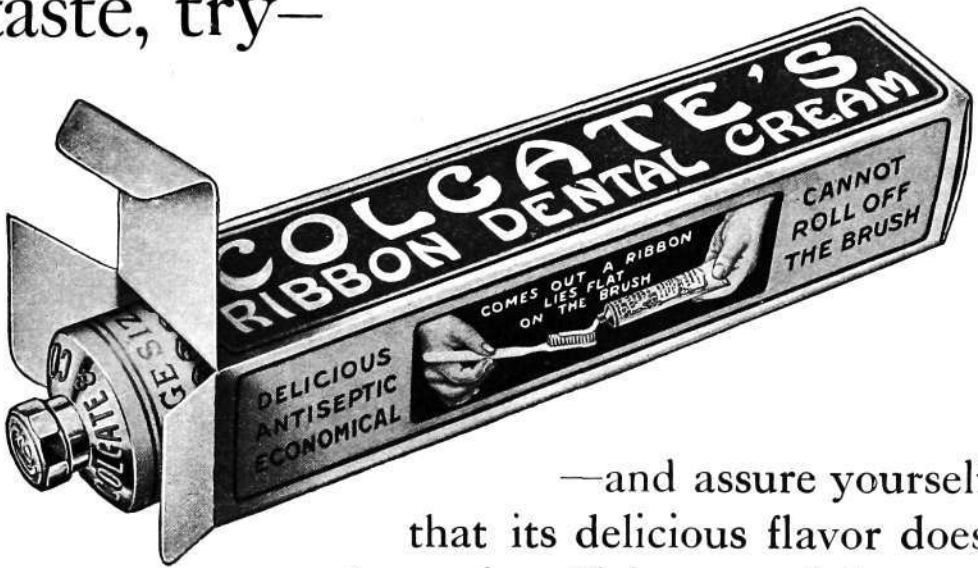
out on May tenth. THE POPULAR, with a circulation of over 400,000 copies per issue, is the biggest fiction magazine in the world. It contains nothing but fiction, and has all of the best fiction by the best authors. It is issued twice a month. The present number contains, besides the complete novel, great stories by George Pattullo, Roy Norton, Anna Katharine Green, C. E. Van Loan, A. M. Chisholm, Bertrand W. Sinclair, and others.

**ON ALL NEWS STANDS MAY 10th**

*To advertisers who wish to interest discriminating men—Don't you think this ought to be a good medium?*



If you are one of those who are looking for an efficient dentifrice *without* a “druggy” taste, try—

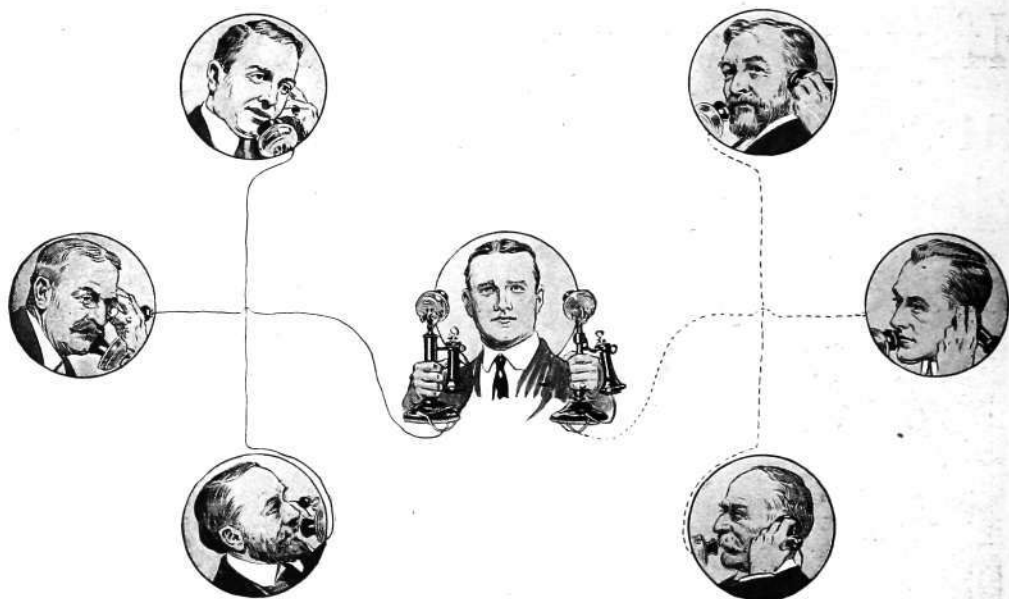


—and assure yourself that its delicious flavor does not lessen its efficiency. Ask your dentist, or notice for yourself the difference in your teeth after a month or two of its twice-a-day use.

Educators all over the country have found this pleasant tasting dentifrice their greatest aid in furthering the doctrine of “Good Teeth—Good Health” among their scholars.

Not only cleans, preserves and polishes perfectly and antiseptically but also has unusually lasting antiseptic qualities, which keep the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition that counteracts germ growth.

A trial tube of this deliciously efficient cream sent for 4 cents. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. C, 199 Fulton Street, New York.



# Half Service Or Double Expense

**T**WO telephone systems in one town mean a divided community or a forced duplication of apparatus and expense.

Some of the people are connected with one system, some are connected with the other system; and each group receives partial service.

Only those receive full service who subscribe for the telephones of both systems.

Neither system can fully meet the needs of the public, any more than a single system could meet the needs of the public if cut in two and half the telephones discontinued.

What is true of a single community is true of the country at large.

The Bell System is established on the principle of one system and one policy, to meet the demands for universal service, a whole service for all the people.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



The fragrance of honeyed  
apple blossoms in May  
is not more alluring than  
the goodness of

## **NABISCO** Sugar Wafers

— dessert confections  
beyond compare.

Serve NABISCO as  
you will—with ices or  
beverages — they are  
always welcome, always  
appropriate.

### ***In ten cent tins***

Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS —  
Another delightful dessert  
confection. Coated with  
smooth, rich chocolate.

**NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY**

# Barrett Specification Roofs

## For Large Plants

FOR use on a large modern plant like the Arlington Mills illustrated below, only one kind of roofing is suitable, namely, Barrett Specification Roofs.

The roof area of these buildings is about 22½ acres, which includes saw-tooth, monitor and ordinary flat roofs, under which are valuable machinery and textiles, where a leak might do thousands of dollars worth of damage.

The roof practically gets exposure from both sides, because the humidity of the interior of the building (which is a necessary feature of textile manufacturing) causes constant condensation of moisture on the under side of the roof.

No other style or type of roofing could be used economically.

Tin and ready roofing would require painting every few years—and think of

the cost of painting so vast an area! Slate and shingles are not fitted for use on such buildings.

If ultimate economy is desired, a Barrett Specification Roof *must* be used, for its price is lower than that of other permanent roofs and, as it requires no painting, its maintenance cost is nothing. We can point to roofs of this type which have given faultless service for over thirty years without leaks and without repairs.

If you are interested in the roofing problem we suggest you write our nearest office and any information desired will be cheerfully furnished.

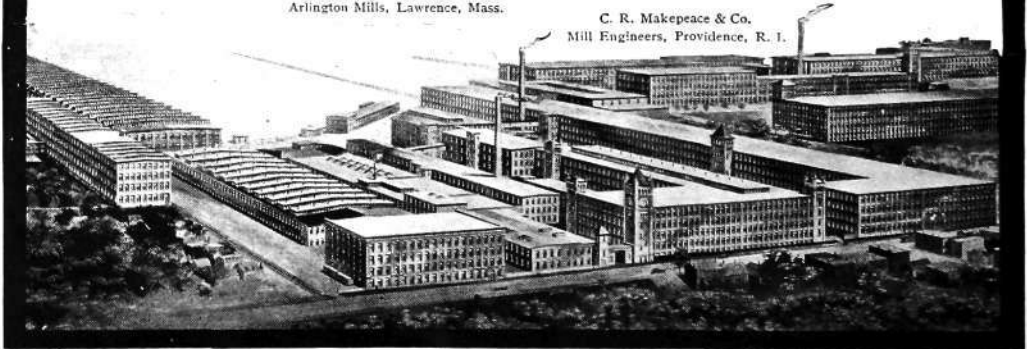
### BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Seattle, London, Eng.

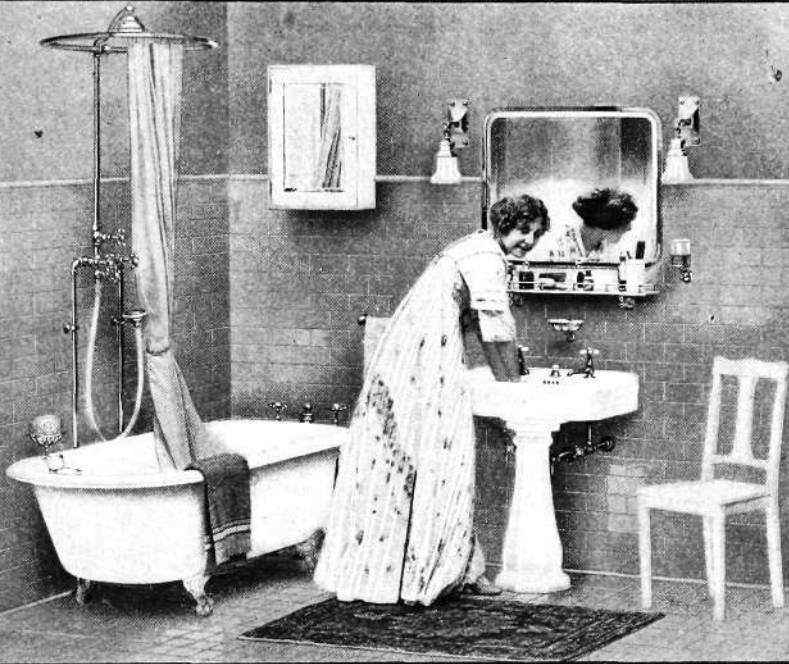


Arlington Mills, Lawrence, Mass.

C. R. Makepeace & Co.  
Mill Engineers, Providence, R. I.



# "Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES



T

HE artistic perfection of "Standard" guaranteed plumbing fixtures, combined with their lasting sanitary worth, makes them a permanent investment in satisfaction and comfort.

They add a value to your house far greater than their cost and are as enduring as the house itself. Their installation means certainty of service.

The Plumbing Fixtures shown in this advertisement cost approximately \$140.00, except when sold in the Far West.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the home and for schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label with one exception. There are two classes of our Guaranteed Baths, the Green and Gold Label Bath and the Red and Black Label Bath. The Green and Gold Label Bath is triple

enameled. It is guaranteed for five years. The Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. It is guaranteed for two years. If you would avoid dissatisfaction and expense, install guaranteed fixtures. All fixtures purporting to be "Standard" are spurious unless they bear our guarantee label.

Send for a copy of our beautiful book "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom, kitchen or laundry. Many model rooms are illustrated costing from \$78 to \$600. This valuable book is sent for 6c. postage.

**Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**

Dept. F, PITTSBURGH, PA.

OFFICES AND SHOWROOMS—New York: 35-37 West 31st St.; Chicago: 415 Ashland Block; Philadelphia: 1126 Walnut St.; Toronto, Can.: 59 Richmond St., E.; Pittsburgh: 949 Penn. Ave.; St. Louis: 100-2 N. Fourth St.; Nashville: 315-317 Tenth Ave., So.; New Orleans: Cor. Baronne and St. Joseph Sts.; Montreal, Can.: 215 Coristine Building; Boston: John Hancock Building; Louisville: 319-23 W. Main St.; Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.; London: 53 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.; Houston, Tex.: Preston and Smith Streets; San Francisco: 1303-04 Metropolis Bank Building.

# Everybody's happy when



For the baby a lasting diversion—for grown-ups a pleasure that never loses its novelty.

## The EDISON

**The Volume of Sound** of the Edison Phonograph—just right for the home, perfect in its reproduction, giving just the right value to each kind of music, but never loud, strident or noisy, is an Edison improvement.

**The Amberol Records** for the Edison Phonograph—records of wonderful clearness and richness, playing four and one-half minutes and offering all of all the best music without cutting or hurrying, are an Edison improvement.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at \$15.00 to the Amberola at \$200.00

Amberol Records, 50 cents; Standard Records, 35 cents; Grand Opera Records, 75 cents to \$2.00

**THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 57 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.**

# the Phonograph plays



Patented by

You get in an Edison Phonograph a perfect instrument, one embodying every improvement which Edison has devised.

# PHONOGRAPH

## The Reproducing Point

of the Edison Phonograph—a smooth, highly polished button-shaped sapphire that never scratches, never needs changing, that brings out the sweet musical tones of the sensitive wax Edison Records, is an Edison improvement.

The sapphire point is a feature of both Amberol and Standard Reproducers.

## Home Record Making

on an Edison Phonograph—that is, talking, singing or playing into the horn and getting a clear, life-like record of the voice or music of anybody, for the Edison to reproduce, is an Edison improvement.

Ask the nearest Edison dealer to demonstrate this feature of the Edison Phonograph. Also ask your dealer for the latest catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records, or write us.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., is the new corporate name by which the National Phonograph Co. will hereafter be known.

# The AN

*The Angelus is pre-eminently the artistic piano—every improvement has been devoted to the*

**J**UST as the complicated key mechanism of the piano was evolved to increase the musical capacity of instruments of the harp type and render their playing less dependent on mere manual skill, so the Angelus—the pioneer piano-player—was conceived as an addition to all pianos which would simplify the correct striking of notes and increase the capacity of all pianists to interpret the true artistic meaning of any musical composition and express their own feelings inspired by it.

The ease by which anyone with musical longings may learn to play expressively and artistically the simplest song or the most classic composition by means of the Angelus is fast relegating the piano keyboard to the exclusive use of the composer and the virtuoso.



# G E L U S

*player—because it is the one instrument in which attainment of personal expression in playing.*

**B**Y means of the Angelus, the music lover is enabled to play every composition as it should be played, to impart the emotion, pathos or spirit, which is latent in every one to whom music is a delight.

Absolute control of tempo in the most intricate and difficult compositions is placed at the command of the Angelus-pianist by the Angelus Phrasing Lever—the most useful and valuable device ever conceived.



Relative volume of melody and accompaniment are governed to every varying degree by the New Graduating Melodant (patented).



Tone volume from the most delicate Pianissimo to the most powerful Forte is controlled through the Melody Buttons.



The sustained, ringing tones of the open strings, made possible by the loud pedal, are obtained with the Angelus by means of the Sustaining Pedal Device.



The resilient softness of human touch is duplicated by the Diaphragm Pneumatics.

The correct use of these exclusive Angelus devices, which have no equivalent, in any other instrument, is indicated by the single expression line of the Artistyle Music Rolls.

These devices, by placing expression control at the absolute command of the performer, remove every semblance of mechanical regularity in playing and make the Angelus the instrument of the trained musician as well as of the untrained music lover.

Our agent in your city will gladly demonstrate to you the unlimited musical possibilities of the Angelus and quote you liberal terms of payment with or without exchange of your present piano.

*Knabe-Angelus, Emerson-Angelus, Angelus Piano, Cabinet Angelus.  
In Canada the Gourlay-Angelus and Angelus Piano.*

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY  
Regent House

Business established 1877  
Regent Street

MERIDEN, CONN.  
London

# American Woolen Co. of America

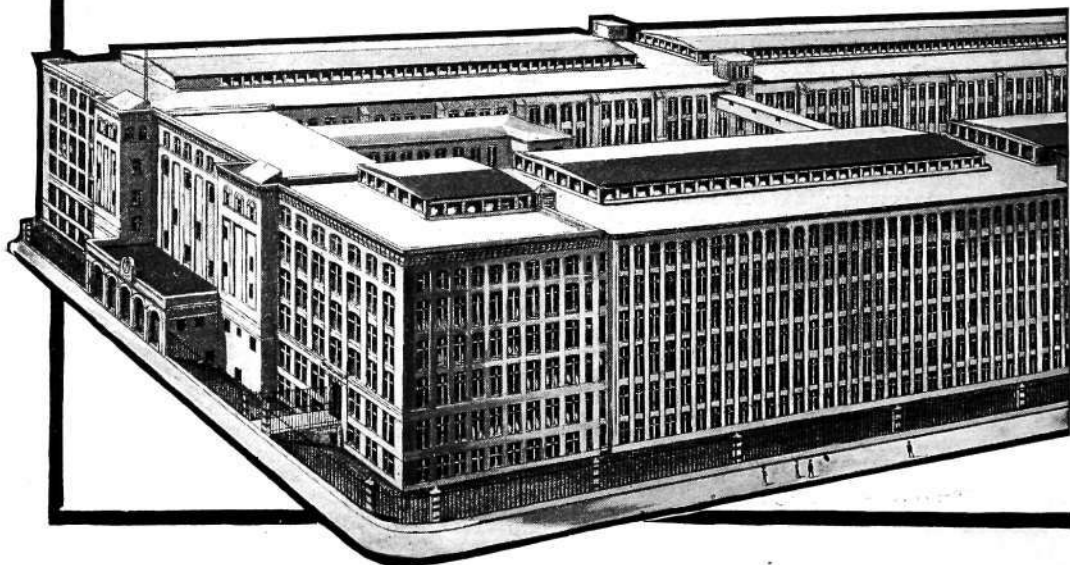
*Wm. M. Wood, President*

**T**HE *largest worsted mill on earth* is the Wood Worsted Mill shown below. We built it as an everlasting monument to one of the greatest of American industries, and to enable us to supply more economically the demand for dependable fabrics.

This mill is one of the thirty-four mills owned and operated by the American Woolen Company. These thirty-four mills produce the largest quantity of woolen and worsted fabrics manufactured by any single organization in the world.

This mill is representative of an industry which in revenue contributed to the Government ranks second only to sugar, and in number of wage earners ranks second to none.

Our present organization, extended and deep rooted in American soil, is in large part due to the appreciation and approval of the public.



The American Woolen Company—comprising American methods, American machinery, American workmen and American stockholders—is “of the people,” “by the people,” and “for the people.”



The reasonable prices at which we furnish our fabrics for the clothes of the people are made possible: First, by our great and economical purchases of raw material; and Second, by the magnitude and efficiency of our mills.

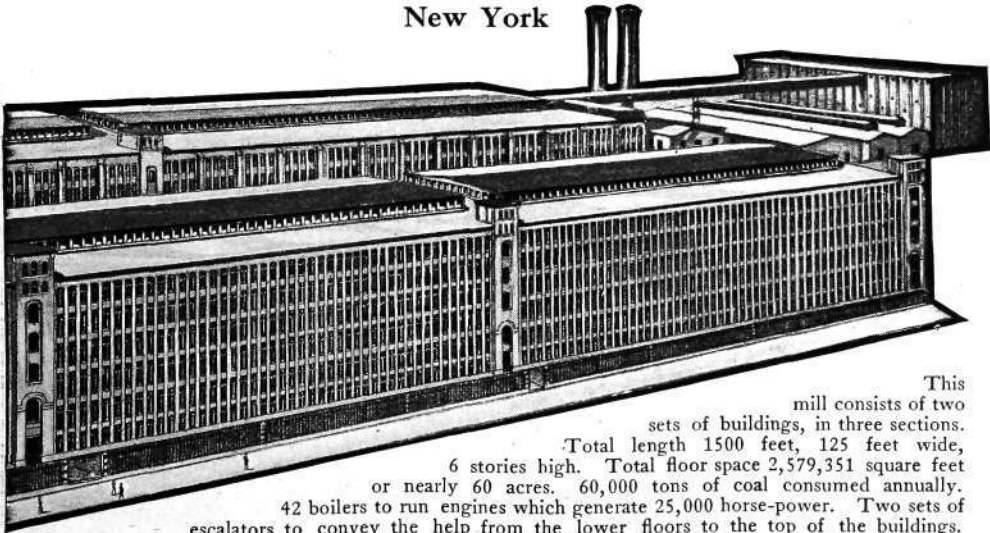
**We ask your co-operation in demanding American Woolen Company's fabrics, whether purchased by the piece or in the finished garment.** By such co-operation you endorse an American industry which offers you a finished product representing substantial economies—economies to which you are entitled and which are yours on demand.

**Order the Cloth as well as the Clothes**

**AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF NEW YORK**

J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent

American Woolen Building, 18th to 19th Street on 4th Avenue  
New York



This mill consists of two sets of buildings, in three sections. Total length 1500 feet, 125 feet wide, 6 stories high. Total floor space 2,579,351 square feet or nearly 60 acres. 60,000 tons of coal consumed annually. 42 boilers to run engines which generate 25,000 horse-power. Two sets of escalators to convey the help from the lower floors to the top of the buildings. A restaurant where the operatives are served luncheons at cost. The mill typifies the latest and most scientific principles of mill construction as regards the welfare, safety and comfort of its 6,000 employees.



# Bon Ami

**I**F you polish kitchen and metal ware with coarse scouring soap, you are scraping, grinding, and *scratching* the dirt away. The metal is cleaned, but you have covered it with fine scratches.

The next time you polish it, you scratch it more and it becomes a little harder to clean the next time.

Gradually the metal loses its ability to take a good polish and its network of scratches catches the dirt and holds it so that it never looks really bright and new.

The Bon Ami way is better. Bon Ami *doesn't scratch*, but it *does clean*.

If you start with a new article you will find, years later, that it still has the same smooth surface that it had when new.

There will be no scratches on it; it will be just as easy to clean and will not need polishing as often.

Bon Ami is best for cleaning windows, glassware, porcelain, painted woodwork and polishing all kinds of metal ware.

20 years  
on the market.  
"Hasn't scratched yet!"





I'VE GOT FAITH IN  
THE FUTURE OF

# Pittsfield

MASSACHUSETTS

IT'S IN THE HEART OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

1030 feet above the sea. Dry air, good schools, good water, perfect sewerage system, 4-hour train service to New York and Boston, superb trolley system, Metropolitan stores, fine hotels, churches, library, art museum, theatres, Y. M. C. A. building. Variety of manufacturing, one plant employs 4,500 people. Room for many more. Population has increased 48% in ten years and 28% in last five years. Pittsfield booklet on application. 33,000 united people who give you a welcome that you feel is genuine.

Pittsfield will grow very fast for the conditions are right.

## I Sell Real Estate and Place First Mortgage Loans

Safest place on earth for you to invest your money here at the Western Gateway of New England where every foot of land is valuable.

## BERKSHIRE HILLS FARMS, ESTATES, FACTORIES, HOMES, BUSINESS BLOCKS

THE ALDEN SAMPSON MFG. CO. PLANT, 25,000 square feet floor space, 5 acres of land on N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Water Power. This property is for sale cheap. The Sampson Truck was bought by U. S. Motors Co. and is being built in Detroit.

"LONG VIEW." 21 Room Mansion in Pittsfield. Some doctor ought to buy this for a Sanitarium, there is no Sanitarium in the Berkshire Hills, this is an ideal place for one.

FIFTY BUNGALOW SITES on Pontoosoc Lake, Half-acre to Five-acre plots, \$300 and upward.

SUMMER HOMES in Lenox, Stockbridge-Lee, Great Barrington and Williamstown.

GOOD FARMS, from \$40 to \$75 an acre, near this market that takes everything you can raise.

FINEST APPLE ORCHARD PROPOSITION IN NEW ENGLAND, one thousand bearing trees, four thousand coming on soon, ideal home and buildings.

30-ACRE PLOT on N. Y. Central R. R. 6 ACRES on N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., 10 minutes walk from the Union Station. Investments that must pay in a year or two.

## BOSTON

### IS ON THE EVE OF WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT

Old Chickering Hall is to become a Theatre, magnificent New Hotels are to be built. Big new Y. M. C. A. Building. New sky-scraping office buildings. New East Boston Docks and Harbor Development all to begin at once. This with the work of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, Chamber of Commerce, the "1915" and Greater Boston Movements will make Boston move forward at a mighty pace.

A BLOCK FOR SALE with Three Stores. Eight Apartments paying 10% net, for sale for \$35,000.00. It's at corner Norway and Falmouth Streets, next the Mother Church of the Christian Science Denomination. It's always rented to good people. It faces Huntington Avenue thru Norway Street, and also diagonally across the gardens in front of the Church. It's in the centre of the most rapidly growing section. Facts, terms of sale, etc., on application.

*Come to the Berkshires, tell me what you want and I will show you this beautiful country. I will send my Illustrated Booklet "Cooperosities" with descriptions if you say so.*

# Geo. H. Cooper

AGRICULTURAL BANK BLDG.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND SAFE SECURITIES



## How One Woman Cleaned Her White Parasol

"I made a strong suds of Ivory Soap and, with a soft hand brush, I scrubbed the upraised parasol with the Ivory Soap suds. I scrubbed hard, rubbing the streaks through the center of the sections lengthwise, until all the stains were removed. Then I rinsed thoroughly by pouring water over the parasol and ended by sprinkling blueing water from a water sprinkler. The parasol, upraised, was placed in the sun to dry. The result was delightful. Snowy white and just a little stiff, it looked like new."

Ivory Soap is primarily a bath, toilet and *fine* laundry Soap; but, because of its purity, it can be used for scores of

purposes for which ordinary soaps are unsafe and unsatisfactory. The cleaning of white parasols is a case in point.

**Ivory Soap . . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure**